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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

IT is somewhat strange to find ourselves agreeing with Lord RIPON and disagreeing with the Duke of CAMBRIDGE; but we are in that position with reference to a conversation in the House of Lords on *Friday* week. The subject was the abolition of the commanderships-in-chief of the Madras and Bombay armies, which the ex-Viceroy (agreeing therein with all recent Viceroys, and with the best living exponents of Indian military opinion) would have abolished, or at least reduced to lieutenancies, while the DUKE would have them left alone. We would ourselves have nothing abolished unless it is demonstrably harmful; but we confess that we think the present status of the two minor Indian armies has done harm ever since the Mutiny, and may do worse. To mention only one thing, it is perfectly notorious that part of the Bombay and a still larger part of the Madras army is of very little good at all for active service, and it cannot but be obvious that the independent commands tend to perpetuate this state of things rather than to improve it. In the Commons some wrangling and a division took place on the nomination of the Hanging Committee (they call it officially "Abridged Procedure on Partly Considered Bills," but the other is much the better title). Mr. LABOUCHERE was ostensibly concerned with a matter of nomenclature, "Liberal-Unionists, or some such silly name." But the real cause of quarrel was the inextinguishable hatred of the Parnellites, English and Irish, for Mr. T. W. RUSSELL. Mr. RUSSELL's name was, however, carried by 273 to 163. The rest of the evening was spent on the Police Bill, which, with the help of the Closure, was read a second time just at midnight. The necessity of coercion was only due to Dr. TANNER; for the debate, as a whole, was legitimate and respectable. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself, though he maintained his new-found deference for local authorities, was quite calm and rational in his remarks, both on this subject and on the earlier squabble about Mr. RUSSELL. It is a pity that a letter from him on the subject of his fight with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, published on the same day as the report of these debates, deserves less complimentary description. When a man drags in a quotation about market gardens as a support to his own remarks about small holdings, he either makes a special reference to that division of such holdings which is gardened for market, or he talks meaningless nonsense. Now we have often known Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to talk mischievous stuff, and stuff which might be colloquially called nonsense; but we have never known him to talk nonsense without a meaning.

Another quiet and more or less businesslike day was spent on *Monday*; a little conversation on the feelings of the Heligolanders, which have suddenly become of the intensest interest to the Gladstonian party, passing between Lords ROSEBERY and SALISBURY in the Upper House, Mr. SMITH still postponing definite information as to the intentions of the Government in the Lower, and several Bills being helped on their way or put an end to. The greater part of the time in the Commons was spent on the Western Australia Bill, a measure on which, despite the fact that the principal malcontents are Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Dr. CLARK, and Company, and despite also the wonderful unanimity of the Front Benches, it is difficult to be very enthusiastic.

The quietness still continued on *Tuesday*, when the House of Lords read the Sheriffs Bill a second time (rather to the disgust of the Law Lords, who like whopping a country gentleman), and the House of Commons read the Barracks Bill and another a third time, finished Committee on that rather dubious piece of legislation the Western Australia Bill, and took a good many divisions and much time over the Scotch Police Bill. As to this last the Scotch members are divided among themselves, while the Irish Nationalists and the English Irresponsibles are always ready to give a hand against the Government.

On *Wednesday* in the Commons the Directors' Liability Bill (which according to some is to make "guinea-pigging" impossible, and according to others will make the guinea-pig the sole procurable director) was read a third time, by 224 to 50, and a good many other Bills were forwarded.

The expected intimation on *Thursday* of the intentions of the Government was not vouchsafed, Mr. SMITH preferring, perhaps wisely, to wait a little longer, and, if possible, get a little more business done, though his ostensible and sufficiently plausible reason was the pendent action of the Hanging Committee. The Army Estimates formed the principal subject of real business after the usual questions and conversation, in the course of which Mr. BRADLAUGH championed that Lord of Misrule, the Maharajah of CASHMERE. The most interesting thing in the Estimates debate was Mr. STANHOPE's discourse on the report of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission, and the most interesting thing in this discourse was the official intimation that Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS will stay two years longer in India to complete the frontier defence scheme and other measures which have made his commandership-in-chief one of the most memorable in Indian history, and that Sir REDVERS BULLER will succeed to the Adjutancy-General vacated in the usual way by Lord WOLSELEY. The Upper House helped on some Bills and discoursed on Alien Immigration and the Naval Reserve.

Foreign Affairs.

The conclusions of the Anti-Slavery Conference have been signed by the representatives of all the Powers except Holland and Turkey. The Dutch reluctance is thought to be not unconnected with "squareface"; for Holland in the singular sucks no small advantage from Hollands in the plural. The assent of the Porte is regarded as merely a matter of time.——At the end of last week a revolution of quite the good old Central and South American type was announced from San Salvador—a beautiful jumble of balls, barracks, free shooting, changes of Government, and the like. In a world all rocking and changing these Central and South American revolutions are among the few things that restore one's confidence in the uniformity of nature and human nature.——An ugly disturbance in Armenia was also reported; and the publication of a Newfoundland Blue-book showed to the full how very awkward the Fishery question is. It is probably the most awkward that has arisen in our time.——Contrary to general expectation, Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, after waiting for the confirmation of the sentence on Major PANITZA, signed the death-warrant, and the Major was shot on Saturday last—a fate, as we have shown at length before now, more deserved than expected.——Official inspection in Paris has warranted the solvency of the Crédit Foncier, which had been deeply involved in recent crashes.——Some violent expressions of disgust with the Anglo-German agreement appear to have been delivered by extreme German *Colonialmenschen* at Cologne on Wednesday—a circumstance which should comfort our own grumblers.——It was announced on Thursday that the Spanish Ministry had resigned.——The remains of the poet MICKIEWICZ have been transferred to and buried at Cracow with demonstrations of Polish affection towards Austria, which, perhaps, chiefly mean Polish dislike of Russia and Germany.

The Barrow Election.

It is, of course, an unfortunate and an annoying thing that Mr. WAINWRIGHT was not returned for Barrow on Wednesday, especially as the comparative polling shows that no inconsiderable number of Barrow Conservatives must be fools

enough to prefer private crotchet to public welfare. But we do not know that Mr. CAINE's defeat does not almost compensate for that of Mr. WAINWRIGHT. The former member for Barrow had never been trustworthy on any point but Ireland, and since the PARNELL Commission had been more and more untrustworthy on that. And it is a further advantage to have it shown that unquestioning and unhesitating slavery to Mr. GLADSTONE is the only qualification now required from a Gladstonian candidate. Meanwhile the return of Mr. DUNCAN has hugely rejoiced those who think that a man can prove himself a politician by using unmannerly language about Lord HARTINGTON.

Meetings, &c. Two different political festivities were held last Saturday, the great Conservative and Unionist meeting at the Crystal Palace, and a dinner to Mr. PARNELL. It must delight all lovers of cheerfulness to find that Mr. BALFOUR is only less satisfied with the situation than Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. PARNELL than Mr. BALFOUR. We do not think that Mr. PARNELL has very much to be happy about; but a certain amount of congratulation must be given to Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSCHEN for their pluck. Like them, we believe the cause of the Union to be in no worse plight than it was some months ago; but, unlike them, we cannot quite affirm that nobody has blundered in a certain little matter of certain clauses. However, if they like, we will say "Not "Guilty"; but we must add, "For Heaven's sake don't "do it again."——On Monday Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made in sober, and yet by no means dull mood, a really capital speech in favour of Mr. WAINWRIGHT's candidature at Barrow—a speech which seems to show the speaker in a remarkably clothed and right-minded condition. Let us welcome this condition by all means, and not inquire too curiously into the exact concatenation of events to which it is due.——Wednesday was a great day for entertainments of various kinds—the chief being the Post Office Conversazione (it is to be hoped that the report of groans at HER MAJESTY's name by the disaffected Telegraph clerks is false); a dinner, attended by a very distinguished company, including the Dukes of CONNAUGHT and CLARENCE, to Lord REAY, whom every one respects, even though every one does not agree as to his efficiency in governing Bombay; and a sort of omnibus, or Noah's Ark, banquet given by the LORD MAYOR to clerical and ministerial persons of motley kinds.——On Thursday the Royal Geographical Society entertained Mr. STANLEY.

Sport. Rain interfered with almost all cricket-matches last Saturday (as well as with all on Monday), and there was no racing of note at the close of the week. But the sale of HER MAJESTY's yearlings was made very interesting by the recent success of Sainfoin and Memoir, both Hampton-bred; and a sister to Memoir made the enormous price for a yearling of 5,500 guineas; while the whole sale brought in 15,000*l.* High prices, though none quite so high, were also paid for yearlings during this week at Newmarket.——When the University match at last began on Tuesday, only part of a day's play was possible, during which the whole Oxford eleven went out for forty-two runs, and three Cambridge wickets fell for forty. Wednesday saw the finish, Cambridge winning by seven wickets.——At Newmarket on Tuesday the July Stakes went to Baron DE ROTHSCHILD's Beauharnais; while Bumptious in the Bottisham Plate did not repeat his Ascot success over his elders, receiving nearly three stone and a beating from Mephisto. The two-year-old, however, recovered his character next day in the Plantation Stakes against a good field of his own age. The last day of the meeting was chiefly interesting to the general because the PRINCE OF WALES won the Maiden Plate with Pierrette, though he lost the Ellesmere Stakes with Golden Maze. At Carlisle the Cumberland Plate gave occasion to the unusual incident of a long-distance race (nearly two miles) being run for the whole way twice over, owing to a false start. This is a fashion—but hardly the right fashion—of reviving the four-mile races of the past for which some sigh.

Miscellaneous. There have been several law cases of interest during the week, the chief being a curious case of setting hounds on a writ-server, for which Mr. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE, a Yorkshire gentleman, was fined 100*l.*; and a still more curious Dublin case of *crim. con.*, in which Dr. MACAN, President of the Gynæcological Society, was, by his own confession, shown to have been wofully deficient in the practical part of that difficult science. The jury, however, gave only a farthing damages against him, and rightly.——It is a very great pity that a jury, apparently with Lord COLERIDGE's approval, should have refused to warrant the local authorities in affording protection to the inhabitants of Whitchurch against the Salvation Army nuisance.——On Tuesday night the Leeds gasmen gave a fresh proof that trade Societies are enemies of society by throwing the town into darkness and getting up a serious riot, which was only quieted by the help of cavalry, and was repeated next day. Unfortunately, the Town Council seem to have, at least to some extent, knuckled down. When an individual puts a pistol to another man's head and says "Your money "or your life," society sends him to penal servitude, and, if the pistol goes off, may possibly hang him. When a Trade-Union does exactly the same thing, society, after a little hesitation, says, "Good gentlemen, pray take anything "you want, and let me alone till next time."

Obituary. Universal regret has been felt at the death, while still under sixty, of Lord CARNARVON, whose character is reflected in his unique distinction of having resigned office in three different Governments—first, because he could not agree with the Reform Bill of 1867; secondly, because, a more serious matter, he could not stomach the advance of the British fleet to Constantinople when the Russians seemed to have that city at their mercy; and, lastly, after his unfortunate interview with Mr. PARNELL five years ago;—and in the other fact that, notwithstanding his two earlier acts of jibbing, he yet had the chance of committing a third. No man of honour ever doubted Lord CARNARVON's honour; no honest man the excellence of his intentions; no competent judge his accomplishments of mind; the only things he lacked were a clear judgment and a strong will. Less noteworthy, but still noticeable, was the death of Lord MAGHERAMORNE, otherwise Sir JAMES HOGG, a man who did a very great amount of public service as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, that defunct body whose sins, such as they were, were better than the virtues of its successor. Sir JAMES GOWANS was a prominent citizen of Edinburgh, and Mr. ROBERT LEEDS, a man very well known indeed among those whose talk is of bullocks. Mr. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, M.P. for Mid-Durham, a Gladstonian and a "Labour" representative, was understood to be very popular among his constituents, and was respected even by those who think that class representation in Parliament is the worst of all misrepresentation. Mr. FRANCIS BENNOCH united the odd distinctions of having been known as a friend of men of letters in the last generation and as a financier in this; while M. DE SOLOMÉ was a portrait-artist of some note.

Books, Art, &c. We notice Mr. STANLEY's *In Darkest Africa* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & Co.) fully elsewhere. A magnificent volume by Mr. JAMES L. BOWES on *Japanese Pottery* has also appeared (Liverpool: HOWELL); as well as Sir CHARLES WILSON's *Clive* in the series of "English Men of Action" (MACMILLAN).——Some very interesting Art sales took place at the end of last week. Among the objects which changed hands were a GAINSBOROUGH and a PAUL POTTER belonging to the late Duke of SOMERSET, both of which brought very large prices; a ROMNEY (Lady HAMILTON, as usual) of Mr. LONG's, which was bought for nearly 4,000*l.*; the famous Farnley TURNERS, which were sold for some 25,000*l.*, and GIBSON's Tinted VENUS. This last, more unfortunate even than her namesake and copy in Mr. ANSTEY's extravaganza, has passed, it is said, into the hands of Messrs. PEARS. May the wrath of the most amiable of goddesses when pleased, and the most dangerous when offended, be averted from the country!

MR. STANLEY'S BOOK.

MR. STANLEY'S expedition in search of EMIN Pasha was so interesting a thing in itself, and has had such momentous consequences, that we are glad to notice the volumes, published by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co., in which the full record of it has appeared, in the most prominent place possible. Nor is there mixed with this intention of honour any implication of dishonour, though a very determined MOMUS might plausibly maintain that the book is hardly to be reviewed as literature. A curious and characteristic Publishers' and Author's Note takes pride in telling us how rapidly it was written, and how "two of the

"largest binderies" were all but unable to get it clothed in time. Literature is incurious about the efforts of the largest binderies, and demands, not that a book shall be written fast, but that it shall be written well. A little more time would not have been ill spent in the excision or correction of such sentences as, "Though very "grateful, and fully impressed with his generosity, in this "unnecessary allusion to the Zanzibaris, and to this covert "intimation that we are responsible for their excesses, "Mr. BENTLEY has proved that it must have cost him a "struggle to grant the loan of the *Peace*." In a regular review we should have been obliged to take notice of not a few such things. Nor does literature busy herself with the curious process of alternately tempting the public appetite by instalments and withholdings. But the book, though its main outlines are pretty well known already, and though it might with advantage have been much reduced in size, is still a very interesting book. The passages dealing with the physical characteristics of the great Congo forest, with the pigmies, and with the Alpine region of Ruwenzori, which excited Mr. STANLEY's enthusiasm so strongly, and which he has done not a little to enable Lord SALISBURY to secure for England, are excellent specimens of their kind, and will deserve separation from the rest of the volumes, and preservation permanently, when much of the rest has been sent to join the journalism to which, and not to literature, it really belongs. Some of the lighter parts, such as the account of the reconciliation by Mr. STANLEY of an enraged couple, are also very good. The illustrations are vivid and good, and the maps, respecting which Mr. STANLEY not unjustly complains that they are too often passed without notice by reviewers, are of great importance and excellence. Even under the conditions of form, time, and the like, with which the author has chosen to handicap himself, *In Darkest Africa* is a very considerable achievement.

Passing over, therefore, any detailed criticism of the ordinary reviewing kind, and very briefly observing that some well-known mental—and, as some say, "tempera-"mental"—characteristics of Mr. STANLEY's reappear, only a little chastened from the crudity of his original letters, we may devote ourselves to two questions connected with the book which are, for the present, the most important. What new lights does it throw on the controversies respecting the conduct of the expedition? What estimate does it enable us to form of that expedition's results? The answer to the latter will be almost wholly to Mr. STANLEY's credit; and, as we are impatient to get to it, we shall dismiss the answer to the former as briefly as possible. Omit it we cannot, because it concerns the credit of dead men as well as of living. Almost all good judges have long ago recognized the crucial points in reference to it. They are the selection of the Congo route, the arrangement with TIPPOO TIB, the attitude of Mr. STANLEY towards Major BARTTELOT and the rearguard, and his attitude to EMIN Pasha. The account now fully laid before us from his own side has, of course, the drawback of an incomplete tally. We do not know what TIPPOO TIB says, we do not know what EMIN says, we only know very imperfectly (death having cut the communication short) what Major BARTTELOT said. As to this last matter, Mr. STANLEY, in one of his rather rash imitations of CARLYLE, affects to regard the whole thing as an inexplicable instance of diabolic interference with human affairs. We do not think it quite so unintelligible ourselves, even from Mr. STANLEY's own account, given though that account be, to some extent, in the exceedingly dangerous and questionable form of reminiscences of long conversations. It has to be admitted at once that Mr. STANLEY, if he has not shown that the West Coast Route was the best, has shown that it was very nearly forced on him by the combined action of the English Foreign Office, the King of the BELGIANS, Germany, and France. Having selected it, he made the fatal bargain with TIPPOO TIB. We say fatal; and we maintain that his own account and apology settle the matter in this sense. For the vacillations and delays which puzzle him so in the case of the rearguard were obviously due, first to the failure of TIPPOO to carry out his bargain (this no one denies), and, secondly (as we think this book makes clear), to Major BARTTELOT's strong sense of the importance which his chief attached to TIPPOO's co-operation. If any one will read the long talk which Mr. STANLEY represents himself as having had with the Major just before parting he will, we think, not fail to detect the germ of the evil. No doubt if Major BARTTELOT had been a DRAKE or a CLIVE—if he had been even a second STANLEY—all would doubtless have gone well. But he was a young man in more senses than one—a mere child, it would seem, in the exceedingly old hands of the veteran slave-trader; he knew, and was obviously disturbed at the knowledge, that his chief thought him hot-headed and too eager to get on; his "council of war" seems to have played him the usual tricks of councils of war; his native headmen seem to have been incapable, if not positively disaffected; he was ingeniously plied with continual false reports of disaster to the force in advance. And so all went wrong. Still, not merely the original, but, we maintain, the constantly efficient cause of the going wrong was the ill-omened and injudicious bargain with TIPPOO TIB. To set a thief to catch a thief is often good game; it is never good game to associate a thief with yourself in thief-catching when he has an opportunity of making more profit by helping the thief against you. As for the EMIN matter, even fewer words will suffice, and here, as in the case of the selection of route, Mr. STANLEY, though his statement is still an *ex parte* statement merely, has distinctly improved his case. We think, indeed, that a certain sense of wounded dignity, to which he seems to be very prone, prejudiced him rather unfairly against EMIN from the first moment when the Pasha failed to send his steamers to anticipate or hit off the arrival of the expedition at Lake Albert. And there was the most obvious and frankly avowed incompatibility of temper, and indeed inability to understand one another, between the two men throughout. But that EMIN must have been horribly trying; that he really could not or would not make up his mind; that his scientific avocations (Mr. STANLEY will chuckle at a passage in his first letter since he joined the German service) amply justified the sharp sentence of GORDON long before, "I sent you to be a governor, not a photographer," and were unseasonable in the highest degree; that his easy-going sleevelessness might have led to the ruin of the whole expedition had Mr. STANLEY been less masterful; that his conduct after his accident at Bagamoyo was almost inexplicable—these we think to be things as much proved as anything can be said to be proved by affidavits which have not been the subject of cross-examination or statement on the other side.

The rest is praise only. In no expedition of Mr. STANLEY's has his strength better appeared. The mere struggle, three times repeated, through forest and famine was a great thing. The reorganization, transformation into a serviceable force, and safe conduct through the wilderness of a body of men reduced to such fearful plight, mentally and physically, as the rearguard at Banalya, was, we think, a greater. But greatest of all was the manner in which, despite his own ill-health, despite the Pasha's vacillation, despite the treachery of the Egyptians, and despite the almost more dangerous and not unreasonable disaffection of the Zanzibaris with the work that was put on them, by and for these *fainéants*, he brought safely out from one of the least accessible spots in the whole world, by routes almost unknown, and through the active opposition of the redoubted troops of KABBA REGA, the mob of recalcitrant refugees who were committed to his care. Courage is a good thing; fortitude is a better; judgment is a better still; but patience united to these three is the best of all. If Mr. STANLEY had lost patience, or had allowed it to be deserted by the other three for one day on the plateau above the Albert Nyanza, he would in all probability either never have returned, or never have returned with the prize he was sent to secure. As to the things he has done for England, or rather has enabled and helped to persuade England to do for herself, these, we hope and believe, will be shown to be greater and greater as time goes on. Many good, and perhaps some better, men had before him given to England the right over Western Equatorial Africa, over the sources of the Nile, over the most promising region in the whole continent. But it has been Mr. STANLEY's good fortune and his good deed, at the very nick of time, at once to stir the English people up to demand, and to give English statesmen reason to insist, that no other nation shall enter into the fruit of these English labours. And for this he deserves the perpetual thanks of all good Englishmen.

LORD CARNARVON.

THE death of Lord CARNARVON scarcely counts as a political event. He had no following; he can scarcely be said to have followed himself; indeed, he periodically bolted from himself. He was not what it is the fashion to call a powerful personality. But men whose removal will leave a greater gap in the national life will be parted with, when the time comes for their country to say good-bye to them, with less regret than his death has caused in circles far wider than the political party to which he was loosely attached, or than the intimacies of his order, family, and neighbourhood. Lord CARNARVON was not, as we have hinted, one of those men who impress themselves upon others by marked force of will or originality of intellect. Nevertheless, he was far from being a man made to pattern by a process of wholesale manufacture, or turned out of a common mould. There was a real individuality about him. It could not be said of him, as was said of a well-known personage, that he might have changed minds with almost anybody else taken at random, and no one would have noticed any difference. Those who knew Lord CARNARVON always thought of what he was in himself, and not of what he had done, or of what, but for opportunities lost through mischance, or through infirmity, often an infirmity having its root in real nobleness of mind, he might have done. In fact, the chief use of his public life was to exhibit to his countrymen a type of character singularly winning, in which gentleness and a large and genial humanity were blended with a keen sensitiveness of personal honour, and a resolute purpose to follow the right at whatever cost of mortified ambition or wounded friendships. It was the one effort of Lord CARNARVON's life to be true to himself, in word and deed. Or rather, perhaps, it was the happy endowment of his nature to be true, without effort, to that nobler self which in him was his whole self, and to be so little actuated by meaner motives as to win the victory without conflict. He was, in a much larger sense than the words conventionally bear, *l'homme comme il faut*. In the tribute paid to him in St. Paul's Cathedral on the day which followed his death, Archdeacon SINCLAIR spoke of the union in him of Christian simplicity with a chivalrous sense of honour. Something of the contrasted qualities of the two strange brothers, sprung at a distant day from the stock out of which he grew, might, without an extravagant exercise of fancy, be attributed to him. A Christian Lord HERBERT of Cherbury or a knightly GEORGE HERBERT would have foreshadowed the Earl of CARNARVON.

Lord CARNARVON was born in 1831, in the crisis of the struggle over the Reform Bill, of which his father was an eager opponent. He was an alarmed Whig, usually the extremest form of Tory. The late Lord CARNARVON used to say that he considered himself half a Whig, but that Mr. GLADSTONE drove him away from the fold. In the same way his father was a Whig terrified by Lord GREY. Passing through Eton and Christ Church, he took a first class at Oxford in 1852, and the elegant scholarship which is the special growth of that University, impressed with the humanities and amenities of literature, as distinguished from the severe philological and grammatical gymnastic of Cambridge, remained with him to the last. It contributed to equip him with something even better than that—a certain magnanimity in action, speech, and thought, a reverence for great deeds and great ideas, and the great characters and minds in which they originate. We scarcely know where, among the statesmen he has left behind him, to look for an instance which so well exemplifies the best results of that old learning of the nineteenth century which was the new learning of the fifteenth.

The death of his father converted Lord PORCHESTER, at eighteen years of age, into the Earl of CARNARVON. His Parliamentary career was, therefore, confined to the House of Lords. With the Duke of ARGYLL and Lord ROSEBERY among his contemporaries, though not, perhaps, in the same degree as either, Lord CARNARVON is an example of a man achieving distinction in debate without going through the House of Commons, which is, or was, to the rough discipline of political life what the public school is to life in its larger aspects. Lord CARNARVON's oratory suffered to the last from the lack of this experience. The formal, precise academic manner of the Union debater was never completely overcome. The tone of the amateur clung to him. The mischief was more penetrating. That necessity of accommodation to forces of opinion and passion, which, like the powers of nature, must be obeyed if they are to be controlled and directed to a clearly conceived end, was never completely recognized by him. A rather capricious assertion of his own individual opinion, enforced by resignation of office on occasions which did not in every instance seem to those who criticised from the outside to involve any vital principle, suggested a certain disproportion and want of balance in political judgment. Of course this excess of scrupulousness is better than the absolute unscrupulousness of which we have recently had conspicuous examples. But, though to disregard conscientious scruples is a vice, to make scruples of conscience on minor matters is by no means a merit. It is a sign rather of an ailing than of a robust political virtue. Lord CARNARVON was a Cabinet Minister in three Governments—under Lord DERBY, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and Lord SALISBURY. All of them he felt himself obliged to leave.

It is not now necessary to consider the grounds of his resignation on the Reform Bill of the first of these Ministers, the foreign policy of the second, or the Irish administration of the third. But the inference is plausible that it was constitutionally impossible to Lord CARNARVON to act permanently with any body of men. His weakness was not the weakness of the wavering and flickering Lord RIPON. It was the weakness which disguises itself as resolution, and assumes to be more firm than firmness itself. His scrupulousness is distinguished honourably from that of some of his contemporaries, who, more copious than he in the creation of moral difficulties, apply the resources of a fertile and disingenuous casuistry for their own extrication and release. The great mistake of Lord CARNARVON's official career, the mistake which brought it to a close, was the celebrated interview which he had with Mr. PARNELL in the empty London house, the details of which must always remain in doubt, since the only two persons who knew all about it differed vitally in their account of it. If it were a question of comparative truthfulness, Mr. PARNELL's admitted casuistry in relations of fact and speech would leave him without ground of complaint if judgment were given against him. No one has ever held it possible that Lord CARNARVON should depart by a single hair-breadth from what he believed to be the truth. But this alternative is not necessary. Mr. PARNELL contended that Lord CARNARVON declared himself in favour of an Irish Parliament, with larger powers of Home Rule than even Mr. GLADSTONE's measure embodied. Lord CARNARVON said that Mr. PARNELL mistook his own demands for Lord CARNARVON's concessions; and it is probable that he interpreted Lord CARNARVON's courteous reception of what he said as an assent to it. The interview, however, was a mistake as great, though not quite so serious in its consequences, as those negotiations of Lord BROUGHAM and Mr. LITTLETON with O'CONNELL which overthrew the Government of Lord GREY.

Besides being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord CARNARVON was twice Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the great measure which welded the British provinces of America into the Dominion of Canada is a permanent memorial of his statesmanship. But his political career is chiefly memorable as adding completeness to the character of one of the best types of the English noble that our time, or any other, has offered. The charm of his home life; the winning grace and courtesy of manner which seemed not merely the expression of a generous nature, but the flowering of centuries of inherited civility and culture; the unflagging interest which he felt in the tenants about him, and in the history and antiquities of his county; the ease with which a large knowledge derived from travel and classical scholarship entered into his conversation, were crowned by his service of the country in high political office. Lord CARNARVON's translations of HOMER and ÆSCHYLUS throw, perhaps, more light on his own graceful and lettered taste than on these originals. But they help to complete the image of a character of singularly varied excellence. Lord CARNARVON will not fill a great place in history; but, for the proper hands, no more attractive subject of biography could easily be found.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE weather seems to have a grudge against the match between the Universities. As a rule, Lord's is a quagmire during this contest, and the wicket mainly consists of mud and sawdust. As it rained almost all day

on Monday, it was plain that the circumstances would be against run-getting. Not a ball was bowled, and the match began at half-past eleven on Tuesday. The odds were decidedly on Cambridge, which has not had such an eleven since the days of Mr. STEEL and Mr. C. T. STUDD, even if it had such an eleven then. Mr. WOODS is usually thought the best gentleman bowler of the day; Mr. STREATFEILD is perhaps even more dangerous, from his great art of varying his pace and power of making the ball twist every way. Mr. FORD, Mr. HALE, Mr. JACKSON, are all useful bowlers, quite good enough to take the first place in most elevens, and there are other good changes. Mr. MACGREGOR eclipses even Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, and at least rivals Mr. BLACKHAM at the wickets. He has unusual grace, certainty, and confidence. Almost all the team are mighty run-getters, as they showed, notably, against Yorkshire, the Australians, and Sussex, off whose bowling they made over seven hundred runs, in one innings, for nine wickets. Mr. DOUGLAS, Mr. GOSLING, Mr. JACKSON, Mr. FOLEY, Mr. FORD, are only a few of the capable and hard-hitting batsmen. All the eleven can bat, as a rule; even Mr. WOODS and Mr. STREATFEILD, though bowlers, are wont to score freely.

Oxford had only won two matches, against Lancashire and Sussex, and the Oxford bats and bowlers were not nearly so trustworthy as their opponents. Mr. LLEWELLYN, however, and Mr. PALAIRET had just played excellently against the good bowling of POUGHER, MARTIN, and GEORGE HEARNE. Mr. JARDINE was thought good away from Lord's. Mr. SMITH can hit; Mr. SCHWANN has a name for steadiness, and Mr. BASSETT and Mr. BERKELEY are steady bats, for bowlers. Mr. THESIGER is excellent, when "set," but he does not always remain at the wicket long enough to get his eye in. In bowling there was a good deal more to be said for quantity than quality. Mr. BERKELEY, medium left-hand, has been useful, if expensive; the same may be said for Mr. BASSETT. If Mr. SMITH, a very fast right-hand, were always at his best, he would recall Mr. A. H. EVANS. Mr. THESIGER has been valuable as a change, reminding one a little of "Round-the-corner SMITH." Mr. DAUGLISH, as a wicket-keeper, is respectable, and better than Mr. LITTLE, though, perhaps, not so useful as a bat. On paper Cambridge might win by any odds. The match began in bright weather, and on a sodden wicket, on Tuesday. Mr. THESIGER, winning the toss, went in. Opinions differ, but this seems to have been an error. The wicket, if the sun shone, would get more difficult every over. If it rained, nobody could say what would happen. Mr. SMITH and Mr. LLEWELLYN began the batting, and played with spirit for a few overs. Then Mr. LLEWELLYN cut a ball into his wicket, and the familiar Oxford rout and panic began. How often we have seen it at Lord's! Good men playing like the third eleven of a Commercial Academy. Mr. JARDINE was bowled by Mr. STREATFEILD for 3; Mr. WILSON, Mr. SCHWANN, Mr. THESIGER, Mr. PALAIRET, Mr. BASSETT contributed cyphers, all clean bowled. They could not look at Mr. STREATFEILD's deliveries; but Mr. SMITH kept on hitting, and gave two easy high catches, badly missed. Mr. SMITH was then bowled, Mr. DAUGLISH got 9, and Mr. BRADBY, who certainly had not lost heart, was unlucky. Mr. BERKELEY, who was in with him, was run out, though he seemed to be actually behind his wicket when it was put down. However, the Umpire knows best, and he had given a batter the benefit of the doubt on a catch at wickets. Mr. SMITH's 22 was the only double figure. It was, on the whole, a most unworthy innings. The ball did not seem to be very much helped by the wicket, yet nobody could show any defence. Mr. SMITH was quite right to try hitting, and we fancy Mr. BRADBY, had he been allowed to stay, meant business. Oxford has made a less score than this of 42 when Mr. STEEL was bowling. Cambridge never plays these melancholy tricks. The fielding was not very good, but the ball was probably greasy and hard to hold. Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. FORD began the Cambridge innings, in a bad light and with "shadow streaks of rain" on the horizon. Mr. DOUGLAS was unlucky, and hit his wicket. Mr. SMITH drove Mr. FORD's wickets in admired confusion. When Mr. SMITH bowls a man there is no mistake about the matter; there really is what Mr. BOUNCER, in the spirit of the Sagas, called "a noise in his timber-yard." He next sent Mr. MCGREGOR's leg-stump curvetting in air, and then Mr. FOLEY was missed—rather a hard catch, but nearly held, at long slip. Then the rain went to the wicket, and stayed there till play was out of the question. A draggled and dyspeptic throng, fed, *sed non satiata*, on sandwiches, retreated through the melancholy mud. It was not bad fishing weather, for some waters, but it was death to cricket.

On Wednesday morning Mr. FOLEY added to his score; and Mr. JACKSON put on some runs. The sixth wicket of Cambridge fell for 91; the tenth for 97. The Oxford fielding was wonderfully clean and good. Mr. SMITH, apparently, could not keep his footing in the swamp; but Mr. BASSETT bowled very steadily. So did Mr. BERKELEY; and Mr. THESIGER had high catches hit off him, and charmingly judged by Mr. JARDINE and Mr. BRADBY in the long fields. You could see from the first that these fielders knew to an inch where to have the ball; and they had it. So poor a show from so strong a team speaks unfavourably of the wicket; but the bowling and fielding were also most creditable, especially when we consider that Mr. SMITH was unable to do himself justice. A full pitch of Mr. BERKELEY's was hit into the tennis-court, and has not been found at all, by latest accounts. But there were few hits to the boundaries, and the bowlers were clearly very troublesome.

The second innings of Oxford began by Mr. SMITH trying Mr. FOLEY with a common catch, which he dropped. But Mr. SMITH and Mr. LLEWELLYN were promptly bowled; while Mr. WILSON and Mr. JARDINE played the best cricket yet seen in the match. Their cutting was particularly good. Unluckily the Oxford eleven now began to try for Mr. KEY's stroke across to square leg, and several were bowled in attempting preposterous hits. The 45 put on by Mr. WILSON and Mr. JARDINE induced Cambridge to try Mr. JACKSON, Mr. HALE, and Mr. FORD, who all seemed one more difficult than the other. Mr. PALAIRET had some luck in mopping up 17. Mr. BRADBY hit resolutely for 20; but at last made a most schoolboy swipe at a straight short-pitched ball of Mr. WOODS. No doubt it was hard to get the ball away, but there was a good deal of clumsy recklessness in the Oxford batting. Mr. THESIGER was again of no avail. The hundred was reached with difficulty, and by aid of some lucky byes; the innings ended for 108. Oxford had lost a chance of keeping up their wickets and drawing the match. It could not have gone on into Thursday, as four of the Cambridge team were engaged for Gentlemen *v.* Players.

Cambridge had only some fifty-three runs to get, and the most sanguine admirers of Oxford knew that they would get them. The highest score of the match, 32, not out, and several of the finest hits, were made by Mr. FORD, who heads the Cambridge list of averages. He was missed, however, in the slips. Mr. JACKSON and Mr. MCGREGOR were bowled for a run apiece, Mr. DOUGLAS got 17, and so Cambridge won by seven wickets. All things considered, it was about the least by which they could have been expected to win. On a really sound and lively wicket Oxford might have fared much worse, for the wet more or less equalized the batting. Oxford bowled better than had been looked for, and fielded very well. They threw away their chance by one of their familiar tame collapses; perhaps no eleven so often goes all to hopeless fragments as that which wears the dark blue.

"LABOUR AND WAGES."

IT is a fact of which the significance hardly seems to be appreciated that Government servants should have begun to occupy a rather prominent place in the portion of the newspapers which is devoted to trade disputes. Also it is to be noted that their methods do not differ at all from those of other strikers. The London postmen who collected in Hyde Park last Sunday were as riotous as the gas-workers of Leeds who had to be broken up by a charge of cavalry twenty-four hours later. The Post Office men make no disguise of their intentions. The Secretary of their Union has been demonstrating in speeches and magazine articles that they must join hands with other workers. The scene in the Park shows what other workers they propose to take as a model. It is, also, only the other day since a part, at least, of the police used exactly the same language. This agitation has been stopped by a little firm handling at headquarters, and the turbulent minority have been made to understand that they cannot both belong to a disciplined force and enjoy the freedom of dockers. If they will look at the proceedings in Parliament on several nights within the last week, they must understand in what their

position differs from that of ordinary workmen. A body of men for whom the State provides a secure income which can be enjoyed without work before they are fifty must not expect instant sympathy if they clamour for increased pay, and none at all if they talk of putting pressure on their superiors. The Police Superannuation Bills have cut the ground from beneath the agitators entirely. Even if these measures had very palpable defects of detail, they would still secure to every metropolitan policeman a pension of a pound a week, which can be earned before he is fifty and is still in good health. We do not suppose that anybody considers this an excessive reward for the very trying work done by the London constables; but it is an immense advantage for them, however well it is deserved. A policeman has only to reflect for a moment to realize this. Let him ask himself what wages a man of his class would have to earn, and for how long, in order to save as much money as would give this income. Saving, too, implies both care and self-denial, neither of which is demanded from the policeman, for whom, as for all its servants, the State thinks and saves. The miner or the fisherman, whose work is not less laborious, and is even more dangerous, than the policeman's, must provide for his own old age or go to the workhouse. To be freed from this necessity is so great an advantage that the man who enjoys it ought to be prepared to accept even poor wages.

This is a consideration which it is becoming again necessary to impress on Government servants. The Telegraph clerks, for instance, need to have it pointed out to them forcibly. They have, it is said, decided not to work overtime. They will do their eight hours and no more. Now, if they engaged on the usual terms, this would be legitimate enough. They would only have to throw up their places, and we should then see whether the State could find others to do their work. That would be the position of a bank clerk or shopman who resented overtime. But the Telegraph clerks are by no means prepared to accept any such consequence. They maintain—and, as it seems, with truth—that they are not bound to work overtime. They will stand on their rights, and leave the Post Office to get out of the difficulty in the best way it can. As they have a good thing, they are not to be blamed for making the most of it; only they ought to understand that they do it at a certain risk. Already in the course of the debates on the Police Bill there have been signs of a growing inclination among non-official persons to inquire why the State should not hire its servants as other employers do; paying the market rate of wages, exacting the work it can get, and refusing to be liable for more than wages due for duty done. Hitherto the State has preferred to form services, because it thereby obtained a certain security against the sudden loss of its servants and had more command over them. If, however, this is no longer to be the case; if the Post Office, or any other department, is to be threatened with strikes, refusals to work, and so forth, the State had perhaps better resume its freedom too. The Government servant cannot have his cake and eat it also. He cannot have security against arbitrary dismissal and poverty in old age and also retain the freedom to throw up his work. The scene in Hyde Park shows that the worst of the Trades Union spirit is very strong among the postmen. Their conduct was worthy of the very worst of the dockers. Attacks with cudgels on spies, threats to throw men into the Serpentine, and open riot with the police are simply strike blackguardism. This kind of thing ought to be dealt with at once and severely. The men who have behaved in this fashion are no better than other roughs and rowdies. It is absurd that their conduct should be thought less worthy of punishment because they are Government servants. It is this very fact which makes their conduct so particularly disgraceful. A service which makes it a rule that its members should consider their connexion with the State a reason for behaving particularly well is infinitely respectable; but it is infinitely the reverse when it thinks that connexion an excuse for misconduct. The Postmaster-General will show great weakness, and will prepare trouble for himself and his successors, if he fails to punish with the utmost severity all who can be proved to have been concerned in the scandalous disorder of Sunday.

What kind of example the other workers to whom the Secretary of the Postmen's Union appeals will set, and what kind of help they would give, may be learnt from the progress of the gas strike at Leeds. There appears to have been some want of management and foresight on the part of the gas committee, and it is not quite clear that the strike was not rather gratuitously provoked. But, however it may have been produced, it has very speedily become riotous to a great and dangerous degree. Not only threats, but attempts to murder, have been common, and the mob has gone as far as a mob can which meets with serious resistance. It has actually got to street fighting, to attempts to storm the gasworks on the part of the mob, to charges of cavalry, and to the discharge of revolvers. As yet the firearms have only been fired in the air and by night. But, unless repressive measures had been taken at the beginning, it would soon have got to firing by day and not in the air. The attacks on the unpopular Town Councillors, and the whole conduct of the strikers, show that they are disposed to go as far as the historic Bristol mob. If they have not done so already, it is because there has been more spirit and sense among the Leeds municipality than there was among the unfortunate persons who allowed Bristol to be largely sacked because they had not the nerve to fire soon enough. The dragoons have been called in, and have been used with such excellent effect that on the second day a mob which had started out to resume the work of rioting went back at once on learning that the cavalry was coming to meet them. A better example of the wisdom, and also of the humanity, of prompt measures was never given. A timely charge has, in all probability, saved Leeds from several charges, and even volleys of musketry, later on. As far as it goes, this is well; but it is not well that the charge should have been needed at all. What that proves is the existence, and not in the lowest class of the population either—for gasworkers are supposed to be picked men—of a violent and riotous spirit, which is exceedingly dangerous, and may some day have to be dealt with by charges of cavalry on a considerable scale. The reported decision of the Town Council to come to an arrangement with the strikers may be justified by the circumstances. It is well, however, to remember what those circumstances are. They are, shortly, that the old hands have frightened the "blacklegs" by unscrupulous terrorism, and the municipality cannot obtain new workmen. This is, of course, a triumph for the lawless party. Neither should it be forgotten that the new rules which supplied the pretext for the strike had been published before they came into force, and had not been objected to by the men. Yet the strike was prepared for quietly by a steady diminution of the quantity of gas manufactured, so that the works had no reserve to fall back on when there was need for it—which, again, is a very clear proof that the lawless acts of the men were the signs of a fixed lawless habit of mind.

THE LORD CHIEF SALVATIONIST.

THE acquittal of Mr. Herbert Booth, the notorious "General's" son, and of a person absurdly called "Major Barrett" in some of the newspapers, may not have been altogether due to Lord Coleridge's speech for the defence. The prosecution was clumsily conducted, and the witnesses for the Crown were not remarkable for intelligence. Moreover, there was an attempt—not very happy and not at all successful—to combine a charge of unlawful assembly and using minatory language with one of obstructing the highway, and so causing a nuisance. But if all the observations dropped from the Bench in the course of this rather comical trial are to be taken as law, and followed in practice, there will be a good deal more noise, and a good deal less peace, in a world where even now tranquillity seldom prevails. Why the Salvation Army should have fastened upon the little town of Whitchurch, in Hampshire, as a convenient centre for its unholy operations does not appear. The people of Whitchurch, while appreciating, doubtless, the honour done them, prefer a quiet life to this ambiguous distinction, and the local magistrates, possibly actuated by much the same feelings as their neighbours, have sentenced a good many of the invaders to fine and imprisonment. The indictment against Mr. Booth and the other defendants was removed into the Queen's Bench under Palmer's Act because of local prejudice against the Army and its supporters. Now prejudice, local or otherwise, is a very bad thing, and Salvationists are entitled, like everybody else, to the protection of the law. But, if Lord Coleridge be right in suggesting that the case was a trumpery and trivial one, inasmuch as nobody was seriously annoyed, it is a little

difficult to understand why the defendants should have objected to appear at the Winchester Assizes. They may consider all magistrates as haughty aristocrats and oppressors of the people. But jurors do not come from the same class as magistrates, and why should jurors be swayed by bias against individuals so harmless as Lord COLERIDGE represents the Salvationists to be? There is a fatal inconsistency in the line adopted by this eminent patron of "the "Army," who may soon find himself, like the late Archbishop of Canterbury, enrolled as a lance-corporal in the host of Mr. BOOTH. If it was necessary for him to intervene on behalf of injured innocence, and even in London to protest against the hostility inspired by the Boothites, their proceedings cannot be so absolutely innocuous as the tone of the summing-up implies.

"People," says Lord COLERIDGE, "must submit to little "temporary inconveniences, or the world could not go on "at all." The world went on pretty well for a good many centuries without the Salvation Army, nor was the absence of such an institution a "felt want" when Mr. BOOTH first introduced himself to the public. When two thousand people take possession of the market-place in a country town, and hold it against all comers, the inhabitants may be excused for endeavouring to ascertain whether the law will give them any redress. This particular prosecution had nothing to do with the Whitchurch magistrates, and was never before them in any way. The superintendent of police sent up a bill to the grand jury at Winchester, and the grand jury found it to be a true one. It was proved that Mr. HERBERT BOOTH had proclaimed his intention of "taking the square," like his prototype in London three years ago, and that intention he fulfilled. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of ENGLAND, and a special jury of Middlesex, may regard such puny warfare as beneath their notice and their dignity. But if they lived in Whitchurch they might see reason to think differently. "The "law," we are told, "does not regard too delicate, or "over-sensitive, feelings." It may be that, if everybody had robust health and strong nerves, the nuisance of all the shrieking and banging which passes with Salvationists for religion would not justify recourse to the criminal law. But, unfortunately, it is well known that the Salvationists have no respect for the repose of the suffering, the weary, or even the dying. They are often particularly aggressive when they come to a hospital, and they are absolutely deaf to appeals from a sick-room. Mr. WILLIS, in his very adroit speech to the jury, cited the glorious examples of our ancestors, with special reference to BUNYAN, and WESLEY, and WHITFIELD. But what has preaching in the open air to do with bellowing, and braying, and "volleys of halle-"lujahs," and playing wind instruments out of tune? Happily, the acquittal of particular individuals in special circumstances settles no question of principle; and Lord COLERIDGE's law was for once better than his *obiter dicta*. He "told the jury that, if persons collected large numbers "of people so as to cause a nuisance to the public, though "not with any intention to do mischief, yet interfering "with the rights of others, they broke the law." By acting upon the authority of this ruling the magistrates may do much to abate a nuisance of which he entirely fails to appreciate the gravity.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE reports of the last weekly meeting of the London County Council are a pleasure to read. It was a penitential meeting; and almost the whole of the proceedings yielded outward signs of an inward disturbance which may develop into spiritual grace. The Building Act Committee came forward with a Report in which it was admitted that the pretensions of the Council to first-rate ability as practical persons and abuse-reformers had suffered in at least one department. Its system of appointing District Surveyors was so well calculated to result in a neglect of the business of surveying, not to speak of more corrupting ills, that the Committee could but recommend the adoption of rules that would ensure a certain measure of reform in this somewhat important particular. Horse-dealing is believed to be so essentially demoralizing that no man may dabble in it without a falling away from honesty. In house-building and house-surveying there is something of the same fatality; and this has been so often and so well proved that a body like the London County Council, with the melancholy history of the Metropolitan Board of Works before its eyes, ought to have begun with some precaution against the too-prevailing weakness. But the consequences of not doing so having been forced upon the Council in a variety of disagreeable ways (one of them being that district surveyors sometimes sublet their offices), the error is acknowledged and amendment attempted. And yet there is a root of danger in the amendment; for in future the district surveyor is to be held to his duties on so inconsiderable an income that it is feared he may yield to the seductions of the palm-greasing jerry-builder, which, indeed, is the worst of evils.

But it was when the Parliamentary Committee reported the rejection by the House of Commons of the Betterment Clause of the Strand Improvement Bill that the Council revealed the more chastened spirit upon which we found our hopes. Judged from the whole procedure of this body up to Tuesday last, we should have said that the rejection of the clause would be followed (as nearly as possible) by one of those "conflicts" which occasionally take place between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Fulmination of protest, if not a beadle-led procession from Spring Gardens to Westminster Hall, with the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill borne before it, was quite to be expected. It is a genuine pleasure to record that no such demonstration was attempted, or even thought of apparently. So far from contesting the moral right of the House of Commons to reject the clause, Lord ROSEBERY's Councillors submitted with the handsome confession that they could hardly have expected anything else but rejection. To be sure, there is nothing to that effect in the resolution adopted by the Council when the matter was formally brought before them; but the general feeling came out plainly enough in the various speeches. Confession, indeed, was the order of the day. When the Strand Improvement Bill was framed, with that remarkable clause in it, suspicion was aroused that the intention of the Council was to establish precedent and authority for bleeding a certain order of property-holders throughout their jurisdiction. According to the political faith of the majority of the London County Council, it is not only convenient, it is also righteous, to come down upon the landlord in whatever shape he may exist, and rob him (as *he* calls it) for the public good. To all appearance, the London County Council had resolved to set about the reform in a systematic but not too glaring way; and this was part of the objection to the Betterment Clause of the Strand Improvement Bill. The design was not exactly denied by the framers of the Bill, but it was never admitted so clearly as on Tuesday last. It appears by general confession that, unless the betterment principle is applied in some way or other, there can be no more metropolitan improvements at present. Acting upon the same kind of logic that recommended the reduction of this principle to practice, the Council has lately thrown away an immense revenue which used to be drawn upon for this very purpose. With no sensible advantage to anybody in the world, it has lost the handsome product of the coal and wine dues; and the consequence is that the Council is crippled not only for heroic but for necessary improvements. There must be some limit to the imposition of general rating, especially as County Councillors are selected by the ratepayers; and it now appears, from the candid little speech of Mr. COSTELLOE and other London County Councillors, that if there is to be any more widening of thoroughfares, or betterment of that kind, another sort of betterment must contribute largely to defray the expense. Metropolitan improvements always use up a great deal of money; the proposed widening of the Strand could not be done for less than three-quarters of a million; and, unless the landlord class is to be squeezed wherever such improvements are suggested, the Council must either give them up or "impose an enormous burden on the metropolitan rate-"payers."

So goes the argument which decided the London Council to proceed no further with the Strand Improvement Bill. Not that the Council means to abandon the betterment principle altogether. There are some members of the Council who believe that if they had gone more artfully to work the principle might have received the sanction of Parliament by this time. Mr. BENN, for instance, does not hesitate to say that in drafting the Strand Improvement Bill "a fair and just principle was tied to a very bad "case"; which must be taken to mean that, as the principle was applied by the Bill to property in the neighbourhood of the proposed improvement-works, its faults were

allowed to come out much too glaringly. The admission is just. They certainly did so; and, what is more, the London County Council may be sure of this, that they will never squeeze much money out of the betterments of their Bill (especially as "detriments" must not be excluded from consideration) unless they proceed to ridiculously harsh, unjust, and arbitrary exactions. If they must raise money out of betterments, they should extend the principle, instead of confining it to a group of houseowners and groundlandlords. It certainly applies to others just as much as to them; it is, indeed, almost absurd to apply it to them and not to these others. Take the omnibus and cab companies, for example. It has already been pointed out that if the main thoroughfares are crowded with vehicular traffic, the crush is largely due to the enormous number of omnibuses and cabs with which they are thronged. Nothing is easier than to argue, in the first place, that the proprietors of these vehicles are responsible more than any other persons for the necessity of widening the streets; and, in the next, that their pockets are directly benefited by all such costly works as the Strand Improvement Bill proposed to carry out. Betterment in increased facility for taking up and setting down passengers; betterment in unimpeded traffic, which is saving of time and of horseflesh too, for the jar of pulling up and urging on again at every few yards racks the overloaded omnibus-horse terribly. What betterment can be more direct than this, and what more fitting for taxation if the principle is to be applied at all? True, there may be much less satisfaction of the Democratic Idea in taxing the vehicle of the poor than in filching from the landlord's cash-box; but then there can be little difficulty in showing that here, too, "unearned increment" flows into the coffers of the capitalist. The hint may really be of service to the Council. In the more softened and chastened mood which we rejoice to observe in that body, they may not be disinclined to welcome a suggestion that may be carried much further—even so far as to embrace the evidently thriving person who keeps an apple-stall at the north-east corner of Holywell Street, in the very heart of the "improvement"; with the result that their fair and just principle will take a more liberal, impartial sweep, and bring in a fuller harvest of cash.

HOUNDING HIM OFF.

MR. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE seems ambitious of reminding a degenerate age what Squire WESTERN would be like if he were still among us. For this attempt he has been fined a hundred pounds, and, in the circumstances, the outraged majesty of the law is not too hardly satisfied. But process-servers, unless they are a very daring race, will not be eager to visit Hooton Levett Hall after the sad experiences of JOHN THOMAS BEALE. Mr. BEALE pursues the peaceful vocation of a solicitor's clerk, and the fate of ACTÆON is not among the recognized risks of that highly respectable calling. He visited the recesses of Hooton Levett, not for the purpose of spying out hidden beauties of more than mortal lustre, but with the prosaic and mundane object of serving the owner with a writ, "under the "seal and out of the Sheffield District Registry of the "Queen's Bench Division." He timed his call, however, rather badly; for he happened to arrive at the hour which Mr. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE usually devotes to feeding his hounds. Now personal service is not an agreeable thing, either for the person who makes it or for the person who receives it. But Mr. BEALE's suspicions, if he had any, were effectually dissipated by the civility of his welcome. "If you wish to speak to me," said the courteous squire, "will you come this way?" So Mr. BEALE went that way, and the stable-boy obligingly opened the gate for him. Thereupon Mr. LABOUCHERE inquired whether his visitor's "business was *re* "BELL"—that being the name of the plaintiff in the action. On receiving an affirmative reply, and being confronted with the writ, Mr. LABOUCHERE unexpectedly exclaimed:—"I'll teach you, sir; at him, hounds, at him!" It speaks volumes for Mr. BEALE's truthfulness and accuracy that he did not in his affidavit improve this pressing exhortation into "Eat him, hounds, eat him!" as he might so easily have done. For the unfortunate man was certainly placed in a very embarrassing position; and, for aught he knew to the contrary, being probably unacquainted with the manners of foxhounds, his last hour might have come. The door of the kennel-house was thrown open, and the solicitor's clerk was immediately surrounded by a yelping pack. In the end they did him no harm, except to frighten him. But he hurt his back, and had to beat a hasty retreat; and it is not surprising to hear that he has since suffered from nervous prostration.

Mr. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE, instead of apologizing to the Court, and offering what reparation he could to Mr. BEALE, contradicted his victim's narrative, and proceeded to tell a still more remarkable story of his own. According to this story, he had no idea of what Mr. BEALE wanted, and did not try to make him enter the yard. On the contrary, he thought it was somebody who wanted to see him about the business of the estate, and Mr. BEALE persisted in forcing himself upon the notice of the hounds. "JOHN "THOMAS BEALE," it seems, "came through the door into "the same yard without any invitation or suggestion by "me, and entirely voluntarily on his part, and, on his "entering through the gate, I called to the said HARRY "NEWSOME to shut it, so as to keep the hounds in, and "then the said JOHN THOMAS BEALE, without even "telling me what his business was, came towards "me, holding a paper in his hand, and the hounds "began fawning on him, and jumping about in a playful and friendly manner, and evidently thinking the "paper was something to eat. They did not attempt to "bite him or his clothes, and I did what I could to whip "them down." That the hounds behaved a good deal better than their master appears to be perfectly true, and indeed they leave the Court without a stain upon their character. The friendliness of the dogs is a happy touch, and very likely a faithful one. But in attributing to them the belief that a writ of the High Court is edible Mr. LABOUCHERE underrated their intelligence and that of the judges. Mr. Justice DENMAN roundly remarked "that they were not "such idiots," and, indeed, it is painfully clear that Mr. LABOUCHERE cannot have searched the Correspondence columns of an esteemed contemporary for proofs of canine intelligence. If he had, he must have discovered that foxhounds, if they cannot exactly read, like Mr. JINGLE's animal, are at least acquainted with the aspect of legal documents, and will not touch them for fear of incurring the penalties of contempt. Mr. LABOUCHERE invited two judges, who must have some knowledge of the world, to believe that the only person to blame was "the said JOHN "THOMAS BEALE," whose ignorant impatience of a country gentleman's pursuits prevented him from tarrying Mr. LABOUCHERE's leisure. The judges did not believe this version of the facts, and indeed they would have been what Mr. Justice DENMAN called the hounds if they had. It might as well have been argued that the Irish tithe-proctor thought the writ was something to eat because under stress of circumstances he did actually eat it.

THE LESSONS OF THE BARROW ELECTION.

THERE are several ways in which the result of the contest at Barrow-in-Furness may be reasonably contemplated, and one aspect only in which it is ridiculous to regard it. Need we say that the latter is the view taken of it by the Gladstonian press? The one thing which it cannot without gross absurdity be made to do duty for is an "astounding" triumph for the cause of Home Rule, in which character, however, it figured the other day through an entire fit of hysterics of nearly a column long in the *Daily News*. Now you may say of the Barrow election, if you please, that it is satisfactory as having read a valuable lesson to Mr. CAINE and others like Mr. CAINE; or you may say that it is unsatisfactory as showing that the Mr. CAINES of our day have much more reason for the faith that is in them with regard to the popularity and influence of their fads than is at all desirable; or you may say that it is instructive and salutary, as warning shaky Liberal-Unionists of the sort of Gladstonian reception they are likely to meet with in the character of returning prodigals; or, lastly—and this is the utmost that can be got out of it for the encouragement of the winning party—you may admit that it possibly indicates a greater readiness on the part of Home Rulers than of Unionists in Barrow to subordinate minor political questions to the great issue of the day. You may make any one of these four observations, or three out of the four, at the same time; but you cannot—no, you cannot—without making yourself look extremely foolish, represent an election in which the Gladstonians polled only 112 more votes than at the general election of

1886 (and 180 less than they did at the bye-election of that year, when the GLADSTONE-PARNELL compact was already before the world) as a magnificent victory for the cause of Home Rule. One might have thought that the very sight of the three candidates' figures—the lowest of them accounting for a respectable proportion of the total poll—would have warned the Gladstonian commentator off a line of argument which could only lead to the ludicrous. Out of a total poll of 5,136, Mr. DUNCAN (Gladstonian) obtained 1,994, Mr. WAINWRIGHT (Conservative) 1,862, Mr. CAINE (Cainite) 1,280. In other words, among the 5,136 electors of Barrow who have taken the trouble to record any vote at all, there are 1,994 who are in favour of repealing the Union and confiscating the property of publicans; 1,862 who are in favour of maintaining the Union and compensating publicans on expropriation; and 1,280 who are either so anxious to confiscate the property of publicans, or to assist a particular man to confiscate it, that if they can achieve this object they do not care whether the Union is repealed or not. Surely—surely, then, our Gladstonian friends must see on reflection the extreme fatuity of attempting to make out that the result of this triangular duel indicates an "astounding" accession to the cause of Repeal.

Of course the artless little stratagem by which they hope to get this idea into the more muddled variety of Gladstonian head was easy enough of device. If 1,994 be added to 1,280, the total is 3,274; and it is therefore only necessary to treat all Mr. CAINE's voters as Home Rule converts who have come over from the Unionist majority of 1886 in order to get together a nice little majority of 1,412 for the Separatist party in the constituency. Why these 1,280 should have gone over to Mr. CAINE, and not to Mr. DUNCAN, if Irish politics have anything to do with their change of colours, the ingenious analyst omits to explain, in well-founded confidence probably that the class of persons whom ingenious analysts have at their mercy are not very likely to inquire. But, of course, if ingenious analysis (which is essentially a game for two) were worth playing at all, there is a *facile retorqueri potest* ready to hand. Deduct Mr. CAINE's 1,280 exclusively from the Unionist vote of 3,212 in 1886, and account for it exclusively as an expression of personal sympathy with Mr. CAINE, as a peculiarly honoured representative of the cause of confiscation; then restore it, as on that hypothesis we are entitled to do, so far as the contest turned on the question of the Union, to Mr. WAINWRIGHT's poll, and we triumphantly carry our candidate and defeat Mr. DUNCAN by the crushing majority of 1,148. These, however, are "toys," as BACON observes; and we are certainly not going to assume in seriousness that every one of Mr. CAINE's twelve hundred and odd voters was a Unionist of 1886, but a Unionist of so contemptibly weak a description that he now subordinates his loyalty to the cause for which he then voted to his zeal for the promotion of a fanatical crotchet. We prefer to believe that some at least of those twelve hundred and odd voters were drawn away from the Gladstonian camp in 1886, and consist of men who are more anxious to confiscate the property of publicans than even to overthrow the Union. At the same time this has to be admitted, that many Gladstonians who thus ridiculously reverse the order of importance of these two political objects might have been induced to vote for Mr. DUNCAN, who promises both to dismember and to confiscate; whereas a so-called Unionist who puts confiscation before the maintenance of the Union would be precluded by that preference from voting for Mr. WAINWRIGHT.

On the whole, then, the Barrow election, regarded from the point of view of reasonable criticism, must be admitted to establish one or two distinctly disagreeable conclusions. What it shows in the first place is, that something not far short of twenty-five per cent. of the electors voting were ready to support a candidate who has rendered himself absolutely "impossible" to both parties alike on the most important political question that has arisen within the last half-century, to go no further back; and that they were prepared so to support him for no better reason than that, on a question of purely social concern, the right of legislative interference with which is of an extremely limited character, their favoured candidate had taken the lead in a fanatical crusade, carried on in defiance of the plainest principles of justice and public policy, against a body of traders whom his own leader has, more powerfully than any other prominent politician, encouraged to invest their capital in the threatened industry. Nor is there any use in disguising the fact that those persons by whom this deplorable spirit has been displayed belong, or must be assumed to belong, in the majority of instances, to that party which is especially pledged by its principles and traditions to take broader and higher views of the duty of the citizen. Reluctant as we are to destroy the arithmetical hypotheses upon which the effusive self-congratulations of the Gladstonians are based, we fear it is but too certain that Mr. CAINE must have drawn the larger number of his votes from the Conservative side. A Liberal-Unionist converted to Gladstonian Home Rule would naturally have voted for Mr. DUNCAN. So in much the majority of cases would a Liberal-Unionist Lawsonite, who preferred Lawsonism to the Union. For Sir WILFRID himself had gone in heart and soul for Mr. DUNCAN, greatly to Canon WILBERFORCE's indignation; and, indeed, the whole action of the Gladstonian party, and not of the Temperance section alone, has committed them as deeply as Mr. CAINE himself to the policy of confiscation. Hence we are shut up in measureless discontent that Mr. CAINE's supporters must have consisted principally of so-called "Conservative tee-"totallers," who were bent on giving a vote in favour of their fad, and who, if they had any qualms of political conscience, in any proper sense of the word "political," most probably allayed them by assuring themselves that Mr. CAINE was not exactly a Gladstonian Home Ruler—at least not yet. The chances, however, are only too great that they were troubled by no searchings of heart on the subject, but were deliberately prepared to return a candidate who, as they knew from his own declarations, would henceforth give no support to the cause of the Union as they understand it. And that a constituency like Barrow should number so many electors of this description is undoubtedly a discouraging, almost a portentous, sign of the times. Our consolation must be sought, we suppose, in the fact that their number, under the circumstances, is not greater even than it is. If wretched faddists of this description—men far more unfit to be entrusted with the franchise than the most ignorant of the peasants who obtained it five years ago—do so abound in Barrow, we ought, perhaps, to congratulate ourselves that they did not muster in sufficient strength to carry the election for Mr. CAINE. And that would have been a calamity indeed. The country has at least been spared the humiliation of seeing a positive premium placed by a fairly important constituency on the fatuous display of the most contemptible and mischievous of those qualities with which provincial and puritanical vestrydom has done so much of late years to degrade the ideals and to vulgarize the temper of the House of Commons. Mr. CAINE's return would have been an encouragement to every bumptious mediocrity in England to push his way to a field in which he and his like could have been shown a new method of advertising themselves with effect. His rejection diminishes by one a class of politicians of whom we cannot possibly have too few.

COLONIAL EXTREMES.

OUR two colonies which are furthest apart, alike in place and in age, are both at this moment illustrating, in different ways, the difficulty of governing the British Empire. Newfoundland—the oldest of them all—is learning what inconvenience there may be at times in belonging to a Monarchy which is very ancient, has had many and varied relations with its neighbours, has seen many fortunes, and, though it has been amazingly successful in the main, has not always been governed with entire wisdom and foresight. One result of forming part of such a State is that you are inevitably bound and burdened by the past. It may happen to the colony to have to suffer for the mistakes of the mother-country, and for the mother-country to find herself responsible for the doings of the colony. In Western Australia, again—which, we suppose, remains the youngest colony, the territories of the African Companies being Dominions—we are learning that we are bound by our own policy in the past to accept, with the best grace we can, what we feel to be a somewhat disagreeable necessity. The chronic Newfoundland dispute has not progressed further, though the pamphlet published by the colonial delegates and the Blue-book of the Foreign Office have added to the evidence available for proving

how complicated it is. The arrival of the Newfoundland Premier is perhaps a sign that we have got at last to the making of a serious effort to secure a settlement. It is a hopeful sign that he, speaking, we conclude, in the name of the colonial legislature, seems inclined to do his best to persuade us that the anger in Newfoundland is less than it has been said to be, more especially by our candid friends in New York. Seeing with whom we have to negotiate, this moderation may be in vain; but it is at least certain that no settlement is possible unless the colonists do frankly recognize the fact that, do what they please, they cannot get rid of the encumbrances they have inherited with the rest of their estate, except by paying them off. It is disagreeable, no doubt, to be burdened with a mortgage, but there it is.

The Western Australia difficulty is of another kind. There we have been met with a demand from a handful of English and Scotch settlers, occupying a vast territory, to be allowed to exercise over it all powers which are less than sovereign only in name. It is not wholly pleasant to have to accede to the request. Some delay and opposition was natural; for, with the guidance afforded by much recent colonial legislation, we may well hesitate to hand over a vast territory, which might fairly be reserved for the general good of the Empire, to a small community which may very possibly regulate its conduct by a strict regard for its own narrow interests narrowly understood. The danger is possible; but, if it were certain, could it be avoided? We very much doubt whether it could. It is now so long since we have recognized the right of free-born Englishmen to self-government, and we have so thoroughly accepted the principle that these rights entitle every community of the Queen's subjects which can show that it occupies a definable territory to possess an elective Chamber with wide legislative powers, that we cannot now refuse to admit what we have always admitted before. The facts that the community is small and the territory great do not affect the principle. All colonial communities begin by being a handful in a vast territory. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to accede to the request of the Western Australians. Besides, the question was not purely one between us and them. To no small extent it interests all the Australian colonies alike. They are all jealous of the retention by the mother-country of direct control over any portion of their continent. The feeling is not a pleasant one to think of, and must cause shrewd twinges of doubt to the good people who believe in Imperial Federation, if they do ever wander from the contemplation of their hazy ideal to a cool estimate of facts. There it is, however, and it must be taken into account. The inquiry whether the mother-country has not thrown up the reins too soon and too completely for the good either of herself or her colonies is a purely academic one. The done is done, and cannot be undone. It must be accepted, with all its consequences. One of these is that, when a community of about the size of a small country town insists on being supplied, not only with all the apparatus of representative government, but with the right to exercise power over a country capable of holding millions, there is no ground of principle on which it can be denied its wish. The grant of a Constitution to Western Australia was, therefore, a matter of course, as soon as the Constitution was asked for. The opposition which the Bill has met in the House of Commons was equally futile and undignified. We do not know that it was the more respectable because the motive was rather a desire to embarrass the Ministry than to keep the colonists waiting.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

It is certainly to be regretted that the First Lord of the Treasury should have disappointed the House of Commons by the statement with respect to public business which was expected from him last Thursday night. Doubtless there was plausible reason for deferring it; but this is not exactly the time when Ministers can afford to rely on merely plausible reasons—which usually have a less presentable side to them easily to be exhibited by a malicious adversary—for any dilatory action which they may find it necessary to take on a question of Parliamentary management. If from the first it was intended that Mr. Smith's statement should be withheld until the Select Committee on Procedure had reported, and the Government had had an opportunity of considering their recommendations, it would have been better to say so from the first. Pleas which may be good enough if pleaded at the proper time are apt to spoil by keeping; and a genuine desire to give a businesslike completeness to a business statement is so laudable a motive that there was all the more ground for protecting it against being confounded with a mere excuse for delay. As much as this would have to be said if Mr. Smith's explanation of the postponement of his statement were, on the face of it, adequate; but we are afraid that it can hardly be so regarded. For how do matters stand? The Licensing clauses of the Local Taxation Bill having been abandoned, there remain two measures upon the passing of which during the present Session the credit of the Government was understood to be staked. It is admitted that with regard to one of them—the more important—this feat has already become impossible. The Land Purchase Bill could not be added to the statutes of the present year of Her Majesty unless the Session were to be prolonged far into the autumn, or Parliament were to be reassembled at Westminster for another six weeks' work before Christmas. If power cannot be taken to suspend it, it will have to be dropped; and it is in order to acquire such power that the Government have formulated the proposal which the Select Committee are now considering. Their deliberations, however, have or need have no bearing on the fate of the Tithes Bill. The impossibility of passing that measure in the present Session by the ordinary methods has never yet been admitted by the Government; and, that being so, there is no sufficient reason why a Ministerial statement with regard to the future of that and other measures should not have been made on Thursday last. By delaying it until after the Report of the Select Committee, Ministers have undoubtedly created the impression that the future of the Tithes Bill depends, equally with that of the Land Purchase Bill, upon the success or failure of the attempt of the Government to obtain their new Parliamentary power. The assumption will now be that, if they get this power, they will use it to hang up both of the two Bills in question; and that it is only on their failure to obtain this power that they will make any serious attempt to pass the Tithes Bill.

But is the former of these two courses an eligible, and is the latter a practical, one? Should the Government be content to suspend the Tithes Bill if Parliament enables them to do so; and to wind up the Session without having realized even one of the more important undertakings of their legislative programme? We cannot think so. We cannot think that Ministers would be wise in incurring the loss of public credit to which such a confession of inability to contend against the Parliamentary forces opposed to them would amount. And in this connexion the suspension of the Tithes Bill would, from one point of view, be more damaging to them than the actual abandonment of any other of their measures. For they have put forward the Tithes Bill as being a measure necessary to the preservation of the public peace, as it certainly is a measure due in common justice to an unfortunate class of persons who find themselves denied the much-needed payment of a just debt for the enforcement of which they have no sufficient social or legal support behind them. To assent to the postponement for another winter of this necessary measure of relief, and to do so deliberately towards the close of a Session which has been taken up by no other large or intricate legislative measure, would assuredly be the acceptance on the part of Ministers of a rather dangerous amount of humiliation. That they have not yet brought themselves to the point of submitting to it is to be inferred from Mr. Smith's reply the other night to Mr. Stanley Leighton. We trust that they will not be too ready to listen to the eccentric adviser who, presumably desirous of putting heart into them, endeavours to do so by repeated assurances that they have "not now the moral force behind "them" which would enable them to carry the measure in question. It is, perhaps, natural that the *Times*, after having so prematurely declared for a reconstruction of the Ministry, should be anxious to persuade itself and its readers that a Government which has shown no intention of reconstructing itself must be powerless; but this is rather an excuse than a justification of such systematic attempts at discouragement. Exhortations to "make an "effort" may, of course, be pushed to absurdity; but we are not aware that any good can come of assuring a patient

who is anxious and feels able to make an effort that it is useless his attempting to rouse himself. There is a reverse order of advice which is no less ridiculous, and may be more practically mischievous, than the counsels of Mrs. CHICK.

Assuming, however, that Ministers are not yet at the point of despair which has been reached by their melancholy adviser—assuming, in other words, that Mr. SMITH meant what he said the other night, when he avowed to Mr. LEIGHTON his hope of passing the Tithes Bill this Session—it becomes decidedly difficult to understand the Ministerial line of tactics. Ministers intend, it seems, to take the Irish Estimates the whole of next week, and (apparently) to bring forward their proposals with reference to procedure—always supposing that the report has been presented and they are agreed upon their course of action—at some later date. That would be an excellent arrangement if an excuse were desired for announcing to the House that, as the end of July was approaching, it had become too late to proceed with the Tithes Bill. But, on the opposite hypothesis, the idea of postponing the statement with respect to public business to so late a date seems a less promising one. It may be that the postponement is due to the fear that any announcement of a definitive intention to proceed with the Tithes Bill would encourage Obstruction on the Irish Estimates. Surely, however, it is notorious that a suspicion that the Ministerial resolves are in suspense with respect to persevering with a particular Bill is the most potent stimulant to Obstructive Opposition that exists, while the supporters of a Government in a state of "suspended determination" will necessarily confront the Obstructionists much less resolutely than a party whose leaders have made up, and are known to have made up, their minds. It is pretty certain that, if Ministers are still bent on making a serious attempt to pass the Tithes Bill, they gain nothing by keeping their resolve to themselves, and have probably lost something by not putting the Bill first on the Orders for Monday next and taking a week of Committee on it before proceeding with the Irish Estimates. They would then at least have made it clear that, whatever the Select Committee may recommend as to the suspension of "partly-considered" measures, they do not mean to take advantage of any suspensory power for the purpose of delaying the much-needed revision of the law relating to the collection of tithes.

It was the more desirable to take this course because it has become increasingly apparent that the appointment of the Select Committee is not fulfilling the somewhat sanguine hopes of those who expected from it an abridgment of Parliamentary controversy. Not only have its proceedings and votes been hitherto, so far as is known, of a strictly party character, but, what is even more ominous for the future, the leader of the Opposition itself has taken the lead in resistance to the Ministerial proposal. Mr. GLADSTONE is understood to have moved an amendment declaring that, in the opinion of the Committee, "there is "no necessity for dealing with the matter," and marshalling the objections taken by high Parliamentary authorities against the proposed change. There is no reason in the world to doubt that, in common probably with everybody in the House of Commons who has been, or is likely to be, a member of a Government, Mr. GLADSTONE personally approves of it; but this, of course, would not give him a moment's scruple in opposing it or any other proposal which would promote the true interests of Parliament or the country, if he thought his adversaries were likely to suck thereout the smallest party advantage. His attitude, however, whatever its moral aspect, is politically decisive. It will determine that of his party, and is like to ensure a long and acrimonious debate on the Ministerial proposal. All this means a still further delay of Mr. SMITH's statement.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

VIII.

NORTH BERWICK, LUFFNESS, GULLANE.

OF course, the ideal golfer has no eye for the beautiful world into which he was born to golf; his glance is fixed upon the ball. He has no ear for the sweet sounds of nature, or fain would have none; they are distractions. To him the breath of summer, be it never so scent-laden, is a natural force, causing a not always calculable deviation of the projectile from its normal path. To him the skylarks, singing at Heaven's gate, are but an inconvenient "gallery," unversed in that primal law—silence on the stroke. To him—but men, as it happens, are not all ideal golfers, though some are almost ideally bad, and quite ideally, or perhaps one should say, idiotically enthusiastic. The average man, even though his occupation be golf, may be excused for loving a lovely place. And never yet, we think, were eighteen small round holes excavated on a fairer green than North Berwick. The whole northern side is girt by a blue sea murmuring on a yellow beach; but, naturally, there are times when, to one toiling with the ineffectual niblick, a beach becomes unbeautiful. Over the water lies the coast of Fife, far enough away to seem fairer than it is; out of the water rise rocky islets, the Lamb and Fidra, and the great Bass Rock, with its myriad gannets. The links are closed at the east end by the town, with a picturesque fishing harbour. When there is a nasty cross wind, and the match is gone beyond redemption, it is often soothing to watch the brown-sailed boats deftly making for the narrow gate of the little haven. *Suave mari magno*, &c.; but, doubtless, the heart of the fisherboy is lighter than the golfer's.

However, we admit that it is not enough to be beautiful; one must be good. Now, North Berwick is not only beautiful and rather good, but it is very fascinating and seductive. It is not, certainly, an arena which one would choose for a contest between rival champions; it is too small, so small that there is practically no "play through the green" at all, and that exquisite mixture of strength and accuracy which makes the really great driver is almost wasted here. It is a fact, and a somewhat remarkable one, that no second-class man is quite the equal of a first-class player at any point of the game, except very occasionally on the putting-green. There is one species of second-class golfer who would be first-rate but for his mistakes. There is another—a large one—of golfers who are obviously inferior in power to the great ones of the earth; but in our experience they are also invariably a little inferior at all points, a little less long in the drive, a little less dexterous in the difficult lie, and a little less accurate in the approach. If a second-class player could be found who was inferior in strength only, and actually superior in accuracy, he could defeat at North Berwick performers in whose track he would struggle in vain on one of the larger greens. There are no less than eight of the eighteen holes which are within distance of the tee, and the majority of them are iron shots; and even the two long holes are Tritons solely by reason of the minnows. But there is fair compensation in the nature of the golf. Almost every shot is a sporting one, and most of the hazards are fair. All the obstacles in nature occur here. Salt water and fresh claim their prey in turns. You may be swallowed up in a wood, or buried in sand, or lost in bents, or unplayable among rocks, or jammed under walls; and at the High Bent hole, on a windy day, any one of these adventures is exceedingly feasible. The North Berwick golfer knows quite as well as Horace *quid albus peccet Iapyx*, and the stranger, man or maid (for there are golfing Galateas in the summer-time), will not be long in finding these matters out. You may not follow your ball and play it, if you have sent it beyond the southern boundary; but you may follow it and find it, *if you can*. There is, however, a house with a garden, St. Anne's; and thereinto you may not go; and, according to the known laws which govern the flight of guttapercha projectiles, it is always at this point that the beautiful little sphere (a new one, for in such circumstances you have always topped your ball at the previous hole and cut it) sails triumphantly away to the paradise of golf balls, never more to be flogged by you again. It is rumoured that a handsome royalty has been offered for the right to work the guttapercha deposits of St. Anne's, but that the owner prefers his flowers.

The first hole affords a most sporting second shot on to a high rock-bound green sloping at a dangerous angle to the sea; pray for a good lie off the tee, for they are not all good, and no kind of scuffle is likely to reach that green. The second is one of the longer holes, and the flag is guarded by a double line of hazards, road and dry ditch; a really long driver may carry everything in his second, especially if there is an air from the east, but he had better play short than get caught. The third is a drive over a ditch, and an iron shot on to a narrow plateau, off which it is all too easy to roll. From this point follow five short holes in succession; the first a full drive, the others iron shots of varying lengths. This is the most typical part of the outward course; nowhere are holes more easily lost or won, and a succession of halves is not the rule. Twos and threes are so easy to do, and fours so much easier; even a very moderate player has done three successive twos. This is at once the weakness and the strength of the links; it is very interesting and amusing, but it is not exactly golf; there is too much luck about it, and over and over again one sees the worse shot prove the better, which is never pleasing to both the players.

After emerging from the Shipka Pass, the narrowest and most dangerous part of the green, where many a promising babe is lost in the woods, there are five rather plain holes in the field beyond, ending in a neat loft over yet another wall on to the green of the twelfth or Pit Hole. Then three short holes—the High Bent, a leap in the dark for a stranger; Perfection, so called because it leaves much to be desired; and the Redan, well named, well fortified, and as good a short hole as may be found anywhere. The Gate Hole, on a small plateau protected by a ditch, offers a difficult, rather fluky approach. Point Garry is a long, hazardous hole, with a good deal of luck in it and a putting-green too steep for any one's taste, but far too steep for men with nerves in their bodies and money on their match. Last of all, a drive "into

crowds of children and nursemaids" (it is useless to cry "Fore!"), an iron shot pitched or run, and two putts should bring you to the bottom of the last hole and to the doors of the New Club.

A few figures will illustrate the typical quality of the links. Sayers and Grant, in their record of 67, did the ten holes out in these figures—4, 5, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 2, 4, 4—36; but Mr. Laidlay has done these ten holes in the extraordinary score, 3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 4, 3, 3, 4, 5—33. When it is remembered that 74 to 76 is an excellent first-class score, it will be seen what possibilities there are on North Berwick.

A subtle question for the disputant on law occurred at the Low Bent hole. It is held that, except under special rules, a ball "not gathered" must be treated as a lost ball. One of two adversaries held his putt. "Take the ball out," said the foe, but the ball was not there. Whether some god had done it, or the hole had tapped a gigantic rabbit-burrow, we know not; but deeper than any plummet in the possession of the party could sound that ball was buried in the bowels of the earth. Was it lost or not?

Within a few miles of North Berwick there are two good greens, Luffness and Gullane. They will never become very famous, for the turf, though good, is too light to bear the amount of ill usage which a links must endure to earn fame. Luffness, however, is fortunately a private green, and to the members of the club and their friends it affords excellent golf of a higher stamp than that of North Berwick, but without the delightful surroundings. For it is a somewhat dismal place, flat for the most part, and with turf of a peculiar inky hue, as though the shadow of defeat brooded over the game. It is at its best before the grass begins to grow; but it plays better than either Musselburgh or North Berwick in the summer-time, when one, to speak abusively, is a stone, and the other a hayfield. There is a fair number of hazards, and there are some well-protected holes, and it is a green which rather flatters the mashie and lofting-iron; but too many of these hazards are ditches which may let the worse shot hop over and swallow up the better. The putting-greens are irregular, very good when at their best; and the rabbit-holes flanking the course are even more numerous than the balls which they have devoured.

Gullane, which borders on Luffness, is a public green, and inferior in merit. On the other hand, it is a much prettier scene; indeed, the walk round is a very pleasant one, and it is justly famous for the quality of its putting-greens. By the artifice of man it might be greatly improved; but too much golf will ruin it. East Lothian turf is thin, wherever it is true sea grass.

On the whole, the resident at North Berwick, with three different links in his district, is exceedingly fortunate among golfers if he knew his own advantage; though, no doubt, he will perversely sigh after other greens, from St. Andrews to Westward Ho! But when was any man contented with his lot? If he is contented with his play he will be exceptionally happy.

THE KNIFE-BAYONET AND THE MOUNTED SOLDIER.

WE are afraid that Mulvaney, "once corporal, but reduced," and his friends, who lately combined in a protest against the new bayonet, addressed to the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, will not be inclined to think the better of it by Captain A. Hutton's article on its use in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* for this month. For the rest, we do not gather that the bayonet inspires much admiration in Captain Hutton, and for our part we heartily agree with the Captain and with Mulvaney. The instrument is chiefly interesting as an outward and visible sign of what works in the mind of the War Office. We hear, and are always hearing, of the need there is for organization, for change of system, for this and for that of the utmost importance in the British army. Nothing comes of it all; till suddenly Her Majesty's Guards make their appearance before the startled pékin carrying a thing which looks rather clumsy for a hunting knife, and not well proportioned for a carving knife, at the end of their rifles. Why there should be this change we have never been told. What was the fault of the old bayonet? If it had to be changed, what is the advantage of replacing it by a weapon about the size of an American sailor's sheath knife—a weapon capable of stabbing you, no doubt, of cutting up salt junk or inch-and-a-half, but of no use for clearing away brushwood or serious work of any kind. If the War Office could not sleep till it had supplied the army with an edged weapon, it would, we venture to suggest to the official gentlemen, have been better to have taken the Spanish machete at once. It is used by the Spanish artillery, and, although not perfect, is of a decent length, and both broad enough and heavy enough to be useful as a bill.

However, we have got our sheath-knife bayonet, and the thing to do now is to see what use we can make of it. Captain Hutton proposes that the British soldier should recognize the fact that he has to fight with a knife, and learn to use it in an artistic manner. The weapon is not one favoured by the manly English spirit of which we used to be taught to be proud; but since the War Office, in the plenitude of its wisdom, has chosen to adopt it, there is something to be said for learning to use it. Captain Hutton has gone to the best authorities, and has sought wisdom from the Spaniards, to whom the use of the knife is familiar, and has consulted the treatise of one M. d. R., who has compiled a vademecum for the stabber, under the name of *El Manual del Baratero*. Captain Hutton, perhaps wishing to spare the feelings of the British soldier, does not tell him that the Baratero whom he is to copy is, when turned from Castilian to English, simply the bully who hangs about gambling shops, and extorts money from timid gamesters. He is a ruffian, commonly in every sense of the word. It would seem, therefore, that even in its native land the use of the knife is associated with the lowest of the low. Such as the science is, Captain Hutton explains it, and shows the student what is the floritazo, what the cambio, what the jiro, and contra-jiro; how to guard oneself, and how to put the utmost available number of inches of cold steel into the person of one's enemy. The text is illustrated by delightful drawings, in which whiskered gentlemen, faintly resembling the illustrious T. P. Cooke in a nautical part, are seen poking knives into one another with an air of languid politeness. The sonorous Spanish words we have quoted to whet the appetite will be found duly explained. It is all very ingenious, and we dare say may be useful to Tommy Atkins if ever he is caught straggling in the bush. We have our doubts none the less whether it will or can be of much use. The worst of the knife is, as Captain Hutton will know if he has seen two Spaniards fighting, that it requires a goodish number of square feet of open space all round if it is to be used with finish. Now, open space all round is just what Thomas Atkins cannot get, as a rule, when he is near enough to use a bayonet at all. We have a shrewd notion, too, that if his bayonet is too short, the soldier is more likely to take his rifle by the barrel, and make play with the butt, than to use his bayonet as a dagger.

As it is the privilege of every "symposium" to be completely inconclusive, we need not complain that the particular symposium on "The Best Mounted Arm for the Volunteers" to be found in this month's *United Service Magazine* concludes nothing. It only proves that mounted riflemen, cyclists, and Yeomanry have each their eloquent partisan in the persons respectively of Lord Melgund, Captain Eustace Balfour, and Major W. A. Baillie Hamilton. Of the three, Lord Melgund would seem to be the most enthusiastically devoted to his own doxy; for, whereas the other two are content to live and let live, he can barely endure the cyclist, and would like to improve the Yeomanry off the face of the country by translating them as speedily as may be, and with the least possible regard for their feelings, into mounted riflemen. General Sir Evelyn Wood comes in at the end, sums it all up, agrees with all three in the main, differs from every one in details, and wishes more power to the elbow of mounted riflemen, cyclists, and Yeomanry alike. It is a satisfactory end for the feelings of all three advocates; but, as we have already remarked, it does not carry us much forrarder. From the nature of things it is, perhaps, not possible to get forward on this road. We know that in some kinds of warfare and in certain kinds of country mounted infantry have proved useful. It has yet to be proved that in regular European warfare they would not again be shown to have the weaknesses which caused every European army to turn its dragoons into cavalry. A force which is half one thing and half another is generally poor in both. The fact that mounted infantry should be coming into use again proves that the lessons of experience in war are very inconclusive, or that they are soon forgotten. As regards the cyclist, we know that, when the roads are in fair order and free from blocks, he can go fast and far; and we know that his steed costs little to buy, nothing to train, and almost nothing to keep. What we do not know, however, is whether in war cavalry could not do all the "wheelmen" could do well enough for the purpose, and do something the cyclist could not do. In that case the advantage would lie with the cavalry. Superfluous speed and travelling power are of little or no value. As regards the Yeomanry, it is a fact, which has been known from the beginning, that cavalry require more drilling than infantry; and it is not to be denied that horsemen who are only collected for a few weeks at a time can hardly get sufficient training for man and beast. Therefore the Yeomanry must needs suffer from serious but, given the necessary conditions of their existence, unavoidable defects. At the end of a survey of the "symposium" we too come to a somewhat inconclusive result. If we might offer our advice to gentlemen who take part in these discussions, we should suggest that they should begin by inquiring what kind of war an invasion of England would be. To us it seems that it would certainly be a war fought in a corner by forces crowded against one another from the first—a war, in fact, in which there would be comparatively little need for scouting work of the wide-ranging order. In the meantime thinking and practising can do no harm. When it comes to the test we shall find what is mere *chinoiserie* in our own preparations, and drop it if we are wise. The fruit of the training, however, will remain. We can, besides, indulge in a little *chinoiserie* safely if the essential things, which are the drill and organization of the infantry and artillery, are only properly attended to. But will they be?

THE RISE OF THE BANK RATE.

LAST week the Directors of the Bank of England raised their rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. The change was not generally expected; but events have since proved that it was well advised. As we lately pointed out, the Bank has for a considerable time past been working with too small a reserve. The reserve more particularly now is entirely inadequate, and there is

serious danger that it may be reduced still more by withdrawals of gold on a large scale for different foreign countries. The strongest demand is likely to be for the Argentine Republic. We have frequently directed the attention of our readers to the crisis through which the Argentine Republic is passing. That the crisis is growing more acute is shown by the fact that this week the National Bank of the Republic has had to suspend the payment of interim dividends. We explain elsewhere what the bank really is, and how grave is the significance of the step just taken. It seems clear, indeed, that the Government must by some means obtain a considerable amount of gold unless there is to be an utter crash. For some time past it has been negotiating with a powerful London and Continental Syndicate for a fresh loan. It is said that at last an agreement has been arrived at by which the Syndicate takes firm 5 millions sterling, and gets an option to take another 5 millions at a price agreed upon. The contract has not been ratified by the Government. But apparently it must be in the end, unless a loan can be raised elsewhere on easier terms. No doubt part of the money is required to pay debts already incurred in London, and to discharge interests falling due. But a considerable amount will doubtless be taken in gold. Gold also will, it is understood, be taken in part payment for the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres, recently sold by the Government of that province to a European Syndicate. And the city of Buenos Ayres is now negotiating for another loan of 4 millions sterling. If it is successful it also will, no doubt, take gold. We have thus the prospect of large withdrawals for the National Government, for the Provincial Government of Buenos Ayres, and for the city of that name. Even at present, gold is going in small amounts every week, and if all these advances are made it will go in much larger amounts before long. Then it seems probable that a good deal of gold will be sent to Paris before long. It is understood that the funding loan of 28 millions sterling will be brought out at the end of this month, or early in August, and it is believed that when it is announced the great French banks which keep considerable balances in London will transfer to Paris a considerable proportion of those balances. Further, gold is going in large amounts to Berlin. The Bourse there has been in a critical state for nearly a year, and has been supported only by the combination of all the German banks. The losses of the speculators are increased by the Argentine crisis, and the German banks, therefore, are anxious to augment their reserves as much as possible. For a month past German speculators have been selling stocks in London in immense amounts, and have been taking payment in gold. Besides, it is to be recollected that German investments in Russia are of great magnitude, and that, consequently, there is always a large debt due from Russia to Germany. But the Imperial Bank of Russia last autumn advanced to two of the greatest London houses a couple of millions sterling. And it is believed that in settlement of the debt due from Russia to Germany part of the money so advanced to London has been transferred to German bankers. If so, the power of the German banks to take gold from London has been largely increased. As a matter of course there will be other demands for Egypt, South Africa, India, and elsewhere. But if all these demands have to be satisfied by the Bank of England its reserve will be dangerously reduced, all the more so because now coin and notes will begin to flow out from London to the provinces, and by-and-bye gold will have to be sent to Ireland and Scotland. It was, therefore, imperatively necessary for the Directors of the Bank of England to attempt to prevent gold withdrawals by making money so valuable here that it would be more profitable to leave gold in London than to send it abroad. And the Directors were encouraged to hope that they might be able to do this by the fact that the rate of discount in the open market had risen to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. before they advanced their own rate, showing that the supply of loanable capital in the outside market was unusually small.

Unfortunately, the action of the Directors has not had much influence upon the outside market. While their own rate has been raised from 3 to 4 per cent., the outside rate has advanced only from $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to about $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. The joint-stock and private banks plead that they are unable to support the Bank of England because of the competition of the great Continental banks with branches and agencies in London. The plea, however, cannot be allowed, for it is clear that the Continental banks have not the means of accommodating their own customers at home and also of supplying the demands of London. If the great banks here would only combine, they would be able to raise the value of money; for it is not to be supposed for a moment that the Continental banks would not accept the best terms they can get. The truth is that our own banks are so jealous of one another that they will not combine, although they know that, by forcing down rates now through an unwise competition, they are making probable such large withdrawals of gold that in the autumn the Bank of England may be compelled to raise its rate of discount to 5 or 6 per cent., or even higher, and may thus check all business. When the Bank of England last week raised its rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. the joint-stock and private banks raised the rate they allow upon deposits only to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There is thus a difference of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. between what they allow to depositors and what the Bank of England demands from the holders of bills. Consequently, the joint-stock and private banks can freely underbid the Bank of England and yet make a handsome profit. If they wished to support the Bank of England in its endeavours to protect its reserve they would have raised the rate they allow upon deposits at least to 3 per cent. But they are more anxious to secure business for the moment than to safeguard the public interests. They know that this week considerable sums will be paid from the Bank of England to the outside market. To-day, for example, the interest on the National Debt is due. All through the week, too, large amounts have been paid in interest, and dividends upon Indian, colonial, and foreign securities held here. And further, the banks themselves which were calling in loans at the end of June are lending more freely now. Consequently, the probability is that for a time the supply of loanable capital in the outside market will be larger than it has been for some weeks past. Each of the joint-stock and private banks is anxious to secure for itself as much business as possible, lest its competitors should get a trifling temporary advantage over it; and thus they are unwilling to combine with the Bank of England for the purpose of protecting the reserve of that institution, and preventing by-and-bye a serious disturbance of the market. It is a shortsighted policy; but our object just now is not so much to discuss the management of the joint-stock and private banks as to make clear the real condition of the money market.

As the Bank of England cannot expect assistance from the joint-stock and private banks, it ought to act with energy and promptitude. It is not merely that the gold drain is likely to become dangerously large. There is little probability of getting gold from the countries where it is produced. The amount on the way from Australia is small, none is coming from Russia, and the attempt to obtain it in New York appears to have failed. A comparatively small sum was secured; but so much apprehension was excited in New York that rates rose rapidly and the withdrawals ceased. The Associated Banks of New York have but very small reserves, and the time is close at hand when those reserves will be reduced by the outflow of coin and notes for the South and West. The Treasury of the United States, it is true, holds over sixty millions sterling of gold. But the Treasury is unwilling to part with a single dollar. Only the other day the Secretary of the Treasury consulted his legal advisers to ascertain whether he could not put a premium on the metal to prevent withdrawals. Mr. Windom sees clearly that the proposed silver legislation is likely to lead to very large exports of gold, and ultimately to make silver the only standard in the country. He is resolved to prevent that as far as he can, and therefore he will put every possible obstacle in the way of obtaining gold from the Treasury. But, as the gold-producing countries either will not or cannot part with much of the metal, and as South America and the Continent desire to obtain it in large amounts, London, which is the only free gold market in the world, is in danger of losing more than it can spare. The Bank of England cannot legally refuse gold; but it can make it unprofitable to take it by raising the value of money in this country. The advance in its rate of discount has not yet effected that, and it is not likely to effect it for some time to come. Therefore the Directors ought without delay to borrow from the joint-stock and private banks enough to raise rates in the outside market to the level of its own rate. Probably they would not have to borrow very much, for the experience of the past two or three weeks shows that the supply in the outside market is small. And if they once obtained control of the market they would get so much business that they would soon more than repay themselves for the cost and trouble they had incurred. Since, then, they can perform a great public duty without loss to themselves, it is incumbent upon them to do so at once. If they do not they will certainly have to incur the cost and trouble later on, when the whole business of the country will have been harassed by anxiety and apprehension.

THE FLORAL PARADE.

THIS pleasing entertainment was founded last year, not with the trivial purpose of amusing the Royal Botanic Society and its friends, nor of swelling the annual receipts, but, as we were expressly told, with the high aim of introducing to this country a commendable practice of the Sunny South. It may have occurred to some that flowers are conspicuous enough in society here, attending the festive Briton through every scene from christening to burial. Others may have called upon their memory in vain to identify those inhabitants of the Sunny South who habitually put their horses to and load up with half a ton of flowers when they feel cheerful. But reasons and motives are quite superfluous when an action justifies itself. Those who have seen a Floral Parade at the Regent's Park find only one subject of complaint—there is not enough of it. They themselves can remedy the grievance next season by entering the lists; and, meanwhile, very great credit is due to those ladies and gentlemen who kept faith with the public, this year as last, under disheartening conditions. For our famous climate has asserted itself on each occasion in the usual form. It rained last year with few intervals; and this year it poured, with scarcely an interval at all, until the very opening of the show. Yet, though the programme was lengthened, only one competitor failed to report himself. Credit, also, is due to the enthusiastic spectators, who were not innumerable, indeed, but, under the circumstances, a prodigious crowd. They did not wear their best; and if any

decked themselves with flowers as requested, a waterproof concealed the good intention. All braved the wet grass gallantly, and sat many deep in patient expectation—young ladies of the sight at hand, but old ones, we fear, of colds and aches to follow. It is probable that neither were disappointed. The Broad Walk, the Terrace, and the grassy path by which the procession made its entrance were lined with rows and rows of onlookers.

It was not only in a larger programme that the second of these fêtes showed an advance. Some visitors marked with a pang the disappearance of those "exhibits" which had made joyous the rainy hours of waiting last year—the triumphal arches of sticks and twine, with here and there an evergreen and here and there a rose; the maypole, swathed in pink calico, with pendant strings carrying a single flower tied on at twelve-inch distances; the "floral table," supported by wicket sticks for legs, bearing a ruck of fern-leaves, with a rose in the middle. Such cheering objects the satirical sought almost in vain. Either the British public has learned that flowers and leaves tied together after the fashion of a mop do not properly make a "decoration," or else the committee of management has been infinitely more rigorous this year. For one reason or the other, outside shows were very few indeed. There was a lawn-tennis net decorated with natural flowers; somewhat humorous, but a deplorable failure in that point of view when compared with the excellent jokes of last year. Regarded from a distance, the formal little groups of blossom and greenery suspended in the netting at intervals just above the ground bore a droll resemblance to the picture of a flower in mediæval illuminations—two or three rigid leaves on each side and a rectangular inflorescence in the middle. There was, indeed, one representation quite in the old style—a lawn-tennis court, six feet long, outlined on the turf by a single row of pansies and variegated foliage, with a couple of penny dolls disporting themselves vigorously; but it was hidden away in the tent, and few visitors did it justice. The other outside shows—only two—were pretty. Mrs. White Wallis received a silver medal for a "Barrow to be used at public ceremonies decorated with orchids," filled with *Cypripedium concolor* set in moss, and outlined with *Cattleya Gaskelliana*, miscellaneous blooms adorning its legs. Those who possess silver-mounted wheelbarrows which they propose to decorate for a public ceremony, would find a hint here. They are not a numerous class, perhaps. Mrs. A. Wallis also took a silver medal for her very graceful design of a hat, muff, and boa fashioned in grey lichen tied with pink riband and pink roses.

At four o'clock the parade opened, Mrs. Bryant's victoria and pair leading the way, but preceded by two constables of the largest diameter. The style of decoration in this carriage represented the stately simplicity which is, perhaps, our British ideal in this line. It was curious to observe how distinctly individual taste was marked in the ornamentation of every vehicle in the more elaborate compositions, loaded though they were with flowers, so that one could class each of them with a single adjective. Mrs. Bryant preferred scarlet and white geraniums and marguerites—an easy contrast, but always impressive. With these, twisted in ropes, her carriage was almost hidden, from front to back. The circumference of the wheels and the axle-box had a dense clothing of scarlet geranium, the spokes of white marguerite. Specially handsome were the splash-guards, closely encircled with garlands of each hue alternately, a foot in diameter at least. Mrs. Bryant received a silver-gilt medal. A fine St. Bernard, with a collar of roses, sitting in front of the two ladies, had his share in the applause, no doubt. Mr. J. Foster chose, as one may say, the elegantly simple style of decoration, with rose-coloured gladiolus and white pinks. Most charming it was. To remove any possibility of that insipid effect which pink and white are apt to cause—though, in truth, there was no danger—the wheels had been decked with scarlet geraniums, relieved with white. This carriage took a silver-gilt medal. Mrs. Peters showed massive beauty—a victoria solid and gorgeous in every part, with Gloire de Dijon and crimson roses, a moving bank of flower, which gained the Royal Prize, but does not lend itself to description. Miss Z. M. Woodhull made a contrast with the sentimental scheme of colouring, white geraniums and pink peas. Cables rather than ropes is the word to give an idea of those lavish garlands. The hood was laden with them a foot thick apparently, white above, pink below, interspersed with wild oats and ornamental grasses. Of grass and oats also was the circumference of the wheels, the spokes hidden with pink pea blossoms. Strings of the same concealed the harness; grass depended from the netting on the horses' flanks, amongst it little bouquets of white and pink. Miss Woodhull well deserved the gold medal. Mrs. P. H. Newman draped her carriage handsomely with roses of varied hue; doubtless there were many who preferred this to the set design of others. A silver-gilt medal was granted. A hansom cab followed, certainly not least impressive in the show; the broad surfaces of this vehicle and its height are suited for floral decoration. The colours were well chosen also—white and yellow calceolaria, eschscholtzia, Iceland poppy and marguerites; for this excellent composition Mr. R. Strange took a silver-gilt medal. The next, Mr. A. M. Hadden's wagonette, was even better, showing ingenuity and thought besides excellent taste. Every portion of the vehicle was wrapped in bands of a yellow material, on which garlands of white pea blossom had a very graceful effect. No other colours were shown. From the shafts depended a close fringe of wheat-ears, and below this fell a curtain of long straws to the ground, concealing the horse's legs. A great hoop of pea blossom bridged the splash-board; and, to complete the picture, a large sunshade was fixed above, yellow, festooned with straws and wheat-ears. If this pleasing study had a defect, we should say that the mass of flowers along the horse's back, fore and aft, was too heavy; it had the appearance of a real burden. Silver-gilt medal. A gold medal was allotted to Miss Lee's victoria, piled with crimson roses, touched here and there with white, simple but superb. The dog-cart of Miss M. Sherwood represented florid taste, with cornflowers, geraniums, and marguerites, blue, red, and white, prettily but showily blended. It wanted Italian sunshine, and more colour in the surroundings to do justice to this very brilliant design; silver-gilt medal. Somewhat of the same class was Mr. H. Regnart's pony carriage, of which the wheels had been solidly covered in with white pinks bearing a heavy cross of blue cornflowers, with roses about the circumference. It was granted a large silver medal. The riding horse of Miss M. Pollock carried a side saddle of scarlet poppies and marguerites upon a ground of fern; the bridle prettily hung with marguerites and the rosettes of *Papaver orientalis*; small silver medal. Mr. E. G. Smith sent a donkey, which won a large silver medal, with collar of crimson roses, edged white; saddle and exaggerated crupper of the same with Gloire de Dijon for a difference. Another charming donkey was that of Mr. Jeffreys Stewart, in a cart, with traces and harness of red rose, the wheels of white and pink gladioli water lilies and crimson roses. A singularly graceful effect was obtained by filling the hood with campanulas, white and blue, set upright, which arched their bells over two little lads in Highland dress occupying the carriage. A large silver medal was granted. Mr. R. M. Cox won the same distinction for his very pretty child's cart, drawn by a very pretty little goat. Two babies sat within amongst a wilderness of yellow flowers, tastefully set off by wreaths of bronze ivy. Mr. A. F. Youens took a bronze medal, and Mrs. Sperling, a silver one for children's mail-carts, decorated with flowers, and drawn by small chairmen in the livery of Queen Ann's day. Of three tricycles which followed, Mr. J. Rowe's took a bronze medal. He had cleverly contrived a style of ornament, with "cotton grass," that peculiar abomination of the scientific agriculturist, which served a good purpose for once. Two Brahmin bulls succeeded, imperturbable as usual though wreathed with roses as if going to sacrifice; and a white camel, which did not perceptibly differ in hue from a yellow one; these lent by the Royal Zoological Society—to give some local colour of the Sunny South, perhaps. If next year's Floral Parade show as much advance proportionately as does this year's over the last it will be a fine spectacle indeed.

THE NORTH SEA FISHERIES AND STEAM TRAWLING.

THE recently-issued Sea Fisheries Report for 1889 deserves attention (if any can be spared from Newfoundland) on account of the prevalent belief that steam trawling is having an injurious effect on the fishing. It is a common complaint among the North Sea fishermen and fish-salesmen that the fish caught in deep-sea trawling, particularly the flat fish—soles, turbot, and plaice—are not so plentiful as they used to be. This is attributed to the steam trawlers, which offend in two ways according to the pessimists—they give the ground no rest, being able to fish when sailing-boats are prevented by the weather; and they fish over ground that the others cannot touch, that is to say, round the bays near the shore. They are supposed not to fish within three miles of the shore, but their opponents say that there is no one to see whether they do or do not; at any rate, no one to prevent them. The gunboats seem only to look after foreign smacks. Accordingly, the complaint is that the fish, having no refuge-ground for spawning, and no breathing space (there is no close time in the North Sea), are being exterminated. The practice of trawling round the bays also injures line fishing. We gather from the Report that there may be some foundation for the complaint. For instance, the reporting officer for Plymouth remarks, "Trawling in the bays has been practised, much to the prejudice of legitimate fishing. Steam trawlers have been the chief offenders in this way." There is a similar complaint from Folkestone; and again the reporter from Lynn says, there is no doubt that steam-trawlers when fishing near the land do interfere with and kill the spawn, or catch many undersized fish, which are simply thrown overboard; and that if this were prevented there would probably be a greater and better supply.

It is certain that steam trawlers are increasing—that is to say, boats propelled by steam, for many of the larger sailing-boats are provided with steam winches for hauling in the trawl. North Shields sends out no first-class boats except steamers, and at the important stations of Hull and Grimsby (the largest on our coasts) steaming is very much on the increase, while there is a visible diminution in the number of sailing-vessels. Boston, too, is becoming a steam-trawling port; five new boats were laid down there last year for the present season. If the movement in favour of steam continues indefinitely it may eventually have a very deleterious effect on the fishing. And it probably will so continue, at least until the inevitable reaction sets in. The advantages of steam are obvious. In fine weather sailing-boats are sometimes unable to reach the fishing grounds at all, or to fish when they get there, as

a good breeze is necessary for dragging the heavy trawl. At present however, the proportion of steamers to the whole fleet is small. Taking the five large fishing ports on the East coast—Hull, Grimsby, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Ramsgate—there were last year only 73 steamers out of a total of 1,685 first-class boats, or, including North Shields, 112 steamers altogether to 1,612 sailing boats. On the South coast, whence boats often come to fish in the North Sea, there are very few steamers. It is probable, too, that in the future an increasing number of steam smacks will be attracted to the distant fisheries round Iceland and the Faroe Isles, which were visited last year for the first time by English boats. And, if we turn to the actual take of fish, we find no great cause for alarm at present. The total amounts received in London for the last four years are as follows:—1886, 168,354 tons; 1887, 170,463 tons; 1888, 180,997 tons; 1889, 173,545 tons. Last year's supply was in excess of that of 1886, 1887, but fell short of the previous year by 7,452 tons. This seems a considerable drop; but it is attributed in a large measure to a fine season, which often prevented fishing for lack of wind, and in some parts there were also unfavourable local causes at work.

There is considerable difference of opinion among fishermen as to the present condition of North Sea fishing. Some say that it is nothing like what it used to be and is going from bad to worse, although they admit that the fishermen do not suffer, since, if they catch less, they get a better price for what they do catch. Soles, for instance, which once sold for 30*s.* or 2*l.* a trunk, now fetch from 5*l.* to 9*l.* We are familiar in most quarters with talk about things not being what they used to be, and need not lay too much stress on it. The right of grumbling is conceded as a national privilege, and it must be admitted that all the men by no means share this gloomy view. Indeed, the more intelligent and thoughtful among them seem to think that occasional scarcity of certain kinds of fish is in the nature of things and not a matter under our control at all. The habits of fish are little understood, and though such as herrings, mackerel, and pilchards are known to be migratory, appearing and disappearing in large numbers, it is not so generally known that this is true also of the flat fish. They will travel hundreds of miles and sometimes entirely disappear. They move together and have their own favourite places of resort. For instance, there is a sort of sandy valley with a ridge on each side not many miles out of Ramsgate; the soles take the valley, the turbot the ridge, and neither is ever caught on the other's ground. Then they have different habits according to size. Fish of the same year, as we may suppose, travel together and move from place to place. The experienced fisherman can follow them, and knows just where he is likely to find those of a particular size. But sometimes they disappear almost entirely and remain away for a long time. It is not to be concluded that they are exterminated; for on a sudden they will reappear in great numbers. They arrive in a night, like the woodcocks. Quite recently, in the present year, the large turbot appeared in this way. None had been taken for a long time, when suddenly they were met with in every direction. The late Frank Buckland was misled by this very thing. Not long before his death soles had been becoming extremely scarce. He took a great interest in the matter, and became convinced that they were practically exterminated. But he had no sooner satisfactorily proved this than one day they reappeared in unprecedented numbers. The fish also have caprices about spawning. They do not always come close in to spawn; sometimes more spawning fish may be found eighteen miles out than near the shore. Their habits are, in short, very much of a mystery, and likely to remain so, considering the little light which prolonged investigation has thrown upon the ways of the salmon. But it is pretty clear that they have their own way of protecting their race from destruction; and bearing in view their prodigious fertility—it is said that every sole spawns—there is no ground at present for anticipating their extermination. Mr. Huxley, indeed, believes that the supply is so plentiful and their fertility so great, that nothing could exterminate them. At the same time it is desirable that the increase of steam trawlers and their effect on the fishing should be carefully watched, and especially that attention should be paid to the practice of working over forbidden spawning-grounds.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE silver market is still waiting upon the United States' Congress. The Conference Committee appointed by both Houses has met, and it is reported that a new subject of difference has arisen. One party wishes that the existing silver certificates should be made full legal tender for all public and private debts. At present they are not. They are merely certificates of deposit, although in practice they pass freely from hand to hand, just as banknotes do. The other party is willing to agree that silver notes in future shall be made legal tender, but not those already issued. The points of difference are so numerous that many doubt whether an agreement can be arrived at, but most people still expect that a Bill will be passed. In any case, to allay apprehension, the President has intimated that if no Bill passes he will purchase the maximum amount of silver authorized by the Bland Act. That Act requires the Secretary of the Treasury to buy every month not less than two million dollars' worth of silver, and it permits him to buy not more than four million dollars' worth. The President will purchase the maximum amount. It will be recollected that the House Bill provided for the purchase of 4½ million dollars' worth every month. The difference between that and the maximum allowed by the Bland Act is not great, only six million dollars' worth in the course of the year. Of course, it is to be borne in mind that an Act of Congress cannot easily be repealed when it has behind it the whole influence of the Silver party, whereas a decision of the Government may be changed at any moment. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether even an official announcement that the full amount authorized to be bought by the Bland Act will in future be purchased would prevent a scare in the silver market, provided the two Houses of Congress could not agree. But, no doubt, the President's meaning is, that both Houses of Congress have so decisively declared in favour of increased purchases that, until they have time to pass a new Act, he will purchase the maximum amount allowed by the existing law. In the meantime business in the London market is almost suspended, the price of silver being quoted during the week between 47½*d.* and 47¾*d.* per ounce.

With doubtful wisdom the Egyptian Government has entered into a contract with a Syndicate of Egyptian, French, and German bankers for the conversion of the Daira loan of about 8½ millions sterling. It is understood that Messrs. Rothschild were willing to carry through the conversion; but they insisted that it should be postponed until the autumn, on the ground that the very eve of the holidays is not favourable to an operation of the kind, especially as a great Egyptian Conversion Loan of nearly 30 millions sterling has just been brought out, and that it is desirable, therefore, to allow the market a few months for the placing of the new bonds. The Egyptian Government, however, would not wait. It remains to be seen whether the Syndicate will be able to make the conversion successful before the holidays begin. The members are not of the very highest standing. And it seems hardly wise of the Egyptian Government to risk failure, when by waiting for a few months it was sure of success.

The stock markets have not recovered from the effects of the monetary stringency during the last two Fortnightly Settlements. Speculators, having found it difficult to obtain the accommodation they required, had to pay dearly for what they got. Many of them, too, suffered considerable loss by being obliged to sell in a falling market. That is an experience that teaches caution at least for some time, and therefore there has been exceedingly little speculative activity during the present month. The experience in Berlin has been of the same kind, and speculators there were compelled to sell even on a larger scale than here at home. In Paris, again, business has been checked this week by the *Liquidation* going on upon the Bourse, where the rates have been much stiffer than was anticipated. And in New York business has been checked by the closing of the Stock Exchange to-day and yesterday. A still more depressing influence has been exercised by the increasing intensity of the crisis in the Argentine Republic.

The Argentine National Bank is a State institution. The Government holds a quarter of a million of its shares, it appoints the governor and the Board, and practically controls its entire management. Until a short time ago it was believed to be doing a highly profitable business. It paid dividends quarterly at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, and about a year ago its shares were quoted in the market at 360. Reports very unfavourable to it began to circulate then, and the price fell gradually to about 160. As, according to the existing practice, a quarterly dividend was payable on Tuesday last, a Board meeting was called on the preceding Saturday to consider what was to be done, and decided to suspend interim dividends. The announcement appears to have caused a panic in Buenos Ayres. The shares fell to 100, and the premium on gold advanced 20 or 30 per cent. And the *Times* nearly caused a scare here on Monday by misprinting its Buenos Ayres correspondent's telegram so as to make him say that the bank had suspended payment. The mistake was soon corrected; but, though the matter is not as bad as the *Times* represented it to be, it is, for all that, a very serious symptom. Of course the public is assured that only interim dividends are suspended; that at the end of the year the Directors will be able to lay before the shareholders a very satisfactory report; and that a dividend will then be declared. But the assurances do not meet with very ready credence. To add to the significance of this incident, the interest on a loan of the City of Cordoba, capital of the province of that name in the Argentine Republic, which fell due on Tuesday, was not paid. The loan is for a little under 600,000*l.*, and was raised here only last July. It bears interest at the rate of 6 per cent., and the price of issue was 98. Naturally the bonds fell 10*l.* It is said, however, that arrangements have now been made for paying the interest next Monday.

From all this, and much more, it seems clear that the crisis in the Argentine Republic is reaching a very acute stage. The National Government will no doubt keep faith with its creditors. Its liabilities are the first charge upon the whole Republic. The country has a magnificent future before it. Its resources are great, and its financial agents in Europe are very powerful. Even now it is said that the great financial houses interested in the Republic have agreed to lend to the National Government 5 millions sterling, and have obtained an option to take bonds amounting to another 5 millions sterling at a price agreed upon. The Govern-

ment, therefore, will obtain the pecuniary assistance it may require; in other words, even if the financial crisis should for the time being disable it from remitting to Europe the sums necessary to pay the interest upon its foreign debt, the money will be advanced by its financial agents. It is probable, too, that two, or perhaps even three, provinces will be able to weather the storm. The Province of Buenos Ayres is the richest in the whole Republic, and it has obtained command of funds by the sale of the Western Railway. It will, no doubt, keep faith with its creditors. So, too, we may expect will the Province of Santa Fé, and probably one or two others more may. But some of the undeveloped provinces, with little population and less wealth, can hardly fulfil the engagements they have entered into, and we fear that the same must be said of most of the municipalities which have borrowed so recklessly of late. Even the city of Buenos Ayres has abused its credit so flagrantly that at this inopportune moment it is trying to raise a new loan of 4 millions sterling in Europe. Whether it will succeed remains to be seen. But, if it does, those who accommodate it should surely insist upon a more judicious expenditure of the money; and, further, that there shall be no more borrowing for some years to come.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE debt of gratitude which Wagner owed to Liszt was so great, and its repayment during the lifetime of both was so limited, that it is small wonder that the disciples of the former should have adopted as part of their creed a sort of propaganda of Liszt's more ambitious works, which otherwise would have but little likelihood of being brought forward. Regarded as an act of piety, nothing can be fitter than that the followers of Wagner should do their best to preserve Liszt's orchestral compositions from oblivion; but it is perhaps somewhat trying for the public which only cares for music on its own merits—whether it be written by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or Wagner—that it should have to listen to such a tiresome piece of long-winded dreariness as Liszt's Symphony to Dante's *Divina Commedia*, which was brought forward at the Sixth Richter Concert, on the 23rd ult. It would serve no good purpose to enter upon a detailed account of this wearisome work, in which poverty of ideas struggles for pre-eminence with bombastic orchestration. No greater condemnation could be found for such music than the fact that it should produce such an effect when played under Herr Richter's bâton. If he can make nothing of it, a work must be absolutely wanting in any good qualities, and certainly it would be hard to detect any in this intolerable Symphony. Fortunately for the audience, the rest of the programme was composed of works of proved excellence. Brahms's fine Tragic Overture, the Ballet-Music and Wedding March from Rubinstein's *Feramors*, the Trio of Rhine Maidens (from *Die Götterdämmerung*), Preislied (from *Die Meistersinger*), and the end of the first act of *Die Walküre*, were all thoroughly enjoyable, Mr. Lloyd's magnificent singing of Walther's song and the music allotted to Siegmund being an especially welcome feature. In the *Walküre* selection the part of Sieglinde was declaimed with success by Miss Anna Williams, who was joined in the Trio by Fräulein Fillunger and Miss Lena Little. The programme of the Seventh Richter Concert was devoted entirely to the works of Wagner, and comprised a long selection from the last act of *Die Walküre*, the closing scene from *Die Götterdämmerung*, the Overtures to *Rienzi* and *Der fliegende Holländer*, and selections from *Tannhäuser* and *Tristan und Isolde*. It is probably useless to protest against the introduction into a concert-room of such scenes as that from *Die Walküre*, which are only fit for stage presentation. In the absence of any possibility of the latter, the ultra-Wagnerian Wagner Society (in conjunction with which last Monday's concert was given) prefers to hear such excerpts performed in a way which is totally opposed to Wagner's principles, and calculated to give the public an entirely false impression of his method and the effect he produces. The long dialogue between Brünnhilde and Wotan, which in its proper place in the music drama is justifiable and necessary, when sung in a concert-room, even as well as it was last Monday, becomes tedious and dull, besides which the effect of the orchestra, being on the same platform as the voices, is very different from what the composer intended. Of course, it cannot be denied that Wagner himself sanctioned such concert performances of selections from his stage works by conducting in person at the concerts given at the Albert Hall during his last visit to this country; but it should be remembered that those concerts were given solely to obtain enough money for the proper stage performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy, and that when that aim was achieved, and the composer's works were no longer regarded as the impossible dreams of an enthusiast, all excuse for performing them in any other way than he intended ceased. The members of the Wagner Society would be paying more respect to Wagner's memory, and be doing more to spread his principles, if they would discourage such ill-balanced performances. The most notable feature of Monday's concert was the improvement in Fräulein Pauline Cramer's singing. In both the scena from *Tannhäuser* and the selections from the *Ring* she showed that her vocalization and phrasing were far better than used to be the case, and though her voice is not very powerful, especially when accompanied by such heavy orchestration as in the *Götterdämmerung* scene, her intelligent declamation rendered her performances very satisfactory. That she was admirably seconded by Mr. Henschel in the *Walküre* selection goes without saying.

Señor Sarasate's last concert, in spite of the counter-attraction of the performance of *St. Paul* at the Crystal Palace, attracted the usual crowded audience. The Spanish violinist chose for his two most important solos Max Bruch's Second Concerto in D minor and Dr. Mackenzie's so-called "Pibroch," which was produced at the last Leeds Festival. Both works suit his style admirably, and he invests them with an amount of romance and charm which are singularly fascinating. Every successive hearing of Dr. Mackenzie's fine work confirms the good impression it created on its first performance, and even the very slipshod way in which the orchestral accompaniments were played on the 21st ult. could not detract greatly from the effect it produced. Señor Sarasate had to submit to the usual clamour for encores after his last solo. The rest of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony and Mr. Cusins's Overture, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," neither of which was very well played. Another Spanish artist, Señor Albeniz, who made a decided impression last season by his pianoforte-playing, gave an orchestral concert on the afternoon of the 24th, the programme of which was devoted almost entirely to his own compositions. The conditions under which the performance took place were not very satisfactory, for Steinway Hall is not suited to orchestral concerts, and the small band engaged would have been much better for more rehearsals. As a composer Señor Albeniz is very eclectic. Some of his smaller pieces might have been written by several of the minor German composers of the present day, while his Concerto shows signs of French influence. It is only in a Spanish Rhapsody that any national feeling is perceptible, and, unfortunately, this number showed the deficiencies of the orchestra more than anything else in the programme. The concert-giver's playing of pieces by Scarlatti was especially enjoyable, and the delicacy and refinement of his style were noticeable in all his performances. Four well-written Italian songs were sung by Miss Marie Grœbl; and the inevitable Mr. Tivadar Nachèz played transcriptions of Schumann's "Träumerei," and a Tarantella of Moszkowski's, neither of which was as good as usual. It is to be hoped that M. Nachèz will take advantage of the approaching holidays to enlarge his very limited repertory. He is undoubtedly a clever artist; but his performances of the three or four pieces to which he confines himself are apt to pall upon the concert-goer.

The last concert of the Philharmonic Society does not call for especial comment. The programme included Macfarren's *Chevy Chace* Overture; Costa's Quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante"; Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto; and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. M. Ysaÿe, the Belgian violinist, gave an extremely fine performance of the solo part in the Concerto; the breadth of his style and the beauty of his tone were especially remarkable, and his execution of the difficult bravura passages in which the work abounds was most finished and masterly. His fine playing was greeted with deserved applause, which did not subside until he had returned to the platform and played an unaccompanied encore-piece. The performance of the Symphony was fair, but in no wise remarkable. The orchestral portions of the work seemed wanting in light and shade, and in some places—notably in the important recitative passages leading to the introduction of the chorus—the want of attack and precision was very conspicuous. The beautiful tone of the strings caused the Adagio to be by far the most satisfactory part of the work. The chorus sang with spirit, but the voices were not well balanced, and the sopranos—as is so often the case in the trying finale—became exhausted before the end of the movement. The solo Quartett was sung by Fräulein Fillunger, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Maldwyn Humphreys and Frank Morton.

A concert of a description which used to be more common fifteen years ago than nowadays, was given at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of the 27th by Mme. Zoe Caryll, and attracted a very large and enthusiastic audience. The programme consisted almost entirely of operatic selections, and the performers included Mmes. Melba and Fursch-Madi, MM. Edouard de Reszke, Lassalle, Viterbo, and Isnardon, and Mr. Andrew Black. The Australian prima donna sang Verdi's "Caro nome" with all the charm of style and perfection of vocalization which make her singing so thoroughly delightful, and M. de Reszke roused the audience to enthusiasm by his admirable delivery of Peter the Great's air from the last act of *L'Etoile du Nord*. Equally good were Mme. Fursch-Madi's singing of the air "Il est doux," from Massenet's *Hérodiade*, and M. Lassalle's delivery of a graceful little song, "Mireille," by the same composer. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, for whom an apology was made, was announced to give a recitation, but she was so seriously indisposed as to be utterly inaudible. Pleasant features in the programme were the excellent recitations by M. Paul Plan of poems by Aicard and Coppée. The instrumental numbers included violin solos by M. Nachèz, pianoforte pieces by Liszt (played by Mme. Caryll), and Overtures by Auber, Mendelssohn, and Weber, played by a competent orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Cowen.

The past fortnight has been as prolific of Pianoforte Recitals as the earlier part of this unusually active musical season. On Monday, the 23rd, Herr Zeldenrust, a young Dutch pianist of much ability, was heard at Steinway Hall, and created a distinctly good impression by his expressive playing of pieces by Bach, Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein, and

Gernsheim. On the following afternoon M. Sapellnikoff gave a second Recital at St. James's Hall, at which he gave a correct, but hard, performance of Beethoven's Sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour," and (assisted by Mme. Menter) played Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique" for two pianos, a work which is neither a Concerto nor pathetic. On the afternoon of the 25th Herr Schönberger gave a Recital at Steinway Hall, when he once more showed what an excellent artist he is. His playing of the same Sonata of Beethoven's which M. Sapellnikoff had selected was characterized by much poetical feeling, and the whole of his long programme, which included compositions by Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, Volkmann Scholz, Jensen, and Tausig, besides some short pieces by the concert-giver, was played throughout with admirable taste and perfect execution. On the same evening Herr Ernst Denhof gave a Recital at Princes' Hall, in conjunction with Messrs. Max Reichel and Charles Copland. Herr Denhof's playing is hard and unsympathetic, but Herr Reichel is evidently a violinist of ability.

Among minor concerts, that given by Mr. J. M. Capel may be mentioned. The programme included numerous songs by the concert-giver, the best of which was "The Mermaid," which was sung with admirable finish by Mr. D. Bispham. Mrs. Capel, Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Capel, and Messrs. Courtice Pounds, Arthur Cecil, H. Sims Reeves, and Neville Doone, also took part in the performance.

RACING.

FOR the July Stakes at Newmarket none of the two-year-olds representing high public form made their appearance, with the exception of Baron Rothschild's Beauharnais, the winner of the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, and the merits of his victory in his only race were still somewhat doubtful, easily as he had won it, because the field which he defeated had not been a strong one. Still, he was a magnificent colt, with such bone, power, and good shape, that there seemed little, if anything, to be desired. The only point against him was that he looked rather backward. Prince Hampton, judging of their relative powers through Susiana, who had run second to both, was unlikely to beat Beauharnais, and Red Prince had no chance on public form. Mr. Rose's bay colt by Hampton out of Rustic Queen had run within a length of Simonian at 5 lbs., and within three-quarters of a length of Gavotte at 1 lb. for the Thirty-third Biennial at Ascot, and, as that had been his first race, something better was now expected of him. He is an enormous colt, standing already, perhaps, rather over than under 16 hands, with bone to match his height, and it was the common opinion that excessive size was almost his only fault. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete ran a "dark" colt, called Unicorn, by his famous horse Paradox, and Mr. D. Baird a "dark" filly, in Phyllida. Odds were laid on Beauharnais, and the Rustic Queen colt was the second favourite. This pair cut capers at the starting-point and caused some delay, but when they got off they made the running from start to finish. Halfway down the hill it looked a very close race, and if Beauharnais won cleverly by three-quarters of a length, he had to gallop in earnest to accomplish his victory. Beauharnais is not entered for the Derby; but the Rustic Queen colt is, and, making allowance for his size and backward condition, he ran very well for the July Stakes. Unicorn ran a bad third, and he was in difficulties at the corner of the Plantation; but this was his first race, and, although rather wanting in length, he shows not a little of his sire's good shape combined with a great deal of power.

Very high two-year-old form was represented when Mr. L. de Rothschild's rat-tailed chestnut colt, Bumptious, came out for the Bottisham Plate to oppose the aged Mephisto, who had been unplaced to him for the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, as well as the five-year-old, St. Symphorien, a horse that, judged by his Great Surrey Handicap form, was nearly as good as Mephisto. At Ascot Bumptious, ridden by T. Loates, had held a forward position from the first, and had very soon taken up the running; now, ridden by G. Chaloner (who is a very small jockey for a great, striding colt like Bumptious), he waited; whereas Mephisto, who was ridden by Webb in both races, on this occasion made the whole of the running. In coming down the hill Bumptious began to overhaul Mephisto; but he had not quite caught him when the winning-post was reached, and he was beaten by a neck. Even allowing for the 3 lbs. difference between their relative weights at Ascot and Newmarket, this was an extraordinary reversal of public form. It is a question whether the riding or—if not—the orders given to the jockeys may not have had much to do with it. The following day, with Fred. Barrett on his back, he gave weight to eight other two-year-olds for the Plantation Stakes, and won easily at last; but he had to struggle a little at one part of the race to shake off Mr. Combe's Conacher, a colt by Peter that had won the only other race in which he had taken part; although, as Bumptious was giving him 10 lbs., there was nothing to be surprised at in that.

On Tuesday there was a most unsatisfactory race, at Carlisle, for the Cumberland Plate of 500*l.* That grand horse, Tyrant, who had won all his races this year, came in first, although he was giving from 20 lbs. to 47 lbs. to each of his opponents. And then it turned out that the start had been a false one, although the whole field, with the exception of Redsand, had run the course; consequently the race had to be run over again. Tyrant's heavy weight had taken so much out of him, over the long course of a mile and three-quarters, that he failed on the second attempt.

A great deal has been said during the last few days about the enormous prices made by yearlings. Within the past eight days half a dozen have been sold at an average of 3,100 guineas each. It is satisfactory that the highest price ever paid at auction for a yearling in this country (5,500 guineas) should have been realized at the Royal stud, nor do we care one jot that America should have "whipped" England with the ridiculous price of 7,600 guineas for a yearling.

BARROW REVISITED.

AND is this Barrow?—*This* the seat
I thought was mine so surely,
That my supporters I might treat
As wire-pulled puppets, purely?
Ah! who could think I had to dread
So fell a poisoned arrow
As that which through my heart has sped
From the false hands of Barrow?

Why, why within those ancient walls
Remained I not a tarrier,
Where I in high St. Stephen's halls
Ran double, hare and harrier?
Now hunting not, but hunted, I
(As by the hawk the sparrow)
Have found myself compelled to fly
From my snug seat at Barrow.

Fool that I was, too well I feel,
To play for this sensation,
And trust to my constituents' zeal
For licence-confiscation.
I vainly thought I knew their ways,
Their prejudices narrow;
But they misled me by their brays,
The bonny brays of Barrow.

And double fool to trust the men
Who in this plight could place me,
Those traitors I expected, when
I ratted, to embrace me;
And who instead have left me thus,
A toad beneath a harrow,
Run their own man, nor cared "a cuss"
To chuck me out of Barrow.

'Twas they who forced me to the front
Knowing I could not sit tight,
And made me bear the battle's brunt
Like the devoted Hittite.
I do not blame the swinish Bung
Nor all his porcine farrow;
'Twas by Gladstonians I was flung
Out of my seat at Barrow.

O! give me rather men of sin
Than paragons of virtue,
Who lead you on—and let you in—
Who use you—and desert you.
And who have left me like a bone
Scooped empty of its marrow;
Sold, scoffed at, derelict, out-thrown,
"Shot," so to speak, from Barrow.

REVIEWS.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.*

WE have scarcely more than two things against Professor Gildersleeve's very interesting volume of Essays and Studies. The first is that it is rather too large to hold comfortably in the hand; the second is that the author writes "Vergil." Quarto is a delightful size, and the best of all for texts; but a volume of critical essays is so entirely an armchair thing—a book so wholly for times of ease—that it should be made capable of easy reading. As for "Vergil," the Professor, we own, grieves us deeply by this. If he chooses to write "Vergilius," it is within his right to do so. But "Vergil" should be left either to men of letters who would fain be scholars at a cheap rate, or to scholars who are not even fain to be men of letters. The English form, fixed by centuries of literary usage, is Virgil and nothing else. Now Professor Gildersleeve falls most happily out of both the unhappy classes to which we have just given license to write "Vergil." He is a scholar, and he is a man of letters; he has even, as we should suppose, written this book for the very purpose (which

* *Essays and Studies.* By B. L. Gildersleeve. Baltimore (U.S.): Murray. 1890.

he has achieved) of vindicating, not merely the right, but the duty, of the exact scholar to be a man of letters as well. Although he does not himself use the parallel, Mr. Gildersleeve, in more places than one, reminds us of the ingenious and sound contention of Paulus Pleydell, that counsel learned in the law, that a lawyer without general literature is a mere hodman, that when he has it he may call himself an architect. Mr. Gildersleeve's special subject is, we believe, grammar—Greek grammar, Greek grammar treated after the straitest sect of German philologers. Yet most of these essays would be dismissed by the philologer pure and simple as "painfully belletristic," and the rest, though dealing directly with classical education, are all pleas of one kind or another for a combined devotion to philology and *belles lettres*. It is not Professor Gildersleeve, we may be sure, who would shake his head at the study of a great literature, as somebody else was reported, let us hope falsely, to have done not long ago, because it was of "no linguistic value."

The book consists of two divisions, "Educational Essays" and "Literary and Historical Studies." The former are of course calculated for the meridian not of Greenwich but of Washington (is it Washington ?), directly and primarily, yet much that they contain is, unhappily, applicable—is indeed more applicable than it was some years ago—to England. It is great fun to find Mr. Gildersleeve at one moment standing up like a man for philology and for scholarship proper, and at another acknowledging that philology is a remarkably undulating and diverse science, that she has a habit of contradicting unblushingly her most certain results of a few years back. It is needless to say (in both his characters, as a scholar and a man of letters, he was safe beforehand here) that he is a classical man of the most uncompromising kind, and it is hardly more necessary to say that he is no scorner of modern literature and languages. Indeed, the very titles of his essays, "The Legend of Venus," "Platen's Poems" (by the way, he thinks too much of Platen, but we all have our pet whimsies), and so forth, would show them. And as these essays on modern subjects are written from the standpoint of a man nursed on sound classical studies, so those on classical subjects, "Xanthippe and Socrates," "Apollonius of Tyana," "Lucian," "The Emperor Julian," and so forth, are never forgetful of modern literature. In some of the earlier papers—for their dates cover thirty years, and the author with humorous coolness occasionally appends a note wondering at his own past opinions—there is a slight fault, the fault of that exaggerated, not to say forced, jocularity which, introduced by Wilson and the *Blackwood* men, and long kept up by De Quincey, has now happily gone out of fashion. But this is a mere question of mode, and it would be little more reasonable to object to a man for having given way to it at a certain date than to his having worn his hair or his coat in accordance with the mode of the day. Nor do we intend to endorse Mr. Gildersleeve's opinions on all points—base is the slave who does not admit that his opinion "'ud be different" from that of any other person on some matters of literature. We do not think, for instance, though we understand and appreciate his own point of view, that Lucian, even from the standpoint of modern orthodoxy, is "one of the saddest of authors." Let it be said, to start with, that Mr. Gildersleeve enjoys the Lucianic joke as much as anybody. But he thinks that joke in some ways sad. Now Voltaire is sad, if you like, because Voltaire occasionally cants, and cant is always the sign of uneasiness somewhere, unless it be the utterance of a mere fool (who does exist) or a mere knave (who perhaps does not). That Voltaire occasionally believed and trembled is perfectly obvious; and it makes much of him sad enough. But there is absolutely no evidence of anything of the same kind about Lucian. Mr. Gildersleeve, like all good scholars, would of course not think of attributing the *Philopatris* to Lucian, and outside of the *Philopatris* there is nothing at all to show either that Lucian had ever been a Christian, or that he had the least inside knowledge of Christianity. From undoubtedly genuine passages, such as that in the *Peregrinus*, it merely appears that, like other outsiders, he thought the new sect harmless lunatics. It is far too much the modern fashion to suppose that the obstinate questionings which trouble moderns, and sometimes trouble professing unbelievers most of all, must have troubled Greeks. We may claim to have read Lucian (not "Franklin's Lucian," as a delightful countryman of Professor Gildersleeve's once said) for "days and days," but we never found in him, except as a transferred and subjective thing, this sadness. The immortal distich attributed to him—

Λουκιανὸς τάδ' ἔγραψε, παλαιά τε μωρά τε εἰδώς·
Μωρὰ γὰρ ἀνθρώποις καὶ τὰ δοκοῦντα σοφά—

expresses a certain attitude of mind which has been very difficult for any one honestly and genuinely to keep up, without *arrière pensée* and without affectation, since the diffusion of Christianity, but which was still quite possible for a Greek or a Hellenized Asiatic of the second century like Lucian. He was the real Agnostic, the person who is content not to know; the person who claims the title nowadays is generally in mortal terror because he does not know and yet in puerile opposition to being taught. Even Rabelais, the nearest approach to Lucian, is cumbered now and then about proposals for reforming the world and the like. Lucian never was. He did not think that whatever is is right; he did not think that whatever is is wrong. He thought that there were a great many fools in the world, and that it was very amusing to show up their folly. He thought that there were many pleasant and beautiful things in it, and that it was well to enjoy them, and, if you could, describe your joy in literature. He thought that good writing was an excellent good thing, and bad writing an incomparably bad one. He had most good literature at his own fingers' ends, and was not ashamed of showing his knowledge of it. He had, first of all ancient writers in prose known to us, the knack of creating, or at any rate portraying, character in fictitious presentment. He was full of all manner of knowledge, and he only found it vanity when it became peremptory and positive, when it would insist on "appearing wise," and began to "pontify." At the Christian point of view he never, we think, arrived; he never even felt any need or desire to arrive at anything like it. To abate the coarseness (though it was a lady that spoke it) of the epigram on Duclos, he wanted only "bread, wine, cheese, and the first comer to make fun of." He had the bread, and the wine, and the cheese (with, it would seem, some roses and other trimmings), he has left the fun for all ages to share with him. Is this so very sad? Put it that it would have been sad if he had given up higher things for it; but did he?

The digression is considerable; but it is the best compliment to a book which is evidently the product of literary thought to make it the occasion of an attempt at more. And let us add that, if Mr. Gildersleeve does not go so far as we should in praise of Lucian—who is, *salva orthodoxia*, a kind of idol of ours—his essay is one of the best, if not the best, that we have seen on the subject.

NOVELS.*

SOME successful novelists always write in pretty much the same manner, and secure thereby a public of their own, who will always read their books and always like them, some more and some less, but all more or less because they like the manner. Mr. Norris is one of those novelists, and his public will probably like *The Baffled Conspirators*. Being ourselves—so far as the collection of persons responsible for what appears in a newspaper can be—a part of Mr. Norris's public, it is not an altogether easy task to estimate the view which people who are not amused by Mr. Norris's manner will take of this particular work. They can say with truth that the characters in it all talk with that easy, humorous, rather delicate, and not entirely otherwise than cynical cleverness which all Mr. Norris's characters display, and which the part of Mr. Norris's narrative that does not consist of conversation displays with equal uniformity. They may further be able to say truthfully that nobody, unless it be Mr. Norris, actually talks just in this style, and, for anything we know, that they do not find the style entertaining. There their adverse criticism will probably stop, and, indeed, there can hardly be any occasion for it to go further. They will not be able to deny that the story contains a brief, simple, and rather ingenious plot, neatly worked out, and that it is not in the least too long—assuming, of course, that any part of it was worth writing at all. The *dramatis personæ* are four men and two women. Lord Guise was a slightly Epicurean philosopher, at the beginning of middle age, heir to a dukedom, and suggesting a kind of cross between the Lord Hartington of real life and the Lord St. Aldegonde of fiction. Thorold was a promising young man in Parliament, whose fault was a slight inclination towards priggishness. Moreton was a youngish masher of aristocratic extraction. Schneider was a German Jew "on the make." Lady Belvoir was a fascinating widow with a dubious reputation—which we are given to understand was worse than it need have been because she rather liked it dubious. Miss Leslie was a good girl, redeemed from insipidity by a friendship for Lady Belvoir, not sufficiently ecstatic to blind her to the weaknesses of the latter's character. It pleased Lord Guise to induce the three other men to join him in an agreement that for a year from the time of agreeing none of them should make an offer of marriage without first consulting the others, and that, if he was not permitted by them to reveal his affections to their object, he should abstain from communicating with her by speech or writing for six months. The agreement, of course, is aimed at Lady Belvoir, and, of course, discovered by her when in the fulness of time all the four except Lord Guise come under its operation. Therefore diverting circumstances occur. Mr. Norris makes the curious mistake of leaving out from his account of the pledge the circumstance that it bound the promisors only for a year. He refers explicitly to the limitation afterwards; but the omission is un-

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* *The Baffled Conspirators.* A Novel. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Misadventure" &c. London: Spencer Blackett. 1890.

Jacquetta; and other Stories. By S. Baring-Gould, Author of "Mehalah" &c. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Thyme and Rue. By Margaret B. Cross. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Midge. By May Crommelin, Author of "Queenie" &c. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.

The Shadow of a Dream. A Novel. By William D. Howells, Author of "A Hazard of Two Fortunes" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1890.

All He Knew. By John Habberton, Author of "Helen's Babies" &c. London: Clarke & Co.

The Mystery of a Millionaire's Grave. By Gordon Stables, M.D., Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird'" &c. London: Remington & Co.

The Master of the Magicians. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

fortunate, because no one even in a novel could agree to such a pledge for an indefinite time. We cannot but regret that the critical interview between Lord Guise and Lady Belvoir at the end of the book is not described. We learn its result; but then we knew what it was going to be. Perhaps Mr. Norris felt unequal to the occasion; but it would have been very amusing.

There are three stories published under the title of *Jacquetta*, which is the middle one, and gay. The other two are grave. The eponymous heroine of "Jael" is another and a lesser Mehalah, and is considerably worse treated than even that melancholy lady. In "Moth Mullein" it is the young man that comes to grief, and great grief he comes to. In each of these stories Mr. Baring-Gould harrows us in his well-known Essex style. *Jacquetta* is the longest of the three tales, and much the least characteristic of its author. Also it is not free from a suspicion of the goody-goody, and would probably be freely admitted to a girls' school-room. Mr. Baring-Gould shows a lamentable disposition to adopt the silly fad of introducing the use of the subjunctive mood for conditional purposes into colloquial English. It leads to self-contrary horrors like this:—"One can live anywhere and be happy if one does one's duty, and has a clear conscience, and the digestion be all right." Now, if "be," why, in the name of pedantic affectation, not also "do" and "have"? We would gladly allow Mr. Baring-Gould, on account of his great talent as a storyteller, to mince and mangle his mother tongue in reason; but if he does, he might "jine his flats."

In *Thyme and Rue*—why *Thyme and Rue*?—Mrs. or Miss Cross set out with a purpose recalling to the critical mind *The Golden Butterfly*, and an indefinite number of other well-known works. There was a reformed rake called Scott, who had enjoyed himself until he was tired of it, and had then taken up with a monomania about what he called "The Simple Life." Simplicity, in his view, consisted in being your own cook, housemaid, gardener, tailor, and so forth, reading the works of philosophers, and never doing anything else. Indeed, what with reading, digging, sewing, cooking, and weaving, Mr. Scott left himself no time to do anything else. He ignored civilization, and refused to acquiesce in that not very modern invention, the division of labour. He had a daughter Juliet and a neighbour Mrs. Neville, with a son Harry. He converted Mrs. Neville, and they brought up their respective children according to his views. The children grow up together ignorant of most things that most people know, and in due time they became engaged to each other at the command of their parents. Here Mrs. Cross took up their story in detail, apparently with the intention of describing how a young man and woman would behave if brought up in this insane manner. The intention was too difficult to carry out. Juliet and Harry both departed, owing to miscellaneous circumstances, from the wild moor which Mr. Scott had selected for the scene of his experiment, and began to go about the world like other young people in novels. Now and then the reader's attention is fitfully recalled to their education by a statement that Juliet had never before drunk tea, or that Harry on some occasion tasted wine for the first time, or the like; but in the main the novel goes on just like other novels. Of course, they broke off their engagement, and, of course, that was not the end of their story. Mrs. Cross writes nicely enough. There is a lawyer in the book who settled Juliet's fortune upon her with such skill that she was able after the birth of a child to make over the whole of it to her husband. No harm was done though, because he put the deed in the fire.

There was a girl called Midge, because her name was Marjorie, and her papa was an artist and became blind, and went abroad and was cured, and married a widow who was also a bore. And the widow had a nephew Oliver who had long loved Midge. But Midge loved Oxley, and had a famous flirtation with him while her father was abroad being cured of blindness and captured by the widow. And Oxley loved Midge, but could not marry her because he had previously loved a grass widow, and had to marry her when she became a real one. So, after much woe, Midge made it up with Oliver. And there was a comic Irishwoman who let lodgings, and said chrysolites when she meant acolytes, and otherwise entertained the company. And Miss May Crommelin tells the story well enough, but uses too many italics.

Mr. Howells's last novel is written in his usual jargon, or if anything rather worse than usual. His language is becoming not only affected but slipshod. "I modestly evaded the merit I might have acquired through this suggestion" (meaning that he evaded the acknowledgment which might have been made to him of the merit of his behaviour); "you could get it of the first alienist whom you showed that paper" (meaning the first mad-doctor to whom she showed the paper). These are a couple of instances of language which would be inaccurate and slovenly whoever used it, but which is really an impertinence in the writings of a man who claims to be an arbiter of literary elegance, and what he himself would probably call a "stylist." We are, of course, more or less accustomed to such barbarisms as "Now, what do you have to say?" Mr. Howells's flats are much worse than Mr. Baring-Gould's. The story, as usual, is all about three very unpleasant souls; but their adventures produced more decided crises in the careers of their respective bodies than is usual with Mr. Howells. Faulkner dreamed every night that Nevil (a good young man) was marrying Mrs. Faulkner. Then he died, and Mrs. Faulkner, after a reasonable period of mourning, was going to marry Nevil; but she found out about the dream, so they wept, kissed, and parted; and Nevil was run over by a train, and Mrs. Faulkner "died a year later." The fact was that "she sank under the strain of experiences that wrung the finest and most sensitive principles of her being, or, as we say, died of a broken heart." Yes, but that's just what you don't say.

Mr. Habberton once wrote *Helen's Babies*, and now he has written a tract. *All He Knew* is the story of how a weak-minded cobbler and ex-thief came out of prison chock-full of greasy and offensive piety, and converted by his illustrious example the whole population of the town in which he lived.

It seems a curious thing to do to write an historical novel—so to speak—about events which occurred only the other day, and to put real people in the story with their real names, and particularly so when the episode selected for the foundation of the narrative was extremely painful and rather disgusting. However, that is what Dr. Gordon-Stables has thought proper to do with regard to the theft of the remains of the late Mr. Stewart, of New York. His tale is in the style of a good average shilling dreadful, and, for anything we know, it may be all true. True or imaginary, if it displeases any relations of Mr. Stewart's who may be alive, they can settle it with Dr. Gordon-Stables.

It may be gathered from some advertisements at the end of *The Master of the Magicians* that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward, paradoxical as it may seem, are man and wife. They have combined to render into a long novel—they say themselves that their book "is not an archæological treatise, but a novel"—a short part of the Book of Daniel, namely, how Daniel told Nebuchadnezzar his dream, and was made governor of the province of Babylonia, and how Nebuchadnezzar went mad and ate grass. They call him Nebuchadrezzar, which gives their work an intellectual appearance. There is a little love-story mixed up in it, about a Jewish girl and Arioch, the captain of the King's guard, and a good deal about the Queen, Amytis, who loved both Daniel and Arioch, and persecuted the Jewish girl, and fell over the balusters of the hanging gardens. The passages we dislike least are where it was so hot that "birds sank in their stifling flight, and fell broiling on the bricks," and where Daniel, riding across the desert, "made tremendous time, to which he gave no check until the outlines of the caravan to Damascus met his fixed and sunken eye. Then the saint halted mightily, drew his horse upon the haunches with a soldier's muscle [it must have looked very odd], and fell into a slow and thoughtful pace."

SOME GEOLOGICAL BOOKS.*

THIS essay, which has been revised and somewhat amplified by the author since it obtained the Sedgwick prize, gives a very complete account of the volcanic rocks of Bala age in Caernarvonshire, together with some other igneous rocks, which may be reasonably considered along with them, although the date of their extrusion cannot be precisely determined. The microscopic structures and the larger characteristics of these rocks are carefully and accurately described, and a considerable number of chemical analyses, several of them hitherto unpublished, are given. Some theoretical questions, also, are discussed in passing, the author exhibiting a leaning towards the most modern views. A wider experience may perhaps teach him that what is new is not always true; but, whether his opinions as to these questions be right or wrong, his book, which is mainly occupied by matters of fact, is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the British igneous rocks.

The next work is founded upon *The Geology of the London Basin*, published by the Geological Survey in 1874. That work, however, has been so much augmented and modified, so nearly rewritten, that the present one may fairly be called a new book. It incorporates, as a matter of course, the results of the labours of several members of the Survey, as well as of other geologists, but the burden of arranging the material, and to a large extent of writing the memoir, has fallen upon one of them—Mr. W. Whitaker—who, as might be expected, has admirably executed his task. The first volume contains a very full and clear account of the geology of the neighbourhood of London, from the oldest rocks discovered in deep borings to the newest superficial deposits, together with chapters on the physiography of the district, its economic geology, and the petrography of its rocks. The second volume contains the records of a large number of sections obtained in well-sinkings, borings, and excavations of various kinds, amounting on a rough estimate to about a thousand. Thus the work will be invaluable for reference, and essential to every student of the geology of England. As an additional recommendation, it may be mentioned that the custom of issuing the memoirs of the Geological Survey at a price so high as to be almost prohibitive has been abandoned, and that of the present work is very moderate.

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* *The Bala Volcanic Series of Caernarvonshire and associated Rocks.* Being the Sedgwick Prize Essay for 1888. By Alfred Harker, M.A. F.G.S. Cambridge: University Press.

The Geology of London and of part of the Thames Valley. By W. Whitaker, B.A., F.R.S. (Memoirs of the Geological Survey.) Vol. I. Descriptive Geology. Vol. II. Appendices. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

A Manual of Palæontology for the Use of Students; with a General Introduction on the Principles of Palæontology. By Professor H. A. Nicholson and R. Lydekker. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

Palæontographical Society. Vol. XLIII. Issued for 1889. London: printed for the Society. 1890.

Although the next book, as stated on the title-page, is a third edition of Professor Nicholson's well-known manual, so much of it has been rewritten and such large additions have been made that this may fairly be called a new work. It now consists of two large volumes containing more than sixteen hundred pages, with very many illustrations. The volume devoted to the invertebrata is from the pen of the original author; that containing the vertebrata is the work of Mr. Lydekker. In the former much attention is paid to the microscopic structure of fossils, and numerous figures are given which will be very helpful to the student. The articles relating to the Protozoa generally, the Sponges, the Graptolites and other Hydrozoa, the Actinozoa, and the Crinoids contain much new and valuable information, which is now for the first time placed within reach of those to whom English text-books only are available. The volume occupied by the vertebrata also contains a large amount of new material, but it would have been well if, in accordance with the plan of the other volume, figures of the microscopic structures of bones, &c. had been given. The amphibia, reptilia, and mammalia are well described, and the birds, which in Britain do not occur before the Cretaceous era, receive due notice; but the chapter on Fishes meets with some criticism at the hands of specialists. It is, however, inevitable that in a subject so extensive as palæontology has now become, even two authors cannot handle every part with equal facility. An attempt at an ideal perfection would require the book to be written on the plan of an encyclopædia, and then, if it gained in some respects, it would lose in others. In this work, at any rate, the blemishes are slight compared with the general excellencies.

The last volume includes parts of four memoirs. The first, on the Cretaceous Entomostraca, by Professor Rupert Jones and Dr. G. S. Hinde, is a continuation of the monograph contributed to this series by the former author in 1849. It is illustrated by four plates containing a considerable number of new species. Though this group of organisms has little interest for the majority of students, and does not seem likely to aid materially in determining any important geological questions, there is a great advantage in having it thoroughly investigated by men who are among the first living authorities on the subject. In the second part Mr. W. H. Hudleston continues his monograph on the British Jurassic Gasteropoda; and in the third Mr. S. S. Buckman describes some more ammonites from the Inferior Oolites. Both these contributions will be welcomed by a larger circle of students. The volume concludes with the second part of Mr. G. F. Whidborne's monograph of the Devonian fauna of the South of England, which is wholly occupied by a description of Cephalopoda. Throughout, the plates, printing, and material maintain the high level reached by previous volumes of this work, the value of which will be little affected by lapse of time, because, however opinions as to theoretic questions may be altered by the progress of knowledge, an accurate figure and description of a fossil renders a fact in natural history accessible to all. This serial publication deserves from geologists a support yet more general than it receives, though we are glad to see that the number of subscribers is increasing.

THE BIRDS OF ESSEX.*

THE British ornithologists are showing great activity, and, if the result of their labours survives, as it very well may do, many of the beautiful creatures of which they write, their books may one day come to possess extreme value as a record. It was estimated, some years ago, that one species, on an average, becomes extinct in the world every year. This is a terrible thought, and extinction is, one hopes, an extreme word in many instances; but, whether the estimate is literally correct or not, a great many varieties, especially of British birds, are becoming so rare that each contribution to their exact history is of value. Almost every county nowadays has its local bird-chronicle, and it seems remarkable that a county ornithologically so rich as Essex should have remained a field unattempted until Mr. Christy took it up. He has, he tells us, been collecting materials for more than fifteen years, and his book is full of information excellently put together.

Mr. Christy has prefixed to his volume a chapter of biographical notes, alphabetically arranged, on the principal Essex ornithologists. These are of considerable interest; but they include the lives of men who scarcely touched the study of birds. Edward Doubleday was a very distinguished entomologist; but we believe he published nothing directly ornithological. The same might be said of Dr. Allan MacLean, whose claim to a place in *The Birds of Essex* seems to be that he used to net blackbirds with adroitness. The real ornithologists of Essex have been Henry Doubleday, J. D. Hoy, and, among living men of science, the veteran Mr. Joseph Clarke, about each of whom Mr. Christy gives interesting particulars. He also produces useful lists of the chief bird collections in the county—the Saffron Walden Museum collection being by far the finest—and special chapters on Hawks and Hawking in Essex, and on Wild-fowl Decoys and Wild-fowling, with good illustrations.

The author's catalogue of Essex birds comprises no newer than 272 species, a number which is larger than that of all but two or three counties. Among these are included five which were first met with, as British birds, in Essex. The claim of the pheasant to figure on the list of five species rests on a tract on the ecclesiastical households of Bishop's Waltham, edited in 1861 by the present Bishop of Oxford, from a MS. of 1177, but referring to a bill of fare drawn up in 1059. In this is mention made of "unus phasianus," which is supposed to be one of an ancient brood surviving from the Roman possession. It is, however, rather rash of Mr. Christy to give as a reason for believing that the Romans introduced the pheasant that Harold allowed his canons of Waltham to taste one so late as 1059. The record of the Alpine Accentor is more exact and more conclusive. The first British example of this sombre-plumaged little warbler was shot in a garden on the borders of Epping Forest in 1817. The blue-headed Yellow Wagtail (*Motacilla flava*) was first shot in this country by Henry Doubleday, on the 3rd of October, 1834, when walking with two friends on the top of the cliffs at Walton-on-the-Naze. Mr. Christy considers that there is little doubt that *flava* occurs in this country very much oftener than is generally supposed, but that it is habitually mistaken for the common *raii*, from which it can scarcely be distinguished without careful examination. It is difficult to be sure whether a certain specimen of the Adriatic Gull, *Larus melanocephalus*, was or was not shot in Barking Creek in 1866; and the authority for including Scopoli's Sooty Tern, *Sterna anæstheta*, among Essex, or even among British, birds is merely that in September 1875 a specimen was found on a lightship "somewheres about the Nore," as the sailor said to the little boy.

In the Appendix to this volume an account is given of the interesting attempt made by Mr. John Bateman, of Brightlingsea, to introduce a new game bird into Essex. This is the South American *Perdiz grande*, the Rufous Timaru, or *Rhynchotus rufescens* of science. The Timaru is an odd-looking bird, destitute of tail, with very sober plumage neatly packed away over its plump frame, without a crest or projecting feather to break the rotund outline. This bird comes from the tablelands of Bolivia, where it swarms under the long grass. Mr. Bateman imported half a dozen in 1883, and turned out his first brood on to the marshes, putting up a printed notice requesting sportsmen to spare them. They flourished at first, but the foxes unfortunately discovered that Timaru was remarkably nice, and they are gradually exterminating the birds. The nest is merely "a few grass straws in a standing crop of barley."

* *The Birds of Essex: a Contribution to the Natural History of the County.* By Miller Christy, F.L.S. Chelmsford: Durant & Co.

A DICTIONARY OF APPLIED CHEMISTRY.*

WHEN a new edition of Watts' *Dictionary of Chemistry* was required, the publishers decided to limit it to four volumes, and to issue in three volumes a separate Dictionary of Technical Chemistry. Of the former work two volumes have already appeared under the editorship of Professor Forster Morley and Mr. Pattison Muir, of Cambridge. These volumes we have already noticed with the commendation they deserve, and there can be no doubt that an excellent reference dictionary of pure chemistry will shortly be in the hands of English readers. The work involves most arduous labour, but the task assigned to Professor Thorpe was scarcely inferior in magnitude. In the present day the art of the manufacturer follows so quickly on the science of the discoverer, that technology is often completely blended with pure science. It was evidently necessary that Professor Thorpe's book should be as far as possible complete in itself, and he therefore wisely decided to make no effort to prevent the two books from overlapping in many places. But the second Dictionary is, as it professes to be, mainly the history of modern applied chemistry, and, although mistakes have been made in the selection of material and some articles included which could well have been left to works on pure science, the Dictionary, if completed on the present lines, will be an important aid to British industry. The mistakes of this kind are few in number, and we have no desire to chronicle them; but the excellent article on Analysis, by Mr. Bothamley, affords a signal illustration. More than fifty of the closely-printed double-column pages are devoted to this subject, and much of the matter consists of lucid descriptions of the special analytical methods incident to applied chemistry. But the article includes also a detailed account of elementary qualitative and quantitative analysis; the use of the blowpipe, the detection of metals and acids, and other parts of the alphabet of the science, which are supplied in every elementary treatise on chemical analysis. It was a mistake to squander the space of a work like this in detail familiar to the youngest student.

The editor has been assisted by a staff of no less than thirty contributors, each of whom is eminent in one or more departments of applied chemistry. Their articles are indicated by initials, and we are thus able to appreciate the great mass of work supplied personally by the editor. Professor Thorpe seems to have written nearly all the short articles, and several of the longer ones, including Carbon, Aluminium, Acetic Acid, and Arsenic, the last of which is remarkably good. Most of the long articles are, however, supplied by well-known specialists, and are almost invariably valuable. It is impossible to describe them in

* *A Dictionary of Applied Chemistry.* By T. E. Thorpe, B.Sc. (Vict.), Ph.D., F.R.S., Treas. C.S., Professor of Chemistry in the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines, South Kensington. Assisted by Eminent Contributors. Vol. I. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

detail; but we will select a few, not because they are the best, but because they are typical.

The article on Brewing, by Mr. John Heron, affords a good example of the advantages rendered by science, even in well-known and apparently simple manufactures. The first staple of the brewer is water, and one chief reason why the brewing industry flourishes in certain districts and not in others is the composition of the waters in those localities. Mr. Heron divides natural waters into seven classes, and shows by analytical tables that waters of the saline class, and particularly those containing much calcium sulphate, are the best for brewing. In places where the water is unsuitable its composition may be changed by the judicious addition of the missing salts. There is a good and detailed account of malt, and a discussion of the chemical points connected with brewing which will give new information to many an experienced brewer. "Cellulose" was wisely assigned to Mr. C. F. Cross, who, with his colleague Mr. Bevan, has revolutionized our knowledge of this, the most important of vegetable compounds. Cellulose is the name given by chemists to the vegetable fibre, practically identical in all plants, to which their form and to a great extent their mass is due. Cotton wool is a naturally pure and linen an artificially purified form of cellulose. Mr. Cross has not in this article described guncotton and the other nitrates of cellulose, but he has given an interesting account of the "Willesden" manufacture. This manufacture depends on the curious fact that cellulose is dissolved, apparently without chemical change, by a solution of cupric hydrate in ammonia. Sheets of paper, ropes and nets, when immersed in this solution become coated with a very permanent and waterproof layer, which protects the fibre and gives it great additional strength. By a similar process sheets of paper may be welded together into a fabric of great durability suitable for roofing and for many other purposes. The action of acids and alkalies on cellulose is also sufficiently described. In an article on Cyanides, Professor Dittmar, of Glasgow, gives a long and useful account of the technology of yellow prussiate of potash, discussing in some detail the many proposed improvements which have from time to time been subjected to trial. This industry is a remarkable example of the utilization of waste material, for the staple consists of cuttings of horn, woollen rags, dried blood, refuse feathers, and old boots and shoes. Prussiate of potash is used on a very large scale in the manufacture of Prussian blue.

Dr. Lunge, of Zürich, contributes three long articles on subjects with which he is specially conversant—namely, Ammonia, Bromine, and Chlorine. The value of ammonia as manure, as well as for many industrial purposes, is so great that many attempts have been made to prepare it on a commercial scale from the elements of air and water. It does not appear that these attempts have as yet been successful, although some of them at least are based on sound principles. The main source of ammonia is still the liquor of the gas works, and Dr. Lunge gives many details as to the treatment of this liquor, and the manufacture from it of salts of ammonia. The article on Chlorine is longer, and contains much valuable matter in relation not only to the ordinary methods for the preparation of chlorine, but to the new systems which are receiving the anxious attention of manufacturers at the present time. The anxiety is natural, for, by a curious conjunction of circumstances, the economical production of chlorine is intimately connected with the most important of chemical industries, the alkali manufacture. In many great centres of industry, notably in the districts around Newcastle, St. Helen's, and Glasgow, colossal works have been erected and an almost fabulous amount of capital invested for the conversion of common salt into alkali by the method of Leblanc, that unfortunate French inventor who, after paving the way for the acquisition by others of wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," died in an asylum for paupers. In this manufacture hydrochloric acid is a by-product, and this is utilized and yields an important profit in the form of bleaching powder. Recently a new process for the manufacture of alkali has been devised in which hydrochloric acid is not produced, but which is undoubtedly more economical as regards the production of soda. Those makers whose capital is invested in the Leblanc plant find it hard to compete with the ammonia-soda process, and their chief compensation is at present derived from the chlorine which they can, and their new rivals cannot, prepare economically. Even this advantage may not long remain to them, for a method of preparing chlorine from chloride of magnesium has been devised which promises well. If it prove successful, the main benefit will, however, probably accrue not to the English or French alkali-makers, but to the owners of the gigantic salt-works at Stassfurt, where chloride of magnesium is produced as a waste product in unlimited quantity.

The chemistry of colours, including, of course, the almost infinite series of coal-tar derivatives, is very fully treated in this volume. Among the most important contributors in this department we note the names of Professor Hummel, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, who has earned the gratitude of all chemists by presenting a most elaborate and useful table for the detection of colours on dyed fabrics, and has also written the articles on Bleaching and Dyeing—the latter rather too short to be of much value—and of Professor Meldola, of the City and Guilds Institute, whose article on the Azo-Colouring Matters is a treatise in itself. Professor W. H. Perkin, jun., and Dr. Otto Witt have also rendered valuable aid. In other branches of organic chemistry help has been afforded by Dr. Bell, of Somerset House (Butter), Mr. Friswell (Aniline, Benzene, &c.), Professor Japp, of the Normal School of Science, South Kensington (an excellent account of benzoic acid and many other articles), Professor Robinson, of Canton (Albuminoids), Dr. Senier (many pharmaceutical articles), Mr. Cornelius O'Sullivan, of Burton-on-Trent (Carbohydrates and several other articles, in which the author's special knowledge is displayed), Mr. Stoker, of Somerset House (Alcohol and Alcoholometry), Mr. Warington (a valuable account of Cereals and the article on Citric Acid), and Mr. Wynne (Aurine).

Space forbids us to mention many most useful articles, but we cannot conclude without offering warm congratulations to Professor Thorpe on the success which is attending his great undertaking.

THE BARBARY CORSAIRS.*

MOST people will experience something of surprise at finding the Barbary Corsairs included in the "Story of the Nations" series. Few probably realize that these North African States possess a continuous history extending over more than three centuries, and involving a record of shame and disgrace to European civilization; fewer still recollect that, even during the early years of the century now near its end, the naval powers of Europe condescended to pay blackmail for the protection of their commerce, while the wife of George IV. was for some hours a hostage at the mercy of the Bey of Tunis. Yet Mr. Lane-Poole gives an extensive list of authorities who have written on the subject, not only in English, but also in French, German, Italian, and Spanish; while the story has, in England, been brought down to our day by Consul-General Playfair's *Scourge of Christendom*, and in France has been exhaustively treated from a professional point of view in Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's admirably illustrated series of works on the *Derniers Jours de la Marine à Rames*. Mr. Lane-Poole's present volume is in some sense the natural sequel of his previous treatises on *The Moors in Spain* and on *Turkey*, both published in the above-mentioned series; its popular style, as well as the romantic nature of the exploits recounted in it, will attract attention to a discreditable page in history of which it is well that we should not lose sight.

Mr. Lane-Poole works out very well the leading idea of his introductory chapter—that the raids of the corsairs were the revenge of the Moors for their expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella from the land which had been their home for seven hundred years. Driven from Spain, they established themselves along the opposite coast of the Mediterranean, the shoals and inlets of which lent themselves admirably to the exigencies of their light-draught cruisers. Unable to cope with the forces of Spain on land, the refugee Moriscos established themselves first as the allies, soon as the masters, of their milder Berber co-religionists, who were powerless, and probably little anxious, to enforce order with the strong hand. On the shores of Andalusia there were still many friends and countrymen of the exiles, who gave them timely warning of danger and information as to the weak points of the detested Spaniard. The riches acquired by the freebooters in the western basin of the Mediterranean soon attracted other adventurous spirits from more distant shores, and the state of affairs in the Levant developed the profession of piracy to an extent which it has never since attained. The original corsairs were private and independent adventurers, each owning but a single small vessel; a race of corsair admirals was now to arise who swept the Mediterranean with their fleets, and defied the power of Charles V. and of the republics of Genoa and Venice, their alliance being even at times courted by one or other of the Christian Powers. Up to this time, though piracy had existed in all parts of the Mediterranean, Christians preying on each other as well as on the Moslems, their doings were essentially private and unsupported by their respective States. The fall of Constantinople was soon succeeded by the rise of Turkish naval power in the Levant, and some of the Eastern buccaneers, finding themselves hampered by the predominance of the Sultan's fleet, sought a less interrupted field for their depredations. Attracted by news of the riches of the New World pouring in through the Pillars of Hercules, and by the tales of the successes of the Moorish corsairs, the galleots of the Levant soon crowded towards Barbary. The most celebrated of these Turkish corsairs were two brothers successively known to Europe under their nickname of Barbarossa. The elder, Uruj, secured a base of operations at Tunis in 1504 by agreeing to share any booty with the Sultan of that place. He quickly commenced operations by boldly attacking two Papal galleys, each twice the size of his galleot, and brought them as prizes into Tunis; their crews supplied him with rowers; he started the system, which thenceforth prevailed down to the present century, of keeping his own men for fighting, and forcing his prisoners to work the oars. In five years he had a fleet of his own, and established himself first on the island of Jerba, and subsequently at Jijil, the inhabitants of which elected him as their king. He next, on the invitation of the Algerines, who were blockaded by the Spaniards, occupied Algiers, and, having driven away the Spaniards by sheer hard fighting, made himself Sultan of the whole of Middle Barbary. This aroused the Emperor

* *The Barbary Corsairs.* By Stanley Lane-Poole. With Additions by Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley, U.S.N. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Charles V., who despatched ten thousand veterans to make an end of the bold corsair. They came up with Uruj when returning from a raid with only 1,500 men, and he was killed fighting bravely against overwhelming odds. The Spaniards did not pursue their victory, but retired from Algiers, and the mantle of Uruj fell on the shoulders of his younger brother, Kheyr-ed-dīn, who with equal courage possessed more statesmanlike intelligence. He sent an ambassador to Constantinople to lay the province of Algiers at the Sultan's feet, and was appointed Beglerbeg, or Governor-General; he lost no time in driving the Spaniards out of their remaining strongholds in Algeria, and his lieutenants scoured the sea in search of Christian quarry. The quarrels of the Genoese and Venetians had long been paving the way for the ascendency of the Turkish navy in the Levant; the Ottoman galleys swept the Adriatic and ruined the Oriental trade of Venice. In Rhodes alone Christendom long had an outpost in the East, which the Knights of St. John held until 1522; in that year, after an heroic defence, they were driven out by Suleymān the Great, but permitted by him to retire unmolested. After some years they were allowed by Charles V. to settle at Malta, an admirable position for harassing the operations of the corsairs. In the Western Mediterranean affairs had assumed the position of a personal duel between Kheyr-ed-dīn and the great Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, who, able to effect little against the Barbary corsairs, had yet always succeeded in mastering the Turks. Suleymān, anxious to learn the secret of Barbarossa's success, summoned him to Constantinople; the Algerine Governor-General spent the winter of 1553 there in re-organizing the Ottoman navy, and was appointed High Admiral of Turkey. At the head of the Turkish fleet he next year took possession of Tunis, which, however, did not long remain in his hands, for Charles V. himself besieged and sacked it, though the Emperor's triumph was dimmed by the news that Kheyr-ed-dīn had meanwhile made a successful raid on Minorca. In 1537 the corsair admiral laid waste the Apulian coast, and devastated the isles of Greece, repeating these operations in the following year in the face of a superior fleet of the Emperor, Venice, and the Pope, commanded by his rival, Doria, who, however, declined battle. Francis I., who had made an alliance with Turkey against the Emperor, invited Barbarossa to Toulon; the infidel fleet wintered there, but Francis, ashamed of the alliance, was glad to rid himself of the old sea rover by loading his galleys with spoil. Barbarossa, after harrying the Italian coasts on the way, returned to Constantinople, and died there in 1546. Meanwhile, Charles V., incensed at finding his great empire harassed by such puny foes, determined to make an end of piracy by crushing its metropolis. Late in October 1541 he landed at Algiers at the head of all the chivalry of Spain, thinking to take it at a blow; but the season was too far advanced, a hurricane destroyed half his fleet and dispirited his troops, and he was forced to beat a shameful retreat, leaving the pirates more defiant than ever. Barbarossa's lieutenant, Dragut, kept up the terror of the corsair name. The Knights of St. John seemed to be the only power that dared to withstand the Moslem arms; they had fortified the rock of Malta in constant expectation of Suleymān's revenge. At length the day of reckoning came. Thirty thousand men, the pick of the Ottoman army, landed there in 1565 and invested the place, which was defended by seven hundred Knights and nine thousand mercenaries. The fort of St. Emol was taken by assault and every man of the small garrison slain, but its capture had cost the Turks eight thousand men as well as the great corsair Dragut. The main fort resisted their utmost efforts through the heroic defence of the aged Grand Master La Valette and his Knights, who held out for three months, till the place was relieved by the Spaniards. The Turks had been beaten on land, but still retained the command of the sea; they recaptured Tunis, and conquered Cyprus from the Venetians. Christendom was at length aroused, and the energy of Pius V. united the allied fleets in the Adriatic in 1571, and entrusted the sole command of it to Don John of Austria. He gave battle to the Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto, and inflicted on them a crushing defeat, which annihilated the naval supremacy of the Ottomans. Their prestige was gone, the age of the great corsairs was over; thenceforth there might be petty raids of a Bey of Tunis or a Dey of Algiers, but there was no great adventure such as Barbarossa or Dragut had led.

More is the shame that the Powers of Europe submitted for upwards of two centuries to carry on their commerce at the mercy of these insignificant rovers, and to see their sons sold into slavery to man the corsairs' galleys. The cruelties of a galley-slave's existence were appalling; and many of them, be it remembered, were men of gentle birth. Mr. Lane-Poole quotes from Admiral Jurien de la Gravière the following description, given by one who had himself toiled at the oar:—

> Think of six men, chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front, holding an immensely heavy oar [fifteen feet long], bending forward to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bend likewise; and then, having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on to the groaning bench. A galley-oar sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve, or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain, or other sailor, in such a stress, puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting, and then the captain shouts the order to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his oar (which often chances), he is flogged till he is taken for dead, and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea.

This description applied no less to the Christian than to the Moslem galleys, until in the seventeenth century oars were gradually superseded by sails. The rivalries of the Christian Powers led to their abasement before the insolent savages, whom their selfish policy fed with bribes to spare their own commerce and attack that of their neighbours. The custom of giving presents lasted into the present century. Even the English Government would not support its own Consuls, who were frequently thrown into prison, and subjected to the vilest indignities by these petty tyrants. Barbary teemed with Christian captives, a few of whom were sometimes ransomed or escaped, but fresh captures more than made up the tale. To the United States belongs the credit of being the first to refuse the tribute demanded by the Barbary Powers. The Pasha of Tripoli chopped down the flag-staff of the American Consulate, but Commodore Preble, with a small United States squadron, forced him to sign a treaty freeing American ships from his rovers. This shamed the English Government, which at length despatched Lord Exmouth to obtain similar terms for British dependencies. He gained his point without a resort to arms at Tripoli and Tunis, but his demands were indignantly rejected at Algiers, and not until he had bombarded the city did the Dey give in. The insults were, however, repeated as soon as he had gone; so inveterate and ingrained had become the habit of exacting blackmail, owing to centuries of cringing subservience on the part of Europe, that nothing but the downright conquest of Algeria by the French finally put an end to the practice.

ARABELLA STUART.*

Of the many who have suffered for the crime of having been born too near a throne, the Lady Arabella Stuart has surely the most romantic story and the strongest claim on our pity. As is fitting, she has found sympathetic biographers among her own sex; her life was briefly told by that graceful and prolific author, Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, it has more lately been made the subject of a conscientious memoir by Miss Cooper, who for the first time published a collection of her letters, and we now have a more complete Life, together with a far larger number of letters and other documents, from Miss E. T. Bradley, a daughter of the Dean of Westminster. While Miss Bradley is, as she acknowledges, much indebted to Miss Cooper's work, she has been able to make a decided advance upon it; she has drawn her narrative wholly from original sources, both in print and manuscript, even copying for herself from manuscripts which had already been copied by others, and has had access to materials unknown to former biographers. Her care to avail herself of everything which bears upon her subject, including some matters contained in Mr. Inderwick's recently published *Sidelights on the Stuarts*, is much to be commended, and so too are the fulness and precision of her references.

As the granddaughter of Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lenox, Arabella represented, after James of Scotland, the line of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII. Her parents, Charles, Earl of Lenox, the brother of Darnley, and Elizabeth Cavendish, married without Queen Elizabeth's consent, and the Queen's wrath, which was always roused by such an offence, was, it is suggested, specially provoked by the belief that a reconciliation was on foot between the young bridegroom's mother and her daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots. Arabella was the only child of the marriage; for her father died soon after her birth, and, as the Regent of Scotland refused to acknowledge her as heir to the earldom of Lenox, and the English estates of Matthew Stuart had been seized by the Crown, she and her mother were left in poor circumstances. Elizabeth granted the widowed Countess a pension of 400*l.* a year, with 200*l.* more for the maintenance of her child. When she was six years old Arabella lost her mother, and went to live with her maternal grandmother, the much-married "Bess of Hardwick," then the wife of her fourth and last husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury. The hard old Countess seems to have done her best for the poor child during her early years, and, according to Mary Queen of Scots, cherished the "vain hope of setting the crown of England on her head." Many marriages were proposed for her; Leicester hoped to obtain her hand for his infant son; Elizabeth, who treated her with neglect, had a plan for marrying her to James of Scotland; while the Roman Catholics hoped that she would marry Alexander Farnese, and would succeed to the throne. It is said that Papal emissaries were on the look-out to carry her off to the Continent, and a report was spread that she had become a Catholic. So far, however, from this being the case, she grew up with a strong leaning towards Puritanism. Nor does she seem ever to have concerned herself about her possible chance of succeeding to the throne, and never entered into or encouraged any plots. Her disposition was amiable and affectionate, and her kindness to the poor was commemorated after her death in a popular ballad. When she was in health and good spirits she seems to have been bright and lively, and some of her letters are pleasant reading. She was a learned and studious young lady, and liked books

* *Life of the Lady Arabella Stuart.* In Two Parts. Containing a Biographical Memoir, and a Collection of her Letters, with Notes and Documents from Original Sources relating to her History. By E. T. Bradley. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

better than any kind of gaiety. As soon, however, as she became her own mistress she showed that she was inordinately fond of dress, and was extravagant in her expenditure. Miss Bradley allows that she was self-willed and obstinate, and her obstinacy was combined with a tendency to hysteria, which was so strong that, at two periods of her life, when she was in great distress, her mind more or less gave way. The first of these periods began in 1602. She was then twenty-seven, and was anxious to escape the control of her grandmother; for, according to her own statement, she was "hardly used in despiteful and disgraceful words, being bold, and her most plagued withal, which she could not endure," and was, it is said, often seen to burst into tears, "being at her book." In order to get away from the old Countess, she sent a message to the Earl of Hertford, expressing her willingness to marry one of his grandsons, either William Seymour, then a mere lad, whom she afterwards married, or his elder brother. The scheme was of special importance, for Elizabeth's health was failing, and the Seymours were descended from the younger daughter of Henry VII. There is, however, no reason to believe that she had a political motive for her proposal; the marriage had been talked about before, and she turned to the idea as a means of release from a life which she had begun, rightly or wrongly, to feel insupportable. When she was questioned about her attempt by a Commissioner sent by the Council, she wrote long and incoherent letters—one of them takes up twenty-two pages of print—in which she made constant references to an unnamed, and apparently non-existing, lover, and, when urged to say who he was, would only reply "the King of Scots." We cannot agree with Miss Bradley's idea that she deliberately invented this "mysterious lover," in order to "create a scandal, and so escape from her grandmother's keeping." It seems clear that she was in a thoroughly morbid state of mind, and probably of body also, and was virtually out of her wits. The special turn which her disordered imagination apparently took is by no means extraordinary; for—to name one reason only—many more proposals for her marriage than we have noted had been set afoot, and she must have had the subject constantly before her. The fact that a rather unintelligible scandal had lately been set afloat about her and a chaplain named Starkey, who hanged himself, may perhaps—though she was perfectly innocent in the affair—have some bearing on her mental condition. Starkey had J. A. S. engraved on a Bible which she gave him, and scandalmongers said that the letters stood for John and Arabella Stuart or Starkey. We are told here that J.A. were "the initials of Starkey's two first names"; but do not find what A. stood for, and it does not appear to have struck Miss Bradley as strange that he should have had "two first names." From the copy of Starkey's confession, which is printed here, we are inclined, in default of evidence to the contrary, to believe that Starkey ordered the letters Jo. to be engraved on the book and that the engraver made a mistake. At any rate, we may accept the poor man's solemn declaration; "God is my witness I intended nothing but my name." Lady Shrewsbury's conduct towards Arabella is severely condemned, and there can be no doubt that she was not the right sort of person to be entrusted with the bringing up of an orphaned girl or with the management of an hysterical young lady. At the same time it must be allowed that her patience—on all occasions of the shortest—was severely tried by her granddaughter.

Arabella's health and spirits returned when, at Cecil's instigation, James allowed her to come to Court and granted her a pension. She received many marks of royal favour, and when the Spanish plot—a matter which should have been treated here at greater length—was discovered, her innocence was at once admitted. The ways of the Court did not suit her; she wearied of the perpetual hunting, and despised its other less seemly sports. In one of her letters, which is, no doubt, familiar to many of her readers, she describes how, when the Court was at Winchester during the trial of Raleigh, she was obliged to take part "in certain child-plays remembered by the fair ladies, viz. 'I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park;' 'Rise pig, and go;' 'One penny, follow me, &c.'" Such romps as these disgusted Arabella, who was accustomed to set apart certain hours "every day for lecture, reading, and hearing services and preaching." Yet this quietly disposed young lady was always in debt; she constantly clamoured to the King for fresh grants of money and monopolies, and spent extravagant sums on dresses and jewels. Her love of finery remained with her to the end, and even when a prisoner in the Tower she ordered four gowns to be made for her, of which one was to cost 1,500*l.* At the age of thirty-five she secretly married William Seymour, who was twelve years younger than herself. Miss Bradley has given an interesting account of the persecution which this marriage brought upon her. There can be no doubt that, if she had borne a child by Seymour, it would have been used by James's enemies as a means of annoying him; for it would have inherited the claim of the house of Suffolk, together with the claim which had been advanced in 1602 on behalf of Arabella. It had been asserted that, as Arabella was born in England, she had a better right to represent the line of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII., than the Scottish King, while the claim of the Suffolk line rested on the devise of the Crown made by Henry VIII. in pursuance of an Act of Parliament. It is true that, at the time of the marriage, the country would have resisted any attempt against the King; and it is certain that Arabella had no political intention in marrying Seymour. But James was timid; and, when his fears were aroused, he never gave any weight to considerations of justice or mercy. When he told Arabella that she was at liberty to marry any of his subjects, he had not thought of the possibility of her choosing Seymour; and he determined to treat her and her husband as Elizabeth had treated Seymour's grandparents, Katharine Grey and the Earl of Hertford. Finding that they managed, while in confinement, to hold some intercourse with each other, he ordered that Arabella should be carried off to Durham. When the attempt was made to take her away, her health broke down; she became violently hysterical, and it is evident that actual force was used to compel her to enter her litter. It was a miserable and shameful business, and it ended ineffectually; for she became so ill that it was impossible to carry her further than East Barnet. The story of her escape is well told; she was captured because she insisted on delaying the ship which was to take her to Calais in the hope of being joined by her husband. Miss Bradley is anxious to make us believe that Arabella did not become permanently insane during her imprisonment in the Tower, and "prefers to believe" that she was merely subject to "temporary alienations." She adds, "For ourselves, we believe"—it is to be wished that so praiseworthy an author had avoided the vulgarism of referring to herself as "we" in a book published with her name on the title-page—"that these fits of so-called madness resembled the hysterical attacks to which she had been subject" in 1603. No doubt this is, in a measure, true. All, however, that we know about Arabella's condition towards the close of her life is that she had "fallen into some indisposition of body and mind," and that it was understood in 1613 that "her brain continued still crack't." We see no reason to disbelieve these statements. In the case of a person of highly hysterical temperament, insanity would surely be the natural result of misery, disappointment, and solitude. Moreover, in Arabella's case it is certain that pre-existent hysteria was aggravated until it ended in a condition which cannot clearly be distinguished from insanity; for her death, which took place in 1615, was pronounced by the doctors to have, partly at least, been caused by her own "negligence and refusal of remedies," and to have been accelerated by "lying in bed." The cruel treatment meted out by James to this innocent and defenceless woman, his own near relative, is one of the worst of the many blots which stain the memory of that unmanly and unkingly king.

THE LIFE OF W. LLOYD GARRISON. VOLS. III. AND IV.*

LIKE their predecessors, these two concluding volumes of Garrison's *Life* are by no means so interesting as they ought to be; the authors have not used their materials discreetly, and have evidently not attempted to select or digest them. They might easily have made Garrison the central figure in a fairly complete narrative of the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States, and, while presenting us with a valuable contribution to American history, need not have neglected anything really worth knowing about him. Unfortunately, they seem to have adopted the idea that the whole duty of a biographer is to set down anything and everything which he knows about his subject; their book is tedious, and contains far too many speeches and protests of much the same import. Yet it has one redeeming feature; no one who reads it attentively can fail to gain a clear idea as to what manner of man Garrison was. We do not mean to imply that his children have written about him in an impartial spirit; that would, perhaps, be more than could fairly be expected of them. Filial piety, however, did not require them to imitate their father's violence to the extent of describing one of his opponents as a "truly Satanic Scotchman." Nevertheless, in spite of their extreme partisanship, it is not difficult to put together a satisfactory picture of Garrison, partly from what they tell us about him, and partly from those of his letters and speeches which they have printed here. As the first two volumes of his *Life* have already been reviewed in these columns (*Saturday Review*, July 31, 1886), we shall in this article confine ourselves to the two now before us.

That Garrison was a man of much natural ability and strength of character is clear from the influence which he exercised on the minds of a vast number of his fellow-countrymen. He created, as John Bright said, "that opinion which has made slavery hateful in America." That he was courageous, honest, and unselfish is, we think, equally beyond question. As regards his courage, we are inclined to lay more stress on his cheerful perseverance in his work in the midst of difficulties and anxieties of all kinds than on his behaviour at special moments; for the utmost violence which he had to meet during the years under our consideration was not more than sometimes falls to the lot of a candidate for Parliamentary election; a fist was shaken in his face, or his shirt-front was spoilt by a rotten egg. He was firmly convinced of the importance of his own opinions. Whatever seemed to him to be right was right, and any one who acted otherwise thereby proved himself, as he said of Henry Clay, "ready to have body and soul cast into hell." When slavery was completely abolished in the United States, he gave a decisive

* *William Lloyd Garrison*, 1805–1879: *the Story of his Life told by his Children.* Vols. III. and IV. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: The Century Company.

proof that he had worked solely for the good of others by declaring, in opposition to the majority of his friends, that the Anti-Slavery Society ought to be dissolved, and by discontinuing the publication of the *Liberator*. At the same time he was decidedly vain. According to his own account, his remarks at a meeting in Exeter Hall "frequently stung to the quick, and the snakes hissed and twisted as though they felt that the hour of doom had come." We should like to have the version of the snakes, the members of the Evangelical Alliance. His self-conceit and ignorance led him to protest against the belief in a visible Church, and the institution of a Christian Ministry, and, finally, to reject the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Of course, he was not content to keep his opinions to himself; and not only took every opportunity of expressing them in public, but allowed his friends to write about religious matters in the *Liberator* in such offensive terms as to call forth a well-deserved rebuke from Mrs. Beecher Stowe. He was the moving spirit in Anti-Sabbath and Bible Conventions, in Women's Rights Meetings, and many other assemblies which had nothing to do with slavery. Every fad found in him a ready advocate, and he was quite in his element when discoursing on the equality of the sexes before an audience composed of his female adherents, some of whom wore Bloomer costume. He was much taken with total abstinence, "phonography and phonotypy," spiritualism, and many other follies, and was a large consumer of quack medicines. During his last visit to England he meddled, with his customary officiousness and dogmatism, in the mischievous and unsavoury agitation connected with the name of Mrs. Josephine Butler, who appears in these volumes, and was especially insistent that the subject of the agitation ought to be discussed in mixed companies of men and women. As his head was full of so many fads, it is not surprising to find one of his friends complaining that he neglected his work as editor of the *Liberator*, and was wanting in "industry, application, and method." The paper, however, was not run to pay, but for purposes of propagandism, and the Abolitionists made up deficiencies in its balance-sheets. As a speaker he seems to have had a fairly ready wit and a considerable flow of words; he was familiar, unctuous, utterly without taste, and, according to our ideas, frequently profane. In a chapter headed "The Rynders Mob" a great deal is made of an interruption which took place during one of his anti-slavery meetings at New York. Our sympathies are certainly not with Garrison, who, besides provoking a row by jeering at the religious opinions of the President of the United States, was guilty of senseless profanity. It never seems to have occurred to him that a speaker who wilfully shocks the feelings of his audience has only himself to thank if he provokes a disturbance. He took two or three men of colour with him on his lecturing tours, and made one of them, called Douglass, his fellow-lecturer. Douglass was a runaway slave, whose freedom had been purchased by English Abolitionists, and Garrison exclaims against the "brutality" of the whites, who refused to let a "nigger" lecture to them or to sit down at table with him. This tour was in 1847, when it was regarded, at least in some Northern towns, as an "act of unparalleled audacity" for a coloured man to address a meeting of whites. With Garrison the notion of the equality of races was so sacred an article of faith—he never troubled himself about reason—that he was roused to fury in 1879 by Blaine's Bill for restricting Chinese immigration, and declared that it exhibited a "local hatred in its climax reaching to the diabolical."

When the attacks which were made on slavery led to a determined demand on the part of Southern politicians for the annexation of Texas, in order to strengthen the slave-holding interest, Garrison advocated the dissolution of the Union. In a long rigmarole, stuffed with quotations from the Bible—for though he was an unbeliever as regards most things in which he ought to have believed, he constantly wrote and spoke like a Methodist preacher—he pronounced the Union "blood-cemented," "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," and pointed out that it might be, and ought to be, set aside. The consent of the Southern States was not necessary; if they refused to abandon slavery, it was the duty of the Northerners to abandon them. When they seceded he was for letting them go at any cost; even if they demanded the capital he would let them have it "without a struggle," for he believed that it was absurd to think "of whipping the South into subjection." Before long, however, he declared, violent "non-resistant" as he had always been, that he rejoiced in the war, because he saw that it meant the redemption of the North "from the power of the rebel traitors." His feelings about the war were not, he pleaded, inconsistent with his former demand for the dissolution of the Union. The old Union was broken up; its restoration "with its pro-slavery compromises" was almost impossible, and he regarded the conflict as between "the civilization of freedom and the barbarism of slavery." Among the incidents in his anti-slavery struggle to which special prominence is given in these volumes are his disputes with Father Mathew and Kossuth. Father Mathew had, while in Ireland, signed a protest against slavery, and when he came to the United States Garrison and his friends presented him with a flattering and fervid address urging him to take part in their agitation. This he flatly refused to do; for he considered that it would injure the cause which he came to plead, and page after page of the *Liberator* was filled with the "great moral lesson of the Apostle's fall." Nor would Kossuth, who landed in America in 1852, be beguiled into injuring the success of his own schemes by meddling in the domestic affairs of a foreign country, and on him, too, Garrison, who certainly had no sympathy with a desire to refrain from meddling, poured out the vials of his wrath. He never made allowance for any one who for any reason did not commit himself to immediate and unconditional abolition. Lincoln's address in 1861 of course displeased him highly, and he pronounced the President "incapable of uttering a humane or generous sentiment respecting the enslaved millions in our land." Before the election of 1864 he had learnt to make a juster estimate of Lincoln's character, and opposed the attempt of his friend Phillips and other violent Abolitionists to secure Fremont's election. He saw the reward of his labours in the complete abolition of slavery in the United States, and was recognized both at home and in England as "the liberator of the slaves." Although he defended Lincoln's refusal to enforce the immediate political enfranchisement of the freed blacks of Louisiana, he had no doubt as to the future of the class to which they belonged. He believed that the freedmen showed signs of industry and thrift, that the abolition of slavery would be followed in the South by the disappearance of what he called "colorphobia," and that "black men would win their way to wealth, distinction, eminence, and official station." His anticipations have not been fulfilled; for, as Mr. Bruce has pointed out in his *Plantation Negro as a Freedman*, the negroes in the South are sinking into a state of primitive barbarism, and their presence in the States is proving itself the most serious difficulty with which the Government has to contend. If the black man is, as Garrison asserted, the equal of the white, his relapse, which every year becomes more decided, into savagery must be reckoned a wilful offence against the civilized society round him. After Garrison had seen the great work of his life brought to a triumphant conclusion, and had been fêted in the United States, in England, and elsewhere, he occupied himself chiefly in writing for newspapers. He always took an honest pride in his skill as a printer, and when over seventy celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship by going to the *Herald* office at Newburyport, where he had learnt his trade, and setting three of his own poems in nonpareil type, which he did without a single error in the first proof. His poems, as far as we can judge of them from the samples given here, seem to have been singularly prosaic; indeed, his biographers observe that his "poetical talent was conditioned by the reformer's needs." His last years were saddened by the death of his wife, who was evidently an admirable woman. He and his children owed much to her; for, while he went about lecturing, she devoted all her energies to providing for his household without getting into debt, to the care of his children and to their education—a matter about which he seems to have been careless. Full particulars are given of Garrison's home-life, of his tastes, character, and habits. The impression which we have gained about him from his children's book is not in all respects that which they intended to convey. To us he seems to have been conceited, narrow-minded, and violent; but, nevertheless, in spite of numerous faults, foibles, and mistakes, a man to be remembered with honour, for he lived and worked for others with remarkable singleness of aim and unfaltering devotion. He entered, as the voluntary champion of wronged and suffering humanity, into a conflict in which for years victory seemed hopeless, and carried it on, standing sometimes almost alone, until he saw the cause which he had in hand crowned with full and lasting success.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE *Authari-Sage* (1) is bravely sung in many metres, through many changing scenes. It is spirited, except when the Lombard Poet-Laureate, one Friedegar, is allowed to delay its action by prolonged twanging of harp-strings and much interpolated libretto. It is musical; it is picturesque; it breathes the warlike spirit of the early middle ages; it is suggestive of the transitionary stage which preceded the blending of Teuton strength with Latin and Greek culture; it affects no archaism of language, for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful; but is it a Saga?

> Was düstert, was flüstert im Schatten der Nacht?
> Was reitet, was schreitet verstohlen und facht?

It is hard to refrain from quoting the whole of these beautiful opening stanzas:—

> Wer führt durch die heilige Mitternachtszeit
> Ein kriegerisch Heer durch die Wälder?

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To which we have to reply in the mode we have in common with M. Jourdain: No less a person than Flavius Authari, on his way to avenge the new-fledged majesty of Lombardy of Frankish insult and breach of faith. Then, after due spilling of blood, division of spoil, and feasting in high places, comes the wooing of Dietlinde (Theodelinda) by Authari, disguised as his own envoy. So consistent is the costuming, so happy the historic illusion of the greater part of Herr Hellmund's epic, so impressive the description of the Court of Garibald, so charming the impression conveyed to us of his daughter's domestic virtues and woodland graces, that we wonder he should have permitted his sixth-

(1) *Authari-Sage.* Von G. Hellmund. Leipzig: Artur Seemann.

century Bavarian princess to be discovered in her garden by the Lombard king singing—what do you think?—*Trallala, tralalla.* At this juncture the loves of Authari and Dietlinde are doubled by those of Irmentraul, the goose-girl, and the Thüringian Prince Siegbert. This harmless episode is dragged in by the hair, and told in verse that would have been creditable to Mr. Martin Tupper. It contributes, with the ballads—historical and sentimental—sung in the same canto by the irrepressible Friedegar, Gunduald (Dietlinde's brother), Dietlinde herself, Siegbert, and Agilulf (known to history as Theodelinda's second husband), to mar the unity of the poem. The splendour of the nuptials, the pageants of Dietlinde's departure and of her triumphant entry into Pavia, her struggle with her ever-growing passion for Duke Ewin, in whom, as he lifts her from her horse at the foot of his palace stair, she discovers Authari, are incidents to which the poet owes so much of his best inspiration that in the glow and beauty of the climax we can well afford to forgive the tedium of an unnecessary interlude.

Count Bodin (2), a distinguished traveller and explorer, is dangerously wounded at the gates of a North-German rectory by the brother of a woman, whose betrayer he resembles in appearance, in a fit of drunken vengeance. Rector Wahrmund, an eloquent monomaniac, refuses shelter to this victim of mistaken identity, whom he suspects of having cherished an inordinate admiration for Gerda, the late Frau Wahrmund. Bodin is carried to the opposite house of one Paulsen, the ostensible writer (in the first person singular) of Herr Frenzel's psychological romance. There he lies for weeks between life and death. The confidences interchanged with his host, his longing for her presence and desire to provide for her before he dies, although he knows Wahrmund's daughter to be sufficiently well dowered with this world's goods, Paulsen's hesitation as to whether he is justified in bringing the two together, partly reveal to the reader the mystery of the Lutheran clergyman's want of Christian charity. These considerations do not, however, prevent Paulsen from giving Marie Wahrmund, who is mortified by her father's inhospitality, daily news of his patient's progress. When he can tell her of Bodin's probable recovery, he tells her of his own love, a declaration which is interrupted by the oracular mutterings of Wahrmund on the dangers of heredity, and capped by his grudging consent. Wahrmund, when alone with his daughter, denounces her mother in one of his inopportune bursts of eloquence, thereby causing Marie to rush in dismay into the house of her betrothed, and to appear in Bodin's bedroom in the character of a somewhat forbidding angel. She is followed by Wahrmund, to whom the sick man raises an appealing hand and murmurs the word "Forgive." Wahrmund is forthwith delivered of a torrent of fluent and expressive invective, which is accentuated by his sudden death. When his corpse is carried into an adjoining room, Bodin passes through a crisis which leads to perfect recovery. All would be well had not Marie, who by a law of heredity had always been inclined to seek midday at fourteen o'clock, declined to have anything further to do with the unoffending Paulsen. The catastrophe is tersely and vigorously told, and of a nature to clear the atmosphere. It misses fire, not only because the preceding narrative moves so slowly and ponderously, but because of the singularly perverse logic it is too evidently intended to enforce.

Jesus Immanuels göttliche Liebes-Geschichte (3) is a reprint of the original Amsterdam edition of 1705 of the work of the self-dubbed "Theosophiæ Cultor" Nikolaus Ixheer. It is a quaint attempt at elucidation of the mystery of the Trinity and of other mysteries, wherein the theosophic mind, unlike the angelic, fears not to disport itself; one of those echoes of eighteenth-century neo-Christian mysticism apt to ring upon the ear of an unregenerate generation, even as the voice of Mumbo Jumbo in the mountain.

FIVE BOOKS ON PHYSICAL SCIENCE.*

THE subject of heat seems to command more and more attention among teachers of natural science. The phenomena are intimately related to our every-day experience at many points, and as a branch of physics it can be treated scientifically in an elementary class, without a knowledge of chemistry. For such a course of instruction Mr. Madan's text-book is well adapted. It is simple and practical, giving not only an explanation of the ordinary phenomena of heat, but the detailed results of its application to the arts and manufactures. A large selection of experiments accompanies the bookwork, with sufficient directions to secure their successful execution. In chap. x. pp. 367–420 we note a well-digested account of the principal heat-engines. The treatise concludes with a set of exercises occupying fourteen pages and a good index rerum.

Dr. Molloy publishes a book which combines many of the more interesting results of recent scientific inquiry with historical notes and some gossip. The author appositely quotes Mr. Ruskin's saying that "the great scientific men have no time to popularize their discoveries; and, if we can make pictures of the things which Science describes, we shall find the service a worthy one." The first two lectures illustrate fully the modern theory of heat, and especially the phenomena of latent heat. In tracing the present definition of heat historically, however, we think the anticipation of Lord Bacon ought to be mentioned, where he says (*Nov. Org.* ii. 20):—"Intelligatur quod ipsissimus calor sit motus et nihil aliud." Dr. Molloy has also several lectures on electricity, the storage of electrical energy, and electric light as recently utilized. The experiments and practical illustrations are, for the most part, well adapted to show clearly and precisely how many familiar phenomena prove the scientific principles which are being discussed. There are two lectures on the sun as a storehouse of energy; the first describing graphically the immensity of the physical power derived by our planet alone, the second setting forth the two leading hypotheses as to the source of the solar energy. The main objections to Sir William Thomson's theory of the collision of meteoric bodies being stated, Dr. Molloy gives a good abstract of the compression-theory of Professor Helmholtz—namely, that by the condensation of the sun's matter gravitation is constantly developing new heat to make good that which passes off by radiation. The nebular theory is naturally adduced in this connexion, affording as it does another consideration in favour of the well-founded hypothesis of Helmholtz. In the concluding lecture Dr. Molloy devotes forty pages to the Alpine glaciers, their formation and motion, with interesting notices of the observations of scientific men and travellers; and an important reference to the "new language" furnished to geologists for reading "some curious chapters in the past history of our globe."

In the second edition of his work on what may be termed the great question of physical geography Mr. Fisher has somewhat modified a few of his former conclusions, while advancing new arguments to support others. He admits that there is an increase of temperature in descending depths near the earth's surface, but concludes that the law of increase cannot continue uniform to very great depths, and that the interior is stratified, consisting of layers, each of equable density; and that the density is greater towards the centre. After adapting Sir W. Thomson's formula for the temperature within the crust "to the case of a crust which is still in the course of formation through progressive solidification," Mr. Fisher concludes that the age of the world is much less than geology presupposes—not more than eleven millions of years, if the crust is no more than twenty-five miles thick; and that for that thickness "the liquid stratum which underlies it cannot be inert." Further conclusions are that the sub-oceanic crust dips more deeply into the substratum than the continental crust, and is denser in the lower than in the upper portions; that convection currents exist in the molten substratum which will in certain circumstances be "rendered volcanic." In the concluding chapter, after observing that the great ocean lies in a depression, Mr. Fisher seems inclined to support Professor G. Darwin's conjectural hypothesis that the breaking off of the moon from the earth some fifty million years ago affords a reasonable explanation of the great submarine basin, since the mass of our satellite is "such that a cavity about forty miles deep, extending over the oceanic areas, would have supplied the requisite material."

In the "Nature Series" we now find a well-written manual on electricity from the present standpoint. The author's object seems mainly to be to establish the most recent doctrine of electricity—namely, that it is a form of ether, as heat is a form of energy or mode of motion. The author avoids the use of technical terms, and discusses some of the most abstruse results obtained by Clerk-Maxwell and Sir W. Thomson without using any mathematical formulæ. As magnetism is now defined to be electricity in whirling motion, so light is electricity in vibration or radiation. Mr. Lodge's manual must be useful in bridging over the gap between the usual text-books and the higher speculations on the nature of ether and light, the conceptions of electricity, elasticity and matter, and their mutual relationship.

The recent general improvement in text-books for teaching elementary science leaves but little room for amateur authors in that department. One before us, on *The Invisible Powers of Nature*, will scarcely prevail with trained teachers in making them neglect such books as the "Science Primers," by Balfour Stewart and similar writers, referred to in the preface of this diffusely-written work. Although carefully written, we note some inaccuracies; but the most salient fault is the devotion of a book of 260 pages to the properties of matter and certain laws of dynamics and optics, without a single diagram to illustrate, and only the most meagre suggestion of an experiment here and there. Yet the book is written for the use of children who are beginning a subject which is based on the most abstract terms and recondite laws.

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(2) *Wahrheit.* Novelle von Karl Frenzel. Berlin: Verlagshandel der deutschen Rundschau.

(3) *Jesus Immanuels göttliche Liebes-Geschichte*, von der Geburt und Erschaffung, Wiedergeburt und Erneurung. Billigheim bei J. Busch.

* *Elementary Treatise on Heat.* By H. G. Madan, M.A., Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

Gleanings in Science: a Series of Popular Lectures. By Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc., Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. London: Macmillan & Co.

Physics of the Earth's Crust. By Rev. O. Fisher, M.A., Rector of Harlton. London: Macmillan & Co.

Modern Views of Electricity. By O. J. Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S., Professor in University College, Liverpool. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Invisible Powers of Nature. By E. M. Caillard. London: John Murray.

MR. F. C. BURNAND'S LATEST.*

IT was inevitable that Mr. H. M. Stanley, as the hero of the day, should inspire the burlesque spirit of Mr. F. C. Burnand. The result of that impression is an extremely amusing little book, a little book that should have not fewer readers than the great book of the week, as it is one of Mr. Burnand's happiest conceptions, inimitably droll, profoundly delightful, overrunning with capital jokes and the most excellent fooling imaginable. So wild, so unrestrained, so fearless a frolic as this narrative of the rival showman of Central Africa, Mr. Burnand has not produced in these latter days. The history, the geography, the natives of the Dark Continent, as described in Mr. Stanley's letters, become wondrously translated in Mr. Burnand's exploration of the *Keep it Quite Darkest Africa*. The great traveller, when he next undertakes discoveries, should take the book with him and rank it with that copy of Burns of comfortable memory. It will lighten the shades of the equatorial forest for him. Indeed, he might be in much worse case than to be pursued by Mr. Burnand's puns through all the forests of Africa. With such puns and quips and shrewd satiric strokes—"so many and so merry and such glee"—the effect is overwhelming, and the thought of selection impossible. And so, too, is it with the burlesque of the Emin Relief expedition, so admirably sportive and spontaneous. Whimsical scenes and incongruous episodes, rich in ludicrous suggestion, succeed so rapidly in the narrative, that one seems to share in a wild and never-failing revel, from which no one solitary example of humour can be selected as pre-eminent without wronging a host of rivals. The account of the thievish pigmies, "a sort of infant public school," an addition to the party that caused "a good deal of subtraction"; the dread revelation of "Tippoo Tip"; the exquisite description of the contest of skill between the great traveller and the Eminent Pasha; the "scratch company" of the latter, "a happy family" of birds and animals, with their ballet of *Flora and Fauna*—these are of the first order of diversions, very gay, very foolish indeed. The dismay of H. M. S. after contracting partnership with the Eminent One on realizing the nature of the German show is exceedingly comic. "'Pasha,' I said sternly, 'your ballet of *Flora and Fauna*, danced by—whom—"skippers," and accompanied by a cats' concert, I call a swindle.' 'Nein, nein, Herr Taffy,' he replied unruffled, 'your Welsh blood is up and makes you illogical, not to say ungrammatical. When you heard of *Flora and Fauna*, what did you expect to see but several plants? Well, there are some small ones, and they are included in a regular Plant.' 'Plant,' I exclaimed; 'Hoax, I call it; a forest of hoax!'" Very good, throughout, is the unconscious humour of the self-revelation of character in the Eminent Pasha and H. M. S. Some excellent competitions of wits are exhibited in the dialogues. The adroit parrying of the imperturbable Pasha and the ingenious "pumping" of his reliever, whose astuteness is well matched for once, are combined in scenes of perfect burlesque. Delightful, again, is the following entry from the diary of the discoverer, in which the origin of the Relief Fund and expedition is excellently caricatured:—"What shall I suggest doing? I can't start to find Livingstone again. I should start with a vengeance, if I did find him. Wish I could! Livingstone didn't want to be found, and could have been perfectly happy if I had let him alone. However, if there is only some one, I'm the man to find him, and I don't care two straws whether he wants to be discovered or not." The topography and nomenclature of the book are constant sources of fun. There are the Ballidarnsas, who inhabit the skirts of the forest; the Boschessmen, who offer board without lodging; the Jamsatis and Marmar Lahdi, in the Shukari district; and that accommodating chieftain of the Kabba country, Growla Kabbe and his lively son Anzum. But the humours of the book are a genuinely organic process. The distinction, the chief charm of the narrative, lies in the free development of the burlesque idea. In burlesque, pure and simple, Mr. Burnand has seldom so convincingly proved his powers as in this lively sketch.

We all know the book of "Happy Thoughts," of happy memory. With it and with the book above noticed may rank the delightful sketches of Continental watering-places, tourists, and towns collected from the pages of *Punch* under the title *Very Much Abroad*. Here are the amusing "Boompje Papers," the brilliant pictures of life in Monte Carlo, Nice, and Switzerland, and, crowning all, the admirable and delectable pictures of La Bourboule and Royat in the height of the season. The book is altogether the best of holiday-books. The illustrations perfectly accord with the humours of the author. The foreign tourists, waiters, invalids, and other folk are among the best of Mr. Keene's or Mr. Linley Sambourne's portraiture. No one can now say that the English abroad is a subject only for French treatment. "L'Anglais pour rire"; the English tourist shouting, like Sam Weller, "Tenez le pot bullyawnt!" in foreign company on a mountain "slip"; and the exquisite drawing, "Cold without," of the French and the English tourists on the top of the Rigi, are a few convincing examples. Some of the punning illustrations are worthy of association with Hood's *Whims and Oddities*. "Over!" indeed, is a variant of one of Hood's own—the star-gazer stopping by a precipice, observing, "There will be a fall of some sort to-night"; but "Dropping in for a nice thing"—two horrified tourists slipping into a crevasse—is as good and fresh as anything could be, and the book is full of sketches quite as admirable.

* *A New Light Thrown Across the Keep it Quite Darkest Africa.* By F. C. Burnand. London: Trischler & Co.

Very Much Abroad. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

NIAGARA SPRAY.*

NIAGARA SPRAY is a rather amusing salmagundi of gossip, much of which the public has already had an opportunity of reading in various newspapers. The "justification" of its appearance in the form of a book, the author hopes, will be found in the fact that "it records in a compact form many things that may be useful to the men who will one day compile a great Encyclopædia of London." Consequently we find some remarks anent the state of the Strand at midnight and a great deal of discussion of the licensing laws, both in their connexion with beer and with stage plays. Most people would be surprised to learn that Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, when used for "Promenade Concerts," are, in the eye of the law, "disorderly houses," and that all their visitors are technically subject to arrest under a police warrant.

Mr. Hollingshead's essay on the evolution of the modern music-hall from the "Cider Cellars" and "Caves of Harmony" of our forefathers appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* in the month of May last, and was followed by a lively discussion in which many veterans seized the opportunity of airing their recollections of "Paddy" Green, Von Joel, and all the *personnel* and outward appearance of what Thackeray has immortalized under the title of "The Back Kitchen." From these humble beginnings arose the two "Titans of Leicester Square," as the author absurdly calls the Alhambra and the Empire. *A propos* of what the proper definition of a stage play may be, we may remark that, on this question being raised in the year 1866, "an agitation was begun, a Parliamentary Committee was obtained, evidence was given and taken, and a Report was published in a Blue-book recommending that music-halls should be allowed more freedom in the selection of their entertainments." Yet, in spite of this, the Act regulating the performance of stage plays still remains nominally in force, though the programme of almost every music-hall in London contains at least one "sketch" which differs in no respect save length from a regular play.

People love to read about what Dickens, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins ate and drank, and here they will find many piquant stories of their private life. A most interesting chapter to all theatre-goers should be that which is oddly styled "The Gaiety Francais," where the utter lack of critical power shown by the British public is emphatically expressed by the words of M. Got. "Last night," he said, "when *she* [Sarah Bernhardt] played you saw the house; to-night, when *she* is not playing, you will see the difference. What is the use of our wonderful *ensemble*, our historical reputation, and our classical masterpieces, when we are at the mercy of an idol, made by the public in a couple of nights?" A proof of this was given on Saturday, July 1, 1879, when, in consequence of the sudden illness of Mme. Bernhardt, *L'Etrangère* could not be performed. There was over 500*l.* in the house. A hasty conference was held, and it was decided to do *Tartufe*. *Tartufe* was played as only that company could play it, and only 84*l.* of the 500*l.* remained to see it.

The gates on the Bedford and other adjoining estates are now doomed, and the inhabitants of the quiet squares and streets in Bloomsbury will soon be exposed to the full stream of traffic in a frankly democratic sense. They will certainly lose much, and whether the public will obtain any corresponding advantage remains to be seen. The streets leading from Covent Garden to the Strand are sometimes blocked with vegetable carts, but very few people ever wish to drive through them in cabs or carriages, because they really do not lead to any quarter of London to which cabs and carriages ordinarily go. Yet Mr. Hollingshead bitterly rails at the impassable character of the streets adjoining Covent Garden as though his own personal comfort was seriously impeded thereby. The article is a reprint from *Punch*, where most people probably laughed at it when it appeared, some time ago, and forgot all about it save the name of "Mud Salad Market." In the year 1890, with a London County Council in power, and new thoroughfares into the Strand looming in the not very distant future, the question of the existence of Covent Garden Market in its present form may, perhaps, be raised. *Non nostrum est.* We prefer to read Mr. Hollingshead when he tells us of the sayings and doings of clever people, both on and off the stage, or chats with us in the form of novelettes, though here we must remind him that before decorating a foolish character in one of his sketches with a title, it was his duty to have looked through a peerage, and seen that he did not appropriate for this purpose one already in existence. The book is, doubtless, a thing of shreds and patches; but there is much diverting chit-chat to be found in it, and there is not a word about Niagara in it from one end to the other.

* *Niagara Spray.* By John Hollingshead. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE historian of the house of Burgundy had a long and a not uninteresting life, not merely as a man of letters, but as a Civil Servant of position, if never of distinction. The most interesting part of his Memoirs (1), however, so far as they have been at present published (that is to say, up to the Restoration or thereabouts, when he was some thirty-three years old), consists of his reminiscences—or rather, perhaps, his recollections at second hand—of his parents' experiences during the Revolution itself, and the Terror especially. We hardly know a better instance—it is none the less good that nothing particularly tragic came of it—of the intolerable tyranny of democracy. M. de Barante, senior, was in no sense, except that of birth, an "aristocrat." Like others of the noblesse, he had Liberal leanings during the *ancien régime*, and, unlike most of them, he did not give these leanings up at the Revolution. He did not emigrate; he did not plot; he, as the English vernacular would say, "didn't do nothing." Yet the Revolutionary Committee of Thiers, the town nearest Barante, arrested him, sequestrated his property, and, but for the unwearied heroism of his wife (who went up to Paris and literally extorted his liberty from a deputy, as the widow in the Scriptures did her rights from the unjust judge), would probably have guillotined him. It may have served him right for not taking the part of his order, which happened to be also that of his country, more strenuously; but that hardly matters.

Although the name of the Comte de La Bouëre may be known to those who have carefully studied the Vendéen War (2) it is probably unknown to the ordinary reader. The Count was one of the first to take up—not very willingly, and half forced by the peasantry—arms against the Republic; he served through the greater part of the war, and was a kind of second in command to Stofflet, till that gallant but ill-conditioned gamekeeper disgusted him, first by attempting to issue *assignats* on his own account, and then by the fatal and brutal condemnation and subsequent execution of Marigny. Not the least interesting thing about these notes of his wife's, which have now been published, is that the author who, as a young woman of twenty, saw nearly as much of the war as Mme. de Lescure herself, actually lived till so recent a date as 1867. It is curious to think that when men scarcely middle-aged were still undergraduates, there was a lady living who had heard the first rattle of the Vendéen guns at Jallais, and had furnished the heroic insurgents with pitchforks and pistols to go and meet the musketry and cannon of the "Blues." Mme. de La Bouëre's notes have little or no literary value, nor do they, or should they, be expected to show very much critical power, but they certainly correct many small details on what seems to be good authority. And we may hope that they will stir at last some competent person up to undertake what certainly does not yet exist, a real history of the war. Mme. de La Bouëre complains, we think justly, that far too much weight has been assigned to decidedly partisan accounts like that of the "Blue" General Turreau on the one side, and to interesting but sometimes partially informed memoirs on the other. She has restored at least one hero to history, the corporal Perdriault, who, before even Cathelineau had exchanged flour for gunpowder, had stirred the *gars* up to resistance, and who fell early. She gives from actual experience accounts, made spirited by force of truth not art, of those fights and flights in the *ajoncs* or tall broom of which Balzac made the most in *Les Chouans*, and she supplies useful sidelights on the fatal jealousy between Stofflet and Charette, which—far more than any blunders of the first Vendéen army, or the mistaken though pardonable policy of England, or the selfishness, not to say cowardice, of the Comte d'Artois—nullified the heroism of the *gars*. Nay, in one sentence, where she describes the "desire of each *armée* [division or local contingent] to have its own district delivered first" she supplies the very key to the disasters of all guerilla warfare, from Scotland to Spain.

The first of the two volumes which we have from M. André Theuriet (3) is written for "La Nouvelle Collection," the plan of which, though not merely intended for schoolgirls, is distinctly *honnête*. But *Le bracelet de turquoise* is not more inoffensive than *L'oncle Scipion* (4), which appears to have been written without any restriction. Both display their author's admirable talent of reproducing the provincial life and scenery of the two districts most familiar to him—Lorraine and Touraine. *Le bracelet de turquoise* is only the first of several tales, one of which (telling how the reprehensible gluttony of a pretty young widow led her to make a second match worse than her first) is particularly light and ingenious. As for *Le bracelet* itself, it records an act of virtue by a certain inspector of local taxation, Le Dantec by name, which is heroic. Let us hope that M. Le Dantec was as right selfishly as he was ethically in determining the eternal question, "Which is better, a regret or a remorse?" in the first sense. But as for the husband of the heroine Fabienne—who had aquamarine eyes and a *retroussé* nose, and who allowed a perfect stranger to kiss her hand between glove and sleeve, and bullied her said husband into malversation of twenty pounds in order to buy her a *turquoise* bracelet, and told the stranger that the husband was a weak-minded young man for doing it—we doubt very much whether his fate was more than postponed. *L'oncle Scipion*—an ingenious Bohemian and *faiseur* who rescued his little nephew from provincial dulness, and took him to Paris and did unto him both bad things and good—is a very agreeable personage of the good old type which Charles de Bernard and Jules Sandeau could construct when the *pourriture naturaliste* was not even in the stage before it became utterly rotten.

We may notice more shortly *Etudes traditionnistes*, translated from the English of Mr. Andrew Lang, with a prefatory and laudatory notice of the ingenious author (Paris: Maisonneuve); *La vie politique à l'étranger* (Paris: Charpentier), a companion to M. Daniel's useful *Année politique*, edited by M. Ernest Lavisse, and containing an ambitious but, so far as we have tested it, well-intentioned and carefully-executed summary; three more volumes (*Wanda, Don Gesualdo*, &c.) of the translation of Ouida (Paris: Hachette), who so does please Frenchmen; the official Report in French (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot) of the International Conference on the Regulation of Labour: and the Fourteenth Annual Report, also official, of the Egyptian Public Debt Commission (Cairo: Imprimerie Nationale).

(1) *Souvenirs du Baron de Barante.* Tome 1. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La guerre de la Vendée.* Souvenirs de la Comtesse de La Bouëre. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le bracelet de turquoise.* Par A. Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *L'oncle Scipion.* Par A. Theuriet. Paris: Lemerre.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MUCH of the country described in *An Exploration of Exmoor* (Seeley & Co.), by Mr. John Lloyd Warden Page, is fairly over-run by summer visitors. The substance and limits of the author's perambulation are represented by the Quantock and Brendon Hills, the sea-coast from "Kilve's shore" to Lee Bay, and Exmoor westward to the valley of the Bray, and southward to Dulverton. Tourists explore this charming country not altogether as travellers in the wild and unknown. They are moved rather by the writings of Kingsley and Whyte-Melville than filled with the spirit of Dugdale and Camden. It is *Lorna Doone*, not the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, they carry with them. Mr. Page's book, with its pretty—perhaps too pretty—etchings and drawings by Mr. Arthur Dawson, its pleasing descriptions of scenery, its fluent discourse concerning Roman camps, hill-beacons, barrows, old churches, and the battle-fields of Alfred, will increase the pleasure of the blameless tourist. The topography of Mr. Blackmore's romance is carefully delineated, the literary associations of Alfoxton and Nether Stowey, the hunting of the red deer, the superstitions and folklore, are briefly sketched. Porlock is well described, but not that "person from Porlock" who still evades Coleridge's editors. Perhaps Mr. Forman will discover his name and his lineage. But Mr. Page cares for none of these things. He spoils an excellent story of Cottle's by a bare allusion, instead of telling it in the Bristol poet's inimitable style. The gradual, yet certain, cockneyfying of Lynton and Lynmouth scarcely touches him. But in description his book is clear, methodical, and of sound guidance for the most part. The history and antiquarian lore are less satisfactory. The well-known belief in the discovery of drowned persons by a floating beacon made of a loaf and a lighted candle is "a curious expedient" that Mr. Page has but lately heard of. Then, again, Mr. Page writes, in his fourth chapter, as if he had never heard of Chatterton. After quoting the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, he speaks of the second repulse of the Lidwiccas by the English under Ælle, governor of Bristol Castle. "This man," says Mr. Page, "was evidently a person of some note." Then he proceeds to tell all he knows about him. "A curious ballad, written in 1468, by Thomas Rowlle, a Carmelite monk, father-confessor to William Canynge, founder of St. Mary Redcliffe, is copied in Mrs. Boger's 'Myths, Scenes, and Worthies of Somerset.' It is entitled 'A Songe to Ælle, Lord of the Castle of Brystowe in daies of yore,' and its quaintness will perhaps excuse the quotation of the first three verses." Mr. Page then gives the first three stanzas of Chatterton's fine ode, the "Song to Ælla," without any reference to the author, as if he believed in the mythical Rowley and in Mrs. Boger as his first transcriber.

Mr. F. R. Fleet has produced *A Theory of Wit and Humour* (Remington & Co.), which professes to be a very serious inquiry into the nature of wit and humour. Such a theme, if well considered, might contribute much to the gaiety of society. Unhappily, Mr. Fleet is nothing better than an analyst and classifier of jokes. Mr. Fleet is "scientific," in fact. He will start a joke—a mere pun will do—and will hunt it down with virulence. After elaborating pages of desperate explanation, you wish he would explain his explanation. The worst of it is, you are never fairly rid of it. Again and again does the dead or dejected joke turn up, with all its sad train of explanatory relations, until you feel it is not Shadwell, but Mr. Fleet, who is the "last great prophet of tautology." It is ghoulish work, this dissection of a joke. Here is an illustration of the second class or "riddle" form of puns, the "likeness with a difference between" order of jokes:—"What is the difference between a certain sacred cantata of Mendelssohn's and the *encore* of a singer in that work? The one is the Hymn of Praise; and the encore of the singer the praise of him." "Here," says Mr. Fleet, "as we think at first only of the pronoun 'him,' we do not see the likeness to the word 'hymn'; but an instant later we recognize the identity which, when pronounced, him has with hymn." Then follows an unutterable disquisition on "the data for the event of the occasion for the words, 'The Hymn of Praise,' &c."

Mr. C. H. Waterhouse's five essays on life and character

Insignia Vitæ (Virtue & Co.), treat of "Nature's Place in the Life of Man," "The Exercise of the Judgment," "The Real Self, or 'Ego,' in Man," and other abstruse matters, in a style that is diffuse, as modern essayists are wont to be, yet does not lapse into obscurity. The two last-named essays, though not free from platitude or surplusage, are thoughtful and suggestive. Whether a murderer, like Eugene Aram, can be said to exercise the judgment in the act of murder is a singular problem suggested by the author's essay, and the defence of this choice of an illustrative example is not without force and ingenuity. The most striking of the essays, however, is that on "the 'Ego' in Man." This should be read with interest by those who are troubled overmuch concerning Hypnotism and its limitations.

Mr. J. A. Goodchild has written a fairy tale, *A Fairy Godfather* (Remington & Co.) the title, that inverts the old rule. He writes from the fairy's point of view, as if the proper study of fairies were mankind, and his story deals with the adventures of a fairy who undertakes the guardianship of a little girl until she grows up, and is married. The fairy godfather plays many parts and plays them exceedingly well. Altogether, this is a charming story, told with much humour and pathos, and developed to a happy end with considerable cleverness.

"To most of the world, Captain Mayne Reid is known only as a writer of thrilling romances and works on natural history." Thus writes Mrs. Reid in her interesting sketch of her husband's life, *Mayne Reid: a Memoir* (Ward & Downey), in which his career as a man of action and a soldier is narrated in a pleasing, unpretentious style. Most boys, we imagine, in reading Mayne Reid's earlier books instinctively associated the author with the exploits of his heroes. They felt that the reminiscences of the Mexican war were personal, and the author was the hero of his stories. "Most of the world," however, know nothing, we fear, of Mayne Reid's very pleasant book, *The Naturalist in Siluria.* He was an excellent observer of nature. It is curious that this daring and restless spirit should have settled in Herefordshire and set himself to study, with much admirable patience and care, the habits of wild birds and the art of forestry. But he had the topographical eyes, not less than the "typographical eyes," which a writer in the *Spectator*, according to the typist of the present volume, ascribed to him.

Miss Lilian Leeland is a great traveller. *A Woman's Journey Around the World* (New York: American News Co.; London: Brentano's) is an account of Miss Leeland's two years of unprotected voyaging, covering nearly sixty thousand miles. "No woman," says the editorial notice, "ever travelled so far alone, with the single exception of Ida Pfeiffer." Few Americans, if any, have accomplished one of Miss Leeland's feats. She arrived in England without crossing the Atlantic.

Life in San Remo is prettily depicted in Mr. Marrion Wilcox's slight yet pleasing sketch, *The Paradise in Hyde Park* (Gilbert & Rivington). The "paradise" dreamed of in San Remo might have been realized on a smaller scale than "Signor Ravelli" projected, if the 1851 Exhibition building had been transformed to a winter garden. But our climate has brought disillusion to Mr. Wilcox. He spent last winter in Torquay, and enjoyed only two bright days in six weeks. He no longer believes in hanging gardens and celestial recreation grounds for the modern Babylon.

Three Notable Stories (Spencer Blackett) is a volume of short stories by the Marquess of Lorne, Mrs. Alexander, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, all of which are good reading, though not otherwise remarkable.

Mrs. Alexander's skill as a story-teller is better exhibited in *Forging the Fetters* (Spencer Blackett), though the identity of the husband who returns from India to Scotland to plead for reconciliation with his long-separated wife who does not recognize him is perhaps too early revealed to the reader.

The Angel and the Idiot (David Stott) is the odd title of "a story of the next century" that tells of the Socialistic rule that is to be. It is not a story at all, but a dream of things to come, a vision of the dulness, the monotony, the blankness of the days of democracy when the *homme-machine* shall be in full working order.

Extracts from letters and diaries of a hundred years ago give an agreeable, old-fashioned tone to Mr. Lawrence Cave's *Scenes in the Life of a Sailor* (Digby & Long). The sailor, after some years of active service, abandons prize-taking and becomes an Evangelical clergyman. The story of his engagement to a charming young lady, and the account of the wedding, are prettily told. The lovers addressed verses to one another, as was the good old way of affection, simple verses such as these:—

> The tear that glistens in her radiant eye—
> To me far dearer than the diamond's blaze;
> Her artless truth inspires my soul with love,
> Her lovely form attracts my ardent gaze.

And she replies:—

> Oh, lend to me thy tuneful muse,
> And I will strive to impart,
> To thee, my Charles, what formed the cord
> That twined thee round my heart.

Glimpses into Nature's Secrets, by Edward Alfred Martin (Elliot Stock), is a collection of brief, well-written geological and natural history sketches, from one of which it appears that the writer studies geology from a railway carriage, as Charles Kingsley did on the Great Western line.

Among new editions we have to acknowledge Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills* (Macmillan & Co.); Mr. Henry Vizetelly's *Facts about Champagne*, revised edition (Vizetelly & Co.); and a reprint of Samuel Lover's popular story, *He would be a Gentleman* (Warne & Co.), the latest addition to the "Crown Library" of fiction.

We have also received a seventh series of Miss Yonge's *Cameos from English History* (Macmillan & Co.), dealing with the Rebellion and Restoration (1642–78); Vol. VI. of *Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia*, edited by Dr. Charles Annandale (Blackie & Son); *Mental Faculty*, a course of lectures by Francis Warner, M.D. (Cambridge: at the University Press); *The Village Community*, by George Lawrence Gomme, "Contemporary Science Series" (Walter Scott); *Visitations of English Cluniac Foundations*, by Sir G. F. Duckett, Bart. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The History of the Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians in England*, translated from the Latin of Dom Maurice Chauncy (Burns & Oates); *A Continental Scamper*, by "Periscope" (Bemrose & Sons), "being reminiscences of a visit to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau," &c.; *Education from the Cradle*, by the Princess Mary Ouroussov, translated by Mrs. Fielding (Bell & Sons); *St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux*, by Samuel J. Eales, M.A., D.C.L. (S.P.C.K.); *What are the Churches for?* by Frank Ballard—Part II. "The Nursery" (Elliot Stock); *Episodes from "Feodore Dose,"* readings from Häcklander, with notes by Mr. Beresford-Webb (Rivingtons); *Notes from a Soldier's Diary*, by D. E. Mackay (Remington & Co.); *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, by Augusta Evans Wilson (Belfast: Olly); *Apples of Eden*, by Estelle (Routledge); and the eighth edition of Messrs. Jarrold's *Illustrated Guide to Great Yarmouth.*

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The WINTER SESSION begins on October 1.
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Securities, with July, 1890, and all subsequent Coupons attached, will be received by Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY, & Co., until further notice, at their Counting-house, Founder's Court, Lothbury, London, E.C., in the terms of the said Agreement.

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17 Moorgate Street, June 21, 1890.

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THE

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OF

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. IN the House of Lords on *Friday* week Lord SALISBURY introduced the Heligoland Cession Bill, and laid a copy of the Anglo-German Convention on the table. The Royal Assent was given to various Bills (the summoning of the SPEAKER to witness that act involving the sacrilegious interruption of Mr. GLADSTONE in the Lower House, to the terrible scandal of Mr. REDMOND and Mr. WADDY), and the Allotments Act Amendment Bill was read a second time. In the Lower House the Police Bills were referred to Committees (the English Bill, after a wrangle, to the Standing Committee on Law, the Scotch Bill to a Select Committee), and the rest of the night was spent on the Army Estimates, with especial reference to the Commission Report, and Mr. STANHOPE's remarks on it. The chief speakers were Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Sir EDWARD HAMLEY, Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, Mr. STANHOPE himself, and Lord HARTINGTON, and most of the talking was bestowed on the proposed Cabinet Council for military affairs (the suggested memory of a certain Aulic Council is not of good omen) and the Commandership-in-Chief.

On *Monday* conversation took place in the House of Lords on telephone purchase, and in the House of Commons on the Police and Postal disturbances, and on an awkward, but apparently exaggerated, breach of discipline on the part of the second battalion of the Grenadier Guards. When it is said that the rest of the evening was spent upon the Irish Constabulary vote, it is scarcely necessary to add that the time was almost lost. Not quite; for the usual absurd fuss about shadowing—that is to say, the watching by the Irish police of persons suspected of crime, and of instigation to crime—gave Mr. BALFOUR an opportunity, after he had been rashly provoked by Mr. GLADSTONE in one of his finest simulations of moral wrath, to show once for all that the Nationalists had accused, and truly accused, their now fast friends of doing exactly the same thing years ago. It is almost incredible, but it is true, and is a fair instance of the hopelessness of the Irish question, that this exposure by Mr. BALFOUR has been represented in Gladstonian organs, to readers who will not take the pains to investigate the truth, as an exposure of Mr. BALFOUR. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN must have disappointed even his friends in his attempt to answer the CHIEF SECRETARY; but Colonel SAUNDERSON was, as usual, effective enough.

Some remarks were exchanged between Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SALISBURY in the House of Lords on *Tuesday* respecting the disturbances at Bow Street and the misconduct of the Grenadier Guards. The House of Commons at the time of private business was much occupied with that busy body, the London County Council, which, not content with mismanaging the business it has, is always trying, by hook or by crook (generally by crook), to get more to mismanage. The present "try on" was for representation on the Thames Conservancy by means of a clause tacked to a Bill about Bow Creek and Brockwell Park. The contention that, if this is done at all, it ought not to be done in a corner, and that the claims of the other County Councils of the riparian counties from Essex to Wiltshire must be considered, might have seemed sufficient. But the Opposition saw in the matter an occasion, perhaps for conciliating the Council, certainly for wasting time, and a long wrangle took place, ending, as far as the main point was concerned, in the omission of the provision by 191 to 164. Mr. SMITH patiently answered questions on Heligoland and Mr. STANHOPE on the Guards, after which the House became a shadow, and pursued shadows for many hours. The Closure at last restored reality, and the Irish Constabulary Vote was taken by the very satisfactory majority of 88 in a House nearly five hundred strong. In the course of the debate, which was otherwise wisely left to Nationalists, Mr. BALFOUR completely established the accuracy of his reference to the "GRANT case" of shadowing under Mr. GLADSTONE.

A considerable amount of practical work was done on *Wednesday*, though there was repeated danger of a count-out, the Bankruptcy Bill, the Public Libraries Acts Amendment Bill, the Slander Law Amendment Bill, the Public Health Acts Amendment Bill, and others, passing through stages of more or less advancement.

The later time of the House of Commons on *Thursday* was almost entirely spent, as was to be expected, on the usual senseless wrangle as to the salaries of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary; but earlier in the evening affairs of real importance had occupied both Houses. The Heligoland Cession Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, Lord SALISBURY explaining its provisions and those of the Agreement generally. If any ingenuous Gladstonian will compare Lord ROSEBERY's reply with the accounts of it given by newspapers on his own side, he will perceive a rather marvellous discrepancy. In the accounts Lord ROSEBERY tore things to shreds, blew them to atoms, and exposed the *cui bono* generally in the best and most orgillous fashion. In the actual speech he mildly insinuated that more might have been got (which, it seems, is not Prince BISMARCK's view); deprecated the idea that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government was responsible for the irruption of Germany into East Africa; and dropped a gentle tear over the hypothetical agonies of the Heligolanders. In the Lower House, Mr. SMITH announced that the Government have at last made up their minds to drop everything—or, at least, the two most important Bills—close the Session as soon as possible, without endeavouring to pass the new Standing Order, and begin afresh in November. There is no doubt that, after such a muddle as has recently occurred, a break and a fresh start are the best things—if they can be achieved.

Foreign Affairs. On Tuesday the text of the Anglo-German Agreement was published. A deputation representing views hostile to it waited upon Lord SALISBURY on that day; but, in view of the approaching discussion in Parliament, was naturally put off with fair words. The discontent, it is to be observed, chiefly comes from representatives of the dominant party at the Cape, the interests and aims of which, as Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and others have taught us too well, are by no means invariably identical with the Imperial interests of England.——The Spanish Ministerial crisis was put an end to on Saturday last, Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO succeeding Señor SAGASTA, but with a coalition, not a purely Conservative, Cabinet.——The Nihilist trials in Paris ended by the acquittal of the women prisoners and the condemnation, with heavy sentences, of the men.——The fact that arbitration has been agreed to in the case of the Delagoa Bay Railway is made less disagreeable than it might be by the other facts, first, that the reference is a mere question of assessing compensation, and, secondly, that the United States are fellow-plaintiffs with us. It is understood by all arbitrators that England may be robbed with impunity; not so America.——A very important project has been laid before the Belgian Parliament in the shape of a proposal by the KING to transfer all his rights in the Congo State to the country, on consideration of a moderate loan to the State for ten years. The acceptance of this would not only rehabilitate the Congo State, the international position of which is now not a little anomalous, but would extinguish the unfortunate offer of pre-emption to France in case of Belgian refusal, with which the KING is said to have

burdened himself at an unwise moment.——A great effort has been made to stir up fresh agitation about Armenian atrocities. That the reports are partly false is, from past experience and in view of the quarter from which they come, certain; the extraordinary unwisdom of the Porte (which, instead of setting its house in order, is reported to be still pestering England about Egypt) makes it but too likely that they are partly true.——The King of DAHOMEY is said to have addressed to France, in reference to the recent French attack on him, one of those simple but uncomfortably well-founded remonstrances from the uncivilized which from time to time bring a blush on civilized cheeks, or should do so. And this we say knowing well that English cheeks have had their full share.——The Senate of the United States accepted the Silver Bill on Wednesday.

Politics out of Parliament.

Great interest has been felt in the reports of the proceedings of the Hanging Committee, which have shown that the Opposition members entered that Committee with a deliberate and foregone *non possumus*, and have exhibited their conduct in a particularly absurd light.——On Tuesday Mr. GOSCHEN delivered to his constituents a speech somewhat less uncompromising in tone on the subject of Government blunders than it has recently been the Ministerial cue to make.——On Wednesday Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in support of the Gladstonian candidate for Durham, argued that representation of a class is not class representation, and took credit for not finding fault with Lord SALISBURY'S foreign policy, very much as a man might take credit for not nailing a good sovereign to the counter. On the same day Sir HIPPOCRATES LEONIDAS RETIARIUS HISTORICUS PENNIALINUS HARCOURT succeeded at the National Liberal Club in cramming in a larger number of recondite references to patients *in articulo mortis*, exhausted receivers, the thumbs of Roman audiences and their habit of saying *habet*, JOSEPH HUME and the "tottle of the whole," Thermopylæ, Sedan, the Grand Army at Moscow, and other fire-new matters, than the bravest of journalists could put in a leading article.——Mr. GLADSTONE has written divers letters—five pages to Mr. CAINE (who seems to take them as a Christian should), one or two to the great Mr. GEE, of Denbigh (in which he says "Wo!" and not "Gee!" anent Welsh Disestablishment), and something to somebody else about militarism devouring the vitals of Europe—an image worthy of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself.

Agitators and Public Servants.

The disaffection among two of the most important classes of public servants—the postmen and the police—reached a climax at the end of last week and the beginning of this, both openly threatening, and partly accomplishing, a strike. The misconduct of some of the police on Saturday was promptly visited with the dismissal of the few men chiefly concerned in it; but this action did not immediately succeed, and a disgraceful breach of duty took place among the E division at Bow Street, which threw the immediate neighbourhood into disorder, and nearly brought about a serious riot on Monday night. Fortunately, however, this was prevented by the presence of mounted policemen and cavalry, while the force in general declined to turn out, and though each succeeding night witnessed some disorder, no part in it was taken by the police. For some time it seemed as though the Post Office authorities were displaying most lamentable weakness in failing to protect men willing to work against the violence of the disaffected postmen; but since Tuesday a bolder attitude has been taken, it is to be hoped with advantage. It would be better to go without letters for a month than that the abominable doctrine of the right to coerce "blacklegs" should be sanctioned by a public department. One of the few thoroughly satisfactory things in connexion with these matters was the way in which Sir JOHN BRIDGE, at Bow Street on Wednesday, put his foot down on the supposed "rights of journalists." A journalist has no rights other than those possessed by all HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

Miscellaneous.

The PRINCE OF WALES has had a hard week, even for him, in the way of "inaugurating" (as those who speak of the rights of journalists say), having been busy almost every day at one part of London or another with opening recreation-grounds, libraries, and what not.——Great financial difficulties have arisen in the countries on the River Plate, and it is still uncertain whether they can be tided over without a regular crash.——Some interesting operations (partaking, it is true, of the usual unreality of such things) have been gone through at the Needles in the way of mimic invasion and defence.

Sport.

At the end of last week, despite very unsatisfactory weather, some cricket matches of interest were completed, the Australians breaking their run of ill-luck by defeating a good mixed eleven at Stafford, and the Players winning a very decided victory over the Gentlemen at the Oval. The state of the ground prevented very high scoring in any matches; but in that last-named, Mr. STODDART'S 85 against such bowling as that of BRIGGS and LOHMANN, and the best fielding in England, was sufficiently remarkable. A particularly interesting first day of the return Gentlemen and Players' match at Lord's on Monday provided bad weather but excellent sport, the Gentlemen making 199 to the Players' 83, owing to the batting of Messrs. CRANSTON, READ, and SHUTER, and the bowling of Mr. A. G. STEEL and Mr. WOODS. On Tuesday, in their second innings, the Players did much better; but the downpour of Wednesday made play impossible, and left the match a draw. The Australians were more favoured by the weather, and beat Leicestershire on that day.——Mr. W. J. HAMILTON won the Lawn Tennis Championship match on Monday from Mr. W. RENSHAW.——At Leicester Mr. BRODRICK CLOETE'S Cereza won the valuable Zetland Plate on Monday, Mr. HOULDSWORTH'S Orvieto the more valuable Portland Stakes on Tuesday, and Mr. MERRY'S Surefoot the most valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes on Wednesday, thus justifying the opinion of those who thought him, over a mile and in a good temper, much more than a match for Memoir, Alloway, and Le Nord, his chief opponents on this occasion.

Henley.

A week of remarkably bad weather spoilt, until Thursday, the enjoyment of visitors to Henley Regatta. But rain does not hurt rowing as it hurts cricket, and some excellent racing was seen. The most interesting incidents of the earlier heats—"colds" would be a more appropriate word—were, perhaps, the chivalry of the American sculler, Mr. PSOTTA, who stopped rowing and went back to the post when his opponent was accidentally upset, receiving a beating for his reward; and the third heat for the same Diamond Sculls, between Mr. NICKALLS and Mr. GARDNER, in which the Oxonian won. The last day was much better, and enabled the spectators to see in comfort some excellent deciding heats. The success of Oxford was remarkable, Mr. NICKALLS winning the Sculls by himself and the Goblets with Lord AMPTHILL, the Brasenose four carrying off the Stewards' Cup and the Visitors' Cup, and Balliol the Ladies' Plate, while Cambridge was uniformly unfortunate. The Grand Challenge Cup was won by the London Rowing Club.

Obituary.

The obituary of the week is headed by the name of Sir EDWIN CHADWICK, who died even older than the century, last Saturday. He was a somewhat fortunate man; for, though he was a very hard worker for twenty years and more, he enjoyed pensioned leisure for a much longer period. And the fact that he came just at the nick of time when "facts and "figures, facts and figures" ruled supreme, and "Omnia "Sanitas" was beginning to be in more senses than one a catchword, must be admitted to have had much to do with his success. But he was a very able man, too, and a devoted servant always of what he thought to be the public welfare, and often of what was.

Books, Art, &c.

No books deserve notice more than a separate reprint, by Messrs. MACMILLAN, of Mr. FITZGERALD'S *Omar Khayyam*, and another by the same publishers of Sir HENRY CUNNINGHAM'S admirable novelette, *Wheat and Tares*, which thirty years have not staled.——It is extremely satisfactory to hear that the purchase of the three Longford Castle pictures, including the first HOLBEIN possessed by the National Gallery, and one of the best to be anywhere found, has been arranged—a group of private gentlemen contributing more than half the purchase-money. To these gentlemen and to those who drew their attention to the matter (among whom Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN deserves a first place) all thanks are due; but it is not quite so satisfactory that private intelligence should have to arouse, and private generosity to eke out, the activity and munificence of Government in securing such things for the nation. The National Gallery authorities themselves are, no doubt, as Sir F. BURTON has shown, little or not at all to blame.

WIND AND WHIRLWIND.

THE week which has just ended—very much better than it began—will deserve to be remembered as the week of mutinies. With the exception of the fleet, all the great branches of the public service have been disgraced by acts of insubordination. The Civil Service has been represented by the postmen, who, not for the first time of late, have imitated the worst excesses of London dockers or Leeds gasmen. The police have been found to contain men who are prepared to follow the example of the very roughs whom it has been their duty to control. In the army itself there has been disorder. As for this last phase of the general trouble the fewest possible words are best. It would be idle to ignore it, and fatuous to shut one's eyes to the fact that it might have been the worst of all. But it is still a subject of inquiry, and the facts are not fully known. For the rest, there is good reason to hope that it has been no more than one of those explosions of irritation and discontent which do occur from time to time in regiments and in ships. Some readers of their newspaper may remember a much more serious example at the Curragh not so many years ago. If the insubordination at the Wellington Barracks has attracted more attention than this did, it is not so much because the event is more important, as because it took place in London, and in a corps with which Londoners are familiar. In the meantime, all who make any observation upon it would do well to remember two facts. The first is that our army is, and will continue to be, a volunteer army, and that the men of such a force will never quite give up the inclination to stand up for themselves. The second fact is that in all armies obedience to orders must be given by the individual soldier without words. When there is discontent, therefore, the expression of it is suppressed till the men can obtain some measure of safety by acting together. Of course this is disorder, and may be mutiny, but then it has always been considered part of the duty of a colonel, or of the captain of a ship, to see that discontent does not arise, and is not allowed to accumulate.

Indeed, the truth that to the production of all kinds of insubordination, civil or military, there commonly go both faults of government and failure of obedience, is one which we shall all do well not to forget at present. To look at both sides of a question without leaning to one or the other, or without doing what is perhaps even more fatal, without bemusing yourself out of all power to come to a decision, is not easy. But we are not aware that the art of government ever was easy; and we are very sure that, unless both sides of the question are looked at, there will be no end, for long, to the troubles we have on hand now. The side of the men, and their want of obedience, is very obvious. The papers are full of it. Their sins are very gross and palpable. We have insisted on them as forcibly as any, and we most heartily approve the punishment inflicted on them, both in the Police and the Post Office. If much more severe measures had been taken earlier in the Post Office no fault would have been found here. It ought to be a warning to some, and an encouragement to others, to see with what ease order was enforced as soon as the authorities acted with spirit. But we are none the less of opinion that if similar disorders are to be avoided in the future, more will be needed than the punishment of individual policemen and postmen—more even than the removal of Chief Commissioners or officials of that and higher rank who have failed. They, also, are only a part. What we are witnessing at the present moment is the fruit of an increasing tendency to defy authority everywhere, and of a consequent general slackening of discipline. The policemen and postmen have done nothing which they have not been encouraged to do by the example and direct incentives of not very much less than half the House of Commons, led by men who have been, and who hope to be again, entrusted with the Government. They appeal to the same mob, and use the methods which political gentlemen have been found not only to wink at, but to condone in explicit terms when it appeared convenient to their interests to do so. Moreover, HER MAJESTY'S Opposition, the mutinous minority of the police, and the rowdies of the Post Office Union are all either practising or preaching anarchy in the midst of a very general tolerance, which seems to show that the country has completely forgotten what anarchy means. We recommend any man who is endowed with a desire to understand the meaning of what is passing before his eyes to read and listen to the comments which are made in papers and about him on all this Police, Post Office, and Parliamentary contumacy. He will hear much condemnation of the men for neglect of the public interest or folly in misunderstanding their own. He may hear members condemned for bad manners. What he will rarely hear is downright emphatic condemnation of any of the three for the moral offence of lawlessness, or for the baseness of a refusal to fulfil a voluntarily assumed obligation. On the contrary, an attitude of violent disobedience to orders and contempt of authority seems to be accepted as a proof that whoever is guilty of it is certainly in earnest and probably also in the right. When the immediate results are likely to be unpleasant to the general purse and pocket, there is a cry for repressive measures. In this case one selfishness comes in contact with another, and when it is the stronger it wins. But no orderly government ever came out of such a scuffling of rival greeds as this. Such a conflict only breeds incessant other conflicts. If we are to have peace at all it can only be by making obedience to the law and loyalty to the State matters of primary obligation. The belief that violence and sedition can be allowed to go just as far as is convenient is the most consummate of follies, although it has been so long and so amazingly tolerated. The country saw a party make an alliance with Irish murder and sedition, and was but moderately shocked. It saw a trade dispute in London carried on by threats and violence, and half approved. Now it sees the same spirit breaking out in the public services, which must be maintained if society is not to be utterly disorganized. Perhaps it will finally understand that the last is of a piece with the first, and that this must be cured as a preliminary to healing its results.

The moral to be drawn seems to us particularly obvious. It is not that offending constables, postmen, or soldiers are to be let off the punishment they have justly incurred. Quite the contrary. Any weakness of that kind would only make the already sufficiently arduous task of maintaining discipline harder than it is. The fact that they have been misled and corrupted does not exonerate them, any more than it does the criminal at the bar. If they are repentant, they will accept their punishment as just; but, whether or not, they must pay the penalty. This, however, may be, and should be, done without prejudice to the subsequent and more severe castigation of the misleader and corrupter. Before this can be achieved, however, the country must again come back to the faith that he is the most damnable of all offenders. To that creed it will have to return, if worse is not to follow. The country, too, may be very sure that it will be brought back to orthodoxy by one of two ways—by listening to persuasion, or by smarting under the rod which will be handled by the very anarchists it tolerates. That freedom which every spouter, every Trades-Union bully and blackguard has for ever in his mouth, was based on respect for law and order. That respect did not come to Englishmen in their sleep. They learnt it, as it has always been learnt, by bitter experience of the consequences which flow from the want of it. Their peculiar distinction among their neighbours is that they learnt it better and sooner than others. They will, however, have to continue to remember it, or to suffer the penalty of forgetting. We have just had a slight taste of what the destruction of the authority of the State might mean. An object-lesson has just been given to show that it might mean the removal of all protection to life and property, the disorganization of all industry by the suspension of effectual means of conducting correspondence, and perhaps even (not at once, but before long) the presence in our midst of disciplined armed men who are not to be trusted with weapons. Of course a remedy for such anarchy would have to be found; but when the evil had come upon us it would hardly be cured without some sacrifice of that liberty of which there is so much prate. If the country wishes to escape the disease and the cure, it will have to make haste to return to the faith that liberty does not give the right to mutiny or to preach mutiny by word or example. It will have to do more than inflict well-deserved punishment on such pestilent rascals as those postmen who have bragged that they will make the country "go mad" by stopping its business. When they have been well trounced it will be necessary to give a lesson to the greater personages from whom they have learnt their language. If the country is too lazy to do that, or does not see the need of it, then it must take the consequences of its own indolence and folly.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

THE publication of the entire text of the Anglo-German Agreement, assisted by Sir PERCY ANDERSON's despatch and supplemented beforehand by a very curious document, in which a number of private persons revise the Agreement at their pleasure for Lord SALISBURY's edification—has given a text for some of the critics of the Government to urge doubts which have hitherto been smothered. We cannot say how much circumstances not connected with the Agreement at all may have had to do with this attempt at second thoughts. But we can say that to persons who look at the matter with some knowledge of it, without prejudice, and with a remembrance that in a give-and-take it cannot be all take and no give, the publication of the fuller details will not in the least alter approval of the instrument. Sir PERCY ANDERSON's letter of explanation seizes the principal points adroitly, and may in its turn be summarized with advantage. It points out that the negotiators have been particularly careful to avoid the worst danger of all such negotiation—the danger of leaving unsettled points. Nothing appears to be so left except the delimitation of Walfisch Bay, which is to be regretted, but seems unavoidable. Sir PERCY makes a good case, we think, about the much-wrangled-over district between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, and about the still more disputed, though (or because) almost utterly unknown, environs of Ngami Land. And it is difficult to attach too much importance to the maintenance of the claims of the Niger Company. In that Company we have our principal lever for working the next African question—not this time with Germany—which is likely to turn up, and it would have been in the highest degree undesirable that the Company should be weakened in any way.

Very considerable interest is now felt, not merely in the arrangement itself, but in what may be called its *sequelæ*. With respect to the proposed rectifications between England and Italy, it was, perhaps, rather an error to permit Italian establishments on the Somali coast at all. But Italy is a friendly nation, and there can be no great difficulty in coming to terms with her when it is necessary; her terms, however, should not involve "trucking" of Souakim. To get rid of that port just after making arrangements by which we have secured the head-waters of the Nile would be like abandoning the shortest road to an estate you have just bought. The reports about an exchange of Zeila have been contradicted, and it is evident that great care must be used in doing anything that may release England's grasp on the throat of the Red Sea. With France matters are very different. France should have thought of those wonderful agreements of 1844 and 1862 when a foreign fleet coerced the Sultan of Zanzibar; she should also have thought of certain other concurrent agreements when she laid hands on Madagascar. At present her attitude is simply that of the child who says, "And what am *I* to have?" Yet no doubt if she wants anything she knows how to get it. We possess at the present moment absolutely nothing to which she has any legitimate claim. She does possess something to which she herself has a very legitimate claim, but which is of remarkably little value to her, and which is always making troubles between us. If France wants more "rights," or whatever they are to be called, in Madagascar, in Tunis, or where not, she had better look, not to Zanzibar, where she has no rights at all, but to Newfoundland, where unluckily she has some. As for Zanzibar, we are quite willing to protect its independence; indeed, that is exactly what we are going to do. With the only other country concerned, Portugal, we should be glad to hear of a reasonable arrangement. It must surely have by this time dawned upon intelligent Portuguese that they have been behaving very foolishly and very unworthily. It should dawn on them still more clearly that the sooner, in the present temper of the world at large, they get their own African "sphere" defined and their title to it duly and exactly registered, the better for them. They can, if they like, have, thus registered and secured to them, far more than they are likely for a long time to be able profitably to use; and they had much better do it.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A CHEQUE.

THE case of RICHARDSON *v.* WERTHEIMER began, continued, and ended in eccentricity. It was originally set down to be heard before a judge without a jury, as so many cases involving legal points are now heard, to the great advantage and convenience of every one concerned. But an English judge has a very strong objection to convict anybody of anything, holding that to be the special privilege of twelve men in a box. Mr. Justice CHARLES discovered that this was an action on a cheque, and that the defence was forgery. He was not prepared to find a man guilty of felony. He had never done such a thing, and, like the executioner in the fairy tale, he was not going to begin at his time of life. So a special jury was summoned, with results not altogether satisfactory to either one side or the other. The sanctity of the British ermine was, however, respected, and with that consolation the parties must be content. Mr. RICHARDSON, the plaintiff, claimed three hundred pounds from Mr. WERTHEIMER, the defendant, in the following circumstances. One ALDEN WESTON, whose career included an intimate acquaintance with Lady DUNLO, better known as Miss BELLE BILTON, and the enjoyment of a sentence of imprisonment passed upon him at the Old Bailey for conspiracy to defraud, came to Mr. RICHARDSON for money, and brought with him what purported to be Mr. WERTHEIMER's cheque. This cheque was apparently drawn by Mr. WERTHEIMER in favour of Lady DUNLO, and was on the face of it duly endorsed by her. Mr. RICHARDSON knew Lady DUNLO, and knew WESTON, and knew Mr. WERTHEIMER, and knew the relations of the gentlemen with the lady, and was led by this combined knowledge to the rather unfortunate conclusion that he might safely cash the cheque. Unable to get his money, he brought his action; and here again he has failed. He has, however, pourtrayed for the benefit of the public a pleasing idyl of our own day. The forged cheque, or the cheque which the jury have not found to be genuine, was intended to be corroborated by certain letters from Lady DUNLO to "My darling ALDEN," meaning thereby the ex-convict WESTON. But these, also, were repudiated by the alleged writer; the suggestion being that a forged cheque was supported by fabricated evidence. There clerks from the Western branch of the Bank of England, on which the cheque was drawn, deposed that, in their belief, it was genuine; and another officer of the bank contradicted Lady DUNLO's assertion that she had not cashed a cheque from Mr. WERTHEIMER since her marriage. On the other hand, the cheque was endorsed "ISABELLE DUNLO," whereas this distinguished lady represents herself as always signing "I. M. P. DUNLO"; and "ISIDORE WERTHEIMER" was written, after the complacent fashion of those who go about to prove the number of the Beast, without the E in ISIDORE or the W in WERTHEIMER. Most forgers are more careful. But we are all of us weak at times.

Mr. Justice CHARLES dwelt upon the absence of experts from this singular trial. This class of witness, the CHABOTS and the NETHERCLIFTS of the day, has been for some time under a cloud. Sir JAMES HANNEN's experience of probate cases has given him a bad opinion of them, which is not likely to have been improved by the events of the Special Commission. But, as Mr. Justice CHARLES pointed out, the fallibility of experts does not prove their uselessness. The well-known case of SEAMAN *v.* NETHERCLIFT shows how they may adhere to their own dogmatic views in face of the clearest rebutting testimony, and their mere opinion is worth very little. Yet in the witness-box they have to give a number and variety of minute reasons, which can be tested on cross-examination, and of which the jury can estimate the value. Mr. Justice CHARLES, however, had to do without his experts, and could only tell the jury that they must decide upon the respective credibility of the witnesses. Mr. WERTHEIMER's account of the transaction was that he had a servant who disappeared; that he lost a cheque-book about the same time, and that whoever forged the cheque might have obtained the book from the man. Generosity seems to be Mr. WERTHEIMER's weak point, inasmuch as he took a house for Lady DUNLO in St. John's Wood, and paid the rent (with taxes) out of the purest and most disinterested friendship. Good men and women of this type are apt to be misrepresented in an unsympathetic world. Mr. WERTHEIMER is sued for money supplied to Lady DUNLO, and Lord DUNLO is seeking to obtain a divorce from his wife. The jury gave it up, and found that the plaintiff had not proved his case. Therefore Mr Justice CHARLES entered judgment for the defendant, and we must assume that he was technically right in doing so. Still, it is one of the peculiar features in this peculiar trial that the real burden of proof lay upon the defendant. The plaintiff had paid the money on the faith of a cheque drawn upon the defendant's bankers in the defendant's name.

Unless Mr. WERTHEIMER's signature had been forged there was no defence to the action. It might, therefore, be suggested that it was for Mr. WERTHEIMER and Lady DUNLO to prove the forgery. If the jury considered that this obligation had been discharged, they would probably have expressed their verdict differently. They adopted a safe though by no means a bold course in leaving the mystery where they found it.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE London County Council has managed so ill that its best friends have hardly been able to say a good word for it after its most painful discomfitures. At last, however, it may be said with some show of truth that it has been baulked in a reasonable desire for more authority. To be sure, the baulking is only for a time, the extension of power which the House of Commons has denied to the Council was excessive, and the way in which it was sought to gain it was intolerable. Yet the Council may fairly ask to have a voice at the Thames Conservancy Board; and a voice it, no doubt, will have when the Board is reconstructed after the whole question of the conservancy of the Thames has been reconsidered in Select Committee next year.

The demand of the Council was for five seats at the Thames Conservancy Board, the members of which number twenty-three; and when it is stated that the river runs for more than twenty miles through the county of London, we can all understand why the Council of that county should wish to be represented at the Board. At the same time, however, it is quite as easy to understand why the wish was not immediately gratified. It is something to the purpose that the Thames Conservancy Board does its business in a very satisfactory way, and that there is not the least reason to suppose that it would be done any better if the London County Council had authority to interfere. The Council comprises many men of reputation for sagacity; and yet it has hitherto shown so little judgment, with so much arrogance, that its admission may well be dreaded wherever the business of London is quietly and satisfactorily carried on and where the Council can bring no needed help. Moreover, it is not at all improbable that what are called the "interests" of the London County Council and the duties of the Conservancy Board might come into collision—and that both frequently and noisily—if the one body obtained a strong footing in the council-room of the other. Indeed, it was shown during Tuesday night's discussion in the House of Commons that the interests of a corporation which has to do with sewage works, the management and repair of bridges, and so forth, may become directly antagonistic to the interests of a river conservancy Board. It was on this account, perhaps, that Parliament would never allow the Metropolitan Board of Works any share of control at the Thames Conservancy Board; and yet (with usual want of tact) it was "as successors to the Metropolitan Board of Works" that the London County Council made its claim to be represented there. Another consideration the House of Commons could not possibly neglect with any regard to fairness and prudence. Twenty-three miles is not the whole length of the river Thames. There are more County Councils than one. Some of these Councils have as much right to be represented at the Thames Conservancy Board as that which is about to lose Lord ROSEBERY's services. If the London Council is to have half a dozen votes at the Thames Conservancy meetings, reason the more why these other Councils should be "represented" there too. They may be quite content with the Board as it is—quite content with the wide range of administrative business confided to them, without desiring to interfere where there is no complaint of loose or inequitable management. But if the London Council sends delegates to the Board, something more than jealousy may suggest to these other Councils that tney have an equal right to do the same thing. Certainly the claim could not be granted in the one case and resisted in the other. This was immediately seen when the matter came before the House of Commons; and the natural conclusion was that if the constitution of the Thames Conservancy is to be changed it had better be done in a single scheme, in which the claims of one County Council shall not override the claims of others. But, say the spokesmen of the Londoners, the principle of representation is admitted in the constitution of the Conservancy Board. The City Corporation appoints seven members to that body. True; but, as Mr. DIXON HARTLAND pointed out, the City Corporation is the port sanitary authority, owns dues on the river, and pays its own expenses. For the rest, the fact that the City Corporation is largely represented on the Thames Conservancy Board signifies that the people of London are not without guardianship there already. That must surely be allowed; and here we have another reason why the claim of the London Council to "a voice in the management and control "of their own river" may be safely postponed till the precisely similar claims of precisely similar bodies can be considered and apportioned. Meanwhile, the London County Councillors are to have a greater voice on the Lea Conservancy Board, and there, it may be hoped, they will turn their authority to good account. For years past the river Lea, which is a source of water supply for certain districts, has been in a scandalously bad condition and there is no reason why the London Council should not employ some of its superfluous energy in improving it. This is a business quite within its range.

To conclude, it may be admitted that the London County Council would have had a better chance of success on Tuesday evening if it had chosen to approach the House of Commons in a more open and straightforward way. The Councillors preferred to do so in what that much misguided body took to be an ingenious and artful way. Their demands for a place on the Thames Conservancy Board, with heaven knows what baleful results on the great sewage question, were wrapped up in the famous "Bill for the Im-"provement and Alteration of the Bridge over Bow Creek "and the Acquisition and Management of Brockwell "Park." In the private Bill so entitled, with obvious intent to deceive, all manner of extravagant claims to authority were mixed in with others of the most innocent description. Three or four of the more impudent had been already detected and cast out before Mr. LAFONE called attention to a few lines in the preamble to the Bill relating to the matter of the Thames Conservancy; and it is extremely likely that the House of Commons was willing to punish the Council for persistence in a grossly improper method of proceeding. If, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT asserted, there was more readiness to do so on the Conservative than on the Radical side of the House, so much the less credit to the Radicals. No Conservative will repine if a well-earned and most necessary rebuke was administered from the Ministerial benches of the House of Commons, in support of the dignity of that Chamber and as a warning against an insidious and offensive form of trickery.

THE FATAL DUEL.

IN a gloomy week two monkeys have considerately sacrificed themselves on the altar of gaiety. "There "is somewhat wildly laughable," according to a French critic, "in whatever concerns death." When we "have "heard what mirth the monkeys made," it must be deemed appropriate—if, indeed, the story is not an unworthy aspersion on the intelligence of the animals. According to a Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, two acrobats, in the circus in Paris, had a dispute, followed by an affair of honour. The distance was the nice gentlemanly one of twenty-five paces, at which even a good pistol-shot may miss an opponent with a weapon in his hands. At all events, whether good shots or not, the combatants did miss. Perhaps they were as nervous as the timid duellist whom M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT has described twice, once in a volume of sketches, and once in a novel, *Bel Ami*. Now among the *témoins* of this affair were two apes. The creature is imitative and ingenious; but never has monkey carried imitation and ingenuity farther than the Paris monkeys. The famed ape of the cannon story had no compurgators. They only made one difference in the arrangements which they had observed to be so picturesque, so safe, and to honour so consoling. They found pistols and cartridges; they loaded; they stood up to each other at five—not twenty-five—yards distance, and they blew each other to pieces. Of all monkeys concerning whom history speaks, these alone are dead on the field of honour. How the details have been discovered, as the monkeys chose no seconds, does not appear. Nor is it known whether they had been long on ill terms. We "seek for the lady" of this quarrel in vain. Perhaps that

is the wiser theory which denies that the apes had any hostile motives at all. They thought, from what they had observed of the duello, that it was an exercise no less friendly and harmless than gentlemanly. In his version of *The Sleeping Beauty* PERRAULT makes the Beauty's little boy fence with a monkey. This is, perhaps, the nearest to a duel with civilized weapons that any Simian creature ever came before the monkeys of the *Daily Telegraph*. The baboon is a belligerent animal, with military discipline, and he is said to throw stones, and do many other startling tricks of war. But a duel with pistols, and a doubly fatal duel, is a "link too many for him." Possibly the monkeys fought on Japanese principles, wherein it is dishonourable for either combatant to return alive. But we have no evidence about the most interesting points, as who gave the word to fire, whether it was not a barrier duel, and so forth. We only have the sad plain facts to speak for themselves in the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

THE annual dinner of the Society of Authors is naturally an occasion when the gift of looking before and after is a good deal exercised. Professor JEBB, who presided, referred, in his comprehensive address, to the flourishing condition of the Society, the good work already accomplished, and the prospect of further usefulness. As a "useful knowledge" Society, of the old BROUGHAM type, circulating pamphlets of information among the young and guileless, there is a wide field open to the Society of Authors. As it is, much has been done to protect lamb-like innocence from the predatory wolf, and to make the ways of transgressors (a kind of publisher) exceedingly hard. The promotion of improved relations between author and publisher is an admirable object. Excellent, also, though much more arduous, is the conversion of all who profess and call themselves authors into men and women of business. That were, indeed, a biting stroke at the wicked publisher. Professor JEBB expressed the general disappointment at the failure of the American copyright measure. Anglo-American copyright is as much an open question now as when the late Mr. WILKIE COLLINS penned the vigorous protest that appeared in the last number of the *Author*. Like "proputty," copyright "sticks" in the United States, though copyright —English copyright—"draws" nothing at all to the defrauded author. The settlement of the question is only postponed. Mr. LOWELL does not despair of seeing that righteous day, nor, apparently, do those who spoke on the subject at the Authors' dinner. Optimism was, indeed, the note of the evening. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, however, expressed the opinion that men of letters thought better of themselves than the public did, a view of the present age that was equally true of the past, and should disconcert no man of letters, and poets least of all. There is some truth, perhaps, in Mr. AUSTIN's comparison of the relative positions of literature, science, and art in public estimation. Science lords it over all for the present. Literature, Mr. AUSTIN fears, stands in poorer case. Such filial fears become a patriot and a poet. Fruitless is the dissection of epigrams, and Mr. AUSTIN's neat summary of the situation, that most people now think the writing of great works not worth doing, and the writing of little things possible to any one, is nothing but an epigram. Whatever the position of literature may be, the author, whether "called" or professed, is now more favourably placed with regard to the public than in the days of OTWAY or CHATTERTON. The young deserving writer of the present age can hardly achieve, like CHATTERTON, transient success in the periodical press, and then "find "nothing left but poverty and praise." The ever-widening circle of readers, their international character, and the modern devices for the swift and abundant circulation of books, cannot but benefit the good author, though the bad be infinitely multiplied. Even the American pirate, seeing that he must one day be abolished, may be sowing the seed of good literary taste in the Wild West in unconscious anticipation of the golden day oncoming.

"Rosy is the East, rosy is the West," was the burden of the cheerful speakers at the Society's dinner. All the continents are now represented in the Society, and doubtless, as Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK observed, if there are other continents, unimagined and undiscovered, they also will be gathered to the fold. Mr. G. H. PUTNAM appeared to share the general optimism. His speech was marked by a deep prophetic tone that must have rejoiced the heart of Mr. WALTER BESANT. It was with the poet's robes about him, rather than as a liberal and sympathetic publisher, that Mr. PUTNAM unveiled the millennial future. He drew a ravishing picture of the happy author in his noble castle, girdled by many fair acres of park and pleasaunce; the author enjoying his own, while the publisher occupied the castle lodge and guarded the gates. Rich was the vision, richer still in suggestion. "Distance and altitude conceal "the rest." At present it is the author, generally speaking, who is tenant of the lodge, if haply he has escaped the fate of the stranger within the gates. And such relations must continue to prevail, unless authors are prepared for further combination and dispense altogether with publishers, just as certain patentees of useful portable articles supply the public directly and pocket their royalties without the intervention of the middleman. In the best of all possible worlds for authors, a writer might well hold his own stock, distribute it, and in the making of books employ only printer and binder. But as all authors in this wicked world, from the beginning, were as children in all that concerns their own interests, the publisher became necessary, that they should learn of him, painfully yet surely. And certainly it were an excellent thing that authors should know their own business. Many of them, of course, are good men of business; yet many more inherit the primæval innocence that made the evolution of the publisher easy and natural. "Your health, our death," COLERIDGE said of the publishers, when he read in the newspaper of a great trade dinner, where the publishers' health was drunk with acclamation, and the banquet was described as one of prodigal luxury. That was in the bad old days when the Society of Authors was not. Now, it is obvious, the business education of authors is progressing apace; and with it the solidarity and power that combination produces. The day is at hand, we hope, when authors as a class can no longer in fairness be ranked among the great unprotected.

GENTLEMEN *v.* PLAYERS.

THE weather, which is spoiling everything that it touches, has spoiled the matches between Gentlemen and Players at cricket. The interest should have been unusually keen. The Players, as they showed when they met the Australians, are particularly strong this year. The Gentlemen have been deemed weak; but this is a matter of opinion. If Mr. GRACE is not in his best practice, Mr. STODDART is; Mr. DIXON has much improved, Mr. WOODS is a capital bowler, Mr. MACGREGOR a match for SHERWIN at the wicket; and there were also the Cambridge heroes, Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. STREATFEILD, who, however, were not equal to themselves. Mr. A. G. STEEL, on the other hand, in the portion of the return match which was played at Lord's, proved that lack of practice has not injured his bowling. Since he left College he has rarely been more successful in a great match. It is odd that two of the bowlers—Mr. WOODS and Mr. SPOFFORTH—were Australians. Mr. NEPEAN was unable to play—a misfortune for his side. At the Oval, which is a much drier wicket than that at Lord's, Mr. GRACE, winning the toss, went in with Mr. STODDART, while PEEL and LOHMANN bowled. The first three wickets, everything considered, did fairly, and made 54 in a bad light. Then the sun came out, "caked" the pitch, and let BRIGGS and PEEL work their will. The whole side was out for 99; two of those rare pleasures, square-leg hits, added 8 to Mr. MACGREGOR's score of 12. With 5 wickets for 22 BRIGGS had a capital analysis. In the Players' innings, as both GUNN and SHREWSBURY made over 40, it might have been dreaded that they would stay in for ever, and make 400 apiece. Once "set," why should they not? Mr. SPOFFORTH, however, "yorked" GUNN, and Mr. MACGREGOR stumped SHREWSBURY—an unusual feat to catch SHREWSBURY out of his ground—off Mr. GRACE. BARNES hit Mr. GRACE a good deal to the side where he expects more catches than he gets; and LOHMANN hit freely. Mr. STREATFEILD routed the tail of the Players—not that BARNES, LOHMANN, and ATTEWELL are really a "tail"; and the innings closed for 184. Nobody, in the second attempt of the amateurs, could help Mr. STODDART much. Out of 134 he made 85, LOHMANN and BRIGGS dividing the wickets. LOHMANN was especially successful. Then down came the rain; and the match was finished in rather hugger-mugger fashion, to have it over. The Players

needed 50 runs, which were got by SHREWSBURY and GUNN. SUGG was run out, needlessly; there was no hurry, except to get under cover.

In the unfinished match at Lord's Mr. CRANSTON, of Gloucestershire, played very well for 68 not out, in an innings of 199; and Mr. READ, Mr. STODDART, and Mr. SHUTER aided him well. Mr. O'BRIEN was very unlucky—leg before wicket to his first ball—and Mr. STEEL was also unable to score. LOHMANN and BRIGGS dominated the bowling. Mr. STEEL and Mr. WOODS, with a slight aid from Mr. HEDLEY (who bowled the redoubtable GUNN for 3), dismissed the Players for a poor score of 83, wherein SHREWSBURY'S 29 and ULYETT'S 17 were conspicuous. All Monday night it rained on the just and the unjust, on the riots and revels, and on the pitch. Play could not begin till four o'clock on Tuesday, when SUGG and GUNN were soon vanquished; but SHREWSBURY and QUAIFE played especially well. One hundred and eight runs were made for five wickets, and the Players were 32 runs in advance, with five wickets—and good wickets, if we except SHERWIN'S—to fall. Of course the rain had it all its own way on Wednesday, and the Gentlemen were not allowed the chance of regaining their laurels. They might have been expected to do so, and certainly proved themselves quite the equals of their opponents at Lord's. Mr. STEEL'S bowling had much to do with this; it would have been delightful to see him score again as of old he scored. But the season is dead against cricket; "a cool, wet summer," as the fishing intelligence says, with unholy joy.

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

IT is a matter for regret that the last Report on the condition of the Gordon Boys' Home was not so favourable as we all wish it had been. The institution has increased in size, has accomplished a respectable amount of building, and has been able to invest some 5,000*l*. This is well, but it is not enough. We cannot hope that as years go on the yearly subscriptions will continue to come in on the same scale. It is inevitable that as we go further away from the period in which GORDON lived his heroic life, and died "Faithful unto Death," there will be some falling off in the numbers of those who are willing to subscribe yearly to the support of the Home which bears his name. There is, therefore, all the more reason why the institution should be endowed with a solid fund which will make it more or less independent of casual help. This has not yet been effectually done, and there is good ground for an appeal to those who can give. For the rest the money will be well employed. Apart altogether from its claims for support as a memorial of GORDON, the Home is a well-managed charity, which it would be a pity to see perish. If all those who think as they should of the man, and of this work undertaken in honour of him, would subscribe a little, the danger would be avoided. The case of the Home was stated with force by the Secretary and by the Duke of CONNAUGHT, the new Chairman. It ought not to remain unanswered. Much has been done, but in this class of undertaking it is particularly the case that "not enough" is only a little less bad than nothing. It would even be less discreditable to us not to have begun such a work than to begin and then give it up.

LINCOLN'S INN GATE.

A VERY remarkable correspondence has recently been going on in the pages of our contemporary, *Knowledge*. Most people, especially those who have ever had to do with questions of architectural art, will be acquainted with the name of Lord GRIMTHORPE. He is known to fame for many different reasons, and until a short time ago he was supposed to be an architectural amateur of great pretensions and considerable taste. His *Book on Building* has long had a well-deserved reputation. But within a few years Lord GRIMTHORPE has contrived to divest himself of his authority in such matters. By a perfectly wanton and gratuitous interference with one of the most interesting old buildings left in London, the chapel designed by INIGO JONES in Lincoln's Inn, he shook the faith of believers in his taste, and since then he has put himself, so to speak, completely out of court by one of the greatest architectural outrages ever committed, his general rack and ravage of St. Albans Abbey. His opinions on the subject of "restoration," which were formerly received at least with respect, are now looked upon as mischievous, if not worthless. The unanimous and unreserved condemnation called forth by his work at St. Albans seems to have stung him into declaring something like war against any ancient buildings which unhappily come within the sphere of his influence. In spite of what he did to the chapel, he is still, it seems, an authority at Lincoln's Inn; and, as it appears from a letter in *Knowledge*, he has made up his mind, in pursuance of the plan of campaign to which we have adverted, to destroy the only feature of antiquarian or historical interest he has left in the Inn. The old gateway in Chancery Lane is not very beautiful, but it is very old, and, at least, it is more beautiful than anything Lord GRIMTHORPE is likely to put in its place. It has purposely been left to fall as much as possible into decay, yet it remains substantially sound. Mr. MICKLETHWAITE, Mr. WEBB, and Mr. CRICKMAY, all well-known architects, have testified in formal reports that there is nothing the matter with it which cannot easily be repaired. Although the authorities—that is to say, so far as we can see, Lord GRIMTHORPE himself—have dug a pit under it, they have failed to shake its foundations. Mr. RANYARD, the Editor of *Knowledge*, has called attention to these operations and intentions, and has endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of public opinion for the purpose of saving the Gate, which was built as far back as 1518, and bears that date. In adjoining chambers, also doomed if Lord GRIMTHORPE has his way, THURLOE, CROMWELL'S secretary, lived from 1645 to 1649. They were the scene of many historical events, and FULLER connects them with BEN JONSON, who worked on them as a mason in his early life. But, says Lord GRIMTHORPE, with admirable logic, "there could hardly be "any old street or square in which somebody or something "did not live or happen." This is an excellent reason for destroying the older buildings of Lincoln's Inn, and will naturally convince us that Westminster Hall and St. James's Palace, and that building about which we have heard so much lately, the chapel at Whitehall, where somebody or something lived or happened, are not worth preserving. There is a further point. New buildings will bring in a better rental. This argument, in which there is something more tangible, is proved, in Mr. RANYARD'S exceedingly good-tempered rejoinder to Lord GRIMTHORPE'S letter in the number for July, to be fallacious, because the former demolitions and reconstructions have resulted in a loss of rental to the Inn.

Lord GRIMTHORPE'S letter is a curiosity. One would suppose that after the fiasco at St. Albans Lord GRIMTHORPE would be inclined to court a certain amount of retirement, and would at least hesitate before obtruding his views and intentions on the public. But, so far from this being the case, he tells Mr. RANYARD in so many words that he must print this insulting letter, or it will go ill with him. "If "you don't," says this polite nobleman, "you may fare "worse elsewhere." This is at the very beginning of the letter; and we venture to think that nine editors out of ten would have flung the letter into the fire. He goes on to speak of old buildings in general as places "to be "called interesting to people who have not to use" them, and "for people like you to rave about." He adds, with even greater courtesy:—"You had better stick to celestial "phenomena, and not lecture on such earthly things as "brick and mortar and finance until you have learnt a "little more about them." A milder man than Mr. RANYARD evidently does not exist. He does not tell Lord GRIMTHORPE that a considerable part of his letter is made up of language compounded of Billingsgate and Bedlam; but he sits down temperately, and, picking out each of Lord GRIMTHORPE'S assertions from amidst the frothy ravings which surround it, answers it conclusively, fortifying his reply with the Reports of the three architects whom we have named. One thing comes out clearly from the correspondence. Lord GRIMTHORPE accepts "the responsibility "of the proposed destruction." But even this assumption will not justify the Benchers in public opinion for allowing themselves to be browbeaten by an *emeritus* Parliamentary barrister who fancies himself an architect into letting him loose upon their old buildings.

NOT "TO THE GENTEELEST OF TUNES."

PROVERBS, even the shrewdest and most often verified, are sometimes apt to lead astray; and it certainly cannot be an adage of universal application that "the man "who pays the piper has a right to call the tune." The relations which exist between the English and Irish wings of the Separatist party seem to show that conclusively; unless, indeed, we are mistaken as to which of the two it is that may be regarded as subsidizing the other. Our own theory of the position has certainly always been that Mr. GLADSTONE is—or at any rate has promised to be—the paymaster of the Parnellite piper, and is prepared to reward him for his attendance by a very handsome political honorarium to be contributed by the British nation. To be sure, however, this accomplished instrumentalist himself may take another view of the matter. He may contemptuously contend that he plays for his own amusement, and has paid Mr. GLADSTONE to dance. The services of that venerable artist and his colleagues of the Front Bench have been "retained" by the Irish vote, and it would be as absurd for them (the piper may say) as it would be for any other highly trained troupe of performing animals to talk nonsense about "calling the tune." They must take whatever measure is struck up for them, and if their masters are not so invariably considerate as TONY LUMPKIN'S friend, who never called upon his bear to dance except to the "genteelest of tunes," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may be thankful that it is no worse. It is very possible, we say, that this may be the Parnellite's conception of his relations to the English Gladstonian, and not impossible even that Mr. GLADSTONE himself—in his intense desire that no difference should arise between the musician and the dancers—may think it wise to accept it as an accurate one. The course of affairs, at any rate, is perfectly consistent with a supposition of that kind; for the imperiousness of the piping Parnellite and the obsequiousness of the capering Gladstonian appear to increase daily, and have never been better illustrated on either side than in the course of the recent debate on the Irish Constabulary Vote.

The reason why the particular tune now being played so vigorously from the Irish benches has been selected is obvious enough. There is no caprice about it, although there may be some appearance thereof. The simulated indignation with which the DILLONS and O'BRIENS of the party are denouncing the practice of "shadowing" is only the outward expression of a very real dismay. It was not worth while to attack "shadowing"—indeed, the existence of the practice was rather useful to the Irish agitator—as long as it was employed only in such a form as that in which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, after weary waiting for the distinction, at last obtained experience of it. So long, we say, as it presented an attractive bait to the vanity of the notoriety-hunting English Radical, the Irish agitator felt no strong inclination to denounce it. No doubt, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, it is an absurd misnomer as applied to the case of the English visitor to Ireland who "associates himself "with some organizer of the Land League or other person "under police surveillance," and then "flatters himself "that it is he who is the object of this attention, finds him-"self wafted into unexpected importance, and perhaps is "finally immortalized by a question asked across the floor "of the House of Commons." Still, even the actual object of the attentions of the police, even the organizer of the Land League or other person under surveillance, used to take it quietly enough a little while ago. And if he no longer does so, it is because the "shadowing," which is a pleasing compliment to a professional Irish agitator, and still more to an English Radical playing at Irish agitation, is fatal to the serious business of boycotting. Wherever it is watchfully and steadily applied such cowardly scoundrels as the fellow POWER—once the persecutor of the unfortunate man FITZGERALD, and now, we are happy to say, in prison in default of giving bail—find their occupation gone. It is because boycotting, to be effectual, itself requires the "shadowing" of the boycotted by so-called "vigilance "men," and because as soon as the shadower is in turn shadowed by the police, he becomes powerless for purposes of intimidation—for these reasons it is that the Parnellites have at last raised the outcry against the "damnable" practice; if we may repeat an adjective which, after Mr. BALFOUR'S eloquent comparison of the "shadowing" of the National League with the "shadowing" of the police, it must be difficult, we should think, for Commander BETHELL to hear without a tingling of the ears and a heartfelt resolution not in future to allow the impetuosity of the sailor to overcome the prudence of the politician.

We repeat that the selection of this tune was almost inevitable, but that does not prevent it from being an extremely ungraceful one for the Gladstonians to dance to. It is not—to recur to the case of that more fortunate animal who belonged to Mr. LUMPKIN'S friend—it is not like "Water parted from the Sea," or "The Minuet in "*Ariadne*." The "step" which it requires is the most awkward, inconvenient, foot-entangling, ankle-twisting business it is possible to conceive, with nothing easy or familiar about it, unless it be the "double-shuffle" which enters somewhat largely into it; and, altogether, it is a performance compared with which the execution of an egg-hornpipe in fetters would be a ridiculously simple feat. That, of course, is why the official Gladstonians have shown such marked reluctance to "take the floor." Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN had to be almost dragged up, a fortnight ago, by the CHIEF SECRETARY, and though Mr. FOWLER and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE then came to his assistance—or, rather, to their own, as, indeed, does every member of that united family whenever he sees another member in danger of concentrating attention on himself—their united efforts did not amount to much. It was not till the Irish Constabulary Vote came on that Mr. GLADSTONE was prevailed upon to enter the fray; and even he had to be drawn into it by the same method as Mr. BALFOUR had applied in the case of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. The CHIEF SECRETARY had to appeal to the records of the late Government—those records which Mr. GLADSTONE thinks are not to be used by Ministers in self-defence against his cynically profligate attacks on his successors—before he could get the Leader of the Opposition to rise; and when he did rise, his line of defence revealed a singular state of unpreparedness for the charge which he was called upon to answer. One is getting a little tired by this time of Mr. GLADSTONE'S solitary expedient in this behalf—that, namely, of calling upon his accuser to give chapter and verse for his accusation. It had a little success at first, for the simple reason that accusers did not come provided with documentary evidence of accusations the truth of which was notorious to the whole world, and had in many instances been admitted and gloried in by their object himself. Latterly, however, Mr. GLADSTONE'S principal opponents have taken the precaution to bring with them, or to have within easy access, the recorded proof even of such historical statements as that the former Prime Minister spoke of the practices of the Land League as "rapine," and its principles as those of "public "plunder," and its aim as "the disintegration of the "Empire," and so forth; and quite recently, when Mr. GLADSTONE audaciously challenged the assertion that he had ever described the publican's claim to his licence as a "vested interest," Mr. GOSCHEN was able, before the close of the debate, to confound him, if any exposure of this sort could do so, by the exhibition of those very words under the report of a speech headed with his revered name. His latest application of his tactical method has been singularly unfortunate in its results, Mr. BALFOUR having driven him, in effect, from point to point, until he pinned him to a position tenable only on a variety of assumptions, every one of which the CHIEF SECRETARY was subsequently able to rebut.

The contest throughout was most interestingly illustrative of the style of both combatants. Mr. BALFOUR appealed to the "records" of the late Government as showing that the "shadowing" of 1890 is simply the "shadowing" of 1882–84. Mr. GLADSTONE calls for the production of the records, which he knows is out of the question; but, instead of this, Mr. BALFOUR instances the case of Mr. GRANT, and produces the evidence of allegations made by Mr. HEALY with regard to that case, and accepted as accurate by the then Chief Secretary, Mr. TREVELYAN. Upon this Mr. GLADSTONE shifts his ground and declares that what he wants is not official evidence that the "shadowing" of Mr. GRANT took place, but official details as to the particular way in which he was shadowed; and especially, proceeded Mr. GLADSTONE solemnly, on these three points; "first, whether the watching policeman was "in plain clothes or uniform; secondly, at what distance, "so far as is known, did the policeman watching stand "from the person watched; and, thirdly, whether his "presence was purposely made known to the person "watched." Mr. GLADSTONE went on to say that, "If the

"right hon. gentleman would have the goodness to ascer-
"tain these things as far as he can, he would do something
"to clear up the matter." The right hon. gentleman had the goodness to ascertain these things, and he has done exactly so much to clear up the matter as could be done by showing that not one of the assumed distinctions between Gladstonian and Balfourian "shadowing" exists—that the man who watched GRANT was in uniform, that he was distant from GRANT about ten yards when he was at work, and three or four yards at other times, and that the fact that GRANT was watched was purposely made known to him. Mr. GLADSTONE has been badly served. He took the *naïf* precaution to ask Mr. DILLON when he brought his first complaint of "shadowing" before the House whether there was any precedent for such proceedings in the former Government of Ireland (conceive the oppressor asking the oppressed to recall any little acts of oppression that his tyrant may have forgotten!) And Mr. DILLON said that, "to the best of his knowledge, there were none." Mr. GLADSTONE's touching confidence in Mr. DILLON's accuracy is misplaced. For correct information on all Irish matters he cannot do better than stick to Professor STUART.

WORDS, WORDS, AND PLAY-ACTING.

IT would be quite useless to recommend people to read the debates in the House at the end of last week on the Report of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission. Such things are meant to be forgotten even by those who take part in them. But if this were not the case such a course of reading could only be recommended to one whom it was desirable to convince of the melancholy extent to which we have gone to tongue in naval and military administration. The lesson is not a new one, nor does it want for other illustrations—witness certain late proceedings of the speechifying kind which took place at Portsmouth in consequence of other proceedings in the Wellington Barracks. But the evidence afforded in the House was of portentous magnitude. Out of many columns of talk it was impossible to discover any sign of the existence in the mind of any man of a clear idea of what he wanted. In the course of the same evening and from the same person were heard recommendations of the appointment of a military officer who is not to be "subservient" to the War Office, combined with strong expressions of opinion that the responsibility of the SECRETARY of STATE must not be weakened. How are the two things to be combined? Again, something was said about the recommendation of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission that a Council should be appointed to secure co-operation between the navy and army in war. It gave Mr. STANHOPE an amazing opportunity of showing to what an extent the House is led by the nose by mere words. He informed the House with a certain gravity that the Cabinet considered this a serious suggestion, and had decided to form a Committee of Ministers whose departments would be directly affected by a war to make their minds up as to what ought to be done. In other words, the Cabinet will solemnly remark that it is going to do what all Cabinets have always done, and from the nature of things must do, when it is their duty to direct the war policy of the country. The House listened and said Marry, but HER MAJESTY is excellent well served by her right worthy Secretary. It did not in the least recognize that it was only being presented with the same old hat. Finally, there came up the egregious proposal to get rid of the Commander-in-Chief. Nobody has given anything approaching to a reason for abolishing the office (vague assertions that a military millennium would supervene if it were abolished are not reasons), nor explained how the work he does could be dispensed with, nor how an officer who did it would differ from him except in name. Mr. STANHOPE, however, did not say that. With a solemnity which cannot be too sincerely admired, he merely remarked that this is a serious business—a very serious business—a serious, serious, serious business, and that therefore nothing could be done. To which the House replied, How true. Now, to do nothing was certainly the wisest course which could be taken; but what is the administrative wisdom of a legislative body which wastes so many words over vague proposals, and is content with such a no-solution? If the House would only vote the money for the army and let it alone, we might then, perhaps, see some military gentlemen devote themselves to their duties, and let the "system" alone, with excellent effects on the unity, efficiency, responsibility, &c. &c. of the British army.

To speak frankly, the recent practice with the BRENNAN torpedo near Totland Bay Hotel, and the combined manœuvres off and on and about the Needles, are not much more respectable than the talkee-talkee of the Legislature. The first simply proves that the BRENNAN torpedo is an exceedingly pretty mechanical toy. If on a comparatively fine day a hulk is anchored at a very convenient place, well settled beforehand, it can then be blown up by the BRENNAN torpedo. So much was shown to a select Parliament party in Totland Bay, and no doubt they all enjoyed themselves, including the hulk and the torpedo; only in war things are not so pleasantly managed. What we should like to have seen would have been what would happen if an enemy turned up unexpectedly at night, kept constantly on the move, and fired with decent aim at the place from which the BRENNAN was being launched, with real bullets. As for the subsequent manœuvres, when it is observed that no ships took part in them which would share in such operations in war; that the vessels actually employed did none of the things they would have done in war, and did do many they would not have done—showing lights they would not have shown, going where they would not have gone—and that the operations took place in waters which no sane enemy would ever dream of attempting to navigate in the dark, their value as practice will, we trust, be obvious to the meanest capacity. We have had to complain before of the unreal character of the naval operations our squadrons are set to perform. The absurdity has apparently become chronic.

MRS. CAREY'S JEWELS.

THE verdict just recovered against LONG's Hotel Company by Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR CAREY will probably surprise a good many people who thought they knew the law. As a rule, hotelkeepers are so much more carefully protected than their guests that a man would rather put up with some amount of loss than run the risk of "breaking "his nose against some damned judge's decision." Indeed, it seems that but for the trifling mistake on the part of the manager in hanging up the statutory notice on the first floor instead of "in a conspicuous part of the hall or "entrance," this action could not have been maintained, at least for more than thirty pounds. As the amount claimed and awarded was nearly six hundred pounds, judgment for the limited sum would have practically meant a victory for the Company. This fact diminishes the general importance of the case, and destroys the applicability of its principle wherever the Innkeepers' Act of 1863 has been strictly obeyed. Nevertheless, the evidence, the arguments, and the summing-up are interesting, partly because they show the methods by which the present rule has been established, and partly because they bear upon circumstances to which the statute does not apply. Mr. CAREY is to be congratulated on his success, if not upon his touching confidence that English hotels, unlike American, are safe from the incursions of the marauder. On the other hand, it is not a little odd that an American should have been destined to clear up the English law on a point which, not being affected by statute, was presumptively taken across the Atlantic by the Pilgrim Fathers. Baron POLLOCK pointed out to the jury that the protection given to innkeepers in 1863 by Parliament was conditional, that the conditions had not been fulfilled, and that, as between the parties to the present case, the law was precisely the same as in the days of the Blessed Martyr. In the later period covered by the sixth volume of ELLIS and BLACKBURN, Sir WILLIAM ERLE described the responsibility of innkeepers in language of wider and more general import than they are accustomed to hear nowadays. "We think," he said, "the rule of law resulting from all the authorities "is that . . . the goods remain under the charge of the "innkeeper and the protection of the inn so as to make "the innkeeper liable as for a breach of duty, unless the "negligence of the guest occasions the loss, in such a way "as that the loss would not have happened if the guest "had had the ordinary care that a prudent man may be "reasonably expected to have taken under the circum-"stances."

The question, therefore, was whether Mr. CAREY had himself been guilty of contributory negligence, and the jury found that he had not. It must be admitted that there were, in more than the conventional sense, two sides to the

question, and that there was a good deal of evidence against the plaintiffs. Mr. and Mrs. CAREY came to this country in December, for their wedding trip, and took rooms at LONG's Hotel, in Bond Street. They put about four hundred pounds' worth of jewelry and nearly two hundred pounds' worth of notes in two boxes; the boxes were put into drawers of the wardrobe, and then the owners went out for the afternoon. When they returned, at six o'clock, the boxes had been broken open and the contents had disappeared. It cannot be said that this was a wildly improbable occurrence, or one which might not have been reasonably apprehended. It was asserted by the defendants, and denied by the plaintiffs, that there were keys which would have locked the part of the wardrobe where the money and the valuables had been stowed away. Mr. CAREY frankly acknowledged that he had not locked the door of the room. Asked whether he did not think this an imprudent omission, he replied, "Prudent depends upon where you are; "I should not do it in America." On the other hand, it appeared that there was considerable difficulty in taking this precaution at LONG's Hotel, and that sojourners in that hostelry are not invited to take it. The door of the CAREYS' sitting-room would only lock from the inside, and once when Mrs. CAREY did lock it she had to go out through the servants' room, which she found an unpopular course. Moreover, the head-waiter told her that nobody locked his door at LONG's. Baron POLLOCK laid some stress upon the plaintiff's being a foreigner, and therefore unable to appreciate English customs. If Mr. CAREY had assumed that thieves in England were very much like thieves in the United States, or thieves anywhere else, his property would not have been stolen. As it is, the results of his carelessness have been much less serious than he had any right to expect.

THE WINTER SESSION.

IT is not difficult to explain the mental disturbance which was created on the Front Opposition Bench by the "statement on public business" which the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY made to the House of Commons last Thursday afternoon, and it is perhaps the best recommendation of an otherwise rather unwelcome proposal that it has obviously disconcerted the enemy. This, no doubt, is partly to be accounted for by the mere fact of its being a surprise. It was perhaps the one course of Ministerial action which has not been provisionally anticipated and canvassed. Critics of the Parliamentary situation were divided between advocates of an autumn Session, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and partisans of the plan of summoning Parliament a month earlier than usual for the Session of 1891. The idea of beginning a new Session in November of the previous year appears to have occurred to no one, partly perhaps because no one but the Government cared to be responsible for what is undoubtedly a proposal of the "heroic" order, and suggests doubts as to the possibility of its realization on that very ground. If the Government, however, mean what they now say—and the time has surely gone by for any further changes of front or mind—and if they have the firmness to stick to their plan and carry it through, there is no doubt that they will be able to accomplish the purpose for which it is conceived. At the same time, there is no use in attempting to conceal the fact that the resolution they have announced is a very serious one, and that it can only be carried out at the cost of severe sacrifices. In speculating whether the Leader of the House can "bear "the strain of an adjourned autumn Session from which "an initial meeting of Parliament in November is not "practically distinguishable," the *Times* puts the case in a very inadequate shape; which does not, it is to be hoped, represent the conception generally formed of the Ministerial arrangement. That arrangement, unfortunately, *is* practically distinguishable, and distinguishable for the worse, so far as the comfort of members is concerned, from an adjourned autumn Session. The sufferers under an adjourned autumn Session sit usually from the first week in November until about the middle of December, and then get a holiday until about the middle of February. The prospect before the House in the present instance is that of having to sit from the middle of November till close upon Christmas Eve, and to reassemble after the Christmas recess in (say) the first week in January. It is true that Mr. SMITH holds out to them a somewhat vague hope of rising in July; but a certainty of impending suffering is likely to obscure a bare possibility of ultimate relief.

It is for the Government to consider, and, as far as others are concerned to inquire, whether their own physical energies and the goodwill of their followers will meet the heavy demand which is about to be made upon them. Assuming that they have satisfied, or will hereafter satisfy, themselves on these points, there is no doubt that, from the tactical point of view, their resolution is to be approved. Indeed, we are disposed to see in it the only plan by which, under the present rules of Parliamentary Procedure, they can hope to defeat Obstruction. We have always had our doubts whether, having regard to the magnitude of the Land Purchase Bill, it would be possible to dispose of it in an adjourned autumn Session of the ordinary length; and to meet in November, only to find Christmas at hand with the measure still dragging through Committee, is a contingency almost too hideous to contemplate, and much too disastrous to be risked. On the other hand, and in view of the extreme importance of passing the Land Purchase Bill during the first quarter of the coming year, there would have been obvious dangers in postponing the measure—and in this case, it must be remembered, postponing its reintroduction, and not its "further consideration"—until the beginning of January. Even if the "three weeks," within which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with the jocularity of a playful brigand, declares that the debate on the Address has always been confined, were not actually consumed by it, the delay in getting under way with the Bill, more especially amid the financial business always necessary at that time of the year, would certainly be considerable; and the effort to pass the Bill before the end of March would be destined, we fear, to inevitable failure. A meeting in November will at least remove the preliminary obstruction of the Address, and ought fairly to start the House on the consideration of the Bill before Christmas; and by proper husbanding of time, also by due firmness in the conduct of public business—all depends upon that—its enactment at a reasonably early date in 1891 should be assured.

THE MINISTERIAL CHANGE IN SPAIN.

THE removal of Señor SAGASTA from the Premiership in Spain seems to be a surprise, mainly because it has been so long foretold that it had ceased to be expected. For about a year there has been a crisis at Madrid, and at last the chronic crisis has become acute. Don MATEO SAGASTA goes, and the surprise expressed at his fall in foreign countries seems to imply a certain want of understanding of Spanish politics. When the commentator is found expressing surprise that a Minister who enjoys the support of a majority of several hundred, and has just been reconciled to the most important chiefs of his party, should be leaving office, it is clear that he at least does not see his way. Every Minister in Spain who holds elections himself always has a majority of imposing proportions. As for the reconciliation with the other Liberal leaders, it is, we seem to remember, a remark of the DIABLE BOITEUX that reconciliations do not necessarily imply a cessation of rivalry. If the size of his majority were enough to keep a Spanish Minister in office, there would be no reason why a Premier should ever leave it. He could go on electing supporters to the end of his life. The secret is very patent. Every part of Spain is in arrear with its taxes. When a general election is at hand it is perfectly well known in country districts and small towns that, unless the Ministerial candidate is returned, the visits of the taxgatherer and the Guardia Civil will become pressing. The return of the Ministerial candidate follows as a matter of course. The mass of Spaniards, too, have a shrewd notion that it does not "matter a whistle" to them who is in and who out. Ministerial changes do not, therefore, depend in that country on the result of elections.

The motives which have decided the QUEEN-REGENT to call for the resignation of Señor SAGASTA are probably, to some extent, matters of confidence. If she has, indeed, been persuaded by her late husband that a periodical change is necessary, and, in a country in which the electorate is so much clay, had better be brought about by the sovereign than the army, she has not learnt ill, or from an incompetent teacher. It is a curious development of constitutional government, but there is something to be said

for it. An Opposition which was sure of its turn through the good-natured politeness of its sovereign has much less motive to obstruct, or to play to the gallery. It may even be that the path of safety lies this way for all constitutional countries. The QUEEN-REGENT has, however, probably other reasons for removing Señor SAGASTA than her belief in the necessity for a rotation of Ministers. He has to some extent offended the army, and it is notorious that he has frightened the Protectionists. It is not healthy for a Premier to be on bad terms with these forces in Spain. The period of pronunciamientos may be over, but the army is still a force in Spanish politics, and will remain so as long as it continues to be the belt which holds the country together. The Protectionists, again, include all the moneyed men in the country, and though they would run no risk in opposition to a Minister, however little they might like him, they will find and use innumerable means of making the work of government difficult. The Church, too, though it wisely takes no direct part in politics at present, and has no real cause to fear Señor SAGASTA, would always rather see a Conservative in office than a Liberal. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO is, therefore, secure of effective support, and he may be trusted to see that the approaching general elections go as they should. From the fact that he has included some known Liberals among his colleagues, and from the tone of his speeches and circulars, it is clear that he does not intend to form a "Ministry of combat." By abstaining from a too open avowal of an intention to govern by Conservatives alone he may avoid trouble with the Liberals of the cities. Among the many shams of Spanish politics, there are one or two genuine things, and one of these is the hatred, quite intelligible but none the less bigoted, felt by the population of the larger towns for the clerical party. Señor CANOVAS is not likely to come to a quarrel with the towns on this point. His alliance with one section of the Liberals is a guarantee that he will not do so, and will doubtless prove useful to him. As for the promises of better administration and better finance which he has made, they are doubtless sincere, and Señor CANOVAS is as well qualified to keep them as any man in Spain. He does not want for courage or parts. But the faults of Spanish administration and finance are of long standing. Another ALBERONI might correct them if he were not called off to direct foreign adventures; but in these times, though a Minister would be free from that temptation and might have the ability, he would assuredly not have the power. It will be enough if Spain remains at peace under Señor CANOVAS, and is not worse governed or more bankrupt than it has been wont to be.

HELIGOLAND IN THE LORDS.

LORD SALISBURY was, perhaps, right in prefacing his motion for the second reading of the Anglo-German Agreement Bill by a detailed review of the strategical advantages or disadvantages of the possession of Heligoland. Parliamentary etiquette, of course, required that the case for the barter of a possession should be stated with some fulness, and there are probably persons who, though they have already had exhaustively explained to them the reasons why we should do well to part with Heligoland on any reasonable terms, will derive greater ease of mind from hearing them authoritatively put forth by the Minister responsible for the cession. In the House of Lords, as was to be expected, it did not provoke much adverse criticism—at least of any very definite kind—even from Lord ROSEBERY himself. For the comments upon it of that authority on foreign affairs, though tolerably copious and prolonged, were rather in the nature of what is known in some domestic circles as "nagging" than of any more serious description. Lord ROSEBERY would like to be sure that we shall not part with any strategical advantages worth retaining when we give up Heligoland. Well, the Government are sure of this, in common, we believe, with the overwhelming majority of naval and military experts in the country; and they look forward to Lord ROSEBERY's sharing, in due time, in the mental tranquillity which that confidence inspires. Again, he would like to be sure that the islanders do not object to the cession; yet his passion for certitude on this point is not so strong, he admits, as to induce him to ask them. "None of us," he admits, "would "wish that a plébiscite should take place as to the wishes "of the Heligolanders" on the subject. Yet their opinions should not be absolutely disregarded; and how does Lord SALISBURY know what they are? There is a comical audacity in this shifting of the burden of proof from the shoulders of the critic to that of the person criticized. Lord ROSEBERY does not contend, we presume, that the Heligolanders are unaware of the fact that their island is about to pass into the possession of Germany; or that they are dumb; or that writing has not "come to them by nature"; or that they never heard of the existence of the free and independent British press; or that it contains newspapers the conductors of which, if they learned anything adverse to the policy of HER MAJESTY'S Government, would—after a severe struggle between patriotism and party spirit—in all probability end by communicating their information, with whatever pain and reluctance, to the world. But, unless Lord ROSEBERY be prepared to suggest one or other of these reasons for the non-appearance of a single line, the non-utterance of a single word of protest, from the Heligolanders, we submit to him that the silence of Heligoland may quite legitimately be taken as Heligoland consent.

One word more, however, remains to be said on one observation of the late Foreign Secretary which deserves an importance from its popular currency which it certainly does not possess on its merits. Lord ROSEBERY pleaded that "it might be permitted to him to reflect, "without acrimony, on what would have been said if "Mr. GLADSTONE's Government had submitted an Agree-"ment of this description to the House." It is always open to any one, without permission, to reflect on anything without acrimony; and for any other kind of reflection permission should not be granted. But we will endeavour to reply to Lord ROSEBERY's question with as little acrimony as he displays in putting it. He asks what would have been said of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government had he submitted an Agreement of this description to the House? Why this would have been said—that it was the first time that Mr. GLADSTONE had ever got anything in exchange for a cession of territory, as it would have been the first time that he had ever freely bartered a British possession or privilege, instead of having them wrung from him by force acting upon fear.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

IX.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

MOST people associate Great Yarmouth with bloaters. The East End of London, however, associates it with Paradise; for is it not the Elysium of the East-End tripper—a favoured spot where ozone, periwinkles, nigger minstrels, and fire-eaters are cheap? But to some men Yarmouth means a fishing village, with haddock hanging on nails against the cottage walls, and an abounding odour of fish in various degrees of ripeness. The actual Great Yarmouth differs from the Great Yarmouth of some men's fancy. It is a large and prosperous country town, with fine public buildings. Its staple industries of East-End trippers and bloaters are only obtrusive at certain seasons. It has a great naval hospital and the largest church, which is not called something else—such as an abbey or a minster—in England. Besides these it has peculiarities which are all its own. It has a harbour in the middle of the town. The entrance to the harbour is several miles southward; but the open sea, westward, is only a few hundred yards from the harbour. And all Great Yarmouth is very flat. The sea used to rise at high tides, and wash the streets quite clean—too clean. It cleaned them of everything portable, including women and children, and even grown men. So an enlightened Corporation laid out the houses in a peculiar fashion, with little rows between them broad enough to walk down, except for the very obese, and broad enough to allow the sea to flow harmlessly down the many channels, from the ocean to the harbour, and back again. There are more than two hundred of these rows.

Great Yarmouth is four hours by rail, and by good trains, from London; but the railway Company, recognizing the beneficence of golf, gives the golfer cheap fares. The Corporation is as enlightened as when it laid out the town in rows, and looks on golf with fostering favour. The club-house is about a mile from the main parade, on which the golfer lives and snuffs the sea-breezes. Flies with four wheels swarm about the hotels, and convey the golfer to the scene of his labours. The first hole is long and flat. Three full shots will take you to it—if you do not pull, by the way, into or over a stream which skirts an out-of-bounds field, or slice your ball into broken sandy stuff on the right. The second hole is something like a full drive and a cleek shot. On the right there is your old friend the field and the stream; on the left, and for the topper, broken, sandy ground. There is a bed of whins to carry with the second, and whins again round the hole for an

erratic or overstrong approach. Certain nervous golfers have been known to find great fault with a windmill about three hundred yards from the tee. The windmill goes on turning round, after the manner of its kind, without any respect to the golfer. It is too bad.

The third hole is but a drive; but, if this drive be sliced or miss-hit, whins and sand will claim the penalty of the crime. The fourth is an excellent hole. A full drive, rather to the left, puts you within reach with a brassy. If you try a straighter course, you will find heavy bunker trouble. Nor is the approach brassy shot any light matter. If you go straight, there is a bunker face to carry. If you are to the left, and are at all too strong, you go into horrid whins, and the further you go to the right the worse you fare. So that for this hole the heroic counsel of the somewhat exacting partner is here the only available one—"Whatever you do be up, and for heevin's sake don't be mair than a foot past the hole." The next hole is again a fine one. You must not top your drive nor pull it, or you will be niblicking among the whins, and you must not heel it, or you will be on the railway *en route* for Lowestoft. A like punishment waits on any mistake in your second; but if you have driven far and sure, you will be within a pitch iron, over whins and a brae, of the hole. The whins are rather near the hole, beyond, and to hole out in five is good work. The tee shot to the next is full of terror. A very wide and deep bunker is before you. It is a far carry over, and over it or through it you must go. On the right is the railway, and to the left the bunker wanders on indefinitely. True, you may play short, but even then the carry is considerable, and the lie doubtful. It is better, after all, to be in two than one. But let us suppose you are over, and not too far to the right (or you will be in whins), and you may reach the hole with an iron for your second. But even this is full of terrors. The hole is on a plateau—to the left and beyond is bunker, to the right is whin, and between you and the plateau is broken ground of banks and braes. But the plateau slopes a little towards you. You may pitch on the green with a well-lofted shot and not overrun it. The seventh and eighth holes are much alike. A long cleek shot will reach the former, a real fine drive the latter, and in both there is terrible punishment for the erratic or topped shot. At the seventh it may be bunker, it may be whin, it may be posts and rails, it may be a combination of the three. At the eighth hole it probably will be whin. The tee to the ninth hole is back by the railway. With a fine following wind a raking long carry may put you on the hole; but there is a bunkery bank to carry, besides whins and trouble nearer to hand. The putting-green is a fine large one, which is fortunate, because to the right there is a hedge, to the left whins, and, beyond, a hedge and ditch out of which you are not allowed to play, and could not if you were allowed. And so you have reached the ninth hole, half-way; and, if you have played well, may be out in a tolerably small score, for the holes are not very long, and the putting-greens are exceedingly good; but if you have played evilly, you will have an intolerably large score, for the name of the hazards is Legion, and their quality severe. The tenth is a fine hole. To right and left of your carry from the tee are whins, and the course is none too broad. But if you lie well, and are at all favoured by the wind, a raking long drive may take you home; but a dire bunker intervenes, with a high post and rails across its length, and to the right of the course beyond it the whins are thick and menacing. The putting-green, which lies in a great valley, is a beauty. The next hole you may comfortably reach in one; but about that one there must be no mistake, for close before the tee are whins and, a little further, a terrible bunker. It runs right across—there is no shirking it—and it is deep and steep. The next hole is again within reach; but this time the carry is a long one; for just before the hole is a little bed of whins, most artfully ensnaring. Whins lie beyond the hole, again; and, perhaps, the better way is to drive rather to the left, and putt, or iron up. A moderate drive to the thirteenth puts you in reach with a cleek, and any sort of carry from the tee takes you clear of the nearer whins. Thenceforward there is no great hazard; and this is perhaps the least eventful hole of the course. A full drive and an iron shot bring you to the green of the fourteenth, which is guarded by whins beyond and on either side. The fifteenth gives you a carry over whins from the tee, and a pitch up with the iron over sandy and broken ground. Some of these home-coming holes are apt to be enlivened by a sportsman shooting sparrows in an adjacent market-garden. It is an added element of excitement, and calls for even more than the ordinarily requisite nerve for putting. The sixteenth hole is but a three-quarter shot. A high furze-covered hill brings you to severe grief if you are at all too short, and to the right are whins which the golfer has not yet niblicked down. But the hole should be a three—though it often is not. The seventeenth is a trial. A very long drive to the right puts you in whins, and a drive, other than a very long one, on the straight line fails to carry a broken troublesome bunker. Most try to strike a compromise, and, aiming at the right shoulder of the bunker, commit themselves to fortune's most indifferent charge. But, in the rare event of their faith being rewarded, a second drive, steering a good course between the stream and the fields on the right and broken ground on the left, will put the child of fortune within ironing range of the hole. Then he must be careful not to overshoot into the stream beyond, and is very lucky if he hole in five. To the last hole there is a fine free course to the left—impeded by nothing save an occasional fishing-net. On the right runs the stream. Wherefore, in the perversity of golfing nature, it is but to be expected that the driver will here heel his ball and lose a stroke—and a penny to the urchin who retrieves it—in the stream. A second long one may put him within short range of the hole. A five finishes off the round respectably.

The native people show the golfer no little kindness. Their fishing-nets are spread only on the confines of the course. About them there is a special smell and a special rule—you lift without any penalty. Yarmouth is a greatly improved course. The turf used to be stuff unworthy of the name; but walking and road-scrapings have consolidated the moss and the sand, and the lies and putting-greens are now excellent. To speak in general terms of Yarmouth, one may say that it never rains there, that the wind is always in the east, and the bloater always excellent for breakfast.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

FARMERS' prospects, which looked so good a little while ago, have been clouded over by the weather of the past two or three weeks. When June began the hay harvest promised to be one of the best that has been gathered in for years, but June proved exceedingly unfavourable. It was not so much because of the excessive rainfall, for the excess was not much above the average. It was rather the absence of sunshine, the number of grey days having been unusually great. Haymaking, therefore, has been carried on under much difficulty, and even now hay is lying in the fields which ought to have been carried a fortnight ago. In the earlier districts it is to be feared that the damage done is beyond repair; but in the later districts, if the weather were to take up, very much might be made good. As respects the corn crops, strong hopes were entertained until the very end of June. June is usually a rather wet month, the average rainfall being nearly $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the actual rainfall this year being only about 3 inches. It was hoped, therefore, though the sky had been much clouded, and consequently there had been too little sunshine, yet, as the temperature had been fairly high, that very little damage was done, and that with a favourable July and August the harvest would prove to be better than had been gathered for many years past. The course of events since July set in, however, has very much damped these hopes, and especially the rainfall of Friday and Saturday last has inspired much apprehension. The fall was accompanied by high cold north winds, the temperature having been about seven degrees below the average of the season. In many districts it is reported that the standing corn has been beaten down and twisted; and, as the plants are just now in the flowering stage, it is feared that the damage done must be very great. As a natural result there has been a considerable advance in the price of wheat. Whether the gloomy views now entertained will prove well or ill founded will depend upon the kind of weather we get during the next month or six weeks. As already pointed out, June is usually a wet month. And we may add that the wheat plant is exceedingly hardy. It very soon recovers from damage which at first sight appears irreparable. Heat and sunshine would cause many fields that now appear to be beaten down to present a very different appearance by-and-bye; and it is to be recollected that the days are now so long that, if there were to be a change in the weather, continuous sunshine for a few weeks would make an extraordinary change. Nor are we without grounds for hope that a change may soon come. Usually, as the St. Swithin superstition proves, there is an alteration in the weather about the middle of July, a break in fine weather about that time being generally followed by several weeks of wet, or, at all events, of showery weather, and a change from bad to good likewise generally proving to be of some continuance. If such a change now sets in, we may still look for a good harvest, though not for so excellent a one as seemed to be promised at the beginning of June.

In France the weather of late has also been unfavourable. On Saturday last, indeed, great uneasiness was felt respecting the wheat crop, a large number of fields being lodged; and it was feared that unless settled weather immediately sets in previous estimates will have to be modified. Wet days and cold nights have prevailed in Germany, while in parts of Switzerland snow has fallen. But in Austria-Hungary the crops are fine. In Bulgaria and Roumania they are said to exceed the average, in Spain they are full of promise, and in Italy they are fair. The reports from Russia are conflicting; but, upon the whole, the winter wheat crop appears to be deficient, while the spring wheat crop seems to be good. In Eastern Russia the locust is reported to have made its appearance; but how far its ravages have extended is not yet known. In the United States, as in Russia, the winter wheat crop is to a large extent a failure, but the spring wheat crop promises exceedingly well. And in India the yield is somewhat less than it was last year, not so much less, however, as was anticipated a little while ago. According to the final official reports now made public, the outturn of the whole empire is about 10 per cent. less than in 1888, and about 2 per cent. less than last year. It would seem, therefore, that so far as India is concerned she will be able to export nearly as much in the next twelve months as she did in the past twelve months, always assuming that the rise in silver does not act as a hindrance. It is too early yet to estimate the surplus

for export that Russia and the United States will have, but the opinion seems to be that the yield in the United States will not be as good this year as it was last year, for the winter wheat crop is decidedly worse. In Russia the impression is that the harvest will be inferior to the two great harvests of 1887 and 1888, but will be better than the harvest of last year, and will be up to, or at all events not very much under, an average yield. When we wrote last on this subject the prospects both in the United States and in Russia were worse than they are now, while those in Europe outside of Russia were decidedly better. We inferred even then, however, that the production of the whole world this year would be hardly equal to the consumption, and that, consequently, there would in all probability be a rise in the price of wheat. Already there has been a decided rise. Indeed, the average price of wheat in England last week was not very much under the average for the past seven years. And it is reasonably certain that there will be a further advance unless there is a very marked improvement in the weather. A continuance of bad weather would cause very lamentable damage at home and in France, and would, therefore, increase the consumptive demand of the two greatest importing countries of the world. If there were to be further damage done also in Germany, the demand might be so increased as to lead to a greater advance in the price than a little while ago seemed at all probable.

But, as we have said before, a change of weather usually takes place in Western Europe about the middle of July. And if it should occur now, it must be for the better, and might have such a beneficial effect upon the growing crops as nearly to realize the earlier expectations of the year. The damage done as yet is nowhere irreparable, and a hot, dry July and August would work wonders. Not only would the ripening take place under the most favourable condition, but so also would the cutting and carrying. While it is true, as has been observed by some of our contemporaries, that the prospects of a good wheat crop are undoubtedly smaller than they were a fortnight ago, it is also true that the damage done, in this country at all events, may yet be repaired. The extent to which it may be repaired will depend upon how soon the weather takes up. It has been estimated that every bad day in July lessens the ultimate yield by a hundred thousand quarters. The estimate, no doubt, is somewhat wide; for there can be no real data upon which to base it. Still, it may freely be admitted that considerable loss must be occasioned by every unfavourable day at such a critical time as the month of July. But, whatever may be the character of the weather during this month and next, it seems reasonably certain that the price of wheat will be higher during the next agricultural year than it has been for some time past. Taking the whole of Europe together, it can hardly be expected now that the harvest will be as good as it promised to be at the beginning of June; and it seems certain that the surplus which the United States, Russia, and India will have to export will not be so large as to force down prices to the level of the past two or three years. Now that the Conference Committee has practically agreed upon a Silver Bill, there appears to be no doubt that the Bill will pass through Congress; and, if it does, it is reasonable to expect that the price of silver will rise somewhat higher than it is at present. Possibly it may advance to 52*d.* per ounce, or even higher. If it does, the stimulus which the depreciation of silver has given to the export trade of India will, to a large extent, be withdrawn, and we may anticipate that, unless there is a rise of price, India will not ship to Europe even the whole surplus which she has at her disposal, although that surplus is smaller than last year's and very much smaller than that of the year before. In the United States, again, as already stated, the winter wheat crop is very short; and it is impossible to foresee yet what the yield of the spring crop may be. It seems reasonable to conclude, however, that the United States will have a smaller reserve for export than last year. Respecting Russia, the information before us is too scanty to enable any definite opinion to be formed, especially with the report respecting locusts in the eastern part of the Empire. Altogether, therefore, it seems probable that the European demand for wheat will be larger than it was expected to be at the beginning of June, and that the surplus which the three great exporting countries will have to dispose of will be smaller than it was last year, and very much smaller than it was the year before. But even last year the world's total production is believed by the best judges to have been little, if at all, greater than the world's consumption. And if that be so the price must have been kept down by the stocks that remained over from previous years. The old stocks must now, however, be very largely exhausted, and the world, therefore, will have to draw mainly upon the present year's production.

"A FAIR DAY'S WORK."

SANDYMEAD is a tiny and picturesque village on the South coast. It is as nearly as possible an island—indeed, at high water it often is absolutely one. It has a population of 195, a standing Salvation Army of 73, and one policeman—who parades the town generally by day, but puts in occasional night duty when some vagary of his health prevents him from sleeping. He wears a very handsome silver-trimmed helmet and tunic, and a pair of corduroy trousers, and he carries a stout oak sapling. Fishing and bee-keeping are the principal industries in Sandymead; but there is also the shipbuilding industry, which is represented by Mr. Wedderburn's yard, where no less than sixteen men are employed from year's end to year's end—five "labourers," five "shipwrights," and six "joiners." In Sandymead the most perfect and universal harmony prevails. On rare occasions disputes will arise between husband and wife; but, on the other hand, the Salvationists work in perfect unity amongst themselves and with the members of the Established Church congregation and the Primitive Methodists; and the shipwrights are as devoted to the interests of Mr. Wedderburn as he is to theirs—or, rather, they *were* until Wednesday, the 24th of July, 1889. On this particular afternoon, at about half-past one of the clock, Mr. Wedderburn's five shipwrights were sunning themselves on a narrow bench in front of the "Fair Light" (pronounced "Fair Lee") public-house, whiling away the latter half-hour of their dinner-time in the company of a few friends—fishermen, joiners, and long-shore men. Mr. Blick, the foreman shipwright, was there, a very decent, hard-working young man, with a wife and young family, which included two sets of twins; old Daddy Sycamore, an old man of seventy-nine years of age, who had worked under three generations of Wedderburns for sixty-six years. He had snow-white hair, no teeth, and his knuckles were so crippled with rheumatism as to resemble the handles of ten bradawls. He could do little or no work, but he was kept on out of a kind of sentiment. Next to him sat Mr. Moon, a very respectable man of about fifty; who said very little. There were also, of the shipwrights, Mr. Uzzell and Mr. Shellard. These five men represented, as it were, the aristocracy of the yard; because they had a special and defined line, which no other craftsmen could encroach upon—namely, the caulking of decks. Accordingly, they each received 30*s.* a week, as much as the joiners, who were workmen of far greater skill, as they could do much besides the mere fitting of cabins and saloons, such as ordinary carpenter's work (for Mr. Wedderburn refused no kind of contract, nautical or otherwise), coffin-making, sign-painting, &c.

At a more remote bench sate the still humbler grade—the labourers; men who had not the enterprise to identify themselves with any special department, but worked hard and effectually at any job that might be given to them to do, and who accordingly were only paid from 20*s.* to 23*s.* a week. "Six bottles of port wine he sent me, every week," Mr. Blick was saying (he was talking of Mr. Wedderburn), "from the day I left the hospital—that was Plough Monday, the 7th of January—till Shrove Tuesday, when I came back to work; just two months. And beautiful wine it was, too; none o' yer stuff such as Parson Lammas sends, as makes yer worse or what yer was before—what they caalls 'Invalid' port wine, and I doesn't blame 'em. And paid me full wages all the time—what d'yer think of that?" "Well; I don't know waart to think," said Mr. Moon, frankly. "Well, I knows *this*," said old Mr. Sycamore. "I's worked for 'un sixty-six year, and I's drawn thirty shillun' a week since I's was twenty. And the last ten year I's hadn't had not five months' work in the year." "He's a good master, is Mr. Wedderburn," said Mr. Uzzell, as though he were propounding an original and hazardous statement. "I don't wish to work for no better," supplemented Mr. Shellard, stretching out his legs, blinking at the sun, and filling a fresh long clay pipe. At that moment a shadow shot across the dusty high road in front of them, and heralded the arrival of a very shabby-genteel looking young man. He was a little under middle height, and clad in a very shiny black frock-coat, tight frayed grey trousers, and a rather weather-beaten straw hat. He had very sore eyes, and a bad complexion. His hair was red, and he wore a fluffy incipient beard in two mangy patches upon his chin. He had on a shabby pair of elastic-sided woman's boots, and his finger-nails were bitten to the quick. "Good morning, fellow-operatives," he said smilingly to the group assembled under the public-house windows; "I am Malthus Midden, delegate from the Blessington Shipwrights' Union. I've come to tell you how we've been thinking about you down at Blessington, and how we want to help you—if you'll listen to me." "You might have spared yourself a journey," said Blick rather surlily. "We 'a'n't got no Union here in Sandymead, and we doesn't want none." "That's because you don't know the benefit of joining the Union. Now don't get angry," rejoined Mr. Midden, smiling with ghastly propitiation; "if you'll just sit comfortably there, and go on smoking, I'll try and explain. Now, to begin with. I'm very glad to see you sitting here spending your time in intellectual conversation, instead of dram-drinking or going home and increasing the population, or clogging the wheel of social progress in any way of that kind. Now you say, 'We don't want no Union.' My friends, a railway train might as well say, 'I don't want no locomotive.' How are you to get along *without* the Union? How are you to know when you've got a grievance without the Union? Here are you, living as your fathers lived before you in a state of serfdom—ground down by a purse-proud oligarch—and *you don't know it!* You're dragging a chain and *you don't feel the weight of it!* Here stand I, the delegate from the Blessington Union, with a basketful of burning grievances which *all* belong to you, and I'm like the man on Waterloo Bridge who offered sovereigns at a penny a-piece—you won't have 'em!" Mr. Malthus Midden, who had been speaking rapidly and gesticulating a good deal, here paused for a moment

and drank off Mr. Uzzell's mug of cider which stood near him. "I's wouldn't mind buying one or two sovereigns at a penny a-piece," said old Mr. Sycamore, grinning with his toothless gums at the humorous fancy. "I wouldn't mind buyin' a score on 'em at that price," said Mr. Shellard cautiously.

"My friends," resumed Mr. Midden, "I want to make you a lot of presents. I want to give you a free education, a free breakfast-table, a freehold bit of ground; but I want first of all to give you a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. None of your weekly contracts which you sign with your eyes shut, by which you sweat and grunt and grind, while your so-called employer drives about in his carriage, throwing the bread you've earned for him out of window. What you want is a fixed maximum working day for a fixed minimum wage. By accepting a regular week's pay, irrespective of the number of hours' work executed, you are artificially forcing up the standard of comfort, and practically inviting the foreign competitor to settle in your midst and gradually oust you from the labour market. Your so-called employer will boast to you that he pays you all the year round—that when times are dull—in the winter—in the bad weather—he 'makes work' (forsooth!) even when there is none, by buying up old hulks and breaking them up for timber. Bunkum! my friends. There is *no such thing* in political economy as 'making work.' What your so-called employer is doing is this. He is reducing you from the condition of the highly-skilled operative to the level of the galley-slave, and by giving you no leisure or opportunity for consumption, he is injuring the entire community, both the consumers and, indirectly, the producers. That's what he's doing." And Mr. Midden folded his arms and looked indignantly around him, his sore eyes flashing with enthusiasm. The poor fellows whom he was addressing had not the vaguest idea of his meaning; but they felt convinced that they and their forbears had been very unjustly used. And after Mr. Midden had spoken for another twenty minutes there was no holding them, so bitterly did they resent the wrongs to which they had for so long been blind. Therefore, when the two o'clock steam-whistle sounded to summon them back to the yard, it was only the joiners and labourers who drank up their cider and hurried off to resume their work. The shipwrights sat defiantly where they were, and held a council of war.

Mr. Jacob Wedderburn was taking advantage of the bright summer day to give a fresh coat of paint to his garden railings. Mr. Wedderburn was a very portly man of about fifty, with a ruddy, sunburnt, goodnatured face. There was not a sound to distract him from his work, save the humming of myriads of bees and the occasional lowing of distant cattle. Mr. Wedderburn's soul was not in his work. He had had that morning a long talk with his excellent wife as to the immediate future of their eldest boy, Reuben. Reuben was seventeen; he had two sisters older than himself and five younger brothers and sisters, but he was the pet of the family. His mother was most anxious that he should be sent to College to be made a gentleman, but his father—much as the scheme tickled his vanity—could not see his way financially to giving his son a University education. "No, I'm dashed if I can see my way to it," he ejaculated, as he resumed his house-decorating, after having stretched his back and gazed for a few seconds over the glittering blue sea beneath him. "Poor old Martha, she seems to have set her heart on it, and I should like it myself, mind you, if I had another hundred or hundred-and-fifty pound a year. A fine education gives a lad a fair start; but I suppose it's not to be. I shall have to bring him up to the shipbuilding as I was brought up myself. After all, it's a living—four hundred a year—and outside work brings it up to over six. Hullo, lads, what cheer?" he cried, as he espied Mr. Blick, Mr. Moon, Mr. Uzzell, Mr. Shellard, and old Mr. Sycamore, filing up a sheep-path which led from the lower part of the village. "Giving your legs a stretch this fine day? That's right—that's right. Come inside and take a glass of ale; and I don't mind if I joins you myself," he added, as he mopped his brow, and led the way into a dark, low, cool dining-room, furnished in mahogany and horsehair. "Here, Martha," he cried, "bring us up a gallon of ale and half a dozen glasses—ah, and the cheese, and some nice little spring onions, and a fresh tinned loaf. Sit you down, lads. How's the rheumaticks, daddy? What d'you think of the weather, Mr. Moon?" "Well! I don't know waart to think," said Mr. Moon. "Business is very slack for the time of year, a'nt it?" continued the master. "But I hear from Captain MacFarlane the *Peterkin* 's to put in here for repairs before regatta time. Oh! we keep jogging along, somehow." And good Mr. Wedderburn chuckled as he filled six tankards with foaming home-brewed ale. "Don't be afraid of the cheese: it's none of your Yankee stuff. I've four more on 'em in the dairy." The men were somewhat embarrassed. They sate silently staring at different corners of the ceiling, with their cheeks working, and their mouths very full of cheese and onions, hardly knowing how to broach the subject of their visit. "Now then, Mr. Blick?" at last suggested one of them. "No, no; old Daddy's the one; he's the oldest," retorted Blick. "Why, lads, what's up?" said Mr. Wedderburn, his eyes twinkling with good humour. "A depitation or something?" "No, sir; quite the contrary," said old Sycamore sternly. "Mr. Blick 'ere's got suthin' to tell 'ee, as you're bound to listen to same as any one else." "Well, it's this, Mr. Wedderburn," said Blick, blushing all over, and rising awkwardly. "There's certain things we waants, and if we don't get 'em, we's goin' on strike." "Going on strike! Why, you're talking nonsense!" cried the master. "Do you mean to tell me—but, wait a bit; let's hear your grievances." "Well, first of aall," drawled Mr. Blick, struggling to recall some of Mr. Midden's expressions, "first of aall, we wants a minimal workin' day for a maximal day's wage." There was a murmur of applause from his fellows at this effort, and old Sycamore added vehemently, "We waants eight days' pay for eight hours' work; same as others gits." But Blick continued, without noticing his old ally's interruption, "We a'n't a-goin' to put up with gettin' our wages weekly insteadin hourly—throwin' bread out the carriage winders, as a body may say." "Give us a free breakfast-table!" interpolated Daddy Sycamore, on whose poor old brain the home-brewed ale was beginning to take effect. "Well, sir, that's our altermatum—sevenpence-'a'penny an hour year in and year out," said Blick finally, glad to get to the end of his oratorical floundering. "Well, you silly fools," cried Mr. Wedderburn, flushed with annoyance, "go on strike and be damned to you! There's not one of you who's worth—but I won't talk to you now; I'm in too bad a temper"; and he turned his back on them. They all trooped clumsily out, old Sycamore pausing to help himself to a final glass of ale before leaving. For the next three or four days the strikers meandered about Sandymead in their Sunday broadcloth, smoking a good deal, feeling moodily self-important, hanging about a good deal in the neighbourhood of the dockyard, where work went on much as usual without them, excepting as regarded the caulking of decks, and avoiding the society of their wives as much as possible; for these latter displayed their lack of sympathy with their husbands' course of action by unceasing upbraidings, and by refusing to cook their dinners, and by many other equally effective methods. On Monday the men received a message from Mr. Wedderburn summoning them to his house. "Well, my lads," said he, "have you thought this matter well out? Are you determined to go on making fools of yourselves, or are you all willing to come back on the old terms? I tell you straight, it's to *your interest* to go on as you were." "We ain't agoin' to budge, Mr. Wedderburn," said Blick, "thankin' you all the same." "Not we," cried old Sycamore, "not if you was to gravel on your bended knees." "Very well, then," said Mr. Wedderburn, with a smile. "I give in. But, remember, I stick to my bargain—hard and fast—and you stick to yours. I pay you 7½*d.* an hour for every hour you work. If you work ten hours a day, I pay you 6*s.* 3*d.*—that's 37*s.* 6*d.* a week. But I don't pay when you're not working—when it's wet, or dark, or when you're ill?" "That's fair enough, Mr. Wedderburn," said Blick. "You can't say no fairer," said Mr. Shellard. "Ah—I *thart* we should bring un onto his marrerbones," muttered Daddy Sycamore, triumphantly, rubbing his gouty old hands together. "Very well, then, that's agreed," said the master, and the assent was echoed by the men. "First of all," proceeded Mr. Wedderburn, "I'm sorry to say I have to part altogether with old Mr. Sycamore. He's too old to work, and he's no good to me. Here's a five-pound note for you, old friend, and I hope you'll find a better master." Old Sycamore took the money in mute bewilderment, stared in dazed perplexity at his late employer for about half a minute, then hobbled out with bloodshot eyes, without a word of thanks or of remonstrance, utterly unable to realize what had occurred. "The rest of you I keep on on the new terms," Mr. Wedderburn went on. "Now, off you go to the yard. There's a big Norwegian just come in for repairs with her bows stove in." The men obeyed, and set off for the yard. They walked for some time in silence—puzzled in a manner that they could not have explained at the turn things had taken. "Well," said Blick, at last, bracing himself up, "we've won the day, at all events. What do *you* think, Mr. Moon?" "Me? well, I don't know *waart* to think," replied Mr. Moon.

"Martha," said Mr. Wedderburn that evening to his wife, his face wreathed in smiles, "Reuben shall go to college, after all. I've just saved myself a hundred and sixty-five pounds a year."

"La, Jacob! But how?" "Why, *by giving in to my men*," replied he smiling, and putting his arm round his wife and kissing her.

On the 24th of July, 1890, Blick, Moon, Uzzell, and Shellard chanced to be sitting together outside the "Fair Light" tavern, as they had been twelve months before. Old Sycamore had died meanwhile in the Blessington workhouse. But this time they were not stretching themselves out in the sunshine, enjoying their pipes; for the day was dull, and drizzling, and chilly, and the men were hurrying through their bread and cheese or bread and mutton, as the case might be, in the hope of getting back to the yard in time to squeeze in an extra half-hour's work. "It's been a bad year," said Blick. "Shockin' bad," assented Uzzell. "I never waants a worse," said Shellard. "I reckon we've taken fifty-two pound in the year each in place of seventy-five," continued Blick, "and had to work hard for it, an' all." "*I* ain't taken so much, for I was laid up six weeks with the influenza," grumbled Uzzell. "We an't gained so much by the strike as what we thart to," mused Blick. At that moment a fair, smug young man, with sore eyes and a fluffy beard in patches, appeared—still in a shiny frock coat and wearing the selfsame straw hat. "Well, fellow-operatives?" he commenced affably. For a minute the men eyed him ominously, with heaving breasts. Then suddenly, seized apparently with a common resolve, they leaped from their bench, grasped each a bandy limb, hoisted their screaming victim above their heads, and ran with him, struggling, down to

the docks. It was low tide, and without more ado they flung the little wretch into the fathomless green mud. "I think we sarved un right," said Blick, as they panted up the hill for a drink after their exertion. "Well," said Mr. Moon, "I don't know *waart* to think."

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE principal exhibition of the year of architectural designs and drawings must be taken to reflect accurately the state of contemporary art of this kind. If architecture is flourishing, we ought to see good work at the Royal Academy; and, moreover, we ought to be able to tell what style is just now in the ascendent, and what is likely to come to the front. A featureless show like this year's baffles the critic. He finds no drawing of first-rate, or even of second-rate, importance; and though, to judge by the number of views of buildings in a mock Gothic style, Gothic architecture is most in vogue, yet a few minutes' survey shows us that this indication is deceptive, and that a much more cogent reason may be found for the preponderance. The school of Scott and Street is dead. The artists who still practise in it are, perhaps unconsciously, best aware of the fact. The lifelessness of the Gothic designs shown here is oppressive. We see at a glance that all spirit has gone out of them. They are absolutely uninteresting—so uninteresting that, though they form a majority of the exhibits, we find a difficulty in picking a few out for notice, and are forced to fall back on the simple device of looking for the big names. Where, for example, is Mr. Waterhouse? He has one design here; and No. 1828, an insurance office at Glasgow, though it looks as if earthquakes could not overthrow it, cannot otherwise be admired. Then there is Mr. Pearson, another Academician. He shows two designs for Sidney Sussex College, Nos. 1771 and 1788. The drawings, as drawings, are excellent; the design, as to style and fitness, is beyond the possibilities of criticism. The words have not yet been invented by which to characterize it. We cannot say it is very bad, nor can we say it is at all good. It is—to use the comparative method—miles better than the new buildings by which Pembroke and Caius have been disfigured; but it shows as plainly as anything in the exhibition the decline of the modern school of Gothic as a living art. We see nothing by Mr. Stevenson, next to nothing by Mr. Oldrid Scott; for the Organ Case in No. 1738 did not require an architect's hand, being as commonplace as any carpenter could make it. Mr. Bodley is represented by two beautiful drawings which bear the well-known initials of H. W. B.; but even Mr. Brewer cannot make a design like that of the interior of the Duke of Newcastle's famous church at Clumber (Nos. 1780, 1846), anything but what it is—namely, the latest attempt on a considerable scale to apply an essentially mediæval style to modern ideas and materials; and that, too, without any perception of the necessity for proportion which ought to be the first postulate in architecture. Mr. Jackson shows more life in his adaptations of the Perpendicular. His Brasenose College (1794) is very pretty, if somewhat wanting in dignity. But dignity can only be attained by proportion, and proportion involves study and mathematical knowledge, things few modern architects trouble themselves about. Sir Arthur Blomfield sends what might have been a very important design—that for the new nave of St. Saviour's, Southwark (1730). It is absolutely uninteresting; without fault, and without merit. It does not look in the least like what must have stood in its place five hundred years ago; and being all, down to the smallest moulding, designed exactly to a certain year, is, of course, as unlike as possible to the slow growth of ages as we see it in a genuine Gothic church of large size. From the same architect there is a drawing of a campanile for Holy Trinity Church, Gosport (1875). We cannot admire it. There is a look of Norman in the style; but no real Norman builder would have frittered away the solidity of his tower by the meaningless features here employed. The Church House which is to "make or mar" the south side of Dean's Yard exercises the minds of the Gothic architects, and we have here the rival designs of Sir Arthur Blomfield (1889) and of Messrs. Micklethwaite and Clarke (1863). Neither is wholly satisfactory. The neighbourhood of the glorious minster and the remains of beautiful domestic buildings seem to have, so to speak, taken the wind out of the sails of the modern imitators of the old Pointed style. Messrs. Micklethwaite and Clarke are a trifle more dignified than Sir Arthur, but neither design is worthy of the site. Another good opportunity has been lost. Three designs by Mr. Arthur Street (1907) are repellent from their severity. When the thirteenth-century architect raised such a church as that of Clymping in Sussex, or Skelton in Yorkshire, he relieved the plainness and simplicity of his work by a subtlety of proportion which more than makes up for the want of ornament. Here we have the plainness, but not the proportion. Mr. Sedding, on the other hand, in his new church at Chelsea, of part of which a drawing is here (1936), shows a tendency to go into the opposite extreme and to choose features for the mere sake of picturesqueness.

Intermediate between Gothic and classical or Palladian architecture we are accustomed to notice what for want of a better name is called "Queen Anne." In too many instances Queen Anne means an expression of that kind of laziness which drives an architect to design what gives him least trouble. If he takes to Gothic he must, at least, know something about details, for Gothic as now practised means details, and nothing else. If he takes to the style of Wren or the great Italians or the Greeks, he must know all about orders, and have certain rules at his finger ends. In either case he must "take thought," and thought is a weariness to the flesh; so he flies to Queen Anne, where adaptation, a little natural turn for the picturesque, and a great deal of self-confidence, however unfounded, will be a sufficient stock in trade. This, we are very sure, is the history of a large half of the Queen Anne architects of the day. Like an oasis to a thirsty traveller it is, in the midst of so much haphazard, anomalous work, to come to one of Mr. Norman Shaw's beautiful drawings, full of all the best qualities of architecture, if sometimes a little wanting in solidity and dignity. Yet we feel when looking at Mr. Shaw's work that a knowledge of proportion underlies the most fantastic design, and that he can always attain as much dignity as he thinks the subject demands. It is a pity he has never had the opportunity of building something large and important, or even something on the scale of the great and hideous clubs and hotels of Northumberland Avenue. The studied plainness of the Police Offices (1838) does not show him at his best, nor can we judge of his powers by the Harrow Reredos, of which a drawing (1809) is in the present exhibition. A very pretty drawing (1778) does more than justice to a very fussy design for a town dwelling-house by Mr. Reginald Blomfield, most of the features of which have been imported bodily from Holland. It is difficult to like large buildings in moulded terra cotta; but Messrs. Webb and Bell make the most of an intractable material in their insurance buildings (1793), the bow window of which will be really handsome. Mr. Webb shows five drawings of Peverey, a fine old-fashioned manor house in Shropshire, which he has designed for Sir Offley Wakeman. Mr. Jackson is not so happy in this style as in Gothic. His staircase at Hertford College (1842), almost Palladian in some respects, is made uncomfortable by the slope of the stair being revealed outside. Mr. Colcutt seems to disdain all rule and all authority, and in his Wigmore Street house (1864) conveys a warning to young architects who would attain originality at the expense of all that has hitherto been deemed needful in a building intended to he ornamental. The same, or nearly the same, may be said of Mr. Caröe's design for a row of shops in Duke Street (1930). Mr. Somers Clarke's Hôtel in Madeira (1894) has the merit of suitability, and, with its cool verandahs and wide eaves, sets off the fine scenery with which it is surrounded. A Music School at Harrow (1884), by Mr. Prior, contains many of the quaint features of early Georgian architecture, and may be admired, even though it is wholly lacking in dignity.

Of pure classical, or even Palladian, there is hardly a trace in the gallery. Mr. Statham's design (1720) for the Sheffield Town Hall is neither classical nor anything else; but in another design for the same building by Messrs. Mitchell & Butler (1825) we recognize some good work in a rather free style. Mr. Cutler is having his opportunity at Avery Hill, the seat of Colonel North. The East Gallery (1819) contains Jacobean ornament, but the Sculpture Gallery (1731) is severely Pompeian. Both are appropriate and handsome. Messrs. Gordon and Brown, in a clock-tower for Newmarket (1726), show how little the classical styles are understood by the modern architect, a typical example of whose work may be found in the drawing (1723) of a new bank in Threadneedle Street, by Mr. Smith. A country museum and institute (1740), by Mr. Gerald Horsley, would be better if the architect took the trouble to study proportion. Mr. Garner's first design for the reredos of St. Paul's contains nothing of much merit which has not been worked into the edifice as it now stands. Mr. Watson designed a handsome porch for his Glasgow offices (1855), but stopped there, the rest of the building being commonplace in the extreme. Altogether this is the poorest show we remember in this gallery. It is sometimes said that the darkest hour precedes the dawn, and it may be that another year may reveal the presence amongst us of a great architect; but we may be sure he will not attain greatness by the haphazard methods of unlearned work now so common.

STAGE VIANDS.

NEWS of the latest freak in the way of stage reform reaches us from Paris to the effect that an English "miladi"—rich and eccentric, of course, or she would not be the "miladi" of Parisian gossip—has endowed the theatres of the French capital with a fund for the purchase of champagne wherewith to enhance the realism of the stage banquets of the future. The Parisian press, it must be confessed, cultivates at times a somewhat luxuriant imagination, especially when our national eccentricities are concerned, and this last item of news certainly sounds rather like a "yarn," fit to be told to the Marines; still so strange are the fads of our latter-day stage reformers that we hesitate in this connexion to say that a thing cannot be simply because it is absurd.

The anonymous English benefactress of a foreign stage and foreign players has, at any rate if the story is not the mere invention of some facetious French paragraphist, shown a more practical and solid (or perhaps we should say liquid) sympathy with the objects of her bounty than do the would-be reformers of our own playhouses, who are prodigal only of good advice and

of chimerical schemes impossible of realization. It would, of course, be interesting to learn certain details as to the disposition of the dole; but we know from recent experience that the furnishing of particulars is not a strong point of those who would place our drama in a state of thorough repair. Still we cannot help speculating on a few points; whether, for instance, every theatre in Paris is to participate in the bequest, or only a favoured few, and whether the "pious foundress" has regulated by will the quality and quantity of her bounty. With how deep and thirsty an envy must our own actors, as they quaff the nameless and tasteless decoctions of the "property-room," regard their more favoured brethren of Paris! How poignant must be the regrets expressed in the green-rooms of our theatres that, among the numberless remedies which an army of more or less qualified practitioners are constantly prescribing to that interesting invalid the British drama, the "Real Champagne Cure" has not yet found a place.

It is possible, however, that some such scheme may be included in the Pharmacopœia of our self-appointed College of Dramatic Physicians, though, owing to that reticence as to detail of which we have before complained, we must be excused if we have failed to discover it. Can it be that the "recognition" and "prestige" which Mr. Oswald Crawfurd would have Government and Court confer on the good boys and girls of the stage should take the form of a nightly "bean-feast"? Surely, however, not so long as the baneful influence of the actor-manager continues paramount? How could he who greedily appropriates to himself, as we are told, more than his fair share of the author's lines, of the coveted position in the centre of the stage, and of the rays of the limelight, be trusted to deal with Perrier-Jouet and Heidsieck? Would not the manager, no matter what his part, insist on being served first and most liberally at the unequal banquet; would he not reserve a tumbler to himself, and provide his downtrodden "satellites" with wineglasses of most infinitesimal capacity? As a matter of fact, and to matters of fact it is as well now and then to recall the would-be regenerators of the drama, in stage eating and drinking there is bound, even in these realistic days, to be a good deal of make-believe. In the banquets of real life, be they elaborate or simple, the victuals and drink are the main object, the accompanying conversation is but so much garnishing; while on the stage these conditions are reversed, the words and action are all-important, the viands are but accessories. There is an excellent axiom which we used to learn in childhood's happy hour, which ran, if we remember aright, "Do not talk with your mouth full." This rule, the propriety of which under all circumstances none can question, becomes of paramount importance when the meal is taken, as on the stage, *coram populo*, and also when the words to be spoken at the dinner-table have to reach every ear in a large and crowded building. The practical minds by whom the catering of stage viands is arranged therefore take care to provide only such substances as are capable of easy deglutination. It is astonishing for how many kinds of solid food sponge-cake does duty, while its liquid accompaniment is seldom anything more than coloured water.

The very slightest effervescence—scarcely enough, indeed, sometimes even to make the cork "pop" on its removal—is considered sufficient for the liquid which passes on the stage for champagne, and it may be that it is because her artistic propriety has been shocked by the lack of this touch of nature that our anonymous "miladi" has instituted her benefaction; it may be feared, however, that, like some other reformers, the progress she has instituted may simply be from the frying-pan to the fire. A highly aërated liquid like champagne is particularly ill adapted for the purposes of the stage. If carelessly or hurriedly opened (as it most likely would be) it might inflict considerable injury on the dresses, or perchance on the complexions, of the banquetters, and if hastily swallowed while in a state of active effervescence, it would prove a very treacherous aid to rapid and distinct articulation. Moreover, unless the quantity were carefully proportioned to the number of the recipients, there might be—— but this is a delicate matter, which we may be excused if we prefer to state in the form of an apologue. Once upon a time (and not unadvisedly do we use the old nursery-tale exordium, for the play in question never attained the honour of a second performance) the proprietor of one of our theatres adorned his boards with a comedy written by himself; in this comedy there was a picnic, and the evil genius of the author prompted him to furnish that picnic, not with the innocuous, if somewhat unconvincing, appliances of the property-room, but with "the real thing," hampers stocked with every luxury by the best-known caterers in London. Long after that eventful night did those who saw that play delight to tell of those luckless picnic-baskets, and of their disastrous effects on an entertainment whose prospects, it must be owned, were never too promising. It was said that the players were variously affected by that magic banquet; for, while some spoke words which the author had never set down for them, others were bereft of all words whatsoever. And it was further said that, had not the contents of those baskets been so uncompromisingly realistic, the mischances of that night might have been spared.

The authors of the *Rejected Addresses* tell us that, when a realistic manager of their day introduced an elephant into one of his pantomimes, "Johnson, the machinist of the rival house, exclaimed, 'I should be very sorry if I could not make a better elephant than that.' Johnson was right," continue our authors; "we go to the theatre to be pleased with the skill of the imitator, and not to look at the reality." This is as true now as when it was written, some eighty years ago. Moreover, it is an observation "the bearings of which," in the beautiful words of Jack Bunsby, "lays in the application of it." There are many things on the stage, even on the stage of France, which need reform far more urgently than does stage champagne.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Society of British Artists have opened an exhibition in their Gallery, in Suffolk Street, which raises a melancholy sentiment in the pensive bosom. It is not that the show is a bad one—for that could be borne once more with fortitude—but that it is unusually good, which has produced in us this hopeless feeling. We are not such cynics as to prefer the discovery of bad art to good, and we must, therefore, hasten to explain this paradox. The present exhibition at Suffolk Street is one of studies and sketches, and the reason of our melancholy is that we are depressed to find so many of the undeniably poor painters who fill the ranks of the Society quite skilful and tasteful sketchers. We will name no names in such a painful context; but there are here half a dozen of the most unexhilarating of the old British Artists, whose choice of a profession has manifestly been an entire mistake, nevertheless displaying sketches which are bright, adroit, and full of feeling, and which justify their parents and guardians, long ago, in consenting to their adoption of British Art for a livelihood. This shows, as philosophers put it, that many more are called than we even suspect from the lists of the chosen, that dozens of boys and girls start with a remarkable tendency to artistic expression which comes to nothing, and that to push through to accepted technical success is hard and rare indeed. These are mournful reflections, and we are not obliged to the Society of British Artists for forcing them upon us.

There are some very interesting things at Suffolk Street not connected in any way with the rank and file of the Society. Some of the honorary members have been amiable enough to contribute copiously out of the hid treasure of their studios. The South-East Room contains the cartoon for the Council Chamber scene in Mr. Burne-Jones's "Briar Rose" (328), and some fourteen studies for parts of that design. The draperies are exquisite, after Mr. Burne-Jones's wont; see especially No. 332. A wall in this same room is given up to upwards of thirty frames of studies for various works by Sir Frederick Leighton, many of them those brilliant sketches of drapery in white chalk on whitey-brown paper to which he is so partial. Here are also some very strong pencil-studies by Mr. Herkomer; we would particularly call attention to the fine nude figure called "Design for bronze door of Lululaund" (370). In the South-West Room are to be found three mysterious compositions by Mr. Watts. "The Rider on the White Horse" (443), arriving in the sky in a blaze of glory, but unseen by the aged theologians, who, buried in their books, have turned their backs on him, is intelligible and dignified. The extraordinary sketch of the Sun, as a naked bowman, standing over the Earth, a woman in despair, who carries a dead girl, the Moon, on her knees (415), is past our skill to explain, yet has grace of composition. But of the enormous cartoon which fills the centre of the wall (449) we know not what to say. It represents a broad blue river or lake, the waters of which are violently swayed or tilted sideways, dividing a land of fire and blazing giants from another land, the tops of which are heaped with colossal yellow nudities, half Titan, half mountain, while a ring of sprites dances around the shore. Across the river a mysterious corpse-like object is floating. All the figures, and they are legion, are moulded in the fine old Fuseli manner. The only part of this picture which does not seem to us hopelessly inartistic, and even absurd, is the silvery-blue Dolomite landscape in the far background. In this same room is a landscape-sketch by Mr. Alma Tadema of "Münster" (413). This study, made many years ago, is rich in warm light, and gives the red tiles through the foliage of the plane-trees, the sleepy moat below the walls, and a dusty road in the foreground. Here, also, are some "one-sitting" sketches, not re-touched, of scenes on the Cornish coast, by Mr. John Brett (430–432). These, it seems to us, curiously resemble the painter's finished studio pictures, and, in spite of their brightness, have less real freshness of touch than we should have expected.

Special interest attaches to nine sketches or studies for pictures by the late Cecil Lawson, now seen for the first time in public, which are scattered through various rooms. These are, however, of very unequal value. The most important is "The Swan and the Iris" (448), a design of genuine beauty, which it is greatly to be regretted that the gifted artist did not complete. It dates, we believe, from the year 1873. It is, perhaps, not generally known that Mr. Whistler made a very skilful etching of this picture. It represents an expanse of the Thames seen under Waterloo Bridge, a portion of which is visible in the upper right-hand corner. A great lemon-yellow blossom, supposed to be an iris, but in its present form more like some tubular waxy exotic, starts up in the foreground, the size of nature. Some of the early oil-sketches, made when Cecil Lawson was much under the influence of Walker, are charmingly suggestive. One of the

prettiest is "Little Bo-Peep" (12), which is most delicate in colour. The large study "After the Storm" (19) is of a later and more mature period, and a work of great value, even in its present state. But there are other examples here which it would have been an act of piety to suppress, and in particular "The Track Boat" (446). In the North-West Room are some interesting examples of mural decoration, a superb peacock (478) by Mr. Burne-Jones, and the cartoons for some of Mr. Walter Crane's friezes.

From among the mass of creditable drawings and "bits" in the Large Room it is difficult to know what to select. Miss Hilda Montalba's studies of summer night in Provence, flooded with olive-coloured moonlight (10, 31), are striking. Mr. R. B. Nisbet's landscapes are above the average. Mr. Fred Mayor's "Derelict" (207), Mr. Leopold Rivers's "Porlock Weir" (221), and Mr. Brangwyn's "Poppies" (455) are oil-sketches of more than usual vigour and originality. The work of Mr. Dudley Hardy is striking; his "Developing Photographs" (394), a girl in a dark room, with a violent pink light flooding her face, hands, and dress, is very curious. Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, and Mr. F. H. A. Parker are prominent exhibitors.

RACING AT KEMPTON AND LEICESTER.

THE short period of the racing season which we have been passing through during the last ten days used to be one of the quietest and dullest, whereas on this occasion it has been full of interest. Backers had entered upon it in excellent heart, for after a disastrous spring and early summer they had had a very remunerative meeting at Ascot, and they had thrived quite as well at the Newmarket July Meeting. The racing which we propose to notice took place at Kempton Park and Leicester, the first of these meetings falling on the Friday and Saturday of the past week, and the second on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the present. On the first day at Kempton, Mr. J. B. Leigh's The Deemster, for whom 12,000*l.* are stated to have been lately refused, was made favourite for the Kempton Park Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes of 2,000*l.* Mr. D. Baird's Siphonia, who had run him to a head at Ascot, was almost as much fancied, as she well might be considering that she was to receive 7 lbs. more weight from him. The two favourites waited during the early part of the race. Possibly Robinson and Cannon may have ridden too much as if there was nothing else running; for when they made their rush together they just failed to catch Fuse, who had been making the running, and she won by a head, while Siphonia finished by the same distance in front of The Deemster. It is difficult to believe that, so far as Fuse was concerned, it can have been a true-run race, judging from her previous public form; but the relative positions of Siphonia and The Deemster were not very inconsistent with their running for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, the only race in which either of them had run before.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes of 2,000*l.* was a handicap which a few years ago would have served for a month's wagering; but the betting on it was practically confined to the day of the race. Fourteen starters made a good field; Mr. Merry's Deuce of Clubs and Lord Cholmondeley's Screech Owl were equal favourites at 9 to 2, and the next in favouritism were Ratton, Philomel, and Day Dawn, who were all backed at 10 to 1—a great proof of the skill of the handicapper. There was some bumping between Deuce of Clubs, Lifeguard, and Screech Owl as they ran in, and they finished in the above order. The honours thus obtained by the aged winner were of a low order, for he only carried 7 st. 13 lbs., whereas a month earlier, at Epsom, he had been made to carry 9 st. 12 lbs., and he was now meeting Screech Owl at 11 lbs. better terms than on the former occasion; the stakes, on the contrary, were high enough to be well worth winning. After all, he has not turned out such a very expensive horse at the price of 3,500 guineas, although he has been described as a grandly-topped horse on the weakest of forelegs. The first favourite for the Kempton Park International Two-year-old Plate of 1,000*l.* was Mr. Houldsworth's Susiana, the public trial-horse of Beauharnais, Prince Hampton, and Bonnie Snood, as she had run second to each of them. She was destined to run second once again; for, with odds laid upon her, she was fairly beaten by Mr. H. Milner's hitherto rather moderate performer, St. Cyr, who gave her 13 lbs. more than weight for age and beat her by three-quarters of a length. This was the fifth time that Susiana had been placed without winning a race this season, and possibly the heavy going may not have suited her.

At the Leicester Summer Meeting there was some racing of great importance. The Midland Derby, of 1,500*l.*, brought out the uncertain Orwell, who had only been beaten by a length for the Derby; Grand Prior, who had run Blue Green to a head at 12 lbs. at Ascot; Harfleur, Minnedosa, and Floranthe. All except the latter were backed at 3 to 1, or a fraction more, and the race was won by Harfleur, whose sire, dam, and great-grandam were all direct descendants of Touchstone. In failing to give 10 lbs. to so moderate a party Orwell ran below his Derby form.

The Zetland Plate of 2,000*l.* brought out a field of nine. Cereza, through being disqualified for the Hurstbourne Stakes, for which she had come in first by four lengths, now escaped a penalty, and she also received an allowance because her dam had not won a race before the date of the entry. She started first favourite, and won easily enough by a length. Her pedigree is an interesting one. Petrarch, her sire, is notoriously inbred to Touchstone, and she inherits three additional strains of Touchstone blood through her dam. Her dam, again, is very inbred, as her sire, dam, and grandam were all directly descended from Sir Hercules.

On Tuesday the Portland Stakes, for two-year-olds, was worth 3,500*l.* The fine race which this stake produced last year between Riviera, Heaume, and Formidable, when Semolina, upon whom odds had been laid, was unplaced, had already begun to give this stake a good tradition. Gouverneur had failed in his first race; but he was considered one of the finest-looking colts of the season, and he showed not a few of the characteristics of his sire, Energy, whom Mr. Tattersall, when he sold him, spoke of as the fastest horse in England. Another grand-looking colt was Orvieto, in spite of his turning out his toes. There was also his conqueror for the Whitsuntide Plate of over 3,000*l.*, in Reverend, who had only run a bad third to Bumptious at Ascot. He was a stable-companion to Gouverneur, with whom their common owner now declared to win. Simonian, who, a few weeks ago, had been backed at 7 to 1 for next year's Derby, was not much fancied, nor was Gavotte, who had run him to a head at Ascot. The first favourite was the unbeaten Peter Flower, who represented the best two-year-old form of the season. His form was now to be excelled by, perhaps, about two or three pounds; for, after a capital race, Orvieto beat him by half a length. As he had once beaten Bumptious by a neck, and Bumptious had run very well with some of the fastest older horses in training, at weight for age, Orvieto's form looks very high, especially as he is somewhat unfurnished and probably capable of considerable improvement.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes on Wednesday last was the most valuable stake that had been run for this season. The old admirers of Surefoot—and they were many—had now to ask themselves whether they would give him one more chance of winning a fortune for them. In the Derby he had exhibited a fiendish temper, and for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot he had run like a coward; yet the distance he was now to run over—a trifle over a mile—was supposed to be exactly to his taste, and perhaps, if they deserted him now, he might happen to be in the humour to try. Then there was Oddfellow to be reckoned with. This colt was said to be better in private than Morion, and Morion had shown the best three-year-old public form of the season. Staying powers rather than speed, however, were believed to be Oddfellow's strong point; and, although he had beaten Le Nord for the Grand Prix, he had only finished third, two and a half lengths behind the winner. On the other hand, it was said that he had been so upset by his voyage that he had not fed well while in Paris, and that, good stayer as he was, the course had been about a quarter of a mile too long for him. At best, considering the untrustworthiness of accounts of private trials and the uncertainty of the merits of his race for the Grand Prix, his prospects appeared more or less problematical; and, as the state of Surefoot's temper was still more so, many backers determined to chose some other candidates rather than this pair. The Duke of Portland had his three famous St. Simons—Memoir, the winner of the rich Newmarket Stakes and the Oaks, St. Serf, the winner of the Epsom Grand Prize and the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot, and Semolina, the winner of the One Thousand—engaged in the race. If Surefoot were to be in a "tantrum," and if Oddfellow had been over-rated, what more likely than that the Duke's representative, which proved to be Memoir, should win? Le Nord had been disgraced in the races for the Two Thousand and the Grand Prix; but he had run second in the Derby. On his form in the last-named race he had great claims to favouritism, and his failure for the Grand Prix might be excused on the ground of his double journey to France.

A mist followed the heavy rain that had fallen during the morning preceding the race, and it was difficult to distinguish the jockeys' colours at a distance. At the starting-post, Le Nord showed temper and got rid of his rider by rearing, and Surefoot, who had appeared calm and collected beforehand, refused for a time to join the other horses. When the flag fell, Oddfellow led the way, with Memoir and Surefoot next to him. After running for about a furlong, Liddiard took Surefoot to the front, and led the way merrily, followed by Oddfellow and Memoir, next to whom came Hutton Conyers and Le Nord. At a little distance off was Alloway, while Janissary and Minnedosa were in the extreme rear. When half the course had been run, Memoir passed Oddfellow, who seemed already outpaced; and, just as Oddfellow was retiring, Cannon was working his way forward with Alloway. A quarter of a mile from home Le Nord was beaten; and, although Alloway had passed everything except Surefoot and Memoir, it was evident that he could not win. In the meantime Liddiard was beginning to urge Surefoot; and, as they were still some way from home, it looked as if Memoir would catch him. On approaching the distance, however, Watts also began to ride hard on Memoir, and it became a question which of the pair would last the longest. Memoir struggled gamely, but could not succeed in collaring Surefoot, who won by two lengths, while Alloway finished five lengths behind Memoir. It should be distinctly observed that Surefoot was all alone in

front for about seven-eighths of the journey, that he never had his attention distracted by the company of other horses after the first furlong, that his courage was not tested by a resolute challenge, and that the course was about the same length as those of the Two Thousand and the Ascot Biennial, which he won, and half a mile shorter than those of the Derby, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the Hardwick Stakes, which he lost. Yet after his victory on Wednesday last he rose for the moment from 10 to 1 to 4 to 1 for the St. Leger, which, as everybody knows, will be run over a mile and three-quarters. It is the fashion to regard him as rather a disappointing horse; but he has won more than 15,000*l.* in stakes, and it may surprise some of those who have lost money by him to learn that, if a man had put 100*l.* on him for each of his races, he would have cleared nearly "a monkey."

MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY has been exceedingly scarce during the week. The Bank of England has done a large business in discount, and outside market borrowers have had to renew most of the loans they had previously obtained. In the outside market the rate of discount is 4 per cent., and at times the rate of interest has ranged from 4 to 4½ per cent. The Bank of England, while favouring its regular customers, is charging others 4½ per cent. for discount and as much as 5 per cent. for loans. It was thought probable, therefore, that the Directors of the Bank of England would on Thursday have raised their rate of discount, but they did not do so. Possibly they may think that a 4 per cent. rate being made effective will attract gold from abroad. It has already made the Continental exchanges more favourable to this country, and the New York Sterling Exchange has nearly risen to the point at which it would pay to export gold to London; indeed a small amount is being shipped. At the same time it is understood that the danger of withdrawals for South America is much less than it was recently. Still, the fact remains that the whole stock of gold held by the Bank at present is under 21 millions, and we have all the demands of the summer and autumn yet to meet, and the reserve is under 11¾ millions.

The Conference Committee of the American Senate and House of Representatives early in the week agreed upon a Compromise Silver Bill, as was expected. It directs the Secretary of the Treasury to buy every month 4½ million ounces of fine silver, paying for them with notes, which are to be full legal tender for all public and private debts, which are to count as part of the reserves of the banks, and which may be reissued when paid into the Treasury. They are redeemable only in coin, the Secretary being given a discretion to pay in either gold or silver. Until the 1st of July next year two millions of ounces of bullion are to be coined every month, and after that time as much as may be required for the redemption of the notes. The Bill, it will be seen, provides for the purchase by the Treasury of the whole silver production of the United States, and by omitting the clause which was in the House Bill allowing the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem the notes in bullion or coin, and limiting him to coin, it prevents the withdrawal of the bullion for sale again. Practically the whole production of silver in the United States will, as long as the Bill remains law, be bought by the Treasury and locked up in its vaults. It has already passed the Senate. Yet there has not been that active speculation in silver which was seen a couple of months ago. Here in London the dearness of money and the Argentine crisis prevent speculation. In America, perhaps, the apprehensiveness of London has some influence; so, no doubt, has the intensely hot weather, and possibly, also, operators have already bought as much as they care to commit themselves for. At all events, now that legislation is practically accomplished, silver is cheaper than it was when the legislation was merely hoped for.

Panic has raged upon the Bourses of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video this week. In the latter city the National Bank of Uruguay suspended payment at the beginning of the week. It was founded only three years ago by a group of Argentine speculators. The Uruguayan Government became interested in it, granted it large privileges, and made it the bank of the State. But the kind of business it has done soon brought it into discredit; and the other banks have held its notes only while they sent them to be incashed. The Government is endeavouring to prevent the winding-up of the bank by making its notes legal tender for six months. Whether it will succeed is very problematical; and it is still more doubtful whether, in the interests of the country, it is desirable that it should succeed. Generally, the best thing to do with a bankrupt concern is to liquidate it as quickly as may be. In Buenos Ayres the crisis which has been going on for months grows more acute every day. Credit has received a great shock; money can hardly be borrowed; failures on a great scale are occurring all over the country, and the effect of the stoppage of dividends by the National Bank is still felt. Its effects have been heightened by the refusal of the Argentine Government to agree to the conditions imposed by the Syndicate that was willing to lend 10 millions sterling. One of these conditions was, that the money should remain in London for the discharge of the obligations of the Argentine Government in Europe. In other words, to pay interest upon the sterling debt which has been raised in such excessive amounts for years past. The Government was anxious to get hold of part of the money, and refused to accept this condition. The Syndicate was obdurate, and so the negotiations were broken off. The Government now has introduced a Bill in Congress for the issue of fresh paper notes of the nominal value of 100 millions of dollars. The premium on gold has in consequence this week again risen as high as 220 per cent.; in other words, it takes somewhat more than three paper dollars to exchange for one gold dollar, so utterly has the existing paper depreciated, and yet the Government proposes to increase the amount issued by the enormous sum of 100 millions of dollars. The result can easily be foreseen. The financial apprehensions, too, are being intensified by the fear that the distress of the working classes may provoke disturbances, and possibly revolution.

The crisis in the River Plate countries, the dearness and scarcity of money, anxiety respecting the course of events in Bulgaria, the police and postmen's agitation, and the discontent of the Guards have all combined to depress the stock markets this week. Prices in every department are lower, and there is a general feeling of discouragement and uneasiness. Consols, which have been going down since the middle of June, have fallen during the week nearly ½. They are now under 96, and therefore yield to the investor fully 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. The fall is caused, no doubt, by selling on the part of those who wish to employ the money in lending and discounting. In the open market the discount rate during the week has been up to 4 per cent., and the rate of interest has ranged from about 4 to 4½ per cent. It is, therefore, highly profitable to employ money in lending and discounting, and bankers and other large capitalists are therefore selling their Consols and other high-class securities for the purpose. On the other hand, the small investing public have no inducement to buy, for the rate which the joint-stock and private banks now allow on deposits is 2½ per cent., and if the Bank of England rate of discount goes to 5 per cent. the rate allowed on deposits will of course be advanced to 3½ per cent. In the present unsettled state of the market, when the value of money may advance still further, and when either troubles in the Argentine market or a declaration of independence by Bulgaria may lead to a further fall in the prices of securities, many investors prefer to keep their money on deposit rather than buy at the present high quotations. The policy is for the moment a safe one. A fair interest is received, and there is no risk of loss of capital. But if there is no serious trouble in the Argentine market, and if the political situation remains calm, there will before long be revived activity in the markets for first-class securities. Bearing in mind that the National Debt is being redeemed at present at the rate of seven or eight millions a year, it is clear that there will before long be a recovery in Consols. Acute investors know this, and will soon begin to buy if matters remain smooth. With activity in Consols there will also be increased investment in other first-class securities.

THE MARLOWE MATINÉE.

THE *matinée* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, held yesterday week, to further the collection of a fund for the purpose of creating a memorial to Marlowe, proved, it is said, a fair success in so far as the collection of money was concerned. That is as it should be. It is very proper that a monument should be put up to Marlowe, and the Committee made a wise choice of a site when they decided to erect it in the poet's native town and on the Dane John, which, as the circular justly says, "is an exceptionally noble situation for a work of art." Mr. E. Onslow Ford, who has lately had an extraordinarily good opportunity at Chatham, is to be complimented on his good fortune in the enjoyment of this other. It now remains to him to show his sense of the goodness of fortune by designing a work which shall be worthy of himself, of the place, and of the poet. If the fund is not yet adequate to meet the expense of a really handsome memorial, we hope that the appeal to the public will be renewed. Of the performance itself we need hardly speak here, and at this distance of time, otherwise than by way of record and thanks. What was freely given was to be received as a gift. The audience gave their money to honour the memory of Marlowe, the actors gave their services to help honour one who is not "much known in the profession," which was the more handsome of them. Mr. W. L. Courtney gave permission to act his recently published play, *Kit Marlowe.* As we were all friends together criticism would be unmannerly. On another occasion, if a second *matinée* is required, we may perhaps see Horne's *Death of Marlowe,* which is not only so dramatic, but so amazingly Elizabethan in melody and spirit. On a fitting occasion, too, one might have something to say of the taste which could hack *The Relapse* down into *Miss Hoyden's Husband.* At present it is enough to say that we were delighted to see Miss Rehan again. And so of the rest of a varied programme. It was all well meant and well done.

THE INTERNATIONAL TARIFF BUREAU.

AT the close of last week an unpretentious little Convention was signed at Brussels by representatives of almost all the Governments of the five continents, which may in time come to exercise a wide and salutary influence upon the Customs Tariffs

of the world. It is the Convention for establishing an International Bureau for publishing the Customs Tariffs of all nations. The Conference was first held in Brussels in March 1888, and has now just terminated in the same capital, in both cases under the presidency of that very remarkable man, Baron Lambermont, to whose energy and perseverance, acting upon a range of influence singularly wide for one who is not a statesman, but a permanent official, is due the success of so many recent schemes, and not least among them that of the Slave Trade Conference. This nation was well represented by Mr. A. E. Bateman, of the Board of Trade, and by Mr. Gosselin, of the Foreign Office, while the principal colonies sent as delegates men of the order of Sir Saul Samuel, from New South Wales, Sir F. Dillon Bell, from New Zealand, Sir E. N. C. Braddon, from Tasmania, and Sir Graham Berry, from Victoria. The proceedings were carried through with remarkable ease, although the subject under discussion was one which, without the exercise of great tact and mutual forbearance, might have led to serious differences of opinion. The delay in the adhesion of foreign Governments which was apprehended in 1888 has not shown itself in practice, and, in short, the Conference has experienced a success and enjoyed the results of a unanimity not often met with in the history of diplomatic transactions of this kind.

To show the need of some such common action as the new Convention provides for, it may be well to explain that at present each State publishes more or less completely its own Customs Tariff in its own language, while a few enterprising Governments, such as those of France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and notably our own, endeavour to procure copies of the various official documents, and to compile from them a compendium as complete as possible for the use of their own traders and manufacturers. *The Foreign and Colonial Import Duties Return*, issued by the Board of Trade, is a publication which is of considerable practical service to the great industries, classifying, as it does, the duties on the chief articles of British produce under the various European countries and the United States. Perhaps few who use this Blue-book, or take an interest in the subject at all, are now aware that it was the late Mr. Newdegate who, in the intervals of his Quixotic attacks upon Popery, originated the notion of foreign tariff returns. He would have been delighted to welcome the new Convention as the ultimate result of his labours, and would have pointed with pride to the respectable volume which he brought out at his own expense now nearly forty years ago, the *fons et origo* of all this species of commercial literature.

It must not be forgotten that, in trade, this is the day of small things; and, it may be added, of remote and unexpected markets. No one can tell at what moment the discoverer of some new possible "line" may want to know what is the duty on an article of secondary importance in some port of Guatemala or Japan, of Congo or Bolivia. It may very often happen that such a merchant is simply baulked by being offered a mere compendium of the chief articles in the chief countries, when what he wants is the complete tariff of the world. This he will at least get from the publications of the new Bureau. The tariffs of all countries will be published, as a beginning, in five languages—namely, English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. It is probable that, when funds permit, other languages may be added; Greek, Portuguese, and even Roumanian, have already been suggested. In order to meet the expenses of publication, the States have agreed to contribute a total sum of 5,000*l.* per annum, to be divided amongst them in proportion to the amount of their trade. The Conference declined, for the present, to publish the tariffs of Holland and Russia in the languages of those countries, and their contributions to the general sum will, therefore, be reduced. Besides the actual tariffs, the new publications will include the regulations and explanations which are often as important to the trader as the actual statement of the rates of duty. It has often been found to be the practice of the agent, as well as of the Custom House officer, in out-of-the-way places, to make a sort of sealed volume of the Customs Code, concealing its contents as much and as mysteriously as possible, the object of course being that the luckless importer may be left wholly ignorant of what is really due to the Government of the country, and may be induced to pay just whatever charges the official chooses to demand of him.

But, in addition to the service which the Tariff Bureau will confer on commerce, it is no small gain to have all the eccentricities of the various systems of protective duties focussed, or even pilloried, in one publication. It is well that the authorities of foreign States should have an opportunity of seeing clearly the absurdity of other people's restrictions on intercourse, at a time when so much capital is being expended on the construction of harbours and railways simply for the purpose of promoting that interchange of commodities which these tariffs are designed to check. Just now, it must be remembered, the outlook over the Continent of Europe is particularly dark, in view of the expiration of so many commercial treaties. There can be no doubt that our Government has done wisely in appointing a strong Committee, composed of merchants, manufacturers, and experts, precisely for the purpose of watching this condition of things. Most foreign countries possess a consultative Committee of this kind, and it seems to be probable that in the last century the functions of the members of our own Board of Trade were mainly of this consultative character. The "sort of gently ripening hothouse, where eight members of Parliament receive salaries of a thousand a year for a certain given time, in order to mature at a proper season a claim to two thousand, granted for doing less"—in the words of Burke's brilliant indictment—was originally a consultative Committee of the Privy Council, to which experts were added. We believe that Mr. Chamberlain tried, though without much success, to form a consultative Committee for shipping; but this newly-constituted Committee of Trade and Treaties is certainly a step in the right direction. The Government cannot keep itself too strictly in touch with the great commercial interests of the country.

THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.

IN ungenial weather, such as torrents of rain and a polar gale in the height of the summer season alone can make, the exhibition of the National Rose Society was held at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and proved to be one of the finest shows ever collected in that building since the Society was founded. Indeed, we can recall only one previous show that can be said to have exceeded this. In almost all classes the competition was keen and the results highly satisfactory. Once again it was seen that rain, even when a trifle excessive, is more friendly to the rose-grower than the heat and drought of a seasonable summer. Perhaps, too, the metropolitan visitor, inclined to feel surprise at the splendour of the show, did not sufficiently realize that the country, as a whole, had not experienced the almost continual rain that fell in the London district during the previous fortnight. Apart from these considerations, much of the success of Saturday's exhibition must be attributed to the National Rose Society's energy. By directing and inspiring the spirit of emulation among both professional and amateur growers, healthy progress in rose culture is assured. One great advantage, from the spectacular point of view, was to be noted of the show last week compared with that of last summer. Then the roses languished in the close air and contracted limits of canvas, with a fiery sun overhead all day. Victims they were of the Shah's visit—sacrificed to make a sightseers' holiday. This year they shared with the visitors the free air and space within the Crystal Palace; it was roses, roses all the way along the nave and on both sides of the central transept. In all the principal classes the amateurs showed in unusual strength. The professional growers can always hold their own at these pretty contests; yet it was well for them that the old rule of separate competition, originally formed for the protection of the amateur, still held good in Saturday's exhibition. In more than one class the amateur ran his professional rival very hard in the race, if he did not actually excel him. A more superb collection than the forty-eight varieties shown by Mr. Lindrell, of Hitchin, we have never seen; while in Teas and Noisettes the Rev. F. R. Burnside won prizes with flowers of the finest quality. The twelve examples of "Catherine Mermet" that gained for Mr. Burnside the Society's silver medal represented that exquisite, though variable, rose as it is very rarely seen—"not perfect in their shape alone, but in their hue." Among the new roses the most taking exhibits were "The Bride," the climbing variety of "Niphetos," and two white Teas in the style of "Souvenir d'un Ami"—"The Queen" and "Souvenir de S. A. Prince." "Mrs. Paul," a new seedling of a vivid crimson and fine form, was awarded the Society's gold medal.

In what may be called the colour competitions there was nothing novel to remark. The best crimson, the best dark variety, the best white, these were determined on the old lines. In the dark sorts "Prince Arthur" was a good first, though darker roses there be, such as "Xavier Olibo," "Prince Camille de Rohan," and "Emperor of Marocco." And so with the white roses, which are not of the whitest, or rather not white at all. The incomparable "Merveille de Lyon," though varying between a faint and a decided blush, was the chosen of all competitors, save one daring spirit who showed "The Bride," a flower that is seldom without a greenish tint towards the base of the petals. True white roses, like "Boule de Neige," are hopelessly handicapped by the prevalent taste for bulk and circumference. They are not big enough for a "white" competition that admits blush roses. The growing interest in old forms of roses, hybrid Chinas, old Provence, and other summer roses, the dwarf cluster roses (Polyantha), and other diminutive kinds was strikingly shown in the very rich collection set apart in the transept. It is extremely gratifying to note the revival of old-fashioned roses and the impulse it has given to the cultivator's art. Here were gathered together the copper and yellow Austrian briars, the Persian yellow, the old and beautiful cabbage rose, the pretty York and Lancaster, the old Damask, the handsome *Rosa rugosa*, and other Japanese forms, the delicious Macartney, and a host of other once-neglected varieties. These roses do not properly come under the exhibition category. Most of them make poor "exhibition" roses. They suffer immensely when shown as "cut flowers," and suggest very faintly when thus on view the prodigal though fugacious glory of their summer prime. Grown in a wild rose garden, with a careful wildness, a sweet disorder which only cultivators of taste know how to simulate, they produce an effect more bewitching than the more formal beds of the H. P.'s. Another healthy sign of the times is the greatly increased cultivation of tea roses in the open air. There is, or should be, room in every large garden for the fullest representation of the rose, and the National Rose Society

is doing good work by encouraging a more liberal culture than was the rule for many years past. Among the additional exhibits at the Crystal Palace were shows of begonias, gloxinias, and strawberries. It seems, to judge by Mr. Charles Turner's remarkable show of strawberries, that the season for open-air strawberries will soon be extended from early June to late August. Perhaps Mr. Laxton has been premature in naming his last-raised fruit "Latest of All." He may yet be compelled to name a later kind "Too Late." Too early the strawberry cannot be. That old favourite and early, "Keen's Seedling," is still among the best and brightest in flavour and colour. The sombre colouring of some new kinds, like "Waterloo," could never have inspired the poet, as the "small and early" berry of old, with the charming suggestion—

> Hast ever marked the pretty beam
> A strawberry makes half-drowned in cream?

MLLE. DOUSTE'S RECITALS.

MLLE. DOUSTE gave her Eighth Recital at the Princes' Hall on Wednesday afternoon last. A programme embracing some of the best themes of the best masters was, after half an hour's hesitation, conscientiously carried out. The young lady has a decidedly excellent method, and plays with expression and taste. She followed the clever intricacies of E. Grieg's "Albumblätt" (Op. 28) with delicate appreciation of their value, and reached in that work a degree of brilliancy which the other composers she had chosen to expound did not seem to inspire her with. Another piece was given with a forcible mechanical precision which greatly pleased the audience. M. René Ortmans carefully performed the studies which fell to his share, but did not rise at any time beyond the level of adequacy. It seemed as if a dampness, probably gathered from the weather, hung over the spirits of the two artistes. If this was not the case, and if their general gentle tastefulness of expression is normal, they may not rise beyond what they are at this moment—agreeable performers. But to perform agreeably is a merit.

"O AUDACIOUS!"

(Scene from the Opera of "The Black Rod.")

GL-DST-NE (*addressing the Attorney-General for Ireland*).

ANSWER me, minion of despotic power,
Are we to understand you to maintain
That if, in Persecution's frenzied hour,
Thy myrmidons accursèd scruple not
At running-in the Irish patriot,
Thou mayest *thus* defend the servile train?

(*Three knocks are heard at the door of the House, but the impassioned orator proceeds unheeding.*)

Thinkest thou, tyrant, 'tis enough to say
That, if irregularly clapped in quod,
Thy victim has his remedy, and may
Proceed for damages against—

THE DOORKEEPER (*loudly*). Black Rod!

(*The impassioned orator resumes his seat.*)

BLACK ROD.

Hear me, Mr. Speaker, hear me!
From the House of Lords I come.

(*Murmurs from the Radical benches.*)

Hoot me not, but rather cheer me,
Or, in decency, be dumb.
To the Upper Chamber follow,
Lower House of Parliament;
'Tis no ceremony hollow—
Bills await the Royal assent.

CHORUS OF INDIGNANT RADICALS.

O audacious!
O good gracious!
Thus upon us to intrude.
Outrage shameful!
Conduct blameful!
And abominably rude!
What? Our leave he never begs,
Though our leader 's on his legs?
Is it seemly, is it meet
That he should resume his seat?
With rage we burn, with wrath we tremble;
Do not ask us to dissemble.

GL-DST-NE (*aside*).

'Twas not seemly—no, nor meet—
That I should resume my seat.
With rage I burn, with wrath I tremble,
Yet must I, at least, dissemble.

THE SPEAKER.

Black Rod, lead on! What need of further words?
Lead on! I follow to the House of Lords.
The will of Royalty I fain would learn;
But patience, Commons! I will soon return.
[*Exit* SPEAKER.

CHORUS OF INDIGNANT RADICALS AND GL-DST-NE (*aside*).

Was it / 'Twas not } seemly, { Was it / No! nor } meet,
That { he / I } should resume { his / my } seat?
With rage { we / I } burn, with wrath { we / I } tremble;
Do not ask us to / Yet must I, at least, } dissemble.

Re-enter the SPEAKER. *He takes his seat.*

THE SPEAKER.

Behold me back again! and had you gone
With me, you would, I doubt not, have been struck
To hear *La Reyne le veult* pronounced upon
A measure for the drainage of the Suck.

CHORUS OF INDIGNANT RADICALS.

O monstrous! for *this* was your presence invited,
Our chief interrupted, our dignity slighted,
Our questions suspended, our anger excited?
O mockery of Fate! O ironical luck!
Must the Commons thus wait on their lordships' good pleasure?
Must Industry thus dance attendance on Leisure,
To hear the Queen pass a ridiculous measure
For draining the Suck?

Prayer.

W—DDI.

O Thou, beneath whose shepherd care
Our folded privileges lie,
Didst thou, sir, note the late affair
With adequately watchful eye?
When Black Rod, of his wanton wont,
Cut short our chief in midmost phrase,
Bethink thee, WHO sustained the affront?
The Greatest Man of Modern Days.

Shall, then, the proud Lords flout us thus,
And we submit to the offence?
Nay, Mr. Speaker, act for us,
And curb their minion's insolence.
Arrange his visits, we entreat,
In somewhat more convenient ways,
And let him force not to a seat
The Greatest Man of Modern Days.

THE SPEAKER.

Three taps he giveth upon the door,
I wist not that ye wanted more;
But will consult, when time allows,
The officials of the other House.

CHORUS OF EXULTANT RADICALS.

Joy! O joy! away with care!
Live the Speaker! live the Chair!
Haughty Peers shall know anon
We will not be put upon.
No more, no more shall we complain
Of Black Rod's high and mighty ways;
Nor shall he interrupt again
The GREATEST MAN OF MODERN DAYS.

REVIEWS.

THE CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX.*

THE reduction of the Sioux was the last considerable piece of fighting which the regular army of the United States had on its hands. The war is always remembered because of the Indian Isandhlana into which General Custer fell, perishing with all his men. General Custer, it seems, had allowed his long yellow hair to be cut—there is a portrait of him thus cropped in Mr. Finerty's *Conquest of the Sioux*—and perhaps in his case, as in one more celebrated, the shears brought him bad luck. Mr. Finerty himself was not, of course, with Custer; but he was present, as Correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, at the fight on the Rosebud River, and was also engaged on a most perilous scouting adventure, the account of which is the best thing in his book.

* *War Path and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux.* By John F. Finerty. Chicago: "Chicago Times" Office. 1890.

The fault of the book is its length; there is hardly any selection. Minute details of the most restricted interest are inserted so thickly as to hide the really meritorious portion of the work—the descriptions of Indian life, of hardships during the campaign, and of encounters with the Red Men. The piece is thus decidedly inferior to Captain T. G. Bourke's *Last Fight of the Cheyennes*, a capital military paper by an author who is well known for his anthropological researches. A portrait of Captain Bourke, by the way, is given in Mr. Finerty's book.

The war with the Sioux was the result, as far as we understand, of treaty-breaking by the Americans. The treaty with the Sioux in 1868 had solemnly guaranteed to them a very large region, "bounded on the east by the 104th meridian, on the west by the Big Horn mountains, on the south by the North Platte, and on the north by the Yellowstone River." This "howling, if handsome wilderness," was coveted by, and was unofficially "jumped," or invaded by, Americans, while the Sioux were fighting with the Crows. The white man's Government might make what treaties it pleased with the Indians; but it was quite a different matter to get the white man himself to respect the official parchment. The Government seems to have tried very hard to make American citizens respect American promises, but in vain. The very soldiers deserted and joined the invading adventurers. Consequently, the Sioux began "military operations," if they did not make war, and finally war broke out. Mr. Finerty accompanied the United States cavalry, marching under General Crook on Powder River. The discomforts of the expedition, especially the inevitable dirt, and a description of the country traversed, occupies much of his earlier pages. It is not very interesting to be told that "Captain Van Vliet, now Major, was tall, thin, and good-looking." Mr. Finerty gives us too many of these details. More to the purpose is this account of a Sioux grave and of its end:—

On that day, for the first time, I saw an Indian "grave." It was situated on a little bluff above the creek. After dismounting I went up to observe it. The Sioux never put their dead under ground. This "grave" was a buffalo hide supported by willow slips and leather thongs, strapped upon four cotton-wood poles, about six feet high. The corpse had been removed either by the Indians themselves or by the miners who had passed through a few days before. Around lay two blue blankets, with red trimmings, a piece of a jacket all covered with beads, a moccasin, a fragment of Highland tartan, a brilliant shawl and a quantity of horse hair. Scarcely had I noted these objects when a squad of young fellows from the 9th Infantry walked up the hill after firewood. They, evidently, were lacking in the bump of veneration, as the following remarks will show:

"Hello, Sam, what in h— is that?"

"That—oh, that is the lay-out of some d—d dead Indian. Let's pull it down. Here, boys, each of you grab a pole and we'll tear it up by the roots."

They did tear it up by the roots, and within ten minutes the Indian tomb was helping to boil the dinners of the 9th Infantry.

Thus the relationship of all men to each other in point of savagery was established. The Sioux defaced the white graves at Reno. The whites converted the Sioux funeral pedestal into kindling-wood. It was all the same to the dead on both sides.

Interesting, too, is the story of the brave bugler, Metzker, who fought so valiantly, when Fetterman's party was massacred in 1866, that the Indians, though they mutilated the rest of the dead, spared his body, and covered his remains with a buffalo robe. It is like Sir Francis Doyle's poem on "The Red Thread of Honour." The first fighting Mr. Finerty saw was a fusillade on the 9th of June, 1876. Mr. Finerty was accompanied by an excellent scout, Gruard, half French, half Sandwich Islander by birth, married to a Sioux woman. This man was afterwards most serviceable in a scouting party which with difficulty escaped from the Indians. As they marched against the enemy the Crow allies of the army had a great buffalo hunt, in which much needless slaughter was done in picturesque circumstances:—

All at once we ascended to the crest of a grassy slope, and then a sight burst upon us calculated to thrill the coldest heart in the command. Far as the eye could reach on both sides of our route, the somber, superb buffalo were grazing in thousands! The earth was brown with them. "Steady, men, keep your ranks," was the command of the officers from front to rear, as many of the younger soldiers, rendered frantic by the sight of the noble game, made a movement as if to break from the column in wild pursuit. Then arose on our right and left such a storm of discordant shouts as can come only from savage throats. The Crow warriors on the west, and the Shoshones on the east, throwing off all that might impede them, and leaving the abandoned traps to the care of their docile squaws, dashed off like mounted maniacs, and made for the gigantic herd of bisons. Then rang out the crack of the rifle, the whoop and the yell of triumph, as buffalo after buffalo went down before the fire of those matchless horsemen and superb shots! The bisons, for great, lumbering, humpbacked, short-headed creatures, ran like the wind, but the fleet Indian ponies soon brought their wild riders within range, and the work of destruction proceeded apace. The iron discipline of the army kept the soldiers in their ranks, but their glowing cheeks and kindling eyes proclaimed the feverish excitement, the Nimrod passion that consumed them.

Next day the battle of the Rosebud, so called from the wild roses on the banks of the little stream, was fought. It was not very decisive, the Indians crowning and being driven from a series of heights. Colonel Henry, whose face was broken to pieces by a bullet, made a remark of Roman merit. Mr. Finerty condoled with him as he lay under the only available shadow—that of his horse. The Colonel replied, in a low but firm voice, "It is nothing. For this we are soldiers.' In the battle the U.S. troops expended no less than twenty-five thousand rounds of ammunition. The Indians, firing as a rule from horseback, were not better shots. The Correspondents took their own share in the fighting. Mr. Finerty remarked that the Indians, on the death of a comrade, were not so stoical as he had believed. The young men, at least, wept as copiously "as if they had been of Caucasian race." The next and much the best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians, who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty, with a hundred rounds of ammunition, had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post, with a wood behind it, through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that, if wounded, suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved, amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and, half starved and almost dead with thirst, made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and, after crossing a deep river, at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated. But the tale of Custer's defeat, which occurred at that time, is a twice or thrice told affair and has become familiar. It is given in the version of Curly, a Crow scout of Custer's, who escaped; and this, again, is confirmed by the evidence of a Sioux chief. The Americans had fallen in their ranks, out-generalled, but not dismayed. The Indians had repeating rifles, much better weapons than the carbines of the whites. The battle of Slim Buttes was a hideous affair:—

That was a peculiar picture of Indian warfare at Slim Buttes. There a dead cavalry horse lay on his side on the western bank of the bloody burrow, while Tom Moore's mule, his feet sticking up in the air, lay on his back about thirty yards nearer to the abandoned tepees. On the southern slope of the embankment, in the line of fire, face downward, the weight of his body resting on his forehead and knees, the stiff, dead hands still grasping the fully cocked carbine, two empty cartridge shells lying beside him, lay John Wenzel. He had been shot through the brain—the bullet entering the left jaw from below, and passing out through the top of his head—by either American Horse or Charging Bear, after having fired twice into the gully.

Mr. Finerty regrets that some of the soldiers scalped the dead. White men have usually been very prone to adopt savage customs. Finally Dull Knife and Crazy Horse surrendered. The war was ended on the British line in 1879, and Mr. Finerty at last beheld Sitting Bull—not a handsome man, and not painted. His voice was melodious, his manners were excellent. "Major" he pronounced "Meejor." He enjoyed a joke. There was a palaver, and Bad Soup observed that "few Americans spoke the truth. He hoped Mr. Finerty would be an exception." And we have no doubt that he is, in this rather prolix but amusing book of his. In the long run, Sitting Bull and the rest were starved out, and had to "come in" to the American agencies. The Americans did not behave honourably to the Sioux; but we see very little reason to hope that any European Power, in the same set of circumstances, would have behaved much better to unlucky savages. Our own record is not so fair that we can afford to be critical. The white man calls the savage treacherous, and we have seen what Bad Soup said about the American white man. Maoris and Zulus may have no higher opinion of ourselves.

NOVELS.*

HE who made a book about the loves and marriages of eminent persons might have devoted a whole chapter to Mr. Stephen Ralston, the eminent geologist in *Dishonoured*. In the course of an investigation into the nature of tidal influences, this distinguished *savant* has to spend a night in a cave somewhere on the coast of Hampshire. While he is preparing for his vigil he hears a scream, and an unexpected visitor comes tumbling down through a cleft in the rocks. It proves to be the young lady he is in love with; for, although Mr. Ralston is accepted as an authority on the fossil cryptogams of the West Indies and is a Fellow of the Royal Society—an honour carefully noted on his visiting cards—he is only thirty-five and highly inflammable. Miss Benison's sudden arrival makes him forget all about tidal influences and fossil cryptogams; and when, after a series of fainting fits, she comes to herself, he has to fight with a mad desire to shower down kisses on the girl's quivering lips. Even Fellows of the Royal Society, we gather from the context, "have a devil in them at times." But we are anticipating events. It should be explained that some few months earlier Miss Olive Benison had run away from her friends and taken a situation as a shopgirl, being impelled to this escapade by the disgrace of a family scandal. The same distressing motive had prompted her to reject Mr. Ralston's offer of marriage, and it will perhaps be objected that the plot turns too much on a disagreeable incident—a daughter's horror at finding that her mother is hopelessly compromised. Apart from this, the story is cleverly

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* *Dishonoured.* By Theo Gift. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1890.

The Way of Transgressors. By E. Rentoul Esler. London: Sampson Low & Co., Limited. 1890.

Mr. Bryant's Mistake. By Katherine Wylde. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

The Mystery of M. Felix. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. London: White & Co. 1890.

Dmitri: a Tragi-Comedy. By F. W. Bain, M.A. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

constructed, and some of the people Olive Benison meets after her flight to Stoneham are admirably portrayed, especially the lovelorn Dissenting minister and his austerely respectable sister. Mr. Ralston is a little too fond of letting off *extempore* dissertations on scientific subjects when there is no occasion for it, but the novel-reader looks for that kind of thing nowadays; and the lecture on Genesis to which Miss Benison is treated will doubtless be thought highly edifying by people who play at philosophy and contrive to combine instruction with amusement at the annual picnics of the British Association. From a literary point of view, however, the defence and vindication of "the opeenions o' the Kirk," put into the mouth of a worthy but narrow-minded old Presbyterian, has a truer ring than the scientist's lay sermon. The story is well written, for the most part, but the author has a tiresome trick of dropping every now and then into a style which can only be called excruciating. Here is a specimen:—

"Your brother is very kind, and so are you, I am sure," said Olive, supplying her friend's awkward hiatus with the same quiet grace and dignity as before, and which impressed Miss Rice all the more for its being the natural manner of one too innately a lady to take offence at the roughness of those in an inferior station of life, or even to remember that the middle-class girl, whose part she was desirous of playing, might have carried herself differently.

On the other hand, the descriptions of scenery, especially of woodland scenery, often show keen and sympathetic observation and a happy turn of expression.

In *Dishonoured*, as we have seen, a young person of quality becomes a shopgirl; in *The Way of Transgressors* the daughter of a small country tradesman is educated far above her station in life and passes, as often as she desires it, as a fashionable lady. With a father who serves out cheese and butter to country bumpkins and a mother as vulgar as she is kind-hearted, Viney Grace is capable of holding her own in the very best society. She can crush the vicar's supercilious wife when that lady attempts to patronize her, and wins over a woman of light and leading like Lady Mildred Hayes; and, what is more curious, her social triumphs are due not to mere cleverness and adaptability or to the finish acquired at a highly recommended boarding school, but to innate refinement and nice feeling. It is easy to see that of the two stories the first is far the more plausible. To begin with, the profits of a village grocery, after paying household expenses, would hardly suffice to pay Miss Packenmore's bills, to say nothing of the stylish dresses Viney Grace always wears or the 1,000*l.* hoarded up for her *dot*. Nor are we quite ready to believe that Lady Mildred, amiable as she is, would ask a girl to her parties whose father keeps a shop in the village and calls the butler at Marly Hall "sir." Apart from these improbabilities, there is much to admire in the book. Viney may well have inherited the better qualities of her parents; and, given her surroundings, the development of her character is perfectly natural. It is when things go wrong and the family falls on evil days that she comes out best; when she is thrown over by Lady Mildred's fascinating but weakly selfish nephew, and, later, when her father is ruined by a neighbour's dishonesty, and the Graces have to migrate to London. Bertram Lyall, the gentleman who trifles with Viney's affections and then marries somebody else, is the transgressor; and the story of his gradual deterioration and final punishment will convey a solemn warning, we may hope, to gay deceivers. People, however, who do not want to be warned of the consequences of gay deceit will feel more interested in the fortunes of the Grace family. The worldly hope Mrs. Grace sets her heart upon, her maternal pride in Viney's fashionable accomplishments and friendships with gentlefolk—"'Twill be one for Mrs. Brown, anyhow," she declares, when Viney is asked to lunch at the vicarage—the father's kindlier aspirations, the despair that overwhelms Viney when, after four happy years at school, she returns to find her home vulgar and Highfields stupid, the jealousies of sister Chrissie, the unrequited passion of the shopman, the love troubles of the serving maid Molly; in all this we have just the sympathetic touch that is needed to make a picture of provincial manners lifelike, and at the same time attractive. Cousin Sam from California is a capital type; while, of the people in a higher rank who are introduced into the story, the good-for-nothing Bertie's wife will certainly win a judicious reader's approbation.

Sir Vincent Leicester, the most imposing personage in *Mr. Bryant's Mistake*, is an ordinary tall, healthy young Englishman, with a somewhat lordly air, and a tendency to brush insignificant or superfluous people out of his way. At the beginning of the story he is eager to marry Georgina, daughter of the Rev. Edward Bryant. For a while this young lady has hopes of an elderly viscount, but, meeting with a disappointment, resolves to put up with a baronet. "After all," she remarks, "I detested Cobham, and I dare say it is more comfortable when one's kisses come from a man one likes." This eminently sensible reflection, however, strikes her too late; for the unsecured baronet, in an idle moment, forgets all about Miss Bryant, and falls desperately in love with a village maiden. His intentions are strictly honourable, and he informs his mother, Lady Katherine, of his altered mind. Lady Katherine would like her son to marry the parson's daughter, who is handsome—on one occasion she is described as magnifical—and well connected; but Sir Vincent hints that Miss Bryant is artificial. "I like simplicity," he observes, "and confidence in one's purest and warmest instincts. There are some kisses I like, mother. Ye gods! for them I would barter the family tree, and every blue drop in my body, the applause of men and life in drawing-rooms under glass cases from henceforth until all the seas run dry. They are the only things worth living for. They are life itself, hope, happiness, and heaven." Surely, this is more than ordinary tall talk even for a lordly baronet. Sir Vincent has a rival in the person of one Alick Randle, who is the rustic beauty's cousin by birth, a carpenter by trade, and a Latter Day Saint by inspiration. Alick believes himself divinely commissioned to preach against the iniquities of the age. He holds revivalist services, tears down a Ritualistic altar-cloth in the village church, professes to heal the sick and to work miracles. On one occasion he half poisons himself to show his trust in the protection of Providence; whereupon Sir Vincent has him locked up as a would-be suicide, which reminds one of the report sent to headquarters by a native official in the Punjab—"A new deity has appeared on the frontier; the police are after him." Alick, however, is the strongest character in the book. The man is obviously suffering from religious mania, and the workings of his diseased brain are indicated with nice discrimination. To explain the bearings of Mr. Bryant's mistake on the plot would be to reveal a mystery; and it is enough to say that the Rev. E. Bryant is a peculiarly objectionable representative of a type of clergyman seldom met with except in fiction.

The Mystery of M. Felix is a fairly good illustration of the peculiar method affected by Mr. Farjeon. Not a few of the characters turn out to be other people. Two of them are supposed to be murdered, and reappear a long time afterwards very little the worse for it. Amateur detectives unravel the most wonderful complications of crime and villany; and a love-story—a very mild one this time—is thrown in by way of sentiment. Large portions of the narrative are told in the shape of extracts from the *Evening Moon*, an enterprising journal of the new school which devotes all its superfluous energy to the elucidation and exposition of startling atrocities. Mr. Robert Agnold, who describes himself as a reporter on the staff of the *Evening Moon*, but who is also a gentleman of independent means and a duly qualified solicitor into the bargain, undertakes to clear up the mystery attaching to the sudden death of M. Felix in a Soho lodging-house. He is helped in his researches by a girl modelled on the pattern of Dick Swiveller's Marchioness. When it becomes necessary to ascertain what is passing within the gates of a private lunatic asylum, the girl Sophy is sent to the place as a patient, and plays the part with admirable discretion. The author, by-the-bye, makes a curious slip in this part of the story. The gentleman who takes Sophy to the asylum has a long interview with the mad doctor, and a little while afterwards declares that he has never seen Dr. Peterssen. This, however, is a small matter, and the plot hangs together pretty well on the whole; though we may be permitted to doubt whether unlicensed practitioners like Dr. Peterssen would be able to keep lunatic asylums in England without attracting the attention of the authorities. An obvious advantage is gained by making the *Evening Moon* responsible for so much of the narrative, since the author can plead design for any inelegancies of composition. But when we read in a passage, not quoted from the *Moon*, that Gerald Paget's ecstasy at being permitted to embrace Emilia enthralled him for a time; or when a revulsion takes place within that much-injured lady which imbues her with strength, we see that sensational novelists can write almost as badly as sensational journalists when they put their mind to it. Enthralled by ecstasy is bad enough; but imbued by a revulsion is worse still.

The story of the impostor Dmitri, the wandering monk who learnt soldiering from the Cossacks of the Dnieper, and, pretending to be the son of Ivan the Terrible, overthrew Boris and Feodor Godrunoff, and reigned for a while in their stead, is one of the most remarkable chapters in Russian history, and might well be taken as the framework of an historical novel. The outlines of the story are presented fairly enough in *Dmitri: a Tragi-Comedy;* but the author has missed the spirit of the age. It is difficult to imagine oneself in Poland at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when people call each other queer fishes and "— fools," and say "Get out, Iwaniski, you're laying it on too thick"; or when young ladies run off to fetch their smelling-bottles. The speech in which Prince Konstantin Wisnowiski proposes the health of Count Boleslas Iwaniski might be taken almost word for word from yesterday's newspaper:—

I'm sure we all feel very much obliged to him for his hospitality, and envy him the honour which is his to-night of feasting the future Tsar of Russia. (Furious applause.) Gentlemen, I will not enlarge upon a subject which will be handled presently by speakers far more able than myself. (No, no.)

But the narrative part of the story is by no means badly done; and the false Dmitri stands out boldly from the crowd of Muscovite *boyards*, Cossack free-lances, and Polish courtiers.

THE STORY OF BOSTON.*

THE Story of Boston, in the hands of so practised a writer as Mr. A. Gilman, has an interest even for those who have never beheld the *ville lumière* of America. John Winthrop, the œkist, as Mr. Grote would have called him, whose statue now

* *The Story of Boston: a Study of Independency.* By Arthur Gilman, M.A., Author of "The Story of Rome" &c. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

appropriately stands "in the very middle of the rush of modern life, in Scollay Square," is a striking figure in the story, and "his characteristics and his very name were strongly stamped upon much of the expression of life in the town during the early years of its existence, and their influence has not yet been lost." It may be that Mr. Gilman's sympathies have led him to give undue prominence to the expressions of discontent with the English Government to which the colonists gave vent from time to time; but certainly his narrative comes rather as a surprise to English readers. These men—Winthrop, Endicott, Johnson, and the rest—the founders of Boston, were rich, respectable, God-fearing Englishmen, who were not driven abroad by civil or religious persecution, or in any way forced to leave their country, but who, nevertheless, found that country so distasteful to them that they sought a new home with the deliberate intention of breaking with their old one. Englishmen have generally believed that if it had not been for some mismanagement about the Stamp Act and the tea ships at Boston the sympathies of the loyal American colonists would never have been alienated from the mother-country; yet in Mr. Gilman's book we find the colonists transferring their charter from England to America, building up an independent form of government under that charter, making their freemen swear allegiance to that Government in a form of oath in which not a word is said about loyalty to the King from under whose authority they professed never to have betaken themselves, while, when their charter was demanded back by the Home Government, the answer of the colony was to vote "that an English Governor, if sent over, should not be accepted," to appropriate six hundred pounds for fortifications, "to defend the lawful possessions of the colonists," and to elect a committee to "consult, direct, and give command for the managing and ordering of any war that might befal." Forts were begun; a beacon was set on Sentry Hill, "to give the country notice of any danger"; musket-balls were made a legal tender. And all this in and before 1635!

The reasons which moved the original colonists to set out in 1630 are explained in a carefully-written paper known as "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England," which was circulated among the friends of the enterprise some time before. In it John Winthrop sets forth that

> he had fallen upon disastrous times; that the fountains of learning in his native country were corrupted; that all arts and trades were carried on in such deceitful and unrighteous ways that it was well-nigh impossible for a good man to live by any of them; that the land was weary of her inhabitants; that man had become of less importance than beasts, children, who ought to have been considered blessings, being counted the greatest burdens; that the kingdom of Antichrist was increasing; that, in brief, the Lord had begun to frown upon England and to cut its inhabitants short.

It seemed to Mr. John Winthrop that America was intended by Providence to be a place of refuge for the many who were to be saved out of the general calamity that seemed imminent, and that emigration was a work of God for the good of the Church, which had no place left to fly to but into the wilderness.

Mr. Gilman does ample justice to the courage and constancy of the heroic founders of his beloved city; he tells us briefly, but impressively, how they suffered by disease, famine, and Indian wars, and after long trials emerged triumphant at last. We are reminded that there were giants in those days by a notice in Mr. Winthrop's diary that, "on one of the few occasions on which he was absent from his accustomed congregation on the Lord's Day, he went, with many others, to Cambridge, to hear Mr. Hooker, who, after having preached for a quarter of an hour, found himself deprived both 'of his strength and matter'; but he went forth, and about half an hour afterwards returned again, and went on to very good purpose about two hours." This was in 1639. It is interesting to read of the patriarchal life of these early Bostonians; how in church all the men sat armed, in case of any sudden assaults of Indians; how, while Governor Winthrop sat among the elders, "his faithful Margaret followed the example of the good wife described in Scripture, seeking wool and flax, and working diligently with her hands. They were awakened from sleep in the morning at half-past four by the sounding of the public bell, and the curfew bid them cover their coals and retire at nine in the evening." "A right pious people, of true Teutsch stuff," as Carlyle says of another branch of the Teutonic family. The curfew in Boston was no meaningless survival; in those early days of wooden houses one of the most eminent Boston divines, Cotton Mather, declared that "never was any town under the cope of Heaven more liable to be laid in ashes." He thought it "a standing miracle that such a contiguous heap of combustible houses" should continue to stand. We may remind English readers that the last and greatest of the fifteen great fires which have laid Boston waste occurred in 1872, when the houses, being built of brick and granite, were supposed to be proof against such ravages. Yet within those old ramshackle wooden tenements, even in Governor Winthrop's time, much solid comfort, and even elegance, might be found. The favourite plan of these houses was a central hall, lighted from a great lantern, with "velvet cushions in the window-seats that looked upon the well-kept garden." There was generally a large "parlor" and a small one—

> the latter sometimes known as the study, supplied with large mirrors, tasteful curtains, portraits and maps, brass clocks, chairs which we now like to copy, with high backs covered with red leather, and in the ample fireplace stood the bright brass andirons. . . The pantry was filled with good fare, with dainties, prunes, and marmalade, and the sideboard ornamented with silver tankards, and wine-cups, and other articles in silver and glass; while the cellar was stored with good ale, and with materials from which to brew the smoking punch which was brought before guests on the occasions of festivity, when there had been an ordination, perchance, or a meeting of the clergy, for the clergy of the olden time, rigid as was their theology, were not at all averse to the good creatures of sense, and enjoyed their punch and pasty as much as any layman of them all.

It is an idyllic view of "good old colony times," to which we look back with regret when, as we read on further, we grow weary of the thrice-told tale of the squabbles with the Governors about their salaries, the street riot magnified for political reasons into "The Massacre," the Siege of Boston, and the confused, desultory campaigns of the War of Independence. Anything written in an English journal on this subject can hardly be thought by Americans to be wholly free from prejudice. We hesitate, therefore, to criticize the passage which Mr. Gilman quotes from the biography of Samuel Adams, in which the utterances of the various Town Councils of Massachusetts are declared to "constitute the highest mark the town meeting has ever reached. Never before and never since have Anglo-Saxon men, in lawful folk-mote assembled, given utterance to thoughts and feelings so fine in themselves and so pregnant with great events!"

When peace came to the country in 1778, Old Boston had practically been transformed. Those regions which before the war had been frequented by the fashion and wealth of the day were by degrees deserted, and the move towards the south and west ends began. The North End, especially, lost by degrees its precedence, and in process of time was almost completely abandoned by those families which had given it its character. In 1775 the town was restricted to the peninsula, and was separated from Roxbury by Boston "Neck," which seems to have been a long, narrow, almost uninhabited isthmus. At the present day, not only have Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, West Roxbury, and Brighton been absorbed by the still growing city, while Cambridge, Chelsea, and Brookline are virtually parts of it, though technically beyond its boundaries, but Boston "Neck" itself, which originally was hardly broad enough to permit the building of the only street which crossed it, has been expanded to a width of more than a mile and a half; and upon the land thus taken from the sea, some of the handsomest and costliest of the public and private edifices of the city have been built. Mr. Gilman, whose love for Boston seems to equal that of an ancient Athenian for the "City of the Violet Crown," gives capital illustrations of the "Public Gardens and buildings in the 'Back Bay' region," showing the original shore, and the vast extent of ground reclaimed from the sea, and also of the "Old South Church," that true *prytaneum* of the city, of the (restored) old "State House" (1748), with its lion and unicorn, and of many other well-known landmarks. In his description of Faneuil Hall we miss the old story of the "Resolutions" passed therein—(1) "That the Earth is the Heritage of the Saints." (2) "That We are the Saints." It is curious to learn that the site of Faneuil Hall, like that of so many other Boston buildings, was originally covered with water.

It is the fate of all city histories, by the primary laws of their being, that they should begin with romantic adventure and dim heroic figures, and end in prosaic lists of mayors, Boards of health, and "Committees on finance"; but in the case of Boston, as its history proceeds, new subjects of interest arise, for its name is inseparably connected with the history of American thought, and, as Mr. Gilman quaintly puts it, while "the tendency to set up new religious sects was carried wherever the Puritan and the Separatist went, Boston became the peculiar home of isms of every sort."

"The isms," he continues, "which have made themselves most prominent during the past century in Boston are Transcendentalism, Abolitionism, and Woman Suffragism. . . . The historian of Transcendentalism tells us that New England 'furnished the only plot of ground on the planet' where that form of philosophy had a chance to show what it was and what it proposed." As for Abolitionism, it is sufficient to mention the name of W. Lloyd Garrison, who lived and edited the *Liberator* in Boston. Of "Woman Suffragism," as Mr. Gilman oddly calls it, we shall say no more than that the women of Boston have been agitating since 1854, not without success, for political "rights." Well might Henry Ward Beecher, himself the son of one of the former pastors of the church on Bowdoin Street, Boston, exclaim from his Brooklyn pulpit on the occasion of the "great" fire at Boston in 1872:—"Upon no other place could a calamity have fallen which would have touched so universally the national life and the national feeling as upon the city of Boston—the city from which sprung the earliest American ideas. Her history is written in the best things that have befallen this land, and shame on the man who in the day of her disaster has no tears for her." It is from the time of this fire that the rich and prosperous city with which so many English people are familiarly acquainted dates its growth. Modern as Boston appears at the present day, it can reckon more than two centuries and a half of corporate existence, and its chequered history could not have been more sympathetically told than it has been by Mr. Gilman. Boston has a past of which it may well be proud, and the time has surely come when we in England may cordially say "Amen" to the prayer embodied in the motto cut upon its municipal seal—*Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis*—"As God was with our fathers, so may He be with us."

PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.*

ALL students of philosophy will greet with pleasure the publication in the English and Foreign Philosophical Library of Fichte's *Science of Knowledge* and *Science of Rights*. The translation is sufficiently good; but, in common with many works of the kind, it shows how inadequate is the English language to express exactly many of the terms used in the German. Such words as "sensating" and "opposited" have an unpleasant and harsh sound; but it is difficult to see how they could be avoided, except by a clumsy paraphrase, or by the use of some one English word in different senses in various parts of the book. This difficulty for the translators, and still more for those who use the translations, can only be overcome by some agreement among the former as to the expressions which they will invariably use as equivalents for certain German terms. In one other respect Dr. Kroeger's work is sometimes unsatisfactory. He occasionally obscures his author's meaning by a too scrupulous adherence to the word order of the text, and neglects the difference between English and German idiom. This is especially the case when he is dealing with the adverb and the relative pronoun. It is, however, such an advantage to have these works fairly well rendered into English that it seems a carping criticism even to notice these defects. The prefaces to both volumes are written by Professor W. J. Harris, who perfectly understands the position which Fichte occupied between Kant and Hegel. Beyond an endeavour to read more into the *Science of Knowledge* than is really to be found there, the preface to that volume is of considerable value. Professor Harris seems never to be able to reconcile himself to the Hegelian dialectic, although he admits at certain points the necessity for going beyond Fichte in the direction of Hegel. With regard to the system of the latter philosopher, he says that "the dialectic as a power of transcendental deduction is entirely wanting to it"; also that "it has led to a sort of hypostasis of the 'dialectic method'—making it a kind of developing energy in the world, something like the principle of evolution which science has formulated." To both of these statements the Hegelians have a ready answer. The first of them is quite untrue, unless by "transcendental deduction" Professor Harris refers to something purely formal in opposition to which there is—as in Kant—a given matter. To the second of his statements they would reply by showing that their position is the necessary outcome of Fichte's own philosophy. However strange the statement may seem, it is the fact that Fichte's so-called idealism had still some dualistic elements, in which we can distinctly trace the influence of Kant. That he never completely got rid of these elements will be perfectly evident to any student of this volume; but that he was always striving to be free from them will be no less apparent. The highest point to which he reached is sufficiently well stated by Professor Harris. "The true point of view should include both idealism and realism, and limit them each through the other, after the manner of the third general principle (that of reciprocal limitation of the ego and non-ego)." Fichte's own words are (pp. 284, 285):—"The final ground of all consciousness is a reciprocal causality, self-relation, in the Ego, by means of a Non-Ego, an Other, which may be viewed in various ways." Following as it does a passage wherein Fichte came as near as possible to the Hegelian doctrine, the very mention in this place of self-relation by means of an Other might have suggested the way out of the difficulty. Yet he would never go beyond the category of reciprocity, although rightly understood that category is not final, except for dualism, which, again, can never be final. As is too often the case with philosophers in straits, Fichte took refuge in an explanation which only increased his difficulties. "You should float between the two determinations of this idea. This is the business of the *creative power of imagination*." Nothing could show more conclusively the unsatisfactory nature of his system. Even admitting that this "floating between" two determinations has been suggested by his own notions of freedom and self-activity, that leaves the whole problem unsolved. The consciousness which floats must recognize and be above the floating. We can get no unity, no system, from the category of reciprocity and the "floating between" two opposite determinations by means of the creative power of the imagination. The latter has the appearance of an afterthought, of an artificial makeshift, introduced to make a disjointed system complete. It is much the same difficulty that is encountered when we turn to Fichte's words on the infinite activity of the Ego.

> The ideal [he says] is absolute product of the Ego; it may be extended infinitely, but in every determined moment it has its limit. The undetermined tendency generally—which, however, can not properly be called tendency, since it has no object, and can, indeed, have no name—is infinite; but as such it cannot enter consciousness, since consciousness is only possible through reflection, and hence through determination.

Here, again, is apparent the struggle, which in one form or another has presented itself throughout the history of philosophy, between finite and infinite, conditioned and unconditioned. Fichte only makes it more difficult by the fashion in which he gives it expression. He seems to think that by speaking of an infinite "tendency" he gets rid of the logical difficulty. If you posit a limit, you must go beyond it to get infinity, and this process of drawing a line and then passing it is everlasting. But it is a very poor infinite—nay, it is not an infinite—that is sought after in this way. Fichte sees that every determination is a negation, and he seems to think that by going beyond each to another indefinitely in what can only be considered as a time series, he gets to infinity and proves the certitude of immortality. He does not see that the limit is in any way a self-imposed one—a thing to be overcome. That "the negation of the negation is the true affirmation" is the law he was trying to reach, but never grasped. If we go further back, to the very outset of his system, we can readily understand how the difficulty arose. "Since there is to be in human knowledge a unit system, the proposition X, which really does establish such a system, is the fundamental principle of human knowledge, and the system based on it is that unit-system of human knowledge"; or again, "The ground of explanation of all facts of empirical consciousness is this: before all positing, the Ego must be posited through itself." It is because he adheres so strictly to this unit system, and to the absolute self-positing of the Ego, that Fichte has been not unjustly called a subjective idealist. The followers of Hegel can easily enough show that from a mere proposition of identity there can be no advance. Indeed, they may insist that mere identity is equivalent to nothing. Unless the first principle has in it of necessity movement, it remains X, from which nothing can be deduced. Fichte's recognition of this is apparent from his reference to the pure activity of the Ego; but this is an activity which never passes beyond what he calls "the deed-act, *I am*." The "unit system" would begin and end there.

The Science of Rights is very interesting as an examination of the idea of freedom in its relation to the law and to the organization of communities; but the work must be looked upon rather as an essay about the subject than as an exact treatise. What will strike many readers will be the curious approach made by the German philosopher to the ideas of Rousseau and the "Social Contract" thinkers generally. That this naturally arises from a philosophy of subjective idealism can be understood. Never having sufficiently freed himself from the individual as such, Fichte rests the possibility of a community of free beings on the supposition that "each free being makes it its law to limit its own freedom by the conception of the freedom of all others." Plainly we have here only a repetition of what was noticed as imperfect in the other volume. Insistence is laid upon a reciprocal causality of free beings—each thus lying out of the other, both on the same plane, and only artificially connected. But from such an artificial connexion we cannot get the State. To some extent Fichte's failure in this matter may be traced to that comparative ignorance of the history of philosophy to which Professor Harris refers in his first preface; but its real cause is rather to be found in the fact that he never attained to the idea of necessary development. His notion of subjective freedom for the individual against other individuals led to the conception of a community organized on a kind of give-and-take principle. But the State is not merely a community of separate units accidentally brought together. It may be said to be in idea prior to the individual. The latter only becomes what he is in relation to a universal. The principle that "no man liveth to himself" is at the bottom of all speculations on the Sciences of Knowledge, of Morals, and of Rights. That Fichte was ever drawing nearer to a recognition of this may be admitted; that he never fully understood it in all its bearings is the fundamental fault of his philosophy.

Regarding *Aristotelianism* as it is presented by the Rev. J. Gregory Smith and the Rev. William Grundy, it is necessary to say little more than that both writers have done their work with singular care, and that both possess the power of making that work readily intelligible. Mr. Gregory Smith's analysis of the Ethics sees now its third edition and deserves to have been thus successful. Possibly he makes too little of the difficulties surrounding the Aristotelian doctrine of habit, and the ever apparent dualism between reason and the matter of the passions. The doubts that arise on these two subjects are, both in the Metaphysics and the Ethics, due to the fact that Aristotle's language as to matter and form is not always the same. Mr. Grundy evidently takes the view that the dualism was there, but he most sensibly points out how the question of modern philosophy differs from that of Aristotle. "His own theory of development is suggestive, if it is not final," and Mr. Grundy evidently knows it is not. The first part of this little book is perhaps the more useful, as containing a correct abstract of the Ethics and very numerous references; Mr. Grundy's portion is the more interesting, because of its suggestive criticism.

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* *The Science of Knowledge.* By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. With a Preface by William J. Harris, Professor of the School of Philosophy, Concord, Mass. London: Trübner & Co.

The Science of Rights. By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. With a Preface by William J. Harris. London: Trübner & Co.

Aristotelianism.—The Ethics of Aristotle. By Rev. J. Gregory Smith, M.A., Hon. LL.D., Edin. *The Logical Treatises, The Metaphysics, The Psychology, The Politics.* By Rev. William Grundy, M.A., Head-Master of Malvern College. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL, PICTORIAL.*

"DESCRIPTIVE, Historical, Pictorial." These are the epithets which *The Rivers of Great Britain* applies to itself on the title-page, and they are well applied. They characterize a special and important branch of literature—or rather of books—which are purchased for the purpose of giving away to somebody else. The term "gift-book," which is so often employed without any lurking satire to this form of production, may, of course, be highly complimentary to the purchaser and the recipient. It may mean a luxury too costly for self-indulgence, an article too exquisite for daily use, but it too generally means a book which no one would care to buy for their own pleasure or would read if he possessed it. *The Rivers of Great Britain* belongs to neither of these two extremes; it is handsome without being superfine, and though we do not suppose that many will buy it "to keep," it would be a pleasant possession for any one. Not a book to read through, nor yet a work of reference, but a volume to dip into, and ponder over in leisure moments, good to remind one of past holidays and to suggest future ones, full of delightful pictures of hill and dale, of picturesque village and quiet town, of stately cathedral and ruined castle. The volume, stout and broad as it is, is only a part of a larger work. It is only the rivers of the East Coast of Great Britain, from the Highland Dee to the Crouch, with which it deals; but these, of course, exhaust a great part of the island. The Thames, under the name of "The Royal River," has already formed the subject of a separate and equally magnificent volume issued by the same firm; so that Messrs. Cassell may be said to have completed more than half of their gigantic undertaking. Photography seems to have been the foundation of all (or nearly all) the illustrations; but it has only been the foundation. Every engraving bears signs of "the hand of an artist," and has been executed with great care and skill. This is so evidently the case, and the beauty of the book has been so greatly enhanced by the work of draughtsman and engraver, that we regret that the names of all the artists employed have not been duly recorded in the "List of Illustrations." Many of these are far more beautiful than the etching of Bolton, which somewhat poorly prefaces the book. Photography and art have scarcely ever been more happily blended than in these pictures, which can be admired for their charm and trusted for their accuracy—the latter no mean or unimportant quality in a topographical work. The first page starts well with a beautiful view of Ben MacDhui; and soon we come upon one still finer, taken from the old bridge, Invercauld, Braemar. A view of Dundee from the harbour is the most notable scene on the Tay; but the chapter on the Forth is particularly rich in illustrations. Ben Lomond and "Ellen's Isle," the Trossachs and Ben Venue, furnish excellent subjects, and a noble view of Stirling, a picturesque glimpse of Leith, and a romantic picture of Tantallon Castle, are all of unusual merit. It is not to be expected that many rivers should equal the Forth in pictorial interest; but there is no lack of beautiful scenery as we come south, and even the slow and muddy streams of East Anglia supply many lovely bits, like the view on the river Orwell; while in architecture we have Ely and Cambridge, Lincoln and Hexham, Barnard Castle and Haddon Hall, and a hundred other subjects of equal or greater interest. Nor is the letterpress to be despised, with its pleasant accompaniment of bright description and agreeable gossip, which act as solvents of more solid matter in the way of historical lore and "useful information." Of the eight writers who have been engaged upon this glorified guide-book—Messrs. F. Watt, John Geddie, W. W. Hutchings, Aaron Watson, Edward Bradbury, W. S. Cameron, W. Senior, and the Rev. Canon Bonney—it is difficult to say which is the best. They are either very equally matched, or the style of composition, "descriptive, historical, pictorial," has a levelling tendency, for we have passed from Geddie to Bonney, and from Cameron to Senior, as unmoved in spirit and unconscious of change as if the whole book had been written by the same hand.

The Grey River—meaning thereby the Thames at or near London—is also "descriptive, historical, pictorial," but it has an additional quality to which the adjective "sentimental" is perhaps the most inoffensive which can be appropriately applied. Here, again, we have collaboration. As stated on the remarkable and effective title-page, this book is the joint product of Justin McCarthy, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and Mortimer Menpes. The last is, no doubt, responsible for the dry points, and probably for the title-page and binding; but which portion of the text is assignable to him, which to Mr. McCarthy, and which to Mrs. Praed is not so easy to ascertain. Of Mr. Menpes's etchings we have little to say except in praise; but we wish he had taken the trouble to reverse them, and had not put St. Paul's Cathedral and the Custom House on the wrong side of the river. It is doubtless most Philistine to care for correctness in works of art; but yet the most æsthetic Londoner will scarcely be able to prevent his enjoyment of Mr. Menpes's work being somewhat disturbed when he sees Lambeth Bridge below Westminster, and the whole block of the Houses of Parliament turned right about face. Mr. Menpes also misses the true shape of the towers of St. Stephen's and also of the dome of St. Paul's. Some, however, of his drawings with the needle can be enjoyed without any such odious comparisons between art and fact. His "Dutch Eel Schuyts" are admirable, his view of "Limehouse" is a wonderful piece of dexterity, and his "Distant View of the City" is the best of all. Altogether his studies on "the Grey River" are enough to "make" the book in spite of the letterpress, and the fact that Mr. Whistler has been before him. We are gladly inclined to acquit Mr. Mortimer Menpes of any complicity in the letterpress, although he was evidently one of the three "Pilgrims" who visited the tomb of Bolingbroke on that memorable occasion which takes up so many eloquent pages of *The Grey River*. We detect two voices, and only two, in the book, one which gossips of political and literary associations in quiet and scholarly fashion, the other that of a poet—intense, febrile, lurid, passionate and philosophical, by fits and starts—full of stops as an organ, sensitive as an æolian harp. Can we be wrong in thinking that this is not Mr. Justin McCarthy? We hope we do not do any injustice to this clever author in thinking that his imagination is unequal to such a flight as this:—

> There is no one but the Pilgrims in the church or the churchyard. It is time to go, and to leave *him* "alone—with his glory"! No; such words will not do for *him*. Leave him alone with the eidolon of the glory which might have been his, hovering over his tomb like the ghost in an Ossianic poem over the body of one who has fallen in a lost fight.

Him, be it understood, is Bolingbroke, a character which may have a fascination for Mr. McCarthy, but surely not he, nor, indeed, any one of the sterner sex, ever saw even with his fancy's eyes the eidolon of a glory that might have been. We may be wrong; but we think that the owner of this extraordinary fancy must also possess the not less remarkable memory which performed the feat described in the following passage:—

> It is an effort of the memory to remember that this is Old Battersea Bridge, at least what was Old Battersea Bridge before they took it down.

It is indeed. The authorship of our next quotation is perhaps more doubtful. The allusion to art suggests Mr. Menpes; but the reader shall judge:—

> One wearies of the hollowness and vanity of social intercourse. One longs for a draught of pure Alpine air—for a sea-bath cleansing from social grime. One revolts from the meannesses and subterfuges, and petty strivings and belittling of art with "shop," from the advertising and pushing, and jostling in the market-place. One craves for woods and solitudes, for the prairie, for the palms, and for the gum-trees. The pressure of human action is like the weight of electricity in a storm-laden atmosphere.

We will not attempt to determine the authorship of this passage. We will only suggest (1) the probability that the owner of the fancy and the memory possesses nerves which can detect the weight of electricity in an atmosphere laden with storm, and (2) the doubt whether Mr. Justin McCarthy ever really craved for a gum-tree. There is stronger reason for believing him to have been more intimately concerned in the composition of this lament over the wasted career of Bolingbroke:—

> The one field on earth where he was best qualified to shine—the English Parliament—is closed against him. They had no public meetings in those days; no great platforms from which to address enthusiastic crowds. Think of the greatest orator of his day being doomed to nearly forty years of absolute silence! Think of that glorious gift of eloquence, that ever-ready faculty of debate, that power of retort, that wit, that scorching sarcasm, that inspiriting appeal, that exquisite voice, that superb declamation, bearing all before it—think of all these remaining unused for nearly forty years! It seems a sort of sin against the human intellect that such a man should not have been provided with a platform somewhere.

A Bolingbroke without a Schnadhorst! What a subject for profound and pathetic reflection! What a theme for poetry! Was there not one of the Pilgrims equal to the occasion? Apparently not at the moment; but there is time yet. Think of it, ye three.

It would be flattery to describe Mr. C. R. B. Barrett's etchings of the Tower as equal in artistic merit to those of Mr. Menpes; but they are painstaking and faithful, and quite skilful enough for his purpose, which we take to be historical rather than artistic. The pictures (there are some vignettes as well as etchings) attest the interest taken by Mr. Barrett in *The Tower*, and so does the letterpress, but there is nothing else in the book nor in the manner of its production which would justify panegyric. It is certainly "Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial," but it is also depressing in no unusual degree.

It is not to be expected that drawing-books should be descriptive and historical as well as pictorial, but the unexpected happens, as usual, in the case of two of the latest of the "Vere Foster" Series. They both contain facsimiles of water-colour drawings by the late well-known artist, E. Duncan, R.W.S., made expressly for the purpose for which they have now been used. The chromolithographs are good, those of the "marines" better than those of the landscapes, perhaps; but the latter will serve well as examples of simple composition and effective use of colour. Directions for copying these drawings are of course given, and a number of reduced copies of plates of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* and of etchings for them have been added. These will be of more use to the art student than the elaborate historical accounts of Norham, Tantallon, &c., which seem to be instances of useful

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* *The Rivers of Great Britain—Rivers of the East Coast.* London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Lim.

The Grey River. By Justin McCarthy, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and Mortimer Menpes. London: Seeley & Co. Lim.

The Tower. A Series of Etchings and Vignettes, Descriptive Letterpress, &c. By C. R. B. Barrett, M.A., Oxon. London: Catty & Dobson.

British Landscape and Coast Scenery. By Edward Duncan, R.W.S. London: Blackie & Son.

Marine Painting. By Edward Duncan, R.W.S. London: Blackie & Son.

Flower Painting for Beginners. By Ethel Nisbet. London: Blackie & Son.

matter in the wrong place. As a matter of editing, also, we cannot help thinking it a mistake to call attention to the bad habit of separating the two branches of the art "Marine" and "Landscape," as this very bad habit is followed in these two drawing books. There is no such mistake in Miss Ethel Nesbit's excellent little book on "Flower Painting for Beginners," which it would be difficult to improve in any respect.

LITERATURE OF BELGIUM AND THE NETHERLANDS.

SINCE our last summary of current Belgian and Dutch publications several important works have appeared. The study of history finds great favour in Belgium, and is greatly encouraged both by the Académie de Bruxelles and the Commission Royale d'Histoire. In the collection of "Belgian Unpublished Chronicles" issued by order of the Government, M. Charles Piot, the indefatigable Archivist-General of the kingdom, has just published a second volume of "The Troubles in the Netherlands, by Messire Renon de France" (1). The volume includes the third and fourth books of Renon's work, and is especially interesting by the details given of the mission of Frédéric Perrenot, Lord of Champagney, sent to the English Court in the hope of counterbalancing the negotiations between Elizabeth and the Prince of Orange respecting the cession of the revolted provinces in the Queen's favour. The editor arrives at the conclusion that Elizabeth's manner of conducting matters in this most difficult affair was very clever. Her end was to prevent an invasion of England by Spain. Renon then gives some remarkable details concerning the feeble administration of Don Luis de Requesens, Governor-General of the Netherlands. The country was pillaged by Spanish mercenaries, and, as the provinces of Brabant struggled against the marauders, the Government and executive power fell into their hands, and a certain number of royal ordinances remained unexecuted. Philip's hesitation augmented the dangers and difficulties of the situation, and even caused the arrest of the Council of State, 4th of September, 1576. The editor reviews chapter by chapter Renon's work, and in his summary gives many striking points and details which we could with difficulty meet with elsewhere. The last chapter (xlviii.), entitled "Conclusion of the History" (p. 566), pleads strongly in favour of the Catholic religion and of Philip II., whom the author styles "a good prince, pastor, and protector of his people, gifted with inborn clemency and ingenuous goodness" ("un bon prince, pasteur et protecteur de son peuple . . . d'une bonté naïfve et d'une clémence naturelle," p. 567). The editor gives, lastly, sixty-one most interesting documents as justification of the points advanced in his preface; these serve to counterbalance the sometimes too idealistic opinions of the royalist author. The index of contents, both of book and appendix, is very complete. We must, however, regret that M. Piot has not followed the same system he adopted in his "Chronicle of Flanders," in which he gave a summary of the principal facts, dates, countries, &c., in such a manner as to render access to the work very easy.

A second book, no less comprehensive than the work we have just noticed, also forming part of the "Collection of Unpublished Chronicles" issued by order of the Government, has appeared from the academic press of Hayez, at Brussels, edited also by M. Piot (2). This, the seventh volume of Granvelle's Correspondence, contains the years 1578–1579. This recent and bulky volume gives details of the highest importance which cast a new light upon matters hitherto but imperfectly understood, and which justify many of the opinions of our present historians. We are enabled to see more clearly than ever to what extent Philip commenced to follow the Cardinal's advice in the attempt to pacify the Netherlands by gentle measures. The appointment of Don Juan of Austria was the starting-point; but neither William of Orange nor the Provinces would treat with a view to establishing peace; while the people in general were too irritated against the Spanish troops, their pillage and cruelty, to desire anything short of a complete rupture with Spain. The letters of the Dukes of Juliers, of Berlaymont, Arenberg, &c., show us the actual position of affairs very clearly. They contain most precise details, and are of incontestable authority. Don Juan, the hero of Lepanto, was not the man to arrange a pacific issue successfully. We see also by this Correspondence that Cardinal Granvelle never believed there was anything serious in the project of a marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke d'Alençon; in pretending to wish to see this aspirant to her hand the Queen acted as she had already done more than once before towards her suitors; she was not satisfied with their portraits, but sought to draw them personally to her Court. Granvelle says that it was most improbable that Elizabeth would abandon her favourite Leicester. All these details confirm what Ferrière relates in his interesting work entitled *Queen Elizabeth's Marriage Projects*; also the contents of the documents published by M. le Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove in the *Bulletin de l'Académie de Bruxelles*. Contemporaries believed at first it was merely a question of a marriage between the Duke d'Alençon and one of the Queen's near relatives. (See note, p. 434, with letter, dated 18th August, 1579, of Valentin de Pardieu to the Duke of Parma.) The Correspondence reveals other political manœuvres of Queen Elizabeth to us. She found means to counsel Don Juan to lay down arms, or she would promise his enemies a sum of five thousand pfenninck sterling. A pfenninck sterling was worth eight florins ("ung pfenninck sterling peult faire huict florins"). This is related in a letter (translated from German) dated January 14th, 1578 (p. 540); while, on the other side, the Duke d'Arenberg wrote to Don Juan respecting the project of an alliance between the Queen, the Prince of Orange, and the Huguenots for the purpose of invading Spain, and thus forcing Philip's hand.

We note with pleasure another volume of the "National History" by Canon Namèche (3), who was formerly Rector of the Louvain University. We have already spoken of this work several times. Although in his seventy-seventh year, the author steadily advances with undaunted zeal. The twenty-fourth volume has just appeared, and embraces the period from the year 1675 to the death of Charles VI. As we have already remarked, this book is most readable, as the author does his work both diligently and conscientiously and avoids all thorny questions; we can estimate his ingenuousness when we see that he accepts *sur parole* the assertion of the French author Dareste that Louis XIV. was entirely ignorant of the contents of the King of Spain's will—a will differently revised *three* times over under pressure of the French Ambassador to the Court of Madrid. We hope that at the conclusion of this lengthy work we may have the satisfaction of seeing a full and systematic index of contents.

We have more than once alluded to the publication, *Bibliotheca Belgica*, issued without chronological order, but which can at a future period be classed according to the individual taste of the collector. They offer to notice a most interesting series of facts and notes of Belgian poets, historians, &c., of both past and present times. Parts XCV. to XCIX. have just been issued; they give details of the so-called "Protestant Martyrs" (*Martelaarsboeken*), and a study entitled "Introductory Notes for the Study of Biographical Martyrology." Alphabetical order has been followed in this part. The historical notes are of great interest, and most singular and curious details are given of those Protestants who suffered capital punishment as heretics. It appears that not one-half of the generally accepted number really suffered in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. M. van der Haeghen has given an address on this subject to the literary class of the Académie de Bruxelles, and he advanced striking proofs of this fact, which serve to complete the details given by the *Bibliotheca Belgica*. To the alphabetical part we have just named is added a *résumé* of the whole called "Concordance between the Martyrology and Historical Statements." All those, in short, who are interested in the Church history of the sixteenth century in the Netherlands will find in this work new and important details.

We may say the same of a volume lately published by M. Frédéric, Professor of the Ghent University, which is a collection of facts relating chiefly to the Inquisition. M. Frédéric uses the term Inquisition to signify comprehensively all clerical supervision in the deviations in matters of faith before the sixteenth century (4). Although the Professor gives several documents touching but slightly on the researches made in the above-named matters, his work is most useful, as it contains much information one only finds scattered here and there in dozens of other books, and it is a summary much more complete than any other which has appeared. The author errs, however, sometimes in his appreciation of the judicial customs of the fifteenth century.

We must notice an historical work of M. Charles Buet upon the Duke of Guise, one of those concerned in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve. He was first the friend, but afterwards the enemy, of Admiral Coligny (5), "Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Guise."

Also a work treating of Don Juan of Austria (6), by a young Belgian poet, M. Emile Van Arenbergh, who shows both historical and poetical talent, giving the facts as they really occurred without his own appreciation of them—*facta loquantur*—and resisting the temptation of displaying the riches of his muse. He confines himself to a rigid adherence to the points in question demanded by history.

Another book, belonging somewhat more to the history of civilization than to the domain of history, has been issued almost simultaneously, "Manners and Customs in the Time of Charles V." (7). The private life of the Emperor is depicted. It is well written, amusing, and instructive.

Amongst literary historical works we notice M. Léon de Monge's "Literary and Moral Essays" (8). The second volume has just appeared, and contains an interesting article on the celebrated "Round Table." It is well written, and almost rigorously moral.

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(1) *Histoire des troubles des Pays-Bas.* Par Mess. Renon de France. Rédigée par Charles Piot. Vol. II. Bruxelles: F. Hayez.

(2) *Correspondance de Granvelle*, 1565—1583. Rédigée par Charles Piot. Bruxelles: Hayez.

(3) *Cours d'histoire nationale.* Par l'Abbé A. J. Namèche. Cinquième partie: Période espagnole. Vol. XXIV. Louvain: Ch. Fonteyn.

(4) *Corpus documentorum inquisitionis hereticæ pravitatis Neerlandicæ.* Gand: Rogghé.

(5) *François de Lorraine, duc de Guise.* Par Charles Buet. Bruges: Société de St-Augustin.

(6) *Don Juan d'Autriche.* Par E. Van Arenbergh. Bruges: Desclée de Brauwere et Cie.

(7) *La cour de Charles-Quint.* Par A. de Riddere. Bruges: Desclée de Brauwere et Cie.

(8) *Etudes morales et littéraires.* Par L. de Monge. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

Aloïs van Weddingen, well known to the German public by his scholarly writings, has published a philosophical work of great extent, "Essay on the Introduction to the Study of Critical Philosophy: the Objectivity of our Knowledge in the Domain of Spontaneity and Reflection" (9). It is known that Van Weddingen is not only a philosopher, but a distinguished poet.

Descriptions of travels appear frequently, and are always welcomed in literary circles in Belgium by those who consider things in general from an artistic point of view. We have before us a charming volume of "Sketches and Notes of Switzerland and Italy," by M. van Doorslaer (10). It forms a welcome addition to the list of gift-books.

The fifteen "Legends" (11) of M. de Limal may be ranked amongst similar collections published by the celebrated Baron von Reinsberg-Duringsfeld.

M. Nautet gives us the second series of his "Notes on Modern Literature" (12). It is remarkable for its elegant diction and keen appreciative criticism.

Attention must be drawn also to the recent publication of the second edition of the third part of M. Coomans' *Académie des fous* (13), in which all those who would like to explain things by natural reason solely, are denounced ingeniously.

Island (14), by M. Eug. de Groote, the well-known author of *Locks and Fiords*, is a well-written book of travels, illustrated by M. de Haene.

M. Joseph Demarteau's book, "The Wallon"—chats about Liège (15)—bears traces of serious study. The difference of character and literation existing between the Wallons and Flemish are clearly pointed out. He reviews in a general way Wallon literature, and relates many hitherto unknown details, which are interesting from their bearing on the history of civilization.

M. Camille Coquilliat, a Belgian officer, writes on a subject most interesting to his compatriots, "The Congo" (16). The author was amongst those who took part in Mr. Stanley's expedition, and his work completes in a measure the latter's book, and is both instructive and entertaining.

M. Max Rooses, Keeper of the Plantin Museum in Antwerp, has given fresh proofs of his literary and artistic talent. The collection in the Museum consists of stereotype plates, prints, and artistic furniture having belonged to Plantin and his heirs. M. Rooses is one of the greatest authorities of the "Beaux-Arts" in Belgium; he now presents to our view an illustrated volume of artistic wanderings in Europe, entitled "Travels in Distant Lands" (17). In this work are included different articles previously published in the Nederlandsch Museum Review; the whole forms a supplement to a work of the same character, "Beyond the Alps." In this new volume the reader's attention is attracted especially by the letters from Spain, which contain a mass of details of Madrid, Seville, Granada, Burgos, &c. But the author's political opinions are at times too prominent. It is greatly to be desired that all such topics should be avoided in works appertaining exclusively to the Beaux-Arts. Why should the vexed questions of contemporary politics appear to mar the harmony? M. Rooses afterwards visited England, and portrays most graphically the contrast between the life of the "upper ten thousand" and that of the middle class of London. He saw Windsor Castle also, and Oxford. A subsequent journey was made in Germany; he went also to St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, all of which cities came under the scrutiny of his artistic yet not exhaustive examination.

A young Flemish author has entered the lists to defend (from a Belgian point of view) the struggle of the Czechs against German influences. A host of questions on Bohemian affairs are touched upon in eight chapters; the origin and history of the Czechs, the educational question, &c.; and, lastly—and could anything else be expected?—a comparison is drawn between the nation and language of the Czechs and of the Flemish in their struggle for the rights of their mother-tongue. A more material subject is treated by M. A. C. van der Cruyssen in his sketch of society entitled *Fortuin* (18), which, without pretensions to profound psychology, develops somewhat romantically the financial and money-lending tendencies of the age. The subject is the life of two merchants of Bruges. Their family dissensions are exposed to view, they lead to very hazardous financial enterprises. M. Sleecx, the author of several popular works on the eighteenth century, seeks to prove that several rights and liberties promised to the world by the French Revolution existed long before that period in Belgium, unknown, it is true, on account of the imperfect study of the history of the communes in the middle ages.

Flemish-Belgian (19) authors are generally excellent dramatists. Drama and the theatre have played for centuries more important *rôles* in Belgium than elsewhere. The number of new pieces which appear each month, and the awards given by the Government, correspond to, and are in a great measure the result of, old Flemish traditions. The dramatic author, M. Julius Hoste, understands perfectly the art of pleasing the general public in the choice of his themes and effects, for his plays contain everything calculated to gratify the popular taste. In his intrigues he represents the victory of Flemish over French tendencies—see *The Little Patriot, Waterloo, Breidel en De Coninc*; the two first have been given more than a hundred times, and always with the same success. M. Hector Plancquaert, another talented playwriter, has recently received the gold medal of the Flemish Académie Royale for his piece in five acts, called *Charles the Good* (20); the hero was assassinated at Bruges in the church of St. Donato in 1126.

Short moral tales and sketches abound in Belgium; the character, religion, and traditions of the old Flemish, as depicted by the master hand of Conscience, are still followed; those modern Belgian novelists who endeavour to tread in Zola's footsteps produce realistic books. They succeed, it is true, in reproducing many of the above-named author's worst points, but do not possess the glamour of his genius; they write chiefly in French. More reserve is used by Flemish writers. Amongst others, "Tales," by M. Teirlinck, deserve notice (21). We must, however, remark that the originality, delicacy, and vivid imagery of Conscience are not to be found in these later publications. Conscience's works have been translated into five or six languages.

Mlle. Hélène Swarth has long been known as a poetess; she sings the lays of death and sadness, and this monotony is the sole defect of her talented writings (22). The theme is always the same unhappy affection, but her style is chaste and penetrating, quite free from banality. She varies in a thousand ways her favourite themes—"Death," or the "Disappearance of a Lover"—finding continually something fresh and charming to say.

To complete our review somewhat, we must not omit to mention the choice collection of our best modern authors, both of the Netherlands and Belgium, published under the direction of M. Pol de Mont, one of our most distinguished young poets (23), of which edition have appeared—I. "Ballads and Romances," by W. Bilderdijk; II. "Songs and Poems of Antheunis"; III. "West-Flemish Poems," by Guido Gezelle; IV. "The Three Sister Towns"; V. and VI. "Lucifer, a Tragedy," by Vondel; "Seven Poems," by Daems; VIII. "Pages of the History of 1813 and 1814," by Ecrevisse; IX. "Miss Arabella Knox," by Henry. This edition offers to foreigners the means of becoming acquainted with the best writers, but the ensemble of the works is not at present systematically complete of the Low Countries.

Although translations abound in the Netherlands, we may, on the whole, deem ourselves fortunate in several original works. One of the last issued is *Elise Pover* (24). It is the story of a young girl accused of theft who suffers long under false suspicion, until the truth is finally discovered, and the honest but rather too thrifty *soi-disant* accuser gives up the two hundred francs in question, and offers Elise's betrothed a good appointment. M. W. van Sorgen, who is already known by several well-written tales—"Four Stories," published twelve years ago, "Uncle George," "Clara," &c.—surpasses himself in his last novel, called *Porcelaine*. It is a story of wedded life; the husband has had an illicit *liaison* before his marriage. In a moment when he believes himself unobserved he compares his position with that of a flawed crystal vase guarded carefully by tender hands. The reader may be acquainted with Sully Prudhomme's *Vase brisé*; M. Sorgen draws quite a romance from it, full of delicacy and spirituality. We recommend it heartily to our readers.

Those who like to read about the literary men of the so-called Golden Age of Dutch literature in works of fiction will welcome with pleasure M. Jan ten Brink's essays on Society, entitled "John Starter and his Wife" (25). M. ten Brink is professor at the Leyden University. His work was issued first in *feuilleton* form in one of the Amsterdam weeklies (the *Amsterdamsche Weekblad*), and is now printed separately. To suppose that the title of professor goes but ill with that of historical novelist is, in our opinion, a fallacy. M. ten Brink is besides a well-known connoisseur in literature, especially by his study on the poet Brederode. He errs, however, from time to time by insufficiency of detail. This is to be remarked in his reissue of historical studies a quarter of a century ago.

M. ten Brink is as far from being a dry, matter-of-fact Professor as is Dr. Aletrino (26). He shows himself a literary artist,

(9) *Essai d'introduction à l'étude de la philosophie critique; De l'objectivité de nos connaissances dans le domaine de la spontanéité et de la réflexion.* Par Aloïs van Weddingen. Bruxelles: Hayez.

(10) *Feuilles d'album.* Par Hector van Doorslaer. Avec une préface du baron de Haulleville. Bruxelles: Imprimerie de la Paix.

(11) *Légendes de la Meuse.* Par H. de Limal. Bruxelles: Lebègue et Cie.

(12) *Notes sur la littérature moderne.* Par F. Nautet. Deuxième série. Paris: Albert Savine.

(13) *L'académie des Fous.* Par Coomans. 3e partie, 2e édition. Schaerbeek, Bruxelles: Imprimerie Coomans.

(14) *Island.* Par E. de Groote. Gand: Librairie H. Engelcke. Dixmude: Typographie Demuyter.

(15) *Le Wallon, son histoire et sa littérature: causeries liégeoises.* Par J. Demarteau. Liège: Demarteau.

(16) *Sur le Haut-Congo.* Par Camille Coquilliat. Bruxelles: Lebègue et Cie.

(17) *Op reis naar heinde en ver.* Door Max Rooses. Met platen van Armand Heins. Gent: Ad. Hoste.

(18) *Fortuin, zedeschets uit het hedendaagsche leven.* Door A. C. van der Cruyssen. Brugge: Beyaert.

(19) *De Jacobijnen in België, Karel VI., Maria Theresia, Joseph II. en zijne regeering.* Door Sleecx. Gent: Vuylsteke.

(20) *Karel de Goede.* Door Hector Plancquaert. Gent: A. Siffer.

(21) *Molleke. Drij novellen.* Door Is. Teirlinck. Rotterdam: Drukkerij P. J. Verlooy.

(22) *Rouwviolen.* Door Helena Swarth. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen.

(23) *Onze nationale letterkunde.* Ninove: Jacobs en Zonen.

(24) *Elise Pover. Romantisch verhaal.* Door J. F. G. Bredenberg (pseudo E. R. B. F. Grebden). Leiden: A. H. Adriani. 1890.

(25) *Jan Starter en zijn wijf.* Door Jan ten Brink. Amsterdam: J. N. van Kampen en Zoon. 1890.

(26) *Uit den dood en andere schetsen.* Door A. Aletrino. Amsterdam: H. Eisendradt.

but gives at times too many anatomical details foreign to the subject. Still, his talent is visible throughout his writings, and the sketches merit a translation, for the style is fresh, both simple and unaffected, and frequently thrilling.

JAPANESE POTTERY.*

THE progress made of late years in knowledge of the arts of Japan is very great. The authorities of even five or six years ago are already out of date; but in this splendid volume, which is practically an annotated catalogue of Mr. Bowes's own collection, we have the latest information on the subject, not of porcelain and pottery only, but of the sister arts, together with particulars of the customs, ceremonies, and legends associated with the use and the ornaments of ceramic wares. These are things which until very recently were unknown or misunderstood among us. We have a good example of this fact in the very first pages of Mr. Bowes's book. He describes to us the ceremonial tea-party called *chanoyu*, with all the pots, pans, saucers, kettles, spoons, ladles, and other utensils employed. It would seem that during the reign of the Emperor Kwammu, A.D. 805, a priest named Saito introduced tea from China, and that immediately afterwards these ceremonies came into use. They did not, however, become popular until the close of the twelfth century, when another priest visiting China learned the rules for conducting them properly, and thus gave a great impetus to the manufacture, then lately introduced by Toshiro, otherwise known as Kato Shirozayemon, of glazed pottery. The curious old jars of this ware, made to hold powdered tea, are sufficiently rare, though many specimens may be seen in the Franks collection at the British Museum; but Mr. Bowes expresses a wonder at the extravagant admiration they excite in the minds of Japanese connoisseurs. The Tokugawa family of Shoguns encouraged tea-parties for the sake of the peaceful feelings they engendered, and "reduced the ceremony to an exact science." The number of guests was not more than five. A special apartment was reserved. The servants were sent away, and the giver of the entertainment waited on his guests and made the tea. The cup was then passed to the principal guest, who, when he had tasted and praised it, passed it on to the others. No fewer than thirty-two implements are enumerated and illustrated by Mr. Bowes as having been employed. What an interminable function a kettle-drum would be if conducted on the same principles! But *chanoyu* undoubtedly had its influence on the history of Japan. The great Ministers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, "who destroyed the hateful dynasty of the Ashikaga family, and curbed the power of the licentious Buddhist priesthood," and the fiery and unbridled license of the great nobles, did often, like Queen Anne, take counsel and tea, and encouraged the arts, especially that of the potter. The great Iyeyasu and his descendants governed Japan, under Mikados of a *fainéant* kind, from 1603 until the abolition of the office of Shogun, in 1858. Towards the close of the sixteenth century porcelain clay was discovered in the hills of the province of Hizen, and the Dutch traders, recognizing its commercial value, "induced the potters to manufacture enormous quantities of the decorated ware," for shipment to Europe. Until some thirty years ago this "Old Japan" was the only kind known to the world; but "it does not in any sense represent Japanese art." It was not till 1867 "that the beauty and diversity of Japanese art, and of the Keramic wares especially, were revealed to the outer world," says Mr. Bowes; "when the treasures of the last of the Shoguns were displayed at the Paris Exhibition." On his final deposition and the abolition of the feudal system these and other heirlooms long stored in the strongholds of the great provincial princes were thrown upon the market. Many people bought these things at very moderate prices, and no one knew for certain what was good and rare and what common. The eye alone could judge of what pleased it; and years elapsed before we knew the potters' marks and could tell, as Mr. Bowes does repeatedly, that such a piece was made in such a place for such a prince. For instance, he has a plate, described on p. 178, which was made at a private factory for presentation to the Shogun himself.

Some of the stories illustrated by pictures on the porcelain or by figures are very entertaining. To many of us a piece of china which has a view or a group on it is, as a rule, only a puzzle—if, indeed, we think of it at all as anything to which a meaning can be attached. But Mr. Bowes is not content with a blind admiration of his treasures. He must understand all about them, and what every picture and statuette represents. Here, for instance, is an ornament; a figure of a cock stands upon a drum. This means peaceful rule; for, according to a legend popular in Japan, a certain Emperor of China "placed in the garden of his palace a drum which his subjects might beat when they desired to offer him any suggestions or advice, or to make complaints." But so wisely did he rule that the drum was never touched, and was grown over with climbing plants, and became a resting-place for fowls. Mr. Bowes also tells of a set of covered bowls, of which two are in his collection, illustrating the twenty-four examples of Filial Duty, as inculcated by Confucius. In one a matron suckles her mother-in-law, who could no longer eat, to the neglect of her own child, which is crying beside her. In the other Oshio is melting the ice on a pond by lying on it with his body bare that he may procure fish for his mother. Every flower and tree is symbolical. Thus peach-blossoms signify both longevity and also marriage; while orange-blossoms are supposed to remind one of the happy past. The primary significance of the flower of the plum is sweetness; it is often represented with the nightingale singing in its branches, and means an anticipation of happiness in marriage. Longevity is represented by the figure of a crane, a bird supposed to attain a great age. It is frequently joined in art with the pine-tree, by which combination joyfulness is expressed. The pink "is sometimes spoken of as 'little darling,' an expression," says Mr. Bowes, "poetically applied to one we love." The lotus is emblematic of purity; "although grown in the mud, it is itself spotless." The lotus is closely associated with the ceremonial of *hara kiri*, the house of the intending suicide being surrounded with a rope or garland of the flowers to prevent the entrance of evil spirits. The chrysanthemum, of all Japanese flowers, is the most frequently represented. One of the imperial badges is a chrysanthemum, and it is symbolical of a gentle disposition and of happiness, virtue and repose. For lovers the leaf of the maple has a sad significance. It is "equivalent to saying that one's love, like the colour of the leaf, has changed." Friendship is denoted by the bamboo and the sparrow; while the falcon is emblematic of generosity and nobility. The pretty little mandarin ducks so often represented on porcelain "are the turtle-doves of Japan, and it seems quite natural to find that they are accepted as emblematical of conjugal felicity."

Mr. Bowes has some elaborate and novel notes on the subject of bouquets. We have read much on this Japanese art, but this seems to be the first systematic account of it that has been published in England. There are various styles in which bouquets may be arranged. Mr. Bowes's account chiefly relates to the Yenshiu style. In it a bouquet has three leading branches—symbolical of the earth, of man, and of heaven. These branches may be varied, but the leading features are always kept in view. The modifications introduced may include the main stem, the subsidiary stem, the accessory stem, the supporting branch, the principal feature, the background, the balancing feature, and the flowing branch. This reads like the dissection of a sonata, and the parallel is kept up all through. The first figure Mr. Bowes gives shows us a chrysanthemum and a branch of leafless willow. The three leading branches are easily distinguished; the flowers represent the earth; the tall, upright branch represents heaven, and man is the flowing twig which bends down to the right. All the modifications and variations mentioned above are shown, duly labelled in Japanese writing, in a cut on p. 539. On the next page are five specimen bouquets, in all of which, otherwise entirely different, the leading lines may be traced. Below is a delightful picture. A great professor of the Yenshiu style has arranged a very simple-looking bunch of branches and blossoms in a jar. Beside it is a tablet bearing the name of the artist. In front a guest crouches down as he admires it from a respectful distance, "before congratulating his host upon his good fortune in being the possessor of such an admirable example." There is something delightful in this art, which must to the Japanese mind be a source of unfailing pleasure. How European bouquets must shock a man who understands the Yenshiu or any other classical style! They probably produce the same effect on him that Japanese music produces upon us. It either means nothing or is unutterably discordant and harsh.

The book is admirably arranged. First come three chapters on mythological, traditional, and historical pottery, followed by some account of all the kilns represented in the collection. After this enumeration there is a list, with descriptions, of Mr. Bowes's collection. His pieces chiefly come from such well-known sources as Hizen, Satsuma, and Kioto, or Yamashiro. Many other factories are only represented by a single piece. The volume ends with a series of most interesting notes on all kinds of subjects connected with porcelain and its decoration. From these notes we have quoted above, the chapter on bouquets being among them. There is a complete index. The illustrations are of three kinds, chromo-lithographs, photographs, and cuts in the text. All alike are admirable, and so numerous that nearly everything is represented, though the collection comprises more than a thousand objects. We wish Mr. Bowes had not adopted the fashion of calling the heraldic bearings of Japanese nobles by the name of crests. These marks might, perhaps, be called coats-of-arms, but never "crests," and "badges" is certainly the best word to apply to them. They answer admirably to the badges of our mediæval barons, the roses of the royal house, the knots of Bourchier and Stafford, the sheaf of Hungerford, the thistle of Perceval, the fetterlock of Percy or the portcullis of Beaufort. These were in some cases transferred to the shield or the helmet, as arms and crests, but at first they were simply badges, and the Japanese figures, similarly, are certainly not crests, and can hardly be called arms. But, not to end with a touch of hypercriticism, let us repeat our admiration for Mr. Bowes's beautiful and enticing volume.

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* *Japanese Pottery.* With Notes and Illustrations. By James L. Bowes. Liverpool: Howell. 1890.

SOME GUIDE-BOOKS.*

A *Murray principium* is a good motto for any English reviewer of guide-books, and we have in this, our first article on the subject for the present year, a good collection of the "little red books" to notice. There was a time—not so very many years ago—when the heart of the patriotic Englishman was a little disturbed on the question whether "Murray" was quite keeping up with the times. It was unsatisfactory to invest in a volume of the series, and to find that it was, even by imprint, several years old, while the contents did not seem to have been thoroughly worked up for some years previously even to the date of imprint. But that time is past, and for some years the whole series has been in process of being gradually put "through the mill" in regard of all modern requirements, while it still retains the characteristic (in which no modern series has yet even attempted to touch it) of being thoroughly scholarly. In one respect, and in one only, does it still, at least as far as the home numbers are concerned, lag behind, and even in this respect advances are being made. It cannot be too generally understood by publishers that maps and plans are the soul of a guide—that a guide with good and plentiful maps and plans, though with bad letterpress, is actually preferable to the best written guide in the world with a single small-scale map of large size hidden away in a pocket, and not to be extracted, in the open air, without yards of elbow-room, and the certainty of a puff of wind tearing it to pieces. Joanne, Baedeker, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Baddeley, understood this long before the prince of all such as publish guides, and even now "Murray" is a little behindhand. It would, indeed, be somewhat difficult to furnish an alphabetically arranged guide like that to England and Wales with ideally perfect maps. But the small-scale map in the pocket is little more useful than that which every traveller will find in his Bradshaw and every homekeeping man in his atlas, while forty or fifty page-sized county maps dispersed through the book in alphabetical order would have been of real value. This, however, is the only weak point in the book, which is otherwise a marvel of accurate and compressed information in its less than five hundred pages. Perhaps a little space is lost without fit return by cross-references; but this is a point on which we are not positive, while, from dipping at various places with which we have special acquaintance, we can warrant the whole as excellently done. The *Handbook for Lincolnshire* is, we believe, a new addition to the series of English handbooks, and it is surprising that it should have waited so long. It has the thoroughness of the old handbooks, and the modern devices, typographical and other, of the new. But we note that the editor talks of an "ugly erection by Wren." Did Wren ever design an ugly erection? The excellence of Sir R. Playfair's *Handbook to the Mediterranean* has been pretty generally acknowledged since its first appearance nearly ten years ago. The division into two parts (the first forming a handbook to the Levant and the African coast; the second one to the Adriatic, the Italian coast, and the Cis-Italian shores, excluding Africa) is a great advantage, and the revision in this the third issue appears to have been most carefully conducted. The maps and plans here are numerous and excellent, as, indeed, they are now in almost all foreign "Murrays," and we ought especially to mention the section on Cyprus. The *Handbook to Algeria and Tunis* is due to the same experienced hand, and has now reached its fourth edition, Sir R. Playfair admitting with the frankness of a good workman that the extension of railways and other causes have rendered his third obsolete already, though it is scarcely three years old. It is, by the way, interesting to find a reference to our dear old friends the Zaffarine Islands, immortal in the history of Mr. Midshipman Easy, which Spain got from France by a neck, much as we got Perim.

Ten shillings for a small printed pocket-book, nothing like the size of an ordinary banker's pass-book, may seem expensive. But such Alpine climbers as those for whom Mr. Conway's publication is intended (and they cannot be very many, for the *tirage* is limited to 400) will hardly quarrel with it. Here, in little more compass than that of a cigarette case, the climber has information (or "no information," as the case may be) of every pass and peak from the Col du Ban d'Arrey to the Theodulhorn, with heights, times, reference to records, names of first climbers, and descriptions of route, brief in the easier and plainer cases, minute in the more complicated. This extension and rearrangement of the old *Zermatt Pocket-Book* is to be completed by another part, and perhaps a third for Mont Blanc. The usual and almost stereotyped criticism on a guide—that it can only be criticized by actual use—is more applicable here than anywhere. But Mr. Conway, with Mr. Coolidge for main helper, is not likely to have gone far wrong.

Despite some instances in which Mr. Wilfrid Robinson, the translator, has not paid his author the compliment of turning his doubtless good French into good English, and despite the (to Anglican and other readers) oddity of the Vulgate names of Biblical persons and things, the version of Brother Liévin de Hamme's *Pilgrim's Guide to Jerusalem* will be found agreeable reading and a useful companion. The *Guide-indicateur* from which this is abridged or extracted is itself the result of a lifetime's familiarity with the Holy Land; and the book, besides being well selected and arranged, is very handy in size. This is a point of the very first importance, and one which, in some otherwise excellent series, the publishers do not seem yet to have mastered. In the long run those guides which can be carried without bulging the pocket, or weighing down the traveller, must always have the advantage of larger volumes; and, indeed, before many years are out a guide larger than a Bradshaw, at the outside, will probably be an almost unknown thing.

Bradshaw's *Dictionary of Bathing Places* has, in the last few years, established itself as a useful initial book of reference. We say initial because, as it deals with the world at large, and skips from Saragoza to Saratoga, and from Nevis to New Brighton, in juxtaposed entries, no very great detail can be expected on any one head. The conspectus of routes of travel, and the classification of watering-places, are both very useful; and the book altogether fills very well a place which was, no doubt, worth filling.

It is very seldom indeed that we find fault with a guide-book for being too short; but this complaint may be reasonably made of Messrs. Kelly and Walsh's marvellously "handy" guide to the Japanese Islands. It consists almost wholly of the most sternly abbreviated directions as to route, incidents of journey, prices, apparatus of travel, and the like, and so gets itself, with good maps and a lot of useful miscellaneous information, into something like a hundred and fifty pages. Unfortunately, however, the author or editor occasionally discards this Spartan method, and tells us (even then too briefly) how, for instance, there is on Mount Komegatake a fountain of very much the same kind as the famous Fontaine Périlleuse of mediæval legend, inasmuch as water spilt or removed from it causes a storm. Now it stands to reason that there must be much more of the same kind where this came from, and we never quarrel with it in a guide, however much we may object to the mere "jaw" of the old-fashioned handbook.

We have often had a good word for Mr. Percy Lindley's very unpretentious and very cheap but useful guides for London excursionists. His new volume deals with that corner of Essex the greater part of which has only just been opened by the new Billericay and Southminster lines of the Great Eastern, but which contains not a few places of much antiquarian interest, together with the islands of the coast, one or two old-fashioned towns, and the fine view-points of Danbury and the Laindon Hills. Perhaps Mr. Lindley is more enthusiastic about Southend than those who are sophisticated to the point of disliking sophistication; but enthusiasm is always amiable.

The two last books on our list for separate notice are not exactly guide-books; but they are of a class which has perhaps sent as many people on their tours as the class of guide-books proper, and which is, in the case of good specimens, not much less useful and more generally readable. When we first opened *Through North Wales* and found some one described in the preface as "The Originator," and the party of travellers as "The Four," we own that we felt inclined to lift up our voices and curse *Three in Norway*, which, though a not unamusing book, has become, like an elder work, the father of a deplorable family. Let us, however, hasten to apologize to Margery, Leonora, Constance, and Christina, the four schoolmistresses, and apparently *ex*-Newnham and Girton girls. There is very little forced jocularity about the modest record of their travels, their wrestles with that two-strappèd engine, the knapsack, &c. It is readable and pleasant, both to those who have been there and, we should think, to those who have not. We cannot quite make out, even with the aid of a workmanlike balance-sheet, how they managed to do it for four pound ten apiece, covering seventeen days. The very cheapest pedestrian tour we ever knew of, and that in cheaper times and places than these, cost more than double the sum, for only four days more. But lovely woman is not as belly-god and beer-drinking man, and no doubt travelling in fours, catering for yourselves, and taking lodgings instead of going to hotels, makes a great difference. No doubt, also, most of us take our pleasures far too expensively nowadays, and it is well to be rebuked by such a record as this. Mr. Wolff's book is decidedly heavier than that of the four schoolmistresses, though he has a less hackneyed subject. Some of the heaviness is perhaps due to the fact that he seems to oscillate between a description of his own rambles and a description of the Black Forest in general, inclining rather to the latter. Thus there is less of the small beer which Margery, Leonora, Christina, and Constance (though, we trust, they will never suckle fools) are good at chronicling, and which is a useful and agreeable poor creature. However, it would take a very clever man to write a stupid book about the Black Forest, unless he were either grossly ignorant or extremely vulgar, and Mr. Wolff is neither. So between legends (which, however, he does not

* *Handbook to England and Wales. Handbook for Lincolnshire. Handbook to the Mediterranean.* (Two parts.) *Handbook to Algeria and Tunis.* London: John Murray. 1890.

Climber's Guide to the Central Pennine Alps. By W. M. Conway. London: Fisher Unwin. 1890.

The Pilgrim's Handbook to Jerusalem. From the French of Brother Liévin de Hamme, O.S.F. London: Burns & Oates. 1890.

Bradshaw's Dictionary of Bathing Places. London: Trübner. 1890.

Handy Guide-book to the Japanese Islands, Hongkong, &c. Kelly and Walsh. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

New Holidays in Essex. By Percy Lindley. London: 151 Fleet Street. 1890.

Through North Wales with a Knapsack. By Four Schoolmistresses. London: Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

Rambles in the Black Forest. By H. W. Wolff. Longmans & Co. 1890.

tell well) and pictures of manners (at which he is rather good), and a little history and scholarship and much scenery-drawing, and so forth, his volume fadges very fairly.

Among minor guides, or such as are merely reissued, we may note the twenty-fifth thousand of Messrs. Jarrold's useful *Guide to Cromer*, to which may be well added the same publishers' *Norwich and Eastern Counties Handbook for* 1890; a short but good and very prettily illustrated handbook in French to Ostend, by M. Pierre Larroy (Ostend: Daveley; London: Griffith & Farran); a new edition of Mr. Godfrey Turner's unusually good *Handbook of Scenery accessible from the Cambrian Railways* (London: Adams; Simpkin & Marshall); an eighth edition of the sillily-named but usefully and practically arranged *J. E. M. Guide to Switzerland*, and *J. E. M. Guide to Davos*, by J. E. Muddock (London: Simpkin & Marshall; Geneva: Muddock); a pamphlet entitled *A Trip through Switzerland* (Zürich: Official General Inquiry Office); and in three cheap volumes, stoutly bound in paper boards and full of information about railway fares and other things too often omitted, Messrs. Ward & Lock's *Pictorial Guide to the Highlands and Islands, the South-West and the East of Scotland.*

TALKS WITH EMERSON.*

THIS is one of those little books intended to do honour to great men which leave one in doubt whether one's feelings towards the author should be of gratitude or of indignation. Emerson was neither a born talker like Dr. Johnson, nor an artist in conversation like some few Englishmen and many Frenchmen. Strictly speaking, his talk seems not to have been conversation at all, but a pouring out of whatever his thoughts happened to be, which was determined by the presence of an auditor as its exciting cause, but had very little to do with his personality, or with the intention of producing any particular effect on him. Nevertheless, Emerson's monologues must have been good to hear. They had the great virtue of being perfectly genuine. Some great men have talked in monologue for the purpose—an all but avowed purpose—of dominating conversation. Emerson did so without this or any other purpose, merely because he could not talk in any other way. Many of his utterances, even as fixed in a written report, have a freshness which one does not always find in his own deliberate writing. On the other hand, the biographer's or anecdotist's temptation to make fine writing about his subject is a terrible thing. We may laugh at Boswell; but few of us have Boswell's discretion, and few are the biographized ones of the earth since Dr. Johnson who have not suffered from lack of that virtue in their biographers. We are thankful, in a way, to Mr. Charles J. Woodbury; but there are things for which we can in no wise praise him. What are we to say, for example, to a sentence like this? "Moreover, perspective may correct chromatic tendencies in a lens subject to aberration on account of the tender and tranquil fervour with which we regard his undiminished name, and which is quite the same on the confines of this farther sea" (meaning thereby the Pacific, as we discover by seeing on another page that Mr. Woodbury dates from Oakland, California) "as on his own Atlantic." Such is Mr. Woodbury's manner of introducing his book to the English reader. Our sentiments towards people who write in such language are kept fairly tranquil by distance, so long as they write it in California. Tender they are not, and it is well for the elegance of our own language that their temperature does not rise to fervour.

Emerson had his own ways of imposing tranquillity on the fervour of the admirers who buzzed about him clamouring for signs and formulas. It seems to have been the desire of many that he should found a sect or enounce a scheme of the universe, and it is infinitely to his credit that he steadfastly refused to do any such thing. One anecdote is told by Mr. Woodbury which would be spoilt by any comment. "The next day," he says, ". . . at the cost of a struggle, but with a youth's temerity, I told Mr. Emerson of my inability to accept his statements on this matter as I understood them. He heard me patiently, watched my quivering lips a moment, and then said briefly, but with beaming glance—'Very well. I do not wish disciples.'" It is, indeed, very well that there should be men who can say this, and say it with such truth and simplicity as to be believed. There have never been many such. And, this being so, we may accept it as well that would-be disciples should provoke them to these just and wholesome disclaimers.

We are not much disposed to pick out little bits of Emerson's talk as recorded by Mr. Woodbury, and hold them up as brilliant examples. Brilliancy of detail was indeed not Emerson's quality. He was often terse, but seldom exquisite or very neat. Many of his sayings might have been improved in form and point by a much smaller man, assuming that they were to be taken as isolated sayings at all, which they ought not to be. What one does get from these chapters is fresh and lively confirmation of earlier impressions. There are not striking things to remember and carry away, but there is an atmosphere of large-minded and luminous sanity. Emerson's intellectual temper was sane to excess—if excess be a possible term in such matter. He saw the right side of everything, and dwelt in an invulnerable optimism. His taste as a man of letters has, we think, been underrated. He heartily loved both Wordsworth and Scott; he cried, with emphatic iteration:—"Read Plato's *Republic*! Read Plato's *Republic*! Read Plato's *Republic*!" and he showed a fine sense of both language and literature when he said of Greek and Latin:—"The Latin has a definite shore-line, but the Greek is without bounds." Moreover, he spoke nobly of Chaucer.

"I have seen an expurgated edition of Chaucer; shun it. Shun expurgated editions of any one, even Aphra Behn or François Villon. They will be expurgating the Bible and Shakspeare next." (But so they have.) And yet Emerson said he could not read Aristophanes. In a man who had so much of the root of the matter, this must be regarded as a misfortune, not a fault. The same may be said of his inability to enjoy fiction. He said "Why read novels? we meet stranger creatures than their heroes," which is true enough, but quite irrelevant. He cared little, too, about the fine arts; or was it because he was brought up out of sight of them? To mathematics alone he is said to have been unjust. He seems to have been prejudiced by trying at one time to work at them against the grain, and supposed himself to have learnt "that there is something wrong with a man's brain who loves them." Probably Emerson never knew a true mathematician. Clerk Maxwell or Clifford would have taught him better.

In one word, those who know Emerson already may spend a pleasant hour with this book. We do not recommend those who do not know him to begin with it.

* *Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson.* By Charles J. Woodbury. London: Kegan Paul & Co., Limited. 1890.

TENNIS AND LAWN TENNIS.*

THE volume of the Badminton series on Tennis and the various games which bear some relation to it will be eagerly welcomed by the largely increasing class of both sexes who desire, not only to obtain proficiency in a game by the light of nature, but to study the best and most scientific methods. Let us get rid at once of the only bit of carping criticism we have to make on the book. Why, in a serious work of this kind, designed to instruct as well as to interest the reader, are we to be irritated by frivolous and facetious mottoes prefixed to each chapter? To take a sentence from Shakspeare and wrest it from its true meaning to serve a turn is an easy and cheap form of wit; and yet this is the sort of thing we are treated to. The following are instances:—Chapter vi., on "The Court," is headed "Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay"; chapter ix., on "Service," "The poorest service is repaid with thanks"; chapter xvi., on "Ladies' Lawn Tennis," "To thee a woman's services are due"; chapter xvii., on "Lawn Tennis in America," "There lies your way, due west. Then westward ho." Other volumes of the series are not disfigured in this way; why should this be? And it should be remarked that even here the practice has been confined to the authors of the chapters on Tennis and Lawn Tennis, which, however, comprise three-fourths of the book, the gentlemen responsible for Rackets and Fives having with sounder judgment declined to follow their predecessors in this respect.

A popular handbook to the ancient game of Tennis has long been required; for, simple as it appears to one accustomed to play it, the system of chases and the quaint names by which various features of the court are distinguished render it difficult to be understood by a casual spectator. The method of marking was formerly also another obstacle; but this has now been removed by its adoption in modern lawn tennis. Mr. J. M. Heathcote begins with an interesting sketch of the history of the game, once so widely played in France and England that Paris alone could number its courts by hundreds, though most of these must have been merely open spaces set apart for the game. In the sixteenth century London could boast of fourteen covered courts, while others were scattered over the country. We know of the remains of one still existing behind an old inn at Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, which testifies that tennis had penetrated even into Wales. The court at Hampton Court may be taken as the only practical survivor of those of former centuries; but the list of thirty which have been built during the present century in England, as well as others in America and the colonies, encourages the hope that the game will not again fall into decadence. No doubt the tighter method of stringing rackets and the increased hardness of the balls have produced alterations in the style of play; but the size of the court and all its peculiarities of "penthouse," "grille," "dedans," and "tambour" have been undoubtedly the same for the last two hundred years. Mr. Heathcote's long experience and devotion to tennis enable him to give an interesting account of the great players for many years past, beginning with Barre, the French champion, who held unquestioned supremacy over all players from 1829 to 1862, when, in the course of a protracted struggle with Edmond Tompkins, he was compelled to ask for leave to withdraw. He continued to play, however, till 1870, and died in 1873 in his seventy-first year. Edmond Tompkins held the field for eight years, but about 1870 resigned the championship to George Lambert, who held it for fourteen years. In 1885 Thomas Pettitt, who was born in Kent, but who emigrated to America when a boy, and was taught tennis at Boston by Ted Hunt, the old Oxford marker, played

* *Tennis: Lawn Tennis: Rackets: Fives.* Badminton Library. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

and beat Lambert at Hampton Court. The hope expressed by Mr. Heathcote that Charles Saunders would this year wrest the championship honours from Pettitt has not been realized. The match which has recently taken place between them at Dublin bears a singular likeness to the contest for the championship in 1885. Saunders, like Lambert, took a decided lead in the earlier part of the match; but in the latter part the superb physique and the accuracy and skill of the return of the American enabled him to wear down his rival. Pettitt, therefore, still retains the championship. Among amateurs Mr. Heathcote was by far the strongest player from 1867 to 1882; but in the latter year he was compelled to cede his honours to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who is acknowledged to be the best amateur in this or any other country. It is satisfactory to know that love of the old game has not been strangled by the popularity of its modern imitator, but, on the contrary, seems to grow in strength; still, we fear that, in spite of the confidence of our author and the stimulus which his work will unquestionably give to the game, tennis will always remain the pastime of the comparatively few. To be popular, a game must be widely seen, criticized, and discussed. The great expense of erecting and maintaining tennis courts renders it unlikely that very many will ever be built; while the small number of spectators that can be accommodated at a match precludes that wide dissemination of interest which leads to enthusiasm and imitation by the world at large.

Here, of course, is the strength of lawn tennis, the chief requirements of which, as Mr. C. G. Heathcote points out, had already been prepared by croquet. During the short but vigorous career of that mild pastime women had become accustomed to share in the amusements of men and sisters to compete with their brothers on tolerably even terms; above all, trees had been cut down, flower-beds displaced, and lawns formed in every country house, parsonage, or villa, and there was scarcely a parish without its club. It only remained for a more exciting rival to step in, and for a game which is still in its teens it must be acknowledged that the success of lawn tennis has been marvellous. Readers of this book can trace its history, and the curious developments of different styles; how the racket-style and the tennis-style struggled for the mastery, and how they have been both abandoned for a plain and simple hard stroke; how lobbing and volleying both had their day, and have now retired into important but proper proportions. The most interesting paper strikes us as that of Mr. Lawford, where he discusses the future of the game. He tells us that, in the opinion of good judges, the play of the best men has not improved since 1886, though more men now than formerly can be included in the first class. He points to the large number of inexcusable mistakes still made in matches by even the best men, and looks forward to the time when some one will arise who will play easy strokes with the same unerring certainty that Roberts shows at billiards, combined with as much brilliancy in difficult strokes as we now see in Mr. Renshaw, or, say, Mr. Lawford himself. There is no doubt that we have not yet had a player equally good at all points of the game, and no player as yet has been without carelessness. Mr. H. W. Wilberforce is of opinion that the standard of double-play is lower than that of single play, and he instances the Messrs. Renshaw, who are the four-handed champions, but who, nevertheless, seldom practise playing together, and in a match lose many strokes from want of united action. In regard to lady-players he is still more outspoken. He says:—"Anything approaching to activity is out of the question with a lady, even if desirable; no one ever saw a lady 'smash' a ball; few, if any, ladies can volley with effect, and the efforts of most to take a back-hander result in nothing better than a graceful scoop. . . . Many ladies return ordinary straightforward strokes with ease and certainty; but give them a ball which bounds high into the air, such as high-twisted underhand service, and they quite lose their heads; instead of biding their time and playing quietly, they either make a wild swoop, and send the ball miles out of court, perhaps with both hands on the racket, or else allow it to bound into them." We cannot help thinking that there are a good many exceptions to the above description, though the defect in activity is acknowledged by Miss Dod, who deplores the want of a suitable dress, and offers "hearty thanks" to any one who will invent one. It certainly would be interesting, though chivalry might deprecate such a contest, to know what odds the best gentleman could give the best lady of the year, or *vice versâ*, if the achievements of Miss Fawcett should be emulated in the tennis-field. The nearest approach we have to it at present took place in 1888, when at Exmouth Mr. E. Renshaw gave thirty to Miss L. Dod (the champion of 1888), and at Penarth half-forty to Mrs. Hillyard (the champion of 1889), winning these tremendous odds on both occasions. Handicapping has now become a necessary adjunct of the game, and accordingly most useful directions, and tables, together with the rules as last amended, will be found in an appendix to the book.

The origin of rackets, as Mr. Pleydell-Bouverie decides to spell it, is not of great antiquity, and it may be doubted if the game did not spring to life in the gloomy precincts of the Fleet Prison. It has now taken root at all our public schools, and is perhaps even more popular still with the army. Since the institution of matches between the schools Harrow has been far the most successful, and, probably as long as the game of "squash" rackets, which acts as a kind of introduction to the real game, exists at every house, this school will contribute more racket players than any other to the general stock. At Eton, rackets has never been so popular as Fives, described in this book by an old adept at the game, Mr. A. C. Ainger. The Eton court had its origin in a curious combination of the flat "landing" of the chapel steps, and the space between two buttresses of the chapel. The projection of the stone balustrade on to the level space gave rise to the "pepper-box," and this little bit of low buttress, with its sloping top and its various angles, has been copied exactly into every one of the fifty courts which now exist at Eton. Every school, however, has its own game of Fives, modified more or less by local circumstances; but Mr. Ainger seems to think that the Eton game is making its way, for he says that when "new courts are built they are generally of the Eton type." To any one intending to build either a Racket or Fives Court the fullest information is given in the book before us.

TWO BOOKS ON BIRDS.*

THE bulky volume which bears the name of Mr. Oates on its title-page is the third of the series of *The Fauna of British India* which is being published under the authority of the India Office. It is the first of those in which it is proposed to deal with the birds. In Mr. Blanford's general introduction to the present section of this great work some interesting particulars are given as to what naturalists are ultimately to expect when the labours of Mr. Oates are completed. Great additions to knowledge have been made since Jerdon's *Birds of India* was published about a quarter of a century ago. Jerdon, moreover, did not include Ceylon, Assam, Burmah, or the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, within his limit of British India. The result is that it is expected that the three volumes, of which this is the first, will enumerate a greater number of species by more than one-half than Jerdon described. Sind and the Punjab, with the Western Himalayas, have added very largely to the list of additional varieties.

Mr. Oates prefixes no introduction or general essay to the present volume. It may be that he intends to sum up his reflections when his work is completed. His descriptions are strictly technical. He opens with the *Corvidæ*, and proceeds as far as the *Sturnidæ*, including in what seems comparatively a short range not fewer than 556 species. The only illustrations to the book consist of numerous and very accurately drawn woodcuts of the heads of the principal striking types. These will be of great practical use to collectors. Mr. Oates is particularly happy in the fulness and precision of his details regarding the colouration of the individual species.

The Handbook of Mr. Backhouse makes little pretension to original research. It is a conscientious and useful condensation of the latest authorities to the limits of a work of pocket reference. It is clearly and handsomely printed, with such varieties of type as are useful for rapid consultation. In all cases in which we have referred to its definitions we have found them exact and sufficient, and we are happy to recommend it as a useful addition to the knapsack of a perambulating naturalist.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MISCELLANIES.†

WHEN Mr. Blades died last April we lost the best English bibliographer of our time. It is curious to compare the writings of the older generation, such as Ames and Dibdin, on, say, Caxton, with those of the present day. Dibdin was but an amateur in matters relating to printing and its history. To Mr. Blades things that had been conjectured by Dibdin were matters of proof. His writings, except in one particular, show an intimate acquaintance with the subject on which he is engaged, and convey to the reader a sense of absolute conviction. There is no disputing his views. He was a practical man, and thoroughly understood what he wrote about. When he died, although he was by no means a young man, he was at the height of his intellectual power. His insight where books were concerned was unerring. When he came to deal with historical questions some defects, probably of early training, showed themselves, and his knowledge of the dead languages was very limited. Nevertheless, his work on Caxton is a perennial monument. No one not practically acquainted with the art of printing could have answered successfully the difficult questions which are presented in the life of England's first printer; and the discovery of how, where, and by whom Caxton was taught is the result of a combination of rare powers of reasoning and an intimate personal acquaintance with all the technicalities involved. When he touched on larger questions he failed comparatively. Caxton's abandonment of his early business, his marriage, the patronage he received from the Abbot of Westminster, and the place where he set up his press, these were matters over which only an extremity of caution saved him from stumbling. In all questions

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* *The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burmah.* Edited by W. T. Blanford. Vol. I. Birds. By Eugene W. Oates. London: Taylor & Francis.

A Handbook of European Birds for the Use of Field Naturalists and Collectors. By James Backhouse, jun. London: Gurney & Jackson.

† *Bibliographical Miscellanies.* By William Blades. Parts I. and II. London: Blades, East, & Blades. 1890.

as to typography and date he was simply infallible, and his loss to bibliography is irreparable. The two tracts before us have a melancholy interest. One was published in March, the month before Mr. Blades's death, the other is just out, having been prepared for publication by himself; and we are promised three further parts which he left in type.

Signatures, the title of the first of the series, will convey no meaning to some readers, yet, from the bibliographer's point of view, the subject is one of the utmost importance. Everybody must have remarked a letter, or a letter and a number, at the foot of many pages of a printed book. If you examine modern books, these "signatures" appear comparatively rarely, but in books of fifty or sixty years ago they are the rule. Take a common book like Bewick's *Birds*; the page on which the preface begins has on it, below the last line, "a 2." This means that there is an "a" or "a 1," which may be either the title or, as some believe, a blank leaf. The second leaf of the preface is "a 3," the third is "a 4." Then follow four leaves without a signature, and at page xvii we come to "b," followed by b 2, b 3, b 4, and three blank leaves. Then the text of the book begins, and the first page is marked with a large B, and so on through the alphabet, till we come to Y. As Mr. Blades shows, after the use of paper instead of vellum for books had become general, it was made in certain fixed sizes, and being easily folded, a new nomenclature for the different foldings became necessary. "Sheets folded in half were called folio, in half again, quarto, and in half again, octavo, a nomenclature as precise as it was novel." Of late years there have been great changes in this respect, and different usages obtain in different houses; but, as a rule, the successive sheets are marked with a letter with or without a number.

Until recently it was held that signatures were a comparatively late invention of the printer, and some writers went so far as to say that they never occurred in manuscripts. This opinion is directly controverted by Mr. Blades, who says, and, we may add, proves, that "the idea of books without signatures is a bibliographical delusion." He gives lists of manuscripts with signatures at the foot of the page, of printed books, beginning with the great Bible of 1462, which have signatures written for the guidance of the binder, and finally of printed signatures. There are many varieties which he carefully enumerates; but one thing is abundantly proved—namely, that signatures were in use as soon as books ceased to be rolls; and we are told of a copy of the works of Beda, which was written in the ninth century and is now in the British Museum, that its sections are signed with the Greek alphabet. The facsimiles which accompany this learned and exhaustive little treatise are extremely good and clear, and leave no doubt on the reader's mind as to the accuracy of Mr. Blades's conclusions.

Books in Chains is the title of the second of these Miscellanies, and relates to the library of Wimborne Minster, where over the sacristy there is a collection of 240 volumes, chiefly of the divinity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Nearly all are chained to the cells on which they stand, and, "having the chains fixed to the fore edge, are placed back first on the shelves, and are released by pulling the chains." That this was the usual position of books in all libraries, with or without chains, would be easily proved, and accounts for what we hear of the library of the Escurial—that it was a blaze of gilding. Mr. Blades gives a list of the books, some of which are very rare; and there is a view of the chamber in which they stand, which shows it to have been very thoroughly "restored." We are promised, in future parts, accounts of other chained libraries, both in England and on the Continent.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is perhaps less interest in the text of the late M. de Pontmartin's posthumously collected essays (though, indeed, the collection is only in appearance posthumous, since it bears a preface signed by the author as recently as the 16th of February in the present year) than in the brief introduction by M. de Gaillard, a friend of fifty years' standing. The "Episodes" (1) are themselves interesting enough, and they are written in that "naturally" excellent French which is now so rare, and which M. de Gaillard tells us no less a judge than M. Weiss once extolled to him. They give samples of the writer's long experience of literary and other society, and they have all the acuteness which always distinguished him. But M. de Gaillard's few pages, very unpretentiously written, put before us a different Pontmartin from that commonly known or imagined. A member of a former generation; belonging to the unpopular political party; a little given, if not to abuse, yet to use, his superiority in rank to the average working man of letters; undergoing not quite undeservedly the vendetta of his feud with Sainte-Beuve; constantly making new enemies by his unsparing pen, and of late years, though there was no perceptible loss of power in him, suffering from mere change of fashion, which affects criticism at least as much as any other branch of literature—M. de Pontmartin was something of an Ishmael in France. The position did not in the least affect his spirits or his work—he wrote the marvellous number of eleven hundred and fifty *Samedis*, all of considerable length, for one paper, the *Gazette de France*. But it brought him, with those who did not exactly know or chose to ignore, the reputation of something like a Dennis with a handle to his name. Posterity has done a little justice even to Dennis, and it will do more to Armand de Pontmartin, who was a far cleverer fellow, though critics like M. Scherer affected to sneer at him, though readers who care only for criticism as an excuse for jaunty miscellany writing found him jejune, and though everybody must admit that he had not the wide literary sense of a Sainte-Beuve, or the gorgeous literary garments of a Saint-Victor. M. de Gaillard writes enthusiastically of him as a friend, and eulogistically, though by no means without discretion, as a writer.

M. Victor Fournel is a capital specimen of the historical *vulgarisateur* who is also a genuine student, and plenty of curious and interesting things will be found in his *Les hommes du 14 juillet* (2). But, perhaps because of the infinite hackneying which the subject has undergone, we think we have taken more interest in M. Fournel's treatment of other matters than in his history of the rascally Gardes Françaises and the "Vainqueurs de le Bastille." This, however, is, or may be, purely personal; and we can recommend the book. Since nothing lives so long as an historical lie—indeed, we believe one that is not absolutely birth-stifled to be a thing immortal to the day of doom, if mortal even then—it is, no doubt, necessary to go on repeating that the Bastille, so far from being a place of ghastly dungeons for political prisoners, was rather a comfortable abode, for the most part occupied by what we should call first-class misdemeanants, convicted or suspected of more or less "shady" crimes.

A very pleasant addition to M. Quantin's series of handy album guides to French watering-places and popular resorts is to be found in *Du Havre à Cherbourg* (3). M. Constant de Tours's letterpress, though written in the rather florid style which used to be universal in England for such books, and which is still not obsolete in local guides with us, is readable. One passage is too good not to give. The hardy traveller on the Seine approaches Caudebec, and suffers a sea-change many miles from the sea. "Our crew," he notes, "have lost the carelessness of the fresh-water sailor; their eye more quick, their step more alert, the attentive glance which the captain throws afar, announce the neighbourhood of the ocean, which growls several leagues away." The illustrations—of Rouen, of the river journey from that city to Havre, of the great string of watering-places which studs the Norman coast from Honfleur to Arromanches, and of Cherbourg—are very numerous, extremely well executed, and varied in subject with excellent judgment.

A new edition of M. Eugène Fasnacht's really good French Course (4) will, no doubt, be found useful. The author makes an apology (which includes an oblique hit at examiners) for increasing his appendix-lists of words; but we are not sure that the learning of such lists by heart, though it is an old-fashioned plan, is at all a bad one. On the other hand, we wish he had abolished his final vocabulary altogether. The use of the dictionary (we are almost sick of saying it, but it must be repeated till people listen) is the most valuable part of the study of a language, and the longer the pupil is kept from it by special vocabularies the longer will his study be at least half valueless.

It is not an ill thing that M. Zola's best book by far (it is desirable that the proper meaning in each case be given to "best" and "book") should have received admission to the popular "Collection Guillaume," with its ingenious, if smudgy, processed illustrations and its agreeable print and paper. When M. Zola wrote *La faute de l'Abbé Mouret* (5) he had still knowledge of two things, Humanity and Art; he has exchanged the knowledge since for that of two others, Monstrosity and the Document. M. Le Roux (6) might be classed by hasty readers with Zolaists, but they would be wrong. His study of Parisian *bas-fonds* is almost always painful, and is sometimes disgusting; but he, too, has not deserted humanity. As for *Amour de tête*, if it is satire, it is good, but too long; if it is serious, it is too long, but not good. M. Hermant is an analyst of the type after which the panting Howells toileth, but in vain. His hero's "conscience, délicate" on one occasion, "lui dénonça aussitôt le retour offensif de la cérébralité." He is subject to these returns, and we are bound to say that they are more often offensive than delicate. Let us, however, do him and his author the justice to say that on the last page "il eut honte d'avoir eu honte d'aimer." There was some sense in that.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"ARE aboriginal races always to disappear before the inroads of the white man?" Mr. J. C. Firth, in his sketch of New Zealand history, *Nation Making* (Longmans & Co.), is not inclined to rest satisfied with an answer to this question that is based in the scientific faith of fit survival. His experience of the

(1) *Episodes littéraires.* Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Les hommes du 14 juillet.* Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Du Havre à Cherbourg.* Par Constant de Tours. Paris: Quantin.

(4) *Macmillan's Progressive French Course.* Part III. By G. Eugène Fasnacht. London: Macmillan.

(5) *La faute de l'Abbé Mouret.* Par E. Zola. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

(6) *Les larrons.* Par Hugues Le Roux. Paris: Charpentier.

(7) *Amour de tête.* Par Abel Hermant. Paris: Charpentier.

early days of New Zealand settlement inspired him with great hopes for the future of the Maoris. Now he is sadly compelled to record his disappointment. England, he declares, earnestly desired to rescue the Maoris from destruction. "She sought to rear a temple to philanthropy. She has left instead an edifice in ruins." Mr. Firth's lament for the noble savage is very natural. Like the American Indian in his reserves, the decay of the Maoris goes on apace, and as with the Red Man, the Maori, "the fern-fed Maori," is demoralized by strange food and drink. "When we ate fern root," said an old chief, "we were strong. We could dig, run, fight, and never be weary. But now that we live on pigs and potatoes, we are like bags of water." Mr. Firth gives some interesting recollections of the young chief Te Waharoa, better known as William Thompson, "the greatest and best of his race," of whose career as a nation-maker and ten years' desperate struggle with the colonists, Mr. Firth writes, "No Greek epic ever recorded more gallant deeds, more patient suffering, more tragic events, more undying patriotism." And Mr. Firth thinks we have not been more successful with our own efforts at nation-making, "for the last state of the Maori is worse than the first." So much for the present condition of a most interesting people. When Mr. Firth deals with the Public Debt and economic outlook of the colony he says little that is not seasonable and wholesome for New Zealanders to hear. He is strongly opposed to any extension of the "borrowing policy," which has visited the colonists with burdens under which they are now staggering, and thinks very justly that borrowing must cease for a generation if New Zealand is to progress on safe lines. With regard to emigration, and what Mr. Firth calls the "imperative duty" of placing the people on the land, it is obvious that young men experienced in agriculture, sons of farmers, and others, will not go to New Zealand when they can acquire excellent land—such as does not require clearing—on the easiest terms in South America. From such vexed questions most readers of Mr. Firth's book will turn with pleasure to the proceedings of the "Runanga Club," a gathering of old colonists and a Maori chief, whose stories of old superstitions, *Tapu* ceremonies, and so forth, are decidedly curious and fantastic.

Mr. Manjiro Inagaki's *Japan and the Pacific* (Fisher Unwin) is a book that repays reading not merely because it is the work of a Japanese gentleman, educated in England, who has studied European politics. Mr. Inagaki has evidently read much and read well in the literature of the Eastern question, and, what is better, writes with much freshness from the standpoint of his own country as the key of the Pacific. The first portion of the book, "Japan and the Pacific," is the more interesting. The second, "A Japanese View of the Eastern Question," is a well-written historical retrospect, and nothing more. While the writer has little to say in favour of Port Hamilton, he thinks that Hong Kong alone, as a "centre of war preparations," is not sufficient to secure to England absolute power in the Asiatic waters of the North Pacific. Formosa, the "Malta of the North Pacific," should be occupied, Mr. Inagaki urges, by the Power that desires to maintain naval supremacy in the East.

Mr. Joseph Forster, a lecturer on "great speakers and writers," has printed specimens of his art in *Four Great Teachers* (George Allen), lectures on Ruskin, Emerson, Carlyle, and Browning, largely composed of extracts and accompanied by decidedly superficial commentary. Mr. Forster is much given to expressionless superlatives, and his style, when he is moved to admiration, irresistibly suggests the "foolish face of praise."

An extremely bulky volume is Sir John Simon's *English Sanitary Institutions* (Cassell & Co.), which comprises a survey of the rise and progress of "human sanitary endeavour," a history of Public Health legislation, and a very complete and suggestive record of the last fifty years' hygienic reform, in which the late Sir Edwin Chadwick was an enthusiastic worker.

The new volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library," edited by Mr. G. L. Gomme—*Architectural Antiquities*, Part I. (Elliot Stock)—includes an interesting selection of the contributions of John Carter, the architect and antiquary, whose observations on our cathedrals, churches, abbeys, and monuments some ninety years ago are well worth reading in the light of later restorations. Carter's protests against the neglect of ancient buildings and his criticisms of the monumental and iconic sculpture of his day are generally vigorous and full of good sense. His strictures, for example, on the classic or incongruous costumes of statues in Westminster Abbey are just and amusing. A useful commentary to the volume is supplied by Mr. A. C. Bickley's notes on the buildings referred to in the text, with dates and particulars of modern restorations.

Mr. David Stott's new series, "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors," opens with the *Caractères* of La Bruyère, translated by Helen Stott, under the not very exact title *The Morals and Manners of the Seventeenth Century*. The book comprises a portrait and brief biographical sketch. The style of the original is well rendered, the type is clear, and the binding neat.

What may be called an unconventional handbook for visitors to Norfolk is Mr. Ernest R. Suffling's *History and Legends of the Broad District* (Jarrold & Sons). Not merely descriptive is the compiler, or a guide for the stranger. Old customs, legends, folk-lore, the local ghost, and other cheerful subjects, occupy his facile pen. The ghost stories are a little disappointing, on the whole. One of them, like a confidential communication to the Psychical Researchers, discreetly veils the names of locality and actors. It tells of a very horrid apparition in a churchyard, some nine feet in stature, wearing a cowl that partly hid a "ghastly whitey-blue countenance," whose upper jaw contained two immense fangs that "descended nearly to its chin." The sexton who enjoyed this grim sight very ungallantly declared he was sure it was "The White Lady." After causing the death of two hale men, the "ghost" is found to be nothing but a vulgar fraud of the venerable sheet-and-turnip-head order.

What Cheer Oh! by Alexander Gordon (Nisbet & Co.) is the title of a prettily illustrated book, descriptive of the work of the Mission to the Deep Sea Fishermen among the crews of trawlers and smacks in the North Sea, the Bristol Channel, the Irish Sea, and other fishing-grounds. In this interesting sketch Mr. Gordon has worked well in a good cause.

Brief, yet opportune, are Professor Nettleship's two lectures, *The Moral Influence of Literature; Classical Education* (Percival & Co.) The separation of the modern or scientific type of school from the classical school, such as will ensure in each a training as thorough as was the best classical education of fifty years ago, is what the writer confidently anticipates in the future. He is no believer in the "little science" taught in classical types of school, or in the little Latin and Greek taught in scientific schools.

Mr. Francis Phipps Onslow's *Metrical Version of the Psalms* (White & Co.) is a rendering of all the Psalms in one common metre. From "Tom Sternhold's rhymes" to these present, metrical translators have all dealt with the Psalms in the spirit of anti-poet; and of Mr. Onslow it may be said he has excelled them all. Sometimes he shows a bold disregard of the letter, as in Ps. xiv.:—

> The fool his foolish heart within
> "There is no God" hath said;
> But pallid were his lips with fear
> Lest God should strike him dead.

Of his rendering of the spirit of the original, the version of the 137th will serve as well as any example:—

> The waters by of Babylon
> We sat us down and wept,
> When set on Thee our mournful thoughts
> Jerusalem we kept.

Silken Threads, by the author of "Mr. and Mrs. Morton" (Alexander Gardner), appears to be an American example of the "detective story," and is by no means a remarkable specimen of ingenuity and art.

Among recent volumes of the "Bristol Library" of Mr. Arrowsmith are Mr. Walter Besant's *The Doubts of Dives*, "special edition," and *We Two, a Tale of Four*, by Elizabeth Glaister, a story that reveals no art whatever, though a plentiful show of artifice.

We have also received Mr. J. G. Lewis's lecture, *Christopher Marlowe: his Life and Works* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.), delivered at Canterbury last May in aid of the "Marlowe Memorial Fund"; *Edward Burton*, by Henry Wood (Boston: Lee & Shepard); *The Journal of the Marine Biological Association* (Dulau & Co.); *Supernatural Revelation*, by C. M. Mead, D.D. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.); Vol. II. of the *Report of the Secretary of the Interior* (Washington: Government Printing Office), relating to Indian affairs; *The Blind Musician*, from the Russian of Korolenko, by Sergius Stepniak and William Westall (Ward & Downey); *A Few Lines of Thought on Some Momentous Subjects*, by An Aged Christian (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim.); *Stepping Westward*, by Hary Sing Gour (Simpkin & Co.); *A Cursory Relation of the Antiquities and Families in Cumberland*, by Edmund Sandford, *circa* 1675 (Kendal: Wilson); Mr. R. Denny Urlin's *Investments in Houses and Lands* (Effingham Wilson); *The Archer's Register for* 1890, edited by F. T. Follett (Horace Cox); Andrew Thomson's *Yachting Guide and Tide Tables for* 1890, a useful pocket companion for yachtsmen issued by the Thames Yacht Agency; *Monte Carlo, and How to Do it*, by Messrs. W. F. Goldberg and G. Chaplin Piesse (Bristol: Arrowsmith); *Memoirs of Mighty Men* (London: Holness; Glasgow: Allan), a series of well-printed, illustrated penny biographies of Knox, Luther, Bunyan, Wesley, and other worthies; and *The Holiday Painting Book*, illustrated by Constance Haslewood (Warne & Co.), with designs in outline to be coloured by children from corresponding pictures, a never-failing source of quiet amusement for a wet day.

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The SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETINGS of the above Society will be held on FRIDAY, July 18, 1890.

The Right Hon. Lord ABERDARE, G.C.B., President, will take the Chair at the First Meeting at the Society's Offices, 105 Jermyn Street, St. James's, at Twelve o'clock. Admission free.

The Second Meeting will be held on the same day at the Royal Albert Hall, at 4.30 P.M., when the Most Honourable the Marchioness of SALISBURY will distribute the Society's Prizes to Pupil Teachers and Children who have written the best Essays on the Duty of Kindness to Animals, composed in Metropolitan Schools during the present year, numbering upwards of 50,000. Admission to this meeting by ticket only, which may be obtained of the Secretary.

The Council invite the co-operation and support of the public. Printed suggestions may be had on application to the undersigned. Anonymous complaints of cruelty are not acted on. The names of complainants are not given up when letters are marked "private." 5,886 convictions during 1889.*

Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable to the Secretary, to whom all letters should be addressed. The Society is greatly in need of funds.

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

IRELAND—the affairs of which are, it is well known, totally neglected in the Imperial Parliament—occupied both Houses on *Friday* week. In the House of Lords Lord CAMPERDOWN, followed by Lord LONDONDERRY, in a capital slogging speech, which makes it only to be regretted that the late Viceroy speaks so seldom, succeeded, as Lord CADOGAN very truthfully remarked afterwards, in "at last drawing" Lord SPENCER. A merciful man, however, might almost be sorry for the victim of Mr. O'BRIEN's attentions in both kinds. Lord SPENCER always (and no wonder) speaks about the Irish question like a man utterly disgusted with himself; but he has never been quite so naïvely forlorn as on this occasion, when he observed that the subject of his former accusation by those about the said O'BRIEN of connivance at nameless crime "was very painful to him." No doubt it was. But something more painful still awaited Lord SPENCER, for he was patted on the back and generally championed by Lord KIMBERLEY. In the Commons the Irish votes continued to be the subject of the idlest possible talk from Mr. JOHN DILLON and others, and of some comparatively reasonable observations (duly acknowledged by Mr. BALFOUR) from Mr. PARNELL. It has been more than once suspected that the uncrowned King rather enjoys the contrast between the bombast of his lieutenants and his own style.

The House of Lords read the Western Australia Bill a second time on *Monday*, and passed the Inland Revenue Regulation Bill. In the Lower House some matters of interest, though little of importance, happened. The Opposition tried to mend their hand in the matter of the famous Ascot Cup "dirty trick" by snatching a division on Mr. ROBERTSON's preposterous proposal of a Committee of seventy-two members on the Scotch Police Bill during the garden party at Marlborough House; but they failed again, the Government securing a majority of eight. Mr. CONYBEARE had a division on his friend the statute of EDWARD III.; Mr. BALFOUR forced an apology—half abject, half grumbling—from Messrs. HEALY and DILLON, the latter indulging in the ingenious argument that, as he had not told the truth on this occasion, he must have told it on all others. Then Committee of Supply gave opportunity for important and valuable debates on advertisements in Nationalist papers, on Arklow Harbour, and so forth.

In the House of Lords on *Tuesday* the Heligoland Cession Bill was read a third time and passed, and the Directors' Liability Bill, after having been very roughly criticized and rather apologetically defended, was read a second time, and referred to the Standing Committee. In the Lower House Mr. SMITH took Wednesdays, as was expected, despite the piteous cries of the private member refusing to be comforted for his Bills. The Irish votes then provided the usual opportunity for gabble, the chief ostensible subject being jury-packing, with a little more "shadowing" for change. Mr. BALFOUR made the Parnellites and their supporters in the press desperately angry by the exceedingly obvious, but provokingly conclusive, observation that, so long as the right of challenge exists, and so long as, to the misfortune of any country, a considerable portion of its inhabitants cannot be trusted to return a verdict according to their oaths, what is called jury-packing, and is really the rescuing of juries from being packed, will have to go on. To stop it the gentlemen assassins have only got to commence; as soon as they leave off giving verdicts in the teeth of evidence, the Government will leave off challenging.

On *Wednesday* it may be said that nothing happened—except the passing of some Irish votes on which the Nationalist members graciously contented themselves with wasting a day.

On *Thursday* the House of Lords did some business with the London Gates Bill (which these monopolists read a second time), the Companies' Winding-up Bill, and a motion of Lord ESHER's on the Administration of the Law, on which the Law Lords talked not unweightily. In the Commons Thursday was as Wednesday, and much more also.

The Mid-Durham Election.

It was, of course, hardly to be expected that Mid-Durham, one of the most thoroughly "labour" constituencies in the country, strongly Radical, and already wedded to class representation, should return a Unionist of one kind, like Mr. VANE TEMPEST, against a unionist of another, like Mr. JOHN WILSON. The wisdom, however, of fighting always everywhere and with everybody was shown on Thursday, by the fact that the Tory candidate pulled down the Radical majority by nearly five hundred votes, as compared with 1885, when, too, the Irish vote must have been given against Mr. CRAWFORD.

The Cape.

The formation of a Ministry at the Cape by Mr. CECIL RHODES is an interesting thing in its way. Mr. RHODES is totally ignorant of home politics, as is shown by his dallying with Parnellism; but he is a good Imperialist, and that is the only important matter in a Colonial Prime Minister.

Foreign Affairs.

The Belgian House of Representatives last week adopted the Congo State Bill.——In the middle of the week some disturbances were reported from Spain, and considerable writing and talking from France about French claims in Africa.——It appears, unfortunately, that the agitators have succeeded in rekindling a good deal of excitement in Crete, while authentic intelligence has been obtained of the late serious riot in Erzeroum, where the Armenians were the aggressors, and, as might be expected, suffered severely.——It has been reported, though on by no means unquestionable authority, that matters between Great Britain and the United States, in respect of the Behring Sea difficulty, have almost reached the Reproof Valiant. The PRESIDENT, it is said, has declined to consent to the very reasonable request that active measures shall cease during discussion, and Lord SALISBURY has replied that, if one side uses force in aggression, the other will use it in defence.

Politics out of Parliament.

At the end of last week and the beginning of this Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with others, was copious in letters on the Government plans, which, it is surprising to hear, Sir WILLIAM does not approve. Yet despite his dropping into rhyme on the occasion and assuring the world that Mr. GLADSTONE (more surprising still) does not like these plans, an "obstinate, incredulous, "turnip-headed" public may, perhaps, fail to be convinced that this is final or fatal. Sir WILLIAM, who seems to have been afflicted by a perfect Midsummer madness for stock quotations, gives the *Times* at full length *Quicquid delirant*. Here's *Hoc Ithacus velit* to him!——There was a good deal of political speaking on Wednesday. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, getting so desperately scholarly that Mr. FEEDER, B.A., would not have a chance with him, talked, in welcoming Mr. SCHNADHORST at the National Liberal Club, about the bronzed veterans of the Tenth Legion, and revealed, in true TITUS OATES fashion, the secret of "a plaat, a damn-"able plaat" of the Lords against the Commons, with the traitorous assistance of the majority of the Hanging Committee. Mr. BALFOUR, unwearied by the Irish Estimates, spoke brightly in the City. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, where the blue Western waves, slightly tinctured with China clay, lap, at a little distance, the shores of St. Austell, recalled

the glorious, the distant memory of a time when he, Sir GEORGE, was Secretary of State for Scotland, and when, by a most remarkable coincidence, the best Act of Parliament ever passed for that country found its place on the statute book. On this same day a letter from Lord GREY appeared in the *Times* regretting the postponement of the Tithes Bill. Many people will agree with Lord GREY.

The Peace Congress.

Some pleasant stories turn on the shock produced on a man when he is suddenly confronted with his true image, either bodily or mental. The Peace Congress should have experienced some such shock when, on Wednesday last, a delightful member, with more of the courage of his convictions than the rest, proposed that "a law should be passed enforcing an interval "of six months after declaration of war." Who was to "pass" the "law"? and, still more, who was to "enforce" it? Even the Peace Congress seems to have asked itself this, and declined to provide so much as a seconder for Baron THOMAS DE ST. GEORGES ARMSTRONG. So the amendment of this truly bold Baron fell to the ground. It would be pardonable for an optimist to hope that some one may have been awakened by Baron THOMAS DE ST. GEORGES ARMSTRONG to see Peace Congresses in their true light and have shaken their dust off his feet.

Miscellaneous.

Saturday last was a day of festivities. The PRINCE OF WALES opened the Bisley Rifle Range (which has been frequented with great satisfaction throughout the week), the PRINCESS firing the first shot; Mr. STANLEY and Miss TENNANT, the former faint yet pursuing, were married before a goodly company in Westminster Abbey; and the Cobden Club celebrated, with such jots of heart and hope as it could, the fact that an unkind world from China to Peru declines to follow COBDEN.——An unpleasant reminder of the nearness of civilization to barbarism was given on Tuesday last by the Salvation Army Fête at the Crystal Palace. The proceedings of the "Thornton Heath Desperadoes" and the "Kensington Devil-drivers" (Devil-worshippers would be a better title, if the statements of travellers may be believed) remind the reader singularly of a corroboree.——We cannot pretend to regret that the Select Committee of the House of Lords has rejected the Central London Railway Bill. There might be something to be said for the once-talked of cross underground line from north to south, but there is no proof that one across the longer axis of the ellipse is wanted.——The Whitworth Institute at Manchester, which should be, if it is carried on as it has been begun, one of the best examples in England of a provincial Museum in the complete and original sense of that word, was opened on Thursday.——On the same day Mr. GLADSTONE spoke, not unpleasantly, on the education of women, putting in a plea for mothers (is it wicked to suggest that, if you can provide satisfactory wives, the mothers may, and will, take care of themselves?); and the regulation thunderstorm, with almost ludicrous regularity, completed the regulation, but long waited for, three days of an English summer.

Sport.

The weather prevented the Eton and Harrow match from being even begun on Friday week, and Saturday did not give time for the completion of it. There was, however, a much better fight than wise people, on the rather rash and insufficient ground that there were no old choices in the Eton eleven, had expected. The Harrow captain, indeed, played remarkably well, but he was by no means well supported; and, though the first innings put Harrow twenty-five to the good, Eton, in the unfinished second, had made nearly a hundred clear of this disadvantage for three wickets. The most interesting cricket-match of the early part of this week was that between the Australians and the Players at Sheffield, in which the latter were victorious by nine wickets.——The Newmarket Second July Meeting provided capital weather and good sport, but no one particularly interesting race, on Tuesday the most noteworthy event being the success of Queen of the Fairies over Mephisto in the July Cup. On Wednesday the most interesting race was the new unnamed handicap with 1,000*l.* added, which brought out the large field of twenty-one runners, and was won by Prince SOLTYKOFF'S Sheen. There was a dead heat for the Beaufort Stakes between Pink Pearl and Swift. On Thursday the PRINCE OF WALES'S Nandine won the Selling Stakes; Mr. HOULDSWORTH'S Orvieto (with 25 to 1 on) raced away with the once famous Chesterfield Stakes, reduced to a match that was no match; and the Duke of PORTLAND'S St. Serf carried off the Midsummer Plate.

Obituary.

The death of Sir FRANCIS SEYMOUR, who had served with the greatest distinction through the Crimean War, and was Master of the Ceremonies to the QUEEN, was reported just too late for notice in last week's Chronicle. Sir FRANCIS was a specially trusted servant, both of HER MAJESTY and of the late PRINCE CONSORT, and the QUEEN had visited him at Kensington Palace a very short time before his death.——General FREMONT, the news of whose death reached England on Tuesday, though not an exceedingly old man, may seem to most readers to have belonged to the world beyond the flood. Little has been heard of him out of his own country since the Civil War, and his time of real notoriety was thirty-five years ago, when he was the Abolitionist candidate for the Presidency; and, earlier still, when, in a manner gallant but slightly filibusterous—the word deserves coining—he broke down the resistance of the Mexicans to the opening up of California.——Professor PARKER was an anatomist of great skill and a good specimen of the older and better type of scientific man. Mr. DAVID PUGH, M.P., was a Welsh Gladstonian county member somewhat too good for his company.

Books, &c.

We may note among books a very handsome and well-illustrated volume on a subject which, after being long neglected, has of late attracted considerable attention, M. JAMES FILLIS'S *Principes de Dressage et d'Equitation* (Paris: MARPON et FLAMMARION); also Professor DICEY'S invaluable *The* [Parnellite] *Verdict* (CASSELL).——Miss ADA REHAN has during the week been winning fresh praises in the most charming and not the least difficult character on the English stage, ROSALIND. It is unlucky that Mr. DALY'S company, to whose merits we do justice—not for the first time—elsewhere, do not know how to pronounce that most delightful name.

THE POSTMEN'S STRIKE.

MUCH the best introduction to a study of the late abortive Postmen's strike is the delicious letter which Mr. GEORGE SHIPTON composed on the 14th of this month, and sent round to the papers. In a way it may be said to sum up the whole fiasco, and it has a distinct general value as a revelation of the Trades'-Union spirit and point of view. The riotous postmen who had been most wisely dismissed for importing the methods of the Dockers into the very buildings of the Post Office had discovered that the authority they had attacked was not at all afraid of them. On the contrary, it sent them packing, and was about to make a demand that the clothes it had supplied as a loan should be returned. Their livery was, in fact, to be pulled over their heads. This discovery had an instantly sobering effect. The intoxication produced by the eloquence of Mr. MAHON was driven out by cold terror. The late bully became, as his nature is when he is pulled up short, the cringing penitent, and the heroes who were going to drive the country mad sent Mr. RAIKES an abject appeal for mercy. This document Mr. SHIPTON read, and his gorge rose. "Within," he remarked with disgust, "the space of a few lines these words occur, "'deeply regretting,' 'past indiscretions,' 'humbly beg,' "'praying you,' 'respectfully beg,' 'admit that we should "'have known better,' 'beg to state,' 'we are all agreed "'to meet the wishes of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL by "'withdrawing and to have no further connexion with "'the Postmen's Union, and only regret we ever had any,' "'deeply apologizing,' 'think favourably of this humble "'petition,' 'your humble servants,' &c." Is this, cries Mr. SHIPTON, is this the noble British workman? Is it thus that he addresses his fellow-man? Never. "If the "postmen in question believe they have committed an "error, and desire to express their regret as workmen, it is "their business, not mine." (So we should have supposed, by the way.) "But let them do so in manly and becoming "terms, and not in language revolting to the national "conscience, for exercising the right conferred upon them "by the law of the land." Mr. SHIPTON cannot believe that the postmen had anything to do with this surrender at discretion. "If it were, it would be an insult to the "working population of the kingdom." With a command of Biblical illustration worthy of Mr. CAINE, he opines that "the hands are the hands of ESAU, but the voice is the

"voice of JACOB." He ends by prophesying that, if this appeal for mercy is listened to, the vengeance of the Gods and the Trade-Unions will overtake, not only Mr. RAIKES, but many other persons and things not specified.

The letter from which these fair and copious quotations are taken abounds, as will be seen, in texts for profitable discourse on the late would-be strike. Note, for instance, how calmly Mr. SHIPTON asserts that the dismissed men had only exercised "the right conferred upon them by the "law of the land." What they gained dismissal for was a sudden refusal to work—a refusal without legal notice—and a disgraceful assault on fellow-workmen. We may conclude, therefore, that Mr. SHIPTON, speaking as "one holding office in relation to the great trades "organizations of the metropolis, and also the United "Kingdom," is of opinion that the law has conferred on workmen the right to break their contracts and to commit assault and battery. His belief would appear to be widely shared. Again, it is not uninteresting to note what Mr. SHIPTON, speaking as one having authority, thinks ought to be the style of the British workman. He ought not to confess he is in the wrong; but Mr. SHIPTON has not condemned the language of Mr. MAHON, who encouraged the mutineers last week by the good news that "the dock "labourers had promised that, if they saw any postmen "delivering letters in the East End after Friday, they "would make short work of them." Is this the voice as well as the hands of ESAU? Neither was Mr. SHIPTON moved to protest by the circular distributed by the Postmen's Union, in which "blacklegs," "rats," and "scabs" were distinctly threatened with violence and persecution. This also was apparently the voice of ESAU. The last paragraph of Mr. SHIPTON's letter is distinctly comic. It is a scream of rage at the prospect that the repentant postmen who have discovered the impotence of the Union, and have rejected it, should be taken back. Mr. SHIPTON would prefer that Government should have nothing else to do than to fulfil the curses of the Trade-Unions. Whether the mutineers, or some of them, should be taken back is a question; but there can be no doubt that Mr. SHIPTON has given the most valid reason we have seen yet why they should be pardoned. To show that revolt against a Union may help a man where submission to it has ruined him might possibly be a thing worth doing. Before leaving this letter we may note that Mr. SHIPTON refuses to believe that the repentance of the postmen can be sincere because it must be extorted by fear of starvation. Now fear of starvation, and dislike of starvation wages, have continually been pleaded on Mr. SHIPTON's side as excuses for the excesses of men on strike. We may conclude, therefore, that while fear of starvation is an excuse for breaking the law, it is no excuse for submission to authority. We are surely not going too far, then, in asserting that Mr. SHIPTON's letter is in spirit and in form, in every line and word, in what it says and what it takes for granted, a very valuable exposition of the morality and beliefs of the Trades-Unions. These are the morality and beliefs of persons who think they are entitled to extort whatever they wish by force, to break their contracts, to remove competitors by violence; and to do all this, moreover, to an accompaniment of whines about the legality of their acts, and—GOD save the mark!—their dignity. A more practical confession of this faith has been made by Mr. SHIPTON's fellow-Unionist, Mr. MAHON. The succession of these apostles of freedom is, by the way, very curious. Each of them seems to have his turn. First it is BURNS, then it is poor little BEN TILLETT, then it is TOM MANN, then it is Somebody WILLIAMS, now it is MAHON—all speechifying, swaggering, threatening, writing the one magazine article which is in them, occasionally illustrated by their noble portraits, drawing each his so many pounds a week and cab fares, for his devotion to the cause of the people, and finally dropping back into obscurity. Mr. MAHON has run his course rather more swiftly than most, which is possibly a good sign. Still it seems to us a legitimate cause of irritation and an evidence of cowardice somewhere that, while the dupes are punished, the prime mover in the whole disturbance should escape without even being called into question for his undoubted incitements to breach of contract and to fraud. Is the community absolutely disarmed in the presence of the agitator who not only insolently threatens but audaciously attempts to injure it?

We use the word cowardice a little reluctantly, because Mr. RAIKES has shown—somewhat late, but still convincingly—how profitable it is to possess a little spirit. He has been rewarded by instant and easy victory. Mr. RAIKES deserves every praise for putting his foot resolutely down, and for refusing to listen to fussy self-advertising persons of the stamp of the Trades Council. As for the Baron PROFUMO and his Committee of Conciliation, which was only mooted at Cannon Street to be instantly hooted out of the room, we take him to be a dry humourist, who had seen the uncalled-for and indecent proceedings of his Eminence Cardinal Mrs. PROUDIE with disapproval, and proposed to show how easily they could be burlesqued. He did it very well. The choice of name for the part was a masterstroke. There is humour, too, though not of so broad a kind, in the deputation of well-spoken postmen who waited upon Mr. RAIKES to make a temperate statement of grievances *after* the dismissal of the mutineers. It is a curious fact that moderation in the presentation of grievances commonly is displayed after authority has shown that it will not submit to dictation. Nothing could be more unmannerly or more unwise than to jeer at the sincerity of the men who presented the statement of the case to Mr. RAIKES. We dare say they honestly said what they thought, and that it was not their fault if they did not say it sooner. Still, the facts remain that no steps were taken by the orderly majority of the postmen to check the disorderly minority, and that they did not even come forward as representatives of the body till the mutineers had been smashed. From this we conclude that, in all probability, they would not have come forward at all if the POSTMASTER-GENERAL had not made short work of Mr. MAHON's dupes. We do not know that they would have deserved to be severely condemned for remaining quiet. An authority which will not fight for itself does not deserve that its servants should fight for it. But their conduct does prove that when an authority fights it may be sure that the majority of men who have something to lose, and a just estimate of the value of safe bread-and-butter and a whole skin, will obey it, and will not help the mutineers. In that case the result is certain. The extraordinary thing is that a truth which is a matter of universal experience should have to be learnt, not without surprise, in the year 1890 for the ten-thousandth time.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

THE majority and minority Reports of the Hanging Committee cannot be said to provide exciting reading, but it is reading which is not without interest. Little need be said on the party aspect of the debates and divisions, or on the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, after going into Committee with an ostensible determination to give the proposal an unbiassed hearing, conducted their opposition in a manner indicating that they had made up their minds immovably beforehand. This was to be expected as a move, or series of moves, in the ordinary partisan game, considering that Mr. GLADSTONE, in a Parliamentary career unparalleled for length and distinction combined, has never once been able to resist party advantage, at whatever cost to personal consistency or national interest. As Tory, as Peelite, as Moderate Liberal, as what can be only called Gladstonian, his one idea of political play has been playing to win *quocunque modo*. And on this occasion it was the more to be expected that he would follow his usual practice, inasmuch as the question nominally at issue was an exceedingly debatable one, and men, without reference to their general political principles, might really and honestly come to different conclusions on it.

The question between Bill or Standing Order seems to us of very small importance. The objection to the latter as unconstitutional is, indeed, characteristic and interesting, as coming from the man who, while turning the Constitution upside down, and cutting and carving it at his pleasure and to suit his purposes, has always at intervals paid to it what FULKE GREVILLE, mixing up two ideas rather picturesquely, calls the sacrifices of a splitter of cummin seeds. But in itself it is the merest trifle. The main question—whether most good or most harm would be done by hanging up measures—is a really interesting one, and capable of furnishing the subject of much ingenious and some useful argument. We think with Mr. GLADSTONE that a not improbable result of the arrangement might be the permanent prolongation of the stages of any important measure

to two years instead of one; but Mr. GLADSTONE would most probably differ with us on the further question whether this would be an unmitigated evil. The less new legislation the better is gradually, we think, becoming the maxim of the most capable students of politics. On the other hand, the objection (characteristically developed by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on Wednesday) that the House of Lords, imitating and availing itself of the new privileges taken by the Commons, might forge a cunning instrument wherewith to stop progress without incurring odium, seems to us childish. It is emphatically childish, or worse, thus to intimate distrust of an important element in the Constitution which Mr. GLADSTONE does not dare, or does not think it judicious, openly to attack. And Mr. BALFOUR'S Report is certainly wise in urging that constant and habitual use of the Closure is a great danger. Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK'S reminder to Mr. BAUMANN and other young Tories of the rod they are pickling for their own backs came appositely enough, and is well founded. And it has also to be observed that the frequent refusal of the Closure by a Chairman or Speaker who is naturally crotchety, secretly partial, or anxious to be ostentatiously impartial, would as dangerously weaken the authority of the Leader of the House. But will Hanging Orders avoid this danger? We rather doubt it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will remember scores of Latin quotations bearing on the subject, and there is certainly too much likelihood of "hanging up" becoming an opportunity for obstructives, a temptation to irresolute Governments, and an additional difficulty in the present sufficiently difficult arrangement of a concise, workable, and workmanlike scheme of sessional business. Mr. BALFOUR, who is, as we all know, a tyrant, may, however, consistently urge the tyrant's plea, and ask whether something must not be done, and indeed we are rather afraid that this is the practical conclusion of the whole matter. Exactly as the Land Act of 1881 necessitated continual tinkerings with itself, so the Procedure revolution of a few years ago necessitated expedient on the top of expedient from time to time. Hanging is, we think, better than incessant Closure; without hanging or incessant Closure no work can be got out of such Houses of Commons as we have now, and are to all appearance likely to have. These are not comfortable words, but we fear they are true.

A POLICY AND A WINDFALL.

LORD NORTHAMPTON'S remarkable success in his action against the National Life Assurance Company shows that a father may sometimes profit by the extravagance of his son almost as much as a son can profit by the economy of his father. The case is an extremely curious one, and in the Court of Appeal Lord Justice BOWEN dissented from the judgment of the majority. The House of Lords has lately taken to reversing the Court of Appeal with considerable freedom, so that Lord NORTHAMPTON is not out of the wood yet. But at present he has three judges in his favour, and only one against him. As the point is one of equity, and the three judges are "old equity "draftsmen," while the dissentient is a Common Lawyer, the weight of authority, as well as numbers, is on the side of the plaintiff. Lord NORTHAMPTON'S luck is singular. With the transaction which has turned out so favourably for him he had nothing whatever to do, and he would probably have disapproved of it altogether if he had known of it when it took place. As the matter is somewhat complicated, we may conveniently begin by stating the legal question involved. Every one who mortgages his property to obtain a loan has the right of redeeming the mortgage—that is to say, of freeing his property from the charge by payment of principal, interest, and costs. This right is indefeasible, and the mortgagor cannot divest himself of it. The estate never passes out of his equitable possession, unless and until he makes default in payment of interest, when the mortgagee becomes entitled to foreclose, subject to the equity of redemption, within six months. If these essential rules were not observed and enforced by law, a mortgage would lose its proper character, and become a sale. Moreover, the old guarantee against forfeitures would be destroyed, and a man would be in for a pound when he thought himself only in for a penny. Lord NORTHAMPTON, as we shall see, has reversed the process, and finds himself credited with a handsome surplus when he expected nothing better than a moderate deficit. Eleven years ago Earl COMPTON, eldest son of Lord NORTHAMPTON, and heir-apparent to the marquisate, borrowed from the National Life Assurance Company the sum of ten thousand pounds. The security was Lord COMPTON'S reversionary interest in certain Scotch estates to which he would have succeeded on the death of his father. But that was not the only form of security offered and accepted. A policy was effected on Lord COMPTON'S life to the amount, in round numbers, of thirty-five thousand pounds, on which Lord COMPTON was to pay the premiums for five years. After the year 1884 the premiums might be paid by the Company and added to the mortgage debt.

It was further stipulated—and on this stipulation the whole case turned—that if Lord COMPTON died in his father's lifetime, the money assured by the policy should belong absolutely to the lenders. Lord COMPTON did die in his father's lifetime—namely, in 1887. He never, as might have been expected, paid interest, or premium, or anything else. Thereupon Lord NORTHAMPTON, as his son's administrator, sued the Company for the twenty thousand pounds which remain after deducting all charges, and in this suit he has been completely successful. Both Mr. Justice NORTH and the Court of Appeal acted on the principle, "Once a "mortgage, always a mortgage," which Lord Justice BOWEN leniently calls an "epigram." The real point is whether the policy was a separate and independent transaction, or part of the mortgage. Lord Justice BOWEN, taking what may perhaps be described as the common-sense view of the subject, regards the agreement between the parties as a loan, protected, if the Scotch mortgage failed, by the policy of insurance. The Scotch mortgage did fail, because the estate on which it was charged never became Lord COMPTON'S at all. Therefore, says Lord Justice BOWEN, the Company, not having been able to realize one of their securities, are entitled to retain the other. The contrary view has, however, prevailed, and Lord NORTHAMPTON becomes richer, in consequence of his son's death, by a lump sum large enough to provide a modest competence for life. It is argued that this decision inflicts great hardship upon the Company, because they merely advanced money to a man who paid nothing in return. The answer is that an insurance policy must necessarily be a speculative transaction, that insurance Companies gain on some policies and lose on others, that Lord COMPTON'S early decease was a possible event of which they took the risk, and that, in short, the managers of a business cannot complain of hardship because they are subject to the ordinary chances of the world. The contract was a peculiar one, and came very near gambling. But it belongs to the class of speculation sanctioned by law, and the Company cannot complain if Lord NORTHAMPTON receives a benefit which might have accrued to them.

AFRICAN ARRANGEMENTS.

ALTHOUGH it is far from improbable that some opposition to the Anglo-German Agreement, or at least to the Heligoland Cession Bill, will be attempted in the Lower House, that agreement may be said to be, accidents excepted, an accomplished fact, and the importance of the matter has thus more and more shifted to the complementary arrangements with other Powers. How much room there still is, in view of the invincible ignorance of the average man as to foreign policy, for mischief-making, even in regard to the main bargain, may be seen from the fact that some Gladstonians have actually been referring to the 1871 project of transferring Heligoland. Any one, with the slightest knowledge of the facts, might be expected to know, first, that Heligoland could not have been then decently transferred for any consideration in the circumstances; secondly, that the French Indies, then supposed to be the equivalent, are like the valuable assets which Mr. SAWLEY offered to Mr. DUNSHUNNER instead of a cheque. During peace Pondicherry and the rest are of no importance; they would not remain French, after a declaration of hostilities, for one hour longer than it suited the Indian authorities to relieve France of them. But it is really lost labour to notice such folly as this.

Very confident statements have been made as to the supposed arrangements both with France and Portugal. With regard to the latter Power there is some hope. The Portuguese have had time to cool down, and the Latin races, though prone to "seeing red" at moments, are not

bad at business when they cool. Portugal knows that Germany will not help her; that France will help her to the extent of newspaper articles, and nothing more; that nobody else has the slightest interest in the matter, and that she cannot expect many more Sibyls' visits as regards South Africa. The Portuguese can have, at any moment they like, far more territory than they will ever improve, with liberty to improve it or not as they choose, by simply giving up claims which might as well extend to the moon as to the old mountains thereof, for any practical basis they possess, and by admitting that free navigation of the Zambesi which, if they were to refuse it, England and Germany combined would force as soon as it pleased them. Whereas the mapmakers and treaty-makers of other nations have never hitherto recognized their old transcontinental claims, and have put them off with bare coast streaks, they may now have solid blocks of territory running into the million square miles assigned them whenever they choose, under what is practically an international guarantee. But as to France we are, we confess, more dubious. The terms which France is said to have proposed (they are known not to be authentic, but they appeared in a print so different from the mere Boulevard rag as the *Temps*) are utterly preposterous, and it is quite certain that France ought not to receive any solid advantage whatever in return for an imaginary concession at Zanzibar of rights which, if she ever possessed, she has forfeited by recent failures to make them good. But it is very desirable that on the West Coast and in the Central Soudan some re-arrangement should be come to which may define the sphere of the British Niger Company as the common spheres of the South and East Africa Companies are defined, and may complete, for the present at any rate, the delimitation of Africa. France has nothing to "trade" at Zanzibar, except a little vain breath. She has a very shadowy claim to the preemption of the Congo; for an international State cannot impawn itself to one of its constructors without the consent of the rest. Her *hinterland* claims in the Sahara-Soudan are balanced by ours in virtue of our coast settlements to the south, and of our position as guardians of the inheritance of Egypt. But she has Newfoundland, and there she may find a consideration to truck against our possession of rights in Madagascar, in Tunis, and in the West African matter. As an extra thing to throw in we have the Gambia—something like Heligoland, a matter of no great value to us, but very covetable by her. If it were not that no human being is so bad to bargain with as a Frenchman, there are all the elements of a profitable trade here. More of the profits of this would, no doubt, accrue to Newfoundland than to England generally, but that we ought not to mind. The sphere of the Niger Company should be assured to Lake Tchad and eastwards to the former Equatorial Province, with a relinquishment of any designs by France in that direction. It is doubtful whether anything more ought to be given up in Madagascar; but there is not much harm in throwing the helve after the hatchet in Tunis, and the Sahara and Western Soudan may be cheerfully handed over if France wants them. In short, it is of the highest moment to use the passing hour for a distinct understanding between the African Powers generally.

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT adds to his other gifts and graces that of being one of the most remarkable letter-writers of his time. Like CICERO a lawyer, like CICERO a statesman, like CICERO an orator, like CICERO more than tinctured with literature, he is, like CICERO, a great letter-writer. We will not say that, like CICERO, as MOMMSEN describes him, he is a journalist in the worst sense of the term. There is nothing of the *au jour le jour* in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's politics. He is profound, far-seeing, sagacious, remaining to the end what he was in the beginning, pushing consistency into doggedness, a certain chastity of honour into a prudery almost squeamish, and firmness into inflexibility. He exaggerates virtues until they almost become vices. When the time comes for his "Remains" to be collected, and his *Epistolæ ad Familiares* and *Ad Diversos*, which, no doubt, form the delight of a large circle of private friends, are added to the letters to the newspapers with which, from time to time, he instructs his countrymen, and a listening world, on the great questions of the age, he will probably be even more admired and loved than he is now. The modest virtues which seek the shade of the New Forest, and peep timidly from that retreat, will have their due recognition. In another respect our great Englishman does not resemble the great Roman with whom we have compared him. In one of his letters CICERO speaks of a certain clownish bashfulness—*pudor quidam pœne subrusticus*—which has deterred him from saying in person what, nevertheless, he has the courage to write. *Epistola enim non erubescit.* Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT never displays the uncouth shamefacedness to which, on one occasion at least, CICERO yielded. His modesty never degenerates into a sheepish humility. His graceful urbanity is as far removed from rusticity, or subrusticity, on the one hand, as it is from arrogant self-assertion or insolent detractation on the other. The message at which CICERO's epistle did not blush was a request to one of his friends to make a friendly mention of him and his exploits in the history on which the aforesaid friend was then engaged. Whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT ever writes unblushing epistles to the brief chroniclers of the time, requesting them to put his achievements and abilities in their proper light, must remain unknown and even unguessed, until the secrets of all newspaper offices are disclosed. It would be superfluous to take this trouble. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT adopts the sensible doctrine that, if you want anything done, you had best do it yourself. He teaches the public what to think of him by letting them know what he thinks of himself. Every man his own eulogist. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is his own trumpeter.

Letters do not blush, or did not in CICERO's time. Yet we fancy that the letter from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, which appeared in the *Times* of Monday, whatever the colour of the fluid with which it was originally written, must have blushed into red ink before it reached the compositors of Printing House Square. We can even believe that its illustrious author changed colour on reading it at breakfast-time. In truth, it shows how a man, in striving to avoid the faults to which he is consciously prone, may fall into the opposite vices. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who cites, with reference to the misconduct of Ministers and the sufferings of the House of Commons, the line *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*, with an air of having hit upon a perfectly new quotation, or one never so applied before, can easily discover, by the aid of the index to his Delphin HORACE, the observation which we have been content to make in English prose. In his effort to conquer a natural disposition to an undue courtesy, and an excessive amiability of judgment on the character and motives of others, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT becomes boisterous and rude. The Government proposals with respect to the re-arrangement of the Session deserve rather to be laughed at than discussed. They indicate depths of folly beyond those which have hitherto been fathomed. They are mere midsummer madness. Ministers treat the House of Commons as an unskilful jockey treats a spirited horse. While there are some political navigators (whom Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT does not mention by name) "who can steer through a heavy "sea and keep their vessel dry," there are "other lubberly "helmsmen"—far be it from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to say that the name of one of them is SMITH and of another GOSCHEN—"who will always have the green water swashing "about them."

This is, no doubt, very smart, and is likely to contribute to a friendly arrangement between the leaders of the Opposition and the Government. If you want to make an understanding easy, open the negotiations by telling the other side that they are fools; men to be laughed at, not to be reasoned with; madmen, lubbers. This will naturally predispose them very much in your favour. But, in case it should not have at once the reconciling effect which you naturally expect it to produce, emerge from the generalities of collective disparagement, and mock at your adversaries by name. Mr. SMITH's health has given way under the stress of Parliamentary labours, from which, on the ground of advancing years and declining strength, he has been for some time anxious to retire, and which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has wantonly and deliberately done his best to make as oppressive as he can. That is a good subject for exulting merriment. Speak, therefore, of the "intemperate impatience of his" (Mr. SMITH's) "youth "and the superabundant vigour of his constitution." The allusion is rather less delicate and graceful than CANNING's gibe at "the revered and ruptured OGDEN"—for OGDEN was a scoundrelly malingerer. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in

order to give himself an opportunity of sneering at Mr. GOSCHEN, whose financial ability he cannot forgive, and at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by whose preference of national interests to personal advance he is rebuked, gratuitously attributes to them a certain proposal which he dislikes. It is due, he says, to their belief that you can cram anything down the throat of the House of Commons if you use force enough. But this is a mistake which men of fine apprehension and gentle nature would not fall into. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has always avoided it. The House of Commons, he says, should be treated like "a sensitive woman or a heavy fish"—we trust the sensitive woman appreciates the association. "You should handle them tenderly, and not put too much "strain upon them." "I fear," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT goes on, "Mr. GOSCHEN would make a maladroit lover, and "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN an unskilful angler; the one would lose "his lady, the other would break his fish, or rather his fish "would break him."

This text dispenses with comment. Only Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself could remark with proper spirit and in suitable language on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. When Squire WESTERN was dancing about the room under the cuffs and cuts of the antagonist whom he had called a liar, he could only exclaim, "How have I offended 'un? What "provocation have I given 'un?" Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has probably a Squire WESTERN-like unconsciousness of having said anything ill-mannered. His aim, we fancy, was less to point out that Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have not the qualities necessary to fascinate a woman, to land a fish, or to lead the House of Commons, than to suggest indirectly where this indescribable charm resides which wins its way to all hearts. Mr. STRYVER, K.C., conceived himself to be "a fellow of delicacy," with a faculty of making himself agreeable in women's society, and severely rallied the unfortunate SYDNEY CARTON for his want of sensitiveness, tact, and understanding of women. The subsequent history of Mr. STRYVER is not told in the *Tale of Two Cities*; but we rather fancy that he became the Right Hon. Sir WILLIAM STRYVER, and was, in succession, Solicitor-General, Home Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and aspired to the leadership of the House of Commons.

LORD ROSEBERY AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

LORD ROSEBERY'S resolve to become a member of the London County Council, and his acceptance of the Chairmanship of that body, proved fortunate and profitable for all concerned. For a man with so many interests and employments it was no light undertaking, and there was nothing to dignify its labours; but yet the reward promised to be great. The solid Conservatism of the capital of the Empire had long been regarded as a reproach and a nuisance by the Liberal party; and they saw in the London County Council, its machinery and constitution, a hopeful means of breaking up the Conservative monopoly of representation in Parliament. There was never any doubt from the moment the Local Government Bill passed that the London Council would be a distinctly "demo-"cratic" body; and it was an obvious advantage to the Gladstonians that a man of such high distinction as Lord ROSEBERY should figure in the Radical majority of the Council, and become its Chairman. No doubt that was the prime consideration with him in taking up the weary weight of unromantic duty which he has just laid down.

But, though Lord ROSEBERY's appearance at the head of the London County Council did his party great good where it was weaker than anywhere else, no part of that advantage has been unfairly earned. His reign in Spring Gardens—where his influence was much greater and far more widely operative than his post of Speakership in the Council would seem to confer—is more remarkable for its unflinching laboriousness than for anything else. Lord ROSEBERY is a Home Ruler and a Gladstonian; but he is not composed of the stuff of which most Gladstonians are made. Humourist as he is, and habitually light of discourse, there is more of masculine common-sense in him than in any one of his colleagues in the Gladstonian lieutenancy, with no share of the cattishness that afflicts most of the distinguished persons with whom he is associated politically. Looking beyond party—we must do him this credit—to the rightful business of politics, he can be fair-minded and moderate, restrain and be restrained, when some others of the Gladstonian brotherhood lose all connexion with sobriety; and so it is that the guidance of the Radical London County Council by a clever and influential Radical Chairman has been consistently straight and impartial. And it cannot be doubted that his guidance has done the Council a deal of good. We know how far it has wandered into all kinds of unmannerly improprieties; but we do not know—we can only guess—how much further it would have gone under the eye of a Radical statesman more vivacious and unconfined. And though the duties of his Chairmanship must have been tiresome and laborious to the last degree, no doubt Lord ROSEBERY himself has profited by them considerably. If his business habits wanted strengthening (as we have never heard that they did), it is not for lack of exercise if they have not been strengthened. If a high and roving intellect needed the discipline of harness to commonplace affairs, he has certainly enjoyed that advantage too. Much and close knowledge he has gained of the way in which municipal business is and ought to be carried on; and, no matter how highly placed in politics a man may be, he can be no worse off for that equipment. Lastly, he has had abundant opportunities—opportunities totally denied to nearly every man of his rank in statesmanship—of learning precisely what the middle-class mind is in operation, when applied to public affairs; and also of marking the differences between the Conservative and Radical temperament in the mass when brought to the same practical test. From all this he must have derived some most useful contributions to knowledge and experience; and if the London County Council has benefited by Lord ROSEBERY's cautious and well-tempered management, Lord ROSEBERY carries off a vast deal of profit from his servitude with the London County Council.

And now the grand question in parochial circles is, who shall succeed Lord ROSEBERY? The question loses none of its importance from the fact that the general elections for Parliament are at no great distance now; and, as we have said, it has always been the hope of the Radicals that, as the time of strife drew near, the London County Council would be extremely useful with its programmes of democratic reform and its electoral machinery. But though the Gladstonian majority of the Council has shown a strong disposition to seek a man beyond its lobbies, we have not yet heard of any intention to invite Mr. SCHNADHORST to take the chair. This would seem to be an oversight; but there is another and a more natural explanation of the neglect of one who, but for a single disability, would doubtless have been approached on the subject before now. Being intensely democratic, the majority of the London County Council feels that it must have a nobleman in the chair; and though Mr. SCHNADHORST may be classed as A1 in all the more substantial requirements of the situation, a nobleman he certainly is not. The ideal choice of the Progressist gentlemen who have the disposal of the chair is known: he should be an ardent Gladstonian, an elastic party man, a peer of the realm. For a time they had hopes of obtaining their heart's desire in Lord RIPON; who, though his bluest blood descends to him through the female line, is yet a Marquess of high family. For the rest, he has filled several great official posts, and he has the other qualifications in abundance. Here, however, there has been a disappointment; the Marquess will not stand. Whether any other great Gladstonian peer can be brought in remains doubtful while we write; so doubtful—partly from the paucity of great Gladstonian peers, and partly from the nature of the job—that the Democratic majority of the Council begin to fear that they may have to decline upon a Bart. There is still Mr. SCHNADHORST, of course, and his talents have just been glorified afresh and his name new gilt by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. But the praise of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is no patent of nobility, and there is not much that's democratic in going beyond the Council for a Mister while a baronet of considerable distinction holds the vice-chairmanship already.

In all likelihood, then, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK will be chosen on Tuesday next—when the election is to come off—as Lord ROSEBERY's successor. He certainly has many strong claims to the post, should he care to give his time to it. Considering his tastes, qualities, and avocations, it seems rather surprising that he should choose to devote himself to such a business, but that is no affair of ours. And if it should turn out that Sir JOHN is really continuing in Spring Gardens studies akin to those which he has carried on so minutely and successfully in the hive and the ant-hill, and that we are to have the benefit of his labours in another brilliant book of observations when the inquiry is complete,

there will be no reason to complain of talents diverted from their better use. But as Chairman, and Chairman only, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK would be an excellent choice. He is sufficiently Liberal, one would think, to satisfy the majority as tenant of the chair, though not advanced enough to please them with the prospect of unswerving partisanship and conscientious partiality. He is reported to be, and doubtless is, a thorough man of business. He is an eminent citizen of London, and a high-minded man; and though as democrats the majority of the Council may prefer a Marquess of RIPON, as philosophers and men of letters they must perceive in him a distinction which the noble Marquess has yet to attain. The only doubt is as to whether Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is "strong" enough to keep the Council well in hand. The same words of wisdom, of moderation, of mild rebuke, which, falling from the lips of an Earl of Cabinet rank, never failed of the desired effect, might possibly have less success when dropped by a scientific baronet and banker. That, of course, is no fault of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's, but it may turn to his misfortune. To be sure, the Council seems to be settling down a bit, and, after the disciplinary checks it has lately received, may be less disorderly and extravagant; that is to say, more manageable by a man of honour and a man of sense who yet is none of the nobility.

A SCOUNDREL AND SLUGGARD PARADISE.

IF the complaint of the employers as given in the *Times* is exaggerated only so far as to represent the state of things as twice as bad as it really is, the famous strike in the docks has already begun to produce all the effects predicted by the cynics who declined to give way to a rush of benevolent emotion on that famous occasion. The complaint comes, indeed, from persons with whom we profess to have the very smallest possible sympathy—to wit, from the shipowners. These gentlemen were among the loudest in the chorus of selfish bullies who helped to run down the Dock Companies. They thought they saw a chance for themselves, and could make a good thing of looking after the discharging of their own ships. So they turned on the Companies, and they got their way. They have succeeded in establishing direct relations with the men. After a little experience, they have to come forward with a pitiful wail to the effect that the honest fellows who were to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages are represented by exceedingly grasping and tyrannical Unions, which have turned the docks into a paradise of shirkers and loafers. The upshot of it all is that it now takes twice as much money and thrice as much time to get a ship discharged in London as in Liverpool or Glasgow. In the meantime the poor casual is clearly worse off than he was before.

The fact is that the victory of the strike has been the victory of the Unions. No man can work in the docks who does not belong to one, and the Union alone has the right to admit new members. At the same time the foremen of gangs are now appointed by the men themselves, who are thus relieved from the tyranny of the employer. From these two conditions certain self-evident and repeatedly predicted consequences have flowed. In the first place, the Union, finding itself in possession of a monopoly, has behaved like any other monopolist. It has limited the supply to keep up the price, and, being secure from competition, it shows the most utter disregard of the interests of its customers. The casual who got occasional work before gets none now. Some classes of workers in the docks have closed the lists altogether. The result is that the shipowners find that they have established direct relations with a limited number of so-called workers who expect to be highly paid for doing just as little as they please, and succeed too. It has happened to a shipowner in want of men to discharge a ship to get every man on the stand, and yet be short of hands; but he dare not go outside for more. That would be an infringement of the monopoly of the Union, and would result in a general stoppage of work, followed by the beating, kicking, and chucking into the docks of the wretches from the outside who took his pay. Then, as the foreman is elected by the men, he naturally serves his masters. He "puts on the workers, and aims at taking "them all in turn, irrespective of their qualifications. The "standard of the work is therefore lowered to that of the "most ignorant, lazy, unskilled man on the stand." That is precisely what everybody except the gushers, and the clerical or lay gentlemen anxious for a profitable pose, said would happen. Of course the work is badly done, and slowly done too. First this gang and then that want more money, and get it, till some men can earn over fifteen shillings a day, so that one or two days keep them in liquor for the rest of the week. Some men will do no overtime, so that a ship is occasionally kept twenty-four hours for the sake of a few bushels of corn. Others dawdle all day in order to compel the shipowner to pay overtime. Between one thing and another, the work of discharging drags on till, on an average, it takes twelve days to get a ship cleared in London, where four would do in Liverpool or Glasgow. Nor is that all; for the work is not less uncertain than slow. The shipper can never tell when he will get his vessel clear, nor the merchant rely on receiving his goods to time. No wonder that both begin to find this sort of thing unsatisfactory, and that the receiver in London is coming to believe that it would be better to pay railway freight from Liverpool or Glasgow than to be disappointed of his goods altogether in London. The American provision trade, we are told, is going to desert the London river altogether. Such is the melancholy account given by the shipowners after some experience of direct relations with the men. There is nothing in it which surprises us at all—nothing which we were not quite prepared to hear has been the result of the victory of violence and greed. Dishonesty, idleness, and extortion are the natural outcome of that kind of success. There will either have to be a reaction, or there will be a cessation of work on the river, and then the East End population, which has been turned into a loafing, lying rabble by the combined influence of nature and art, will be brought to its bearings by starvation.

MR. PARNELL'S "MODERATION."

SOME surprise, which we quite believe to have been genuine, has been expressed by certain artless Gladstonians at the tone of Mr. BALFOUR's reply to the speech with which Mr. PARNELL the other night closed the discussion on the "Castle" vote, and at the same time exposed to painful ridicule the unhappy Irish gentlemen who had been hitherto conducting it. The CHIEF SECRETARY, observed these innocent critics, actually met Mr. PARNELL in the House of Commons in a conciliatory spirit, although in this very month of July he has been demolishing Mr. PARNELL's criticisms on the Land Purchase Bill in the pages of the *North American Review* with that enjoyment of the operation which could only be felt by a diabolical nature. That, we say, was the form which the Gladstonians' astonishment took, and the evident sincerity of the emotion affords matter for wondering reflection of our own on the strange characteristics of this essentially modern type of politician. To him evidently Parliamentary debate is solely an affair of "prophesying," of "taking up the parable," of "lifting up the testimony," and so forth, an occasion so exclusively reserved for righteous denunciation of the wicked, and wicked recrimination upon the righteous, that the notion of treating it as a possible opportunity for a "transaction" between a child of darkness and a child of light appears something incomprehensible. Was it possible, he asked himself, that, if Mr. PARNELL offered to assist the passage of the Land Purchase Bill, instead of obstructing it, Mr. BALFOUR—who had just expressed in print the opinion that "the Parnellites view with undis-"guised hostility a measure which, in exact proportion as "it is successful, must deprive them of their chief instru-"ment for carrying out their avowed intention of making "the government of Ireland impossible"—should actually make answer to the substantial effect that, if Mr. PARNELL *will* assist the passage of the Land Purchase Bill, instead of obstructing it, the Government will be happy to consider any suggestion he may make with that laudable purpose? The question whether Mr. BALFOUR could possibly make any other answer than this, consistently with his reputation as a statesman and a man of business, never seems to have presented itself to our Gladstonian critic at all.

Of course the really astonishing part of the affair—or rather what would be its astonishing part if the same sort of surprise had been a little less often prepared for us—is not the reply of the CHIEF SECRETARY to Mr. PARNELL's advances, but those advances themselves. If the course taken by the member for Cork throughout the progress of

the Land Purchase Bill in Parliament is passed in review, it will be found to present a much more interesting and curious subject for speculation than any step which has been taken by the author or any of the supporters of the measure. On its second reading it will be remembered that, to the surprise of every one and to the blank consternation of his party, Mr. PARNELL propounded a rival scheme of his own—a plan for what is called "fining down rents." It met, however, as Mr. BALFOUR has observed, with but little favour from any section of the House of Commons; it is "not alluded to even in the most distant manner" in the article to which Mr. BALFOUR is here replying, and it will not, he presumes, "be heard of again." In place of it, Mr. PARNELL relied exclusively on the negative criticism that the Bill would not operate for the benefit of the smaller tenants whose case it is designed to meet, and that the advances from the Treasury will be absorbed by "gentlemen graziers," by men occupying "several large "farms and not residing upon any of them." In Mr. BALFOUR's able reply this objection is completely annihilated by the reminder that the Bill limits the amount which may be advanced to any single occupier to a sum quite insufficient for the purchase of "several large grazing "farms"; but this, nevertheless, is, and this alone is, the objection to which Mr. PARNELL still adheres, and which he insisted upon in his speech of the other night. It is to ascertain the comparative number of small tenants and "large graziers" in Ireland that he makes the singular suggestion that the Irish Executive shall employ the Constabulary to collect returns during the autumn and winter; a process, he declares, which will result in proving that only one-fifth or one-sixth of Connaught, and not more than one-half of Munster, need be brought under the operation of the Bill at all. And, finally, the bunkum about coercion, which figures—as was no doubt necessary in an article intended for Transatlantic consumption—in the pages of the American periodical, finds no place in Mr. PARNELL's latest Parliamentary deliverance; which, on the contrary, contained a great deal more matter of a chilling and contemptuous kind about the Plan of Campaign and its promoters than could have been at all agreeable for those patriots to hear.

We need hardly ask, we should think, after this survey of the situation, whether Mr. PARNELL's attitude or Mr. BALFOUR's stands in the more need of explaining. From one point of view, indeed, the line taken by the former may be regarded, perhaps, as having been purposely rendered inexplicable. Its explanation will be sought in vain; for the excellent reason that there is none, or, at least, none other than Mr. PARNELL's caprice. His trick of maintaining unbroken silence for long periods together, and allowing his followers to commit themselves up to the necks in all sorts of ways, and on all kinds of subjects, until it suits him to "throw them over," can hardly have any tactical *rationale*. It must have been adopted, like more than one of Mr. PARNELL's habits of leadership, with the object of showing, not only his contemptuous independence of the opinions of his party, but his wanton disregard of their simplest political convenience. His unexpected firing off of his "fining down" plan was blow enough to them in all conscience; but this last descent of their leader upon politics is more disconcerting, because it occurs just at a moment when they had what seemed good ground to suppose that they had found out his "line" at last. His recent contribution to American magazine literature seemed to show that he had now definitely taken up the position of an opponent and abandoned that of a candid friend of the Bill. The "fining down" plan had disappeared. The stock arguments of the O'BRIENS and DILLONS against the measure had been furbished up for duty; the stale absurdities about the peasant being prevented by coercion from negotiating freely for the purchase of his land had been aired anew; and, on the whole, we cannot but admit that the Parnellites had some warrant for the belief that there was no longer any fear of their leader "rounding upon" them, as he had previously done, on the same question. There is, perhaps, not much to be gained from any elaborate speculations as to the purpose with which he has thus so suddenly disabused them of their error. It is, of course, not *all* an elaborate joke at their expense, though it is quite impossible to doubt, after the many evidences to that effect which he has furnished us, that Mr. PARNELL does take a certain malicious pleasure in making his followers look foolish. His "moderation," which his faithful henchmen, as soon as they can get their breath again, will soon very likely be heard praising as "statesmanlike," has of course been directed to some practical end. We are all familiar enough with the expedient, evidently much favoured by him, of limiting his assent to a Ministerial measure or a Ministerial policy by some condition to which he knows the Government are unable to accede, so as to be able hereafter to point to the fact that he was absolutely driven by an impracticable Government into reluctant opposition to their proposals. It is, however, essential to the success of this tactical stroke that the condition imposed by him should be really one which Ministers are unable to accept; and this precaution does not very distinctly appear to have been observed in the present instance. There seems no reason why the Government should not fall in with his suggestion to institute an inquiry into the number and distribution of small holdings in the various provinces of Ireland. Our own belief is that ample information on the subject is accessible already; but since Mr. PARNELL is so anxious for the report of investigators in whom he and his party repose such unqualified confidence as they do in the Royal Irish Constabulary, we see not why their humour should be baulked. Mr. PARNELL's further stipulation that Irish local authorities should be called in to sanction the arrangements for land purchase is, to be sure, not quite so easy to satisfy; but, after all, even here he is only standing out for the fulfilment of a very definite Ministerial promise which, if deferred, has never been revoked. However, it is at this point probably that we shall find Mr. PARNELL declaring with sorrow in a few months' time that he is unable to accompany the Ministers further, and that their unaccountable refusal to incorporate a Local Government scheme with their Land Purchase Bill and to pass them both before next March compels him to oppose the latter measure. It is, at any rate, so likely that this is what his "moderation" will end in, that it is hardly worth while to spend much time in pondering its meaning.

SPOOKS ON THEIR TRIAL.

THE last issue of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Psychical Research is an instructive volume, albeit somewhat stout. Some persons might be disposed to complain that there is too much "body" in it. With such captious folk we would not rank. Very different is a more reasonable ground for grievance afforded by Mr. F. PODMORE's "Phantasms of the Dead from Another Point of "View." Mr. PODMORE is nothing less than disenchanting. He ruthlessly assails the popular faith in spooks walking the earth, and will not admit that "appearances" are in their favour. "Post-mortem agency," again, he does neither affirm nor deny. He has a sad way, disappointing in a Psychical Researcher, of talking like a man of science about the hereditary tendency to hallucination and the sandy foundations of the rival hypotheses of leaders of the Society. Let him make amends with a new manifestation of faith. All shall be forgiven if he only reveal the subject enlightened from yet another point of view, the point of view of the phantasms themselves. For the present, after many years of investigation, after daring the perils of haunted lodging-houses, after collecting prodigious stores of "evidential" testimony, the Psychical Researchers have got "no for-"rader." They even cry aloud for "more evidence"—at least Mr. PODMORE does—and invite the public to contribute. Perhaps the superabundance of cases inspires this call for the voluntary support of the public, and the Society is in the position of an over-full and scantly-endowed hospital. But a cure for this congestion can scarcely lie in the demand for this kind of supply. The cases represented in the "G. series" of the Society's records are alone sufficient to suggest ghost stories for hundreds of Christmas annuals. Some of these are, we concede, a trifle crude. Compared with the spirits of old, these modern spooks are dull mechanic shades. They do not receive you kindly, like the lady in "Monk" LEWIS's ballad who accepted "gay gold rings" and gilt cups, and then betook herself with her plate, at the cold hour of cock-crow, to the tomb, there doubtless to "smile, though under-"ground," like that pleasant apparition in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's play. Some of these G. stories, so austerely examined by Mr. PODMORE, are neither good nor well grounded. They stir a fearful joy for a moment, only to leave a faint flavour of Cock Lane, itself the shadow

of a shade. On one point we are entirely with Mr. PODMORE. It *is* difficult, as he says, to recognize the identity of a Protean phantasm. There was one who for his apparitional excesses is penalized as "G. 168" in the record, like an old and notorious offender. Now It appeared as an ancient man, now It was a middle-aged woman "with flapping "frills and a baby." Occasionally, as a "waddlewayed dog" it shaped itself, now as a "white figure," and now it was "a shower of blood." Very much haunted was the house thus favoured. Perhaps the "decedent," in this instance, possessed a "waddlewayed dog," and under some unexplained law they could only appear singly. The metamorphoses, if such they were, may be accounted for on the theory of Mr. ANDREW LANG—"one of our most injurious "critics," says Mr. PODMORE—and were aphasic attempts on the part of the ghosts to render themselves intelligible. For ghosts may suffer, as Mr. LANG suggests, from a want of co-ordination between the sub-conscious cerebral centres. So, unfortunately, do many men suffer in this world, the world of all of us, and yet their conduct is less perplexing. A more persuasive story is that of the woman who saw, just after the funeral of her husband, a gentleman come down the "chimley," and a better-looking man you never saw, and he said, "If you will serve me "you shall never want." She knew him at once and resisted the offer. Mr. PODMORE dismisses this example as a survival of mediæval superstition, though he admits that it "proves" that monkish legends of the kind are "not "necessarily lies." Most people will probably consider the story to be better than the proof.

Spooks of animals figure persistently in Psychical Annals. Sometimes singly or as unhappy families; more rarely, like the poor Indian and his dog, with a human companion. The man in black and the white cat, the lady in deep mourning and another white cat, the wicked tabby that suddenly appeared and made the cook to stumble, the bull that was seen by two "percipients" at once and disappeared like a shadow at the too familiar adjuration, "Get out, you "beast!"—these and other well-attested cases await satisfactory solution. Much discussion has only caused serious differences of opinion. Mr. PODMORE gravely declares against the theory that these phantasms were due to post-mortem agency. In a word, he does not believe they were the ghosts of animals. He looks for causes among the living, not among the dead, finding much solace in contagious hallucination and telepathy between the living. Perhaps it is due to the divergent views of the two secretaries, Mr. F. W. H. MYERS and Mr. PODMORE, that the Society's visits to haunted houses have proved so barren. It could not be expected that the spooks should "manifest" in their strength if Mr. MYERS and Mr. PODMORE were both of the company of Researchers. Much, on the other hand, might be hoped for where perfect community of faith possesses the visitors. Two houses, both reputed to be rich in spookical phenomena, were occupied by members of the S. P. R., and nothing unusual was seen through the long tedious night. The result supports our theory rather than Mr. PODMORE's view of contagious hallucination and its connexion with expectancy. Expectant the visitors were, as they must have been in the dwelling of Mrs. G., and yet they did not see so much as a white cat or a red mouse. The other haunted houses were not more productive of entertainment. Mrs. G.'s house is said to be a typical example of the "good haunted house." The landlady saw, "in the dead waste and middle of the night," the ghastliest apparition of a murdered woman. On another occasion she deposed to hearing some one enter, "breathing "very heavily, like a pig"—not an unusual sound, perhaps, in a London house. Encouraged by these stories, Mr. PODMORE braced himself for the venture, slept in the house, and was undisturbed. Once again do we find Mr. PODMORE extremely disappointing.

THE SYMPHONY IN B AND H.

SO unwelcome a phenomenon as the modern effusion of political oratory every Wednesday night during the Session ought to have its compensations; and it has. The necessity which constrains the leading Parliamentary performers to select this night for appearing before those outdoor audiences to whom nowadays they are bound to present themselves as often as may be, occasionally leads to an exchange of broadsides, the more humorous in its effect because, of course, unconscious, between two great guns of the rival parties. Perhaps no more piquant encounter of this description has ever befallen than that which occurred last Wednesday night, when Mr. BALFOUR's fire at the Grocers' Hall, and that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at the National Liberal Club, made virtually but one report. By one of the luckiest of coincidences, each of the two speakers had taken the other for his principal theme, and whilst the Opposition leader was enlarging solemnly on the Minister's dark conspiracy against the Constitution in the Procedure Committee, and on his own sagacity and firmness in thwarting it, the Minister for his part was happily ridiculing the Opposition leader's well-known tricks of oratory and his boastful trumpetings of party victories yet unwon. Each, therefore, may be said to have been fortunately inspired in his selection of an adversary; but there the resemblance ends. All the luck, it must be admitted, was with Mr. BALFOUR after that; for, whereas there was nothing whatever in his own speech to give any colour of plausibility to his opponent's rodomontade about their conflict in the Committee on Procedure, that opponent could not, if he had tried, have furnished an apter commentary on his critic's criticisms than he did. It is only from the high artistic point of view that Mr. BALFOUR's good fortune may be contested. As a satirist of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT he had to compete with Sir WILLIAM himself. The Harcourtian metaphor and the Harcourtian swagger were set off felicitously enough; and Mr. BALFOUR had, of course, no means of knowing that the inventor of these graces was at that very moment treating the public to so broad a caricature of them as to make the mockeries of the most expert outsider seem tame and pale by comparison.

For never before has Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT so admirably burlesqued his own inimitable style as he succeeded in doing the other night, under the inspiration of welcoming Mr. SCHNADHORST. In wealth of facetious imagery—for it *was* facetious, as anybody can see by the "laughter" within the parentheses—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT simply surpassed himself on this occasion. Mr. SCHNADHORST was a man "extricated from the buried cities of Herculaneum and "Pompeii the day *before* the eruption." He was an "elec-"toral encyclopædia"; he was the "shepherd of our flock" who has had "a good lambing season." The Liberal party was an "Ireland Relief Expedition"; it had passed "through "the weary night and through a dreary wood"; it had "fought with dwarfs at Westminster, and had escaped "their poisoned arrows." Who would say, after this, that Sir WILLIAM hath not a pretty wit? And as with his "epigrams," so with his song of triumph. He has never before soared to such lyrical heights as he reached in the peroration of this noble speech. The Song of DEBORAH itself is hardly more inspiriting. "With our "inferior forces we have overthrown the enemy." It was like those campaigns in which the British troops turned all the marshals of France out of the peninsula of Spain. We have now only "to complete the victory"; yes, that is all. "The pitched battles are over, and we "stand in possession of the field; but the pursuit must be "pressed." We have only to follow up the disordered and dispirited foe. We know that they are retreating in the midst of an adverse population. We "carry upon our "colours the legends of a hundred fights"—*et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.* Heard ever any man the like of this for a song of victory? After reading it, one positively has to turn to an almanac or a Parliamentary Companion, or some other useful work of reference of the same description, to discover whether the present Government are still—or whether anything has happened to—No! There they are. "Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign "Affairs—Lord SALISBURY. First Lord of the Treasury "and Leader of the House of Commons—Mr. W. H. "SMITH." And so on to the end of the list. It is all very strange. DEBORAH's song ringing in our ears, and SISERA all the time scouring the battlefield in his chariot as merrily as ever.

NAVAL NOTES.

WE hear, not without doubts, but with satisfaction, that the manœuvres of the fleet, which are to begin next week, are to be less theatrical than preceding operations have been. Any doubt which may be felt in this case will not come from the difficulty of effecting the reform. Nothing, in fact,

should be easier to do. What makes it uncertain is the sketch given of the projected manœuvres. They are, it would seem, to be something like this. One fleet, to be called the enemy, is to start from Berehaven, and cruise at the mouth of and along the Channel. Another fleet, not much stronger, to be called the British, is to drive it off, or to try to at least. The enemy is to be considered beaten whenever he is found—as far as we can make out. He is to be considered successful if he eludes discovery. There is to be no more nonsense about capturing P. and O. or Orient steamers. The fact that the enemy remains unfound is to be considered a proof that he is master of the trade route. This scheme is certainly an advance in sanity on anything we have seen as yet, but whether it is yet sense is another question. The enemy's squadron is to have twenty-four hours' start, and the operations are to last about ten days. Now, as the sea preserves no traces of the ships which pass over it, nothing will be easier for the enemy than to avoid discovery for about ten days. He has only to keep well out off Ushant, as he can, for he has a right to go to the Azores, and he has nineteen chances out of twenty of escaping detection for ten days or more. What, however, will that prove? Of course the enemy will come on, and then, as soon as he gets into the narrow seas, he will be sighted to a certainty. But who doubted it? Moreover, while both fleets are on the same cruising ground, who is to decide whether the protection given by the one does, or does not, counterbalance the damage done by the other. We dare say it will be all very good practice, but we shall wait to see whether it proves anything.

In the meantime there is one fact which may be considered as proved, and one which is of great importance to the fleet. It is that the engineers, who are now a most important body of officers, are very ill paid and grudgingly recognized. The complaint is not a new one; but it has been lately restated in the *St. James's Gazette* with temper and force. There is probably nobody, from the First Lord downwards, who does not recognize the justice of the complaints made by the engineers. Nobody can possibly deny that in these times, when warships count their machines by the hundred, it is a matter of absolute necessity that the officers who look after them should be competent men, and that in twenty conceivable cases the safety and fighting power of the ship might depend on them. It would seem to be a matter of course that they should be as well treated as their brother officers—which, we may add, does not mean be treated with a lavish generosity. As a matter of fact, the engineers have never shaken off the unpleasant conditions imposed on them when they were first introduced into the service. Most of them were then merely skilled mechanics, and were not unnaturally looked upon as the equals of the warrant officers, or as less; for they were new-comers, whereas the boatswain and the gunner were old types in the navy. But all that has been radically changed. The engineers are now as much a corps as the officers of the fighting line themselves; and it is certain that their importance will increase, and not diminish. They enter the service young, are specially and severely trained, and are fully recognized as commissioned officers. Yet they are still compelled to ask that they may be as well paid and as fairly treated as the doctors and paymasters. In either of those lines a gentleman may reach, at the same age, higher rank and fifty per cent. more pay than the engineer. It is absurd, and everybody knows it is absurd. It is likely to have bad consequences, and nobody denies it. Yet it cannot be remedied, because it is a tradition with us to do anything rather than honestly to increase pay. This sort of thing is on a level with the miserable manœuvre by which poor Tommy Atkins is mulcted for clothes and food, although he has been promised a free kit and rations.

LONDON GATES AND BARS.

"THE noble Lord said that he desired to enter his "protest against this attempt on the part of the "London County Council to divert attention from their "expensive management of the metropolis, and to obtain "popular favour by introducing measures for effecting "metropolitan improvements at other people's expense." This speech of Lord Fortescue's, as reported, is a short one, but we are not aware that anything requires to be added to it. It is a compendious but adequate description of a municipal policy of which the London Streets (Removal of Gates) Bill, read a second time the other night in the House of Lords on the motion of Lord Rosebery, is a typical illustration. As to the particular "metropolitan improvement" which the measure is designed to effect we are not now concerned to discuss it on its merits; though we will, in passing, avow our opinion that the "vast inconvenience" supposed to be inflicted on the entire population of London by the existence of the barriers in question is a vastly exaggerated inconvenience, and that the physical annoyance resulting, or which has ever resulted, from them to any one is, in fact, infinitesimal as compared with that mental discomfort to which so many noble minds are subject in presence of something—anything, property, privilege, amenity, or what not—in which the possessors of the noble minds aforesaid do not happen to share. Lord Salisbury's testimony to the inconvenience is far from conclusive. There are probably few of us who have not, at some time or other, experienced those emotions which he described in declaring that he never "passed these sacred gates in going to the Great "Northern Station without internally uttering imprecations "on those who maintained them." But because an occasional hansom cabman—to say nothing of that inferior expert in topography, a private coachman—fails to "make" the Great Northern, the Midland, or the Euston Station by the shortest unobstructed route from the particular quarter from which he is approaching it, and blunders into a barred street, it would certainly be rash to infer that drivers, public or private, who know their London fairly well need be or are seriously incommoded by the "gates and bars" which Lord Rosebery burns to remove.

However, we do not propose to argue that question now. There can be no objection, in point of principle, to the London County Council devoting themselves to the acceleration of vehicular transit to important railway stations, even by fractions of a minute, if they, or rather their constituents, are prepared to purchase these microscopic "metropolitan "improvements," and to abstain from endeavouring to effect them, as Lord Fortescue complains, at other people's expense. The late distinguished Chairman of the County Council displayed too obvious a hankering after this latter method of procedure. It is not necessary, however, to ascribe to him any natural taste for brigandage. It is more probable that he shares Lord Bramwell's shrewd suspicion that, if compensation has to be paid at all for the removal of these gates and bars, and is assessed on the usual taxes by the Select Committee to which the Bill has been referred, "their lordships are not likely to be troubled with that "Bill any more." Hence his endeavours to justify a refusal of compensation by precedents which he is much too acute not to be able to "distinguish" with the greatest ease from the case in hand. How idle, for instance, to quote the invasion of "the west side of "Grosvenor Square and South Audley Street by a per-"petual and increasing stream of omnibuses and heavy "traffic," and to ask why the inhabitants of those districts had not come forward with a demand for compensation. The claim of the leaseholders and other tenants of the Bedford estate depends for its validity, as Lord Salisbury pointed out, on the question whether they had been led to pay more money for their leases or occupancies owing to an accommodation that had come into existence in a legal manner, *and which they had reasonable ground for believing would be perpetual.* We are almost ashamed to italicize these last words in submitting the sentence to a person of Lord Rosebery's acumen; but it seems necessary to direct his attention specifically to the point of distinction between the case with which he is dealing and every one of the supposed "precedents" to which he appeals.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

x.

Wimbledon.

GOLF at Wimbledon has been cynically described as "a very good substitute for the game to be so near London." By players in the North it is believed that the mashey is here your only club, and that the amateur passes most of his time in hunting balls, now among whins, now in the bracken beneath the forest boughs. There is exaggeration in these ideas, and Wimbledon is really a paradise to the urban player, and not worse than a purgatory to him who is acquainted with better things. The game began to be played unofficially, about twenty-five years ago, before the Common came into the hands of Conservators.

They reduced the "lawful days" to three a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—apparently in the supposed interests of the general public. Trying to look at it impartially, we do not think that the public suffers much from golf; and we are pretty sure that the golfers are long suffering. They know that it is useless to bellow "'Fore," a word of unknown meaning to the saunterers. Therefore, when a string of ladies or a nurse with children wander, devious and slow, up the length of a hole, there is no remedy but patience. We believe that this virtue is practised on Wimbledon, and assuredly it ought to be practised. Some persons, indeed, complain of the arrogance of golfers, and occasionally a family will squat on a convenient green, when much persuasive politeness is needed before they will budge. The Common is large; there is plenty of room wherein tea may be taken and nature admired without sitting down on the putting-greens. On the whole, golf and the world of Wimbledon Common have reached a fairly satisfactory *modus vivendi.*

The course has this peculiarity, that it has two beginnings and two endings. The members of the club who dwell in a house of iron start from the east end. They who inhabit a house of brick, and are more luxurious in mince collops than their iron brethren, start from the west end. From this end, then, we shall begin to describe the course, with apologies to the east-enders, who are, we believe, the elder club of the twain, though the less comfortable in their abode.

Leaving the cottage club-house, you cross a rough bit of tussocky grass to the first hole. Your caddy, by the way, may not necessarily be an expert; he may be a casual person, not engaged on more permanent work. In that case you have to find the ball for him, and to instruct him in the difference between a lofting iron and a niblick. But many of the caddies are very quick at learning, and a few have developed a good deal of skill and interest in the game. The first hole is begirt at the opening by scrubby whins. Topping the ball, and getting into these, you will become acquainted with misfortune. A fair drive should be nearly up on the green, but will probably fall in long hairy grass, whence it is not easy to deposit it near the hole. A hit but a little too smart goes too far, a milder shot sticks in the tussocks. This is the prevalent difficulty of approaching the hole at Wimbledon, where the putting-greens are wonderfully pretty, allowing for the clay and flints of the soil. The second hole is a turning back somewhat in the direction of the first, with a tendency to the right. There are here many possibilities of sorrow. There is a piece of rough ground and stony, there is a road. There are plenty of whins and hillocks, and the hole itself lies away out of sight behind a whin-covered eminence. Five is certainly not very bad for this hole. The third is teasing; the course, called the racecourse, is straight and narrow, a mere ribbon of turf between banks of whins. Many drive off with the cleek, as giving a better chance to be straight. But, even if the first shot lie clear, which it usually does not, in an open place about midway, the second is just as dangerous. The roots of whins have a wonderful way of catching a ball, and, once caught, it is rather a chance how you extricate yourself. Bad luck, or bad play, may mean a double figure at this, the third, or racecourse hole, and there is an inconvenient paling, behind which a ball often conceals itself, while whins, in the rear of the putting-green, catch an over-eager approach. The fourth hole is short, and straight; it is possible for a drawn ball to get among more whins, and the "lies" are very bad throughout, while there is some inconvenient heather near the putting-green. Still, this is an easy hole. The fifth is on the other side of a narrow ravine, with steep sides, clad with rushes. There is a little trickle of water filtering through between perpendicular little banks. It is an ill hole for him who tops his ball, as many use, or who drives into a birch-tree; but a moderately fair stroke is within a very short distance of the hole. Whins lie behind it, as usual, and the long grass is particularly tenacious here. The sixth hole lies under the railings round the Windmill garden. It has no hazards, but two roads and some most detestable long grass. An over-driven approach will go into the garden or lie under the railings. To reach the seventh hole you walk a little way to the edge of a deep ravine, with a pond in it and a wooded glade on the left. Miserable men stand with naked legs in the pond all day, hunting for balls—perhaps the most shiftless and wretched mode, not dishonest, of making a few pence yet invented by idleness or descended to by despair. This is the worst point of the Wimbledon course, and sets the mind pondering on social problems.

The difficulties of the hole are increased by this distraction. It is disagreeable to have to drive over a muddy pond, with men wading in it, backed by rough slopes and flanked by woods. The right shot is over the edge of the wood, which opens up the hole situated outside the Iron House. But many do not make the right shot rightly, and have to ransom their ball from the pond-wights, or to practise bush-whacking among the branches and bracken, or are obliged to clamber in the muddy sides of the pond.

At the Iron House the course turns back on itself. The first hole is on the edge of the ravine, and the old perils of wood and water encounter you again; while a road, apparently leading nowhere, and only cut for the purpose of spoiling the game and the Common, is an additional hazard. The hole is among some hummocks, where is much long grass. The next hole, across a high embankment and the road, with a wood on the right, is a short one, but has a particularly difficult and ridgy putting-green. Then comes an easy hole, up a slope; you can scarcely come to grief unless you hit into the Windmill garden. The hole is on the further side of the slope, and is sentinelled by whins. The next hole has no hazards for a straight drive; a wild one may go into the road on one side, or down into a rushy and moist ravine on the other. Next comes a long hole, with a tee-shot over the ravine, and a deal of rough ground, ending in a pretty whin-vexed putting-green under one of the old butts. Then you play back over a "racecourse" through the whins, parallel to the other racecourse, and, like it, haunted by wandering and repining players who cannot find their balls. The next hole has for hazards a road, whins, some amateur ponds (in wet weather), and a small artificial bunker, the only bunker on the links. To fall into this is a kind of melancholy pleasure, recalling better things elsewhere. The next hole is over very rough grass, and a "pot" or depression, full of nettles; while a road, the palings of villa gardens, and whins of irreconcilable character interfere between the player and his haven. Then comes the short hole, a cleek shot over rolling ground covered with whins, while the last hole is also short, and, except for still more whins, may be called easy.

The worst of the course, as may be gathered from this account, is the tough and fibrous nature of the vegetable hazards. The second drawback is the innumerable bad "lies," flinty, muddy, or cupped in holes among tussocky grass. Through the green even the brassy is often too delicate a tool, and iron weapons are in demand. A good player of iron approaches has here many chances to distinguish himself. A bad player is nowhere in a less agreeable country than at Wimbledon. The whins are as spiteful as anything inanimate can be, they seem to stretch out their roots and branches for your ruin. A score of from 82 to 87 may be reckoned very good. With all its peculiar difficulties, Wimbledon is a blessing to London golfers, and the familiar landscape, the view from the height over the wide aërial plain of Surrey, is beautiful on a fine day. In a spirit of paradox, some prefer Blackheath and golf among lamp-posts and perambulators. Wimbledon is much more rural, and here golf is to the general public much less dangerous. A golfer is glad to get away from Wimbledon to Sandwich or St. Andrews; but he is also glad to find his foot on it again after a week on the flagstones. On Saturday afternoon, naturally, the course is very crowded, and the wise will prefer to play, if possible, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The club is as pleasant and comfortable as any on more orthodox links, and is much more homely and picturesque than most, being an old red-brick cottage, with additions, such as a dining-room. There is a pretty little garden and a tiny lawn, and a lawn-tennis court in a field behind the house. In short, by making-believe a little, the golfing child of nature may do very well at Wimbledon.

AS YOU LIKE IT AT THE LYCEUM.

THIS is THAT Rosalind and all else fits, and other comment were superfluous. Thus does even a jaded critic, retaking a disused pen, feel inclined to write of the almost ideal performance of, perhaps, the most ideal comedy of pastoral life writ by him whom some call Shakspeare. Yet "must there no more be said"? There is more to say in a day when mere assertion rules it but too much. *As You Like It* begins and ends with Rosalind, however admirably, as in the present case, the whole play is given. The staging, to take an instance, of *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* at the Français in its best days never did more than equal this production by Mr. Daly. That is a thing in these days very important; but let us leave that for the moment, and come to the acting, which is, after all, the heart of the matter; and let us again repeat that, be the acting never so good all through, as scarcely with any exception it is in this case, the play must stand and fall by Rosalind. The present generation and the growing generation have seen more than one Rosalind in London, and of them all only one, and she—alas!—has been taken from us, that could be named in the same breath with Miss Rehan.

At the risk of tautology let us say that the first requisite for perhaps the most charming part in Shakspeare's comedies is that most indefinable thing, charm. This Miss Rehan has proved herself to possess over and over again in parts of lighter calibre, and with a very distinct touch of genius in the part of Katherine in the *Taming of the Shrew*, a part capable in the hands of a very capable actress of being well played, and yet wanting charm. Those of us who hoped most from Miss Rehan's Rosalind may have been surprised at the extent with which their most hope has been realized. Dignity, girlhood growing into womanhood; the inception and completion of a love perfect in innocence; resentment of injustice; playfulness and tenderness in the boy's disguise; a shy boldness beforehand with Orlando; after the wrestling scene a complete but difficult courage, failing only in the scene of "counterfeiting," and then still attempted; return to the absolute womanliness which has never been lost—all these things make up the sum of Rosalind, a character as trying as it is entrancing. All these things Miss Rehan understands and expresses, and on them we hope to dwell in detail again. For the moment let us say this much, and repeat that Mr. Daly's presentment of the play is almost a revelation. Even Miss Rehan's Rosalind might fail in its effect were there any failure in

Orlando. It has been said that Mr. Drew's Orlando is too "modern." This is a criticism which, if not very gay, is certainly very foolish indeed. There is no lack of poetry in Mr. Drew's Orlando; he speaks and acts the part most excellently, and is no more lacking in the tender scenes than he is in the athletic beginning with the Wrestler. Mr. Lewis's Touchstone was looked for by playgoers with expectation and hope which is more than satisfied by the actor's perception and execution of the part. Mr. Lewis sees that the Banished Duke's description of Touchstone is accurate; and, moreover, which the Duke did not think it worth while to add, that Touchstone had lived in the atmosphere of the Court. For the present let us mention in addition Miss Isabel Irving's prettily clumsy skill as Audrey, a character which to our thinking Mr. Daly has accurately gauged; Miss Prince's attractive Celia, and Mr. W. Sampson's unobtrusive Jaques, which had a true and real mark.

ETON *v.* HARROW.

A FOREGONE conclusion is sometimes productive of interest—when it does not come off. This was the case with the "Boys' match" on Saturday last, for play unluckily was confined to one day. Of the previous one what pen can describe the anguish? A wet and sloppy day is bad enough anywhere, and surely there is no place where it is so bad as at Lord's, especially if one has travelled miles, and given up other attractions in order to get there. Heavy rain had fallen during the night, but the morning was fine enough to draw several thousands of spectators to the ground. It was evident at a glance that the wicket was too soft to play on at once, and succeeding showers postponed the longed-for hour. Every *habitué* of Lord's knows the formula; first, "Play will begin at 12"; then, "no play till after lunch"; finally, "play abandoned for the day." This last decision was not arrived at till past three, and the delay was caused by the advance of modern science. Formerly the umpires and the captains would have decided for themselves, but now a happy thought suggested a telegram to the Meteorological Society. The Delphic answer was returned:—"Weather most likely finer later, but showers probable"; the showers came, but the finer weather was reserved till too late.

On Saturday at 10.30, under a sky which looked far from settled, the Harrow eleven placed themselves in the field, and Brewis and Studd, the youngest member of the famous brotherhood, went to the wickets. The ground was dead, of course, but did not seem to be difficult, or to give any especial help to the bowler. The ball, however, when hit would not travel, and anything lofty fell as if alighting on a pudding. For a long time this did not matter to the batsmen, for they played with such consummate caution that for the first hour and a quarter only 25 runs were scored, though lobs, which few boys can resist, were put on after the first twenty minutes. From this time Brewis began to hit, and, after necessitating several changes of bowling, he brought the score to 50. After nearly two hours' play Brewis became restless, when lobs were tried for the second time, and he was at length caught from a hard hit to long on. Shortly before this he had been twice missed—once at long on, and once very badly in the slips—but he had, nevertheless, showed that he had great powers of hitting as well as of defence; and the long stand was invaluable to his side. Two more wickets fell with the score still at 59, the third being Studd, who had been at the wickets two hours for 12 runs. When increased strength enables him to hit with greater freedom, his coolness and judgment will make him a most useful man; although he was bowled by a lob, he played lobs with greater ease than Brewis showed in dealing with them. After this no double figure was reached till the ninth man—Dickinson—came, who played well for 22, when he returned a lob to the bowler, Peebles. The innings closed for 108.

During the ten minutes that remained for play before the luncheon-hour the spectators were rewarded with a most lively exhibition. The Eton bowlers were Forbes and A. R. Hoare, the former with a very high and fast delivery, the latter slow. Either from nervousness, or because he failed to keep his feet, Forbes could not pitch his balls anywhere near the wicket, and McLaren, the Harrow captain, drove him and cut him with the greatest ease. During those ten minutes 18 runs were scored; and in the interval there was only one opinion about the course the match would take. Harrow would rapidly knock up 200, declare their innings at an end, and put Eton in, trusting to their good bowling and fielding to finish the match. Nothing of the sort, however, occurred. After lunch Forbes became straighter, and his great pace and balls well pitched up seemed to baffle all the batsmen; for he took the first four wickets in tolerably quick succession, though McLaren all the time played him with freedom and severity. With six wickets down for 82 it looked as if the Eton total would not be much surpassed; but, on Butler's joining McLaren, the bowling was collared, and runs came at a great pace, till at 120 Cooper bowled McLaren with a yorker. The Harrow captain had been in for nearly two hours, and his 76 runs were made not only without a chance, but almost without a mistake. He played with great confidence, yet skilful defence; his cutting and driving were equally clean and vigorous; and his judgment of a run was unerring. This is the fourth time he has played in this match, and his improvement, as his strength has developed, has been most marked, so that great things may be expected of him in the future. After his departure the last wickets did not, as Harrow has often done, put on many runs, and the innings closed for 133, or 25 runs to the good. With only one hour and fifty minutes left for play, it did not look likely that Eton could be beaten, unless the most abject breakdown occurred. As a matter of fact, in spite of the long day's cricket, Brewis and Studd went vigorously to work, and the runs were almost rubbed off when McLaren bowled Studd for 4. A. R. Hoare succeeded him, and made amends for his first failure by a dashing and well-played innings of 32; he fell to the Harrow captain at 63. Pilkington joined Brewis, and runs came faster than ever till Pope bowled the latter at 97. Brewis, for the second time that day, had been in for over an hour and a half, and his second innings of 34 was as good as his first of 44. To him belongs the honour of having compiled the largest number of runs in the match; and, though he cannot be put into the same category as McLaren, he should be heard of again at Lord's, even if he does not again play for Eton. Dickinson, on the faith of his score of 22 in the first innings, was promoted to his place, and justified it; for he and Pilkington took out their bats, the one for 11, the other for 38. Pilkington's innings was an excellent one; he played with great strength and in good form. At the close of time Eton had made 120 runs with 3 wickets down, or 95 to the good with 7 wickets to fall.

With the ups and downs of a boys' match in our mind, we will not attempt to hazard an opinion as to what the result might have been had the match been played out; nevertheless, the issue of the day was certainly creditable to Eton, as it must have been disappointing to Harrow. Putting McLaren aside, who was far the best player of either eleven, there was nothing to show on the day's play a superiority on the side which had six old choices in the field over that which contained not a single boy who had ever played at Lord's before. Harrow was reported to have many bowlers, but among these Peebles with his lobs was the most successful. The Harrow fielding was good, possibly rather smarter than that of Eton, but Harrow missed more catches. In wicket-keeping, too, Harrow had the advantage, which was to be expected from an old hand like Gowans. And there is another point; not only did Eton have no old choices to play, but, owing to the uncertainty of Gosling's absence, the captain of the eleven was not decided upon till about the middle of the half, and they were thus placed at an additional disadvantage. It seems almost ungenerous, after stating these facts, to make any disparaging observations; but putting this match out of the question, and looking at the records of the last few years, with its two defeats by Harrow and three (virtual ones) by Winchester, it is impossible to avoid asking, Is Eton cricket what it ought to be? Looking round at the public schools generally, taking Harrow and Winchester, Rugby and Marlborough, Clifton and Cheltenham, we should say that the standard of cricket is higher than formerly. We do not think that this is the case at Eton. When Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell accepted a mastership it was hoped that a new era had opened for the game, and that, given fair material, better elevens would be turned out, and the success of the school in the cricket-field would be largely increased. This hope cannot be said to have been realized, and we would suggest as a reason the comparatively indifferent captains who have been in command of the eleven. A paramount authority of first-class ability to be consulted in times of extreme difficulty (as, for instance, in the choice of a captain in the exceptional case of this year at Eton, or in the selection and distribution of professionals, &c.) must be of infinite advantage to a school; but nothing ought to be done which takes the weight of responsibility of cricket off the boys themselves. They have to play the matches, and they ought to learn how to conduct them. The moment a match begins, a captain ought to be left to himself to fight it through. He will make plenty of mistakes at first, but, if he is worth anything, he will remember them, and profit by them. If he becomes accustomed to receive messages through long-leg, he will cease to think for himself; and when playing at Lord's or on any foreign soil, where such messages are impossible, he will find himself incapable to cope with the varying events of the game, which require sound judgment and experience. Comparing it with Harrow alone, Eton has produced in the last six years no captains comparable to Butler, Jackson, or A. C. McLaren; and we do not see why it should not, things being equal. Mr. Mitchell's ability and zeal for the good of cricket and his own school are beyond all suspicion; whether his method is the best calculated to produce the result he desires is, at least, open to question.

BISLEY.

ON Saturday last the National Rifle Association entered officially into its new home. The ceremony went off as such ceremonies do go off, and was described in the daily press as brilliant. The three addresses were in graceful English and of the right length; which means that they were just long enough to give those present time to have a careful (if not an entirely well-bred) study of their Royal Highnesses. It may perhaps have crossed the mind of many who listened to the address of the Commander-in-Chief that his actions in the past do not quite coincide with his sentiments in the present, and that the

thirty or more thousand pounds that have been spent in making Bisley what it is might have been saved had he used his influence to gain consent to other arrangements. However, we do not wish to revive this somewhat painful controversy. Bisley is now a fact. It has received its "baptism of fire" from the hands of the Princess of Wales, and on Monday at nine o'clock began the continuous rattle of competitors' rifles.

Thus the ball has been set spinning with brilliant and appropriate ceremony; and it is really of much greater importance to face the future than to bewail the past. Bisley may or may not have been the best selection; but the choice has been made, and the decision is now irrevocable. Now that it has been started, do present indications point to future success? There was an anticipation of a great falling off in entries for the prizes. So far this anticipation has not been justified. And whether in future years the number is maintained will largely depend upon the convenience and comfort of the arrangements during the present meeting, especially as to frequent, rapid, and cheap journeys to the metropolis. The promises of the London and South-Western Railway are fair; but they were deceivers ever. They have undertaken to run an ample number of trains, which will do the journey to or from Waterloo in three-quarters of an hour, and in which Volunteers can travel at a cost of eighteenpence as the return fare. The journey thus is not dissimilar to the Wimbledon journey in point of time and expense. However, there can be no question that people are much more ready to go a short distance slowly than a long distance fast, and so in this particular we can never expect Bisley to beat Wimbledon; but it may approach it. On the other hand it possesses, from the competitor's point of view, many advantages. The range accommodation is larger, and the firing-points are nearer together and to the "lines." The luncheon-hour is no longer wasted in two long walks, upsetting alike to the digestion and steadiness of muscle. The soil drains faster, and the ground is more sloping, so that the old difficulty of the water resting on the gravel "pan" and flooding the tents will not occur. The Association has now the power of charging an entrance fee *at all times* instead of only during the firing-hours, and the exercise of this power on the Sabbath Day has already produced discontent among the Scotch Volunteers. Thus the new camp will not be overrun by that inhuman riff-raff of both sexes who, arriving by the cheap bus-load from the slums of London, foregathered with their kind from the back streets of Putney, and made Sundays and evenings horrible by their presence, and Glen-Albyn blighted by the curse of their coming. These it was that the smart correspondents and other ill-informed persons mistook for the fathers, the brothers, the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of the Volunteers.

Therefore, we are inclined to think that the move will not occasion any permanent diminution in the number of competitors or occupiers of tents. The importance of this, financially, is very great. It has been usually supposed that the income derived from gate-money at Wimbledon was one of the great supports of the Association, from the money point of view. As a matter of fact, the money taken in this way was only slightly over 1,000*l.* last year, and the expenses due to the temporary nature of the occupation of the site were about 1,400*l.* Thus on this account there was a deficit of about 400*l.* How much gate-money will be taken at Bisley can only be a matter of conjecture. It is very likely to increase year by year, as, strangely enough, land in the neighbourhood has considerably increased in value since the works commenced. A fair number of visitors will come down by train from London, and it is to be hoped that enough will be received to cover at least the repair and maintenance of the buildings and works. But the real main sources from which income is derived are the entrance fees and pools. These amounted last year to about 18,500*l.*, the bulk of which sum is expended in prizes. It is obvious from these figures that any serious diminution in the number of competitors would necessitate a corresponding cutting down of the prize list, which, again, would react on a further diminution of competitors, and so on till the Association became the butt of justifiable ridicule. This state of things, no doubt, bears some resemblance to that in the island where the inhabitants earned a precarious livelihood by washing each other's clothes. And the dangers of the situation have been so strongly felt that hitherto a reserve of several thousands of pounds has been kept in hand, so that any temporary diminution of competitors could be tided over without the corresponding decrease in prize money.

Unfortunately, Bisley starts without this guarantee, since every available pound of capital has been required to meet the expenses of removal and reconstruction. But this is not all. The Council have found themselves obliged to appeal to the public for a sum of 30,000*l.* in order to meet these extraordinary outgoings. Of this sum only 10,000*l.* has up to the present been subscribed. They appealed first of all to the central begging-shop, the Mansion House. But that fountain of charity had already been run partially dry (for Volunteer purposes) by the subscription of 38,000*l.* for the metropolitan Volunteer equipment. So that 20,000*l.* still remains to be produced. The possibility of raising this amount seems to be doubtful, although it is essential to the soundness of the Association. But we cannot help thinking that the War Office is here bound to step in to assist. It will be recollected by most of our readers that, owing to an adverse vote in the House of Commons a short time ago, the Minister of War accepted the principle that his department was bound to furnish proper equipment to the Volunteers. It will also be recollected that before they accepted this principle the above-named 38,000*l.* had been subscribed towards the equipment of the corps in and about London. By this curious order of things a double injury has been done to the London Volunteers and their friends. First, the Volunteers have been obliged to accept from private charity what their comrades have forced the Government to give as a matter of right; and, secondly, the subscribers to this fund have been mulcted of money which the State now admits should have been provided by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Here there is an obvious solution of the difficulty. Let the subscribers to the Mansion House Equipment Fund protest that their money was given under pretences which subsequently proved false; and let them demand that the money which they then subscribed under a misunderstanding should be handed over to the Trustees of the National Rifle Association. The Government would then be forced by their own admissions to equip the London Volunteers, and the Bisley expenses would be covered with a safe margin for contingencies.

There is only one other point to which we wish to draw attention. It has been frequently said, and more frequently repeated, that the Association will gain by neighbourhood with Aldershot. And this view was emphasized by the Commander-in-Chief in his address at the opening ceremony. But, as far as we are aware, no definite reason has been given for this view. We do not wish to deny that this may be so; but it seems that there are some things to be said on the opposite side. We entirely agree that there can be no better training for a Volunteer corps than that in a period *under military law* at Aldershot. But where is the analogy? The fact that Volunteers *not* under military law, joined with civilians who cannot be put under military law, are encamped a few miles from a regular training centre will certainly not conduce to the Volunteers gaining by example from the regular army. It is notorious that the non-commissioned officers and men on range duty become temporarily demoralized by their situation. It is obvious that in shooting competitions when Volunteer officers and men mix at the firing-points the strict observance of the Queen's Regulations is impossible. It thus appears that, instead of the Volunteers gaining, the regulars will lose. It may be laid down as a principle that when Volunteers are placed under military law in a regular camp they gain by example; but that, when they come into contact with regular troops in an informal manner, *both* lose by mutual example. The harmless freedom of the Volunteer, combined with social efforts at the bar, corrupts Tommy Atkins; while Tommy Atkins's subtle familiarity induces his civilian comrade to think that, after all, military discipline is an art which he has not only acquired, but in which he has surpassed. The Volunteer loses his respect for discipline, while the regular private goes back—to the guard-room.

FOUR-FOOTED ACQUAINTANCES.

CYNICS may sneer; but we declare that the domestic animals—dogs and cats and socially disposed horses—are the best possible company. We have nothing to say against friendship in the common acceptation of the word. We have known many good fellows in our day, and if some of them are dead, many are still surviving. We have the highest respect for the family affections. A man is bound to honour his father and mother, and to love them as well; he solemnly vows before the altar to love and cherish his wife, and in the natural order of things he should develop a liking for his children. But all that necessarily involves the strain of duty or a certain self-abnegation. The best of companions will have a will of his own, and you may stumble when you are least thinking of it, and tread upon his sensitive corns. Sometimes he is there when you would rather be without him; nor can you count on his being in the mood to enliven you at a moment's notice. If you are really fond of him he is sure to form other ties, or to accept an excellent appointment somewhere in the Indies or the Antipodes. Parents may disinherit you if they are rubbed the wrong way, and even when there are no expectations it is disreputable to quarrel and be disowned. As for marriage, that is notoriously a lottery. Heaven help the victim who has drawn a blank, and the most excellent of wives may probably have her peculiarities. The boys must be educated and launched in the world, when too many of them have a weakness for going to the bad; and whether the girls go off early or hang upon your hands, whether they are plain and dull or gifted and good-looking, there is anxiety either as to possible husbands or settlements. In short, it is superfluous to expatiate on the truism that each mortal of your kinsfolk or acquaintance may often be a nuisance.

Consequently, it is a relief to turn to life in its brighter and more satisfactory aspects. It need not be said that it is not given to everybody to get on pleasantly with his four-footed fellow-creatures. There are no more shrewd judges of character than intelligent cats and dogs. It is all nonsense talking of "instinct" as an inferior quality proper to "the brutes." The instinct that attracts them to us is the refinement of sympathy which intuitively recognizes the qualities they appreciate. They know a good fellow at once when they see or smell him, and were we not writing anonymously, we might appear to be boasting, for we happen to be gifted with what is veritably animal magnetism. A simple intonation of the voice—it need not necessarily be soft or seductive—paves the way to an interchange

of civilities which will lead to an intimacy or a friendship. Then when you proceed to the magnetic touches which establish confidence, the acquaintance progresses rapidly. No man knows or loves cats and dogs better than Sir Edward Hamley. There is a charming passage in his "Shakspeare's Funeral," which originally appeared in *Blackwood*, where the dead poet's little granddaughter, the precocious child of "good Mistress Hall," explains to young Raleigh how her grandfather and she were wont to make much of their friend Boabdil. The one would tickle him under the chin, the other would scratch him delicately somewhere else, when "they desired to do him a pleasure." Sir Edward, who is a master in the science of animal magnetism, knew well what he was writing about. For ourselves, with an almost infallible instinct we make the advances gently or roughly as the case may be. We, too, like the cats and the dogs, can read character. We see a cat come stealthily rubbing up against a chair-leg, the head inclined coquettishly over one shoulder, regarding us with a furtively coaxing smile. With a flirt like that, whether maid or matron, there is no occasion for ceremony. You snatch her up on your knee; she pretends to be offended, and to struggle to escape. But she curls herself up with a sensuous purr when you begin tickling the fur that lies just behind the ear, and thenceforth it is all plain sailing. It is very different with a corpulent and sturdy Tom, who, though he may have luxuriated in comfortable quarters all his life, has nevertheless had his sad experiences, and seen something of the worst side of human nature. Mischievous boys have heaved half-bricks at him; ill-bred and unsympathetic servants have resented his patrician manners, expelling him with ignominy from the lower regions, and sometimes punching his head. Even his master, who is the reverse of a pussomaniac, may never have appreciated him according to his merits. No wonder that a cat of that stamp should be slightly misanthropic and suspicious. Naturally he mistrusts a stranger's advances; but, nevertheless, there is a something in your voice which sends a quiver through his ears, and makes him visibly relax the rigidity of his tail. You and he might pass for a couple of Freemasons meeting in a foreign country and exchanging the first of the mystical signs. The chances are he may sidle up towards you when you show an unmistakable desire to converse; but possibly he may stand on his dignity, being a self-respecting animal, and force you to dive after him under the tables. He has no thought of eluding you, or he would have made a bolt of it to some impracticable vantage-ground long before; and, once in your hands, he resigns himself voluptuously to caressing, sheathing the formidable claws that might strike terror into a bulldog. It may be said that there is nothing surprising in a petted and decently-educated cat behaving civilly to any stranger under his own roof, though civility is one thing and familiarity at first sight is another. But similarly undefinable influences will enable you to make friends with the cats in the street—the cats who are born outcasts, or Bohemians, or scapegraces—and that is a very different matter. For choice they prefer to originate an acquaintance from behind a railing, and no wonder. The cat in the street, even at the West End, though he may, perhaps, have a domicile to which he resorts from time to time, has met with many adventures and many misadventures. He slinks along the areas when he takes his strolls abroad, making flying shots at the perilous crossings, for he knows all boys and many men to be his mortal enemies. There are cats which seem to take to a roving life, simply because they like sensation and excitement, like the men who, instead of making themselves comfortable on easy incomes at home, go waging war upon wild beasts in Africa or India. These cats haunt the jungles in the metropolitan squares, crouching and stalking like tigers in miniature, and keeping a keen look-out after the sparrows. Yet they will come to call like a well-broken spaniel when once you have succeeded in scraping acquaintance with them, and will even risk themselves beyond the sanctuary of the enclosure in the assurance of safety under your protection.

The power of charming animals into friendship is often exceedingly useful. Dogs on the chain must always be dangerous; of course the tantalizing restraint must sour the sweetest temper; and the marvel is that they do not invariably go mad. We know few such pictures of helpless misery as that of a half-bred mastiff with frothing muzzle and bloodshot eyes, secured by a short yard and a half of chain beneath a carrier's waggon in summer. The heat, the dust, the constant jerk of the fretting collar, the idlers who are always amusing themselves by exasperating the poor animal, aggravate him to chronic paroxysms of impotent ferocity. No man in his senses would dream of touching or trying to Rarify him. But we have met dogs at large, to the full as savage to all appearance and carefully trained to bloodthirsty business, who were amenable to reason and words of gentlemanly persuasion if you only gave them time to reflect. We used to walk a good deal in the Western Pyrenees, taking short cuts through the forests and across the mountain pastures. These pastures skirt the woodlands infested by wolves and sheltering an occasional bear. Everywhere we came upon flocks of sheep, and each flock, even in spring or summer, had its guardian, in the shape of a formidable Pyrenean wolf-hound, with the spiked collar, that was an appropriate setting to the more formidable *chevaux de frise* of teeth. The older dogs generally were content to growl out a surly warning to move on; but now and then a young one would come charging down the hill as if he meant to make half a dozen mouthfuls of the intruder. With a calm air of confidence, we would hail him with a shout of welcome. Long before he reached us he was slackening his pace, evidently thinking that second thoughts were advisable; his savage bark would change into good-humoured growling; generally he would come up with a sniff of satisfaction, and suffer himself to be patted; and not unfrequently we have put our hand into his mouth, and played with the jaws that had threatened to rend us. Nor was there either rashness or courage in doing so; for we kept a wary eye on the eyes of the sagacious animal, knowing that, whatever he might be, he was no hypocrite, and that we might implicitly trust his honest looks. On the other hand, the friendship that dogs will force upon you may be embarrassing, as we have not seldom experienced. Wandering curs will join us in our country walks, and will take no denial. You may think you have dodged and dropped them, but they turn up again at some corner, wagging their tails hypocritically, as if they did not know very well that you had been more than rude in your efforts to repel them. And with the best meaning cur in attendance, you have some natural *mauvaise honte*, as if you were walking down St. James's Street in the season arm in arm with a Hottentot.

Talking of St. James's, London dogs have made up to us on the London pavements, and insisted on following us into the clubs, as if they had been duly elected honorary members. But the most awkward incident we can remember happened in Edinburgh. We were going, one Sabbath, to hear an eloquent divine who always filled his big church to overflowing. A disreputable-looking caricature of a fox-terrier seemed to be going our way, so we were not in the least astonished that he should come up and join us, nor did we greatly care, as we hoped to leave him at the church door, where a couple of elders were standing sentry behind the plates. In due course we were accommodated with a seat at the end of an open pew, and two minutes afterwards our mangy friend was sniffing at our legs and whining joyfully. He was expelled by a beadle in the sight of the scandalized congregation, but not before he had fairly identified himself with us. However, we thought we had seen the last of him. Five minutes later, having outflanked the enemy, and come in by a different door, he was following the preacher up the pulpit stairs. For once a Presbyterian congregation was on the broad grin, and some of the young people were actually laughing when the dog, who by this time had lost his temper, began snarling and snapping at the minister's man, who had picked him up, only to drop him "like a hot potato." In that case our suffering was mental, and we were the unlucky victim of circumstances over which we had no control. In another instance, we suffered bodily and for several days, thanks to our fatal facility for forming rash friendships. We were standing at the door of the hotel in Innspruck, when a singularly sagacious-looking white poodle came up to talk to us. We got interested in the conversation, and hospitably offered some biscuits; and the end of it was that the dog introduced his master. The master chanced to be a wideawake Italian vetturino, with a four-horse return carriage from Padua, and he offered to take us thither for five napoleons. We had been fishing at Ischl, and had no plans. The price was ridiculously cheap; we might as well go to Venice as anywhere else; the dog was eying us wistfully, and so we assented. There were two of us, by the way; and we started in that family ark, in a blazing sun, over dusty roads. Giving an occasional lift to a wayfaring priest in the spacious interior, we stowed ourselves away in the banquette as the airiest place, taking occasional peeps at the scenery through the leathern curtains. The poodle's place, of course, was on the roof, where he should have been snoozing, in the ordinary course of things, when he was not barking at all comers. But that dog's attraction to us was a passion. The beast was as clever on his legs as any monkey; he would keep scrambling down and forcing himself in through these curtains. It was nothing that he was covered with dust like any door-mat; but he had been swarming with whole colonies of lively fleas before they transferred their attention to the Englishmen. He would have torn the cushions to ribbons had he been shut up inside; like most Italians, he would not hear of pedestrian exercise; the vetturino only laughed in his sleeve; so all we could do was to grin and bear it. By the time we had crossed the Brenner and threaded the hilly defiles of Northern Venetia, what with the fleas and the consequent fever, the dog, the gadflies, and the dust, we felt as if we had been treated, after a course of currycombing, with a dressing of mustard-plasters. And when we paid the vetturino off in Padua, that poodle was more passionately devoted to us than ever; though, considering the roughness of manner and the vehemence of language with which his advances had been repelled, the poodle's experiences of the journey could scarcely have been more agreeable than our own. So much for casual intercourse with animals. We say nothing now of the companionship with the domestic pets who are the solace of our sorrows and the partakers of our pleasures.

THE SILVER ACT.

THE Silver Bill has at last passed both Houses of Congress, and been signed by the President. But it would seem that the Silver party even now is not satisfied. It has got only part of what it wants, and means to go on agitating till it gets all. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the House of Repre-

sentatives passed a Bill for the monthly purchase by the Treasury of 4½ million dollars' worth of silver. But the notes by means of which the purchases were to be made were to be redeemable, either in coin or in bullion. This Bill utterly displeased the Senate, which immediately proceeded to amend it completely out of recognition. It opened the mints of the United States to the free coinage of the metal, placing it upon exactly the same footing as gold. The President had used all his influence to prevent this, openly declaring that he would veto a free coinage measure. But the Senate was not to be overruled. In the House, however, the President's influence appears to be more powerful, for the House refused to agree to the Senate's Bill. Then a Conference Committee was appointed, and the present Bill was agreed to. It has been passed exactly as it was drawn up by the Conference Committee. It requires the Secretary of the Treasury to buy every month 4½ million ounces of silver, or as much as can be obtained at a price not higher than one dollar for 371¼ grains of pure silver. That is to say, the Treasury is to buy in the open market 4½ million ounces of silver as long as silver is not worth more than sixteen to one of gold. The Treasury is to pay for the bullion by means of notes, which are made full legal tender for all public and private debts where no contract to the contrary is entered into, and which are to be reckoned as part of the reserves of the national banks. The notes are redeemable only in coin, either gold or silver, at the option of the Treasury; and until the 1st of July next two million ounces are to be coined every month for the purpose of redemption; after that as much as the Secretary may think necessary. The advocates of the measure openly proclaimed in Congress that they were not satisfied with it; that they accepted it as the best that could be got at present; but that they were resolved to work for free coinage. It seems clear that the admission of the new States will give the Silver party such a majority in the Senate that they can pass a fresh Bill over the President's veto. But whether the party will be strong enough in the House to carry the measure by a two-thirds majority remains to be seen. It would seem, indeed, that the Silver interest is steadily growing. In 1873 silver was demonetized; in 1878 the party was powerful enough to carry the Bland Act, in spite of all opposition. Since then it has not only maintained the Bland Act on the statute book, but it has proved strong enough to carry this further measure this year, considerably more than doubling the amount purchased every month by the Treasury. It is quite possible, therefore, that next session the party will attempt to carry even a more sweeping Bill; and it would be by no means surprising if in the next Congress it were strong enough to carry free coinage.

The effect of the measure will depend upon whether the banks throughout the United States accept the new notes freely, or combine to deal only on a gold basis. If they accept the notes freely, and do not become apprehensive when gold is steadily exported, there is no reason why the legislation should have any ill effect upon the country. All the silver produced in the United States will be purchased by the Government, notes will be issued in payment, and the notes will be just as convenient and just as serviceable as if they were secured upon gold. But if the country insists upon maintaining gold at the same time, then sooner or later there must be a crisis. The population and wealth of the United States are growing very rapidly. As the area under cultivation extends and population pushes farther into unsettled territories, more and more currency is required. Therefore there is room for the issue of a certain amount of new money every year. Further, as the debt is being rapidly paid off the bank-notes become redeemable, and their redemption makes room for a certain amount of silver notes. The Government can if it pleases also call in the Green-backs, which are simply Treasury notes not secured either by silver or gold, and their redemption would make room for 70 millions more of silver notes. For a considerable time, therefore, if the Government sees clearly what it is doing, and adopts the proper precautions, it may be able to get into circulation these new notes, even while it retains a vast amount of gold in the Treasury, and the bankers insist upon holding gold in their reserves. If, however, the Government does not take any such steps, but simply endeavours to force silver into circulation, then there must before long be a crisis. It is impossible that the country can absorb all the notes which are now to be issued, and retain all the circulation it has at present. The ultimate effect, then, of the Act depends upon whether the country is or is not willing to part with its gold. If it is, it will not suffer. The United States, it is true, have contracted with their creditors to pay in gold, and it may be said, therefore, that if they demonetize gold or allow all their gold to be exported, fear would arise amongst their creditors that they would be paid in silver, and the credit of the country in consequence would suffer. But that is a groundless apprehension. India, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and several other countries have borrowed large sums and stipulated to pay principal and interest in gold, and yet none of those countries have a gold currency. Still, they keep their engagements. The United States will be able to do so far more effectually because of their superior wealth. If they had not an ounce of gold in the Treasury, or in any of their banks, they could obtain as much as they liked at any moment. The American people, therefore, may safely adopt a silver standard if they choose, and they may be quite confident that they can obtain gold enough to pay their creditors, and to maintain their credit in the eyes of the world as high as it is at present. But if they insist upon retaining gold, and will also issue silver notes at the rate now required, they will have to pay the penalty some day or other.

Meantime, the Act ought to make the American money market very easy throughout the autumn, and ought to make it possible to export gold in a considerable amount from New York, so as to relieve the stringency in London. The Act comes into force thirty days after the President's signature. Therefore, it will begin to operate in the middle of August. From that time forward there will every month be issued from the Treasury notes representing the market price of 4½ millions of ounces of silver. In addition there will be the usual coinage of gold. And, lastly, there will be a payment out of the Treasury of very considerable amount, which is required by another section of the Act. As the law of the United States has hitherto stood, it required the National Banks to lodge in the Treasury as security for their note circulation interest-bearing bonds of the United States. When those bonds are redeemed the National Banks must either replace them with other bonds or must give up the circulation which is secured by their deposit. If they give up the circulation, then they have to lodge in the Treasury lawful money of the United States equal in amount to the notes which are outstanding, but which ought to be redeemed. Under the operation of this law a fund has accumulated in the United States very nearly amounting to 12 millions sterling, and the Treasury has hitherto regarded this fund as a trust fund—a fund which it could not touch except for the redemption of notes, the right to issue which the banks had lost. But a section of this new Silver Act instructs the Secretary of the Treasury to deal with the fund just as if it were any part of the ordinary assets of the Treasury. That is to say, he has to use it either for the discharge of current liabilities or for the redemption of debt, and in the same way he has to redeem notes when presented out of the general funds in the Treasury. The consequence of this is that there becomes immediately available a sum of nearly 12 millions sterling, which it is to be presumed the Secretary of the Treasury will not keep locked up in the Treasury longer than is necessary. Therefore in addition to the issue of new notes and of coin, there is likely to be an early transfer from the Treasury to the market of 12 millions sterling. The effect ought to be to make the New York money market very easy for the remainder of the present year.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WITH the present week the musical season—as far as concerts are concerned—may be said to come to an end; and, following the inscrutable dictates of fashion, London will remain without serious music until October. The last two Richter Concerts have, as usual, attracted overflowing audiences, who were rewarded by two of the best performances of a series which has not been altogether so noteworthy as some of its predecessors. On Monday, the 7th, Herr Richter brought forward Dvořák's Fourth Symphony, which had been previously heard this season under the composer's conductorship at a Philharmonic Concert. It is no discredit to the Bohemian master that the performance last week was more satisfactory than on the earlier occasion. Herr Richter's band is so accustomed to considering every detail and *nuance*, that it could not fail to make the work more effective than when played by the Philharmonic orchestra, which is, at its best, never remarkable for delicacy and finish. The good impression created by the Symphony on its first production was, therefore, not only confirmed but considerably strengthened by last week's performance. Throughout it is extremely characteristic of the composer, and full of charm and melody. The wealth of thematic material employed is at first rather bewildering, especially as Dvořák has not taken the public into his confidence by revealing the programme he had in his mind when writing it; but, in spite of the somewhat disjointed character of its construction, it is a most enjoyable work to listen to, and was received with unusual warmth by an audience which has the reputation of only caring for Wagner, of tolerating Beethoven, and of either staying away or prematurely departing when any other music is performed. It would have been fairer to the new Symphony to have placed it in the first part of the programme, where the orchestration would not have suffered by contrast with the extraordinary glamour which Wagner's instrumentation always produces, especially as on this occasion the programme included some of the Bayreuth master's most wonderful efforts. The vocalists were Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and Mr. Black. The former were heard in the delightful duet between Hans Sachs and Eva from Act II. of *Die Meistersinger*, a scene the poetry of which is sometimes lost upon the stage; while the latter joined Mr. Henschel in a fine setting of Byron's "O weep for those that wept by Babel's stream." Mrs. Henschel also sang Liszt's "Loreley," with orchestral accompaniment. The orchestral selections included Wagner's *Faust* Overture and Herr Richter's arrangement of three numbers from *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung*, all of which were played to perfection. At the last concert a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony once more forced a comparison of the Richter orchestra with that of the Philharmonic Society, which had performed the same work a few weeks previously. It is almost needless to say that Herr Richter's reading of the work—in spite

of the extreme pace at which he takes the second movement—was immeasurably superior to Mr. Cowen's, while the vocal portions of the work were also far better than at the earlier performance. It is a pity that the German words were not sung instead of the clumsy English version. The solo quartet consisted of Fräulein Fillunger, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Herr Max Heinrich, all of whom were excellent, though the last-named gentleman fell into his usual fault of sacrificing his phrasing to his declamation. The first part of the concert consisted entirely of familiar Wagner selections, including the "Kaiser-Marsch," Pogner's Address from *Die Meistersinger*, Lohengrin's scene from the last act of *Lohengrin*; and Sachs's Address and the concluding chorus of *Die Meistersinger*. At the end of the concert Herr Richter was most warmly applauded.

The minor concerts of the past fortnight have notably diminished in number. On the 4th the Countesses Augusta and Ernesta Ferrari d'Occhieppo, assisted by Miss Blanche Leigh and Signor Carlo Ducci, gave an entertainment at Messrs. Collard's Rooms, the most agreeable feature of which was the excellent duet-singing of the concert-givers. On the afternoon of the 7th Madame Amy Sherwin, an Australian soprano who created a very favourable impression a few years ago, reappeared after a prolonged concert tour. Though obviously not entirely recovered from an indisposition which prevented her from appearing at the Welsh Concert at St. James's Hall in the previous week, Madame Sherwin sang David's "Couplets du Mysoli" (from *La Perle de Brésil*) with such brilliancy and charm that she was called upon for an encore. Neither her choice of that very commonplace ditty, "No, Sir," nor her manner of singing it, can be commended. At the same concert two newcomers—both artists of great promise—made their appearance. M. de Mlynarski—who led two movements of Rubinstein's Trio for Piano and Strings in B major, besides playing a Violin Suite by Ries and short pieces by Wieniawski and Statkowski—though youthful in appearance, is an artist of much merit. His intonation is excellent, and he plays with breadth and great brilliancy. It is a pity that he appeared so late in the season, for his performances on this occasion were so good that another opportunity of hearing him is desirable. The same remarks apply to the second newcomer, Herr H. Bast, whose playing of violoncello solos by Schumann and Popper was most artistic and finished. The pianist was Herr Denhof, who was heard to greater advantage than at his own recital a few weeks ago. One of the most enjoyable concerts of the month was that given at Princes' Hall on the afternoon of the 10th by the Russian tenor, Herr von Zur Mühlen. Since he was last heard here Herr von Zur Mühlen's style has manifestly improved, and he has remedied the defective intonation which used to be occasionally noticeable in his singing. As a singer of Lieder he is unrivalled, and he delighted a large audience by the admirably artistic way in which he sang Schubert's "Die Allmacht," the "Liebeslied" from *Die Walküre*, two Scotch songs arranged by "A. L.," and songs by M. V. White and Hans Schmidt, besides taking part (with Miss Liza Lehmann) in a duet from Massenet's *Marie Madeleine*, and (with Miss Margaret Hall) in Brahms's "So lass uns wandern." The two sopranos were also heard in several songs, the most interesting of which were a graceful sonnet by the Belgian composer Huberti, and a charming song from Bemberg's *Baiser de Suzon*, the latter of which was delightfully sung by Miss Lehmann and enthusiastically encored. Another agreeable feature of the concert was Miss Zimmermann's admirable playing of solos by Liszt, Schumann, and Paderewsky; after hearing the numerous indifferent pianists who have made bids for public favour latterly, it is most refreshing to listen to Miss Zimmermann's scholarly and artistic performances. The concert must not be dismissed without mentioning the accompaniments, which were played in such a manner by Herr Hans Schmidt, Miss Zimmermann, and Miss Maude White as to greatly add to the enjoyment both of the singers and the audience.

It would almost be an act of kindness not to notice the Recital given at Princes' Hall last Saturday afternoon by the latest musical prodigy, Max Hambourg, who is said to be only ten years old. The boy has evidently talent, but he is not fit, either physically or artistically, to appear in public, and the results of forcing him are only too likely to be disastrous. His playing is at present thoroughly immature, though it cannot be denied that it is extraordinary in its precocity. Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major, Op. 26, was far beyond his powers, but he attained a remarkable degree of success in Bach's Fantasia Chromatica, and in some smaller pieces his playing had a certain amount of childish charm. At present his public appearances are entirely to be deprecated, and those who have his real interest at heart should be the last to consent to his figuring as a prodigy.

What promises to be the last pianoforte recital of the season was given at St. James's Hall last Monday by Mme. Madeline Schiller, a performer of much merit, who was heard in pieces by Hummel, Beethoven, Schumann, Gottschalk, Liszt, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. The best of her performances were those of the first of Schumann's "Kreisleriana," and of a Scherzo and Charakterstück of Mendelssohn's, which were played with delicacy and great charm. In several of Liszt's compositions—far too many of which were included in the programme—she was less well suited, and her performance of Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata was more original than pleasing.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE ENGLISH WILD BULL.

SOME time ago, in our notice of the European Bison, we drew attention to the extremely interesting collection of cattle, both wild and domesticated, then in the Gardens in Regent's Park. No deaths have occurred since that time, but the collection has been increased by several births, among which we may mention, first, a young gayal, born early in the year; secondly, a curious hybrid, in which the blood of the gayal, the zebu, and the American bison are mixed, the mother being the well-known large hybrid cow, and the father, the American bison bull; and, lastly, a yak, born only a week or two since, one of the prettiest little creatures imaginable, with a woolly coat and pink nose. These births, however, are really hardly worth mention, as calves of one sort or another are constantly to be seen in the cattle-sheds; but a very noticeable addition was made on June 25 last by the arrival of a young English wild bull (*Bos taurus var.*) presented to the Society by Lord Ferrers from his famous herd at Chartley, in Staffordshire, an animal "new to the collection."

The British Wild White Cattle have been the cause of endless long and learned arguments, the point in dispute being whether they are an aboriginal race, direct descendants of *Bos primigenius*, or merely the outcome of domestic cattle which have become feral. As is not unusual, both parties give excellent reasons for the faith that is in them; but the exigencies of space alone are sufficient to prevent us giving even a faint outline of the arguments adduced on one side or the other. Suffice it to say that, in our opinion, the weight of evidence is in favour of what we may call the aboriginal theory, though possibly the writer who remarked that, "whether they were derived from abroad, or were descended from wild individuals of the urus race, native to Britain in former ages, are questions which the lapse of time will never solve, but rather tend to shroud in deeper darkness," took the wisest view of the situation. One fact, at all events, is undisputed—namely, that, whether aboriginal or not, they are an extremely ancient race. Numberless quotations from early writers could be given in support of this. Perhaps the best known, though by no means the earliest, of these is that of Hector Boëce, or Boëthius, who, writing in 1526, alleged that there were then to be found in Scotland, in the Caledonian Forest, which at that time extended from Stirling through Monteith and Strathearn to Athol and Lochaber, wild cattle of a pure white colour with manes like lions, or, as Holinshed has it, with "crisp and curled manes like feirs leonis." Another writer of about the same date stated that "thoct thir bullis were bred in sindry boundis of the Colidin Wod, now be continewal hunting and lust of insolent men, they are destroyit in all parts of Scotland, and nane of them left but allenerlie in Cumernald." Long before this, however, FitzStephen had left it on record that in his time wild bulls were to be found, with other large game, in the great forests which then surrounded that city. And in the fourteenth century King Robert Bruce was nearly killed by a wild bull "in the great Caledon Wood," as Holinshed tells us, but was rescued by one of his followers, "whom he endowed with great possessions, and his lineage is to this day called of the Turnbulls, because he overturned the beast, and saved the King's life by such great prowess and manhood." Again, in 1466, at the feast which was held to celebrate the "intronization" of George Nevell Archbishop of York, we find six wild bulls mentioned as forming part of the extremely heterogeneous bill of fare provided for the occasion. These few extracts are sufficient to show that wild cattle have lived in Great Britain, at all events for many centuries, and though the race is undoubtedly dwindling, they are still to be found in both England and Scotland inhabiting a few large parks. Before giving any further account of these wild cattle and their habits, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting Pennant's remarks on the reason why England was always famous for its cattle. He says, "The climate of Great Britain is above all others productive of the greatest variety and abundance of wholesome vegetables, which, to crown our happiness, are almost equally diffused through all its parts; this general fertility is owing to those clouded skies which foreigners mistakenly urge as a reproach on our country; but let us cheerfully endure a temporary gloom, which clothes not only our meadows, but our hills, with the richest verdure. To this we owe the number of our cattle." However, to return, wild cattle are, as we have said, a dwindling race; for, as Mr. Harting tells us in his extremely interesting account of the British Wild White Cattle, published in 1880, only six herds are left out of twenty-one, "concerning which some historical notices are to be found," and individually these cattle are certainly becoming smaller, and generally deteriorating. So long ago, indeed, as 1836, "Robert Brown, Esq., Chamberlain to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton," wrote of the cattle at Cadzow, "The circumstances of their breeding *in-and-in*, of being chased so much when any of them are to be shot, of being so frequently approached and disturbed by strangers, and of having been exposed so long to all the vicissitudes of the seasons, and constantly browsing the same pasture, have no doubt contributed greatly to the deterioration of the herd, and must have reduced them much in size and other qualities," and other writers speak of them as having "worn out" in places where they were formerly to be found. However, where they still live they are most carefully preserved.

That at Chillingham, the property of Lord Tankerville, is certainly the best known of all the existing herds, that at Chartley probably taking the second place. The cattle comprising these

herds differ in many points—for example, in the colour of their ears, which are red in those at Chillingham and black in those at Chartley, though it would appear that this difference did not always exist, and is, as Darwin suggested, the result of selection, as both Pennant and Bewick speak of the Chillingham cattle as having black muzzles and *ears*. They also differ in the shape of their horns, which in the former are very fine and bent upwards, while in the latter they are long and, by comparison, straight—the Chartley cattle being, as Mr. Harting says, "in fact 'long horns.'" There are other points of difference; but these are, perhaps, the most noticeable. Pennant's remark, that though they have lost their manes they retain their fierceness, applies to the members of both herds, though perhaps not in an equal degree, as Mr. Harting tells us those at Chartley are not so wild as the Northumberland herd, and adds that it has been suggested that this is probably owing to the circumstance that the park is bounded on one side by a public road, from which it is only separated by a paled fence, which is not the case at Chillingham, so that they are at Chartley much more habituated to the sight of man. All the wild white cattle possess a peculiarity which distinguishes them from domestic cattle; namely, that they hide their calves, "concealing them"—we again quote Robert Brown—"among long grass or weeds, in some brushwood or thicket, and approaching them cautiously twice or thrice a day for the purpose of supplying them with the necessary nourishment. On these occasions it is not a little dangerous to approach the place of retreat, the parent cow being seldom at any great distance, and always attacking any person or animal approaching it with the utmost resolution and fury." The young calves, when startled, lie with their heads close to the ground and with their ears back close upon their necks, "like a hare in her form"; but are said to butt fiercely if touched, calling the while to attract the attention of the herd. The writer of Bewick's well-known account of these cattle, who was apparently intimately acquainted with the Chillingham herd, tells us that on one occasion he "found a hidden calf, two days old, very lean and very weak; on stroking its head, it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, stepped back a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force. It then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before; but, knowing its intention, and stepping aside, it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that it could not rise, though it made several efforts. But it had done enough; the herd were alarmed, and, coming to its rescue, obliged him to retire." Another point of distinction between the wild and domestic cattle is that the former feed in herds, while the latter scatter widely while feeding. No doubt this habit of the wild cattle is necessary for their protection. If disturbed, they attack in a body, and, forming into line, they advance upon the intruder "until they come within ten yards, when most people think it prudent to leave them, not choosing to provoke them further." All accounts agree that there are few more dangerous animals than one of these bulls when wounded, and numberless stories are told of their ferocity. The method of killing them adopted in old days seems to have been both clumsy and barbarous; and though, no doubt, sufficiently exciting, was decidedly unsportsmanlike, and the so-called marksmen must certainly have been wanting in skill, though Bewick tells us that "it was perhaps the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting." His account of the performance is as follows:—"On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed on a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came mounted and armed with guns, &c., and sometimes to the amount of a hundred horse and four or five hundred foot, who stood upon walls, or got into trees, while the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd, until he stood at bay; when a marksman dismounted and shot. At some of these huntings, twenty or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued. On such occasions the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side." Another author says that "some of these [bulls] have been known to receive as many as eleven bullets without one of them piercing their skulls. When fretted in this manner, they often become furious." After this it is refreshing to find that Bewick adds that "from the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been little practised of late years; the parkkeeper alone generally shooting them with a rifled gun at one shot."

The bull at the Zoo is a nice little beast; he is quite young, only a yearling we believe; but we feel considerable doubt whether he will make a large animal. He is white, with a black muzzle, black ears, and black hoofs, and—a fact which we have never seen mentioned in connexion with the Chartley cattle, though it is one of the marks of the Hamilton herd—his legs below the knees, especially his forelegs, and his nose about the muzzle are mottled with black. Though the rest of his hair is pure white, his skin is sparsely sprinkled with round black spots, except in the region of his spine, where they are very numerous, which are very noticeable through his somewhat thin coat. His horns are quite straight and stand out horizontally, and are therefore useless for butting, but his keeper says he has a nasty knack of striking with them sideways if annoyed. He seems to have settled down very comfortably in his new quarters, and certainly does not give one the idea of being untameable or indeed even very fierce, though we believe he has a shrewd temper of his own. Certainly Lord Ferrers's keeper, who brought him to town, need have been under no apprehension, as we believe was the case, that he would prove more than the authorities at Regent's Park could manage, though, we may add, that after the keeper had been shown round the gardens he materially altered his opinion, and arrived at the conclusion that there were larger, stronger, and possibly fiercer animals in the collection than even a young bull of the famous Chartley breed of wild white cattle.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market has not been quite so stringent this week. At the Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Monday, it is true that Stock Exchange borrowers were charged 5 per cent., and would have freely paid even more. It is also true that there was a fair amount of borrowing at the Bank of England on Wednesday, and the Bank also did a considerable discount business. It continues to charge all but its regular customers $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the case of discounts and 5 per cent. in the case of loans. But in the outside market rates have been tending downwards. It was found that on Monday Stock Exchange borrowers had obtained more than they really required, and therefore in the short loan market there was a more plentiful supply than for some time past, while the rate of discount, which at the end of last week was fully $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., began to decline early this week, until on Wednesday and Thursday it was hardly better than $3\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., but after the issue of the Bank Return on Thursday afternoon it recovered to 4 per cent. The main cause of this is the shipment from New York of not far short of a million sterling of gold, most of which it is hoped will be sent into the Bank of England. It is expected that altogether not less than two millions sterling will be obtained from New York, and it is thought that by-and-bye, when the new Silver Act comes into operation, even more may be brought thence if it is required.

In consequence of the passing of the Silver Bill, silver has been rising sharply all the week, until on Wednesday it was $50\frac{5}{16}d.$ per ounce, though on Thursday it fell to $50d.$ The advance in the first three days of the week was very nearly $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ per ounce, or not far short of 4 per cent. In May of last year the price was at one time $41\frac{15}{16}d.$ per ounce. Since then the advance has been $8\frac{3}{8}d.$ per ounce, or nearly 20 per cent. Even in February of the present year, when the buying for the Mint ceased, and when the hope of American legislation was but small, the price declined to $43\frac{3}{8}d.$ per ounce. Since then—about five months—the rise has been $6\frac{15}{16}d.$ per ounce, or about 16 per cent. As a matter of course, there has been a corresponding advance in silver securities. Thus Four per Cent. Indian Rupee Paper has risen to 82. The average price last year was about 68. Compared with that, the advance is over 20 per cent. It will be seen that the rise in rupee paper keeps pace with that in silver. There has also been an advance in other silver securities, such as Mexican railway stocks and shares, although speculation in these more particularly is kept in check both by the state of the money market and the apprehensions excited by the crisis in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. Indian Four per Cent. Rupee Paper, which is quoted in London about 82, is quoted in Calcutta about 102, silver being still depreciated about 20 per cent. The London price of 82, therefore, is equivalent to a premium of about 2 per cent. It would seem, therefore, that the price is quite high enough, looking at the stock as an investment. Four per cent. can be got at the present moment on first-rate security, and it is hardly possible, therefore, that investors would care to take less upon a stock which the experience of the past eighteen years has shown them fluctuates very violently. As we have just been reminding our readers, the price only twelve months ago was about 68; and, if anything should occur to prevent the United States from maintaining the price of silver, rupee paper might again go to 68, or even lower. On the other hand, it is, of course, possible that the United States may be able to raise silver very much higher than it is at present—may, for that matter, indeed, be able to raise it to $60d.$ per ounce. If they can do so, and can maintain it for any length of time at that level, of course rupee paper will then take an entirely different position in the market. If once silver can be regarded as permanently worth nearly $60d.$ per ounce, a Four per Cent. Indian Stock, even though payable, principal and interest, in silver, will stand at par, or very nearly, in the London market.

The prospectus of the Egyptian Daira Conversion has been issued this week by Messrs. Stern in London. Holders of old bonds if they desire to be paid off must give notice to that effect before the 28th of the present month. If they do so their bonds will be redeemed at the rate of $85l.$ for every bond of the nominal value of $100l.$ If they consent to the conversion, it will take place at the rate of a new bond of the nominal value of $85l.$ for the old bond of the nominal value of $100l.$ Further, where conversion takes place the interest will be reckoned up to the 8th of August at the rate of 4 per cent. on the full nominal value of $100l.$ for the old bonds; but after the 8th of August at the rate of 4 per cent. on the new bonds of $85l.$ In other words, the next coupon, which will be due on the 15th of October, will amount to only $1l.\ 17s.\ 6d.$, instead of the full $2l.$ which would be due if the interest was paid as heretofore. To pay off the unconverted bonds subscriptions are invited for new bonds of the full nominal value of $100l.$, bearing 4 per cent. interest, the issue price being $99\frac{1}{4}$.

There is much dissatisfaction with the arrangement. A present holder, if he agrees to convert, gives up 15 per cent. of his capital, or if he wishes to obtain a new bond of the full nominal value of 100*l.*, he has to subscribe 15 per cent., besides giving up his old bond. Further, there is much dissatisfaction with the decision to reduce the interest immediately from the 8th of August. It is doubted, therefore, whether many holders will agree to convert.

The crisis in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay continues; but it does not seem to be quite so acute as it was last week. The Bill for authorizing the issue of another 100 million dollars of inconvertible paper has passed the Argentine Congress. But, as far as can be understood from telegrams, public and private, the notes are not to be legal tender. They are, however, guaranteed by mortgage on public lands which the Government has to dispose of. Those most closely interested in Argentine affairs doubt whether the notes will, in fact, be issued. For, as they are not legal tender, it is not easy to see who would care to accept them. Besides, it is suspected that the Government hopes to impress the great European financial houses with the conviction that it is able to do without their help, and thus to bring them to its own terms. On the other hand, it is certain that the scarcity of money is extreme in Buenos Ayres and throughout the country. Although the paper notes are depreciated about 66 per cent., they can hardly be got, for the banks generally are protecting themselves against a run which has been going on intermittently for some time, and they are unwilling therefore either to lend or to discount except upon the most onerous terms. The fears inspired by the crisis, and the stringency of the Money Market, combine to keep business exceedingly quiet upon the Stock Exchange. The banks have been strengthening themselves for more than a month, calling in loans and keeping unusually large reserves. The precautions of the banks have greatly embarrassed Stock Exchange operators, and there is a general unwillingness, therefore, to increase risks. Most people, indeed, are anxious to lessen their engagements as much as possible, and though selling upon the scale of the past few weeks has ceased this week, there is yet in many quarters more inclination to sell than to buy. Argentine and Uruguayan securities, it is true, at one time somewhat recovered from the fall of last week, but this was chiefly through buying back by those who had speculatively sold; it is not the result, to any considerable extent, of genuine buying by persons intent to hold the stocks, though, of course, there may have been buying by great capitalists to support the market. The recovery has not been maintained.

FOR PERSONS HAVING SOME BATHING ROOMS.

CEDITE Romani scriptores, which is, by interpretation fitting the case in hand, Let Don Pedro Carolino no longer boast himself the master of English as she is spoke. *Nescio quid majus nascitur*—to wit, in the good town of Tourcoing, in the department of the Nord. For Monsieur Hercelle-Leruste of that place has invented a water-heating apparatus, and, being minded to obtain English custom, has caused his circular to be translated. The name of that courageous translator is not disclosed to fame, and yet he deserves immortality. For his dictionary and the printers have between them taught him as terrible things (or led him into as strange places, as the Vulgate hath it, *deduxerunt mirabiliter*) as ever befel an interpreter. The exhibitor of Alpine appliances who came in our way some time ago with a manifold soup-plates box and a Jron Hook was not amiss, but this is almost a more excellent advertisement than the other. As on that occasion, we must confess that in some points we are baffled. Certain of the virtues claimed for "the unparallelled (*sic*) Bathing Room Dressing rooms and of showers baths united System Hercelle-Leruste" will never be comprehended by us—unless we happen to meet with the French original. It appears in a general way (with the help of a rudimentary illustration of the improved bath-room) that the invention is in the nature of what is here called a geyser or instantaneous water-heater, and that improved ventilation is a special feature. So much being known, we can follow the sense, though not critically approve the form, of the lines promising a "foot-bath, sitting bath, and any one else bath, heating itself in a minute without which (i.e. *sans que*) smoke spread itself over room, thing which has never existed." But when we come to details, the dominion of the "thing which has never existed" in the English language becomes perplexing and oppressive. M. Hercelle-Leruste's "Advice for Persons having some bathing rooms" purports to explain the advantages of converting an old bath-room for the reception of his apparatus. "This system is breveted unwarranted of French government"—plain sailing so far, though the four letters s.g.d.g. are shorter, and now quite well understood by most people whom they concern in this country. "It prevent smoke to over out in the room as if was my complete room." What is to "over out"? It may be an excellent verb. It has a sort of idiomatic air. It might be English of the Antipodes, if it had occurred to some daring Antipod to make it. But it is English of Tourcoing, and we give it up.

More intelligible, if weaker in accidence, is "the right to install this bathing room at a person residing in house which be not the property of her." "I will construct this room," M. Hercelle-Leruste is made to say, "to make remove when she will wish, all the objects, same the invisible pipes and reservoirs, all to make remove." Nothing to be done, it seems, for the poor male householder residing in house which be not the property of *him;* no convenient removal of the invisible pipes and reservoirs when *he* will wish. Women's grievances will have their compensations when we all "install this bathing room" and take "any one else bath" on the system Hercelle-Leruste. A financial paragraph which follows plunges us into obscurity from which at present we can see no escape by conjectural emendation or otherwise. "All is foreteen it and cheaply, because this elegant room, can do it, from seven hundred franks including reservoirs, asmuch as ten thousands francks if one desire it, since one eat now a daysmake all seenes and to bay therehe desired draperies." One might not despair perhaps of "foreteen," but the last clause is what old-fashioned scholars called *locus vix sanabilis.* Is a daysmake animal or vegetable? when does one eat it? what are the modern improvements in eating it? and why has it to be eaten in this elegant room with the desired draperies? It is possible that the translator wrote "One can nowadays make all scenes," and that there was something about *décor* in the original, and that the general meaning was that the cost of fitting up the bath-room depends on the wall-paper you choose to have. But we prefer not to lay profane hands on the mystery. "A bath in enamel led east" is another of the luxuries promised. We did not know that enamel had some peculiar share in terrestrial magnetism to make it necessary or desirable that it should be led east. But we are all in favour of inventors being protected; and we hope one day to read of just retribution overtaking some unscrupulous imitator of M. Hercelle-Leruste, whose bath in enamel was led west or north, and consequently blew up, and overed out or over outed in the room. Another new verb has real merit. "Any painting will not be divercorated for humidity neither steam vapour." To divercorate—we do not understand the process; but it would seem to be one of the methods by which Old Masters are made. Anyhow, we should like to try it on several paintings of new masters. The promise of a machinery "using to empty the dirty waters . . . . deranging ever itself," does not look quite so cheerful.

Various personal advantages and comforts are propounded as being peculiar to a bath filled by this water-heater. "Being in bath, cold is not felt at she submerged place." Moreover, "we undress one's self and dress one's self afresh without to be seen of some persons that are in this room," and we can "be served in this room egally without be seen." It is a kind of enchanted room where everything comes of itself. "Being there for bath or something else, being undressed and having forgotten of linen or any one else, you ask them" (the linen? or any one else?) "without any inconvenience, with the speaking trumpet, these objects come to you, you take them, and nobody seen you. We can also comb out on's sef, to curl one'sef, to take some showers, warm linen and food"—"as well as yours curling irons," it is thoughtfully added a few lines beyond.

These are large proffers, as Sir Thomas Malory would say. But M. Hercelle-Leruste invites verification. "Gone at my residence, there you will can see work it."

REVIEWS.

STEPHEN'S GENERAL VIEW OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.*

THE title-page of this book declares it to be a second edition; but the preface explains that it is, in truth, re-written. A few words are enough to state the general nature of the change. In 1863 Mr. J. F. Stephen, Recorder of Newark-on-Trent, was treading new ground. No one, at all events since Sir Michael Foster, had attempted to state the rules and reasons of English criminal law in such a manner as to be understood by educated laymen. In 1890 Mr. Justice Stephen looks back on many years of hard work devoted to carrying out the same purpose on a larger scale and with much fuller elaboration of detail. Accordingly the book is no longer a summary view complete in itself, and it no longer puts the philosophy of law in the foreground and the technicalities in the background in order to make things easy to the publicist or the simple citizen in search of information. It has become rather a student's handbook, intended to be used side by side with the author's *Digest* and *History of the Criminal Law*, and to facilitate reference to them. The subdivisions are minuter and more exact; the introductory generalities have been curtailed; the historical aspect of the subject is more prominent and definite; and the exposition is more dogmatic. Something of the original literary character has perhaps been sacrificed. This, however, is the fate of all technical literature; and it is certainly better for the transformation to be effected by the author himself than by some later editor whom want of sympathy might lead to alter the wrong things in some places, and want of courage, none the less, to leave the wrong things unaltered in others. It is also to be remembered that educated laymen, when they have

* *A General View of the Criminal Law of England.* By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., D.C.L., &c. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

once made up their mind to seek for knowledge, are now much more willing and prepared to face inevitable technicality than they were a generation ago.

The historical part is that which has gained the most. Mr. Justice Stephen's own reading and experience, fortified by the judicious use of such researches as Mr. F. W. Maitland's, have impressed on it a character of solidity and ripeness very rare in English work of this kind. In a literary sense, though of course not in the technical sense of lawyers, it may now be fairly called authoritative. We will add one or two notes and queries, by way of contribution rather than correction. At p. 52 Mr. Justice Stephen says of trial by battle that it "was regulated private war." This is not quite in agreement with the known circumstances of its introduction and establishment in mediæval jurisprudence. Regulation of private war does occur in archaic enactments and custumals, as, for example, in the laws of Alfred; but this has nothing to do with the trial by battle which appears in England, only at a much later period (for there is no real evidence of it before the Norman Conquest), as a strictly judicial and formal proceeding. As Fustel de Coulanges and Mr. George Neilson have lately pointed out afresh, the judicial combat was deliberately ordained by Gundobald of Burgundy in the year 501 as being a lesser evil than the habitual perjury which attended trial by compurgation. Why it did not find its way into Anglo-Saxon institutions is at present an unsolved puzzle. Doubtless it was in fact as Mr. Neilson says, the revival of "ancient barbarism which had been slumbering only, and was far from dead." But by those who restored it in a new shape it was regarded, not as a compromise between the law and men's fighting instincts, but as a solemn appeal to a higher power to make the truth prevail. It was a kind of eminent ordeal, *judicium Dei.* Regulation of private war would have told the combatants what they must not do. The judicial combat was governed by express and minute positive rules. From this, again, we have to distinguish the later knightly duel of the middle ages, from which arose the modern point of honour, and the practice of duelling which in many countries still offers a serious problem to moralists and jurists. In the chapter of "Offences against Property" Mr. Justice Stephen gives Bracton's definition of theft side by side with that of Ulpian in the Digest. He points out the material difference which has led to most of the narrowness and complication of our law on this head; but he might have gone a step further in showing how deliberate Bracton's change was. Bracton professes to be stating Roman law, for his phrase is "secundum leges." Now the meaning of "leges" for a mediæval text-writer and his readers was neither more nor less than the Corpus Juris. Probably Bracton would have liked to adopt the Roman definition wholly, but knew that the practice of requiring an actual physical taking out of the owner's possession was too strongly established to be altered. Somewhat in the same way Bracton's law of sale, though in form the statement is modelled on the Institutes, represents ancient Germanic customs which are as different as possible both from Roman and from modern English law. The singularly artificial interpretation of the common-law definition of theft, by which it is made to include the case of a bailee breaking bulk, is treated by Mr. Justice Stephen as of unknown antiquity (p. 150). The point has no manner of practical importance; but we are under the impression that this doctrine was established with some difficulty in the reign of Edward IV. The discussion and decision are reported in a fairly well known case in the Year Book. It is true, however, that in that curious book *The Mirror of Justices* (which we are glad to learn, by the way, is at last to be properly edited by the Selden Society), there is a fabulous list of forty-four judges whom King Alfred is said to have hanged for various miscarriages of justice. One of these crimes consisted in condemning a man to death for theft of a thing which he had "by title of bailment." From this it may be plausibly inferred that somewhere about the end of Edward I.'s reign it had been propounded by some one that a bailee might in some circumstances, perhaps by "breaking bulk," commit theft of the goods in his charge, and that the suggestion was rejected with horror by the legal antiquaries of the time.

This is not the occasion to consider Mr. Justice Stephen's view of the ultimate generalities of positive law. We shall only remark that in criminal law the theory of the extreme English or analytical school is more nearly in accordance with fact than in any other department. In dealing with generalities of the second order, the rules which are, so to speak, departmental, and are on the face of them limited to particular classes of facts, Mr. Justice Stephen is almost always excellent. After all the loose talk we have heard for some time past about rights of public meeting, it is refreshing to find the common law and common sense of the matter impartially and clearly stated in few words. "The crime of unlawful assembly is not difficult to define; but it is by no means easy to apply the definition to particular facts, for it is not always easy to decide whether the conduct of a public meeting is such as to give firm-minded observers reasonable grounds to believe that it will lead to a breach of the peace." We may add, what a judge, though writing extra-judicially, could not very well add, that there is no reason for conclusively assuming beforehand, either in law or in fact, that magistrates and officers of the law are of all people the least firm-minded and the least capable of reasonable observation or judgment. Again, "If a large number of persons pull down inclosures or walk along a disputed road"—or, we may add, hold a meeting in a place not admitted to be lawful and convenient for that purpose, or march in a procession without authority and to the hindrance of ordinary traffic—"or the like, there is great danger of their doing so in such numbers, or with the accompaniment of such speeches or other proceedings, as are likely to cause a breach of the peace; and there can be no doubt that all such proceedings are unlawful." In connexion with homicide by negligence, Mr. Justice Stephen points out, for the special benefit of the lay people, that the mere omission to do something which is not a legal duty is not in any event a crime. A footnote to this passage will interest many readers more than the text. It is as follows:—"Lord Macaulay has some curious remarks on this in his notes on the Indian Penal Code. I lent the book to Mrs. Cross (George Eliot) for her novel of *Middlemarch.* It approaches the subject, but in *Daniel Deronda* a much more striking illustration of the principle is given." This matches well with the fact, already known for some time, that the perfectly correct real property law of *Felix Holt* was settled under good advice. If only all philosophers would be as modest and careful in things beyond their own knowledge as was this novelist! These same notes of Lord Macaulay's on the first draft of the Indian Penal Code ought to be much better known in England than they are. For many years they have been quite easy of access in Lady Trevelyan's collected edition of Macaulay's works. We believe they have not been included in the later and cheaper issues; the omission is, in our opinion, a mistake.

Perhaps the part of Mr. Justice Stephen's work which will excite most interest is his discussion of the various proposals made of late years to establish a Court of Criminal Appeal to deal with questions of fact as well as law. At present, as is well known, an acquittal is always final, even if the verdict of the jury be manifestly perverse. A conviction alleged to be erroneous in law can be reviewed, and, if found erroneous, quashed by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved. (This statement is not strictly accurate without the explanation that the judge cannot be compelled to reserve a point of law; but refusal to reserve any arguable point is unheard of. A question arising on the face of the indictment, on the other hand, may be carried in a regular course even up to the House of Lords; but this, though not unheard of, is rare.) It is unfortunate that the Court for Crown Cases Reserved is so constituted as to exclude the ordinary judges of the Court of Appeal. The explanation is the common one of historical accident; it is a mere survival from the days before the Court of Appeal was created by the Judicature Act. We are of opinion that the time has come to remedy this defect. It is absurd that the learning and intelligence of the Lords Justices should be called upon to find a meaning for obscure details in ill-drawn clauses and schedules of a Bills of Sale Act, and should not be available when, as sometimes though not often happens, the judges of the Queen's Bench Division are puzzled to say whether a certain act was a felony or was no offence at all. But this by the way. For a conviction alleged to be erroneous in fact, or in matter of what is called "mixed fact and law," there is no formal remedy. But the Crown has the prerogative of mercy, and in the exercise of that prerogative is guided by the advice of the Home Secretary. The Secretary of State's judgment is formed after an inquiry which, though private, is conducted in a quasi-judicial manner, and may almost be said to have a settled practice of its own. Mr. Justice Stephen appears to think that this curious excrescence on our legal system does its work not only well, but better than a public Court of Criminal Appeal could do it. Such a Court, he forcibly urges, would not be really final. The pardoning power of the Crown would still be in reserve, and would, in a case that excited public interest, be invoked, with good or bad reason, much as it is now. As for the folly and scandal of newspaper controversies, such as that which took place last year in Mrs. Maybrick's case, Mr. Justice Stephen thinks we must even endure it as the price of the public at large being interested in the administration of justice—a thing which is worth a great price. "It is a grotesque but a powerful security against injustice and oppression." As Montesquieu pointed out long ago, popular government cannot exist without popular discussion, and the multitude cannot be expected always to discuss public affairs wisely. "Il suffit qu'ils raisonnent"; even foolish discussion is better than despotism or lawlessness. It is also to be remarked that the proportion of cases in which there is any ground for suspecting a wrong conviction is very small. In five years (1885-1889) Mr. Justice Stephen has tried something over one thousand cases in which the prisoner either pleaded guilty or was convicted. "Practically one case out of a thousand," he says, "was proved to be a case of a false conviction. In twenty-eight of these"—less than three per cent. of the cases actually tried out—"references have been made to me by the Home Office. In one case only was a convict pardoned on the ground of his innocence." That case was not a capital one, and we have no recollection of it as having made any stir. But for the strange and morbid fascination attaching to murders and capital punishment, we believe that the question of a Court of Criminal Appeal would be a purely speculative one. It will be remembered that ten years ago Mr. Justice Stephen was in favour of a Court of Criminal Appeal. He reminds us of this himself, and says that judicial experience has led him to change his opinion. An opinion thus formed gains rather than loses weight by the variance.

NOVELS AND TALES.*

THE author of *By Woman's Favour* has manifestly entered on his work resolved to have no unnatural symmetry of story, no requitals, no discoveries, no compensations. If his way is already a rather well-known protest against still better-known conventions, it is not yet stale—quickly as staleness overtakes things a little deliberate, a little forced, such as fashions *de parti pris* in fiction. It is not yet stale, and it has all the advantage of giving to the writer far broader choice of events and incidents, and to the reader a far better chance of uncertainty and surprise, than the old way of winding up and balancing, rewarding and chastising, was wont to do. For there is only one way of making things perfectly round or square, and there are divers ways of leaving them shapeless or fragmentary. The novel of to-day, then, has more of the unforeseen, not only at its close, but in the course of its events, than the novel of yesterday. Not only does Jack not have Jill, but in following Jack's career we are spared the old convergence and conspiracy of things towards the result that he shall have her. Mr. Henry Erroll has produced, by the process called selection in the vocabulary of the art-critic of impressionism, a hero of unworthiness. The character is not elaborated, but everything is rejected that could mar the sketch of its evil, and the thing is well done. Moreover, there is not a little cleverness in the self-command by which the author has kept himself to the mean materials with which at the outset he had resolved to work out the personality of George Collins. Nor is this control achieved in the moral order only. Mr. Erroll must have been tempted—for his hero is represented as compassing literary success—to give him a little genius, or at least somewhat more talent than was probable or needful. But the temptation has been overcome, and the reader is convinced of George Collins's career throughout, and especially of the success of his egotism, with its singleness of intention in using the kindliness of men and in conquering the half-hearted opposition of things. The man is common, with the advantages and talents possible to his nature. In his passage to prosperity he touches some tragedies and causes others; and among these accessory incidents the author succeeds best with the most familiar. There is a young girl, whose life of millinery and domestic trouble, fatherly drunkenness, cheap dressing, and high tea, is briefly brightened by the facile wooing usual in her class. George wins her without trouble, and leaves her; and the author makes neither too much nor too little of her ordinary heart-break. Less happy is the manager's wife, who is undesignedly a little vulgar. The author closes our acquaintance with George at the moment when, fulfilled with lies of thought, word, and deed, he has married the one perfectly gentle and blameless person of the group. It is upon the conditions of her lifelong misery—misery of which Mr. Erroll abstains from showing us even the beginnings, though he shows us its inevitableness—that the bitter little novel closes.

The author of *The Blindness of Memory Earle*—who records so many previous works on his title-page that his faults may not be quite easy of correction—will do better if he can make his following of Dickens less an imitation and more nearly a derivation. There is a kind of refrain to the earlier chapters about a tide running out and running in, and bearing events to the persons of the story, which is a little like one of Dickens's worst tricks. The central situation—that of a man in love with one woman when he sees, and with another when he is blind—is fairly interesting; we need scarcely tell the reader that the right and final woman is the one loved in blindness, the novel being what it is—solid and sound, very English, and not in the latest fashion.

In *Grandison Mather* we have a lively story, American with a New York Americanism. It tells the tale of two very young people who begin life in jocund conditions in a flat, and only after losses and a hard experience in a boarding-house, work their way to prosperity again. What they do, and how they do it, the author tells without futile exaggerations or ready-made incidents. Here and there, perhaps, an English reader is conscious of international differences in minor ways and manners, as when a man, meeting an old college friend who has married, congratulates him *carrément* on his wife. As regards diction, the only prank which "Sidney Luska" plays is the use—which he shares with much more conspicuous American writers—of a local and horrible word, "non-committal," as an adjective. The same author's *Latin-Quarter Courtship* almost speaks for itself by the title. The art-student who economizes at a Duval, and the other art-student who goes to a *table d'hôte* at one franc twenty-five, but is obliged "to eat two of them," belong to a class of figures familiar, but not unwelcome; their Bohemianism is clean, and modest and modern is their attitude, as that of men minded to do their work at expense of intelligence and effort, rather than to claim the cheap forms of inspiration. The love-story is honest, and not without salt. Of the other tales the best—being rather profounder and more delicate than the rest—is "Lilith." "Mrs. Ormizon's Dinner Party" is the worst, with its acutely disagreeable implication that nice Americans—Americans who have a story to tell, and who tell it well—"sit around" when they expect their friends to dinner, "in uneasy, solemn, expectant silence," and "resume their company manners" when they have relaxed so far as to talk naturally to one another. The ill-breeding that is guilty of such things is not sufficiently atoned for by the simplicity that confesses them.

Not a worthless, but a perfectly unconvincing, story is Miss Sarah Tytler's *Duchess Frances*. It is in vain that the industrious author has crowded into her pages all the facts regarding her subject on which she could lay her hands; she fails to persuade us of the time, of the manners, of the persons. The most conventional of old-fashioned historical novels would be better in this respect, for they would at least have the historical flavour of custom and of long association. Miss Tytler has not even taken the pains to do effective Wardour Street work in her diction. Her heroine, "la belle Jennings," says, to a younger sister, "We'll have you up in London in no time"; and in other respects the English is worse than careless, as in such a ragged sentence as this—"The last man to be mentioned was one of those superior persons whose supremacy in his own day it is hard to account for"; or this—"She borrowed the red velvet coach . . . of a complacent married woman"; or this—"To be set upon on all sides was no way to subdue Frances"; or, again, this—"Cherry strove that his comfort should be better attended to than Mrs. Hill would have dreamt of demeaning herself to look after it." Not less bad than the construction is the use, in this sense, of the word "demean," confined hitherto, surely, to the vocabulary of servants, with the other blunder of "complacent" for "complaisant." Otherwise, as we have implied, Miss Tytler has spared no care. She follows her heroine through her career at the Court of Charles II., and through her later adventures as Duchess of Tyrconnel, with untiring pertinacity, and gives us something also of her more interesting sister Duchess Sarah; and her book makes reading, of a kind, for girls. Another novel dealing with the past is *Miss Miles*, a curiously plodding story of sixty years ago. The author, Miss Mary Taylor, thoroughly knows the modestly remote epoch she has chosen, and her book is what Miss Tytler's is not—convincing. But seldom have fair ability, and even vigour, closed in a duller result.

Miss Rochfort, on the other hand, does not plod; she skims lightly, if not very gaily. In spite of a murder and a fall of fortune (*The Lloyds of Ballymore* is, of course, a story of present Irish conditions), her matter is thin. Her persons talk about the weather, and she tells us what they said. Her grammar is generally right; but when it is wrong, it is wild indeed. But the feeling is nice, events and coincidences abound, and, if they are not of much importance to the reader, the writer has evidently had some pleasure in bringing them about.

Mrs. Danby Kaufman of Bayswater shows aspirations towards smarter and sprightlier things. The story will probably be called a Society novel, for a visitor is announced in the heroine's drawing-room thus:—"Please, mem, Mr. Henderson." Moreover, a little dinner-party, we are casually informed, is arranged as follows:—the hostess "leads" with Mr. Burleigh, her husband's uncle takes in Mrs. Burleigh, and the husband himself brings up the rear with Miss Burleigh. But Mrs. Herbert is not merely a Society novelist; she has all possible respect for the domestic virtues, and she is extremely severe towards her sufficiently rowdy heroine.

The author of *Graythorne* tells, in common enough language, a story not without variety or the interest that belongs to a multitude of events. Romance just now is wearing a homely face.

* *By Woman's Favour.* By Henry Erroll. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

The Blindness of Memory Earle. By Charles T. C. James. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

Grandison Mather. By Sidney Luska (Henry Harland). London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

A Latin-Quarter Courtship; and other Stories. By Sidney Luska (Henry Harland). London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

Duchess Frances. By Sarah Tytler. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1890.

Miss Miles. By Mary Taylor. London. Remington & Co. 1890.

The Lloyds of Ballymore. By Edith Rochfort. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

Mrs. Danby Kaufman of Bayswater. By Mrs. Mark Herbert. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

Graythorne: a Waif. By W. S. Tratman. London: Roper & Drowley. 1890.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

IT is always a particular pleasure to us to be able to notice under this head, where too frequently we have to notice books either not honest or not sensible or neither, books of pure scholarship relating to the most contentious and the most contentiously handled of all contemporary subjects. Dr. Healy's book on the Ancient Schools and Scholars of Ireland deserves all

* *Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars.* By the Most Rev. John Healy, Coadjutor-Bishop of Clonfert. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, & Walker. London: Burns & Oates. 1890.

Anecdota Oxoniensia. Mediæval and Modern Series. Part V. *Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore.* By Whitley Stokes, D.C.L. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

Ireland under the Tudors. By R. Bagwell. Vol. II. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Thomas Davis. By Sir C. G. Duffy. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

I. L. P. U. Pamphlets and Leaflets, 1889. London and Dublin: Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. 1890.

Ireland's Case for Home Rule Considered. By an English Convert. London: Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

the praise that we can give it for its attempt—and, what is more, its successful attempt—to lift a great and interesting subject out of the shallows and the miseries of political and religious partisanship. If the Coadjutor-Bishop, in the course of between six and seven hundred pages, ever gives way to the Evil One in this respect, we have not noticed the deplorable occasion; and we have noticed many instances in which, with the true liberality of the scholar, he vanquishes that Evil One, giving their proper titles and due honour to dignitaries of the disestablished Church of Ireland; attending to, if he does not always accept, criticism of the kind which writers of his Church and nationality too frequently ignore; and generally doing as he ought to do. In the historical part of his work he is, perhaps, not free from a weakness to which historical scholars of all nations have till recently succumbed — that of insufficiently weighing authorities and assigning historical importance to the unsupported statements of late chroniclers. But on purely literary matters he is much more critical; and, even when we are not disposed to agree with him —as, for instance, in reference to the comparative value of O'Curry's and Dr. Whitley Stokes's arguments on the date of the *Tripartite Life* of St. Patrick—it is obvious that he has his reasons. Thus, then, we have a good handler; and without doubt we have a good subject to handle. Here shall men find many pleasing things about Sedulius and Cœlestius, about St. Patrick and St. Brigid (as we have now, it seems, to call her, though surely Bridget, which was good enough for our fathers, who were much better men than we are, might be good enough for us), about the famous schools of the fifth and sixth century, about St. Columba and his following, about St. Kevin (with whom for one thing that he did we cannot away; but Dr. Healy tones it down very much and substitutes for drowning scourging with nettles), and St. Colgan, and St. Jarlath, and St. Virgilius, who, like his namesake, was exposed to false accusations, and many another worthy thing and man. Of course Dr. Healy claims Erigena, as he has a very fair right to do, and we can pardon him for suggesting that "the Irish mind has a greater metaphysical power than the phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon." It is not for that that we will be breaking his Most Reverence's head. Would that he could persuade all his countrymen who take pen to write in the same spirit and to as good purpose!

Dr. Whitley Stokes's *Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore* (which famous book the Duke of Devonshire, as might be expected of him, deposited in the Bodleian for three years to suit Dr. Stokes's convenience) very conveniently join on to Dr. Healy's work. The editor has, *pro sua diligentia*, prefixed and appended an ample linguistic commentary; but, as a concession to folk unlearned in Irish (who are perhaps numerous everywhere, and nowhere more numerous than among Nationalist members of Parliament), he has given an English translation of the lives of St. Patrick, of St. Columba, of St. Bridget (who caused water to have the taste and virtues of ale—God bless her and confound the United Kingdom Alliance!), of St. Senanus, who met the most delicate monster ever known, and of not a few others. We cannot resist transcribing the description of St. Senanus's monster, which seems to have foreshadowed that aspect of the Irish people which the powers of evil have lately made prominent.

> When the monster heard them it shook its head, and its hair stood up upon it, and its rough bristles; and it looked at them hatingly and wrathfully. Not gentle, friendly, mild, was the look that it bestowed upon them; for it marvelled that any one else should come to visit it in its island. So it went to them strongly and swiftly, insomuch that the earth trembled under its feet. Hideous, uncouth, ruthless, awful, was the beast that arose there. Longer was its body than Inis na h'Urclaide. A horse's mane had it; an eye glaring, flaming, in its head, and it keen, savage, froward, angry, edged, crimson, bloody, cruel, bounding. Any one would think that its eye would go through him when it looked upon him. Two very hideous thick feet on it; behind it a mane. Nails of iron on it which used to strike fire-showers out of the rocks of stone whenever it went across them. A fiery breath it had which burnt like embers. A belly it had like the bellows of a furnace. A whale's tail upon it behind. Iron-rending claws upon it, which used to lay bare the surface of the ground on the path they came behind the monster.

And in a manuscript, which Dr. Stokes has not seen, the name of that monster is given as Plan-Na-Campaigne, and the worldly title of St. Senanus was Art MacBalphurh. But here we transgress. Let us only say, not as politicians, but as students of mediæval literature, that Dr. Stokes has made here a valuable addition to the library of that literature.

The third and last volume of Mr. Bagwell's *Ireland under the Tudors* begins with the Desmond rebellion and ends with the submission of Tyrone to Mountjoy. It has thus a far more interesting set of subjects than the preceding volumes, and contrasts very favourably with them in this respect. We think, indeed, that the old complaint, thankless as it appears to authors, applies here—the complaint that there is too much detail for a general history, and still too little for an exhaustive chronicle. Yet, if the volume had appeared alone or as the later part of an *Ireland under Elizabeth*, it would, we think, have run a good chance of being popular. Mr. Bagwell is somewhat deficient in the two gifts, one or other of which every really popular historian (and we are not now using the word "popular" in a depreciatory sense) must have, if he have not both. He cannot, or at any rate does not, give the swift Gibbonian survey of events—the Pisgah sight of history on the great scale—which it is, perhaps, the faculty only of the greatest historians to give. Nor does he, on the other hand, give the genial summaries of personal character, and pictures of isolated events, which make the works of historians so different in general style as Macaulay and Clarendon delightful to the general reader, while they are not to be contemned by the wisest expert. We are a little lost in details, we sigh a little for a bird's-eye view. Nevertheless the volume is very valuable from the exactness of the research, and the evident honesty of the handling. Sometimes Mr. Bagwell appears to be lacking in the courage of his opinions. Thus, in his preface, he says that "the Elizabethan wars were cruel because the Crown was poor." When we come to the celebrated massacre of Smerwick itself, we find him giving the much truer, and more satisfactory, explanation that nobody really thought it out of the way at the time, and that every Continental Power would have behaved in exactly the same manner. Elsewhere he apologetically bids us, "When we are inclined to find fault with Spenser's truculence, forget that he was a poet, and remember that he was trying to improve forfeited lands." Find fault? Forget? Remember? Why, what bated breath is all this? *The State of Ireland*, as those who have, for their sins, been obliged to study Irish affairs and Irish history together for years past can assure Mr. Bagwell, is about the most sensible book ever written on the subject. By the way, why is not that dialogue which Mr. Bagwell thinks may be Spenser's (p. 302, note) printed so that we may judge? Let us repeat that the volume is far more full of interesting matter than either of its predecessors; and add that it has a capital table of contents to assist the wicked dipper.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. (we confess that we never think of this venerable gentleman's dignity and his principles together without a slight chuckle), has written a generous and enthusiastic panegyric of his friend Thomas Davis, of the *Nation*. He dedicates it to those who "honestly doubt the desire or the capacity of Ireland for self-government." We honestly doubt not the desire—on that we form and care to form no opinions—but the capacity of Ireland for self-government and her right to it. So we are Sir Charles's dedicatees, not by permission indeed, but by frank allowance. As such we are bidden to judge whether Davis "did not seek a worthy and practicable end by honourable and commensurate means." For "practicable" we know not—there are all sorts of practicable things, from burglary to a stage-door. For "commensurate," it will sort with "practicable." For "honourable" we shall readily say that, not being so ignorant of Davis's career as from another sentence of Sir Charles's he seems to expect that most of his readers will be, we are quite certain that he was—in temper and intention, at any rate—the soul of honour. But for "worthy"!—there, we fear, Sir Charles and we shall never agree together. We have read with interest his Life of the friend who died *felix opportunitate* five and forty years ago, and we had no prejudices against Davis, even before the reading, to remove. He certainly had considerable talents, though we cannot take his literary powers either in verse or in prose at anything like Sir Charles's valuation. We are quite sure that he was well intentioned; and as he was, after all, a very young man when he died, he might have grown wiser. But his political standpoint was vitiated from the first by his assumption of a sort of sentimental right divine of Ireland to be a "nation," in a sense in which it is historically certain that she never was, and politically probable in the highest degree that she never will be. He was unable to calculate in the very least what would happen to her if she were a nation. He was constantly, after the hapless manner of his countrymen, intoxicating himself and others with words. His declarations, in so many words, of hatred to England, and his readiness, if he could not effect his purpose otherwise, to stir up a bloody and probably hopeless civil war, to obtain the mere name of a freedom which in every essential existed already, would have been wicked if his whole ideas of politics had not been a kind of dream. He was proud of his birth and descent from a good Welsh family crossed with more than one good English one, and with only the faintest dash of Irish blood in it. Yet he could not apparently see that the mere fact of such a person having been born at Mallow no more made him an "Irishman" than a similar accident of birth makes other Englishmen Coventry Islanders. Sir Charles Duffy, who talks of Swift as a "Nationalist" (Heaven help him!), of course does not see the absurdity, and probably never will see it now. And it is evident that Davis did not. His conception of politics was purely literary—a sort of "allonging and marshonging" to the tune of his own imitations of Macaulay and Moore. His repeated inquiries why Ireland should not be a nation, as Prussia was a nation, as Holland was a nation, and so forth, show an inability to grasp analogies almost inconceivable in a man undoubtedly clever. His career was a rather fortunate one, for he died famous after a way, beloved, and not disillusioned. And the study of it ought to be almost enough to teach any intelligent man exactly the reverse of the lesson which Sir Charles wishes to inculcate.

The last two books on our list fall, we fear, into those shallows and miseries which have been referred to above. But we are always glad to welcome the valuable, or, rather, invaluable, pamphlets and leaflets of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, which has done such excellent service to the State, and at which fools and knaves have railed so bitterly. Here may a man find most conveniently stated what Mr. Gladstone thought of Home Rule when it was not yet plain to him that there were votes in it, and what Nationalist members and partisans say about Mr. Gladstone himself when they are not kissing the Blarney stone. Here are Mr. T. W. Russell's excellent letters on the Plan of

Campaign; here are some useful parallels of Irish and English coercion; here Mr. Healy's ingenuous reminder to the heroes of Tipperary that it is much cheaper to kill a policeman than to maim him, in the manner that excites Mr. Gladstone's hilarity; with many other timely things, such as a brief account of the Cronin trial.

As for the "English Convert," we wish Home Rule joy of him. For ourselves, we have, though it may be unheavenly in us, not much joy in converts, even to our own side. When a man has been, by his own confession, a fool yesterday, we are never quite certain that he may not be a fool again to-morrow. Still Home Rulers may be more grateful, and if so, they are, we can but repeat, welcome to the author of *Ireland's Case for Home Rule.* We should not much mind giving it to a tolerably intelligent, but as yet uninstructed, person to show him the case *against* Home Rule.

TWO LONDON LOCAL HISTORIES.*

THE rapidity of the changes which sweep away old London landmarks accounts for and excuses a great deal of what would otherwise be very ephemeral literature. As Mr. Clinch says of himself, "the author has found no lack of material; he has suffered rather from the richness of it." Mr. Galer has been more fortunate in this respect. "With regard to Norwood," he says, "I have more or less traversed an unknown land." Its history has never been related before, and, indeed, Mr. Galer has left on one side a large body of interesting facts which, properly used, would have made him an introductory chapter such as his book sadly needs. Why does he not begin with some account of the early state of the corner of Surrey on which "the North Wood" of the Archbishops stood? Incidentally he mentions the Archbishop of Cromwell's time; but the modern reader of a local history is not satisfied without some reference to parochial boundaries, to the Domesday Survey, to the ancient landowners, to the manorial customs, to the transfer of estates, and to the existing relics of ancient tenures. These things, one and all, Mr. Galer has unfortunately omitted, and his book, otherwise very pleasant reading, suffers in consequence. Such local names as Lordship Lane should be explained. We have more than enough about Vicar's Oak; but Mr. Galer can only identify its site as "somewhere in Upper Norwood." Yet it was known to be at a spot where four parishes (Lambeth, Camberwell, Battersea, and Streatham) met. There cannot be many such places on a map. We do not even know in what parish Norwood originally stood. The new district of St. Luke's comprises, we are vaguely told, parts of Lambeth and Croydon; but, though Mr. Galer devotes a page to Knight's Hill, he never tells us that this integral portion of Norwood was an outlying district of Streatham. The general reader is much more interested in such details than Mr. Galer is aware, and his book would be greatly the better of a map showing the old boundaries, and enabling a dweller in this delightful suburb to judge for himself where his residence is situated; whether it is in Lambeth, Streatham, Croydon, Camberwell, Battersea, or Clapham, for if we do not greatly mistake, portions of all these parishes go to make up the modern Norwood.

The account of Dulwich, equally vague at the beginning, is much fuller than that of Norwood, and Mr. Galer seems to have succeeded in unravelling the history of the great Dulwich College controversy, which agitated for nearly half a century the inhabitants of such distant places as St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; St. Giles's, Camberwell; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and St. Saviour's, Southwark, and which gave birth to a whole library of pamphlets, and even books. There are also many curious particulars as to the chalybeate springs and wells which appear to have abounded in the district. Alleyn, the actor, is, of course, the great local hero, and Mr. Galer has by no means neglected him. So far as we can make out from a somewhat vaguely expressed sentence, Alleyn's residence was only pulled down eight years ago. "Such a transaction on the part of the authorities needs no comment," adds Mr. Galer enigmatically. The manor of Dulwich had belonged to Bermondsey Abbey, and was sold by Henry VIII. to Thomas Calton, a goldsmith. Alleyn bought it in 1606. In 1613 he commenced the erection of the Hospital, and Inigo Jones is said to have been the architect. He was present at the banquet which celebrated the opening, and Oldys asserts positively that "Inigo Jones designed the College." Mr. Galer refuses "to discuss the value of the absurd story hinted at by Fuller," but we should gladly hear further particulars if any are extant. According to this "absurd story" Alleyn was converted to good works by an apparition of the Devil at the Bell Savage playhouse, "to the great amazement both of the actors and spectators, whilst they were there profanely playing the history of Faustus." Alleyn says nothing about his conversion in his diary, and notes of the 13th September that "they first herd a sermone, and after, the instruments of Creacion wase by me read, and after an anthem they went to dinner." Mr. Galer tells us all about the foundation of the picture gallery, but does not go into any criticism. The last chapter in the book repeats some well-known anecdotes about Goldsmith, Johnson, and other literary celebrities at one time or another connected with Dulwich. In an appendix there is a not very complete series of explanations of local names; but we cannot allow that "Dulwich" is derived from "De la Wyk, who held land in Camberwell parish about 1100." This is putting the cart before the horse, in the common manner of derivers who do not know Old English.

Mr. Clinch, although he puts Bloomsbury in the forefront of his title-page, begins rightly with St. Giles's; for the whole double district formed the parish of St. Giles at an early period, and a considerable strip about Gower Street still belongs to it. We cannot agree that Blemund's Ditch formed any part of the defences of the City of London; it was much more likely to have drained the Rugmere, which Mr. Clinch does not mention. In his account of the name of Bloomsbury he scarcely avoids stumbling. He tells us of Blemund, lord of the manor in the reign of Henry III., and mentions "Blemund's Land" and "Blemund's Fee," as appearing in ancient documents. Then he adds, "the name of the place has gradually become modified and changed into Blemundsbury, and, finally, Bloomsbury." Now, Blemundsbury is not modified or changed, though, of course, Bloomsbury is a corrupt form. On the contrary, we have Blemund's Land, and his Ditch and his Fee, but in Blemundsbury we have also his residence. Bury, in Middlesex at least, always denoted a house, generally a manor house. We have Highbury, the seat of the descendants of Deorman; Canonbury, the house of the canons of St. Bartholomew; Mapesbury, where Walter Map was prebendal lord; Fin's bury, Barnes' bury, Bronde's bury, Loth bury, Bucklersbury, and others; and the meaning of the name of Bloomsbury is perfectly plain. At all events, Mr. Clinch avoids all Stow's absurd guesses, and others founded on them. But he makes no attempt to elucidate the early manorial history of the district, and does not even incorporate the results arrived at by Parton or his rival Dobie, from which so much might have been worked out. We seek in vain for any statement elucidating the early connexion of St. Paul's with the parish, or the identity of the prebendal manor or manors, for there may have been two or more, or in fact any sign that Mr. Clinch has used the numerous sources of information recently opened to inquirers. It would be very interesting to have particulars as to the manors of Tottenham and of Rugmere, both of which may have been partly or wholly within the boundaries of St. Giles's original parish; and we naturally look to such a compilation as this of Mr. Clinch's to tell us all about them, or, at least, to state the questions which have been asked. On the other hand, he has given some very curious and valuable maps from manuscripts in the British Museum; and some excellent illustrations, among which one, entitled "Stone column which formerly stood in the Seven Dials, now the monument to the Duchess of York at Weybridge," will be new to many people. The tenth chapter contains an excellent and clear account of the rise and present state of the British Museum. The last chapter is evidently a turning out of all Mr. Clinch's old note-books, and is very scrappy but entertaining. It includes an enumeration of the Bloomsbury houses of Disraeli, accounts of Messrs. Pears's warehouse, and of Holloway's, of the Royal Toxophilite Society, and of the various chapels side by side in Bloomsbury Street. As to the birthplace of Lord Beaconsfield we are told that Hackney, St. Mary Axe, and Bloomsbury Square have all been mentioned. To these places should have been added the Adelphi. "A writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*," says Mr. Clinch, "affirms that the true address is No. 6 John Street, Bedford Row," but he omits to tell us if John Street is in Bloomsbury. We believe, notwithstanding the name, that it is in St. Andrew's, Holborn, and it is certain that the future premier was baptized in St. Andrew's Church in 1817.

On the whole, and with the exceptions pointed out above, these are very creditable works, and if they are not overweighted with antiquarian lore, they seem, as far as we can test them, to be very accurately compiled. Nevertheless, neither of them can be considered final. Mr. Galer has been first in the field as regards Norwood; Mr. Clinch is last as regards St. Giles; but in both books the shortcomings are of the same character. A parochial history of the diocese of London, to include manorial history as well—something like Lysons and Newcourt rolled into one—ought to be forthcoming. The profit of the publication of such a book would be small at first, but the sale would continue for many years, and, like the books we have mentioned, the interest of the subject would be unceasing. Mr. Galer and Mr. Clinch do but whet the appetite for something more complete, something to which the student might turn with certainty. As it is, two more are added to the lists of London parochial histories, and, if we want to verify the smallest fact, we may have to search through dozens of volumes, and perhaps miss what we want after all. The number of these local histories which can be considered at all complete is miserably small. Miss Fry's painstaking volume on East and West Ham, though much out of date in many places, is a model which should be more often followed; and Tomlin's *Perambulation* of Islington and Mr. Lloyd's book on Highgate are almost equally good; but against painstaking work like this what a number of ephemeral books must be set, books which have, nevertheless, to be read, as each of them contains, perhaps, some one little fact which is not to be found in the others.

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* *Norwood and Dulwich, Past and Present.* By A. M. Galer. London: Truslove & Shirley. 1890.

Bloomsbury and St. Giles's. By G. Clinch. London: Truslove & Shirley. 1890.

THE CULTURE OF ORCHIDS.*

THIS is not yet the orchid-book for which puzzled amateurs long—one that contains the answer to every question of detail which they could ask, set in its proper place, throughout the volume. To the practised writer it seems a task as easy as well could be to compose such a work, provided, of course, that he have the information and the experience necessary. It is a question simply of marshalling the facts—of laying down at the outset a series of conditions which demand note, and assuring oneself, in every instance, when the description of a plant is jotted down, that each of those conditions has been fulfilled. Such a stringent rule will be observed without difficulty by one used to deal with categories of things, as we may say, but it constantly escapes the recollection of an inexperienced compiler. After laying down a law, he is apt to forget marking the exceptions. That detail slips his memory, because he is too familiar with his subject to keep all its necessities before his mind at all times. It may be said at once that Mr. Watson shows less of this fault, vastly less, than any of his forerunners, but he does not quite escape. As an instance, we may cite the paragraph upon a common species, very fashionable, and supremely striking—*Odontoglossum grande*. It is excellently done. The question of temperature—in which this plant differs from most of its genus—is not omitted as in earlier manuals to which we have access. But the amateur who is guided by these directions alone would run a poor chance of flowering his *O. grande* the first year, and none at all in the years following. It is properly laid down, in the general rules of culture, that Odontoglots do not require a dry season; that in bright weather shading is essential; and that they must never be allowed to get dry, "excepting always in a few isolated instances." Mr. Watson forgets to point out that *O. grande* is one of those isolated instances, and the strongest of all. In fact, his allusion to the circumstances of its discovery by Mr. Skinner in 1839 would put an inexperienced grower definitely off the track. When the latter hears that it was found "in a dark ravine near the city of Guatemala, at a temperature between 60° and 70°, where it had abundant moisture and shade," he will naturally suppose that this plant demands the typical treatment of Odontoglots in extreme degree, saving only the temperature. And the result would be disastrous. It would have been well to point out, in reference to such matters, how easily a species which requires sunshine and decided "rest" in its season may be distinguished even by the eye. Nature has furnished it—if we may use the conventional phrase—with hard and shining pseudobulbs, to defy the tropic sun and hold the sap cool, as *Lælias anceps* and *autumnalis*; or with a veil, an outer garment, as *Cattleya citrina*; or with broad, fleshy leaves, as *O. grande* and *Oncidium splendidum*. The amateur who receives an orchid which he cannot class may confidently rely upon this rule—so far as it goes. We should add that in the parallel case of *Odontoglossum citrosmum* the oversight is not repeated.

But if Mr. Watson's book does not quite come up to our ideal, it is immeasurably superior to all rivals. To compare this handy little volume with the *Reichenbachia* would be most unfair—we refer, of course, to the descriptions. That superb double-quarto, superintended until lately by the greatest of scientific authorities, and enriched in its letterpress from the stores of the editor's vast experience, stands alone. No one consults it for hints on culture, though it would never be consulted in vain. Mr. Watson's book is an easy, simple, straightforward series of directions for growing almost every orchid which an amateur would care to own. Among many evidences of thoughtful compilation is the mention of synonyms—in the index as well as on the page. Much perplexity and annoyance have been caused in former manuals by neglect of this simple precaution. Amateurs who flowered a striking plant have fondly imagined that they had something unique, of value indeterminate, because they failed to discover the name under which they bought their treasure in the book of reference. For example, *Dendrobium pallidiflorum* sounds rare, so does *Cattleya amabilis*; but those who are guided by Mr. Watson will be spared a disappointment by learning at a glance that these are but irresponsible names of the common *D. primulinum* and *C. intermedia*. When the rules established at the Orchid Conference three years ago are universally accepted, errors of this sort will become impossible; but, meantime, a list of synonyms is decidedly convenient.

Mr. Watson's general directions for culture show but one omission, and that trifling. They are not overloaded with minutiæ—all very well in their way, of course, but neither interesting nor profitable to the amateur. Every hint he wants to start with is there; and, if we find no remarks on re-potting, that may very well be a fault on the right side. The tone of comfort and encouragement which the best friends of orchid culture like to hear pervades these directions. The author does not say outright that this is the easiest as the most delightful and the most interesting branch of gardening pursuits for an intelligent man or woman. But he abstains from all reference to the design or building of houses, to this or that newest—and most expensive—improvement, to patent devices of every kind. The amateur of modest means is not chilled by a description of some millionaire's wonderful establishment, costing a thousand pounds or two before a pot is laid upon the shelves.

Many orchids will grow as well when placed with other plants as when kept in special houses. By first ascertaining what are the conditions under which a given orchid will grow well, it is easy to place it in a position where those conditions are supplied. Thus, some of the cool species of *Odontoglossum*, *Masdevallia*, &c., would grow well in a house devoted to cool ferns, or to a mixed collection of greenhouse plants. *Dendrobiums* and *Cattleyas* do well in vineries, and so on. When once the general conditions which apply to the artificial management of orchids are properly grasped, all the rest is easy.

The case might have been put in stronger terms. Not a few elaborate and costly structures, built on the latest and most approved system, have failed to give a satisfactory result; but we never heard of an instance where such species as are grown by the enthusiast of small means did not flourish tolerably well in his old greenhouse. The Assistant-Curator at Kew might have cited an historic instance within his personal knowledge. Some years ago the authorities put up a fine building there expressly for the culture of Phalænopsis. Needless to say that all the hints which science and experience have gathered were utilized. But Phalænopsis utterly refused to grow therein. After three years' struggle they were restored to their old quarters, and the handsome house was turned to another use. One amateur, whose experiments and success have made Wallington a familiar name among orchidologists over all the world, has satisfied himself that improvements are unnecessary or worse. His renowned collection stands in buildings knocked together of rough planks. One who would grow cool orchids in perfection should cut a trench waist deep in the earth, three feet broad, with steps at either end; line it with brick; lay his pipes on the bare soil, and above them the stage, the "lights" descending to within six inches of the ground level. A semi-subterranean structure like this would not be imposing, nor adapted for ladies' visits; but we undertake that cool orchids would grow in it *à merveille*.

It is much, however, that Mr. Watson takes the greenhouse for granted, as we may say, not daunting the beginner with visions of the ideal. His space is filled more profitably with instructions how to proceed under the circumstances existing, whatever they may be. It might be wished, possibly, by philanthropists who would like to see the cultivation broadly popular, that he had insisted more upon the curious indifference of orchids to detail in the matter of treatment, provided that the general conditions suit them. For example, *Dendrobium Falconeri* may be cited. "A high stove temperature" is recommended for this glorious, but unmanageable, species—quite properly, as experts will agree. But there are very few plants in the country that rival those grown by an amateur in his cool house—a particularly cool house, as it chances. Upon the other hand, a hard-and-fast line saves many disappointments; for it must be hazardous indeed to put *D. Falconeri* with Odontoglots and Masdevallias as a general thing. No one yet understands what circumstances make an exception of this kind; why Phalænopsis would not thrive in their beautiful new home at Kew, nor why Disas flourish like weeds in one house, but die promptly in another, a facsimile, put up beside it. Mr. Watson's rules are sound and safe. As regards that most important point watering, he forgets, perhaps, that an amateur of the class which he desires to interest has to regard economy of labour. Certainly, it is best to obtain the atmospheric moisture needed by "pouring water upon the stages, floors, and walls of the house several times a day," not by syringing the plants. But, in the first place, this means extra work for the gardener, who probably has enough upon his shoulders; in the second, there is a point more serious. Syringing keeps down the insects—peculiarly mischievous in a cool house, because so many species there will not submit to smoking. Such mischief as the syringe works is more than compensated, as a man of small means will think, by the trouble and labour it saves. Yet, counsels of perfection are never wasted on the intelligent. Every true lover of orchids, and indeed of his fellow-man, will welcome this little book.

* *Orchids: their Culture and Management.* By W. Watson, Assistant-Curator, Royal Gardens, Kew, assisted by W. Bean, Foreman, Royal Gardens, Kew. London: L. Upcott Gill.

COLLECTANEA.*

A SECOND volume of *Collectanea*, consisting of both original and other matter, has been issued by the Oxford Historical Society under the competent supervision of the Chichele Professor of Modern History. Although the contributions to it differ widely in value, it is as a whole a creditable addition to the Society's publications. Rather too many of its pages are taken up with extracts from books which are neither rare nor unfamiliar to students even of humble pretensions. The Committee should remember how rich the stores of unprinted materials are which demand their attention, and be exceedingly chary of admitting into their volumes anything that can be found elsewhere. The first article, which is largely based on hitherto unpublished documents, and is appropriately contributed by the Rev. Octavius Ogle, clerk of the Oxford Market, illustrates one side of the relations between the University and the town, for a long period of no small importance to both; for it traces the history of the market from the earliest times. The University seems to have had no share in the affairs of the market until, in the latter half

* *Collectanea.* Second Series. Edited by Montagu Burrows, M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, &c. Oxford: printed for the Oxford Historical Society at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

of the thirteenth century, the Chancellor and Proctors gained the right of being present at the "assize of victuals." For a while the rival authorities worked together in tolerable harmony, though not without jealousy; the town aiming chiefly at the exclusion of foreign traders, and the University insisting on fair prices, in order that the scholars might not "be abused in their mercats." The University was by no means slack in using and extending such powers as it had, and the experiment tried by Edward III. of joining the Chancellor and the Mayor together in the custody of the assize did not prove a success. Before long the massacre of St. Scholastica's Day, Feb. 10, 1355, led to the transference of the control to the University, the town being allowed to keep its right to the fines to enable it to pay the King his fee-farm rent. Several instances are given of the disputes that arose from the exercise of the power thus vested in the University. In 1459 all the college butlers and manciples complained that the bakers made "panes male-paste in substantia, colore, et sapore," and that the brewers brewed small beer, unwholesome to the human body. Quarrels were constant during the reign of Henry VIII., and in 1531 a charge was laid before the King against a Deputy of the Commissary that he had seized a quarter of beef from a butcher, "and then he sayd thes words, 'Clare thou hast forfayted thy quarter of beffe,' and so extorciously took it from him, and dyd ette it in Lingcolne College, and never payd for it." Mr. Ogle carries his history down to the Local Government Act of 1888, which reserves to the University the right of appointing one or more Clerks of the Market. The duties of these officers have now dwindled down to the weighing and seizing of butter, to presenting virtually useless reports as to the sales of corn to the Bursars of the colleges, and to eating the dinners which the Bursars set before them. An error of judgment has been committed in printing the topographical account of the market, which occupies the larger part of one of Mr. Ogle's chapters. He has taken it from a copy made from Wood's MSS. for Sir John Peshall. The insertion is superfluous; for the account is printed from Wood's own MS. in the last published volume of the Society. Dr. Holland's treatise on the University in the twelfth century is full of interest. He has collected, and briefly commented on, every notice which illustrates the growth and constitution of the University during the century, showing how the progress of Oxford studies is marked by what we know of Theobald of Étampes, whose connexion with Oxford, where he was certainly teaching by 1117, has of late years generally been overlooked; of Robert Pullein, Robert of Cricklade, and others; the stages in the growth of the University being, as he points out, the *scholæ*, the *studium generale*, and, lastly, the *Universitas*, which is found existing in all but name when Giraldus Cambrensis gave his famous reading of the *Topographia Hibernica* in 1187. It is rather strange that neither Dr. Holland nor Professor Burrows seems to have recognized in Senatus, prior of Worcester, the author of the *Vita S. Oswaldi*, printed by Canon Raine in his *Historians of the Church of York*, and stranger still, to find any one nowadays writing "Benet Coll." for C.C.C. Cambridge. The insertion in the text of passages from such well-known books as the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, the *Polycraticus* and the *Chronicle of Lanercost*, was surely needless; Dr. Holland would, we think, have been better advised if he had merely pointed out the special importance of each passage and given references.

The Rev. H. Rashdall has done good service in printing from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library the report of the proceedings in the Roman Curia in the suit between the Dominican Friars and the University in the reign of Edward II. The documents throw much light both on the constitutional history of the University and on an interesting incident in the "great European quarrel between the secular clergy, on the one hand, and the friars and their papal privileges on the other, which widened into the avowed anti-papalism of Constance and of Pisa, of Bâle and the Four Gallican Articles." Mr. Rashdall's introduction, from which we quote, is clear and instructive, though his statement that "the friars were the only mediæval clergymen"—the word is not happily chosen—"who seriously cared about the Bible for its own sake" is open to objection, and we are displeased by his silly and arrogant remark about the behaviour of the "average Anglican clergyman" towards the Dissenting minister. Are we to infer that Mr. Rashdall considers himself superior to the majority of his own profession? Mr. Neubauer has collected, chiefly from sources already printed, a large number of notices of the Jews in Oxford, and has prefixed a short discussion of the opinions expressed by various modern writers as to their settlement there. He argues that some late historians are mistaken in imagining that the English Jews had much secular learning, and maintains that they should only be credited with such learning as "they could acquire from their French brethren with whom they remained in constant connexion, and whose schools they frequented." The discovery last year at Merton College of a catalogue of Grocyn's books, made out by his friend and executor, Linacre, has suggested to Professor Burrows, the editor of this volume, the subject of a paper on which he has expended much pains with excellent results. As he remarks, it is not every day that we find ourselves in the library of a great English scholar who worked during the early days of the Renaissance in this country, and the Catalogue which he has printed will be studied with great interest. It consists of 105 printed volumes and 17 manuscripts, which, though entered under short titles such as a man would naturally use in speaking of books familiar to himself, have almost in every case been identified. In the elaborate Memoir appended to the Catalogue, Professor Burrows upholds Grocyn's right to be considered the first to introduce Greek literature into England and to teach it publicly at Oxford, pointing out that he must have learned the rudiments of the language from Cornelio Vitelli, whose arrival at Oxford he fixes at not later than 1475. Vitelli, however, could scarcely have been fitted to become a popular teacher, and seems to have "failed to make any serious impression on the place." Grocyn probably taught Greek before he left to perfect his knowledge of it in Italy; and on his return in 1491 he became "the recognized teacher, whose daily lectures in Greek attracted the chief students of the day"; he was, as Wood says, "the first to read lectures in Greek." While he was one of the foremost apostles of the New Learning, he is not to be reckoned among the Humanists, at least in the ordinary sense of the term; for, as Professor Burrows urges, the New Learning was not in his case a "mere matter of culture and intellect"; he was thoroughly orthodox, and never showed any inclination to revolt against the mediæval system of faith and practice. Among several points which are cleared up by the Professor's diligence are the date and place of Grocyn's birth, his age on entering St. Mary's College, Winchester, and the identity of Thomas Chaundler, Warden of New College, with the "Johannes Candelarius" of Leland's *De Scriptoribus Britannicis*. The value of his paper, however, must not be estimated merely by these matters; it is throughout a piece of careful and scholarly work, and as pleasantly written as it is conscientiously prepared. The "Table-Talk of Bishop Hough" is no great gain, though we are certainly glad to have it, both for the Bishop's sake and because it contains, along with a good deal of trivial gossip, one or two fairly-amusing stories. The Bishop's assertion that "King Charles and the Duke of York told my Lord of Anglesey, in the House of Lords, that Bishop Gauden was the author of Εἰκὼν Βασιλική," is enforced by an extract from Carte's Note-Book giving an account of the kind of ordeal by which Gauden's widow sought to prove the truth of her story as to her husband's authorship, and referring to Ormonde's testimony on the same side. Several pages are devoted to extracts of notices of Oxford in the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1800. As sets of the *Magazine* are not uncommon, and may at least be found in all first-rate public libraries, and as there are exhaustive index volumes, we are not gratified by this addition to the *Collectanea*.

HINDI LITERATURE.*

MR. GRIERSON is already favourably known as the author of an instructive volume on *Behar Peasant Life*, which was noticed in this journal in May 1886, and also by his *Seven Grammars of the Hindi Language*, noticed in May 1885. He has now turned his attention from the plough and the peasant to the poet and the ballad-monger; and he has catalogued, with brief notices of their works, some nine hundred and fifty authors who flourished between the twelfth century and our own time, and wrote in the Hindi dialect. Works of this kind, compiled in the intervals of business and testifying to a minute acquaintance with village life and deep sympathy with the native community, sufficiently prove that the present generation of Civil Servants produces men who can equal the late Sir H. Elliot and Mr. Beames. Fanciful comparisons are occasionally drawn between the nominee of the Court of Directors and the independent and successful competitioner. The latter is represented as brimful of knowledge and culture, compiling Blue-books and reports, chained to the desk, and comparatively ignorant of the internal economy of the Subdivision or the District. The former was always in the saddle, or measuring lands and making Settlements with his rifle and his hog-spear by his side, to be snatched up in a moment if he sighted a black buck or a wild hog while he was demarcating the boundaries of two antagonistic village communities. It need hardly be said that specimens of both kinds are to be found in the old and the new Indian Civil Service. There are at all times some men in India who prefer the palanquin and the *budgerow* to the elephant and the Arab horse, and whose knowledge of native character is gained from books and the records of the courts. And there are others by whom folklore and rural proverbs have been laboriously collected in the bazar and at the edge of the jungle, and at times and places when the ordinary villager is under no temptation to mystify an inquirer by telling him plausible tales.

Mr. Grierson's object is to give "some account of the vernacular literature of Upper India from the earliest times to the present day." Here his dates and periods become important. The best Sanskrit scholars seem to have good grounds for their belief that Sanskrit had ceased to be the spoken language of the mass of the people as far back as the third century before our era. In all probability in Upper India and in the Gangetic Valley the vernacular language was Prakrit, or a provincial dialect to which this term was loosely and generally applied. It is quite certain that in the Sanskrit dramas and plays the upper classes speak good Sanskrit, while rustics and servants speak Prakrit. The

* *The Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindustan.* By George A. Grierson, B.A., B.C.S. Printed as a Special Number of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Part I. for 1888. Calcutta: Park Street.

same division of speech is familiar to playgoers at Naples. There the noblemen talk in choice Italian, and the lazzaroni make jokes in the low Neapolitan dialect, which few English travellers can understand. That out of these Prakritic dialects came several of the modern vernaculars of India—the Hindi, the Marathi, the Bengali, and others—there seems no reason to doubt. Sir M. Monier-Williams holds that before it dropped to the vernaculars now in use the Prakrit went through no less than four different stages. There were the *Gathas* of the northern Buddhists of Nipál; next, the Rock inscriptions of the second and third centuries; thirdly, the Pali; and, lastly, the Prakrit of the plays. This preliminary notice is necessary for an understanding of Mr. Grierson's present work. He begins with the genuine Hindi vernacular literature, and he limits his inquiries to Upper India, Behar, and Rajputana, excluding the Punjab on one side and Lower Bengal on the other. Within these limits Mr. Grierson has discovered a mine of indigenous literature hitherto scarcely worked at all. The earliest poet named by him flourished in the eighth century. His latest list comprises men still living or deceased within the last two or three years. What he chooses to call the Augustan age of Hindi authors extends over the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and though we have no doubt of the strong and permanent hold which such poets as Tulsi Dáss and Sur Dáss have obtained on the minds of their countrymen, Mr. Grierson is surely a trifle extravagant when he wishes us to believe that these two bards are "not far behind" Shakspeare and Spenser. He gives us no means of forming any opinion, as we have but few extracts and fewer translations. His book, in fact, is a catalogue of popular authors, with their dates, places of abode, and poems. The few pithy couplets quoted are just sufficient to make us wish for more. But we suspect that the enumeration of his nine hundred authors will be a revelation to one school which holds that only the classical languages of India repay the cost of study; and to another which would put Milton and Pope above the highest efforts of Valmiki or Kalidasa. The truth is that Mr. Grierson has made clear one fact which was dimly forecast by practical administrators, and occasionally denied by ripe and experienced scholars. He has shown clearly that the range and popularity of Hindi bards on the Ganges and the Jumna has not been fully appreciated by men who have made Oriental literature their special study and delight. Even Sir M. Monier-Williams has committed himself to the opinion that "the literature of the Hindi vernacular dialects, with the exception of Tamil, is scarcely yet deserving of the name." The late M. Garcin de Tassy, who spent a long life in deciphering crabbed manuscripts and lecturing on Urdu and Hindi, was only able to enumerate some seventy Hindi writers. Mr. Grierson, as already stated, has discovered the existence of nearly one thousand, and this number does not take into account a vast amount of songs and ballads current among the people, to which no authorship can be assigned. His list comprises religious and moral poems; erotic poems too indecent to be quoted; tales of Krishna, as might be expected, and his innumerable milkmaids; writers of couplets and quatrains more puzzling than a double acrostic; sonnets to Rajput Princes and Mughal Emperors; strings of puns and jests; treatises on prosody; anthologies for which the compilers have indented, one on the works of seventy, and another on two hundred and more poets; compilations intended to be histories of local chieftains in their minutest details; astronomical works; and, we need hardly say, imitations of or free translations from the two great Sanskrit epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. It must be added in justice to Mr. Grierson that while the notices of many of these poets are very curt and their utterances monotonous or unattractive, his discoveries have a certain political significance which he hardly foresaw. We now know what the ordinary artisan and agriculturist most values and cherishes. Give him the free exercise of his religion; a good high road and an easy communication to certain markets, temples, and shrines; a Settlement of his revenue or his rent which is not being always tinkered and amended; his local and his national heroes and festivals in their honour; leave him to himself; and we shall hear very little about his intense longing for self-government, elective Councils, and popular representation. Fluent writers are constantly telling us about their discovery of a "New India." Mr. Grierson shows us that an Old India—very Conservative, represented by a vast population and huge provinces, is still to be found by the district officer who will take the trouble to look for it, under his nose, within a mile of the *kacheri* and the bungalow.

Some of the anecdotes and episodes are amusing and characteristic. The Oriental love of exaggeration is shown by a legend that the Emperor Akbar fined a Bundelcund Raja the huge sum of ten millions of rupees, because he would not allow a certain lady of doubtful virtue to present herself at Agra. The fine was, however, remitted at the instance of Kesab Dáss, a poet of Urchha. A Raja of Jodhpur gives a lac of rupees to each of six lords of song. One poet quarrels with his *guru* or preceptor, and then cuts his own tongue out, in order to atone for his impertinence. Man Sing, one of these Hindus employed by Akbar, was a great patron of learned men. The ground on which the Taj Mahal stands belonged to him; and at his death sixty out of his fifteen hundred wives performed the rite of *sati*. And then we have stories about Bir Bal, a favourite of the same Emperor; about one Ján Sahib, who has written in the vernacular, and whom Mr. Grierson identifies with John Christian, though we suspect that the name indicates the religion and not the person of this popular author; an account of the miracle worked by Bidyapati Thakúr, who could make the Ganges rise to the place where he was sitting and who had the gift of clairvoyance; and, lastly, by way of historical contrast, a short memoir of Raja Siva Prasad, C.S.I., of Benares, a prolific author, who served under the late Colonel Sutherland at Ajmir, was with Lord Hardinge at Sobraon, and is now contented and happy, occupying himself, to use his own expression, with "the culture of land and the culture of mind." *Regum æquabat opes animis.* Mr. Grierson we take to be a proficient in one of the most crabbed, rough, and difficult of all Indian vernaculars, made up of abbreviated Sanskrit words and some terms not traceable to any parent language or Aryan source. As the author refers constantly to *Tod's Rajasthan*, published sixty years ago, we subjoin, as specimens from Tod, two Hindi couplets long current in Rajputana. The first was a sort of warning to a chieftain:—

> Rumi-păt, Khorassan păt, hae, gae, pakhur, pai.
> Chinta; téra chith legi: sunno, Jadpat Rae.

The King of Rúm, and the King of Khorassan, with horse (*hae*), elephants (*gae* or *gaj*), caparisons (*pakhur*), and foot-soldiers (*pae* or *paik*), [are at hand]. Beware; let it enter thy mind, thou Lord of the Jadus!

When the gallant Rahtores fought vainly against the disciplined battalions of De Boigne, and were cut to pieces at a place called Patan while the men of Jaipur stood aloof, the defeat was commemorated in the following couplet. It was also said, by way of excuse, that the Rahtores were broken-hearted because they were fighting on *par-bhúm*, a foreign soil:—

> Ghora, jura, pagri
> Muccha, kag, Marwar
> Panch rukuma mel-lida [?]
> Patan men Rahtore.

Horse, shoes, turban, mustachios, and the sword of Marwar, these five things did the Rahtore surrender at Patan.

Any Sanskrit scholar will detect the truncated limbs of the grand old language in nearly every line. Mr. Grierson's latest work may not become popular; but it ought to be appreciated by the practical administrator who wishes to keep in touch with the people whom he is governing, as well as by the scholar who only cares for the evolution of tongues. We may be certain that it will be long before either the prowling philanthropist or the prolific and prating Baboo will discover anything one half so expressive of the real wants and feelings of "the millions"; their prejudices, associations, likes and dislikes.

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES.*

IN our transcript of the title of this book, at the bottom of the present page, we have been obliged to omit the author's name, the exigencies of our prosaic type not being equal to copying the sign-manual of the Knight of the Butterfly. We regret it the more because this particular instance of Mr. Whistler's signature is one of the happiest we have seen, and most appropriate to the occasion. In it the Butterfly, with hind legs wide apart, antennæ raised with a curl of conjecture, front legs uplifted in protest, wings softly flapping, and demon tail violently waved, expresses, with a fulness of suggestion which alone is sufficient to prove Mr. Whistler an artist, the various passions of indignation, impudence, humour, high spirits, and enthusiasm which inspire what is quite the most original book of the season. In a series of prefatory notes, Mr. Whistler or his publisher explains, what public gossip has been much exercised about for a month past, the genesis of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.* A spurious and piratical editor of Mr. Whistler's works has been flitting uneasily through the world, with, as the preface says, "indications of surrounding mystery, quite sufficient to arouse" the Butterfly's attention. The great publicity which has attended the suppression of this piracy may, perhaps, remind the ill-natured reader of the amazing incidents by which, in 1733, the correspondence of Pope was successfully foisted on the town by means of a certain "baker-kneed" trickster of Grub Street. Mr. Whistler has lacked no parallel thing, except a Lord Hay, to call attention to his wrongs in the House of Peers; he has not been less active than Pope was in hurrying about "to stimulate the resentment of his friends." But all this is over now; the bat-like, pirated collection has disappeared in the dawn of this charming volume, in the cover of which, through a brown rack of clouds, a golden butterfly-sun rises triumphant towards a zenith of primrose-yellow, to the final rout of its enemies. If, about the year 2010, some future Mr. Dilke should find a Whistler correspondence hidden in a garret in Grub Street—well, it will no longer matter one brass farthing to anybody.

Let us prosaically distinguish of what parts the book consists. First of all comes a report of the lawsuit for libel against Mr. Ruskin, brought in November 1876, with the cross-examination in full. Then a reprint of the pamphlet, *Whistler v. Ruskin*, originally published in 1878. Then a variety of letters contributed to various newspapers in reply to paragraphs in those or other papers which had roused the rage of the Butterfly. Then

* *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, as pleasingly exemplified in many instances, wherein the serious ones of this earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion, while overcome by an undue sense of right.* London: William Heinemann. 1890.

a reprint of *Mr. Whistler and his Critics*, which was an annotated catalogue of the second series of Venice etchings, printed, we think, in 1881. Then, more letters. Then, a reprint of the lecture called *Ten o'Clock*, of 1888. Finally, still more letters and miscellaneous epistolary fireworks of all sorts—catherine-wheels set flying around Mr. Swinburne, rockets thrown in wantonness far up the heavens of the Higher Criticism, squibs and Roman candles pointed at the gloomy old British Society of Artists, and showers of stars twinkling and fizzing around the corpse of Æstheticism. Let no one take life so seriously as not to allow that this is an attractive bill of fare. Let us disapprove of Mr. Whistler, by all means, but do not let us write ourselves down asses by pretending that he is not entertaining.

It requires a curious temperament, no doubt, to print in one's own lifetime, on exquisite paper with very full margins, deliberate snippets of one's own wit, side by side with the dulness which gave birth to it. It is quite impossible that the brightest of butterflies should score upon all occasions, and in point of fact Mr. Whistler frequently does not get the best of it. So at least it seems to us; but, in the face of his complacent calm, we hardly like to say so. It is at once his strength and his weakness that, although not, we believe, a Briton, the Butterfly never knows when it is beaten. Mr. Whistler has made his collection of fragments in the same spirit in which Flaubert projected his *Histoire de la Bêtise Humaine sous toutes ses formes*. There is the same independence of opinion, the same careless courage, the same keen eye for what is inept, flagrant, and monstrous in commonplace thought and language. It is impossible that a posy of such weeds, collected on a large scale, should not contain some flower which is really of value, and which retorts upon the hand that plucked and placed it there. But these stray mistakes merely prove the daring of the collector and his carelessness; they do not prove him unable to detect a thistle where he finds one.

After reading through this entertaining volume we gain at last an impression of the writer which is new to us, and which no single one of his scattered effusions, with all its fantastic flippancy, would be able to give. Mr. Whistler leaps out into the arena with a squeak and a painted face, and plays the "Last Rose of Summer" standing on his head. We think ourselves very clever to pronounce him a clown; whereas that is the most obvious and superficial remark which we could possibly make. Of course he starts as a clown; but what next? All that vivacity, all that rapidity and insight, all that radical distinction of character, are not explained away by the patent fact that their possessor can turn head over heels, and is daubed with white and yellow, green and red. If he is a clown, he is at least like that specimen of Théodore de Banville's who leaped so hard that at last he bounded right up through the canvas of the booth into the azure heavens themselves, to roll for ever among the stars. Through the frivolous garrulity and irresponsibility of Mr. Whistler's writings, there may be seen, if we are not greatly in error, a nature which is earnest and even pathetic in its devotion to an idea; and there are serious features of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* which it seems to us that it is no more than just to observe, when the first natural explosion of laughter has abated.

There are certain points which are not to be overlooked in Mr. Whistler's attitude towards life and art, as revealed in this collection of letters. In the first place, although so formidable an egotist, it is not attack upon himself which rouses him to gibbet an opponent. We think that scarcely a single instance will be found where his grotesque anger has been awakened by a criticism of his own individual works. Personal as the expression of his wrath is, it seems always roused upon a matter of principle. It is the dulness that cannot distinguish an imitator from Pellegrini himself, that mistakes a water-colour drawing for an oil-painting, that does not perceive the aim of his own "harmonies" and "nocturnes," that confounds intelligence with policemen; all this, and not abuse of his particular works or their execution, is the subject of his song. A capital instance is the amusing letter in which he dashed into the fray on behalf of the *Saturday Review*, when we were rated by another paper for want of respect to the late Mr. Herbert. It was not love for this journal, certes, but indignation at the eulogy of very bad art, which inspired that truly Quixotic tilt.

We scarcely need to say that we are not inclined to apologize through thick and thin for the vivacious Butterfly. He is deeply unscrupulous, ready at any moment to thrust his dagger under the fifth rib of a friend, and then to vanish in a burst of elfin laughter, not to be trusted to quote a letter or repeat a joke, a perfect will-o'-the-wisp in all the minor morals. But we claim for him the praise of being more than merely amusing, though that is much. We claim for him the pure temperament, the profound conviction of the artist. We feel underneath all his gibing and jesting, which is often in bad taste and sometimes in bad English, that he is not, like more than one of his antagonists, nothing but a shadow and an echo, but that he represents a genuine personality, and that of a high order. We laugh at his buffooneries; but we know that his real place is back, among his "nocturnes" and his "harmonies," before his easel. Nothing in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* is more suggestive than this fragment quoted from the reports of the libel suit. Mr. Whistler prints it, as we leave it, without note or comment:—

> THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Do you think now that you could make *me* see the beauty of that picture?
>
> The witness (Mr. Whistler) then paused, and examining attentively the Attorney-General's face, and looking at the picture, said, after apparently giving the subject much thought, while the Court waited in silence for his answer—
>
> "No! Do you know, I fear it would be as hopeless as for the musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man."

A GERMAN IN AFRICA.*

WE have heard and read so much about Egypt and the Soudan lately that a journey in those regions undertaken from 1875 to 1878 would appear at first sight to have scarcely a more living interest for us than a volume of Herodotus. But Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan at the time, and the princes of the land and all the people stood in awe of him. He gave Dr. Junker a kindly welcome, and provided him with passports for his journey. "He also gave me," says the Doctor, "some bottles of the Warburg 'fever tincture,' a supply of which had just reached him, securely packed in a strong box, which took both of us twenty minutes to open, working alternately with might and main. His undisguised delight in handing me this valuable present recalled what Gessi had told me about the pleasure he felt in giving away, and the extreme reluctance with which he received anything in return." Dr. Junker knew Gordon intimately. He spent many hours with him every day. He was one of the few persons permitted to take his daily meals with him. He knew Gordon, as we all know him, to have been one of the noblest and most self-denying men that ever lived; but believed that the task he had set himself was an impossible one. Three years' devoted activity in the Soudan had taught him his powerlessness to cope with the abuses of high and low. "He had been accustomed to rapid and unusual successes; but to overcome the obstacles and difficulties which opposed a just and humane government in the Soudan was a labour of Sisyphus, even for Gordon." He gave his confidence to false friends, and even traitors. He was deceived by the men whom he had most trusted, and soon saw himself left almost alone. "He issued orders which he himself afterwards recognized to be inadvisable, and which he found himself obliged to withdraw or cancel. His residence in the Soudan became a burden." When Ibrahim Fauzi behaved so infamously that Gordon said he would shoot him—a threat which, however, he did not carry out—Gordon was puzzled to choose his successor. Dr. Junker proposed Dr. Emin Effendi. Gordon raised objections, but at last made him Mudîr, with the title of Bey:—

> Dr. Emin [he says] is a slender, almost spare man, rather above the middle height, with a thin face surrounded by a dark beard and deep-set eyes that look observingly through his spectacles. The shortness of his sight compels him to strain his eyes, and concentrate them on the person before him, and this imparts a hard, and at times almost furtive, expression to his gaze. The picturesque head gives unmistakable promise of great intelligence, and betrays in nothing a German origin. Its undeniably Oriental stamp was of considerable assistance to Dr. Emin in the rôle of Turk, which he had assumed in his relations with the official circles and the people, and which he by preference constantly maintained in the first years of his residence in the Sudan and the negro territories. Every Friday he was seen to visit the Mosque, where he repeated the prayers enjoined. His whole bearing and every movement expresses (*sic*) a deliberation calculated to give the impression of dignity and self-possession. This was especially noticeable in Dr. Emin's intercourse with his subordinates, in his capacity of an Egyptian official. His outer man betrayed an almost painful punctiliousness and great care in his dress.

The account of the author's excursion to the Siwa oasis and Natron valley will be found interesting. His survey of the Baráka watercourse furnishes future explorers with much valuable information, and the narrative of his journeys through Makaraka-land and the neighbouring regions will be found as refreshing to the memory of the African traveller as they are stimulating to the reader who has never been out of Europe. Dr. Junker is above all things a collector, and the main object of his journey was apparently to collect specimens of the fauna, flora, and curiosities of the districts through which he travelled. Gordon made him a free gift of large boxes containing ethnographical specimens from Shagga. On Dr. Junker's arrival at St. Petersburg, on his way home, he found to his extreme sorrow that all his hides and skins were mildewed and spoilt, and the pottery and all fragile articles smashed. But luckily the ethnographical collection was for the most part intact. He handed most of it to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; the rest he gave to a Museum in Berlin.

But, though Dr. Junker's mission was peaceful and scientific, he saw, and apparently saw without any deep concern, in the course of his explorations many scenes of horror, and murder, and bloodshed. He seems to have been an equable philosopher who took things as they came, and who did not feel at all disposed to take upon himself the rôle of a philanthropist or a humanitarian. For instance, he tells us without any visible sign of emotion or disapproval that the "Chief Liki, enraged by the loss of his herds and the despoiling of his fields, marched with the courage of despair on our camp. He was alone, and quickly shot off several arrows. A ball then shattered his arm above the elbow, and our Bombeh soldiers fell on him, mutilating his corpse and cutting off his head, which was given to me and prepared for my collection!"

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* *Travels in Africa during the years* 1875–1878. By Dr. Wilhelm Junker. Translated from the German by A. H. Keane. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall.

Dr. Junker tells us some exciting stories about the African leopard, who appears to be more hated by other animals than the famous bat in the fable. Birds and baboons are his special enemies. One of these leopards paid him a visit in his bedroom, but an Englishman shot him, and Dr. Junker has kept his skin. "The young leopard, however, is harmless, and even confiding. When I visited a menagerie in Kassala I saw giraffes, ostriches, all kinds of water-fowl moving about, and small elephants standing quietly together, while Kohn's little three-year-old daughter was playing on a couch with a young lion, a leopard, monkeys, and young hyænas, tossing balls from one to another." The doctor, too, had his experiences of crocodiles, and saw one of them bite a boy's arm so clean off at the shoulder "that not even the least shred of sinew projected from the stump. Only a few drops of blood fell from the clean cut, and nothing was needed except careful bandaging."

The musky odour of the substance which these Saurians secrete from certain glands is regarded by the Soudanese as a highly prized and precious perfume. At Khartum (Dr. Junker has his own way of spelling proper names), where our traveller was regaled with dances and dinners, he takes occasion to say that knives and forks are not at all necessary to cleanliness. There is so much washing of the fingers which handle the food that he could find no disturbing element in his enjoyment of a genuine Oriental repast. We are given pictures of the bells used by the Bombehs, which remind us very much of the cow-bells which we see in the Bavarian Tyrol. The slave-trade has been forbidden, as we know, by the Egyptian Government; but Dr. Junker says that none of the agents of that Government, whether Egyptians, Turks, or Soudanese, object to slavery on principle, or hold the traffic to be criminal. It is forbidden by the Viceroy, and is sometimes punished with rigorous severity; but why they do not know and do not care to understand.

A SELECTION FROM THE "LIBER."*

It is to be presumed that the success of "Vere Foster's" water-colour books on landscape and marine painting, with reproductions of Turner's designs in both classes, has partly led to the production of this more ambitious work on similar lines. We miss upon the cover of this stately production the magic name of "Vere Foster," and also that of Mr. Poynter, whose South Kensington Drawing-books issue from the same corner of art publication. We do not pretend to understand the inner mysteries which underlie the apparent connexion between all these efforts to educate Young England in the Graphic Arts; for, though this Drawing-book is not fathered by Mr. Poynter, it is yet called a "South Kensington Drawing-book," and its publishers are the same as of those books affiliated to him and to "Vere Foster." But there is one undoubted link between all, and that is one of merit; and this, the latest, is the most important and the most beautiful, and claims attention from other points of view than the educational.

To quote the title-page, this *Selection from the "Liber Studiorum" of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*, is designed for "Artists, art students, and amateurs," it is "suggested by the writings of Mr. Ruskin," it has "an historical introduction by Frederick Wedmore," and "practical notes by Frank Short," besides "extracts from the writings of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., and others." Here is an array of talent calculated to make the boldest reviewer draw breath, and when he reads further that it is published "under the sanction of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education," he may well feel that there is nothing left for him to say. But this is not all, for after the title-page comes the preface by Mr. John Ward, F.S.A., in which we find not only all these brave names repeated, but the merits of their owners described. Mr. Short has engraved plates from the "Liber" in such a manner as to call forth high praise from Mr. Ruskin, and admiration from every connoisseur of the "Liber." Mr. Brooke "gave liberty to borrow from his writings, thus diffusing the eloquence he has poured out upon the work." "Mr. Wedmore—whose knowledge of the subject is well known—came forward with his graceful pen"; and, finally, Mr. Goulding has printed the plates in a way which "reflects great credit on Mr. Goulding's care and talent as an artistic printer." After this, what is to be done but to swell the tide of applause? But the critic baffled of his proper prey may, perhaps, be pardoned for muttering between his ill-natured teeth, "If the wine be so good, why this intolerable amount of bush?"

But the ill-natured critic will not have his temper improved when he enters in and tastes the vintage, for he will then find that Mr. Ward's panegyric is not so undeserved as he would like it to be. He may wish Mr. Wedmore's grace were a little less constrained, and Mr. Stopford Brooke's eloquence a little more so; but he will find it difficult to deny the existence of either. He will find, moreover, that in his introductory essay the former states the facts of his theme with ease and accuracy, while in matters of critical controversy he steers his way neatly between the "Scylla" of Ruskin and the "Charybdis" of Hamerton. It will also cause him more surprise than pleasure to find that, while Mr. Ward's encomium of Mr. Short as a mezzotint engraver and a sympathetic imitator of Turner's work is fully justified, that artist has claims to write about art workmanship in general, and Turner's craft in particular, which he could not conscientiously ignore. As to Mr. Goulding, his only consolation will be that the sphere of that admirable "print-editor" does not extend beyond four copperplates.

At this point at least there is a chance for him to "come in." He might complain that the method of reproduction of the etchings, especially those that are reduced in size, gives undue prominence to the darker passages, so that some of them are unpleasantly "spotty," and even with regard to the reductions of the complete plates, he might reasonably contend that the total effect, if still fine, was not quite the same as that of the originals.

But if we suppose the critic to be not ill-natured, and to have recovered his breath; what then? Why, then, the book (or portfolio) deserves praise, considerable if not unstinted. It is the highly organized production of several earnest and cultivated men, who have, all of them here, and some of them elsewhere, done their best to popularize what is, perhaps, the greatest achievement of one of the greatest geniuses that England has produced. It is fair to presume that this is the main intention of a somewhat complicated undertaking. The promoters have, we think, somewhat overrated the ignorance of the public in regard to the "Liber." They take little or no account of the publications of the Autotype Company, or of other ways in which the "Liber" has been popularized before; they overrate, we fear, the probable effect of their own publication on the public taste. The public which this will in all probability reach has been reached before. The notion of turning the "Liber" into a drawing-book is not altogether happy. It is, as Mr. Wedmore truly observes, an illustration of landscape composition; and this is a very different thing from a pictorial copybook. The etchings, valuable as they may be to advanced artists, especially to painters and engravers, were not meant to teach persons how to draw; and they will never be of much use for this end. They may teach a certain Turneresque elegance in drawing trees; something, perhaps, of Turner's touch; but these can scarcely be acquired without mannerism, and it is questionable whether it is desirable to learn them at all, except as a means of more fully appreciating Turner. Mr. Frank Short's experience of the value of copying the "Liber" is, no doubt, worthy of much consideration; but it must be remembered that he has studied it for the express object of imitating it as closely as he can, and with the feeling of an engraver. If Turner had prepared plates for the purpose of instructing pupils how to draw from nature, he would have gone to work in a very different way. These etchings do not explain themselves, and to copy them is to a great extent an unintelligent exercise of the hand. To perceive the reason of a great number of the lines it is necessary to know by heart the plate as finished with mezzotint.

Nevertheless, we do not wish to imply that this is not a useful as well as a beautiful work, or that, if it only tends to spread a knowledge of the "Liber," it will not have a sufficient reason for existence. It is scarcely possible to turn over its pages without being struck with that sense of form and that beauty of composition which are so wanting in the landscapes of the present day. The language of line is almost universally disregarded, the dignity of design has almost ceased to be felt, by modern painters of landscape; and with them has disappeared, not only the conventions, but some of the noblest qualities, both intellectual and poetic, of the older schools. It is the principal value of this publication that it contains a good selection from a storehouse of design—masterly, masculine, and various—which, if it were as well known and as much prized by artists as it should be, could scarcely fail to elevate and invigorate the whole school of English landscape.

* *A Selection from the "Liber Studiorum" of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* London: Blackie & Son, Limited.

GAMBETTA.*

If we had been asked beforehand what the task of writing a Life of Léon Gambetta would be like, we should have said that it would be even as that stock example of unsatisfactory work, the making of bricks without straw. If it had been answered that this could hardly be the case with a man who had been so conspicuous in the midst of so much, we should have replied that the conspicuousness of Gambetta came mostly from this—that he floated on the top, making very inflated empty speeches the while, which are disgustingly wersh stuff to make biographies out of. After reading Mr. Marzials's short Life we see how completely we should have been in the right. It is needless to add how thoroughly this confirms that opinion of Mr. Marzials's good sense which we already entertained. He is, as a good biographer must be, an admirer of his man, but he shirks nothing; and in one passage he has so exactly laid his finger on what we believe to be the truth about Gambetta that we shall quote it at large. Mr. Marzials, in speaking of the report that attempts were made to hire Gambetta for the Imperialist side after the Baudin affair, and of the praise given to his disinterestedness in sticking to his principles, says:—

> But here, I think, commendation is scarcely due. Far be it from me to imply a doubt of his real disinterestedness. When, however, we are asked to regard that disinterestedness as particularly meritorious, then we are bound to inquire into the circumstances of the time. Were they such as to make it probable that a young man of genuine power would best gratify

* *The Statesman Series—Life of Léon Gambetta.* By Frank T. Marzials. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

his ambition by accepting the favour of the Empire, or by making himself the mouthpiece of the democracy? To this question there can, I think, be but one answer. In the latter end of the year 1868, and the beginning of 1869, the Empire was like a wounded whale—huge, but visibly struck, and floundering. Its old despotic policy had had its day, though the legacy of passionate hatred accumulated by that policy still remained, and the new policy of comparative Liberalism was still untried, was not yet even frankly accepted by the Emperor. The alliance offered to the young orator was thus only an alliance with disintegration and death. But, on the other hand, the democratic party was young, vigorous, renewing the confidence in itself so rudely shaken in 1848 and 1851, and once more in a kind of morning-flush of hope. The moment, therefore, was just one in which prestige and power could be best secured on the somewhat cheap terms of a virulent opposition. In matters of government, no less than in matters military, the *furia francese* is only too often shown on the side of attack rather than defence. This is one of the curses of the country. And young Gambetta must have known full well that his political interests, altogether apart from his convictions, lay with the democratic Republicans.

Mr. Marzials's admiration stops well on the right side of idolatry. The best of the passage is formed by the words "the somewhat cheap terms." In fact, the note of Gambetta's faculty, his eloquence, and his success, is just precisely cheapness. His defiance of the Imperial Government in the Baudin trial was as cheap as dirt. A Public Prosecutor who could be shouted down, judges who sat gasping in amazement, and a Government which allowed sedition to be preached with impunity, were no such terrible enemies. Gambetta's personal influence over his café friends, too, was of the cheapest. We are told that he was looked up to by MM. Wolff and Sarcey; but a man might be looked up to by MM. Sarcey and Wolff without being a Colossus. All we gather about the great Léon in those days is that he was a healthy, bawling, noisy young animal with a loud voice, a boundless Southern conceit in himself, a great command of Republican formulas, and a keen zest for pleasure of the ordinary garlic and other kind. Such men often have an influence among lads. That he should have become the first man in France only proves to what a level of mediocrity the political faculty of France had sunk. Gambetta never met but one real statesman in his path—M. Thiers—who was his master whenever he chose. As for the rest, what force was required to beat the likes of the unutterably little and commonplace men who filled the rest of the stage? Animal vivacity and "go" were enough; and those things Gambetta had in abundance. What else he had we have never been able to see; nor does Mr. Marzials tell us. The man's speeches are mostly the merest froth; not quite so empty as the dreary platitudes and formulas of M. Clémenceau, but nearly so. Their rhetorical force was probably considerable when they were spoken, but on paper they are intolerable fustian. As Mr. Marzials has to confess, he never really governed. His administration in Tours was a mere mob rule. His famous Ministry, after all the predictions made for it, turned out the most complete wind-egg ever laid even in France. There are few more absurd incidents in the life of any man than the story very loyally told by Mr. Marzials of how Gambetta publicly promised "to be there" when his friends were going to demonstrate against the Empire in '69, and how, as soon as it appeared that the gensdarmes would be allowed "to give" this time, the heroic man decided to remain quietly in Switzerland. If that incident was not in M. Daudet's mind when he wrote *Numa Roumestan*, it has doubtless occurred to him more than once in the course of his labours on the Life of Tartarin. These two names always turn up under one's pen when it is engaged on Léon Gambetta. For the rest, it is not to be denied that he had their virtues. He was a good fellow in his and their way—that is, from the skin outwards.

RECENT VERSE.*

IN its new form Mr. Gosse's *On Viol and Flute* is nothing less and something more than a reprint of the volume with the same title published sixteen years since. To quote the prefatory note, it contains "all that the author desires to preserve of such of his verses as were published up to the year 1879, in certain volumes, all of which are now out of print." Graced by the sympathetic designs of Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Thornycroft—a frontispiece and afterpiece that seem to proclaim the truth that with Mr. Gosse the flute outsings the viol—the book is extremely pretty, and reveals more than any single volume of the author the range and accomplishment of his lyrical faculty. The selection shows a nice judgment, and errs, if at all, on the side of exclusion. Among the additional poems are the songs from *King Erik*, the songs from the charming chamber-play *The Unknown Lover*, and a single sonnet from a yet earlier volume. Of the occasional verse, the fine poem "On the Loss of the *Eurydice*" must be noted, together with the first-fruits of that movement in favour of foreign metrical forms of which Mr. Gosse was a pioneer. Here are rondeau and ballade, villanelle and sestina; and the "Praise of Dionysus"—that stately and melodious chant royal which Mr. J. A. Symonds justly cites in his cloud of witnesses to the complexity and variety of the Victorian lyric. Once again are we impressed by the admirable execution of these poems. By the gift of a delicate ear, a minute attention to rhythmical expression, and a ready command of metrical resources, Mr. Gosse escapes that commonest fate of poets—to be praised or blamed by piecemeal. It is the rare distinction of many of these graceful lyrics that you cannot detach a verse here or a stanza there without consciously injuring the poem you would thus honour. Carlyle's "critic fly" cannot batten on work of this artistry. Perhaps the most inexplicable criticism ever uttered by Coleridge was his complaint of Spenser that there was something almost painful in the impeccable *technique* of that poet's verse. Was it that Coleridge wanted "something craggy," or was he alienated from right judgment by some irritation of the hour, some revolutionary caprice? He was himself a metrical artist without a rival. "You know," he adds, as if touched by the inconsistency between his criticism and his own poetic example, "how highly I praise good versification." Mr. Gosse's volume is rich in the pleasure that good verse yields. While the lyrical appeal is instant and unobtrusive, subject and form, like the voice and the instrument, are in happiest accord. Perhaps the finest example of this artistic union is "The Almond Tree," where the metrical setting of the lyrical idea is felt to be a spontaneous process, the fittest medium and the fairest for the poetic expression of this dignified and pathetic lament.

Songs of Siluria is an interesting little book, inspired by a fervid patriotism that becomes the modern successors to the Welsh bards. The writer of the introduction laments the neglect of the history of the marches of Wales and the rich stores of legend still unsung. We are minded that they rhymed in Britain long before they gave over blank alliterative verse in England. It was "gallant little Wales" that gave to England the "crowning grace of rhyme." Was not Wallace a Welshman, and William le Walys his right designation? In some spirited stanzas—"Scotia and Cambria"—this truth is chronicled:—

> Boast, Scotland! of thy noble line
> Of Douglas or of Moray;
> Rehearse thy tale of woe and bale,
> Of border fight and foray;
>
> From Cambrian race thy noblest came,
> Who died from death to save thee;
> When Wallace bled thy hopes were fled,
> The hopes thy hero gave thee.

But, of a truth, the race of Taliesin has not been prolonged to those latter days in the beautiful Silurian land. Yet is there a genuine singing capacity revealed in the lyrics and sonnets of this pleasant volume, and the visitor to the Brecon beacons, Llyn Safaddan, the vales of Neath and Usk and the coast of Glamorgan, will find sympathetic solace in the *Songs of Siluria*.

Lostara is a wild, vague, and mystical production, dedicated, to the sore affright of the poetical reader, to those who would reconcile opposing schools of science and philosophy. The poem is better than the promise of this inscription, though hard enough to read from its utter formlessness. Like the "Fane of Banners," painted with a Shelleyan lavishness of phrase and a more than Shelleyan disregard of concrete images, where the spirits of the just meet, "of whom Lovarre is chief, in splendour clad," *Lostara* is "full of winding ways" and labyrinthian intricacies. Now and again a poetic thought, expressed as only a poet can shape imaginings, flashes on the reader, and he is lured "darkly, painfully afar" into bewildering chaos, until light breaks once more, only to be extinguished as before.

The poetical method of the author of *Song Strays* is somewhat akin to that of the photographer—the "artist photographer" perhaps we should say. He fixes, in the briefest lyrical limits, some fugitive impression of a great name, famous in song and story; or he groups two such names and registers the final spiritual triumph of wronged love in "Œnone to Paris dead" or "Mary to Rizzio's Voice." The "Stanzas and Strophes," the "Sonnets and Sestets," have this quality of presentation in common; they concentrate some emotional crisis, or some climax in the spiritual experience or life-history of persons renowned in drama or legend. The sestets are often truly epigrammatic. The stanzas or strophes are also not less concise than clear in utterance. Here, for example, is "Orestes to Pylades," a poem that well represents the microcosmical treatment of the author:—

> O thou! as the bare shore waits the sea
> To whelm and to cover it, I wait thee!
> Pour on my soul the tide of thy soul,
> And into its hollows thy fulness roll;
> Fill it with glory of motion and sound,
> Stir it and shock it to its firmest ground:—
> Draw to me, throb to me, break on me;
> I am shore that throbs for thee;—be my sea!

Eleusis is a poem in the stanza of *In Memoriam* devoted to "the Eternal Questioning, Whence and Why?" Though not so long as its model, it recalls Johnson's criticism of *Lycidas* in one respect. Grief has not, we are reminded, leisure to make long the flow of elegiac song, nor does the voice of sorrow assuage its passionate regret and longing in vague questionings. The poetry of *Eleusis*, somehow, does not tell of truth or profundity. It shows genuine facility in craftsmanship, yet contrives to leave the impression of a *pastiche*, or, at the best, of a deft reflection of

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* *On Viol and Flute.* By Edmund Gosse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. Lim. 1890.

Songs of Siluria. By M. E. and I. S. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

Lostara. By Sophia Lydia Walters. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

Song Strays. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Eleusis. Chicago: privately printed. 1890.

Stanley: a Drama. By James L. Thornely. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. Lim. 1890.

Lays of Common Life. By William Toynbee. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

the author's original study. The source of song is too plainly marked in these verses:—

Alas for him whose harp outrung
The first low minor-chord of doubt,
And gave that bitter keynote out
Whereto uncounted souls have sung.

Alas for him who out of tune
With the young earth's clear-voiced refrain,
Made tears the burden of his strain,
And saw a clouded sky at noon.

The hero of Mr. Thornely's play is not the African explorer, but the seventh Earl of Derby, one of the most loyal and unfortunate of Royalist leaders in the Parliamentary war. Mr. Thornely's drama shows some constructive skill. The leading characters are fairly well drawn, and the dialogue is terse and expressive, though a trifle too declamatory at times. At the same time it is only too obvious that the writer has not considered the play from the representative point of view. A drama composed for the reader, ignoring the stage and its audience altogether, must necessarily lack vitality. Thus it is impossible to discern anything in the dramatic quality of Mr. Thornely's play that distinguishes it from the rank and file of the poetical drama. It may be read with a certain amount of pleasure, yet it is inconceivable that the play should achieve the legitimate end of play-writing, and be successfully acted.

Mr. Toynbee's *Lays of Common Life* are recitative verses of the most uncompromising order. To read them soberly, and in silence, is impossible. They compel you to attempt the platform style, to declaim them to an imaginary audience, with the excessive gesture and emphasis that never fail to impress a popular gathering. The themes are familiar, and the style not new. The wicked Earl, the abandoned lady, the virtuous policeman who knew the abandoned lady in her innocent youth, the flower-girl who observes of her flowers that they "are angels all tender with tears!" these all figure in the *Lays*, tricked out with the specious art and jejune sentiment of reciter's poetry.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE shall probably return to the autobiographic *Vie de Henri Brulard* (1), which, like most things of Beyle's, is worth taking, as the idiotic husband in a novel or tale which we forget requested his guests to take his cigars, *avec recueillement*. M. Stryienski its introducer, and his introduction, may be worth a few words. As usual with this class of French editor, he gives us no account of the origin of his document, though he gives us many details about its contents. His own remarks are funny. Beyle, he says, was "aristocratique dans le sens absolu du mot." We should have said that, if there ever was a snob of genius *dans le sens absolu du mot*, it was Beyle. He informs us magisterially that, if you write at forty, you write *après la vie*; if you write at five and twenty, you write *avant la vie*; and that you must (apparently) write at thirty-five to write *pendant la vie*. Lord! Lord!

M. Michel's work on Ruysdael (2), or, rather, the Ruysdaels and their school, is a good addition to the "Artistes célèbres," because it takes in hand to disembroil the works of Solomon and Jacob Ruysdael, and has a very useful catalogue (not universal or usual in the series) of the locality of the principal pictures. We in England, and particularly in London, are admittedly rich in the works of the greater Ruysdael, and though, like all good things of the kind, they bear translation into black and white fairly, they cannot be said to be thoroughly well seen in it. Yet M. Michel's book is a useful one, and may be particularly recommended to any one who has hitherto been contented with Mr. Ruskin's dictum that Ruysdael's pictures "are good furniture pictures, unworthy of praise, and undeserving of blame." Which, being interpreted, means that Ruysdael had the impudence to paint in his own way, and to the best of that way, not in some other way which had the good fortune (by no means certainly the merit) to please his critic. Shall we ever get a critic in art or in literature who will teach the public that all good ways are good?

M. Léon de Tinseau has, as the schoolboy said, "exquired his antique mother," or, in other words, has returned to the style in which he first made his mark some years ago; and the result is excellent. Both "Strass et diamants" and "Fontluce," the other story in the volume (3), are what it is, or was not long ago, the fashion in Paris to call *berquinades*—that is to say, they are neither pessimist, nor "shoking," nor decadent, nor deliquescent, nor anything *quod exit in* "ent," except decent and excellent. The hero of the first, a Marquis de Vitrac, who is penniless, and employed by the State at ten pounds a month, after having had his shoulder smashed in the German war, is a little, a very little, more of a muff than he need have been; the heroine is a very little forward and the aged aunt a very little grotesque when you come to take them to pieces. But there is no need to take them to pieces; and, when not subjected to that unpleasant process, they are very agreeable personages. Of the naughty people of the story we are inclined to think that the old notary is let off too easily (for he did a very dirty thing), and the elderly adventuress (who, after all, did nothing worse than intend to bestow, not only her equivocal reputation, but her very authentic wealth, on the hero in the regular way of the altar) not quite easily enough; but that is matter of taste. "Fontluce," which follows, tells how a mother-ridden Marquis by constancy and good luck overcame the obstinacy of his mamma and married his beloved. Both are told in a very lively style, though the Marquis does attest the eternal repose of his father. What philosopher will ever tell us why it is impossible to conceive any English Bertrand de Fontluce in a row with his mother attesting the eternal repose of that lady's defunct husband, or any English novelist of a tithe of M. de Tinseau's power making him do it, or the further fact that it seems consumedly ridiculous to the Englishman, and a dignified and heroic utterance to a Frenchman?

The prolific and agreeable M. du Boisgobey has left his *Plongeur* family (a good riddance) and has taken to something like a new line altogether, which (the *réclame* says) challenges comparison with Dumas, and which may, less extravagantly, be said to challenge it with Amédée Achard or the author of *Whitefriars*. The scene of *Fontenay-Coup-d'épée* (4) is laid in the Peninsula, but M. du Boisgobey has not brought France and England face to face—except for a mere instant in Sir John Moore's unlucky business—only France and Spain. There have been occasions in history when the encounter of the two nations was more glorious for France; but "Fortuné" is not a Chauvinist. M. Charpentier has not been quite so fortunate in his third adventure with "La nouvelle collection" as with the two former. M. Fabre and M. Theuriet gave him, if not quite masterpieces, work much above the common. M. Calmettes (5) is only so far out of the common that he sometimes writes the odd new French, shot and veined partly with slang and partly with capricious inversions or curtailments of phrase. Otherwise, there is not much distinction in his book. Its frontispiece represents a gentleman, with a tall hat and a frock-coat, carrying a young woman, not apparently of very tender years, with a smile on his countenance which is inimitably childlike and bland. As for *Candeur* (6), it is a curious *reductio ad absurdum* of that very Beylism to which we have alluded, and in which the most interesting thing is that one never quite knows whether it is *blague* or sincerity. The author thinks that "les âmes banales et sensibles bondiront" when they read him. Does the soul bound? For our part, we should say that the mouth was more likely to yawn.

(1) *Vie de Henri Brulard.* Par Stendhal. Publiée par Casimir Stryienski. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—Jacob van Ruysdael et les paysagistes de l'école de Harlem.* Par E. Michel. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(3) *Strass et diamants.* Par Léon de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Fontenay-Coup-d'épée.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Deux tomes. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Sœur aînée.* Par Fernand Calmettes. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Candeur.* Par André Maurel. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

UNDER the comprehensive title *The Advancement of Science* (Macmillan & Co.) Professor E. Ray Lankester has collected from the pages of reviews and other sources a number of essays and lectures on various scientific subjects which collectively illustrate, with the author's usual clearness and vigour of statement, the present outlook and practical tendencies of science. Several of the topics discussed in these reprints are of considerable interest to the general public. The plea for increased State aid to scientific research in the British Association address, "Biology and the State," is as fresh and forcible now as when it was delivered at Southport in 1883. Most persons, again, who are interested in the theories and practice of M. Pasteur—and who is not?—will read or re-read, as may be, Mr. Ray Lankester's able and searching essay, "Pasteur and Hydrophobia," and be established in the true faith of inoculation and the protective virus. In an appendix to this article, written in 1886, the results of M. Pasteur's treatment are summarized to last year. Another question of public interest was dealt with in the author's address on the scientific results of the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, when the hope was expressed that a "house of research" or marine laboratory might be founded in the interests of the national food supply. Mr. Ray Lankester refers with natural gratification to the prompt establishment of the Marine Biological Association, and the successful building and endowment of the Laboratory at Plymouth.

Dr. John Macintosh's *Scotland*, contributed to the "Story of the Nations" Series (Fisher Unwin), though a readable book on the whole, and one that shows excellent discrimination in such matters as proportion and condensation, does not altogether triumph over the cramped conditions under which the writer of a nation's story must necessarily work. Dr. Macintosh's skill is displayed best in the opening chapters that treat of early Christianity in Scotland and in the justly fuller historical treatment he has accorded to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The historical method should surely dominate such books as these, if mere sketchiness is to be avoided. It is hard, of course, to draw a fast and rigid line at the Union, though it is obvious that the results of the Union cannot be effectively presented in a single brief chapter. "Modern Literature," too, is a theme it were better to have left untouched than to risk the hazard of a touch-and-go glance that yields nothing that every reader of the series has not been possessed of since boyhood.

The collected essays of the late Miss Constance C. W. Naden—*Induction and Deduction* (Bickers & Sons)—appear with a brief memoir of the gifted author, whose poetical promise was of a kind so striking and original that we had anticipated for her a progress in poesy of no ordinary interest. Miss Naden, however, abandoned the Muses for the study of ethics, the philosophic systems of the past, the sociology of the present, living apart from the charms of Poesy in abstruse and severer fields of thought. In her leading essay the writer throws light upon accepted definitions of the inductive and deductive processes in the course of an historical survey of philosophic thought, extending from Aristotle to Kant and Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is an odd experience to pass from Miss Naden's vivacious verse to these excursions into the still-vexed sea of philosophy, and not without a shiver have we made the cold plunge.

Far from the fear of the Bishop of Peterborough is the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, who in a volume of Liverpool sermons and addresses, entitled *For Christ and City!* (Macmillan & Co.), sets forth with much enthusiasm the ideal of what is called "social Christianity."

Mr. John Davidson's *Perfervid: the Career of Ninian Jamieson* (Ward & Downey), illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, is an extravaganza in two parts, illustrative of the "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum," or perhaps of the perilous relationship between great wit and madness, as the poet has it. The atmosphere of unreality and the pervading presence of "other worldliness" are happily suggested in the sketch of Ninian, the heir of the Stuarts, and in the story of the two boys who rehearse the *Pilgrim's Progress* and unconsciously caricature Quixotism very successfully in their perfervid zeal.

Allowing that he writes for the young Social Democrat and the ignorant Secularist, Mr. E. Belfort Bax offers readings of history in *The Story of the French Revolution* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) that may prove too sickening for some among his audience. The dirty and indecent language he applies to Marie Antoinette and his impudent defence of the September massacres—"There has never in all history been more excuse" than for these literally tyrannical butcheries, says Mr. Bax—probably correctly gauge the tastes and the historical knowledge of the readers of *Justice*. Much more surprising is it that Mr. Bax has been able to find a publisher.

In the "Canterbury Poets" we have *Great Odes: English and American* (Walter Scott), selected and edited by Mr. William Sharp. The selection is an odd jumble of masterpieces by Spenser, Gray, Coleridge, and of pieces of verse that are neither "odes" nor "great." Mr. Sharp would have done better if he had followed the example set by Mr. Gosse's *English Odes*.

A notable reprint in book form from *Household Words* is *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, &c. (Chapman & Hall), with illustrations by Arthur Layard. This volume contains the best products of the partnership of Dickens and Wilkie Collins. The hand of Dickens is tolerably constant in the "Idle Apprentices," and needs no detective vision. "No Thoroughfare" perhaps is, of the three stories here reprinted, the most successful as a blend, and the curiously unequal narrative, "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," the strangest result of the combination.

With a fair field for research, there should be no lack of support forthcoming to the *Berkshire Notes and Queries*, edited by Mr. G. F. Tudor Sherwood (Elliot Stock), the latest of the already numerous county journals of genealogy, topography, and antiquities. The new venture, which is issued quarterly, comprises lists of wills, administrations, non-parochial registers, and the first instalment of a descriptive catalogue of Berkshire records in the British Museum.

Mrs. Edmond R. Wodehouse's *Index to the Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by Sir George Grove (Macmillan & Co.), is a considerable volume. In addition to a full general index to the four volumes of the Dictionary, it catalogues the contributions of each writer.

Like the swallow, the "Summer Numbers" this year have come before the summer. Mr. Bret Harte's new story, "A Ward of the Golden Gate," with illustrations by Messrs. Forestier and Montbard—the *Illustrated London News* holiday number—is told with the old charm and freshness that marked the author's first Californian tales. In the *Graphic* "Summer Number" Mr. Outram Tristram's "King of Hearts," illustrated by H. Railton and G. Thomson, occupies the place of honour.

In the last number of *L'Art* M. Félix Naquet reviews the chief examples of sculpture at the Salon, and M. Abel Patoux contributes a very interesting sketch of the life of Ulysse Butin, with sketches, drawings, and some delightful autograph letters, full of amusing pen-and-ink sketches. Among the etchings is a fine example, after Julien Dupré, by H. Martin.

Portraits of Sir J. D. Linton, Miss Margaret Macintyre, and Mr. Sydney Grundy, by M. Walery, appear in this month's issue of *Our Celebrities* (S. Low & Co.) *Beauty's Queens* for July contains portraits of Miss Mary Moore and Miss Olga Nethersole, both examples of "graphotone," and a pastel drawing of Miss Maude Millett.

Among new editions we have to note the Rev. W. Dunn Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian Library*, with additions (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Mr. Thomas Greenwood's *Public Libraries*, third edition, rewritten (Simpkin & Co.); *The Kingdom of God*, by Professor A. B. Bruce (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); the second edition of Mr. Reginald Dickinson's *Constitution and Procedure of Foreign Parliaments* (Vacher & Co.); Dr. W. Murrell's *Masso-Therapeutics* (H. K. Lewis); Longfellow's version of the *Paradiso* (Routledge); and the seventh and third editions of Mr. Alfred Chapman's *Income-Tax, and How to Get it Refunded*, and *Inhabited House Duty*—useful handy books published by Messrs. Effingham Wilson & Co.

We have also received *The Constitutional History of South Australia*, by the Hon. Boyle Travers Finniss (Simpkin & Co.); *Mad Doctors*, by One of Them (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Chess Problems*, by James Rayner (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Brief for the Government*, by W. H. Meridyth (Blackwood); *The Days of James IV.*, by G. Gregory Smith, M.A. (David Nutt); *Elementary Mechanics* (Blackie); *Structural and Systematic Botany*, by Professor D. H. Campbell (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *Musical Groundwork*, by F. J. Crowest (Warne & Co.); *Physiology and Hygiene for Home Nursing*, by C. E. Fitzgerald, M.D. (Bell & Sons); *The Church of my Baptism, and Why I Returned to it*, by W. F. H. King (Burns & Oates); *The Musical Year-Book of the United States*, 1889-90, by G. H. Wilson (Boston: Mudge); *Cycling*, by H. H. Griffin (Bell & Sons), and *The New "Little Folks'" Painting Book* (Cassell).

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

NOTHING of interest happened in the House of Lords on *Friday* week except the passing of the Western Australia Bill. The House of Commons was once more occupied with the Irish Estimates; but that period of penal servitude closed at midnight, the last vote being passed. There was nothing of the very slightest note in the debate, unless it were the patient fortitude of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. JACKSON, and some fresh instances of the absurdity of supposing that an Irish Parliament would hold itself in the least bound by Mr. GLADSTONE's views on Home Rule.

In the House of Lords on *Monday* the Settled Lands Bill, after some opposition, passed through Committee, and some minor business was done. In the Commons the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced that the Government have at last come to a conclusion what to do with the money once allotted to the licensing clauses, and left ownerless by their withdrawal. The wise have said that money going a-begging always comes to a bad use, and they will not find their maxim upset here. The money—at least in England and Scotland—is to be handed over to the County Councils, with a hint that they might as well add it to the sums already spent or wasted on what is called education. In the part of England called Wales and in Ireland the monster Education (*var. intermediata*) is to get it at once. There was questioning about the Grenadier Guards, who have been at last, and very properly, packed off to Bermuda, after a sound and well-deserved rating from the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and with a new, and it is to be hoped wiser, Colonel. Also there was talk about Mr. Justice HARRISON, who is charged with having given the advice, more unconventional than unsound, that his brother LYNCH is the "man for Galway" (whence, indeed, the LYNCHES come), the best judge to deal with the ruffians who are tyrannizing over Ireland. The Census Bills and the Savings Bank Bill were discussed; and then the Irish members, weary of the comparative well-doing which marked last week by only wasting it, had a wrangle till three o'clock in the morning over the report of the Constabulary vote.

On *Tuesday* the House of Lords sent the Sheriffs' Expenses Bill through Committee and helped on some other measures. The Commons devoted themselves to the Census Bills, the Savings Bank Bill, the Army Estimates, and, late at night, to the London County Council Money Bill. This last seems, we are sorry to say, though we have no particular affection for the present Council, to have been quite needlessly obstructed by a Tory member. The Army Estimates provided occasion for the usual desultory debate with which it is not exactly easy to find fault on principle, but which very rarely does any good in practice. On the present occasion it was chiefly noticeable for a curious outbreak of Mr. HANBURY's cross-bench mind on the subjects of the Commander-in-Chief, the officers of the Guards, the wickedness of attending chiefly to the preservation of the Union, and other things. This led later to a smart reply from Colonel KENYON-SLANEY, and the exchange of compliments was renewed next day. The English Census Bill gave Baron DIMSDALE an opportunity to move the religious clause which was defeated, but provided the Opposition with the opportunity of wasting time over the fancied grievance that the Government did not take Baron DIMSDALE and its other supporters by the scruff of the neck and force them to sit down. Gladstonians naturally forget that there is such a thing as voting according to principle. As to the religious Census itself, it was really hardly worth the trouble. No statistics could be more eloquent of the facts than the madness of the political Dissenters at the idea.

The House of Commons spent *Wednesday* on the Post Office vote—an allotment of time which, considering the recent alarums and excursions in the department, was perhaps not too much. The debate was chiefly noteworthy for the very scanty amount of support which Mr. PICKERSGILL and Mr. CONYBEARE, the predestined champions of the insubordinate, found on their own side; even Mr. LABOUCHERE having been apparently startled at the outspoken adoption of Irish advice by that useful person Mr. MAHON. It is extremely pleasant to find that Mr. LABOUCHERE is alarmed at conduct in St. Martin's-le-Grand exactly identical with that which he delights to encourage in Kerry. But surely this is to incur that charge of "differential treatment of "England and Ireland" which is so much insisted on by Mr. LABOUCHERE's own friends? There may be also some crumb of comfort in the fact that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE declined to join in censuring Mr. RAIKES. Not, indeed, that it is of the very greatest importance what Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE *qua* Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE declines or consents to do, say, or think. But it shows that the possibility of responsibility being thrown on oneself still has a certain restraining influence.

It is believed that there are persons, not ruthless or unintelligent, who would not be wholly sorry to see Mr. GLADSTONE subjected to condign punishments; but it is impossible that any person possessed of humour should fail to have a certain affection for him, especially after *Thursday* last. On that day the House of Lords (unconsciously giving point to the joke) had behaved in a peculiarly staid, decorous, and businesslike manner. It had discussed an important point in the recent concordat with the POPE as to Malta, it had talked gravely and reasonably about Tithe Rent Charge, it had read Bills and had passed Bills, and generally showed itself the grave and reverend, worthy and approved, body that it is. Almost at the same time, at any rate on the same day, Mr. GLADSTONE was using its wickedness and irresponsibility as a mainspring in one of the eccentric surprises which he fires off upon the House of Commons now and then, and which the disposition of his followers to follow where he leads makes dangerous. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks the Anglo-German agreement excellent, has no absolute objection to the cession of Heligoland. But the Government have committed the most hideous of crimes in effecting that cession by Bill and Royal assent, instead of by exertion of the prerogative to be subsequently ratified by Address. And the reason of this, the reason why an indecent obstacle is to be interposed in the conclusion of a great international proceeding, and why more time is to be lost, is—the wickedness of the House of Lords. We must develop this interesting subject elsewhere: here it need only be said that the enormity of that unconstitutional action, which never excited a suspicion in the innocent minds of Lord ROSEBERY and Lord GRANVILLE, necessitated the adjournment of the debate.

Speeches out of Parliament.

On Wednesday, the usual day for such displays, there were two considerable political talkings outside Parliament; one by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, at a dinner given to him by the Conservative Club; the other the long-promised debate between Mr. HYNDMAN and Mr. BRADLAUGH on the Eight Hours question, at St. James's Hall. This latter proceeding was as barren of all useful result as might have been expected. Even a quiet argument between any two is not apt to lead to much positive result unless the arguments of one side can be manipulated after the manner of a Platonic dialogue; and when the scene is a public hall, with a noisy minority yelling at everything they do not like to hear, the chance of profit is further lessened. But for one thing that they did we will forgive the St. James's Hall Socialists. They shouted "Thrift is bosh!" at Mr. BRADLAUGH. That little remark shows the nature and objects of Socialism.

better than volumes of exposition or hours of debate would do. Lord RANDOLPH was still in his good-boy mood; a mood wherein he is always a very edifying and agreeable object. Four years' exclusion from office, for a freak, is, no doubt, the kind of punishment which sobers a man if he is capable of being sobered, and no sensible Tory wants Lord RANDOLPH to be—as Radicals, with rather unwise eagerness, hope that he will be—consigned to the blackness of darkness for ever. On the same day Lord ROSEBERY talked about King MINOS, and many other pleasant and harmless things, to the East-Enders. On Thursday Lord GRANVILLE spoke at the Mansion House on Commercial Education.——An instance of the inconvenience of the irregular reports of deputation-visits to statesmen occurred during the week, Lord SALISBURY being made to say (and therefore incur the wrath of those whom irreverent slaves used to call "bobolitionists") that slavery was necessary in the Niger region. A consciousness of the truth of the fact may have lain at the bottom of the wrath; but, as a matter of fact, it seems that Lord SALISBURY never said anything of the kind—which will surprise no one.

Foreign Affairs.

The kite and the canard have been rather strong on the wing this week. From almost all parts of Central and North America disquieting rumours of strikes and riots in Chili, of fighting between their Hogan Mogans the Republics of Guatemala and San Salvador, of military plots in Buenos Ayres, and the like, have been rife. Very curious sketches of proposed arrangements between Bulgaria and the Porte have been published—arrangements which, if there were no Russia, or if Turkey were not afraid of her, would be far from unpromising. The hushed clamours of the German Colonialmenschen, among whom the dauntless Dr. PETERS, making good heart against fortune, is said to be about to uplift his horn (in spite of agreements, Emperors, Chancellors, Queens, Parliaments, and all such feeble folk), are being echoed in France; and the Newfoundlanders are still somewhat unreasonable. It is good news that Belgium utterly denies the supposed pre-emption rights of France on the Congo; bad, that even now the Portuguese have not come to their senses, that Lisbon is as much given over to imagine a vain thing as ever, and that in Africa there is danger of some fatal folly on their part.——It appears from official documents that no very inaccurate account was recently given of the correspondence between the United States and Great Britain on the subject of the Behring Sea fisheries—a subject nearly as troublesome as that other fishery question on the other side of Canada. The opinions of the American press on the conduct of American diplomatists are fortunately somewhat more various than is usual; but it would be useless to attempt to deny that the matter is awkward. Fishing was extolled by its great prose bard as a peaceful occupation; but it certainly has caused and is causing a great deal of international bad blood.——Reports as to the desires of France for a *quid pro non quo* (caninity is occasionally pardonable) in Africa have increased, and require more definite discussion elsewhere. Meanwhile the French appear still to mistake entirely their position in Egypt. Probably nothing more preposterous has ever occurred in recent diplomatic correspondence than the kind of ultimatum said to have been addressed by the French agent to the Egyptian Government on the subject of the taxes necessitated by French opposition to financial reform. However, the cartridge is purely blank.——A vexatious little matter seems to have arisen between the Porte and Servia on the subject of the recent murder of a Servian Vice-Consul at Pristina. It would be most convenient if invulnerable Vice-Consuls could be secured for such districts, the murder of the ordinary variety giving their own side a very unfair advantage.

Sport.

On the last day of the Second July Meeting at Newmarket Mr. COOPER's Dorcas won the Princess of Wales's Cup, Lord GERARD's Fleur d'Or the Selling Stakes (from a fair field of two-year-olds), and Mr. LOWTHER's Cleator the Fulbourne Stakes. The Liverpool Cup was won on Wednesday by Mr. ABINGTON's Father Confessor, beating Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's L'Abbesse de Jouarre and a good field. Considerable interest had also been taken in the St. George's Stakes the day before, when Mr. MUNCY's Hebrides, with an advantage it is true of sixteen pounds, beat Mr. HOULDSWORTH's good colt Alloway.——Glimpses of something like summer weather have helped cricket matches very considerably during the last ten days; but none of them have come near in interest to that between England and Australia at Lord's during the first three days of this week. The collapse of Mr. GRACE and other famous bats in the first English innings, the steady stand made by ULYETT, the fine hitting by which Mr. GRACE himself, going in a second time, won the match for England, the excellent bowling and fielding of the Australians, and the way in which Mr. MCGREGOR, the young Cambridge wicket-keeper, showed himself the equal of Mr. BLACKHAM on the other side, and the superior of any amateur "wicket keep" for a long time in England, made up a match of unusual attraction.——On Friday week a very interesting race for the Wingfield Sculls took place between those old opponents Mr. NICKALLS and Mr. GARDNER over the Putney to Mortlake course. The Oxford man led up to Hammersmith Bridge, but thereafter both rowed and steered badly, met with divers mishaps, and was completely beaten.

Miscellaneous.

Considerable space was occupied in the newspapers at the end of last week by accounts of the damage and loss of life occasioned by the heavy thunderstorm of the 17th inst.——A very successful meeting has been held during this week and last at the New Wimbledon, the QUEEN's Prize having been won on Tuesday by Sergeant BATES, a well-known shot of old standing, with a capital score, and the shooting generally having been much over the Wimbledon average. But the usual "want of pence" vexes those useful public men who have started the Bisley range, and must be seen to.——On Tuesday Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, as was expected, was elected Chairman of the County Council by 61 to 28, in the room of Lord ROSEBERY. The Gladstonian Councillors of the baser sort formed the minority against Sir JOHN, a proceeding all the more invidious that they had not so much as a candidate of their own to bring forward.——The Peace Congress of last week has been followed by a sort of echo in the shape of an International Arbitration Conference, attended by persons of a little more distinction, including the Bishop of DURHAM. It cannot be said that a bishop is out of place in advocating peace, but there are methods and methods of such advocacy, and we hardly think that Christianity obliges its officers to take part in self-appointed Conferences of fussy busybodies and nobodies.

Obituary.

The earliest names we notice in the obituary of the week are those of Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, an American diplomatist, best known for his writings on Central Asia some years ago, and of Mr. F. H. DICKENSON of Kingweston, a Somersetshire squire very well known in the West, and sometime member of Parliament. Sir RICHARD WALLACE was far more famous, in Paris as well as in London. His name at once connoted abundant charity and the possession and most liberal use of one of the greatest collections of works of art possessed by any private person in the world. It seems almost too good to be true that he has left these collections to the English nation. Sir ALFRED SLADE may have had the honour of being the last Receiver-General of Inland Revenue, for it has been announced, and denied, that that comfortable office died with him. Miss LYDIA BECKER had of late years ceased to be the prominent advocate of the shrieking sisterhood that she once was—sisters with still shriller voices, and far worse ambitions, having succeeded her. She was a curious object on a platform, spoke very well, and had a peculiarly "game" bearing. Mr. DAVID DAVIES was a very self-made, very rich, and very shrewd Welshman, who, though a Radical, had more wit than to be a Home Ruler, and who, even in the days of his Gladstonianism, was free from the too usual silliness of his type.

Books, &c.

We are old-fashioned enough to think that the *Ober-Ammergau News* (Ammergau: Calmer; London: Luzac), which is a trilingual handbook and puff of the Mystery, is rendered decidedly offensive by a great crucified figure on the cover. It is pleasant to turn from it to the July *Figaro Illustré*, which at least does not mix up sacred and profane things. Its article on "The Little World of the Theatre" is very curious and most capitally illustrated. During the week Messrs. LONGMANS, who, in the case of MACAULAY's works and other books, have for some time set the example of publishing cheaply before the expiration of the copyright period, have sent out a "Silver Series," including books new and old, from Dean MERIVALE's Roman History and Mr. FROUDE's *Early Years of Carlyle* to *She* and *Micah Clarke*.

THE MISCONDUCT OF THE GRENADIERS.

THE course which has been taken with the six companies of Grenadiers who forgot themselves three weeks ago suggests one consoling reflection on a deplorable business. It has shown that governing persons in this country can still act with promptitude and sense when they are allowed to act freely. The Horse Guards—or, as we think it would be more just to say, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—has proved capable of dealing with a real danger without either underrating it, or, what was equally easy, making more of it than was necessary. By displacing the officer who could not so manage his battalion as to keep it in order, by sending the men who refused obedience out of the country, and by inflicting a special punishment on individuals, enough has been done to apportion blame and chastisement fairly, and done without fuss. Colonel MAITLAND would have very just ground of complaint if we were to dwell at any length on his responsibility for the disturbance; but he cannot complain when the world notes the very patent facts that his men did break out of hand, and that his superiors, who had every motive to support him, have come to the conclusion that the discipline of the regiment would run a better chance of being thoroughly restored under another officer. That the men should also be punished was a matter of course. Some of those who have thought it necessary to give their opinion have come to the extraordinary conclusion that, because the Colonel was thought not to have managed well, the men ought to have been held as excused. It would be a pure waste of time to argue with persons who can talk in this style. They must be incapable of understanding what military discipline means. Mutiny and lesser degrees of insubordination are always serious offences, no matter how or in what way they have been provoked; for they strike at the very life of all armed and disciplined bodies. They are not only a sin against the honour of the corps, but they tend to make the corps itself a terrible danger to the unarmed and undisciplined population around it. Moreover, there is no fact in military history more certain than that acts of insubordination, when they are weakly dealt with, have a dreadful tendency to repeat themselves with ever-increasing frequency and gravity. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to punish the insubordination of the battalion, even though we knew—what, as a matter of fact, we do not know—that it had been brought on by gross provocation. As Mr. STANHOPE reminded the House of Commons, soldiers in the British army are not without legitimate and recognized means of making their grievances known. It may very well be that this resource is more effective in appearance than in reality; but it was surely better for the men to risk angering their Colonel by complaining to those to whom they have a right to complain than to disgrace the regiment and bring punishment on themselves by refusing to obey orders. The exact punishment inflicted has been well chosen. As no individual ringleaders could be picked out, the choice of the oldest soldier in every company to serve as example was sagacious. In future the oldest man will take care not to be mixed up in such proceedings if they should unhappily recur, and each man, as he in turn becomes oldest by the retreat of his seniors, will hasten to extricate himself from the danger in which he stands. We notice in some quarters a disapproval of the despatch of the six companies to Bermuda, on the ground that it seems to put a stigma on all foreign service by making it a punishment. We do not think that any such opinion will be entertained by military men. The position of the Guards as to foreign service is well known, and taken for granted by all soldiers. Do these critics think it would have been better to fall back on the old military method of putting the battalion to shame by depriving it of its colours and facings? That might indeed have been done, but the course actually chosen has been the better, if only because it will make any further steps unnecessary.

The questions and speeches to which the incident has given rise in the House of Commons are not the least disagreeable part of the whole business. Nobody, indeed, expects sense from Mr. GRAHAM, understanding from Mr. PICKERSGILL, manners from Mr. HARRINGTON, or decency from Dr. TANNER. But Mr. HANBURY belongs to a party which is bound to support discipline and authority. Even a long acquaintance with the character of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL'S prolixity had not altogether prepared us to find that India had left him perfectly ignorant of the ultimate effects of military insubordination. Yet the second of these gentlemen surpassed all his previous feats of silliness, and the former did his best to weaken the hands of the authorities by carping repetitions of tittle-tattle and owl-like remarks on supposed defects in the Guards in a manner worthy of Mr. PICKERSGILL. If all he had to say had been well founded, he ought to have understood that this was not the occasion on which to say it. They received quick and adequate castigation at the hands of Colonel KENYON-SLANEY. The Colonel was military and peremptory in his very proper and honourable indignation at the aspersions thrown on his old corps. It is not often that the House of Commons hears a soldier talking in that tone. But Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Mr. HANBURY may learn, if they will look into the history of the legislative body which they adorn, that there is a style of military address to which it has been compelled to listen much worse than the Colonel's. It was copiously used by the Agitators, by Colonel PRIDE, and by HARRISON'S Regiment of Musketeers. It is the language of soldiers who have become insubordinate. Without studying so deeply, they might have recourse to the accessible page of MACAULAY, and learn from it how the House behaved when the Royal Scots mutinied at Ipswich. It is certainly a long way from the "five small beagles" from Triplow Heath, or the mutineers at Ipswich, to the fit of the nerves at the Wellington Barracks; but, long as the way is, it is the same. A man must be hopelessly ignorant of military history and human nature to be so utterly blind as these gentlemen obviously are to the tendency of all military insubordination to increase, and of the lengths to which it will go. Unhappily, these members are only representatives of the very large class of persons to whom history teaches nothing. They have not learnt, they never will learn by thinking, that the same causes will always produce the same effects. If they are to be taught as much at all, it will be by the kind of experience which had trained Parliament in 1689 to make short work with mutiny. We may be a long way off that as yet; but it is not for want of conscious and unconscious workers at the task of bringing it on.

Among the unconscious members of this ignominious body may be included the speculative gentlemen who took upon them to break up the old organization of the army. Not even the consequences of weak dealing with insubordination are more certain than the truth that you cannot begin making experiments with any historic body without running the most terrible risk of destroying the good in the process of cutting and hacking at what you think is bad. Yet we have cut and we have hacked for years now. Whether we have made the body more comely is a question; but we certainly have let much of the spirit evaporate. The army, as it was before the scientific soldier, with his head full of pedantry, which was not the less pedantic because it was new, took it in hand, had an organization which was certainly not perfect, but had at least been imposed by the conditions of the work it had to do, was therefore a natural growth, and possessed, in spite of its formal irregularity, a certain solidity and elasticity. The scientific soldier, so called, came with his mouth full of formulas, stolen from the Germans, and set to work in the spirit of a pedant, whose note it is to look ever to the form and never to the substance. He has made what is, in fact, a new army. Our military efficiency in all the arms of the service, and especially in the Guards, was based on the presence in the ranks of a proportion of old and seasoned soldiers, and on the services of a corps of non-commissioned officers, whose home was in the regiment, who had all the authority of age and experience. We have altered all that. The oldest man in six companies of the Grenadier Guards was not thirty. Among the sergeants are men who have only been a year in the regiment. The conditions which made the peculiar strength of the corps in former times are, therefore, gone. It may be—the whole army may be—in future, efficient and trustworthy, as of old, but it cannot possibly be so in the old way. It would be sheer folly to pretend that the recent history of the Grenadiers does not inspire doubts whether the old spirit has been replaced by another as good as itself. We have no more love of croakers than Sir FRANCIS DRAKE; but the unwisdom of shutting one's eyes to disagreeable truths is about as bad as croaking. It is a truth that we no longer have the old stamp of non-commissioned officer, and the deduction that we must not look for the old influence and the old work imposes itself. The sailing of the six companies to Bermuda

has been the means of calling attention to one little detail which illustrates the imbecility allowed to meddle and muddle at the War Office. The men, it appears (though Mr. STANHOPE knows nothing about it, and very ingenuously confesses that he should not like such deprivation himself), will have no ration of porter on the voyage. It was cut off as a concession, no doubt, to the teetotal tub-thumper on the most appropriate of all dates—on last All Fools' Day. Of course the wishes of the soldier were not consulted in this matter. It was all done for his good, as understood by the temperance fanatic. Shall we ever understand that these trumpery concessions do not pacify the bigot and fool, and do anger the men at whose expense they are made by official gentlemen for their own convenience?

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

THE beneficial effect of comment on pending, or possibly pending, schemes of arrangement with foreign Powers, provided that comment be tolerably well informed and impartial, may be said to have been proved beyond question in the Anglo-German debate on delimitation in Africa. And we have no reason to believe that the result will be otherwise in regard to the newer debate between Germany, England, and France. Indeed, mere comment seems to us more urgently requisite here than in the other case. There were many things which made it improbable that any great mischief (even supposing the English Foreign Office capable of any) would be done in the south-eastern quarter of Africa. The dead LIVINGSTONE and the live Mr. STANLEY, the memory of many books, and the active interest of a section of the British people not the least vigorous in looking after its interests, were guarantees. It is not quite the same in regard to the north-western quarter. Memories of PARK and CLAPPERTON and the rest have died out; the British settlements are scattered and individually uninteresting; most of them have the name of pestiferous holes; the chief active trading corporation is at loggerheads with the Aborigines' Protection people, or by their snarling the Aborigines' Protection people seem to think so. Moreover, very few men in England know anything at all about the recent, and very curious, extension of French territory and influence here. Not a few books have been published on the subject in France, but few of them have made their way to England. Timbuctoo, which is to us a kind of Monomotapa, or country of PRESTER JOHN, is now very nearly as much French as Merv is Russian. And, though there may be different opinions as to the solidity of the conquest, French officers (partly reviving that faculty of utilizing native levies which was shown by PARADIS and BUSSY till their pale stars sank before the sun of CLIVE and COOTE, partly backed by the famous *Marsouins*, as their pet name goes, the *infanterie de marine*, the best troops by far in the French army) have pushed reconnoissances, and something more, fast and far in the last twenty, still more in the last ten, years, while we have been decidedly supine. The French have really earned something like a French Soudan at the back of the West coast, and it is exactly the moment to recognize, not, as French papers say, their "rights in Egypt," which are *nil*, except as possessed in common with all European nations, nor their rights in Newfoundland, which are not denied, but their achievements in the back country of Upper Guinea.

It is all the more important that this recognition should be given on the French principle of *donnant-donnant* in the first place, and in the second should carefully observe the regions where the French have, and those where they have not, claims. Some of the kites flown, as similar kites were flown in the German matter, about a recognition of French supremacy up to "the watershed of the Nile"—whatever that may mean—to Tripoli, to the parallel of 23°, and where not, are absolutely ridiculous, and the usual mentions of Lake Tchad in telegrams of French origin awake the liveliest suspicion in persons at once acquainted with the subject and not prejudiced by any trade connexion with it. Lake Tchad is, roughly speaking, and taking its centre, on the parallel of 15°, and eastward of that the French have no claim whatever, while all the country in that direction naturally belongs to the Egyptian succession. A line drawn from the north-west corner of the Lake almost exactly hits off the western boundary of the province of Fezzan, dependent on Tripoli, and so on the Porte, and eastward of that again they have no claim at all. The "sphere" of the British Niger Company touches the Lake on the south, and this again shuts, or should shut, them off. But it leaves an enormous region, including the western shore of Lake Tchad, and running away westwards past the northern boundary of the so-called region of Sokoto to Senegal, and northwards to Algeria, which may very legitimately be recognized as French—for a proper consideration. That consideration France has to consider, and it most assuredly will not be satisfactory if it is limited to a resignation of her practically non-existent rights in Zanzibar. She wants other things, and some of them she may have—still for due consideration—under which head is most certainly not to be included her own estimate of her own interest in Egypt or elsewhere. They possess a French *Pickwick*—a most wondrous work, if we remember it rightly after many years. We forget how the translator rendered "breach of "honour and loss of the lady," in Mr. JINGLE's statement of claim. But he could not have gone far wrong as to Mr. PERKER's answer.

ENGLAND *v.* AUSTRALIA.

THE match between England and Australia, at Lord's, was most pluckily contested, and a "sicht for sair "e'en" after the miserable mudlarking of the season. After the frantic rain of last week, the wicket began to recover itself on Monday morning. Perhaps, as the Australians batted first, England had a trifle the better of the wicket on Wednesday; but when England went in on Monday it played very queerly. No great resistance was expected from the Colonists; they have been freely beaten all over the country this summer, and they had a very strong team against them. We do not know that it could have been bettered. There were impious tongues which clamoured against Mr. GRACE, but the results did not justify their proceedings. Others might have preferred Mr. STEEL, Mr. STODDART, or Mr. WEBBE to Mr. W. W. READ; and, of course, we missed BRIGGS, who, it seems, was ill, or hurt, and could not play. Perhaps BARNES might have been sacrificed for BRIGGS; but BARNES is often most serviceable, though he had no great opportunity in this match. He did not bowl much, and he had only one innings. On the Australian side, Mr. TURNER, the best of their bowlers, seemed to go a little lame, and that accident was unfortunate for his party. Mr. BURN was played; he has not been successful this year, but made a most plucky stand for the last wicket in the second innings. Pluck, indeed, was the characteristic of the Australian play. They were defeated, but not in the least with dishonour. They had not the best of luck; for three of them were l.b.w. in their second innings, and a batsman who is "leg before" always feels as if fortune were his foe. Their fielding was beautiful to see; above all, that of the wicket-keeper, Mr. BLACKHAM, and of Mr. GREGORY, who saved many runs at extra mid-off. We only saw one catch missed, a chance at mid-off which Mr. GRACE gave late in his second innings. It was hard, low, and to the left; but no doubt it might have been held. Neither Mr. BLACKHAM nor Mr. MCGREGOR let a single bye go past them. But the Australian pluck was mainly shown in the long stand of Mr. BARRETT and Mr. BURN on Tuesday evening, and in the wonderfully good bowling which never showed a sign of despair, and to which Mr. W. W. READ fell when a tie had been reached, clean bowled by a pretty ball from Mr. TRUMBLE.

There were various moments in the match when Australian chances seemed radiant. The fine hitting of Mr. LYONS (55) and of Mr. TURNER (24), as the first batsmen in the first innings, was most encouraging. At last, after several changes, BARNES's was the right hand that overthrew Mr. LYONS. Then a regular rout began. Mr. TROTT made 12; but there was not another double figure, ATTEWELL and PEEL proving hard to play, and Mr. MCGREGOR being very assiduous at the wicket. The score was but 132, and who knew but that GUNN and SHREWSBURY would wipe that off in a hour and a quarter. It was no such matter. Mr. GRACE went in first, and the second ball which he received from Mr. TURNER he sent back a most mournful "spoon" into that bowler's hands. He might have caught it in his mouth. The ball, in fact, seemed to hang very much, and Mr. GRACE played forward far too soon. We never saw him make

such a girlish stroke before. GUNN came; but SHREWSBURY was promptly stumped off Mr. FERRIS. Next the same bowler caught and bowled Mr. READ for a single. The Australian spectators yelled with joy, and redoubled their shouts when GUNN's wicket was neatly thrown down in an attempt at a run which should never have been ventured. Four wickets for 20, of which GUNN had made 14 in his usual scholarly and classical style. MAURICE READ and ULYETT were now together. All hung on them; for the loss of another wicket would have disheartened even the dauntless LOHMANN and the imperturbable BARNES. But GEORGE ULYETT and MAURICE READ played a lovely game. The bowling and fielding were excellent; the scoring slow at first; but this pair kept together, run for run, till they had made more than 70. Their scores on the board were usually exactly level. READ was perhaps a little flurried at first; not so ULYETT, whose display was throughout clean, masterly, and vigorous. Mr. LYONS bowled READ at 34, but ULYETT was not out, and on Tuesday completed a score of 74, which was invaluable. ULYETT is now a veteran in years, but nobody plays cleaner and quicker than he, and nobody's success is more welcome. He is always at the ball, and does not practise the masterly but tedious inaction of letting off-balls go by unpunished. This caution is carried almost to excess by GUNN, and imparts a certain baldness to his style, as if classic restraint were nearly overdone. A similar charge has been brought against the mellow glory of the Attic stage, and we admit that a dash of romance, an Æschylean audacity now and then, would improve GUNN's batting for the spectators. He can open his shoulders when he likes, and hit over the Grand Stand, but he generally does not like. LOHMANN and PEEL added useful scores of 16 and 19, but Mr. LYONS proved too hard for most of the batsmen. He made 88 in the match, and got five wickets in the first innings for 30 runs. The English score was 173, no very long odds over 132; throughout the run-getting had been slow.

In the second Australian innings Mr. TURNER soon put his leg where his bat had been the more orthodox defence. Mr. LYONS played brilliantly for 33. Mr. MURDOCH fell at 19, just when he seemed set. Meanwhile the left-handed Mr. BARRETT was playing, *à la* SCOTTON, very demurely, not at all prettily, but with resolution, a straight bat, and an occasional four to leg. LOHMANN made a splendid catch off BARNES, dismissing Mr. GREGORY. The bowling was often changed, and the dense multitude applauded Mr. GRACE when he took the ball. He bowled very well, was little hit, and got rid of Messrs. CHARLTON and BLACKHAM, the latter a very dangerous bat. When Mr. BURN came in last all seemed over, but he and Mr. BARRETT could not be removed on Tuesday night. They made a most gallant stand, put on some forty runs between them, and, next morning, Mr. BARRETT was not out for 67. Mr. MCGREGOR stumped Mr. BURN for 19. The score was 176; and, but for nervousness, on a fine day and on a good wicket England was bound to get that. They got it almost too easily. SHREWSBURY was leg before wicket (as he often risks being) for 13; but Mr. GRACE was busy all the time. He placed the ball wonderfully, and, when he got a loose one, he hit in the fearless old fashion. A slog that fell on the board which declares the score was one of his most popular efforts. GUNN was playing very cautiously, but cutting with cleanness and precision. Mr. FERRIS easily caught and bowled him for 34; then Mr. READ made three 4's and a single; while Mr. GRACE hit as in the good old days. When the score was a tie, Mr. TRUMBLE bowled Mr. READ's leg stump; but MAURICE READ made a swipe, which ended the match. No COBDEN appeared to bowl seven wickets for nothing. There were only seven extras, all leg-byes, in the match. Mr. GRACE's 75, not out, secured him a great deal of popular applause, well deserved. He is less active at point now than his elder brother; but he played the best possible bowling in the best possible way, he proved an excellent captain, and his bowling was serviceable. The Australians deserved a victory for their indomitable energy; but their batting is undeniably inferior to that of England. Their bowling and fielding could not be surpassed. Their only chance would be on a dark day and a wet wicket—advantages which they have often enjoyed, and may enjoy again.

THE PORTE AND ITS SUBJECTS.

THERE has been a good deal of interesting intelligence during this week on the subject of the different divisions, European and Asiatic, of the Turkish Empire. With respect to Crete and Armenia the news is far from good. It may be said to have been set beyond doubt of honest men that the Porte is honestly trying to do what it can to allay the discontents in Crete. But the agitators, Greek and other, pour oil as fast as Turkey pours water; and, even if it were not for this, the apparently irreconcilable differences of the Christian and Mohammedan populations make the problem one nearly impossible of solution either by autonomy, or by continued subjection to Turkey, or by union with a weak Power like Greece. More than one of the greater European Powers could, of course, make the island prosperous in a few years, and, perhaps, contented in a few more; but there is, unluckily, no Great Power the possession by which of the island would not be regarded by some if not all of the others with extreme jealousy. As for Armenia, although the misdeeds of the Porte have, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, it is difficult to give it the same credit there as that which it fairly deserves in Crete. The conduct of the Turks, though natural enough, has been in the highest degree unwise, and it is not too much to say that, if there were not reasons elsewhere which dispose the CZAR to quiet, plausible excuses for further encroachment in Asia Minor have been furnished to Russia by the sheaf. It is an elementary and undoubted rule in international politics, though, no doubt, one subject to a great deal of abuse, that, if your neighbour will let his house "smoke through the roof" and refuses to attend to remonstrances, you may, if you are strong enough, put it out, consent or no consent on his part. And this is what the Turks obstinately refuse to remember. That the Armenians are much to blame is indubitable; but they are not, like the Cretans, to blame solely for intestine quarrels and for listening to mischievous foreigners.

Something, though not very much, has come of the proposals which that extremely intelligent, though rather masterful, person, M. STAMBOULOFF, has been making to the suzerain of Bulgaria. The ecclesiastical difficulty in Macedonia appears to have been settled in a manner very satisfactory, except to those Christian and disinterested Powers, Servia and Greece. But the Porte has been too much afraid of Russia to acknowledge Prince FERDINAND, and too much afraid of a bold policy in general to attempt to consider the modifications of general relations which the Bulgarian Prime Minister is understood to have proposed. Yet there is something in them. He would, indeed, be a sanguine person who used the word "hope" in connexion with anything Turkish. The inherent weaknesses of the Turk on the one hand, and the relentless injustice of the Powers on the other, put that word almost out of the dictionary for the special purpose. Yet it is not impossible that if a more intelligent, a less timid, and a less selfish policy had animated the Powers since the Turkish Empire began to break up, the lines of M. STAMBOULOFF's scheme might have been followed with great advantage. The inherent and ineradicable objection to the policy which has been actually pursued since the creation of the Kingdom of Greece is that it results, on the one hand, in the establishment of a number of little kingdoms or princedoms too weak to defend themselves, too mutually jealous to combine, and, on the other, in a constantly weakened and dwindling central authority. The other plan, if successful, would have resulted in a group of communities independent for all internal purposes, kept from attacking each other by the central authority, and strong enough under the leading of that authority to face foreign aggression and greed. We do not say that this would have happened; but we say that it might, that there is nothing absolutely impossible in it. As it is, it is difficult to see what good thing is to befall the once Turkish States, either during the existence of the Sultanate or after its disappearance; for they have not the strength to stand alone, and they have not the wisdom to combine.

THE CHANTREY FUND.

IT was as far back as 1884—that is to say, fully six years ago—that we ventured to call attention to the administration of the bequest of the late Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY. Mr. GLADSTONE was at that time in power, and had just

expressed the extraordinary opinion that the Royal Academy was a private body, and in no wise amenable to public censure. If we remember rightly, this wholly untenable position was abandoned, and Mr. GLADSTONE "awaited a "statement" from the Academy as to the CHANTREY bequest. If that statement was ever made, it has not reached the ear of the public. Mr. GLADSTONE, when he constituted himself a defender of the Academicians, made for himself a strong reason for suppressing the only possible answer they could give to inquirers. We stated—and our statement was repeated in the House of Commons—that they were not employing the fund in accordance with the terms of CHANTREY'S will; but that, on the contrary, they were acting directly against his expressed wishes. If Mr. GLADSTONE had ever asked them whether this accusation was correct, they could only have replied in the affirmative. Their champion would, therefore, have been obliged to confess that he had taken the wrong side, and that his clients had pleaded guilty. But this would have been inconsistent with all the motives of action in the mind which still remembers Mitchelstown, and so unwillingly dropped Colonel DOPPING. If the report ever came to the PRIME MINISTER, it was pigeonholed. Meanwhile, it is well worth while, on behalf of the general public, to ask if the members of the Council of the Royal Academy, whose President is paid, under the terms of CHANTREY'S will, 300*l.* a year for administering the fund, have, if only tacitly, seen the error of their way, and amended it accordingly. It may be necessary once again to glance at the will. Sir FRANCIS left the money, subject to certain life interests now expired, to the President and Council of the Royal Academy for the time being; the annual interest to be expended at their discretion on forming a gallery "of works of fine art of the highest "merit." Furthermore, he stipulated that "such President and Council, in making their decision, shall have "regard solely to the intrinsic merit of the work, and not "to allow any feeling of sympathy with an artist or his "family, by reason of his or their circumstances, to influence "them." Let us pause here. The money had scarcely accrued before the new trustees bought the "Christ "Crowned" of HILTON, the late Keeper of the Academy, an artist of very moderate power, of which this picture is a very moderate example, expressly because it belonged to his family, whose circumstances were bad. In so doing (with however excellent a motive) they violated every single proviso of the will, except one which desired that the work should have been wholly executed in the United Kingdom.

Whether in the purchases since made, amounting now in all to about fifty, these provisoes have been violated many times we need not ask now. The rooms in which these works are exhibited at South Kensington have by degrees assumed the appearance of a kind of "Junior Diploma "Gallery," a place for pictures which would otherwise have remained on their artists' hands. This is unquestionably the pervading aspect of the walls, and is not relieved by the presence of perhaps a dozen objects of first-rate importance. How far any of them fulfil the exact terms of CHANTREY'S will—how far, that is, the choice made by the trustees would have satisfied CHANTREY—is, of course, a different matter.

The clause in CHANTREY'S will which permitted five years' accumulation has never been acted upon. At the present conjuncture, when some public-spirited gentlemen have to take on their shoulders the surplus expense of the Longford HOLBEIN—precisely the kind of thing to which CHANTREY'S expressions point—the trustees are laying out their funds on contemporary art, good or bad, and taking care that a certain portion of it, at least, shall be expended in their own exhibition, and on themselves. It might be pointed out that they should follow the guidance of the Royal Society, which never expends the funds at its disposal on its own members. To act strictly in accordance with the terms of the will they should abstain from buying directly from the artist, they should never buy a work by one of themselves, and they should not confine themselves to contemporary work.

LORD ROSEBERY ON BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

LORD ROSEBERY has only two things to regret as regards his personal position in public life. One, as is well known, is that he is a peer. The other, which he disclosed to the world on Monday on the new Battersea Bridge, is that he is not a prince. In declaring this new erection open, which connects brilliant Battersea with sagacious Chelsea—the epithets are Lord ROSEBERY'S, not ours—he referred to a reproach which had been addressed to him. Some persons—whether in Battersea or in Chelsea does not appear—had pronounced him unworthy to discharge the functions which he was then performing because he was not of Royal extraction. "That is a feeling," said Lord ROSEBERY, "which I entirely share. I had hoped"—in some pre-existent state it must have been of which he has reminiscence, "to have been Royal, but that mistake "it is now too late to redress." If the complainants of whom Lord ROSEBERY spoke were serious their remedy was easy and obvious, not to say palpable and obtrusive. If they wanted a person of Royal extraction (a whole chorus of voices will at once have asked) why did they not apply to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. That princely person, if not destined like the blood-boltered BANQUO to be the father, is yet the descendant, of a line of kings, who proudly point at him for theirs. Perhaps in not asking Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to discharge the functions for which he is marked out by his lineage, the London County Council acted under the advice of their engineer and architect, who may have feared to expose the new and unseasoned structure to too great a strain. Mr. BOUNDERBY, "giving it mouth" in the lodgings of the circus-man, was advised to give it mouth in a house of his own, on the ground that the building in which he was holding forth was not a strong one, and that too much of him might bring it down. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S oratory has some of the characteristics of Mr. BOUNDERBY'S. Lord ROSEBERY said of the old wooden bridge, which was a remote ancestor of the bridge that now is, that it had at last fallen into such a condition that if a barge had come into collision with it the danger would have been to the bridge, and not to the barge. If the question were of officially closing a bridge previous to its demolition, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might fittingly be asked to contribute the weight and force of his oratory to the ceremony. With respect to the new bridge, though, if it could bear Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his eloquence, the test of its solidity would be conclusive, it would be yet excessive. The experiment would be dangerous, and the result might be as disastrous as the catastrophe on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway which deprived England of the statesmanship of HUSKISSON. The lesson of MAMBRINO'S helmet has been judiciously kept in mind.

Though on pleasure bent, the London County Council, like JOHN GILPIN, who would certainly have been a London County Councillor if he had lived in these times, is of a frugal mind; and princes, Lord ROSEBERY explains, come dear on ceremonial occasions. Their presence involves an expenditure on pageantry which a body like the London County Council, whose first and last thought is of the ratepayers, could not reconcile it to its corporate conscience to incur. The London County Council, alone among Corporations, has a conscience. Peers are cheaper. Lord ROSEBERY, with a longing look at the principle of betterment in its future applications south of the Tweed, referred to a very gratifying precedent in connexion with the wooden bridge already mentioned, which it seems was not paid for out of the rates. Fifteen of the riparian proprietors put their hands in their own pockets, and paid for the whole bridge. Between riparian proprietors putting their hands in their own pockets, and the London County Council putting its hands into the pockets of riparian proprietors, there is a distinction which Lord ROSEBERY may, perhaps, be excused for not seeing only a day or two after ceasing to be the Chairman of that body, but which will probably become clear to him in a week or two's time. We should like to ask him to whom the bridge belonged when it was built; whether there were any tolls, and who got them?

Lord ROSEBERY never overdoes his literary and historical allusions. That is a consolatory thing about him as an orator. He got over this part of the business in some very summary sentences, which the limits of our space do not prevent us from reproducing as a model of succinct eloquence. "Now we have arrived at the present structure. Long "may it last! It unites Chelsea, the home of so many "sages, with Battersea, the home of BOLINGBROKE. I hope "that the union of sound sagacity and brilliant statesman-"ship so typified will long be characteristic of this bridge. "I declare this bridge open." One thinks with a sense of relief and almost of escape of what Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would have made of these points. It is, as Mr. WELLER, senior remarked of the conclusion of Mr. WELLER, junior's love-letter, rather a sudden pull up;

but for that very reason it is a model peroration. We entirely echo Lord ROSEBERY's pious good wishes for new Battersea Bridge. We trust that it will always be a soundly sagacious and brilliantly statesmanlike bridge, and set an example in this respect to the other bridges over the Thames. Perhaps it may derive these qualities from the accomplished and gifted politician who has signalized by pontifical functions his retirement from the Chairmanship of the London County Council. Apart from temporarily disturbing influences, we recognize much of the brilliancy of Battersea and something of the sagacity of Chelsea in Lord ROSEBERY. By-the-bye, BOLINGBROKE stands for brilliancy and Battersea. Does CARLYLE, or Sir THOMAS MORE, or Sir CHARLES DILKE best typify the sound sagacity of Chelsea?

THE BITER BIT.

THE sorrows of Mr. SIGBERT KOSTERLITZ have not, it is to be feared, evoked much sympathy from a hard and selfish world. If he had succeeded, instead of failing, in his action against Mr. MOCKFORD, Mr. MOCKFORD would have been as little pitied as he himself is now. The interest of the dispute between these worthies is not great. But in the course of their mutual recriminations they let out a good many truths which clergymen, widows and spinsters, half-pay officers, and other reckless speculators would do well to note. Mr. KOSTERLITZ is "of Russian extraction," as if he were a Jew's tooth. He carries on business in Great Winchester Street as a financial agent and underwriter of companies. He buys to sell again, and he never pays anything except the difference between the two prices. He has, however, nothing to do with "rigging the market," which he defines or describes to be much the same thing as "making a corner." The "difference bargains" to which the plaintiff referred, and which must be carefully distinguished from "time bargains"—a perfectly legitimate form of speculation—have been held by the courts of law to be contracts by way of gaming and wagering. Nevertheless they are approved, and even, it is said, signed by gentlemen who urge that the Powers of Europe should intervene to put down roulette at Monte Carlo. So much for the plaintiff; and now for the defendant. "The plaintiff," ran the celebrated instructions to counsel—"the plaintiff is a meritorious young Israelite, "who supports his aged parents by purchasing raiment "which has been overworn, and reselling it at a slightly "advanced price. The defendant is a Jew old-clothesman." The difference between the parties in the present case is almost as striking as it was in that. Mr. MOCKFORD also does business in Great Winchester Street. Happy Great Winchester Street! He is a promoter of African gold-mines in the Transvaal. He has made at least fifty thousand pounds out of them. It may have been twenty thousand more than that. He is very much surprised that anybody should be so simple as to inquire whether these mines have ever paid any dividends. People who ask such questions as that cannot know much about gold-mines. He is connected with the Harmony Proprietary Company, which belongs, indeed, entirely to him, with some shares considerately provided by a fond husband and father for his wife and children.

This interesting couple of London citizens came together over the Sutherland Reefs Company for working what "M. JOUBERT, the Natal Minister," is said to have called the richest mine in the world. It is most astonishing that this Golconda should have paid no dividends. It yields sixty or seventy ounces of gold to a ton of quartz, and Mr. MOCKFORD considers his own shares to be worth a great deal more than half a million. Mr. MOCKFORD showed Mr. KOSTERLITZ the prospectus of this Company, and desired that he would "underwrite" or insure it. Mr. KOSTERLITZ, having read the prospectus, declined the request, and his refusal is very significant in the light of what followed. On the 4th of October last the plaintiff received from the defendant's son a telegram, which ran as follows:—"Advise "instantly buying Sutherland Reefs." In consequence of this telegram, and of a subsequent conversation, Mr. KOSTERLITZ bought four hundred shares at eight pounds five shillings a share. The shares immediately began to fall, and ultimately the plaintiff brought his action. A flimsier one seldom comes before a court of justice. Baron POLLOCK refused to enter a nonsuit, apparently thinking that there was some evidence of an attempt on the defendant's part to rig the market for the purpose of unloading his shares, and that such a proceeding would in law amount to an actionable wrong. But, after hearing the whole case, he gave judgment, without hesitation, for Mr. MOCKFORD. Bad advice is not a tort. Unless Mr. MOCKFORD, through his son, deliberately deceived Mr. KOSTERLITZ, with intent to make money out of him, Mr. KOSTERLITZ could not recover a verdict. Now, it is to be observed that the whole transaction was a purely speculative one. Mr. KOSTERLITZ neither knew nor cared what the real value of the shares in the Sutherland Reefs Company was. He showed his own opinion of the Company when he would not "underwrite" it. He understood from the telegram that, whether from the folly of the investing public or some other cause, the shares were going up in the market, and he bought, not to hold, but to sell. In these circumstances, it was hopeless to contend that any one was responsible for his losses except himself.

THE APPROPRIATION OF THE NEW TAXES.

IT was, of course, within the bounds of possibility that even after the withdrawal of its licensing clauses the Local Taxation Bill might still yield political capital to the Opposition. For the abandonment of the plan embodied in those provisions left the Government with a round sum of money to dispose of; and, as we all know, there are few more fruitful, and certainly no more hopeful, causes of party quarrel than may be got out of the legislative distribution of "a fund." The Gladstonians consequently had not altogether relinquished the hope that Ministers might fall foul of somebody or something in their arrangement for the allocation of the proceeds of the new taxation on alcoholic liquors; and it was not, we may believe, without some slight disappointment that they listened the other night to the proposals set forth on this subject by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY. It must have been provoking to a Gladstonian critic to have nothing more against the Ministerial plan than a faintly hinted doubt whether the appropriation of the money in the case of England is sufficiently definite to satisfy the SPEAKER's ruling, or quasi-ruling, on the point of constitutional practice; and still more vexatious must it be to feel—as we presume the intelligent objector must have felt in this instance—that there is nothing in his objection. In the case of Ireland the destination of the new taxes is actually named; while the money to be paid over to the English and Scotch County Councils under the plan now proposed is every bit as definitely "appropriated" as any other Imperial subvention which has been made in the Budgets of past years to local resources. Full power will be conferred upon those Councils for handling the money at once and expending it on any object they may think fit. Whereas the point taken with such fatal effect against the former arrangement by that guardian of the Constitution, Mr. HEALY, was that the fund to be transferred to the Councils was not to be handled by them at once, but to be "earmarked" and held over for employment at some future date on a purpose to be prescribed, possibly even by some future Parliament.

This restriction of adverse criticism to an objection at once technical and futile affords pretty clear proof that there is not much to be said against the proposal on its merits. And, in fact, it has been very judiciously devised. In no one of the three kingdoms would it be found possible, we suspect, to organize any effective agitation against it. It is true that the proposal to hand over the Scotch 50,000*l.* to the County Councils for the relief of rates is threatened with resistance in the House of Commons from Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, as representative of those Scottish members who wish to "complete the work of free educa-"tion"; but we doubt whether there will be much heart in an opposition which must be conscious of its own unpopularity. In Ireland there is nobody, either Unionist or Nationalist, to object to the plan of handing over one of the sums of 40,000*l.* to the Board of Intermediate Education to expend on the purposes for which that body was created; and virtually nobody to complain of the other 40,000*l.* being devoted to the objects of the Irish Labourers' Dwellings Acts. As to England's share in the fund, the proposed mode of disposing of that is one which certainly does not lie in the mouth, noisy and incontinent as it is, of the English Radical to object to. The fanatics who perhaps

really feel, and the hypocritical partisans who feign, conscientious repugnance to the employment of the new taxes in the purchase of licences, are either identical with or include, or are included in, the body of faddists who believe that the stream of the world's economical history can be turned back by a sufficiently industrious multiplication of technical schools and agricultural colleges. The assent of these persons to the proposal of the Government was therefore practically assured. There are no immediate means, it is true, of spending the money to be handed over to the English County Councils on technical or agricultural education; but the Councils will take it, subject to notice that charges for these educational purposes may hereafter be laid upon them, and the affirmation of the principle will be enough for the believers in the nostrums in question.

A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.

THE match between the Social Democrat Slogger and the Radical Chicken from Northampton showed some pretty pieces of sparring. The Chairman declared the match a draw, but good judges will have no difficulty in deciding that there was a win, and that it was the Northampton champion who came off best. It was a fight between mere go and science, and science got the best of it, as it always does, when the scientific one is not wanting in pluck. Now the Northampton man has plenty of pluck, and he accordingly knocked his opponent all about the ring. The exhibition cannot fail to do good to the members of the fancy who came to witness it. They will learn that bounce is not boxing, and be a little less inclined to swagger in future. As usual, the mob round the ropes tried to cross the fight, but they were kept in tolerable order, and the men fought their rounds out. The result will probably prevent any repetition of the exhibition. In future the Slogger will find it more convenient to deal with a dummy. One of his friends who backed out of such a match a short time ago is doubtless hugging himself for his prudence.

In fact, the disputation at the St. James's Hall between Mr. HYNDMAN and Mr. BRADLAUGH was no disputation at all in the proper sense of the word. Mr. HYNDMAN made frothy assertions, and Mr. BRADLAUGH blew their heads off with facts. It is impossible to make out quite what Mr. HYNDMAN was arguing for. He said that an Eight Hours' Bill would bring about a kind of comparative millennium; but, when he was asked to explain what kind of Bill, and how it was to be enforced, he could only begin again at the beginning with his assertions, and go all over the ground. Some of these assertions were, indeed, amazing—as, for instance, that the death-rate always falls during a strike, which Mr. BRADLAUGH properly treated with contempt. Of course Mr. HYNDMAN repeated the familiar old contention that a diminution in the length of hours of work is followed by a rise in the quality. Proof of this was, of course, not forthcoming. It is no proof of it to show that in some trades an eight hours' shift has been adopted if they are trades which require skill or exceptional strength. In these cases the workmen are naturally able to make good terms for themselves. Very little or no good could have been done by attempts to tie Mr. HYNDMAN down to precise statements, and Mr. BRADLAUGH, after showing at sufficient length that his opponent either did not know what he meant, or would not say it, went himself to the root of the matter. He asked the workmen present to realize what a compulsory eight hours' day would mean. If it meant that no man would be allowed to work more than eight hours in the twenty-four, the result would be that any one of them who lost three days by accident or illness would be unable to make it good, and would therefore be compelled to lose the three days' wages. Of course, also, no man would be allowed to work on his own behalf, and all must be prepared to submit to a great deal of espionage and mere police control. This part of Mr. BRADLAUGH's speech was so loudly cheered as to impose silence on the disorderly part of the meeting, which, in the regular friend-of-freedom style, endeavoured to suppress hostile criticism by clamour. The approval it earned was well deserved, for it put the whole gist of the dispute into a nutshell. Those of the audience who were not mere howlers, but honest men really anxious to improve their condition, must have seen what a yoke the Eight Hours' Bill would put upon their necks. What it would give them, supposing it could be applied, would be as nothing in comparison to the freedom, the power, and the right to better themselves which it would take away. It would tie the hands of the strong and industrious for the benefit of the weak and lazy. It would reduce all industry to the level to which Mr. HYNDMAN's friends have brought the work in the London Docks. What the result of that would be Mr. BRADLAUGH described in language of considerable vigour. Besides stating the common sense of the question, he extorted a priceless confession of the real meaning of the other side. It was given in the form of a howl and in the words "Thrift is "all bosh." Just so; from the Social Democrat point of view it is bosh. It would be so much nicer to step into possession of the results of other people's thrift by the help of a tidy little law. This is the point on which the Social Democrat differs from Conservative, Liberal, and Radical alike. The more distinctly the divergence is explained the better it will be for the country. If Mr. BRADLAUGH goes on insisting on it to audiences who sadly need to have the truth told them, and are more likely to listen to it from him than from most men, he will in time atone for much.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

THERE must be a great deal of public spirit in Sir JOHN LUBBOCK if he never felt inclined to abandon his candidature for the Chairmanship of the London County Council, or if he maintains his accustomed cheerfulness now that he has been elected. It is certainly difficult to suppose him proud of the position, pleased with the way in which the majority of the Council (of which he may be called a member) dealt with his claims to the chair, or hopeful of being very useful in it. Since the Progressives of the Council, as they fondly call themselves, had no candidate of their own to set against him, it might have been imagined that even they would have mustered grace enough to permit his election unopposed. It is not as if he had ever offended them by stern reprehension of their principles or their methods of advancing their policies. More than once he has defended both in the House of Commons, when it must have been extremely difficult for any discreet or moderate man to champion either. He has gone so far as to make the celebrated Bow Creek and Brockwell Park Bill his care; and yet, when he came up for election to the Chairmanship on Tuesday, with all the claims which his position in the Council, his experience of its business, his distinguished citizenship, and his high character gave to him, he received twenty-eight hostile votes from a faction which could find no better candidate of their own. Moreover, it appears that less than three-fourths of the Council took part in the division, and that nearly every absentee was a "Progressist."

Temper—which is so enormous an ingredient of the Progressist character wherever it appears—accounts for this useless and profitless display of the churl; though no doubt the Progressists of the London County Council would call it indomitable assertion of political conscience. The truth seems to be that some of these gentlemen believed their party sacrificed to a base and groundless timidity in high places; while others thought themselves the victims of a dark and tortuous intrigue—an intrigue so tortuous and dark, indeed, as to wear a look of treachery. As the whole realm of Bumbledom is aware, their hearts had been set on the Marquess of RIPON for Chairman—a peer, a personage, and an out-and-out Home Rule Gladstonian Progressist. Lord RIPON—who, though one of the least statesmanlike of men and the feeblest in judgment, has a certain faculty for minor official business—declined to stand for the honour offered to him; and after a little while it appeared, or was believed, that he had done so on the interference of Mr. GLADSTONE. And why did Mr. GLADSTONE interfere? Because—so the story ran—the great Opposition leader had looked into the matter; and, having done so, he had come to the conclusion that Lord RIPON might possibly be defeated. At the best, he would be returned by a narrow majority; and, "in view of his "high standing in the Liberal party, it would not be "advantageous to face either alternative." That was the explanation; and it was immediately followed by a variety of acute inquiries as to who had put these ideas into the innocent head of the Chief? "Who," it is indignantly asked, "is the informer?" Who *could* it be but Lord ROSEBERY, who, spite of his declaration of neutrality, had been

"secretly favouring Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's candidature—for "the same reason that AUGUSTUS made TIBERIUS his suc-"cessor." To such lofty heights of suspicion are Progressive London County Councillors capable of ascending, according to the report of their nearest friends. Of course, these noble spirits were angry, desperately angry; and the conviction that they could certainly have carried Lord RIPON by a sufficiently good majority intensified the disgust that found expression in flouting Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who has already been given to understand that he must expect to be displaced at the general election of officers in November.

Before that day arrives, however—the holidays intervening—our civic Progressists will have time to cool; and they may even be visited by doubts as to whether, looking at the matter from the party point of view itself (which is everything), their great leader may not have been wiser than they. Mr. GLADSTONE's reasons for interposition (if he did interpose) may have been deeper and finer than he chose to avow. No doubt he could say with perfect sincerity that "Lord RIPON would be an excellent man—"most excellent"; but what in very truth was the "but" that thereupon troubled Mr. GLADSTONE's mind? It may have been no more than he is reported to have delivered himself of; possibly, however, there was a reserve consideration unexpressed. Had the situation admitted of perfect candour, Mr. GLADSTONE might have said, "Lord RIPON "would be an excellent man—most excellent. No one "can surpass Lord RIPON in devotion to his party; it is "for this that we all admire him so much; on this account "it is that you would choose him for your Chairman; "but are there not occasions when excess of zeal is indis-"cretion? You are aware that the splendour and persistence "of your attacks on property and privilege have already "occasioned some uneasiness in the metropolis of Conser-"vatism. You should not forget that the London County "Council is subject to periodical re-election, and that a time "approaches when an exasperated Toryism, rendered more "insensate by rates, will find its opportunity. And while "you bear that in mind, consider whether it would be wise "to end your first term of existence with a Lord RIPON at "your head." May we not suppose that this was in Mr. GLADSTONE's old Parliamentary mind when or if he deprecated the choice of Lord RIPON? And are there many Progressists in the London County Council so inconsiderate as to doubt the discretion of enforcing such counsel?

Yet we behold them still mourning over the loss of Lord RIPON, and deploring the check which Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's "weakness" may put upon their extravagances—at any rate for a time. But the sincerity of their grief is less remarkable than the daring with which it is displayed. For a little while after the constitution of the London County Council some outward respect was still paid to the fable of party independence. It was not for long, certainly; but the fact that the Councils of which Lord ROSEBERY's was chief were administrative bodies, and would take an unintended and purely mischievous character if they became party associations, was acknowledged more or less. It certainly would not have been denied by the more responsible party leaders. Very soon, however, we discovered what the Radical majority of the London Council understood to be their proper business; and now, unless the Opposition prints have given false and calumnious accounts of the way in which the Chairmanship has been arranged for, the machining of the London County Council is openly managed by the chiefs of the Gladstonian party, and even by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. If that Council were a Radical Association of the kind that Mr. SCHNADHORST drives, it could hardly have been handled in a more candidly partisan spirit. There is no longer a pretence of acknowledgment that it should be a purely administrative body, carrying on a certain order of business without regard to political preferences. From Mr. GLADSTONE downward (if all's true that we hear) the Radicals regard the London County Council as a portion of the party agency, and are determined to keep it so by the customary exercise of oversight and advice from headquarters. This is a lesson for us, surely. At the last election for London County Councilmen the Conservatives were as neglectful as they usually are. Perhaps they believed that, since the Council would be ultimately judged by rates and rating, its members might be trusted to stick to their rightful tasks, whether they were of one political party or another. It was a far too confiding belief, and has now been exploded altogether. The London County Council, as it exists, is a Radical political association, serving the party to which its majority belongs by the adoption of popular socialistic doctrine; and no matter how softly it may go from this time onward (not that we have any warrant for believing that it will abate its extravagances), that well-developed fact must not be overlooked at the next elections.

THE END OF THE WRANGLE.

THE conclusion of the debate on the Irish Estimates was marked by at least one interesting and instructive incident. We refer to the sudden and painful deviation of a Parnellite member into candour and good faith in his observations on a point on the Irish policy of the Government. Mr. JACKSON, whose lucid and informing statement as to the progress of light railway construction in Ireland immediately preceded Colonel NOLAN's lapse, must be held partly responsible therefor; but in the main, no doubt, it is to be attributed to a temporary or permanent decline of the "patriotic" ardour of the offender himself. When the SECRETARY to the TREASURY, after making the statement above-mentioned, resumed his seat, Colonel NOLAN, who followed him, so far forgot himself as to aver that "the statement of the right hon. gentleman was on the "whole a satisfactory one." The extraordinary assertion of the gallant Colonel was greeted by "those about him" with cries of "No, no," and by those opposite him with exclamations of "Hear, hear"; and listening, it is to be feared, rather to the latter voices than to the former, he went on to lay down the monstrous proposition that "these lines"—lines, be it remembered, which have been some of them actually planned, and are now in process of construction under the auspices of the "base, con-"temptible, and cowardly" CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT—"would be of great benefit to Ireland." In nearly all the coast districts, proceeded this recreant soldier, "there was good fishing, but at present it was "impossible to get the fish caught conveyed to the "market"; as if that had anything to do with the matter, or as if a Parnellite member of Parliament had not other fish to fry than those on which his countrymen subsist. Colonel NOLAN, however, appeared to have got the "develop-"ment of Irish resources" on the brain; for, not content with praising what the Government had done already, he actually went so far as to express a fear that they would not proceed fast enough with their work to suit him. No wonder Mr. W. REDMOND felt it his duty to administer to his "hon. and gallant friend" the crushing rebuke—a rebuke almost intolerable when one considers the weight of years and wisdom behind it—that he "could not "altogether agree with him." The Government, said Mr. REDMOND, "would probably fail in their designs, which, "after all, to be carried out with success, ought to be "entrusted to the Irish people themselves." The railways, that is to say, will not connect fish with fish-markets, or enable the fisherman's "catch" to exchange, to mutual profit, with the money of the fishmonger, unless certain Irish gentlemen hold snug appointments in Dublin, instead of being troubled, as they are at present, to run backwards and forwards across St. George's Channel to earn their salaries.

This little interchange of views between Mr. REDMOND and Colonel NOLAN was really so delightful an illustration of the Nationalist "attitude"—if we may so describe the motion of a hand towards a pocket—that it fittingly closed the discussion on the Irish Estimates. The earlier period of the evening had been occupied with matter of a more familiar and less amusing kind. It was nothing less than a revival of the annual grievance with respect to the treatment of Irish prisoners, a subject introduced by Mr. FLYNN, and spoken to by Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, apparently under the strangely erroneous impression that Irish members have "left half-told, The story of O'BRIEN bold." Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE had been greatly exercised in his mind at the treatment of the member for North-East Cork during his last imprisonment in Galway Gaol; or it may be, perhaps, at his own treatment, in not being, at first, allowed to see the prisoner except in the presence of a warder. Inasmuch, however, as the visiting justices, as soon as they were reassured by hearing the name of a politician whose incursions into Irish politics have never inspired any Executive, or other authority, with the slightest uneasiness, made a special exception in his favour, it is

difficult to see where exactly either his or Mr. O'Brien's grievance comes in. As to the general treatment of that hero in being compelled, all "member of Parliament" as he is, to actually submit to prison rules made only for common Irishmen not elected by Mr. Parnell to the Legislature, Mr. Balfour aptly cited the case of Mr. Cuninghame Graham's imprisonment as an answer to those complaints. We are not enthusiastic admirers of the member for Lanarkshire, but we confess to regarding the contrast between his behaviour and that of the Parnellite patriots with some complacency.

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

We believe that there exists a Mutual Benefit Society which undertakes, for the annual payment of one guinea, to keep its members constantly supplied with new umbrellas. How the trick is done we must let the ingenuity of our readers determine for them. It is held by some so-called moralists, whose levity cannot be too strongly condemned, that the Eighth Commandment contains an implied reservation in favour of the common gamp or gingham. The objection that these machines had not been invented when the utterance in question was promulgated will no more, they say, hold water than a lady's parasol. In the first place, there is no evidence of the fact; and, in the second place, the Old Testament is prophetic as well as historic. Umbrellas now play a large and important part in human affairs. Even the reduction of the Liberal majority in Mid-Durham has been traced by ingenious apologists to the fact that the classes, being provided with these implements, polled in larger proportions than their opponents on a day wet even for July. It was on just such a day—perhaps at the very moment when honest colliers in the North were considering whether Mr. John Wilson was worth a wet skin—that Captain Campbell, of Lowndes Street, Albert Gate, went, not to the polling-booth, but to the dentist. He went no further than Sloane Street. But, alas! he returned without his umbrella. He had been the victim of a very cruel and heartless outrage. We have said that umbrellas are associated with penal laxity, which can only be combated by going down to the bed-rock, and taking a firm stand on the first principles of social ethics. Bishops at the Athenæum, schoolboys in pupil-room, Americans in hotels, members of both Houses of Parliament, may be invited to ask themselves why wood, and silk, and whalebone are less a man's property than the precious metals. An umbrella costs money. It is useful; in some circumstances indispensable. It may be ornamental; and from this, or some other, cause has inspired in the breast of its owner a feeling not remote from personal affection. Surely, surely, we cannot be justified in stealing our neighbour's umbrella, popular convention or custom notwithstanding, when by so doing we may not only deprive him of a cherished companion, but spoil his hat into the bargain.

But it is needless to pursue this topic further. For, whatever may be a man's general views with respect to umbrellas, he will admit, unless he is lost to all sense of decency and humanity, that there is something sacred in the dentist's chair. To plunder the patient while he is in the hands of the tormentor, while the wheel is revolving, and the drill is being applied, strikes one as hardly human. It resembles the offence of pillaging blind men's trays, than which no conceivable action could be meaner. Captain Campbell was naturally incensed, and his martial ardour led him to the nearest police-court. There he found Mr. D'Eyncourt, and stated his complaint to that worthy magistrate. The Captain mentioned two aggravating circumstances which, according to him, were evidence of malice on the part of the offender. In the first place, that person had no umbrella of his own. In the second place, the umbrella of the Captain—hereinafter called the Captain's umbrella—had a very peculiar handle. The cumulative force of these two facts is not at first sight obvious. For an umbrellaless man can hardly be capable of thinking that he has an umbrella, and yet incapable of imagining it to have a peculiar handle. Mr. D'Eyncourt did not encourage the gallant Captain in his thirst for vengeance. He thought it must be "all a mistake." But, then, what has become of the Captain's umbrella? If removed by mistake, it might, one would think, have been returned. There has been an animated correspondence between the dentist's two customers, with the dentist brought in as third party. One of the letters is described by the Captain as "very insulting." Meanwhile, the Captain has bought a new umbrella, and put off going to Scotland, where he would have been able to handsel it without loss of time. It is all most perplexing, none the less because the base abductor says that somebody has stolen his hat. Mr. D'Eyncourt, an old magisterial hand, declined to go into the questions who stole what from whom, and how many times, or how otherwise. The applicant left to "consult "his solicitor." It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. In this case the only person who can be congratulated is Captain Campbell's solicitor.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

Among books for the holiday season, the book that is good to read anywhere, yet best of all in the open air, is that which most attracts the many who will not long delay their flight from town. Good provision in this kind of literature may be drawn from the "Silver" series now publishing by Messrs. Longmans & Co. The lover of the country who loves a book for company has a fair choice in these cheap illustrated volumes, bound in neat cloth and well printed on good paper. Here, for example, are new editions of Dr. Stanley's *History of Birds*; of the last collection of essays by Richard Jefferies, *Field and Hedgerow*; and of the Rev. J. G. Wood's pleasant studies of the natural history of the year, *Out of Doors*. These are the very books to be desired for a quiet hour's reading under the greenwood tree, by riverside, or seashore. They may all be dipped into and suffer no wrong. To obtain so excellent a book as Dr. Stanley's *Familiar History of Birds* for three and sixpence is almost to receive a gift. For right instruction, we assume, it is necessary that books of this class should be edited to date, though we cannot pretend to sympathize with the process. But in Dr. Stanley's book the man of science makes a reverent intervention, and has done his spiriting gently. The sometime Bishop of Norwich was a delightful writer; clear and animated are his descriptions, excellent is his literary method. Nothing could be pleasanter than his anecdotes of land and water birds, and the great family of coast-marine fowls. That is an old yet always charming story of the blind German woman and her guardian gander. The annals of that noble and rare bird, "although so rare, "uncommon common on a common," as the poet sings, comprise much that is not less moving, and little that is more impressive. This wise and angelic creature would hold the woman by her gown and gently lead her till he had her safe in her seat in church, and then would he turn himself out to grass in the churchyard to strictly meditate the prolific pasture until the close of sermon. Dr. Stanley confessed to some misgivings about this pretty story up to the happy moment of his conversion through hearing of the Cheshire farmer and the affectionate goose. This bird developed a beautiful partiality for her master's society. She would quit her companions to go with him everywhere. Where he stayed would she stay, his ways were hers, his people her people, and life for her only happy with him. She would follow the plough if he were ploughman, and was as much delighted by a clean straight furrow as any competitor in a ploughing match. If the farmer tired of these attentions, as often haps to inconstant man, he was forced to make fast the devoted bird, as if she were a mere dog or horse. The end is heart-rending. To quote the mildly reprehensive language of the Bishop, the man, "with an unpardonable inatten-"tion to so wonderful a case," sacrificed the goose to his superstitious fears. He thought there was foreboding of evil in the love of the faithful bird, and to avert the threatened mischance he killed her. It is not recorded whether he slept any more after this ruthless murder, or that his dreams were horrid with the torture of gigantic butcher-birds. To be speared by shrikes, screamed at by parrots, worried by the monstrous bills of spectral toucans, were fit retribution for so cruel a deed.

The many excellent woodcuts in this reprint of Dr. Stanley's book add considerably to its charm. The small cuts of individual birds are uncommonly good in drawing and execution. Nothing could be prettier than the pictures of the happy family in the prairie owl's burrow, the parlia-

ment of herons as seen by a gentleman "riding along the "turnpike road," the sandmartins visited by a hawk, the edible swallows "at home," and the thrilling sketch of the St. Kilda man leaping in mid-air at the saving rope while engaged in the dangerous trade of bird-catching. *Field and Hedgerow*, the "last essays" of RICHARD JEFFERIES, opens with a portrait of the author, an etching by Mr. W. STRANG. Less studied than some of the writer's work, these essays are the cheerfullest, the most sunshiny, of his many admirable records of nature and the moods of nature. To the reader in "artificial cityfied air" they bring enchanting visions of wild and wind-swept places, the generous circle of a sunny horizon, and rich woodland haunts of birds and shy creatures. But out of doors, amid the "lisp "of leaves," as Mr. SWINBURNE sweetly sings, is the right environment for the reader, when a strong south wind yields "a cloudless blue sky blown pale, a summer "sun blown cool," or when "some monstrous dragon of the "Chinese sky pants his fiery breath upon us" in the swooning August day. Then is the time to watch "from "morn to noon" the flight of the July fly in the July grass, after the study of RICHARD JEFFERIES, or to get "a "little alchemy out of the dandelions." And truly a good deal of alchemy may be obtained of such a book by the jaded townsman; reconstituted blood and a new liver, perchance. Pure air is better than exercise for the overworked, and *Field and Hedgerow* is excellent to take with the air. *Out of Doors*, by the late Rev. J. G. WOOD, deals mainly with the practical aspects of natural history, and is full of good matter for the collector and a Field Club's ramble. Despite the title, the book is less exclusively a book for the open air than its companions are. Yet it is not necessary to be an entomologist to enjoy "A Summer Walk through an English Lane," or "The Repose of Nature," or the excellent study entitled "A Blackberry-Bush in Autumn." Nature is the theme of the three volumes, and the bond of their present association. Following the example of the "Triads" of the Welsh bards, they may be said to stimulate the three fundamental gifts of the complete lover of nature; "the eye "that can see nature, the heart that can feel nature, and "the resolution that dares follow nature."

THE NAVY.

ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir THOMAS SYMONDS sticks to his task of arousing the statesmen who direct our affairs to a due sense of the weakness of the navy with a touching pertinacity. We will not say, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, for there can be none better, if only the need to fight in it is real. The trouble is, that we cannot be sure there is cause at present, and Sir THOMAS SYMONDS's elaborate statistics have not removed our doubts. There is about his way of arguing his case something which makes us suspect that he would always find matter of complaint, whatever the Ministry did. Then his argument and his figures alike bear a very close resemblance to much which has been recently published in France, tending to show that the French navy is in precisely the condition which Sir THOMAS attributes to ours. Naval critics of that nation make all those complaints of the number and quality of ships which are heard here. It is even, to complete the comparison, not so very long since we saw a French naval officer warn his countrymen that England was adding to the strength of her navy in a most alarming manner, and on a colossal scale. Obviously, said this Frenchman, who can see into a milestone as well as another, this is one of those deep-laid, wicked schemes commonly carried out by the grasping Albion. She has her eye on the liberties of Europe, and will be grabbing something before long. Perhaps Sir THOMAS will say that this is all the wiliness of the Frenchman, who is practising on our innocence—trying to throw us off our guard. It is a shrewd point, but then we have known Frenchmen of sagacity say just the same thing about Sir THOMAS SYMONDS. On each side of the Channel there is an immense respect for the astuteness of the inhabitants of the other. We know the French flatter us. May it not be the case that we also flatter them?

Neither does the native force of the arguments used by Sir THOMAS and other gentlemen who are for ever warning us of the approaching naval ruin of the country appear quite convincing to the calm reader. They take too much for granted, and overlook very important considerations. It is to be observed that they have all a way of comparing the present relative strength of the British navy with what it was in 1813—that is to say, they compare it after a generation of peace with what it was at the end of twenty years of incessant victorious war. A very large part of our navy at that time was composed of prizes taken from Danes, French, Spaniards, and Dutch. Moreover, all Europe had then been turned topsy-turvy by Napoleon. Any comparison between the periods is absurd. The proper date to take is not 1813, but 1793. Now in that year our position was much what, on the showing of Sir THOMAS, it is now—that is to say, the combined navies of France and Spain were rather stronger than ours in mere numbers—just as the French and Russians are now, according to him. We do not accept his estimate of their force, because we remember the wide difference there always is between effective and paper strength. It is one of the absurd features of the universal alarmist cry that critics of all nations, when summing up the strength of neighbours, include a number of ships which that neighbour himself declares to be *non-valeurs*. Indeed, this system of comparison, by counting of bowsprits, is essentially absurd. A State which has money and will can always get ships, but it cannot get crews. The Spaniards at the end of the last century had an imposing list of four-, three-, and two-deckers; but Sir JOHN JERVIS showed what they were worth off Cape St. Vincent, manned as they were. To-day it is believed that the Italians have repeated the same mistake. They have built more ships than they can provide with engineers—and what is the use of a vessel if she cannot be handled? Therefore, we do not think much of these comparisons. Still less are we terrified by the many dreadful pictures drawn of foreign cruisers rushing all over the sea to snap up our merchant ships. Steamers cannot go about without coal. This fact is remembered well enough by the croakers when they are thinking about ourselves; but they seem habitually to forget that it applies quite as forcibly to other nations. In this, as in other things, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Indeed, the difficulty will be worse for the enemy than for us, as has just been shown. The French are conducting naval manœuvres off Ushant at this moment, and have exhausted every ton of coals in Brest in equipping their squadron. What has happened in peace might equally happen in war.

A RETURNING PRODIGAL?

WE need hardly say, we presume, that the hopes with which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's latest utterances are calculated to inspire the Unionist party in general are nowhere more heartily welcomed than in these columns. The too frequent vagaries of the member for Paddington have met with censure as severe and outspoken here as anywhere; but we have never been insensible to the considerable services which Lord RANDOLPH has rendered to the cause of the Union in the past, nor have we ever despaired of seeing him add to them hereafter. It is with especial satisfaction, therefore, that we note the speech which he has just delivered as the guest of the Conservative Club. If it was not quite as vigorous and well pointed as many of his earlier commentaries upon political affairs, it was, on the other hand, distinguished by a more uniform discretion than has sometimes guided the course of the orator's eloquence, and in point of tone and temper it was irreproachable. The review of the legislative career of the Government in which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL played so brief a part was alike just and generous, and his contention that their policy and acts must be judged as a whole was one on which it is most opportune and helpful at this moment to insist. "You and I," he reminded his audience the other night, "may occasionally differ from HER MAJESTY'S "Government. We may occasionally, either in public or "in private, criticize it. I may criticize expenditure; I may "censure the appointment of the PARNELL Commission; "you may complain of the introduction of the licensing "laws reform into the Government programme; you may "lament the legislative failure of this Session; you and I "may reasonably have discerned some want of sufficiency "of skill in the management of public business or some in-"sufficiency of determination on the part of the Govern-"ment to adhere to positions. But when we come to give a "judgment on the conduct of the Government we take

"their career as a whole; we compare it with that of the "Administration whom they succeeded, and we calculate "what would be our fate if our opponents obtained "power."

All this, no doubt, is sound advice, and the distinction between hostile criticism of individual acts of the Government and an adverse verdict on their total political record is well worth insisting on. But when deliverances of this kind are adduced—as this has been adduced—in support of Lord RANDOLPH's claim to re-admission into the Cabinet, it is surely necessary to "distinguish" a little. With every desire to greet a returning prodigal, one may yet be permitted to ask, before killing the fatted calf for him, in what spirit and with what amount of appreciation of his past errors he presents himself at the domestic hearth? The repentant youth in the parable returned, it may be remembered, with the fixed resolve to make a confession of his sins; it is a little disconcerting to find that our political prodigal does not seem to be even aware of what they are. There was more ingenuity than ingenuousness in his assumption of a fellowship with his Conservative hosts, the other night, on the exercise of the function of independent critics of the Government. Lord RANDOLPH, however, cannot but be aware that it is not his performances as a critical "outsider"—to use his own word—which have made him an object of distrust. When he talks of what "you" and "I" have done in "criticizing" this, and "censuring" that, and "com-"plaining" of the other, he insinuates that his own action has been confined, like that of those whom he was addressing, to criticism, to censure, and to complaint. But this, as we all know, is not so; as one conspicuous and memorable instance will suffice to prove. Lord RANDOLPH did something very much more serious, and very much less excusable, than merely "censuring the appointment of the "PARNELL Commission." What he did was to take such a course in the House of Commons with reference to the Report of that Commission as would have resulted, if it had met the support on which he must be presumed to have counted, in the defeat and resignation of the Government, and the accession of their adversaries to office. We are unable to reconcile deliberate action of this kind with a sincere profession of approval of the Ministerial "career as a whole," or with the *bona fides* of the declaration that he compares their career as a whole with that of the Administration whom they succeeded, and calculates what would be our fate if our opponents obtained power. It is not Lord RANDOLPH's fault that they did not obtain power through his own instrumentality. We owe this to the circumstance that the sound principle to which in words he has lately declared his adhesion has a more real influence over the action of the Conservative party at large, and even over his own little handful of followers, than it had over his. And that means that his offence on that occasion was of the gravest character—too grave certainly to be purged by a few fair words. The door of reconciliation ought not certainly to be inexorably closed against him; but it should open only on condition of his giving more solid proof of repentance than he has yet furnished.

THE LATEST MARE'S-NEST.

MR. GLADSTONE'S sudden discovery that the reference to Parliament of the cession of Heligoland is a constitutional offence of the first magnitude may or may not be another illustration of his later manner of leading his party. It is quite possible, that is to say, that he did not condescend to consider the question raised by the Anglo-German Agreement until the measure had already passed the House of Lords, and that it was, therefore, unfortunately impossible for him to furnish Lord GRANVILLE and Lord ROSEBERY with a point so telling for the debate in the Upper House as that a Conservative PRIME MINISTER had dealt the heaviest blow at the Royal Prerogative that it had received for two hundred years. On the other hand, there are indications that the "point" in question—Heaven save it!—is not Mr. GLADSTONE's at all, but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's. For that pundit was observed to be very busy during Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, and that not only in prompting, but, to judge from appearances, in occasionally correcting, his leader; and it is certain that he had furbished up his own constitutional learning before coming down to the House, so as to be in a position to roll the names of bygone statesmen and lawyers round his tongue with that voluptuous familiarity which some other people are accustomed to use only with the titles of living peers. It is, we say, a quite plausible conjecture that the mare's-nest which the House of Commons were so solemnly invited to inspect the other night was the discovery, not of Mr. GLADSTONE, but of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. A conjecture, however, it must remain; and we shall probably never know for certain to which of the two belongs the credit of discerning that the control of the House of Commons over the foreign policy of Governments would be, not increased, but diminished, by requiring the assent of Parliament to treaties involving the cession of British territory to foreign Powers.

Whether, in agreeing with Germany that that assent should be sought and obtained in the present instance, the Government have or have not established a precedent, is a question into which we do not now propose to enter. Ministers themselves—and perhaps excusably where the point is so nice a one—are not in accord with each other on the question; and we need only say now that we would rather hold with Mr. GOSCHEN, that the action of the Government does not establish a precedent for the submission of all territory-ceding treaties to Parliament, than hold with Mr. BALFOUR that it does. But, assuming the latter view, which of course is that of the Opposition, to be the correct one, we can subscribe to every one of the CHIEF SECRETARY's arguments in refutation of Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The contention that a "control" once possessed by the House of Commons alone would be "divided with "the House of Lords" if all such treaties were submitted to Parliament, affords a more beautiful example of the enslavement of the human understanding to the tyranny of phrases than any other that we can at the moment recall. What Mr. GLADSTONE is pleased to call the "control" of the House of Commons over treaties with foreign States is the power—quite an illusory one now that impeachment and attainder, the Tower and the axe, have become obsolete—of visiting the guilty Governments who conclude bad treaties with whatever penalties they can still inflict. The only such penalty, as everybody knows, is expulsion of the peccant Ministers from office; and this punishment the House of Commons would be able to inflict just as they can at present, whether with or without the assent of the House of Lords, if all treaties were submitted to Parliament—the only, but the highly important, difference being that, whereas they can at present only punish, they would then be able, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, to punish Ministers for the mere mischievous design of their policy, and arrest its execution. To represent this as a derogation of the power at present possessed by the House of Commons is too fantastically perverted a contention to have been devised by anybody but a party politician in desperation. That the change of constitutional practice would give a power to the House of Lords which it does not at present possess may be true enough; but Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot themselves have so confused a conception of the matter as not to see at whose expense the power will be acquired, and that it will be simply carved out of the Royal Prerogative, and not out of the authority or constitutional jurisdiction of the House of Commons. That this is how it *will* be acquired by the Lords may be, and in our view is, an objection to the establishment of the precedent in question; but it is not an objection which Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT can avow, and hence their discovery of the mare's-nest in which their only avowable objection lies hid.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

XI.

PORTRUSH, NEWCASTLE, AND HOLYWOOD.

AS a rule, golfers are not reading men. Most of them, however, will have read the chapter on "Snakes in Ireland." Not many years ago snakes and golfers were equally plentiful in Ireland. An article on Irish golf would then have been easier to write, as thus:—"There is no golf in Ireland." Unfortunately for the writer and the reader, but happily for the golfer, the telling of the Irish golf of to-day cannot be done with such sweet brevity.

Portrush is the St. Andrews of Ireland. It is two hours and a half by train from Belfast. Undoubtedly the first impression of the pilgrim golfer will be the warmth of the reception given him

by the golfers of the "Loyal North." They will treat him with plenteous kindness, and whisky. His second impression will be that the air is very bracing, and his third that the putting-greens are very heavy. A straight and strong drive to the first hole brings you short up on the bristly bunkery back of a sand-hill, and you may dig about there for some time before you get the ball out on to the green beyond. But if you play on the proper line—a little to the left—you may outflank the sand-hill, and putt or iron up to the hole, so as to give yourself a remote chance of a three. If you are a stranger, you will be short with your iron shot, and then short with your putt, and most likely take five, and will begin to say that Portrush is "not golf." The second hole is two fair, full shots, over fine golfy turf, and with glorious views of the sea and the Derry coast. The hole is in a valley which need be no vale of tears if you hole out in five. The next hole is but a cleek shot, but all sorts of things may happen before you reach it. For you tee down in the valley with the hillside before you, so that, if you do not loft well, you only burrow into the hill. There is another valley before you get to the putting-green, and, if ever you do get there, you wonder how you did it, so perched up is it on a plateau with bunkery trouble so near. Despite all the trouble, you may quite well do the hole in three. And by this time you will be beginning to realize that you spoke in haste when you said the putting was "not golf," and will repent at your leisure as you begin to learn the strength; for, though they are very heavy greens, they are also very true. You can putt firmly on them. They are good greens.

A fine drive to the fourth hole will take you well over a burn, with whins and rat-holes and abomination of diverse sorts about it; and a lofting wrist shot will then put you on the hole. The fifth hole is a drive and an iron shot into the corner of a rather flat and unprofitable field. If the drive be topped, a three-cornered arrangement of roads and hedges will exact no one can say what penalties. Further, there is a scheme afloat for setting a trap in the field for a topped iron shot by digging a bunker. The next hole is the "long hole," two full drives and an iron shot. A heeled ball will land you on the road which leads to the Giant's Causeway. An electric tramway goes along this road, and to lie in one of the tramway lines is peculiarly objectionable. Beside the tram lines runs a bar charged with electricity for the use of the engines. If you steal the electricity by touching this bar, you will not wish to play golf any more that day, so powerful is the shock. It is a unique form of golfing hazards. On the left, to receive a pulled ball, are several acres of bracken which is supposed to be very bad lying ground; but, as no one has ever yet found his ball in it, this is a purely *à priori* view. But, if you are straight, and carry a little bank about fifteen yards from the tee, there is nothing to prevent you from taking your driver again, and putting yourself over another little bank, and short of a third which is just before the hole. The seventh is only an iron pitch on to a green cleared among the bracken—soft, but true. It is felicitously named the "Feather-bed" hole. With a raking, long cleek shot it is possible that you may put yourself on the green of the eighth hole in one, but not probable; for the green is perched up on high among the benty sand-hills, and, if not very accurate, you will be digging among sand and bent and moss. Should you top your cleek shot, you have a deal of struggling before you reach the hole. To the ninth hole you drive away far among the sand-hills, where a half-topped or crooked ball meets fearful punishment; but, if you are both "far and sure," you may find yourself within a short lofting shot of home. A drive over formidable sand-hills will put you on the green of the next, which is close beside the road and the electric tramway. The tee shot to the eleventh is uneventful, unless you pull the ball into a corn-field or slice it into bracken and rabbit-holes; but the iron shot into the little green, well named the "Saucer," is full of banks and braes and trouble for him who tops. The twelfth is but a full drive, and may well be done in three; but any error to right or left, or any topping, is again cruelly punished. Then you climb up the sand-hills, and from the lofty teeing-ground see as appalling a prospect as ever made golfer call for his niblick. It would need the pen of a poet to do it justice. Several thousand feet below you (as it appears) is a burn which babbles towards the sea. Its banks are precipitous with bunker, and fringed with a profusion of *flora* such as the golfing grounds of the Emerald Isle alone produce. But you ought to carry it all. If the wind is behind, the hole itself on the opposite high ground may be reached; and in a recent competition this tremendous hole was done by the two players in the final heat in 2 and 3 respectively. The next is only a little iron pitch—back over the burn and the *flora*. Now most golfers sometimes hit their iron shots on the shank of the iron; with some it is almost a habit. The effect is to send the ball to "cover-point." "Cover-point" at this particular hole is a Roman Catholic chapel—again a unique hazard in the world of the golf. For the next hole you cross the road, and tee in face of a great bunker named, from its shape, the "Crater." The hole is just beyond the Crater, and a very easy full shot should put you on the green. Ordinarily the bed of the Crater is in a quiescent state, but frequently bursts forth into sulphurous, volcanic activity, with showers of mud, when the golfer and his niblick are buried in its depths. A drive and an iron shot over ground which need not vex you if you keep straight, but with indefinite trouble for the wanderer, bring you to the sixteenth hole, and from the high teeing-ground to the seventeenth you have a fine view of the boldly undulating links and the blue sea almost all around you (for Portrush is a peninsula), and the Donegal highlands in the distance, northward. These high tees are a great feature of the links, with their "switchback" undulations beneath you. The ball soars away as if it were never going to stop; but it does. It stops, if properly hit, within a little iron shot of the seventeenth hole, which sits up aloft on a saddle-back, most vexingly difficult to stop upon. Then a drive off another high-set teeing-ground, and a long iron or cleek shot over broken bunkers, bring you to the green of the eighteenth hole, and you can go to the little iron club-house and be rested and refreshed. The social needs of the golfer are well looked after at the Northern Counties Hotel, some quarter-mile distant.

The Giant's Causeway is a great Sabbath resort for the Portrush golfer, after morning church. It is some eight miles distant. The native giants sell you local curiosities, such as double-refracting spar, which makes a sixpence, held edgeways under it, look like two. But they will not give you a shilling for it. There is also a well there with peculiar qualities which are only brought out by whisky. They are not allowed to sell you whisky, but if you buy some of the water they will *give* you some of the whisky; the water, thus qualified, is said to have effects similar to those of the double-refracting spar. The whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the Giant's Causeway is in all the local guide-books.

Newcastle, County Down, is not far from Belfast, and you reach it by sitting for some two hours in what is locally called an express train. It is a watering-place lying beneath the shadow of a large mountain whose name few golfers can pronounce, and none can be expected to spell. Attached to Newcastle is an eighteen-hole golf course. It would not be quite fair, even if it were possible, to describe the Newcastle links in detail, because "detail," at present, would include several million rabbit-holes. But when the golfer shall have driven the rabbit into the outskirts of the course, there is no reason why Newcastle should not equal Portrush. Its capabilities are very great, and some of its hazards are on such a scale that an indifferent golfer might get a day's work out of any one of them. Nine of the holes have been newly opened out, but the lies are not nearly as bad as they might be, and the putting-greens and grounds throughout the course will soon work down into very good material. The climate is mild and the views are beautiful. The mountain behind you as you go out is partly wooded with pines, and rises, dark and stern and grand, above them. You see it at its very best from the end of the links when you turn "two up."

Even nearer Belfast, only a few minutes' run by train, at Holywood, there is a links of nine holes, on a stretch of ground mysteriously named "the Kinnegar." Etymologists trace the name to "coney-gar," or rabbit warren; but here the golfer has effectually displaced the coney. He has not yet displaced the Royal Armagh Militia, whose tents are "teed up" all over the Kinnegar during a month or so in summer. But this matters little, because the Kinnegar is only a winter course. The grass grows long in summer, which is as much as to say that the soil is clay, not the real royal sandy links of Newcastle and Portrush. Still there is broken ground and whin which form good hazards, and in the winter months the Kinnegar is no bad test of golfing qualities. There is a most comfortable little club-house, and the Kinnegar in Ireland is entitled to all the veneration in which Blackheath is held in England, for it is the first soil in Ireland ever cleft by the golfer's niblick.

Southern Ireland is addicted to Home Rule, and plays golf on the Dollymount links near Dublin. These have the fame of being a real good golfing course, though flattish, and without the beautiful "switchback" arrangement of hill and valley which is the charm of Portrush.

The Irish caddie is a good native product. He is as zealous as the Scottish functionary, and preferable in that, knowing less about it, he is less critical.

AS YOU LIKE IT AGAIN.

WE have already recorded a first impression of Mr. Augustin Daly's presentment of the most lovely pastoral play known to the stage. As we then said, *As You Like It* begins and ends in Rosalind. A second visit more than confirms our original convictions. We can recall no reading of the part that comes so near to being a perfect realization of the poet's conception as the Rosalind of Miss Ada Rehan. Looking back to some seven or eight Rosalinds in the past, and not unhopeful of the stage's future, we are yet confident that we have not seen nor shall see such another Rosalind. Once again are we brought to the consideration of those magical qualities of nature and art which contribute to that measureless sum of charm we are forced to find entirely indefinable. Without attempting the fruitless quest of the analyst, or undertaking a scene-upon-scene examination of Miss Rehan's performance, it may be well to note that all that makes for charm has a twofold source. There is that which is subjective and personal—in which Miss Rehan is as richly endowed as any living actress—and that which is wholly due to the interpretative art of the comedian, wherein Miss Rehan is in no sense less gifted. With such an equipment, it is not wonderful that the actress carries conviction from first to last. Minor points there are upon which differences of opinion probably exist—

differences that may be legitimately held, yet such as do not affect the artistic whole. You may peep and botanize, like a detail-monger, possessed with a cold and callous pedantry and a fly's respect for divinity; you may feel this gesture superfluous, or find in that tone a false emphasis, yet withal the impression of magnetic and victorious charm remains and is overmastering. The chiefest of contentious points concerns the first scene. This has ever been considered a crucial scene for the actress who plays Rosalind. Through its rendering is determined the whole temper and tissue of the masquerading Rosalind in the Forest of Arden. Yet have we known this scene to be grievously misread by critics to the undeserved suffering of more than one Rosalind. Rosalind is a lady of gentle nurture, and a princess to boot. It may be cited, as against her noble and kind nature—using the latter adjective in its Shakspearian sense—that it is she, not Celia, who expresses apprehension of danger when the venturous voyage to the Forest is suggested. We find nothing in this sentiment incompatible with the frankly Elizabethan style of Miss Rehan's acting towards the close of the wrestling. That Rosalind foresees the chance of peril in their enterprise is no proof whatever of timidity. It is the perfectly natural expression of the knowledge gained by the experience of ill fortune, of which her companion is ignorant. In this first scene Miss Rehan plays, and rightly, as if she, not less than the shepherdess Phœbe, realized the might of Marlowe's verse, "None ever loved, but at first sight he loved." And while Miss Rehan suggests a genuine tone of passion in the first utterance of Rosalind to Orlando after the wrestling, she shows a perception not less just and keen in her subsequent blending of coyness and archness. The situation is, indeed, admirably realized. Nothing could be more delicate than this revelation of love at first sight. Of course, if it were possible to accept the soulless criticism that Rosalind is a well-bred lady, and should comport herself as the average well-bred lady of other times, a foolish condemnation of Miss Rehan's acting is ready to hand. But it is always well to remember the contiguity of the Forest of Arden to the Court of Duke Frederick. He shall not stray in the way who is thus mindful, and he that does err may be likened to the mushroom that springs up under the oaks of Arden, as Landor has it, though in another sense.

In the Forest scenes Miss Rehan plays the part of the "more than common tall" Rosalind, in doublet and hose, with infinite grace and womanliness. The exuberant vivacity in the scenes between Rosalind and Orlando, the playful and pretty mock wooing that is so serious to the lady, is in part simulated, as in the assumption of swagger when Rosalind first approaches Orlando to play the knave under the habit of a saucy lackey. That the gaiety of Rosalind is here assumed is very happily suggested by Miss Rehan. Now and again, perhaps, a too sportive turn, not so much in voice or gesture as in a restlessness of action, is given to Rosalind's playing of the lively part of Ganymede. For example, Miss Rehan's by-play in the scene where Orlando and Jaques hold a brief encounter of wits might by some be construed as discordant with the situation. Hidden among the trees, Rosalind claps her hands vivaciously, though softly, on hearing Orlando's sentiments, and signifies her contempt for Jaques by some not less eloquent action. This, we confess, appears to be matter neither for praise nor blame. It is nothing more than an illustration of that confidential style, that taking of the audience behind the scenes in the interest of the drama, which Lamb commends in the comedian. There is no need to follow Miss Rehan's brilliant acting, step by step, through the Forest of Arden; to note the piquancy of her style in the "wooing" scenes, or her admirable bearing in the scene where the penitent Oliver tells his strange story of a lioness and a snake, or the exquisite art of her "counterfeiting," with its delicate pathos—these are but parts of one surpassing and enchanting whole.

Mr. John Drew's Orlando is, on the whole, an excellent performance. In the wrestling scene his acting is more than satisfactory; is, in fact, exceedingly fine. Admirable, also, is the change of voice and demeanour when Orlando rushes upon the banished Duke and his party, forsakes his assumed anger, and urges the pathetic appeal, "If ever you have looked on better days," &c. The Jaques of Mr. George Clarke is a sound and well-considered reading, save in the delivery of the "Seven Ages" speech. This is a soliloquy, and should be given with a certain show of absorbed reflection. Mr. Clarke delivers it seated among his comrades, as if before an audience, with much illustrative gesture, like a reciter's accompaniment. In a word, he declaims, whereas he should soliloquize. Mr. James Lewis's Touchstone, apart from a certain hurried enunciation at times, is altogether delightful. The clear treble of age is not successfully simulated by Mr. Charles Fisher as Adam. The part is well played, yet does it lose much in effect by reason of the actor's muffled style of delivery. As Amiens, Mr. Macauley plays the courtier to perfection, and sings better than any Amiens we have ever heard. The Celia of Miss Adelaide Prince is a capable and attractive rendering. Capacity, indeed, is shown by Mr. Daly's company in all the minor parts. The play is mounted with excellent taste; and stage illusion is sustained throughout the woodland scenes with marked success. "But heavenly Rosalind!"

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HORSE-BREEDING.

THE Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding has issued a Report, as well as a Blue Book containing the minutes of evidence taken before it. The latter is full of interesting matter for the large number of people who wish to see an improvement in our half-bred horses. The evidence given before the Royal Commission has been ably summarized by Lord Ribbesdale in the current number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, and it has been sensibly criticized in a leading article in the *Field*. Our only fear is lest people should be satisfied with these reviews alone. That many will go to the expense of buying for themselves the Blue Book containing the evidence we more than doubt; that many will read it we think still less likely. Yet the object of a Royal Commission is to obtain all available information by examining the best experts on the subject under its inquiry; therefore the evidence in question ought to form a valuable treatise on matters connected with horse-breeding, and it is within reach of most people, as it only costs a shilling and three halfpence. We are quite aware that everybody is morally certain that he knows more about horses than anybody else; at the same time we venture to suggest that even he—that is, everybody—might condescend to read what poor ignorant people like the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Combermere, Lord Portsmouth, Lord Harrington, Matthew Dawson and J. Porter, the trainers, and Sir H. Simpson and Dr. Fleming, the veterinary surgeons, have to say on the question, if it were only with the object of refuting their crotchets and errors.

In a recent article on a French Haras, Lord Cathcart said that the French horse-breeder leans too much upon his Government; and he added, "the successful Englishman, on the other hand, is skilful, and full of self-reliance, and—say I—long may he continue so!—a lion in his cause." Again, Lord Salisbury's sound and amusing warning to the members of the Royal Academy, at their last annual dinner, against allowing themselves to be patronized, assisted, or meddled with by Government might, in principle, be almost as applicable to horse-breeders; but there is much that could be put forward from the opposite point of view, and there was a pretty general consensus of opinion among the witnesses before the Royal Commission that the Queen's Premiums are, to use a rather parsonic phrase, doing excellent work. The main question appears to us to be whether the system of State encouragement to horse-breeding ought to be still further developed. Is Lord Cathcart's self-reliant English breeder to be trusted to attend to his own interests, or does he require State direction and State encouragement? Are our stallions to be subjected to competitive examinations, like our boys? and are there equine Girtons and Newnhams looming in the near future for our mares? If these things are necessary, is it because more foreign purchasers come to this country than formerly? or is it because we Englishmen find greater difficulty in supplying ourselves with good hacks, hunters, coachers, and those unknown quantities—"general-utility horses"? A good deal of information will be found on these matters in the 4,014 questions and answers given in the Blue Book. We are not going to quote from them, sore as is the temptation to do so; for we are hoping against hope that horsemen, horse-breeders, and horse-talkers may read them for themselves, and then they will feel thankful that they are not as other men, or even as that poor Major who admitted before the Commission that he preferred his own unsound stallion to the premium horse in his neighbourhood, and kept ten brood mares, of which he felt assured that only two were sound.

With regard to the Report, which is published separately from the Blue Book, we will only say that it recommends the Government to raise the present annual grant of 5,100*l.* (3,360*l.* from the Queen's Privy Purse and 1,740*l.* voted by Parliament) to 10,000*l.*

THE ARGENTINE CRISIS.

THE crisis in the Argentine Republic is being aggravated by popular discontent, and by disaffection in the army. Several officers of the Buenos Ayres garrison have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy to depose the President, and drive him from the country, and fresh troops have been brought to the city to overawe those already there; yet there is so much apprehension that the Vice-President and General Roca, an ex-President, have warned President Celman that disaster is imminent unless there is a prompt change of policy. Even if the troops brought into Buenos Ayres prove loyal, and succeed in preventing a mutiny, there is danger of a popular uprising. The premium on gold has risen once more to 215 per cent.; that is to say, 100 gold dollars are now worth 315 paper dollars. Or, to put the matter somewhat differently, one gold dollar is worth pretty nearly 3⅛ paper dollars. With such an extraordinary depreciation of the paper money, there has naturally been an exorbitant rise in all prices. And, as always happens in such cases, wages have not risen in the same proportion as prices. Consequently, the working classes generally are suffering from the extravagantly high prices. The premium on gold fluctuates so wildly that to protect themselves the shopkeepers have raised prices even more than paper has depreciated. Amongst the working classes the Italians are very numerous. For many years past there has been a very large

Italian immigration, and most of the male immigrants are believed to have passed through the Italian army. These men suffer not only from the high prices, but also whenever they have occasion to remit money to Europe. They then find that their earnings are not quite one-third of what they supposed them to be; and, as they are entirely ignorant of matters of exchange, they come to the conclusion that somehow they are being swindled. The danger, then, of the Government being upset either by a mutiny or a popular uprising is very real; and, unfortunately, the Government can look for support to no influential class in the country. President Celman, his Ministers, and principal supporters are believed very generally, whether rightly or wrongly, to have been guided in their political action by the most sordid motives, and to have enriched themselves, while bringing their country to the brink of disaster. There is much, unquestionably, in the President's conduct which gives colour to the accusations so frequently made against him, and which, therefore, have estranged from him the better portion of the population. He may have been misled by false economical theories in recklessly giving guarantees to railway and other Companies, in multiplying banks of issue all over the country, and in authorizing the issue of Cedulas for exorbitant mortgage transactions. But, when the consequences of his mistakes were made clear, he still refused to change his policy, and continued to surround himself with the men who had made his Administration one of the most calamitous the Argentine Republic has ever known.

The sufferings of the Republic are to be traced to four main causes—excessive borrowing in Europe by the National, the Provincial, and the Municipal Governments, an excessive inconvertible paper currency, a still more excessive issue of Cedulas, or Mortgage Bonds, which stimulated a wild speculation in houses and lands, and a reckless giving of guarantees to railway and other industrial Companies. The remedies to be applied are plain enough; the adoption of a policy of the strictest economy, the gradual contraction of the paper currency, and the immediate stoppage of all further Cedula issues. But the President shut his eyes to the plainest facts, and obstinately continued his insane policy until the dread of disturbances in the streets suddenly compelled him to stop. Then he changed his Ministry, and applied for a loan to the great London houses interested in Argentine finance. The new Finance Minister adopted a policy agreeable to the great houses, and a loan was very nearly arranged, when suddenly the new Finance Minister had to resign. One of the conditions of the loan was that the Board of Directors of the National Bank should be completely changed, and it was understood that the President had accepted the condition. But when the new Finance Minister brought it forward in the Cabinet, and it was accepted by all his colleagues, the President refused his assent. The Finance Minister immediately resigned, and the President resumed his old policy. He had evidently persuaded himself that the danger of a revolutionary movement was passed, and that he was bound to stand by the men who had previously supported his Administration. Whether, as his enemies assert, he was too deeply committed to them to be free to break with them, we have no means of judging. At all events, the Board of the National Bank was not changed, and the loan was not made. Still, the financial houses were so anxious to enable the Argentine Republic to get through its difficulties without a collapse that they would even then have made the loan if the latter would have accepted certain other conditions demanded by them. One of these was that they should leave a large part of the money to be advanced in London to meet the European engagements of the Government. And another was that President Celman should at once begin to contract the excessive paper currency. Again, however, after apparently accepting the terms, he refused his assent; and for the second time the negotiations failed. The failure of the negotiations, together with the suspension of interim dividend payments by the National Bank, created a panic in Buenos Ayres, caused a run upon several banks, and sent the premium on gold once more over 200 per cent. The political consequences we have already seen, and apparently the President is once more becoming alarmed. For the third time negotiations have been opened for a loan. It is scarcely credible, however, that as matters stand now some of the very greatest houses in London will agree to advance money to an Administration which has lost all confidence at home, which has brought its affairs to such a desperate pass, and whose promises have been so frequently broken. It is, of course, evident that a public loan could not succeed either in London or upon the Continent, and, therefore, whatever money may be advanced will have to come directly from the great houses themselves, and it is difficult to believe that they will advance millions without adequate security and without reasonable prospect that it would benefit the Argentine Republic. All the money which the present Government has obtained has been squandered away without any advantage to the country that can be seen, while it has helped to generate a speculation which has aggravated all the other mistakes committed. It would seem to be a much wiser plan to allow the inevitable crash to come. A Government which is so utterly discredited at home and abroad can hardly be propped up, and a course of mistakes so grave and so long continued must have its penalties.

There is a feeling in some quarters that a revolution would improve the situation. The present Administration, it is said, is so utterly bad that any change is to be welcomed, and a revolution would effect the change quickly, and probably would bring about a speedy improvement. That, however, we believe to be a gross mistake. The good credit which the Argentine Republic has enjoyed is due to the fact that the era of revolutions had come to an end. If there is a fresh revolution it will be long, indeed, before confidence revives. The investing public will begin to fear that, if financial difficulty provokes either a mutiny in the army or a popular uprising, then they can never count upon orderly government for a long time to come. Besides what guarantee is there that a revolutionary Government would be wiser than that of President Celman? It is hardly likely that the best men in the Republic would encourage a recourse to violence, and if not the best men would not be called upon if the revolution succeeded. What is really desirable is that President Celman should be induced quietly to resign. Whether he is or is not guilty of the charges brought against him, he has so completely lost confidence at home and abroad, that it would be impossible for him successfully to initiate the kind of policy that is required. The world would not believe his most solemn assurances, and even if he were really to adopt a better policy, the world would suspect that he did so under duress and would change it on the first favourable opportunity. Besides the Vice-President would immediately succeed if he were voluntarily to resign. And the Vice-President is a man of high character, and it is said also of much ability. At home and abroad his accession to power would be welcomed, and what he would promise would be readily believed. A new man would start with immense advantages, and if the new man, like the Vice-President, also had the confidence of his own countrymen, and of the great European financial houses, he would receive the help that he might require. But, even if President Celman could be induced to resign, and his successor were to adopt the very wisest policy, it is clear now that there must be a liquidation of the bad business that has been accumulated in the Argentine Republic for years past, and therefore that there must be a further fall in Argentine securities, and that there must be a default in the interest upon several classes of those securities. In short, the country altogether has entered into engagements far beyond its power to fulfil, and the time is coming when it must openly declare before the world that the fact is so. The Republic itself, no doubt, will be able to keep faith with its creditors, and so will some of the provinces; but it is difficult to see how all the provinces and all the municipalities can pay what they have undertaken to pay, and especially it is difficult to see how the owners of houses and lands can pay the enormous sums which, as interest and sinking fund, they are under contract to pay. If order is maintained, the country will in the long run emerge from its difficulties. It has vast resources, and after a period of depression and recuperation will once more become prosperous. But if there is a revolution, undoubtedly the period of depression will be protracted, and the credit of the Republic in Europe will suffer for many years to come.

A GOLD MINE.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS has made his name known on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer for and about the stage, his criticisms on the subject having extended to France; for his "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century" (though it should be written up to date, we may incidentally observe) is a singularly appreciative estimate of several past and a few contemporary French dramatic authors. This being so, we may confess to having anticipated better work from Mr. Brander Matthews than we find in *A Gold Mine*; the comedy which he has written in conjunction with a Mr. Jessop, of whose achievements we must admit ignorance. Mr. Matthews and his colleague have emphasized a broad idea that is always in its way effective. They have perceived that a man who commits a nobly generous action in an unselfish spirit, and endeavours to hide his generosity, especially from the woman for whose sake it is done, must win sympathy and esteem; and on this notion they have built up a play. This is good, so far as it goes. Perhaps the hero of the *Gold Mine* is Quixotic; it will always be that what one man regards as generosity another will consider Quixotism, and we should be well inclined to take a liberal estimate of this; for a man who is in love will commit what appear to lookers-on who are not in love the most preposterous self-sacrifices. It is a main item of the cynic's stock-in-trade to laugh at and deride the sentiment; but it exists, and it is very remarkable to what an extent audiences respond to it, in saying which we are supporting Mr. Brander Matthews and his partner; for their hero, Mr. Silas K. Wolcott, having nothing in the world belonging to him except his gold mine, and knowing it to be well worth 20,000*l.*, sells it for half the money in order that he may discharge a gambling debt incurred by the favourite nephew of the object of his affections. In doing this he fails to exhibit the shrewdness which has previously seemed to be his chief characteristic; to which criticism Mr. Brander Matthews, a keen controversialist, would probably reply, "So much more deep and ardent, therefore, should his love appear." We cannot, however, get over the idea that Wolcott manages his business badly, in fact, he is mainly actuated by what may be called theatrical motives. We like resource in our heroes, and Wolcott has to be made to act inconsistently in order to meet the convenience of the dramatists.

There are weak points, therefore, about the leading personage of *A Gold Mine*, and there are weaker still about the characters of some of his companions. The plot sadly wants knitting together, the people of the play are colourless in themselves and have little coherence, the value of which latter is very great. The capitalist, who endeavours to trick Wolcott out of his gold mine—or at least preys on his necessities—is Sir Everard Foxwood, to help whose son it is that Wolcott wants the money; for George Foxwood, lad as he is, has speculated and lost 10,000*l.* There is a reason for George Foxwood's dramatic existence; but he has a sister Una, and she has a lover, Gerald Riordan, for whom interest is sought, notwithstanding that he bears the brand of being a Home Rule M.P., and these two have next to no connexion with the story; while Mrs. Vandervas, a retired actress, celebrated amongst her friends—whether jocularly or seriously we do not quite make out—as "the only Juliet," has absolutely no connexion at all with the story. In a well-constructed play it is a rule that every character should contribute his or her quota to the furtherance of the main interest, and this rule is broken in *A Gold Mine*. The truth is, that the one incident on which the play is founded is not sufficient to meet the requirements of three acts, and does not demand the supply of characters without which a play of these dimensions can scarcely be compiled. We are inclined to suspect that the *raison-d'être* of *A Gold Mine* was to furnish a part for the comedian, Mr. Nat Goodwin, who has come to see what favour he may meet from English audiences, and that the points which are supposed to be his strongest ones have been the main objects of the dramatist's care. Curiously opposite opinions have been expressed by the critics with regard to Mr. Goodwin's acting. He has been commended for the quietude with which he makes his lines tell, and he has been blamed for the exaggerated emphasis with which he drives them home; his pathos has been described as genuine and unforced, and also as false and extravagant. Of these two sets of opinions we lean to the former. Mr. Goodwin, it seems to us, makes some very effete repartees and a few apter observations tell by his effortless method of utterance; and, though his manner does not strike us as winning, we must admit the existence of an earnestness and sincerity which make Wolcott something more than a dummy who is seen and forgotten. If at times Mr. Goodwin strays into over-emphasis, the occasions are rare. We do not regard him as a finished comedian. He must rank, for instance, immeasurably below so true an artist as Mr. Hare, to pick an English actor by way of illustration, if the task be not too invidious; but we think that his performance is worth seeing. Except for Mr. William Farren, whose long experience serves him well as Sir Everard Foxwood, the play is poorly cast. Mr. Glenny, as Riordan, the Irish Home Rule member, need not necessarily be a gentleman; but since he is represented as a person received in decent society, he should scarcely kiss the girl to whom he is engaged before the occupants of her father's drawing-room.

FOUND SHOT.

THREE days they sat; and in conclusion, being good and lawful men of the city, garrison, and territory of Gibraltar, the jurors found "That the said Charles Dunford was lying dead. That the cause of his death was, that at twenty minutes past nine of the clock of the said twelfth day of July, he, the said Charles Dunford, being on the neutral territory, and about thirty yards distant from the British line of sentries at the North Front, and being then on duty as one of the patrol, was killed by a bullet fired out of a carbine by a certain Spanish mounted carabinero, whose name is unknown to the said jury; and that the said carabinero, at the time he fired the said bullet out of the said carbine, was on the neutral territory, at a distance of about forty yards from the said British line of sentries; and do further say that he, the said Charles Dunford, was so shot as aforesaid out of the jurisdiction of the said Coroner; and do further say that he, the said Charles Dunford, at the time of his death was a male person of twenty-four years of age, a private in the King's Royal Rifles, and a native of London."

Furthermore, the said jury proceed to praise "the cool and wise behaviour" of the captain and the sergeant of the guard to which the patrol belonged, and their forbearance in "avoiding, as they hereby did, further probable loss of life and international complication in this most regrettable affair."

And so all were pleased, and went home to their dinners; and Private Charles Dunford (a male person at the time of his death) was buried with military honours in the North Front Cemetery.

The chapter is more complete than usual, the *dénouement* sufficiently sensational, and the moral—the moral may be deduced according to taste. A soldier shot is no new thing. The pity of it only becomes apparent with the reflection that this man fell by the hands of those whom it was his duty (indirectly) to assist in theirs, and that he was in the execution of that duty at the time.

The occasion, indeed, has less of novelty, except in its fatal result, than might be supposed. Trade and smuggling—*montis insignia Calpe*—have long been terms interchangeable; but, whereas the tobacco-runner is only a "loiterer to be arrested" in our own lines, he emerges a smuggler fully fledged upon reaching the Spanish lines. His metamorphosis, then, must take place somewhere between the British and the Spanish sentries; in other words, upon the neutral ground; and the question at once arises, at what point thereon? How far is the neutrality of this ground to be his protection and ours? Interpreted by the Spaniards, apparently at no point at all; since the evidence in the present case goes to show that their mounted patrol, having scoured the ground to within forty yards of the British lines, without hesitation, and with, or without, mistake, fired and killed, not the smuggler, but the soldier—a most "regrettable affair."

Matters having thus gone so far, and being obviously liable to recurrence, there is, in justice to ourselves and in deference to our neighbours, only now one fair question to ask them. Do they, or do they not (as some say), wish an end put to a nefarious traffic?

If they do not, in their own lines, and not an inch beyond them, should they play the sham patrol; if they do, as we would willingly believe, it will not be necessary for us, in this case, to go half way to meet them. In little more time than it would take to give the order, a ten-foot palisade would rise along our own front, closing the ground from sea to sea, east and west; and, should a similar arrangement commend itself to our very good friends, and should their own lines be likewise protected, as we do here suggest, it is not too much to say that the present open and neutral ground would be converted into an immediate trap for any such rats as might still care to land their cargoes upon its shores; while, as to setting foot thereon from any other direction (say from our own North Front), the thing would be impossible—to smugglers.

THE LYCEUM MATINÉE.

THE special charity matinée, given at the Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday, in aid of Mrs. Jeune's Holiday Fund, was full of interest and variety. The third and fourth acts of *As You Like It* were selected as the chief attraction. Miss Genevieve Ward gave a powerful representation of Queen Constance's outburst of passionate grief in the last scene of *King John*. Madame Antoinette Sterling sang to perfection "The Better Land," and Miss Belle Botsford, a lady from the United States, played with unusual charm and deftness on the violin. Miss Ada Rehan delivered with great feeling a delightful and touching occasional address by Mr. Thomas Hardy, which could not fail to impress the audience with the excellent object of Mrs. Jeune's charity. *A Woman's Wont*, a lively little farce, turning on the obstinacy of husbands and wives, which is likely to cause both fun and discord on the family hearth, was acted with a keen sense of its absurdity by Mr. James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. George Clarke, Miss Isabel Irving, Mr. F. Bond, and Miss Kitty Cheatham.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market has been quieter this week. The rate of discount in the open market is still quoted at 4 per cent.; but business has been done somewhat under, and the outside market has been able to repay to the Bank over two millions previously borrowed. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received from abroad 415,000*l.* in gold, and it is hoped that a large amount more will be received from New York. On the other hand, there are withdrawals going on for Portugal, the Bank of that country needing to strengthen its reserve. And in the open market there have been purchases of bar gold for the Bank of Spain. It is curious that since the 1st of May over a million sterling in gold has been sent from London to Lisbon, while over 900,000*l.* has been received in London from Lisbon. As already said, the Bank of Portugal finds it necessary to strengthen its reserve at whatever cost; but Portugal is indebted to this country, and has to settle its debt in gold. It seems strange that the Bank of Portugal does not make some sort of arrangement to evade the expense of gold coming to London, and going back to Lisbon; but it does not see fit to do so.

There was at the beginning of this week a good demand for silver for India, as Indian bank managers were under the impression that the price must rise further when the American purchases begin. Contrary to expectation, however, New York operators have begun to sell, and the price has fallen from $50\frac{1}{4}d.$ per ounce to $49\frac{7}{8}d.$ Apparently the American speculators had committed themselves beyond their means, or it may be that they are playing upon the market either to prepare for fresh operations or to puzzle European holders. And it is to be recollected that the Act does not come into force until the middle of next month. Perhaps they fear that too rapid a rise would induce large sales by European Governments. It is said, indeed, that the Imperial Bank of Russia is already selling on a very considerable scale, and that the Russian Finance Minister has decided to part with the silver held by the Bank, and substitute gold for it. It is also said that some of the smaller Governments will sell, if the price advances much further. In the meantime banking opinion in the United States appears to be more favourable to the new Act than to the

two Bills passed previously by the House of Representatives and the Senate—firstly, because the Bill leaves it to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury to go on coining silver or not after the 1st of July of next year; secondly, because it provides that no greater or less amount of silver notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion and the silver dollars coined therefrom; and, thirdly, because the Act expressly states that it is the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law.

The stock markets have been utterly stagnant this week. Usually a crisis such as the Argentine Republic is passing through induces speculative selling upon a great scale, but there is very little such selling going on just now. The reason, no doubt, is that the securities brought out here during the past few years are very largely held by trust Companies, syndicates, and powerful financial houses, and the speculators fear that if they were to sell largely they might be cornered. Besides, overtures have again been made by the Argentine Government for reopening the loan negotiations; and, lastly, there is an extraordinary belief in the Stock Exchange that a revolution would improve matters. The corrupt and incapable men who have made such a mess of matters would be swept away, it is argued, and better men would take their place. If a revolution occurs, experience will soon teach a different lesson. In the meantime the belief exists; but the principal reason why speculators refrain from operating as they usually do is their fear of the great financial houses. Since the Bank of France last year was able to stop the copper corner panic, it is argued that a combination of great bankers can do anything.

The railway dividends as yet declared are fairly satisfactory. Five—the South-Western, the South-Eastern, the Great Eastern, the Chatham and Dover, and the District—are better than at this time last year. Three—the London and Brighton, the Metropolitan, and the London and Tilbury—are at the same rate as at this time last year; and two—the Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire—are at lower rates than at this time last year. The Great Eastern, while it pays 2 per cent. now against 1½ per cent. twelve months ago, carries forward to the new half-year nearly twice as much as twelve months ago; and the Brighton, though it pays only the same dividend, carries forward more than three times as much. Yet the railway market generally has shared in the general dulness, and prices gave way on the publication of the decisions of the Board of Trade respecting maximum rates and charges and classification of merchandise traffic applicable to the London and North-Western and the Great Western Companies. The decisions, speaking generally, are in favour of traders and against the Companies, and naturally, therefore, had a depressing effect upon the market. But, quite apart from the question of rates and classification, the market is suffering, like all other departments of the Stock Exchange, from the uncertainty respecting the money market, and the apprehensions regarding the Argentine crisis. At the same time it is not to be forgotten that the working expenses have increased greatly this year, and are likely to increase still further, because of the much higher prices and higher wages the Companies have now to pay. For example, the Brighton Company received in the last six months over 52,000*l.* more than in the corresponding period of last year, but the working expenses at the same time increased over 40,000*l.* The gross receipts of the South-Eastern increased over 39,000*l.*, but the working expenses increased over 34,000*l.* And in the case of the Sheffield, while the increase in gross receipts was only 37,000*l.*, the increase in working expenses was considerably more than 46,000*l.* While trade continues to improve railway Companies, speaking generally, will be able to keep up their dividends, and in some instances to augment them; but any check to trade will make it difficult for the Companies to maintain their dividends, for the working expenses will not decrease as rapidly as the receipts. The prospect being such, the money market being difficult, and apprehensions existing respecting the Argentine crisis, while a reduction of rates is threatened in the near future, a decline in prices would seem more likely than an advance, were it not that, if a holder of railway stocks were to sell, he would find it extremely difficult to invest his money to better advantage elsewhere, while the intending investor would also be greatly puzzled to get a higher return. Now that the dividends are being paid there will be large sums to reinvest; and, assuming that no accident happens, it is hardly likely, therefore, that there can be much fall in railway stocks.

LINKS—AND MISSING.

OH! well with thee, my brother,
Who hast not known the game
When early gleams of gladness
Aye set in after sadness;
And still the end is other,
Far other, than the aim.
Oh! well with thee, my brother,
Who hast not known the game.

I know the driver's uses,
And the bright cleek, alack!
I know who, having smitten,
Read my dishonour written
On sinless soles in bruises,
And blameless balls in black.
I know the driver's uses
And the bright cleek, alack!

And I have raised the brassy
"The Brazen Serpent, high:"
Down swept the head in thunder;
Still stood the sphere in wonder;
If Dogberry were an ass, he
Was no such ass as I—
I, who have raised the brassy
"The Brazen Serpent high."

And I have mashed with mashies,
And spooned with many a spoon.
Oh! not in haunts of fashion
Dwells such delirious passion
As desecrates with d——s
The joyous days of June,
When young men mash with mashies,
And spoon with many a spoon.

But did I to the iron
These freeborn hands submit?
And have I crouched and panted
For safety seldom granted?
A malediction dire on
The knave who fashioned it
If henceforth to the iron
These freeborn hands submit.

And have I plied the niblick
Beyond all clubs beside?
If brief bad words men mutter
In public o'er the putter,
Not in known language Biblic
Are they content to chide,
Who, lonely, ply the niblick
Beyond all clubs beside.

The iron, cleek, and driver,
The brassy and the ball,
Among their fragments shivered,
From all their spells delivered,
Behold me their survivor,
I have destroyed them all,
The iron, cleek, and driver,
The brassy and the ball.

Enough, enough of sorrow!
I cast the burden off.
Burst are the bonds which bind me;—
Left are the links behind me;—
Ah! . . . But I know to-morrow
Will see me playing golf.
'Twere sadder than all sorrow
To cast that burden off.

Life hath not lost its savour,
As the sour cynic saith:
If once a summer only
A great shot, long and lonely,
Brings faintly back the flavour
Of half-forgotten faith;
Life hath not lost its savour,
As the sour cynic saith.

And the sweet arts of story
Work wonders on the game.
Described not indiscreetly,
Deeds foully done seem featly;
And evening lifts to glory
What morn mistook for shame,
Ere the sweet arts of story
Worked wonders on the game.

Then whatso your advice is,
Ye golfers of degree,
Awhile ye must endure me,
Although ye cannot cure me
Of tops and sclaffs and slices
And balls that search the sea,
Whatever your advice is,
Ye golfers of degree.

Who list may grasp at greatness,
Who list may woo and wive;
Wealth, wisdom, power, position—
These make not my ambition.
Nay, but I pray for straightness,
And do desire to drive.
Who list may grasp at greatness,
Who list may woo and wive.

REVIEWS.

OWEN MEREDITH.*

THERE are few more interesting, though there might be many more difficult, inquiries open to the critic than the question why the poems of Owen Meredith—either those which were published under that name or those which Lord Lytton has subsequently fathered directly—are not more popular than they are, both with readers and with critics themselves. We have said that we do not think the answer very difficult. Lord Lytton has, in the first place, written a great deal of verse, and he has not been by any means very uniformly successful in it. He is too clever for the public; he is not careful enough for the critics. Let us take, for instance, the best verse of one of the best poems of its kind written in our time—that is to say, "Fata Morgana":—

> If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
> Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
> I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
> And that portion of myself which she retains.

This is a most charming stanza; it has, like the rest of the poem, a liquid lapse of metre, to which we know few parallels except that (which is not identical) of Emily Brontë's most famous lines. Its truth to nature is exact; its phrasing admirable. To read it—for any one who knows poetry—is to remember it for the rest of one's days, and yet the blemish of it is absurdly evident. "Kisses" does not rhyme to "tresses." We can imagine an English critic of the Bossut stamp going on his knees to Lord Lytton, and saying "O your lordship! if your lordship would only please to let me alter your lordship's third line to

> I shall know her by the trace of dead caresses."

But no. Neither Owen Meredith, nor Lord Lytton, nor the Earl of Lytton has taken the trouble to do this in all the years since the poem was written. Further, that poem rhymes "experience" to "variance," and (as though the very soul of Elizabeth Barrett Browning had entered the body of Robert Lytton) "ungathered" to "withered," and, moreover, "torment" to "dormant"—which things ought not to be named among Christians. Probably, moreover, the desperate hook of such a critic would lop off the two last stanzas altogether, and carve and patch and piece elsewhere. Notwithstanding which fact, the other fact remains, that you may read "Fata Morgana" in the year 1865 and remember every word of it in the year 1890; while Heaven only knows how many watery verses have gone past the brain-mill during that quarter of a century and have, beneficently enough, left no trace behind them.

To resume. Lord Lytton has always had a generous habit of admiring and following the greatest masters of his day. And this to the not quite ignorant general reader, and still more to the common or dunghill criticaster, is anathema. "Go to, now! have I not read something that sounds like this in Mr. Browning or in Lord Tennyson?" say they; and then they call Lord Lytton a plagiarist. Yet we do not generally call Luini a plagiarist because it is sometimes almost impossible to tell his work from Lionardo's. There is something rather fascinating in the complete nonchalance with which Lord Lytton has set these two classes at naught. One of his very best recent poems, "Transformations," is apparently constructed with a kind of malice prepense, so as to make them say, "'You and I together?' 'What shall we be'—why, this is an audacious steal from 'In a Gondola'!" So it is, in one sense; not so in the least in another. Lord Lytton, we believe, has never reprinted, and Miss Betham Edwards has not laid under contribution, the astonishing Tennysonian *pastiche* which he wrote with Mr. Fane under the title of *Tannhäuser*. But we remember very well that when it appeared a delighted critic of the class above referred to discovered that there were trumpets that blared in *The Princess* and trumpets that blared in *Tannhäuser*, and, therefore, you see, there could be no doubt of the plagiarism. This kind of critic never could get on with Owen Meredith, because, being a very literary person in one way, he has with audacious carelessness or laziness, or whatever it be preferred to call it, never cared to smooth over his literary reminiscences.

Lastly, there is no doubt that he (with the Earl of Lytton) has written a great deal, and that, as in the case of most fecund writers who are not also great blotters, his work does not invariably carry the same weight with it. Miss Betham Edwards wonders why *Glenaveril* was less popular than *Lucile*, but she seems herself to see the very simple answer—that it was a great deal longer. There might be the further question, though here we should have not only Lord Lytton, but Mr. Alfred Austin and divers other bards to call quarrel with, whether verse narrative on the great scale is not, for the present at any rate, a *vieux jeu*, which has not become young again. But in this, as well as in the former objections, we may see quite enough to account for the fact that a poet who at his best has not had half a dozen superiors or even equals during his thirty years or so of composition, and has not now more than two or three, has seen himself left alone by the public in favour of the Tuppers and the Lewis Morrises. We may see still more to account for the fact that he has been at best patronized by the critics who have been busily finding "new poets" in Johnson, Thompson, and Robinson during the entire course of the generation which has passed, according to the ordinary measurement, since *Clytemnestra* appeared.

Let us, therefore, congratulate poet, publisher, selector, and public on the appearance of this very welcome little volume, which contains a most unusual proportion of exceptionally charming verse. There is the "Fata Morgana" aforesaid—a beauty of the first class. There is that admirable "Last Wish," in the seventeenth-century manner:—

> Since all that I can ever do for thee
> Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be—
> That thou mayest never know, nor ever see,
> The all-endured, this nothing-done costs me.

Immediately succeeds the exquisite "Love Letter"; here, too, is that "Message," of the opening lines of which there is no English poet, past or present, who need have been ashamed:—

> Because she hath the sweetest eyes,
> The bluest, truest, and more wise
> Than woodland violets, wild in wood.

Here is the "Remonstrance," and that "Buried Heart" which we rank with "Fata Morgana" as Lord Lytton's best work; here the ingenious "Midges," and "Genseric," soundest of historical morallings; and many excellent fables; and, last (not least) and latest, the excellent "Transformations," already noted, wherein

> "Swiftly star succeeds to star,
> Till . . . in what new world we are?"
> "Love's," said He.

And, to tell the truth, we are generally in that new world with Owen Meredith when he is at his best. Now, there arises from time to time a set of barren rascals in the critic kind—they are rather rife just now—who tell us that love poetry is an inferior and partial kind, that there are a great many other things with which the poet should also, and had better, occupy himself. With these will we never hold. If it is not necessary, nor, indeed, desirable, for the lyre ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἤχειν, it will always take that subject for chief and principal theme, and, when it deals with others, make them as far as possible subsidiary to that.

But chiefly we welcome this book, as we have welcomed its author's productions as they appeared for many long years, because of the remarkable reconcilement which it shows between the appreciating and the producing temperaments. Some of the greatest and most original poets are, we know, apt to be somewhat indocile to each other's magic. Not perhaps the greatest of all—for Dante praises and evidently delighted in poetic persons who were not worthy to tie his shoestring, and though we know nothing of Shakspeare directly, it is pretty certain that he was of the same kidney, with (as Englishman against Italian should have) the advantage of not taking even himself too seriously. But the next rank, the thirty if not the three, are a little trying in this way. Byron, we know, thought that Rogers and Crabbe were better poets than Coleridge and Wordsworth; Wordsworth, generally speaking, thought nobody was a poet but himself. And so on and so on. On the other hand, a very wide appreciation of poetic styles is apt either to lead a man not to write verse at all, or to lead him to be careful and troubled about anything that may be called imitation, even if it may not be called plagiarism. We could only illustrate this at some cost of the feelings of contemporaries, so let it remain a *dictum*. Now Lord Lytton is most agreeably free from these two weaknesses. He has an abundant vein of his own—we suppose the most carping critic will not deny that. He has a wise and apt appreciation and power of imitating—the most carping critic is least of all likely to deny *that*. Yet he never seems in the least haunted either by jealousy or by fear of what other people will say. If "Thoughts at Sunrise" and "Thoughts at Sunset" had been printed anonymously, the whole tribe of the Browning Society would have sworn their great gods that these pieces were by the author of certain other poems which we do not name, in order that any wicked one may have good game of the Browning Society by asking a member thereof which? A weakling of one sort would have said, "I will not print these lest it be thought I be a mere pupil of Mr. Browning." A weakling of another sort would have said, "I will not print these because Jones and Smith—confound them!—will *say* that I am a pupil of Mr. Browning." Lord Lytton says, "I meant these, and I have written them; so I will print them." And it is not as if he had done nothing but this. On the contrary, he has done much which cannot be fathered thus on any one, and which, with whatever petty flaws arising from the same fortunate want of academic self-criticism, is a gain to all lovers of poetry. So let us quote it again in a new sense:—

> If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
> Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
> I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
> And that portion of myself which she retains.

Which, being interpreted, means that if there were any doubt as to Lord Lytton's other poetical qualifications, he has this—that his verses in the long years during which they have been published have produced the indelible poetic effect on divers fit readers, and that, in comparison with this, there is nothing else which needs or is worth saying.

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* *The Canterbury Poets—Selected Poems of Owen Meredith (the Earl of Lytton).* By M. Betham Edwards. London: Walter Scott.

NOVELS.*

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN, by Mr. Algernon Gissing, is a really beautiful story of English rural life. It is beautiful as a story in which the human interest is strong, but its chief charm lies in the harmony and proportion which rule the whole composition, the tranquil ease with which it is set forth, the calm good sense and good feeling which pervade it from beginning to end. The very spirit of English rusticity has been caught, and in the subtlest way blended into the narration. The deliberation, the slow shrewdness, the plain sense and stolid opposition to change of the agricultural mind, its greed of money, and cunning based, for the most part, on a sort of stupid instinctive honesty, have been profoundly and sympathetically studied by the author. The result is an admirable picture of country life, worth attention for its wise counsels as well as for its beautiful landscapes. Michael Wayfer, who with dauntless breast withstands, not any little tyrant of his fields, but the laws of his country, which he has been drawn into thinking oppressive by irresponsible agitators, is very well drawn, and all the better because his character is left to explain itself, and is developed by his own word and action. At first he shows himself a surly young fellow, ignorant as a clod. Tempted by circumstance he drifts into dishonesty, and led on by bad companionship he is near becoming a sot. The night his homestead is half burned down Michael lies brutally drunk in a ditch. The violence of the crisis drives him out of the fatal groove he had got into, and from thenceforward the native vigour that is in him works a better way, though through terrible mistakes and disaster. Side by side with this harsh nature flows the pure and gentle spirit of Joice, his wife, a being simple as a flower, ignorant as a daisy, and as sweet. Mr. Gissing has touched the portraits of Joice and Ruth Sulby, the schoolmistress, with the utmost delicacy and truth to nature. Their influence on Michael, and his slow development under it, form the main interest of the story; but there is plenty of incident, pathetic and humorous, thrown in around them. Mr. Philpin, the lawyer's clerk, with his sentimental worship of the schoolmistress and his poetical relaxations after office hours, is amusing, and Ruth herself is excellent with her Puritanism, her steady unselfishness, and her cold reticence of demeanour. There is a point of sharp insight in the behaviour of Mrs. Riley, Michael's half-sister, who so furiously resents the legacy of two hundred pounds left by her father, old Wayfer, to Ruth, and is ready to proceed any length to prevent her having it; yet finds herself unable to keep the money when Ruth rejects it. She needs the money and longs to keep it, but it is not rightly hers, and an instinctive, irrepressible honesty torments her till the money is out of her hands. This is the sort of unexaggerated estimate of character which makes the value of Mr. Gissing's story. Value it undoubtedly has, not alone in the truthfulness of conception and faithfulness of portraiture, but in the humour, pathos, good sense, and wise judgment with which it is written.

A veritable dragon's tooth has Mrs. Humphry Ward's famous novel proved itself. Armed men fighting and slaying each other for the love of God are no novelties; but it is dismal to observe them pursuing their combats on what ought to be the happy fields of fiction. The novel, it appears, is now the thing wherein to catch the conscience of any one not possessing the proper amount of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, as it may happen to be. The thing has its comic side. The eager theologian, with arguments ready to fly abroad like the candle out of the spring candle-lamp, pausing to pour in the proper quantity of love-making and mixing up his *plat* with incident and adventure, so as to catch the taste of the subscriber to Mudie, is a spectacle at once comic and pathetic. The particular novel now suggesting these remarks, *Paul Nugent, Materialist*, has, indeed, been prepared by two artists—one, a clergyman, to supply the technical branch; the other, Mrs. Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer), to attend to the emotional business and describe the frocks. The result is not so bad as might have been dreaded. After getting over an unpleasant and quite useless prologue, the story begins pleasantly in the "orthodox village of Elmsfield." The prologue is unpleasant because it introduces the always odious subject of a girl who drinks, and useless because the early experiences in the hero's life which it narrates are inoperative on his character and subsequent conduct. Paul Nugent fell a victim to the pretty face of Perdita Verschoyle, and suffered for it. But he is just as ready to fall a victim to Maude Dashwood's flashing glances the moment he meets them. Maude is a saint, while Perdita was the sorriest kind of sinner; but Paul knew nothing of the nature of either when he "gave his whole heart" to them. Paul is divinely beautiful, and "one of the first scholars of the day." This, indeed, is evident, because he "went up for his Univ. Pub. School Examination, and thus passed 'Smalls' before his 'Matric'; took a decent class in classical 'Mods.,' and in his 'finals' got a first in Natural Science." But Paul is a materialist, and in the primitive and "orthodox village of Elmsfield," his beauty, his baronetcy, his scholarship, his fine estate, and his thousands a year count for nothing. *Sancta simplicitas!* Are there many such villages left in England? The pretty Miss Nellie Dashwood is caught in a shower with nothing to protect her pink skirts. Sir Paul approaches with an umbrella. Nellie declines. "He looked at her, his anger rising rapidly. 'I know what you are thinking of,' he began hotly. 'I was thinking of your hat,' she answered quietly, with a gleam of fun under her long lashes." Nellie is pretty, and the little incident is naïvely and prettily told. Maude, Nellie's cousin, is cast in a sterner mould. She loves Paul and knows it, and she believes utterly in the sincerity of his passion; but when he pleads she answers, "My faith is more to me than life; and I would rather die than marry you." The cynic may smile; but it is the true martyr spirit, and, though martyrs may march to the stake for mistakes, it will be an ill day when they cease to march at all. For the end, which is happy, and for discussions of the Old and New Testaments, *Robert Elsmere*, Strauss, Renan, the Patristic writers, and other theological works of eminence, we refer our readers to the joint composition of the Rev. H. Darwin Burton and Mrs. Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer).

Mr. F. W. Robinson is nothing if not mysterious. A state of amused perplexity is the condition of mind in which his readers turn page after page of his romances. A conundrum in three volumes sums them up pretty accurately. Mr. Robinson is past-master in the art of speech which says nothing, of language which conveys no meaning, of conversation in which no idea passes from being to being. "Questions and Answers" would do for the title of all his novels if it were not that he generally has a basis of plot round which the characters flutter and flit like moths round a lamp, and which is eventually elaborated with considerable cleverness. *The Keeper of the Keys* is not, perhaps, the best specimen of the author's method, but it is characteristic. It deals with the fortunes of the Vanderspur family, people whom the reader finds original until they are thrown into the shade by the still queerer Wickerwills. In and out of the intricacies of the drama, which includes a murder, a theft of twenty bank-notes of 1,000*l.* each, sundry sudden deaths, and an elopement, wanders the figure of Mr. Karl Marney, who may be a perfect saint or an accomplished hypocrite for anything we can tell even after the last page has been perused. Whoso relishes being puzzled, teased with allusive remark and dubious question, drawn on by a wish to find out what it is all about, and amused by a clever, lively, sketchy, extravagant, descriptive manner, should send for *The Keeper of the Keys*.

Mr. Alfred St. Johnston has drawn on his recollections of travel for the materials of his novel, *A South Sea Lover*. Some years ago a very pleasant book appeared by the same writer giving interesting descriptions of the islands of the Pacific and other places which have now slipped from our memory. The Polynesian impressions have remained vividly on the traveller's mind, and they are the *raison d'être* of the present work and its chief interest. A story, however, was needed on which to string the descriptions of these lovely islands "lifting their fronded palms in air," and so Christian North visits Omëo, the home of Soma, the native chief who is Christian's friend, and of Utamé, who becomes his wife. The glasses with which Mr. St. Johnston inspects his savages are of the deepest rose colour, and the glow, being a little artificial, becomes at last monotonous. Style sustained at a rather lower pitch is easier reading. The reader does not tire of the sketches of sea and sky, forest and flowers, which are brilliant and beautiful almost as the originals; but before the end he has had more than enough of the native, godlike giants; their superb physical beauty, their big muscles and brawny chests, and their "joy in their masculinity." The best of their games and gambols are those they indulge in in the sea ("the masculine great sea," the author calls it). The surf-riding sport is exciting. It should be noted that Mr. St. Johnston places the date of his lively story seventy years ago, before rum and missionaries had appeared in the islands. Nature is still as entrancing now as it was then; but we fear the noble savage has deteriorated.

Don Juan in modern fiction seems out of date. He lacks actuality. The hero of *Hidden in the Light*, Mr. Henry Beresford, determines to play the part, and in revenge for desertion by a lady, whose career necessarily involved frequent desertions, to harass the everlasting feminine. He was only nineteen, but he was "extraordinarily beautiful," had "exquisitely chiselled features," "clear blue eyes," with "coal-black lashes," and other qualifications for the slaughter of innocents. No one could have gazed on "Henry Beresford calmly sleeping; the rose silk hangings drooping over his noble head, with its masses of black curly hair; the mellow beams from the silver lamp falling on his perfectly chiselled features, tinging the auburn of the long silky moustache, and shading the cheek with its luxuriant lashes," without immediately falling a victim, although whether the luxuriant lashes belonged to the lamp or the cheek is not clear. Mr. Beresford carried further his pursuit of the Byronic ideal by writing poems which brought him immense wealth (why does the author omit to mention the names of the poet's so liberal publishers?), and of which "one of the most hypercritical essayists of the day," who habitually wrote "scathing sarcasm," thus speaks:—"The passion of Byron, the sweetness of Moore, the mysticism of Shelley, the depth of Browning, the voluptuousness of Swinburne, together with an indescribable fascination

* *A Village Hampden.* By Algernon Gissing. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Paul Nugent, Materialist. By Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer) and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton. 2 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

The Keeper of the Keys. By F. W. Robinson. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

A South Sea Lover: a Romance. By Alfred St. Johnston. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Hidden in the Light. By Eugène Stracey. London: Digby & Long.

In the Sunlight. By Angelica Selby. 2 vols. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.

of his own, all combine to render 'Kamä,' we had almost said, unrivalled among modern poets." This is an extract from a review, and a little later there is a sermon, with generally a liberal sprinkling of poetic quotation and showers of trivial scraps of French, German, and Spanish. Mr. Beresford's career is neither edifying nor entertaining, and claims no further attention, but it is fair to add that Mr. Eugène Stracey appears to have a power of writing smart rather than witty, and ingenuity of invention, which may with leniency be called clever.

In the Sunlight is a novel of the vivacious order in which a large number of young persons of both sexes are grouped in a locality favourable for purposes of flirtation, and occupy themselves unceasingly in that agreeable pastime. There are Gwen and Sybil, and Ivy and Nora, charming maidens; and Mrs. Cleveland, the frisky American matron, and Miss Templeton, the disappointed spinster. Then there are Fane and Billy, and Mr. De Trafford, who says "wather" and "pwetty," and the Rev. Dalmatic Cumin, the curate who plays tennis, and Colonel Talbot, the gloomily romantic, and Count Contarini, the furious and jealous Italian. These and many more smaller people (in a social sense) disport themselves "in the sunlight" on the shores of the Mediterranean for the space of two volumes, and then depart, like a little swarm of gnats, which whirls around for a few seconds and vanishes. The gnats are disagreeable, which we do not say Miss Angelica Selby's creations are, but they are unimportant, and the word applies to both.

ENGINEERING BOOKS.*

MR. BODMER'S book on Hydraulic Motors has been written with the intention of filling an important blank in engineering literature. There is no modern English work which gives an adequate discussion of the theory of turbines along with anything like a full description of practical forms. Professor Unwin's article on Hydromechanics in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been the best thing hitherto available; but the treatment of turbines there is necessarily very brief. Even the engineers of the United States, who have done much to bring the turbine towards perfection and to promote a knowledge of its efficiency by exact measurement, have contributed little or nothing in the way of systematic treatises, if we except a translation of a work by Weisbach. Mr. Bodmer has fulfilled his intention fairly well. He writes with a good knowledge of the subject, and his book will, no doubt, prove of considerable service to engineers. We should say, however, that the exposition of theory is not his strong point. The student will be surprised to find the principles of hydrokinetics stated without a reference to the doctrine of stream-lines. The theory of turbines is not particularly easy or exact at the best; but as presented here it is a good deal less perspicuous than it has any business to be. The description of actual turbines is clear and full, and a useful account is added of results got in experimental tests. But why, in speaking of the measurement of flow by means of a notch in a weir-board, does the author revive an ancient fallacy by describing as "the theoretical quantity which should be discharged" over the notch a quantity which experiment shows to be more than sixty per cent. in excess of what is actually discharged? Not a word is added to account for the discrepancy, or to explain that the so-called theoretical discharge is calculated on no rational theoretical basis, and has no claim whatever to its name. Any rational theory must take account of the curvature of the stream-lines and the consequent contraction of the jet, and when that is done, the results of experiment and those of calculation agree. The matter has, in fact, been completely settled by the Lowell hydraulic experiments of Mr. Francis, and by the justification of the Francis formula on theoretical grounds, which was communicated to the British Association in 1876 by Professor James Thomson (not, we are happy to say, "the late" Professor James Thomson, as he is called at another place in this book). But Mr. Bodmer does not refer to this rectification of hydrodynamic theory, nor to another important contribution to the subject of gauging, for which we have also to thank James Thomson—namely, the use of the triangular notch. An interesting account is given of the extensive use of water-power in America. At the great hydraulic establishment of Holyoke, in Massachusetts, a company controls the flow of the Connecticut river, and leases many thousands of horse-power by turbine to neighbouring mills at the rate of some twenty shillings per annum for each horse-power—a remarkably low rental. The development which has taken place in recent years of electric methods of distributing power and conveying it over long distances has put new life into the whole question of utilizing water-power. We now only need a substantial rise in the price of coal to bring about an immense extension of the use of turbines. Mr. Bodmer closes his book with a chapter on hydraulic pressure engines, a class of motor which is growing in importance in connexion with such schemes as Mr. Ellington's for distributing power in towns by means of water at a high pressure laid on for this purpose in special mains. It is interesting to notice that amongst the most efficient of turbines is one of almost primitive simplicity—the American Pelton wheel or "Hurdy-gurdy" of the Californian miners, with cup-shaped buckets standing out upon the rim, against which an open jet of water plays with high velocity. The cups deviate the water backwards and succeed in extracting usefully some eighty or even eighty-five per cent. of the energy of the jet.

Mr. Robinson's substantial volume on *Gas and Petroleum Engines* is a valuable addition to the library of the engineer. There are few engineering subjects that have a more lively present-day interest than this of gas-engines, and we find it treated here in a thoroughly practical present-day manner. The best modern gas-engines and oil-engines are described, down to their latest mechanical details, with the help of excellent illustrations. Mr. Robinson has been remarkably successful in bringing his accounts up to date, and his chapters on the modifications of the Otto type of gas-engine, and on the use of petroleum in prime motors, contain much descriptive matter that will be found in no other text-book. The theoretical matter is not less satisfactory. A sound knowledge of physics and thermodynamics is apparent in the discussion of the gas-engine as a heat-engine, and in the account that is given of the action of explosive mixtures. The treatment of the subject on its scientific side is distinguished throughout by fulness and accuracy. Taken as a whole, the book is by far the best existing treatise on gas-engines.

Readers who wish to have a briefer general account of the manufacture of iron and steel than they will find in the treatises of Greenwood or Bauerman may find Mr. Hiorn's little book useful. A description of the ores of iron and of their constituents is followed by a short account of the physical properties of iron, and then of the older direct methods of extracting iron from the ore. The author passes on to speak of pig-iron and indirect extraction by means of the blast furnace; then of refining and puddling, and of the treatment of puddled iron in the rolling-mill. A short account of ironfounding follows; and the last chapters deal with the properties of steel, and with its preparation by the cementation, the Bessemer, and the Siemens processes. Much information is condensed within a very narrow compass. The book should serve well as a class manual where the author's succinct paragraphs may be enlarged upon by a teacher; and the questions which are set at the end of each chapter are adapted to fit it for such a purpose.

Mr. Eissler has followed up his treatise on the Metallurgy of Gold, which we noticed favourably at the time of its appearance, by a companion volume on the Metallurgy of Silver. His accounts of the various processes which are followed in extracting silver from the ore, and in the assaying, melting, and refining of silver bullion are clearly put and well illustrated. The book is in great part a skilfully arranged compilation, and the author might with advantage have acknowledged more explicitly than he has done the share which the scissors and paste-pot have had in its preparation.

We are glad to see that Mr. Traill's handbook of rules for the construction of boilers has been so well received that a second issue has been called for. The new edition contains a number of additional data, and the tabular dimensions have now been extended to serve for steam pressures ranging up to 200 lbs. per square inch—a significant indication of the present drift of practice in steam engineering.

Engineering, Popularly and Socially Considered, is the easy-chair gossip of a veteran who loves to recall the incidents of his thirty-five years' experience in various branches of the profession, and is prepared to chat with equal discursiveness and zest about the most modern features of engineering practice. To be buttonholed in real life by a gentleman who should talk as Mr. Haldane writes would be nothing less than intolerable; but so long as we feel that we can close the book at any instant, we are able to read on with gentle amusement and even a measure of interest. It would be flattery to call any of his good things funny, and it would be stretching a point to admit that any of his stories have one. But there is a certain charm in his very garrulity and simple egotism, and as one turns the pages one begins to find that there is shrewdness in his comments on professional matters and a surprising extent of knowledge, even in regard to present-day affairs. The book is a mine of miscellaneous information; few engineers will glance through it without learning something that they did not know before.

In noticing a treatise on "Potential" in a review of engineering books, one may save oneself from being charged with a sin

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* *Hydraulic Motors, Turbines, and Pressure Engines.* By G. R. Bodmer. (The Specialists' Series.) London: Whittaker & Co.

Gas and Petroleum Engines: a Practical Treatise on the Internal Combustion Engine. By William Robinson, M.E., Senior Demonstrator in the City and Guilds of London Technical College. (Finsbury Technical Manuals, edited by Professor S. P. Thompson.) London: E. & F. N. Spon. 1890.

Iron and Steel Manufacture: a Text-Book for Beginners. By Arthur H. Hiorns, Principal of the School of Metallurgy, Birmingham and Midland Institute. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Metallurgy of Silver: a Practical Treatise on the Amalgamation, Roasting, and Lixiviation of Silver Ores. By M. Eissler. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

Boilers, Marine and Land; their Construction and Strength. By Thomas W. Traill, Engineer Surveyor-in-Chief to the Board of Trade. Second edition. London: Griffin & Co. 1890.

Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Popularly and Socially Considered. By J. W. C. Haldane. Second Edition. London: E. & F. N. Spon. 1890.

Potential, and its Application to the Explanation of Electrical Phenomena, Popularly Treated. By Dr. Tumlirz, Lecturer in the German University at Prague. Translated by D. Robertson, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. London: Rivingtons.

of classification by referring to the work and language of electrical engineers. Were the late Mr. Green of Nottingham to come to life, it would surprise him to find that the term which he introduced to name an abstract conception in mathematical physics is now part of the everyday phraseology of the workshop, and has even found its way, if we are not mistaken, into Acts of Parliament. In a short treatise by Dr. Tumlirz, well translated by Mr. Robertson, the attempt is made to expound the idea of "potential" from the physical standpoint, but we doubt whether it will materially assist students in mastering notions with which they may become familiar by reading any good general text-book of electricity.

STRANGE CRIMES.*

IN *Strange Crimes* Mr. Westall has chosen a subject which will always attract readers. Probably it is a survival of the primitive hunting instinct which makes detective novels popular, and the tracking of a murderer—from an arm-chair—the favourite leisure amusement of many apparently civilized persons. In these tales the reader of MM. Gaboriau, Boisgobey, et Cie's novels will find the raw material out of which his beloved romances are woven—such stuff as "shockers" are made of. Some of these "strange crimes" have already been utilized for this purpose—for instance, the story of Martin Guerre and his mysterious double has been woven into a moderately successful novel by the elder Dumas; and the number of writers, from Carlyle downwards, who have written on the ever-fascinating theme of the "Diamond Necklace" is beyond our counting. The story of Latude's escape from the Bastille—no particular crime, by the way—has been told "in numbers" in the old *Penny Magazine*, but it is so hard to find in that unindexed jungle of useful knowledge that, for all practical purposes, it might as well not be there at all. As far as we remember, it was there given at much greater length than Mr. Westall has bestowed upon it. Moreover, he has wasted some time and space over the story of how Latude got imprisoned in the Bastille, which was a thing that anybody could do. It is near akin to praise to blame an author for writing too little; but we certainly think that many of the stories in this volume would have gained considerably in interest had they been told at greater length and with more expansion of detail, especially the autobiographic account of the "Escape from Eastern Siberia," where a splendid subject is comparatively spoiled by being compressed into thirty-seven small pages. For the way in which this particular story is told Mr. Westall is not accountable, as he only professes to give a translation of the narrative communicated by its hero, Debagorio Mokrievitch, to a clandestine Russian journal; but we are sure that there is a thrilling novel to be made out of the Voordam story, which he has christened "Caught in their own Trap"; and we have felt at the end of several of the other stories that we should have liked to know more about the people who did the deed and the circumstances under which it was done. People nowadays have all but forgotten Dumollard, and the Orsini bombs, which brought about the liberation of Italy and our own Volunteer movement, and several of the crimes done in the "Thirties"; while few will have heard of "Anthelme Collet," the "Protean" impostor, who played during the wars of the Empire the part which one might have expected Cagliostro to have played had he been living in that troublous time; though Collet seems to have been even cleverer than Cagliostro. What a time, we may remark, it must have been for swindlers when, after plundering people in one province, they had only to travel a hundred miles or so, cross some convenient frontier, and begin again under a new name. Wherever a monastery or a banker could be found, Collet seems to have been sure of filling his pockets; and, unlike most swindlers, he seems to have been a careful soul, who invested his winnings instead of squandering them; perhaps feeling that compared with the excitement of getting them all ordinary dissipations were tame.

It is startling to read that about a hundred years ago the law in France condemned a servant girl who poisoned her master "to be attached to a stake with an iron chain and burnt alive." Nor was this law, we believe, altered until the Revolution. Marie Antoinette tried in vain to save a young girl from being broken on the wheel; but though these tortures are happily no longer inflicted, yet the delays and moral torment inflicted by the French system of criminal jurisprudence at the present day are appalling. Under the old system, in 1786, poor Victoire Salmon was locked up for six years, and threatened continually with torture and death, for a crime of which she was innocent, yet an action against the officers of the law for false imprisonment was no more possible in France a hundred years ago than it is now; and some of our readers may remember the cruel case of Rosalie Doise, a young married woman near Hazebrouck, who was arrested for a crime of which she was not guilty, and was legally tormented for *two years* until she confessed that she had committed it. A subscription was, we believe, opened for her in England at the time; but the system still exists, and under it a *prévention* may apparently last for as many years as the *juge d'instruction* pleases. A late well-known Cambridge don was fond of telling a story about one of his pupils who paddled down the Rhône in a canoe. "And he paddled along the coast to Marseilles, and into the old harbour, and tied up his canoe to one of the ladders, and climbed up the ladder on to the quay. As soon as he got to the top a policeman caught him by the scruff of his neck and locked him up." This being, we regret to say, not an unusual mode of procedure among minor French and German officials, it appears to be as easy to fall into the clutches of the law on the Continent as it is difficult to extricate oneself from them. We believe that the late M. Gaboriau wrote several of his novels with a view to exposing the harshness and arbitrary administration of French criminal law, but we are not aware that any reform has been effected.

The book with which Mr. Westall's work especially challenges comparison is Mr. Baring-Gould's *Historic Byways*; but, if there was little history in *Historic Byways*, there is even less in *Strange Crimes*, so that no one can pretend that he is studying the book from any motive save amusement. But there are in it many stories, all well told, in spite of a tendency to undue compression, and each story may be certainly reckoned on as containing a murder or a soul-stirring "situation" of some sort.

* *Strange Crimes.* By W. Westall, Author of "Birch Dene," "Nigel Fortescue," "The Phantom City," &c. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

SANITY AND INSANITY.*

THERE is perhaps more uninstructed talk about insanity than any other branch of science. Most people think themselves qualified to express opinions as to its nature and causation, and even to give decisions on the mental condition of their fellows. The reason of this is not far to seek. There has been scarcely any definite scientific teaching on the subject, and those who have had most opportunities of studying it have done but little towards reducing the chaotic mass of material to anything like order, or applying any principle to their attempts at explanation. The medical profession at large have at the best but a scrappy knowledge of the clinical facts of insanity, and the large majority of those who have the care of the insane in either public or private asylums have been unable, from want of scientific training or from the multifarious nature of their managerial duties, to do more in the literary way than describe more or less accurately the symptoms which characterize insanity. Hence it can scarcely be wondered at that the evidence of experts has far less than its due weight in courts of law, both in civil and criminal cases involving the rights or punishments of alleged lunatics, and that the general conception of lunacy has anything but a scientific basis. The chief defect or fallacy which marks most of the attempts at scientific work on insanity at the present day is due to a disregard of the facts of normal psychology, or a deliberate rejection of mental science in its entirety, on the ground that all inquiry is vain where the results cannot be expressed in physical terms. The intelligent and philosophically educated student is thus met at the outset of his investigations in the field of insanity with either a confused mass of facts, more or less carefully detailed, without the connecting link of a luminous hypothesis, or by a superficial and narrowly materialistic teaching which lays down that the mind is but a function of the nervous system, but at the same time inextricably mingles the terms of physiology with those of a psychology that cannot be brought into any intelligible relation with the known functions of the nervous system.

In the book before us—the latest issue of the "Contemporary Science Series"—the author recognizes and inculcates, with force and accuracy, first, that the study of the normal mind, or mental order, must precede, for explanatory purposes, that of mental disorder; and, next, that, however closely allied the functions of the mind and those of the higher cerebral regions may be, they must ever be regarded as essentially distinct, and that physical and mental terms must be rigidly kept apart. Keeping in view the dictum that mental processes are not to be expressed in terms of nerve force, nor nervous processes in terms of mind, the author holds the opinion, which is apparently the most tenable, that the action of the highest nerve-centres is somehow attended by a mental state; and that without some nervous process mental states cannot arise. At this stage of the argument criticism would become metaphysical discussion. Dr. Mercier does not dwell at length on this standpoint, but boldly takes the position of those philosophers who hold that interaction between mind and matter is impossible; he is satisfied, and probably justified, for the purpose of this book, by recognizing the "fathomless abyss" which sunders them; and with what is practically an application of the Leibnitzian theory of "pre-established harmony" to illustrate, though not to explain, the simultaneous activity of nervous and mental force. This position is, at least, an intelligible one, and effectively prevents confusion in terms. The ground being thus in a way cleared, the author proceeds to study the mind in connexion with the subject of nervous action, and to show what are the various modes or characters in the nervous process upon which depend the various manifestations of consciousness that we know by the names of Memory, Thought, Reason, Will, Imagination, Emotion, &c. In his short but lucid sketch of the

* *Sanity and Insanity.* By Charles Mercier, M.B., Lecturer on Insanity at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, &c. London: Walter Scott. 1890.

general constitution of mind and the nature of the various faculties of which it consists, the author follows the psychology of Spencer, of whom he is a loyal disciple; and closely applies throughout the evolutional hypotheses to illuminate the complicated material with which he has to deal. That he is, however, no uncritical adherent of any system is obvious in many places; and this is evidenced still more strongly by some important modifications in certain details of the Spencerian psychology which he introduced into his recent book on *The Nervous System and the Mind.* Of the psychology of this school it is enough to say here that it is based on introspection, and ordered or checked by constant reference to what is known of nervous physiology in the light of the doctrine of development. At any rate, the principle of this system is clear and definite, and the theory involved, whether it be regarded as fully explanatory or not of the phenomena to which it is applied, seems at least to cover them more completely and more consistently than any other.

In connexion with the difficult subject of "consciousness of self," Dr. Mercier puts forward an original hypothesis, which will be admitted at once by psychologists to be of important bearing, and greatly to elucidate many of the facts of insanity, for which purpose it is freely used by the author. He supposes, to put it very briefly, that there is a double circulation of nerve energy, the one to and from the nervous centres and the outside of the body, bringing the organism into relation with the external world; the other to and from the internal organs; and that our consciousness of the world at large corresponds with impressions made by or action made upon the outside world through the first of these currents, and our consciousness of self with the action of the second. This theory is apparently widely applicable, and its statement at some length is one of the most remarkable passages in this thoughtful and stimulating book.

The main part of the work is occupied with an attempt to explain the nature and causes of insanity, and its various forms, by closely comparing its phenomena with normal mental processes and their accompanying nervous changes. It is not within our scope to give even a *résumé* of these deeply interesting chapters; for, although eminently clear in style, they are written with so much conciseness as to render condensation a source of confusion. There is much that is striking and original in this author's treatment of the subject; and it may be fairly said that he has established his claim of making in this little book the first endeavour to systematically account for the facts of insanity. Detailed description of the forms of insanity will not be found except where it serves to illustrate a principle. The book seems to be especially intended as a philosophical introduction to the study of mental disorder, and, as such, must appeal strongly, not only to the thoughtful amongst those who intend to address themselves to this special branch of the profession, but also to every medical man. It is the family doctor alone whom opportunity permits to detect the beginnings of lunacy, and it is of the first importance that he should be intelligently instructed in the elements of this difficult study. There is at present no compulsory teaching on the matter; and the confused nature of many of the lectures and writings on insanity, even at the present time, uninformed by any psychological knowledge, and scarcely helped out by a systematic reference to the higher physiology of the nervous system, serves but to disappoint and deter the earnest and logically-minded student. It would hardly be too much to say that an intelligent student of physiology and modern psychology would be hindered rather than helped in his rational endeavours to study insanity by putting himself under the guidance of a large majority of those who have spent years in superintending asylums. There is ample room and necessity as well for some luminous leading in this branch of study.

To many educated readers, and the legal profession especially, this book will certainly be of no small use. The study of the abnormal by comparison with the normal—a method which is strictly adhered to throughout by Dr. Mercier—renders his work singularly adaptable to the non-medical mind, giving both cohesion and intelligibility to a subject full of interest to most thoughtful people. Such will learn, perhaps for the first time, that there can be "disorder of mind without insanity, and that in insanity there is much besides disorder of mind." Something approaching to a real working definition of insanity will be found, and a careful perusal of Dr. Mercier's lucid statements and cogent reasoning as to the nature and causes of insanity may help many a clear-headed judge or advocate to separate the chaff from the wheat in the medical evidence both of the ignorant and the over-expert witness. After a very careful study of this book, we feel bound to give it an unqualified welcome. Doubtless its psychology may not be accepted by every psychologist, and its physiology will be criticized as too hypothetical by some and misunderstood by others both within and without the medical profession. But the thought is precise throughout, and the arrangement logical; technical terms are used in unvarying signification—a somewhat rare event in books of this nature—and the assumptions made must be regarded as at least light-giving and reasonable, even if not conceded full explanatory weight. Outside the psychological school of Spencer and the body of medical followers of the valuable thought contained in the scattered writings of Hughlings Jackson, the book will unquestionably be found to contain some hard sayings; but it can scarcely fail to be read with interest and advantage by all who are attracted by its title. Its style is vigorous, and evinces a wide literary culture. It bristles with apposite similes drawn from surprisingly various departments of knowledge; and we notice with pleasure that in many places the writer shows an intimate acquaintance with one whom he happily dubs the oldest and shrewdest of alienists—the most learned and humorous author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

THE VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

THE title of this book cannot be said to err on the side of brevity, and yet its accuracy is open to dispute. Professor Dana might have described his work more correctly as a "Memoir on the Hawaiian Volcanoes and their Place in the History of Vulcanicity." He has, in short, dealt with the Sandwich Islands as the late Professor Phillips did with Vesuvius, and gives us the results of his studies in a volume of about four hundred pages, illustrated by numerous engravings and maps. The memoir on Hawaiian Volcanoes, by Captain C. E. Dutton, published in the Fourth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey (1884), at first sight might seem to leave little room at present for any other work on the same subject; but Professor Dana handles it in a rather different manner, and thus has invested it with a fresh charm. Moreover, he may fairly claim a vested interest in this volcanic district. As stated in his preface, his first visit to the Sandwich Islands was in the year 1840, his second in 1887. But he began work of this nature at a yet earlier date; for so long ago as in 1834 he ascended Vesuvius and visited Stromboli. Since then he has studied volcanoes, active and extinct, in Madeira and in the Cape de Verde group, in New South Wales, Tahiti, the Fijis, and other Pacific islands, as well as on the western coast of the United States. Thus the present volume is a record of an experience exceptionally wide and long; yet no one, on reading the book, would suppose that its author had left the allotted period of threescore years and ten so far behind.

Some volcanoes are in a condition of more or less incessant activity; others alternate epochs of paroxysmal eruption with comparatively long intervals of quiescence. Stromboli may be quoted as an instance of the one, Vesuvius of the other. The Hawaiian volcanoes, in part at least, are examples of the former type on a scale exceptionally grand. As Professor Dana truly says:—

> the magnitude and easy access of the great craters; their proximity, while nearly ten thousand feet apart in altitude; their strange unlikeness in ordinary action, although alike in features and lavas; their unsympathizing independence; their usually quiet way of sending forth lava-streams twenty and thirty miles long, make them a peculiarly instructive field for the student of volcanic science, as well as an attractive one for the lover of the marvellous.

The whole island group is an instance of a line, possibly double, of volcanic mountains. They formerly were fifteen in number; but only three, all of them on Hawaii, still remain in activity. That island is made up of five volcanoes. The most elevated, Mount Kea, which rises to a height of 13,805 feet above the sea, is extinct; but Mount Loa, which only falls short of it by 130 feet, is active, together with the better known crater of Kilauea, which is situated a little more than four thousand feet above the sea.

With the exception of some fringing scraps of coral rock, the whole of Hawaii is composed of volcanic materials. These exhibit comparatively little variety, for all are basalt. The same is true of the other islands, except that the mineral nephelene has been detected in some rare instances, and a little of the lava on Maui is more correctly referred to andesite.

These volcanoes exhibit two characteristics which distinguish them from the type more familiar to travellers. One is the small angle at which their slopes descend—on an average about five degrees—an inclination which is prolonged beneath the sea-level for a depth at least equal to the greatest elevation above it. This is due to the fact that these mountain masses, so far as known, are mainly built up of lava flows; scoria and fragmental materials forming but a small part. Mount Kea has, indeed, a terminal cinder-cone, but this is of no great elevation, and it is wanting in Mount Loa and Kilauea. The other characteristic is almost unique. To quote Professor Dana's words:—

> Kilauea is always accessible. Although the crater is so large, the height is no greater than that of Vesuvius. Even when ready for an eruption it is safe to stand on the brink of the great pit and watch the boiling caldrons, and sweeping lava-floods, and violent but harmless blowing-cones. The action of the liquid lavas is ordinarily so quiet and regular that all parts of the great open arena may be traversed with safety; and the margins of the fiery lakes, if the heat be not too great, may be made a sleeping place for the night, with only this possibility, that the lava may well up and spill over. This spilling over may be the sending away of a stream for a mile or two across the crater's bottom, but, standing a little to one side, it does no damage, and the next day the fresh lavas may be walked upon.

Thus Kilauea exhibits

> a history of the inner workings of the volcano, of the movements and changes that take place within the crater, over the various parts of the great area, where come into view the outlets of the subterranean lava-column, and of these events as steps in the line of progress from its emptied condition after a great eruption, till ready again for an outbreak.

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* *Characteristics of Volcanoes; with Contributions of Facts and Principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including an Historical Review of Hawaiian Volcanic Action for the past Sixty-seven Years, a Discussion of the Relations of Volcanic Islands to Deep-sea Topography, and a Chapter on Volcanic Island Denudation.* By James D. Dana. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Professor Dana has collected the materials available for a history of the eruptions of Mount Loa and Kilauea, the latter of course being the more complete. From his studies the following results appear to follow. No law of periodicity can be established in the eruptions, but they are certainly more frequent in the wetter season of the year—that is, in the four months March to June. The discharges, comparatively speaking, are not explosive in character, the lava bubbling up in the wide throat of the volcano. This is like a gigantic well, in which the incandescent fluid always stands at a comparatively high level. Its surface is lowered when a discharge takes place, the molten mass escaping into fissures which not unfrequently do not reach the surface. In other cases, however, the lava breaks out from the mountain side, when it is characterized by great liquidity. Several of the streams which have issued from Mount Loa have reached distances of from twenty to thirty-five miles from the crater. The streams from Kilauea are shorter, the longest being about twelve miles; but as this finally issued at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the crater, and there can be no doubt as to its progress underground in the intervening space, the probable length of this stream cannot have been much less than thirty-nine miles. Thus the lava must be unusually liquid and at a high temperature. This is also indicated by its dazzling brightness, when the crusted surface of the great pool within the crater of Kilauea is suddenly ruptured. Professor Dana thinks it probable that the temperature of the liquid mass is certainly not less than 2,400° F. Full details are given of the characters of the lava streams, the surfaces of which vary greatly—some, locally called *pahoehoe*, being wrinkled, ropy, and billowy, like certain kinds of slag; others, called *aa*, extremely rugged and rough, a mass of "broken-up lava, the breaking of which occurred during the flow." Some streams pass from the one condition to the other. Among other interesting facts may be noted the occurrence of the flames of burning gas during an eruption, and the subsequent dropping down by concentric faults of the floor and parts of the wall of the craters.

A valuable chapter on the microscopic structure of the lavas of the group is contributed by Professor E. S. Dana, junior, in which several interesting characters are described. In this we can only notice a study of the singular stalactites which occur in certain caverns in the lava streams from Mount Loa and Kilauea. They vary in length from a few inches to twenty or thirty, but are usually not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter. They exhibit a crystalline structure, and consist of the ordinary minerals of the basalt—felspar, augite, and magnetite—though olivine has not yet been observed. They cannot be the result of direct fusion of the rock, for not only has an increase in their length been observed, but also stalagmitic masses occur on the floor beneath them, like those which may be found beneath ordinary stalactites in a cavern in limestone. The constituent minerals, also, are not associated as in the normal rock, but exhibit a certain concentric arrangement. Thus, as Professor Dana remarks, "We are forced to speculate as to the power of the highly-heated water-vapour, known to be present in large quantities, to form them from the roof by a sort of process of aqueo-fusion." Beyond this, as he observes, it seems impossible to proceed in the present state of our knowledge.

The book is well printed and well illustrated; though, as regards the latter, it is hardly equal to Captain Dutton's memoir. Exception may sometimes be taken to the English, and it may be doubted whether our language is enriched by such words as "vesiculated" or "gorged" (in the sense of furrowed by gorges). The explanations of petrological nomenclature given by the author seem sometimes to be open to criticism; and when he compares a process of metamorphism to that "which takes place when a felspathic sandstone is converted into granite," he takes for granted a change which, though it has often been asserted, has never been proved. A desire for uniformity, and for making a distinction between the names of rocks and minerals, leads him to adopt the termination *-yte* instead of *-ite*, and write doleryte for dolerite, and syenyte for syenite. To us this change appears to bring little profit and some loss; moreover, he is mercifully inconsistent in adhering to the old way of spelling granite. These, however, are at worst only superficial blemishes; the book will have a permanent value as a memoir dealing with a very remarkable group of volcanoes, and a most important contribution to the difficult subject of the connexion of these eruptive vents with the physical history of the earth.

THE COLOURS OF ANIMALS.*

THIS interesting volume might, with equal or greater propriety, have been entitled *The Colours of Lepidopterous Insects*, for the principles and illustrations with which it is occupied are almost entirely taken from that order of the insects to which the moths and butterflies belong. The object of the book is to demonstrate the uses of colours and marking in animal forms; colour, as such, not being of necessity of any value to an organism. Mr. Poulton groups the causes of animal-colour under two heads, which he calls "pigmentary"—that is, caused by absorption—and "structural." All colour, he conceives, was originally non-significant, and a very large proportion of hues still remain so. But there are colours which "may be of direct physiological value to the organism, or may assist in the struggle for existence by deluding other species, or by aiding the individuals of the same species, or they may be intimately connected with courtship." The main part of Mr. Poulton's volume is occupied with the consideration of four classes of colours—those employed in protective and aggressive resemblance, those in protective and aggressive mimicry (which is but a special example of the preceding), warning colours, and colours displayed in courtship.

In the case of protective resemblance, it is often difficult, in looking at an animal in an isolated condition, to realize that the protection is actual. But on this subject Mr. Galton made a valuable note forty years ago. He said in his *South Africa*:—

> Snakes and lizards are the most brilliant of animals; but all these, if viewed at a distance, or with an eye whose focus is adjusted, not exactly at the animal itself, but to an object more or less distant than it, become apparently of one hue and lose all their gaudiness. No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to common ideas, than a zebra; but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight.

Mr. Poulton quotes the "looping" larvæ of the *Geometræ* as highly characteristic examples of special protective resemblance. These caterpillars have only two pairs of claspers instead of five pairs, like other caterpillars, and they project their stiff, knotted, twig-like bodies, perfectly motionless, at an acute angle with the stem to which the claspers are fastened. They look exactly like normal shoots of the plant which they happen to feed upon, or sometimes, as in the case of the larvæ of the Large Emerald Moth, like the catkins of the tree. The author instances a lichen-feeding geometer (*Cleora lichenaria*) which twists itself in among the irregularities of the lichen, and is so coloured as to be wholly lost to the eye in a casual examination. An interesting instance of general resemblance, familiar to all who have collected English caterpillars, is afforded by the handsome larvæ of the Privet Hawk Moth, and is thus described by Mr. Poulton:—

> Although the caterpillar looks so conspicuous, it harmonizes very well with its food-plant, and is sometimes difficult to find. The purple stripes increase the protection by breaking up the large green surface of the caterpillar into smaller areas. This caterpillar also affords a good example of a rapid change of colour corresponding to a change of environment. When full grown it descends to the ground, and hurries about in search of a spot to bury itself in; and, being very large and bright green, it would be exceedingly conspicuous against the brown earth if it retained the usual colour. But just before it descends the back begins to turn brown, and becomes finally dark brown, so that the caterpillar harmonizes well with the colour of its new surroundings.

There can be no doubt that the peculiarly defenceless condition of the lepidopterous larva, which is a mere cylindrical tube of liquid pressed within soft walls, is the cause of the extraordinary variety of methods by which nature has secured its safety, and protective resemblance seems to be the most abundant of these. Instances of aggressive resemblances are not so common. But the predatory insects of the genus *Mantis* are protected by their imitative colour, and many larvæ cover themselves with bits of the vegetable substances they feed on, so as almost wholly to evade detection.

The opposite of colours which aim at protective or aggressive resemblance are the warning colours found among insects. It was discovered by Darwin that certain caterpillars of very striking or brilliant hue were the object of suspicion to birds, who would eat plain drab caterpillars with relish. As a matter of fact, it is found that several of these insects, as particularly the larvæ of the Magpie, Cinnabar, and Buff-tip Moths, are excessively nauseous and extremely noticeable in colour. It is difficult, however, to see where the advantage to the caterpillar comes in. It may be said that the brilliant colours of these larvæ are providential, for the bird which tastes one is made almost sick by it, and notes in its memory, "stick-caterpillar of creamy colour, with orange spots and black stripes, very disgusting"; but surely the attractive colours are of doubtful benefit to the larva, who will presently be eaten by another and less experienced bird. A quiet skin and a nauseous smell would, one thinks, be a truer source of protection. Mr. Poulton has made some curious observations on the bright colours of nauseous insects, and all this portion of his book is interesting; but it appears to us that he is a little too much in a hurry to fit all facts in with his theory, and that a great deal more evidence has to be collected before the theory of warning colours can be accepted.

There is more positive proof in existence of the fascinating theory of protective mimicry, to which Francis Bates first drew attention, nearly thirty years ago, in the case of some of the Amazonian butterflies. There are certain insects, mainly belonging to the families of the *Danaidæ* and *Heliconidæ*, which possess a clear yellow fluid in their bodies intensely nauseous to birds. Mr. Belt, who studied this matter in Nicaragua, saw spiders drop these butterflies out of their nets, and small monkeys, who are commonly greedy of insects, reject them over and over again. Even vermin and mites will avoid the dried bodies of *Heliconidæ*. Now, the extraordinary fact seems to be that in districts where the *Heliconidæ* and the *Danaidæ* occur plentifully they are closely, but of course only externally, mimicked by *Pieridæ*, a family exceedingly toothsome and welcome to every species of bird. It is an odd fact that this kind of particular mimicry is more often

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* *The Colours of Animals, their Meaning and Use.* By Edward Bagnall Poulton, F.R.S. (The International Scientific Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

found in female butterflies than in male, but no satisfactory theory of the reason of this preference has hitherto been put forward. Of great interest, as an experimental evidence of the protection afforded by mimetic resemblance, is the following passage, given by Mr. Poulton, on the authority of his own observation:—

I offered a Satin Moth to a marmoset which was excessively fond of insects, and which had not gratified this appetite for some days. He seized the moth, and ate it with the strongest expressions of disgust, well known to all who are acquainted with him; in fact, had not the attempt been made to take the moth away, I believe he would have rejected it. As soon as he had finished this nauseous morsel, I offered him a Gold Tail Moth, but he shrank from the sight of it, and had evidently had quite enough of white moths for the time being. And yet he eagerly seized and devoured many other inconspicuous insects which I offered to him. It was merely the resemblance to the moth which had so disgusted him which saved the Gold Tail, for on another occasion he ate four of these latter moths one after the other with the greatest relish. The marmoset has a far more delicate taste than any other insect-eating animal with which I am acquainted, and it appears, therefore, to be certain that the Gold Tail Moth is palatable. I have also confirmatory evidence as to both these species, from the behaviour of other animals. The great abundance of the Gold Tail, in spite of its agreeable taste, must in part be explained by the fact that the caterpillar is specially protected in different ways, but it must also follow from the fact that white and conspicuous moths are generally unpalatable.

The superficial resemblance between these two insects is very great. The conclusion which this and many similar experiments seems to lead to, is that insect-eating animals do not choose their food from instinctive knowledge of what is nice and what is nasty, but have to learn by experience, and that this experience may be deceived by the mimetic resemblance, as of a harmless beetle (*Clytus arietis*) to the wasp, as of the drone-fly to the honey-bee, or of the bee hawk-moth to the humble-bee. The most detailed example of mimicry yet described was observed in Tropical America, where the leaf-cutting ants abound, and where Mr. W. L. Sclater found a homopterous insect which not merely imitated the form and colour of the formidable ant, but had between its jaws a thin, flat extension which looked exactly like the leafy burden with which the ants hurry to the formicarium. In Mr. Belt's fascinating book on Nicaragua this matter of mimetic resemblances is gone into with great minuteness of illustration; but no case is cited so extraordinary as this of imitation, not only of the insect itself, but of the results of its apparent occupation.

MEMORIALS OF ST. EDMUND'S ABBEY.*

IT is much to be regretted that the series of Chronicles and Memorials to which this volume belongs is not under more efficient direction. While it certainly contains some of the best work that has been produced by English historical scholars, certain volumes have been edited by men who had no just claim to be entrusted with such a task, and have proved themselves unfit to perform it satisfactorily. It is extraordinary that the responsible authorities can be content to publish side by side with the masterly productions of Bishop Stubbs and Dr. Luard—we might, of course, name other capable, though less brilliant, contributors—the poor work of some of their other editors. Can they expect to retain the services of scholars of European reputation if they rank their work along with volumes that show an absence of scholarship? or to satisfy the requirements of students if they allow the series from which so much is justly looked for—and, indeed, has been gained—to fall below a high standard of excellence? The books which they issue are naturally regarded in foreign countries as representing the best results of the English school of history; their editors are paid, not lavishly, but fairly, and, in comparison with what is received by those engaged in kindred work in France, Germany, or Italy, at a decidedly handsome rate; and it is grievous that any volumes of the series should call for decidedly adverse criticism. We do not say that the volume before us is an exceptionally bad one, or that, if it stood alone, it would justify our complaints as regards the management of the series. Indeed, Mr. Arnold may be congratulated on the progress which he appears to have made since the publication of his edition of *Henry of Huntingdon*, about ten years ago. We have purposely delayed what we wanted to say about the series at large until the appearance of a volume which we could use to illustrate our strictures, and yet were not forced wholly to condemn, in order that our remarks might not seem to have a single application nor be taken as a particular attack.

Mr. Arnold has entered on a large scheme of printing and editing the records of St. Edmund's Abbey, and we gather from his introduction that he is determined to carry it out thoroughly. We wish him success; for the history of the abbey is a noble subject, and, if set forth worthily, cannot fail to be of much interest. His present volume in some degree proves that more discretion should be exercised as regards the materials selected for publication. We cannot but believe that in this matter too much is left to the judgment of the editors. If they could all be trusted equally it would be well enough to let them have their own way; but, as we have already said, some of them come very far behind such men as Bishop Stubbs or Dr. Luard. The larger part of this book consists of matter which has already appeared in print. New editions of chronicles certainly form the most valuable part of the series. At the same time the reprinting of a chronicle should be allowed only when there is a real need for a new edition, such as existed in the case of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, and did not exist in the case of the *Flores* of Roger of Wendover. Now there was surely no need to reprint here the *Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond*. It was printed and edited thoroughly well for the Camden Society, in 1840; and secondhand copies are neither scarce nor dear. Mr. Arnold does not appear to have been able to improve on Mr. Rokewood's text; and, though he has no doubt carefully gone through the only complete MS. of the work now extant, his text is virtually a reprint. Nor can we welcome Hermann's *De Miraculis Sti Eadmundi* as any material gain. The purely hagiographical parts of the book are in the *Collectio Amplissima* of Martene; and the whole was, in 1879, made the text of an admirable set of notes and comments by Dr. Liebermann, who referred his readers to Martene's work as far as it went, and printed the parts omitted by Martene as foreign to his purpose. Mr. Arnold has here printed the whole book. This seems to us to be uncalled for. Although records of miracles are of some use as now and then affording illustrations of social life, these miracles were already accessible to the few who are likely to want them. Other parts of the treatise contain valuable matter, such as a full account of the attempt of Bishop Herfast to assert the jurisdiction of his see over the Abbey; but a new edition of these parts was not wanted, and it is not altogether pleasant to find one of the editors of our national collection of chronicles following in the wake of a contemporary German scholar. Dr. Liebermann's *Ungedruckte Anglo-Normannische Geschichtsquellen* is on the shelves of most students of the period; his work is well done, and no part of it needs to be done again. Mr. Arnold's text is generally the same as Dr. Liebermann's; his punctuation is different, and there are a few minor variations. He acknowledges his debt to his greater predecessor, and gives the substance of some of his notes. In a footnote, written, apparently, before he had seen Dr. Liebermann's treatise, he expresses his inability to understand the proverb given in MS. as "Ludere porcellum dum constat velle castellum." All difficulty is removed by Dr. Liebermann's obvious emendation of "catellum" for "castellum." In his introduction Mr. Arnold, apparently without any reason, slights the suggestion. He reprints, with an amended text, the legendary tract of Galfridus de Fontibus, which is in Migne's *Patrologia*. He is much exercised by the name of his author, and offers a rather absurd explanation; it does not seem to have occurred to him that there is nothing strange in finding an East-Anglian monk bearing the name of Wells.

The good to be gained by subjecting the prefaces or introductions of these volumes to some competent general editorship is becoming increasingly apparent. A few weeks ago it was our duty to call attention to a preface in which a well-known piece of history was treated as though it had never been discovered before, and the editor showed his good faith by making it evident that he had never read any of the modern authorities on the subject. Too often editors who have little to say lengthen out their prefaces by summaries of parts of the text. This is really childish; people who buy these books may be supposed to be able to read them. Of course, we are not objecting to the plan adopted by Bishop Stubbs in his famous prefaces; far from it. That is quite another matter; for the Bishop appends to his texts commentaries of extreme value. What we condemn as trivial are such summaries as that which Mr. Arnold gives of the legend of St. Edmund's youth, and much of what he says about Abbot Sampson, already well known to English readers from Carlyle's delightful *Past and Present*. A general editor would also sometimes be useful in other matters. For example, Mr. Arnold, in a footnote to his reprint of Jocelin, states that Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, was the son of Fair Rosamond. There is some doubt as to who Geoffrey's mother was, but it is at least certain that she was not Rosamond Clifford. Has Mr. Arnold never read Walter Map's *De Nugis Curialium*? In another place we find William Longsword described as Fair Rosamond's son, which is highly improbable, and does not seem to have been asserted before the seventeenth century. In a volume of this series we ought not to read that Hugh Lupus was a cousin of the Conqueror. The alleged relationship does not rest on good authority, and is, we think, first found in Higden's *Polychronicon*; while the use of the comparatively late appellation "Lupus," probably a herald's invention, is open to objection in a book which should be scrupulously critical. A good general editor, too, would hardly have passed without comment the somewhat fatuous note at the foot of p. 63. We are unwilling to estimate Mr. Arnold's qualifications for the task of expounding English ecclesiastical records by the confusion which he seems to make between the rights of a bishop in a cathedral monastery and the exercise of his ordinary episcopal jurisdiction. A hint in time would, no doubt, have led him to express himself with less ambiguity, and possibly to reconsider his opinion as to the advantages of the system of exemptions. To come to small points; in a book like this we ought not to find such slovenly work as "see below, p. ," twice in one page; or, again, "Lappenberg's *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, vol. ii.," with no reference to page nor any direction as to whether the quotation is from Lappenberg's own work or Thorpe's translation.

Mr. Arnold proposes to print the charters of the Abbey in a

* *Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey.* Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A., University College, Oxford; Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. Vol. I. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1890.

future volume. A great deal of space has been devoted to such documents in earlier volumes of the series. It would be well if it were laid down that no charter should in future be reprinted that is to be found in books in common use, such as Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus* or Dugdale's *Monasticon*, unless it occurs in the text of a chronicle. References should be given, with a notice of any important variation from the manuscript. In this volume it was unnecessary to reprint the body of the charter of Edmund the Magnificent, absurdly styled here Eadmund II., for it was already printed in Kemble's book. Some discretion might also be exercised in printing ordinary charters of donation even for the first time. Many of them present nothing but what may be called common forms, particularly in reciting the religious considerations which prompted a gift. It is needless to fill page after page, as some of the editors have done, with matters of that sort. The purport of the charter, the boundaries, when noted, of the land conveyed, and the attestation should always be printed. For the rest, an editor who was fit for his work would know whether the charter contained anything else peculiar to itself and worthy of record. All merely formal phrases might be left out. In every case in which a charter is not dated limits of date should, if possible, be supplied from the attestation. This has of late been neglected by more than one editor. We must repeat that Mr. Arnold's volume is not altogether to be condemned; it shows evidence of some conscientious work, and of a sympathy with its subject. At the same time it is not, as our readers will have gathered, satisfactory in itself or likely to enhance the reputation of the series. In order to ensure better, and better directed, work than we have here or in some of its companion volumes, the series ought to be placed under the supervision of a general editor, or of a small editorial committee like the Council of the Camden Society. This is, we believe, absolutely necessary if this great undertaking is to fulfil, in the best way, the purposes of the grant made for its support, if it is to satisfy the desires of English scholars, and possibly if it is to retain the services of some of the best of them, if it is to be worthy of English historical scholarship, or of the approval of the learned men of other nations.

KURRACHEE—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.*

THE Roman poet wrote of a future time when divers Alban and other towns should no longer be mere names—Suessa Pometia, Castrum Inui, whoever this personage may have been, and Bola and Cora, the terror of lads in the Upper Fourth. What Virgil said in the spirit of prophecy, that Mr. Baillie declares to have really happened with regard to Kurrachee or Karáchi, as the purists will spell it. He does not waste time in inquiring whether this place is the same as Krokala or whether Nearchus really started thence for the Persian Gulf. His history of the port begins with a survey made by a certain Commander Carless of the Indian navy more than fifty years ago, and with the conquest of Sind by Sir Charles Napier. Karáchi, it may be as well to remind readers, though loosely spoken of as being on the Indus, is on the Habb River. All sorts of names are given to the branches which form the Delta of the great stream. Karáchi is at the extreme north of the Delta, near the southern base of the Pab Mountains of Biluchistan; and it boasts of other creeks and channels, all of them muddy and some dry in the hot season. At the time of our occupation in connexion with the first Afghan campaign, about 1839, this port had a population of some ten thousand or at most fourteen thousand inhabitants. The principal channel just allowed native craft to land passengers and goods at high water. There were plenty of mud-banks and flats, and there was a Custom House. Water was scarce and bad. A neighbouring marsh was not conducive to the health of soldier or civilian. The local trade was fairly prosperous, the exports consisting of ghee and indigo, wheat and wool, gums, oil, opium, and shark fins. Among the imports were piece goods and broadcloth, metals, sugar and cocoa-nuts, tobacco and cotton, roses and dates. These came variously from China, Bengal, Bombay, and the Persian Gulf. The slave-dealers were driving a roaring trade with Muscat. The local manufactures consisted of caps and light clothing, and a spirit extracted from raw sugar, which the author pronounces to be the nastiest compound he ever tasted. Of gambling, opium-eating, and drunkenness, *pace* Mr. Caine and Archdeacon Farrar, there had been abundance long before the arrival of the wicked English merchant and the erection of the *kacheri* and the Collectorate.

Mr. Baillie has taken considerable pains to persuade us not only that there has been a complete and healthy revolution in every respect, but that Karáchi is destined to become the emporium of Western India, if not the capital of the Empire. He has collected facts, analysed piles of statistics, procured photographs of stately buildings, made plans of the city, compared the reports of rival experts, and criticized the merits and demerits of railway schemes, one or other of which ought to convert the port of Karáchi into a stately and imperial city, just as Anglo-Indian administration in forty years has converted it from a dirty native bazar to a flourishing town and cantonment. Unfortunately, he is very much given to digressions which have little or no connexion with his main object. We have in one portion of the book a dissertation on the causes of the monsoon and its effect on the acceleration or detention of the mails. Forty pages further on we have a sketch of Amritsir, its trade, reservoir, and Golden Temple. The Indian Government next comes in for some disparaging comments because it does not follow the example of Russia, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic in consulting great financiers. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Baillie that an enormous amount of English capital has been invested in India in railways, tea, cotton factories, and other commercial ventures, without the aid of a Baring or a Rothschild. Then we have prophecies of a war with Russia, mainly owing to the intrigues of a vague Russian countess, and a grandiloquent anticipation of the successful defence of the harbour, simultaneously with a decisive victory on the Helmund. Some facility in writing, residence in different parts of India, and diligence in collecting figures, have not saved Mr. Baillie from the perpetration of some errors. It was *Punch*, we feel sure, and not Sir Charles Napier himself, who described the conquest of Sind, in 1843, by the one word *peccavi*; and the discontinuance of wigs both by judges and barristers in India occurred at a date long before the existence of any High Courts. The discarding of an incumbrance most intolerable during the hot season is due, according to legal tradition, to Sir Francis Macnaghten, about 1824, whose portrait in Calcutta assigns to him a black gown but no wig. His predecessors, Sir W. Burroughs, Sir Henry Russell, and Sir John Anstruther, the first by Lawrence and the other two by Chinnery, all seem to perspire in the full-blown dignity of their unnecessary head-dress. We are not certain whether to the author or to a Royal personage is due the blunder of calling the late Sir B. Frere "a cadet of the East India Company." Frere was an eminent civil administrator. He never, at any time, was a subaltern or cadet in the Indian army.

The object of Mr. Baillie in compiling this ponderous work, as we have indicated, is twofold. He is anxious to show the real progress made in cleanliness, civilization, and commerce, at a port which, so far from being designed for a great city or emporium like Bombay and Calcutta, had really no one thing to recommend it in the shape of climate, natural convenience, or accessibility by land and water. His second object is to prove that a far greater future is yet before it. In the first he has succeeded. We are glad to know that the entrance to the river has been deepened; that the channel over the bar at low water has a depth of twenty feet and a breadth of five hundred; that troopships can enter "with each swelling tide" where dinghies once were stranded on the mud; that there is a breakwater and a mole, an enlightened Municipality, and a Port Trust. It is also pleasant to be informed that the memory of past administrators is recalled to the visitor by spacious buildings suited to the climate and bearing honoured names. There is a Napier Mole and a Frere Hall, a Sind Club, a Merewether Pier, and an Erskine Wharf. A large sum has been wisely spent on works to supply the port and town with pure drinking water. We hear of a good system of tramways, which still leaves ample room for the primitive conveyances of the *ekka* and the bullock cart, the donkey, the camel, and the *Shigram*. Population has rapidly increased. Epidemics, though still occurring, have diminished in intensity. There are churches and convents. Drainage, the lighting of the streets, good roads instead of sandy tracks, add to the comfort of the inhabitants, who begin to realize that these conveniences, though accompanied by an increase of rates and taxes, are well worth the money spent. "Trees have more life, gardens are greener, hedges are taller," and very much has been done by good administration and management of finances to make Karáchi, if not equal to Lucknow, Amballa, or Secunderabad, a place where Englishmen can live without exhaustion or pining for the hills during a hot season, which begins in April and only ends in November. The rainfall, we may add, would be scanty in England. In Sind agriculture is mainly dependent on irrigation from rivers and canals, or wells and springs. We learn from the *Imperial Gazetteer* that Karáchi is said "to enjoy the healthiest climate in all Sind"; but this encomium is qualified by a further statement that the beginning of the cold season is accompanied by fever, and that external inflammations, ulcers, and skin diseases cause much trouble. The Sind "boils," indeed, are notorious, and leave most distressing marks and scars on the persons of those exposed to such visitations.

With regard to the future, Karáchi, in the author's opinion, ought to become a sort of Queen of the Western Waves for the following reasons. It is nearer to England than Bombay by some two hundred miles. The construction of a new railway in a straight line right through the deserts of Rajputana would give to Karáchi direct and more rapid communication with Delhi and Upper India; and then you would only have to construct two little branch lines, to Khairpúr in one direction and to Jodhpur in another, to make the whole scheme quite perfect. At present the route by the Indus Valley is nearly twelve hundred miles in length, while from Calcutta you can get to Delhi in about 950 miles, and from Bombay to the same place in little short of 900 miles. The straight route advocated by Mr. Baillie has, he candidly admits, some slight disadvantages. There are shifting sand-hills to be dealt with and prevented from choking the line. The heat of Bikanir and Jaisulmir, two of the most sterile principalities in Rajputana, is terrific. The water-supply is very

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* *Kurrachee [Karáchi]—Past, Present, and Future.* By Alexander F. Baillie, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., Author of "A Paraguayan Treasure" &c. With Maps, Plans, and Photographs. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co., Limited. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited. 1890.

limited, and usually the natives have to bore some 300 feet before they can find it. The cost of the line would be excessive, and the returns not very remunerative. The advisers of the Government of India are positively so perverse, narrow-minded, and ignorant that they naturally lay stress on these engineering and financial problems, and refuse to place any credence in Mr. Baillie's splendid visions of the future. Indeed, some of these wrongheaded experts have shown a discreditable want of knowledge regarding Thur and Pārkar, who are not, as might be imagined, native princes or English engineers with distorted names. They signify two arid deserts in Sind, which in one place present the appearance of waves of incoherent sand-hills, and in another, where irrigated from a river called the Nara, of a jungly and unhealthy swamp. However, the author swallows all these objections, insists on the necessity for preventing famines in Rajputana, anticipates that the railway will be used by hordes of pilgrims from Upper India to Mecca as well as by our own troops, and quietly proposes to satisfy shareholders by paying dividends out of capital while the work is under construction.

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Baillie that, in the present condition of Indian finances, the Government would not be justified in lending its sanction to any such wild scheme, and that English capitalists will not be likely to step in where the Government holds back. All these planners of new Capitals for India seem to forget that to constitute a metropolis something else is required than surveys and estimates. The late Sir Charles Trevelyan selected Jabalpúr as being central, for a new capital. Sir George Campbell has pitched on Nassik, in the Bombay territory—possibly because it is one of the most sacred places of Hindu pilgrimage. Yet, somehow, Calcutta and Bombay have managed to hold their own. Sir Charles Dilke, in his late statesmanlike work, seems to have thought something of Karáchi as a port for the arrival and departure of troops, but not much of it as a mercantile emporium. The plain truth is, that no amount of dredging, making of breakwaters, or construction of moles and batteries, is ever likely to make Karáchi a serious rival to Bombay. Mr. Baillie must surely be aware that Bombay Harbour could float the finest navy in the world, or two navies if necessary. In the event of the stoppage of the Suez Canal Bombay would be nearer than Karáchi for vessels rounding the Cape. And if the road through Egypt remained open to us, it would be easy to send reinforcements to Karáchi direct, and forward them to the frontier by the Indus Valley route now in existence; the very railway which Mr. Baillie is so eager to supplant. However, in spite of aimless digressions, and prophecies that are pretty certain to fail, there is a fair amount of information to be extracted from this work. The account of the celebrated Mugger or Makar Pir, the tank of the alligators, is very graphic, aided as it is by a photograph taken by a courageous sergeant of the 33rd Regiment, whose camera was knocked down by a violent lash from the tail of one of these horrible brutes, the photographer himself having just time to get out of the way.

TWO BOOKS UPON BOOKS.*

THE *Annals of Scottish Printing*, by Dr. Dickson and Mr. Edmond, is not a book of which it is easy to give an adequate account in a review. It is a handsome quarto of over five hundred pages, excellently printed, fully indexed, and in all ways a credit to its producers. It treats of the history of printing in Scotland from the days of King James's patent to "our lovittis servitouris Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar," to import a printing press, "with all stuff belangand tharto, and expert men to use the samyne," and to set it up in what is now the Cowgate (but what was then the Southgait) of Edinburgh for the ostensible purpose of "imprenting bukis of our Lawis, actis of parliament, croniclis, mess bukis," and so forth. The document is dated the 15th of September, 1507. King James IV. is fully entitled to all the credit attaching to this enlightened step; but it is suggested, by no means without plausibility, that his real object was less the advancement of literature than the displacement of the Salisbury service-books by the Breviary of his friend and counsellor, William, Bishop of Aberdeen. However this may be, with the establishment of the press in 1507, "at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd," begins the history of printing in Scotland, and, with the biographies and works of the patentees and their successors, Davidson, Scot, Bassandyne, Arbuthnot, Ross, Charteris, Waldegrave, and others up to 1601, the remainder of the book is occupied. It is illustrated with many facsimiles and specimens of type, and bristles with much interesting material, most of which, we can well believe, is the result of laborious, as well as tedious, investigation. But the greater part of the information which it contains, although including many useful facts, is, of necessity, more bibliographical than literary.

This characteristic, in the second of the books included in the present notice, is even more manifest. Of Mr. Cushing's dictionary of *Anonyms* we can but endorse the testimony quoted in its compiler's preface, that all literary workers are under great obligations to the author. The investigation involved in books of this kind is so enormous, the chances of error are so multiplied and complicated, that fault-finding becomes an ungrateful task. There is no doubt that possessors of special books may sometimes find their treasures overlooked, perhaps ill described. For instance, several of Miss Fielding's *Familiar Letters of David Simple* are known to be by her brother; sometimes, as in the instance of Hughes's *Itinerary of Provence*, the explanatory note added to the entry is inexplicable without reference to the work described; and sometimes, as in the case of Puckle's *Club* of 1723, it is hard to see why the book was included in the Dictionary at all, as the first edition of 1711 was described on the title-page as "printed for the Author, James Puckle." These however, we repeat, are but inevitable blemishes, which in no way alter the fact that Mr. Cushing's last—we trust he means "latest"—book is a most painstaking, conscientious, and valuable compilation.

* *Annals of Scottish Printing.* By Robert Dickson, L.R.C.S.E., and John Philip Edmond. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1890.

Anonyms: a Dictionary of Revealed Authorship. By William Cushing, B.A. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1890.

FRASER'S LOCKE.*

THIS is a volume in the series entitled "Philosophical Classics for English Readers"; a series which, to the credit of its editor and publishers, is more accommodating to authors in the matter of space than some others. Professor Fraser has been allowed a reasonable amount of elbow-room for his dealing with Locke, and he has used it well. Although he does not belong to the school of philosophy specially known as English, which looks back to Locke as its direct ancestor, but is rather of the Scoto-German school, if we may so term it without offence, his criticism of Locke is fair and in a manner even sympathetic. While he freely points out the inadequateness of Locke's method before the larger problems of philosophy and the insufficiency of the results obtained by it, he does justice to Locke as a man, and appreciates his historical position as a philosopher. The design of the work naturally throws the biographical part somewhat into the background; and, for those who desire a pleasant readable view of Locke's life and times, we do not think Professor Fraser is likely to supersede Dr. Fowler. On the other hand, the President of Corpus, writing of Locke in the "Men of Letters" series, purposely refrained from thoroughgoing philosophical criticism. Professor Fraser has now furnished this in the right manner and measure, enough to guide the student, not so much as to tempt him with the false expectation of making second-hand phrases and results serve the turn instead of study.

The definite practical purpose of Locke's Essay is rightly insisted on at the outset. Locke did not set before himself, as a thing to be accomplished for its own sake, "an abstract discussion as to universality and necessity in knowledge, like that now at issue between empiricism and intellectualism." He sought to fix the limits of human knowledge, in order to have a rational antidote to dogmatism. In this reaction against pure dialectic he is at one, in a general way, with other philosophers of the seventeenth century. Descartes, more consciously ambitious, aimed at a discipline of the intellect which should secure the unbroken advance of science. His conception of such a discipline differed from Bacon's, and was more fruitful, in that it was for him not merely a system of external instructions, but internal and radical. Spinoza, going back, without knowledge or suspicion of it, to something very like the old Stoic ideal, proposed an "emendation of the understanding" which should purge the soul of the gross and common objects of desire, and vindicate for philosophy the power of guiding the reasonable man's life. Among these Locke's endeavour is at first sight the most modest, but it proved itself the straightest road to the revival of the ancient problems in the light of a new dialectic more searching than the old. Hume boldly challenged, and challenged without any effectual reply, the probabilities of common sense in which Locke thought to find a safe resting-place. Kant, openly confessing Hume's victory on that ground, set to work to make good a new position. Criticism of method had deposed the old metaphysic only that the reign of critical metaphysic might be proclaimed. In spite of all that has been said and done, the impetus of Kant is not yet exhausted. If at times philosophy seems to be buried under science, it is that the movement of the nineteenth century has driven science to penetrate itself, consciously or unconsciously, with philosophy of some sort. There is room for legitimate differences of opinion and affection as to Locke's individual genius. One may prefer Descartes or Spinoza on the one side, or Hobbes on the other. But it is plain matter of history that Locke was the man of his time. Berkeley is more brilliant, more attractive. Unless our own experience is abnormal, one is much more likely to recur to him than to Locke for one's own pleasure. Still one can imagine that the main currents of speculation would have been much the same without Berkeley. One cannot well imagine what they would have been without Locke.

When we have once realized that Locke not only did not produce, but had no intention of producing, a "theory of knowledge" in the sense of modern philosophers, we find that many difficulties vanish of themselves, or are resolved into simple incidents or illustrations of Locke's position. A good deal of philosophical

* *Locke.* By Alexander Campbell Fraser, Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, University of Edinburgh. [In "Philosophical Classics" Series.] Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

criticism has been uttered, even by competent persons, which is like censuring Archimedes for not having defended Syracuse with a mine-field and quick-firing guns. Mr. T. H. Green, if we may trust our memory of his dealings with Hume, was not free from this error. Professor Fraser, while he specifies the things left unachieved by Locke, seldom fails to explain that Locke's problems were not and could not be the same as ours, and that the difference in method was, if possible, still greater. Descartes, as Mr. Huxley and others have pointed out, approached much more nearly than Locke to what is now known as physiological or experimental psychology. Locke, in discussing voluntary motion, ignores the whole physiological aspect of it with a determined indifference which is surprising even in his own time. Not only Descartes, but Hobbes, one would think, might have put him on justifying his procedure a little more fully. But a definite account of sensation or perception will be sought for in Locke as vainly as in Spinoza.

Professor Fraser is obviously right in maintaining that Locke's criticism of "innate principles" had only a temporary and polemic value. To some extent he was even then beating a man of straw. "It is difficult to find any philosopher, then or since, who would deny what Locke maintained." When he goes further, he fails to distinguish between knowledge itself, or the propositions in which knowledge is realized, and the conditions of knowledge. This omission of empirical philosophers is like the fallacy of those jurists who suppose that a system of law can be reduced to a series of definitions of rights or duties. Savigny, a man of truly philosophic genius, whose influence has in his own science been not less deep or lasting than Kant's in metaphysic, corrected this by bringing into their true light the important class of legal rules and principles whose subject-matter is not rights or duties in themselves, but the conditions by which duties and rights are determined. Law presupposes a definite type of society on which these conditions in turn depend. Similarly, we cannot account for knowledge by confronting a blank mind (even assuming such a thing to be real and intelligible) with the crude matter of experience. "Locke," as Professor Fraser says, "was biassed by his unwarranted assumption that 'nothing can be in the mind of which the mind is not conscious'—that mental activity is identical with consciousness of it." His attempt at an impossible short cut to philosophic certainty would have broken down at the outset if it had been strictly consistent. But no philosopher was ever yet perfectly consistent that we know of. And Locke succeeded up to a certain point by working, to use Professor Fraser's neat phrase, with the "uncriticized categories" of modes, substances, and relations. When with these instruments he endeavoured to analyse the ideas of time and space—or rather their metaphysical forms, eternity and immensity—he was driven, much against his will, to admit something which in modern terms we may describe as an obscurely recognized *Ding an sich.*

A minor point, which Professor Fraser does well to make, is that Locke's place in the history of the English "association" psychology is really less important than has been supposed. The "association of ideas" was dealt with in the Essay only very partially, and as an afterthought. In this volume the biographical interest, as we have mentioned, is secondary, but Professor Fraser has been able to make use of some unpublished materials, and his work will have its place, apart from his judicious philosophical criticism, in preparing the way for a standard edition of Locke's works and correspondence. It is somewhat strange that no such edition, or anything approaching to it, exists. If Locke had been a Frenchman the thing would have been done, and probably very well done, long since. Professor Fraser gives us a neat little bibliographical appendix, but we must regret the absence of an index. A book of three hundred pages wants one no less than a book of five or six hundred. Even an index confined to proper names would, in the case of a man having so many and such various relations with other distinguished persons as Locke had, be much better than nothing.

BLOSSOM-LAND.*

THIS volume is a collection of essays, for the most part, on holiday or health resorts, presumably contributed from time to time to the columns of one or more newspapers or magazines. As such, it is not the kind of book which a reviewer easily approaches in a fitting frame of mind. He cannot, like that happy person the "general reader," dip into the volume at odd moments, taking one essay at a time, and making the author the counsellor and friend, so to speak, who shall direct and help him to make plans for a proposed holiday. He must take the book at one gulp—freeze on the Alps, roast at Madrid in August, and be bored at Ems or Cromer in quick succession. In fact, he enjoys or endures too much according as his temperament and taste resemble or differ from the writer's. He suffers from the very excellence of the work. In a less hurried, and therefore happier, age, Mr. Clement Scott's essays would have been cast in metrical form and published in several volumes, beautifully bound and printed. Indeed, as might have been expected in any work of Mr. Scott's, their poetic qualities extend far beyond their titles, and the delightful insincerity of the writer of verse appears on every page. Mr. Clement Scott continually craves for the peace and quiet of the country, in accents so pathetic as to excite profound pity in the breast of the reader who is not aware that an appreciation of scenery at once so vivid and varied is only possible in one who is wedded to a London life. Not the least agreeable quality in Mr. Scott's work is the fine British spirit which has survived his extensive acquaintance with foreign men and lands. In an essay describing a bull-fight at Madrid, such expressions as "in order to gratify the Spanish lust for blood," and "there is mercy even in the Spaniard," are to be found at every turn, and the essay concludes in these words:—

> A murderous expression comes into the Spaniard's face as he feels in his breast for his knife or dagger, and gets him home; curses are heard where laughter reigned before. The bull-fight is over, and the clear stars in the calm sky shine reproachfully over the blood-stained arena and the home-going inhabitants of murderous Madrid!

A little further on in the volume a very picturesque essay on "Hunting the Otter," and written from the point of view of the sportsman rather than that of the otter, will be enjoyed, we hope, by many readers. Wherefore we hail Mr. Clement Scott, not only as the skilful writer of poetic prose, who can lighten up the dullest fishing village or a most dreary landscape, but as a good Englishman.

HISTORY AND PATHOLOGY OF VACCINATION.*

THE question whether vaccination is really protective against small-pox has once more come to the front. Until quite recently the members of the medical profession were unanimous in their belief in its efficacy, but recently two physiologists of undoubted ability (Drs. Creighton and Crookshank) have ranged themselves on the side of the anti-vaccinationists. On this account the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter is fully justified. Of the enormous decrease of the number of persons attacked by small-pox in proportion to the population during the last fifty years there is no doubt; indeed, it is now quite exceptional to see any one badly pitted by this disease. Whether this improved state of things be due to the protective influence of vaccination or to other causes is the main point to be investigated by the Commission. The importance of its conclusions can hardly be over-estimated, as upon them the continuance or withdrawal of the Acts enjoining compulsory vaccination mainly depends. The book we are about to consider is by Dr. Crookshank, and he tells us in his preface that a copy of it has been sent to each member of the Commission.

As the information upon which Dr. Crookshank has formed his opinions with regard to vaccination is mainly contained in the second volume of his work, we will refer to it first. We there find reprints of Jenner's celebrated "Inquiry," and of many other papers on the practice of inoculation with vaccine lymph and on cow-pox. We also find reports on three spontaneous outbreaks of cow-pox, two in dairies at Eysines in 1881 and 1883, and one at Cricklade in 1887, reported on by the author. We cannot speak too highly of the judicious care with which these papers have been selected.

The first volume begins with three chapters, giving a sketch of the history of small-pox inoculation in foreign countries, Great Britain, and Ireland; also of the various methods in which the operation was performed, and the patient managed. They are full of interest for the student of medical history, but have no bearing upon the question which now awaits an answer. Small-pox inoculation was rendered illegal in England in 1840, and will not be again revived. In the fourth chapter is described the system by which Dr. Haygarth proposed to limit the spread of small-pox. He must have been a man of great acuteness, having fully recognized, as early as 1777, that this disease was always spread by infection or contagion, and never originated *de novo.* He advocated isolation, cleanliness, and fresh air—indeed, very much the means in use at the present day; but we have, of course, in addition numberless disinfectants, and are cognizant of the destructive effect of a high temperature upon the *materies morbi.* In the chapter headed "The Tradition of the Dairy-maids" evidence is produced which appears to us to show that, not only was an attack of cow-pox believed to be protective against the more deadly disease, but that it really was so, the majority of small-pox inoculations failing in those who had suffered from the milder disease. The main object of this chapter is to show that the inoculation of cow-pox was known and practised before Jenner's advocacy of it. The proof seems complete that Benjamin Jesty, a Dorsetshire farmer, inoculated his wife and children with cow-pox as early as 1774, he himself having suffered from the disease by accident. Not only so, but also the faith of Mr. Jesty in the protective influence of this proceeding was so great that he allowed himself and his sons to be inoculated with the virus of small-pox—the result of such inoculations being negative. Many pages are then devoted to the consideration of the life and letters of Edward Jenner. Throughout the whole of this portion of the book, a desire on the part of the author is evident to destroy Jenner's character as a scientific, and even as an honest, man. He wishes to persuade us that vaccination is of no use, and that, even if it

* *Blossom-Land.* By Clement Scott. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

* *History and Pathology of Vaccination.* By Edgar M. Crookshank, M.B. London: H. K. Lewis.

were, the credit of its introduction should not be accorded to Jenner.

A specimen of the contemporary criticism of the new practice and its reputed author is quoted in the shape of a long paper by Mr. Birch, one of the ablest opponents of vaccination and a most ardent supporter of small-pox inoculation. Mr. Birch was not happy as a prophet, for, writing in 1806, he says:—"I entertain no doubt, therefore, but that we shall soon see what yet remains of popular opinion favourable to the cause of vaccination *vanish into thin air*." Eighty-four years after this utterance popular opinion is more favourable to this cause than ever before. His dictum "Never to sacrifice experience to experiment" would scarcely commend itself to the mind of a modern physiologist. Mr. Birch makes much of the fact that small-pox does occur in those who have been vaccinated, and sometimes severely, but does not appear acquainted with the equally indubitable fact that small-pox sometimes attacks the same person twice. This should not surprise us when we remember that second and even third seizures of analogous diseases, such as measles and scarlet-fever, are not uncommon. We believe that no instance of one who had been efficiently vaccinated a second time, and subsequently suffered from small-pox, has been known to occur. Mr. Birch accuses the Jennerian Society of having placed posters on the chapels and Sunday-schools contrasting the mild symptoms resulting from vaccination with the severe ones following small-pox inoculation. If this were really done, it was certainly an unworthy and undignified proceeding. Further on in his paper he insinuates that Jenner left London to escape from unpleasant questions about the new form of inoculation; whereas Jenner himself tells us that he did so because he was unable to obtain sufficient practice to permit him to keep up the expensive house which he had injudiciously taken. Though we admit Jenner's error in thinking that cow-pox originated from the grease of horses' heels, we are hardly prepared to agree with Mr. Birch in attributing it to itch on the hands of the milkers. The following appeal to sentiment seems to us entirely out of place in a paper which is intended to be a model of logical argument, "And do not let us so inhumanly submit our babes, while smiling in the mother's face, to *we know not what*."

Although Mr. Birch freely accuses the Jennerian Committee of making use of unfair arguments, he does not hesitate, on his own side, to put forward such a statement as the following about the apothecaries:—"They came into the new practice because they early discovered that it was the plan of the men midwives to seclude them by this manœuvre from the nurseries; and, finding they could not fight them fairly on their own ground, they resolved, by forming an alliance, to share, if possible, the conquest." This after having previously said "I presume not to judge the motives of action in others." To what straits he must have been driven for sound arguments with which to meet his opponents when he did not scruple to promulgate this gross libel upon two respectable bodies of men! Invective, however, appears to have been a favourite weapon of his; for he tells us in another place that Dissenting preachers who advocated vaccination did so because "they saw in it an easy way of securing acceptance to their peculiar tenets, by stealing, under the specious appearance of charity and philanthropy, into the bosom of maternal tenderness." In his dealings with the National Vaccine Establishment Jenner wished to be too autocratic, and his resignation of the post of Director was a mistake; but his assurance that he would, nevertheless, be always ready to afford it any assistance in his power was large-minded and dignified. Jenner appears to have disbelieved in Jesty's anticipation of him in the inoculation of cow-pox, and was, perhaps, not so careful as he might have been to inquire into the matter. However, it was he, and not Jesty, who, whether for good or ill, fought the battle in favour of vaccination, and caused the practice to be taken up almost throughout the world. His paper on the natural history of cow-pox (rightly rejected by the Royal Society) was an ill-considered and hastily-written one, and does not redound to his credit or promote the cause which he had so much at heart. In chapter viii. Dr. Crookshank, on quite insufficient evidence, makes the following serious charge against Jenner—that, having inoculated a boy named John Baker with matter from an ulcer on the hand of a horse-keeper, which had been caused by the grease from a horse's heel, and the boy having died as the result of this inoculation, he told a deliberate lie in stating that the boy died from a contagious fever caught in the workhouse. On p. 280 the author sneers at the statement that after the vaccine vesicle has passed a certain stage the fluid it contains is incapable of propagating true vaccinia, a fact perfectly familiar to those who have any amount of experience in vaccinating. Indeed, throughout the whole of this chapter Dr. Crookshank entirely drops the character of an impartial judge and adopts the *rôle* of counsel for the prosecution.

In the course of the next four chapters much conflicting evidence is given as to whether human small-pox and bovine cow-pox are modifications of the same disease; in the opinion of the author they are not so. In the very interesting chapter on cow-pox, descriptions are given of the cases of milkers accidentally inoculated direct from the cow in epidemics occurring in certain dairies in 1840-41 and 1887, the report of the former being by Ceeley and of the latter by the author. In all these the course of the vesicles was very similar to that run by those produced by inoculation with humanized lymph, except that the local and constitutional symptoms were more severe. With regard to the latter group of eight cases the striking circumstance is recorded that the patients were all vaccinated, with the lymph ordinarily used, four months after the casual attack of cow-pox, and were all found to be completely protected. This of course goes far to prove the identity of the natural and artificially-produced diseases. In attempting to explain the rapidity with which the new form of inoculation was accepted, both at home and abroad, without admitting any intrinsic merit in the practice, Dr. Crookshank would have us believe that Jenner had only to name the disease *variolæ vaccinæ* to induce medical men all over the world to believe and act upon his doctrines without inquiry or examination.

We may summarize the objects which Dr. Crookshank has endeavoured to attain in writing this book under the following three heads:—1st. To place in the hands of the medical profession a history of the origin, rise, and progress of vaccination, and the pathology of the disease resulting from it; 2nd. To rob Jenner of his laurels by depriving him of any credit which, by the world at large, has been thought due to the discoverer of the practice; 3rd. To endeavour to show that inoculation with vaccine lymph does not afford any protection from small-pox. The first of these objects has been carried out successfully, and this book is a valuable addition to the literature of medical history. We cannot, however, credit the author with any approach to that somewhat rare character—the impartial historian. The second point has been gained to the limited extent of showing that Jenner was not, strictly speaking, the *discoverer* of the benefits to be derived from cow-pox inoculation; nevertheless, it was he who caused the practice to be adopted by almost all civilized peoples. It is difficult to understand why the author should have shown so much *animus* against Jenner, and made such desperate efforts to deprive him of his posthumous fame by throwing doubts on his character as a scientific, and even as an honest, man. Possibly, with the enthusiasm of a recent "vert," he thought that the severest blow he could deal the old faith would be to discredit its author.

As for the third contention, Dr. Crookshank has scarcely made out a *primâ-facie* case against the protective influence of vaccination; indeed, all that he has attempted to prove is that attacks of small-pox, and even severe and fatal ones, have occurred in those who have been vaccinated, and this no one acquainted with the subject would attempt to deny. There is, however, an enormous mass of modern clinical evidence, collected by competent observers, demonstrating that the efficiently vaccinated person is in a position of almost perfect security against small-pox, as compared with one who is not thus protected. With this evidence the author does not deal at all. If clinical facts cannot be made to square with the theories of certain physiologists, so much the worse for the theories. We may enumerate a few of these facts, for which it seems to us impossible to account on any other ground than that of the protective influence of vaccine lymph.

The Registrar-General bears us out in asserting that the mortality rate among medical men from every infectious disease except small-pox is greatly in excess of that of the general population; whereas in this disease it is much lower. We think the inference obvious. It is within our knowledge that during two of the years for which the small-pox hospital at Hampstead was open none of the staff, though living constantly in a poison-laden atmosphere, contracted the disease, except an assistant gardener who had escaped the re-vaccination to which all the other members of the staff had been subjected before being allowed to enter upon the performance of their duties. We are told that similar experiences are common in small-pox hospitals generally.

We have already referred to the circumstance that the diminution in the number of cases of small-pox is out of all proportion to that of other infectious diseases, and therefore cannot be entirely explained by isolation of the affected and improved sanitary conditions. It has also been found in the examination of patients brought into the various hospitals that in the severe cases there were no cicatrices at all, or only very faint ones, showing that no efficient vaccination had been performed. By careful isolation Leicester has so far escaped an epidemic of small-pox, but the curious circumstance was recently mentioned in the *Lancet* that those who carry out the isolation of the cases which occasionally occur have all been re-vaccinated. So general and complete is the belief of medical men in the utility of vaccination that we venture to assert that, were the compulsory Acts done away with to-morrow, 999 out of 1,000 of them would continue to perform the operation on their own children; and the greatest enemies of the profession will scarcely maintain that its members, in the present day, are characterized by undue credulity. It may not be out of place to mention here that syphilis is the only disease that has ever been proved to have been conveyed in vaccine lymph, and greater care on the part of the operator would have prevented these sad accidents. Now it is always possible to obtain calf-lymph, which makes any such occurrence impossible.

We think the prediction contained in Dr. Crookshank's peroration (which we quote) as little likely to be realized as has been the case with that of his prototype, Mr. Birch, mentioned in the early part of this article:—"It is more probable that when, by means of notification and isolation, small-pox is kept under control, vaccination will disappear from practice, and will retain only an historical interest."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE promised last week to return upon this very curious book (1), and we lose no time in doing so—omitting on this occasion all reference to the editor, except to say that he has, save in the particular then referred to, done his work excellently. He has cited the rather numerous instances in which Colomb, Beyle's lifelong friend and literary executor, utilized the MS., and has given account of its very curious illustrations, as they may be called. For when Beyle wrote these sketches, it was his habit, whenever a scene occurred which he thought important, to make a diagram of the room or other scene, locating the personages and chief items of the *décor* at A, B, and so on. Another peculiarity which will strike any reader of the two authors (we do not know whether M. Stryienski has noticed it in his previous Beylic publications; he has not here) is the singular resemblance to Restif de la Bretonne in more ways than one, especially the attempt or sham attempt to disguise apparently compromising words by a transparent reversion or intermixture of letters, such as "teje" for "jésuite," and so forth. The life goes almost from birth (if Beyle could have remembered that he would certainly have described it) to his arrival in Italy, and while it will no doubt supply Beylists with fresh reasons for admiring their lovely and beloved Henri, it will certainly also supply not merely that wicked pair "Gyp" and M. Jules Lemaître with fresh gibes, but also more sober critics with fresh arguments against the sanity, if not against the vigour, of Stendhal's genius. It will not, indeed, tell anybody anything very new. We have a theory that new documents scarcely ever tell anything new to reasonably intelligent readers who have a fair knowledge of an author's works, and of accounts of himself furnished by men so different as Colomb and Mérimée. But it will undoubtedly corroborate and to some extent fill out and fill in the view of Beyle which such persons have already entertained. His wonderful talent almost, if not quite, amounting to genius, we suppose nobody denies. This talent is manifested here by a most remarkable series of sketches of "sensation and event." But it is all morbid and distorted, much more morbid and distorted than Rousseau's work, because it never lifts itself above egotism into art, as the *Confessions* constantly do. Both authors represent themselves as dirty little boys and unwholesome youths constantly supposing that every man was going to offend or had offended them, constantly entertaining nasty ideas about every woman, having an almost, if not quite, lunatic exaggeration of the importance of their wretched little personalities, and so forth. But Beyle, as coming latest, must needs exaggerate. He coolly descants on the hatred he felt for his father (whose chief fault seems to have been that he did not whip the little cub's bad blood out of him, or at least try to do so). He hints, and more than hints, while at the same time admitting that his suspicions very likely had no foundation whatever, at undue affection between his father and his mother's sister, who, by his own account, was rather a harsh aunt to him. He seems to wish us to believe that his own affection, at six years old, for his mother was what Frenchmen especially and significantly call *amour*. He never loses sight of himself in generous admiration of a book, a natural prospect, a girl, a basket of fruit even, or a bottle of wine, all through three hundred pages. Everybody with whom he comes in contact is a tyrant, or a *cuistre*, or at best a person deplorably incomprehensive of the great little H. B., with whom the said person had to do. All through we have, either with full names or in ostentatious disguises, references to the mistresses he had (or had not) long after. All through one is tempted to lament that he never experienced the salutary discipline of a thorough good kicking. And it cannot be pleaded for him, as for some persons, that these confidences were confidences to himself only, never meant to see the light, and, as it were, soliloquies of *épanchement* merely. He definitely anticipated publication, though he specified the year 1880 instead of the year 1890, and though he may, perhaps, have thought that no editor would ever publish one or two particularly ludicrous (not to use a harsher word) extravagances of his mania of talking about himself. Still the book is a very interesting document, and it can hardly be said that Beyle, from the particular side, had much reputation to lose by it. The worst of it is, that it comes pat to encourage a generation which is far too fond of uncovering its own nakedness as it is.

Selections from living writers are not, we think, so common in France as in England; but certainly, if the experiment had to be tried on any living French prose writer, it was necessary to begin with M. Renan (2). The object is to cater, in the first place, for schools, though the volume has the *format* of an ordinary "three-fifty" novel or book of *belles-lettres*, and the selector, whoever he is, announces the laudable purpose of steering clear of the polemical. We hardly think that the orthodox remnant in France, which after all amounts to more than seven thousand souls, will think this promise quite fulfilled by some of the passages, to name no others, from the *Histoire d'Israël*. Nor should we, had the task been ours, have coincided, even putting this consideration out of question, with many of the choices here. But that will always happen in such cases. And it may be freely conceded that, whatever fault—of doctrine, of logic, and not so very unfrequently even of taste—one may find with M. Renan, it is very rare to find a page of his which is not a model of French prose of a kind now too rarely written. This being so, and it being rather the habit of youth to flee from than to follow the principles of its instructors, while it insensibly remembers their form, we may wish the volume good luck.

Almost anything of Souvestre's is good reading for youth (3). Mr. Super's introduction and notes are, however, very slight. We are quite unable to discern the good of such annotation as "Voltaire, one of the most celebrated French writers (1694–1778)"; "Philémon and Baucis, in Greek mythology, a husband and wife noted for their mutual affection." Mr. Parry's "sight" passages (4) have the advantage of being taken with a wise want of discrimination from writers of all ages, styles, and merits.

(1) *Vie de Henri Brulard.* Publiée par Casimir Stryienski. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Ernest Renan—Pages choisies.* Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Souvestre's Le mari de Madame de Solange.* By O. B. Super. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Heath.

(4) *French Passages for Unseen Translation.* By C. H. Parry. London: Rivingtons.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SELDOM is it that the object of an author is so fully and so happily realized as in the two volumes of *Essays: Speculative and Suggestive* (Chapman & Hall), by Mr. John Addington Symonds. "To suggest ideas, to stimulate reflection," is the aim that inspired the writer of these delightful discourses and criticisms on art and letters. So rich are they in suggestiveness, that selection for comment is a difficult matter. The group of essays on Criticism and the Critical Faculty, on Style and the Art of Style, might alone suffice for the reviewer's text. On such subjects Mr. Symonds speaks with authority, and, by example, proving the truth of his own axiom, "Clear thinking is the first requisite of a good style." Of the critical method and the critic's equipment he has much to advance that is both shrewd and persuasive. Common sense and imagination, with a trained perception, make up the critical faculty, and without this first quality, learning, though Mr. Symonds admits it to be indispensable, is of no avail to the critic. The critic of to-day is especially warned against "subjective fancies, paradoxes of opinion, and super-subtleties." Restrain your subjective bias, do not import your own thoughts and feelings into the works to be dealt with—such is the author's advice. The praise of common sense, or sound judgment, is an excellent thing in the critic. There is truth, too, in the contention that a critic may over-rate his subjectivity, though, if Mr. Symonds had rigidly followed his own ruling, some of the most agreeable of these essays would not have been written. Looking at the wide field embraced by these volumes, it is difficult to realize the writer's picture of himself as a scholar isolated from the world, amid Alpine wastes; one who observes or meditates the world of things from a solitary mountain peak. But, in strict truth, the isolation of Mr. Symonds is nothing more than a geographical expression. The spirit of thought and inquiry carries him buoyantly to the uttermost parts of the world of art and literature. In the current movements of criticism and artistic work there are few writers that display such sympathetic ardour and invincible enterprise. "Democratic Art," "A Comparison of Elizabethan with Victorian Poetry," the review of Matthew Arnold's *Wordsworth*, the lucid and weighty essays on Evolutionary Principles, on the Philosophy of Evolution, the Provinces of the Several Arts, are all alike sensitively attuned to the modern ear and in perfect touch with the thought of to-day.

Mr. F. W. Bain's *Occam's Razor* (Parker & Co.) is a little volume of essays, all of which are excellent reading, and two—"The Conditions of Progress" and "A Refutation of Socialism"—notable for clear statement and reasoning. Mr. Bain's logical method carries him unerringly to the root of things in both of these admirable essays. Nothing we have read approaches the "Refutation of Socialism" in neatness and completeness. It attacks the central positions of Marx and Lassalle, and demolishes them by a very pretty and thorough sapping of the foundations.

English Lands, Letters, and Kings, by Donald G. Mitchell (Sampson Low & Co.), is the second instalment of a series of sketches of English literature and history intended for home consumption or the family circle. The present volume deals with the sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth centuries—"Elizabeth to Anne" is the title—and is written in a familiar, and at times a trivial, strain. Congreve, for example, is credited with "abundance of what we call 'cheek,'" and the finest wit of his time, Samuel Butler, is said to be "of a bar-room stamp."

In all that makes for elegance, *Thistledown* (Rugby: Over) lacks nothing. This is a "large paper" form of a volume of essays, pleasing in style, bright with fancy, and possessing a vein of poetic insight that is true if not deep. "A Country Fair" is a delightful compound of reverie and description, and in "Sunday" a well-worn subject is treated with much freshness.

The House on the Scar, by Bertha Thomas (Sampson Low & Co.), is a tale of South Devon, with an inscrutable heroine, a washy hero, and a bold beach-combing "black-birder" from the Caribbean Seas, as the leading actors in a tedious and unskilfully-wrought melodrama of modern times. Wonderful, indeed, if Miss Thomas is not more than realistic in her method, are the pictures of polite society in the city of Bexeter. One young lady, in the exuberance of her "frisky virginity," takes nips of

brandy in the billiard-room, and behaves precisely as 'Arry does on a Bank holiday.

A faint Stocktonian humour distinguishes *My Wife's Politics*, by Horace Hutchinson (Edwin Arnold), a lively sketch of a lady who, without any convictions, takes to politics as a social duty. Beginning as a Primrose dame, she is converted to Home Rule before finally lapsing into domesticity.

Still more to seek is the humour of *The Handsome Examiner*, by R. St. John Corbet (Field & Tuer), in which are portrayed the courtship and love of an examiner who falls a victim to the charms of an "original thinker," both being examples of the lay-figure type.

Forreston, by Newton Tempest (Digby & Long), deals with the old theme of the lovers divided by untoward circumstances, who yet should not have been separated if they and their friends comported themselves like folk of this world. Though not ill written, the story is utterly colourless.

Mr. F. M. Peacock's *A Soldier and a Maid* (Chatham: Gale & Polden) treats in quite another spirit of unhappy lovers separated by evil destiny, he following the fortune of war in Burmah, she in England tortured by reports of his death on the battle-field. There is a genuine romantic element in this charming short story. The characters are clearly sketched, and the military scenes are excellent.

Like the author of the future, Mr. James Gillespie, of Dumfries, dispenses with the publisher in issuing *The True System of the Universe*. He has also undertaken "a large order" in projecting a book to prove that the earth does not revolve around the sun, and is the only inhabited world. Mr. Gillespie is, in fact, an astronomical Hampden—the modern theorist, not the patriot—eager for the dethroning of Sir Isaac Newton, and his book is a challenge to all astronomers. Mr. Gillespie is so very much in earnest that they, and they only, should respond.

We have also received *A School Algebra*, by G. A. Wentworth (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *Text-Book of Physiological and Pathological Chemistry*, translated from the German of Professor Bunge by the late Dr. Wooldridge (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Boarding-Out System* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), a manual for Poor-Law Guardians and others, by Henry F. Aveling; *Report of the Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario* (Toronto: Warwick); *Report on Lead Poisoning from Drinking Water in Yorkshire*, by S. Monckton Copeman, reprinted from the *British Medical Journal*; *Story's Coloured Music System*, Part I. for Beginners, by E. M. Story (Philip & Son); *The Countess Muta*, by C. H. Montague (Routledge); *Only a Fisher Maiden*, by A. MacKnight (Digby & Long); *Count Königsmark*, by Henry Vizetelly (Vizetelly & Co.); *The Trade of Authorship*, by Wolstan Dixey, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; *Lyra Mancuniensis*, by Walter Hughes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim.); *Questions and Answers on English Composition*, by Professor Nichol and W. S. M'Cormick (Macmillan & Co.); and *Indian History*, a "History Primer," by J. Talboys Wheeler (Macmillan & Co.)

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THE

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OF

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CHRONICLE.

The Queen.

ON Saturday last HER MAJESTY set out from Osborne in the *Alberta*, and formally opened, by steaming round it, the new deep water dock at Southampton, which was named the Empress Dock in her honour, and which is one of the finest in the South of England.

In Parliament.

On *Friday* week the House of Lords, besides passing several Bills, discussed the recent unlucky events in connexion with the Grenadier Guards, a discussion which might have been omitted with advantage, but in which Lord SANDHURST, who started it, received a proper trouncing from the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, from Lord BROWNLOW, and, later and by letters, from Lord DE ROS and others. The debate on the Heligoland Cession Bill was resumed in the Commons, but without much spirit. Mr. GLADSTONE's great mare's-nest of the night before gave his followers so little confidence or so little courage, that the Front Opposition Bench did not care to vote. After Admiral MAYNE had very usefully pointed out that England could not now fortify Heligoland without mortal offence to Germany, and that, unfortified, it was useless; after Mr. LABOUCHERE had answered all his own side by declaring that we have made the poor Germans pay far too much for their whistle; after Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had got himself answered by his old chief, Sir HENRY JAMES, the Bill was read a second time by 209 to 61. The House was then given up to Mr. CONYBEARE talking about Mr. CONYBEARE's voice, legs, eyes, and other departments, together with some equally interesting matter, till three o'clock, when the Closure delivered it.

Monday's proceedings were in both Houses rather interesting. After Lord DUNDONALD had moved for and obtained what should be a really valuable return as to the age of non-commissioned officers in the army, and the Sheriffs' Expenses Bill had made its way through the cross-fire of hostile criticism from Lord HERSCHELL and faint praise from Lord BRAMWELL, Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL opened fire on Lord SALISBURY for his wickedness in being both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. It is hardly necessary to say that Lord SALISBURY was equal to the occasion. Perhaps Lord GRANVILLE was not. He thought it advisable to mention Mr. GLADSTONE among Prime Ministers who have "taken great interest in foreign "affairs." Lenient critics of Mr. GLADSTONE's appalling blunders, or crimes, in that department have always urged that it was one of the subjects which, like Irish history and others, he had put off "taking an interest in" till he should be past eighty, or thereabouts. It is now clear that this defence will not hold. In the Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE himself split hairs in his finest manner for the purpose of showing that the Crown could not decide without Parliament on the Gambia, but must, on pain of forfeiting all decency, decide without Parliament on Heligoland. Sir GEORGE BADEN POWELL's letter on this subject in Thursday's *Times* is worth consulting. Mr. DILLON, of course with Mr. GLADSTONE's support, wrangled a little more about Mr. Justice HARRISON. The Heligoland Cession Bill, after a division or two averaging three to one, was read a third time, and an amendment of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's on the Local Taxation Bill was defeated.

On *Tuesday* the House of Lords passed a not inconsiderable number of Bills. The House of Commons spent almost the whole evening on the Local Taxation Bill, and the not very comprehensible grievances of a certain number of Scotch members, backed by English Gladstonians, as to the proposed expenditure of Scotland's portion of the surplus set free by the abandonment of the licensing clauses. The London County Council (Money) Bill was read a second time.

Wednesday was again spent by the House of Commons on the Local Taxation Bill, and chiefly in wrangling on the part of the Scotch Opposition members. Nothing of any interest occurred.

On *Thursday* some discussion took place in the House of Lords on a well-intentioned Bill of Lord MEATH's for promoting physical education, which was, however, withdrawn. The Local Taxation Bill, once more, and the Post Office vote were the chief matters that occupied the House of Commons in point of time; but other things were of more interest. Mr. STANHOPE announced that he had asked the Duke of CAMBRIDGE whether some remission could not be made in the case of the imprisoned Grenadiers. "A Queen's "face should show grace," doubtless; but it is a little soon, and the terms of certain petitions which are being got up are not deserving of encouragement. A discussion took place in reference to Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks (referred to below) as to missions to the Vatican, in which Mr. GLADSTONE showed that, though undoubtedly he, Mr. GLADSTONE, had commissioned Sir GEORGE ERRINGTON to the POPE, yet a commissioner is not an envoy, and Sir GEORGE is not identical with Sir LINTORN, and Mr. GLADSTONE is a very different (ah how different!) person from Lord SALISBURY. And therefore, you see, there was no sort or kind of resemblance between the two transactions. Mr. SMITH made a further statement as to the course of business.

Speeches.

Some political or semi-political speaking took place on Saturday last, the chief occasions being a complimentary luncheon to Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE at Dartford, where Sir WILLIAM himself and Mr. STANHOPE spoke, and a visit of the HOME SECRETARY to his constituents at Birmingham.——On Wednesday Mr. GLADSTONE was entertained "to meet" actual and possible Wesleyan members of Parliament at the National Liberal Club. These curious entertainments are now so common at that institution that the Committee would do well to have some of the waiters taught shorthand, while the ingenuity of hosts will shortly be taxed as the "to meets." On this occasion Mr. GLADSTONE—who seems to have entirely given himself up to the discovery and denunciation of mare's-nests big enough to accommodate the celebrated animal that took GARGANTUA to Paris, sitting on unnumbered eggs—devoted himself to Sir LINTORN SIMMONS's Maltese negotiations with the POPE, and to Mr. Justice HARRISON, which subjects he treated in the most approved manner of equinidification.

Foreign Affairs.

The long-threatened revolution at Buenos Ayres came at last on Saturday, and a great deal of confused but very determined fighting —very insufficiently reported at first—took place. Except by those on the spot, and perhaps even by them, there was a certain feeling of relief at the news, it having long been obvious that the obstinate misconduct of President CELMAN in financial matters could, in South America, hardly be put an end to in any other way. The actual details and progress of the fighting, though the *Times* has been particularly well served by its Correspondent, were for some days very obscure. Apparently the body called the Union Civica armed and more or less drilled itself, obtained the support of a part of the garrison, including artillery, and then engaged the rest of the garrison and the police, which remained faithful to President CELMAN. The warships in the river at first remained neutral, but afterwards joined the insurgents, and bombarded the Government quarters. The PRESIDENT, however, was known from the first to have the support of the country districts; and he succeeded, by a really strategic

movement which was at first called a flight, in bringing up more troops. The results of the fighting on Saturday and Sunday appear to have been very "bluggy," but fortune remained so equal that, up to Tuesday evening, it was not known who had won. Indeed, for forty-eight hours' longer almost complete uncertainty prevailed on the subject, the upshot of various conflicting or obscure statements being that the Union Civica party, when on the point of success, had to give in for want of ammunition. Even yesterday morning, though it was announced that the revolution had ceased (after causing a loss, in killed and wounded, of no less than six thousand persons) in favour of the Government, and that business was being resumed, it was exceedingly uncertain what the real termination of the affair had been, and whether (which is the point of most interest) President CELMAN is to continue in office or not. If so, the shedding of so much blood merely to send down Argentine securities a little further seems a large candle for a small game.——Very severe fighting was reported at the end of last week from Central America, and fresh disturbances from Chili.——In the Belgian Chamber it was announced that France had given up the right of pre-emption over the Congo State as against Belgium. As a right of pre-emption must be either used or extinguished, this ends that matter.——The paying of a State visit by the Sultan of ZANZIBAR to the British fleet may be taken in conjunction with the meeting of the British East African Company on Friday week, a meeting at which the greatest satisfaction was expressed at the arrangements of the present and the prospects of the future.——The recent proceedings between Turkey and Bulgaria have, of course, raised a protest from Russia.——In the Cape Parliament the new Premier, Mr. CECIL RHODES, has brought forward a motion expressing regret that the Cape was not consulted in the Anglo-German Agreement. Mr. RHODES is a clever man, but he must distinguish a little more.——A very remarkable riot took place at Constantinople, in the early part of the week, which throws a good deal of light on the grievances of the Armenians.——An elaborate official memorandum has been published in Germany, explaining the Anglo-German Agreement. The tenor of this Memorandum is almost apologetic to Germans, but very friendly to England.——It is asserted (though the English Foreign Office as yet knows it not) that a series of very oppressive edicts has been launched against the Jews in Russia. Nations are often too fond of passing judgment on each other's municipal affairs and proceedings, and it may be urged that in pursuing this course the CZAR is certainly not running counter to the feeling of his own subjects.——On Thursday the Archduchess MARIE VALÉRIE, daughter of the Emperor of AUSTRIA, was married at Ischl with little pomp, but with many and sincere expressions of good will from her father's subjects, to her cousin, the Archduke FRANCIS.——Some further action of the Portuguese on the Shiré has been reported which may give trouble, a British steamer having been, it is said, seized. There has been something too much of this.

Congresses and Conferences.

The period of congresses and conferences has set in severely. That on Inland Navigation, which was opened by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH on Monday, has a good deal more to say for itself than its forerunners on peace and arbitration. This was followed by the still more important British Medical Association, which held its solemn state and intellectual throne at Birmingham. We cannot compliment the President, Dr. WILLOUGHBY WADE, on his argument for the still further curtailing of the general education of that not greatly over-educated person, the medical student. What with levelling up and levelling down there will shortly be nobody in England who is not half (or a quarter) educated, and nobody who is anything more—a consummation not, we should have thought, to be wished.

Sport.

The Australians, as might have been expected, beat Sussex, in a single innings, last Saturday; but no other match of much interest was decided on that day. In the early part of the present week the visitors had another victory over Kent. On Wednesday Gloucestershire beat what was on paper a much stronger Yorkshire eleven, owing to the fine batting of Messrs. GRACE and CRANSTON; and on Thursday Marlborough had a hollow victory over Rugby.——The Goodwood Meeting opened on Tuesday with capital weather, but not with very interesting racing, on the whole. The exceptions were the Stewards' Cup, which Lord HARTINGTON's Marvel won from a large field, including some good horses, and perhaps the Ham Stakes, in which the Duke of WESTMINSTER's Orion, a dark horse, but very well bred, won easily. There was better racing, with in most cases fair fields, on Wednesday, when the Duke of PORTLAND's St. Serf won the Sussex Stakes, Mr. GOOCH's Papyrus the Goodwood Stakes, Mr. BAIRD's Flodden Field the Halnaker Stakes, and Mr. JAMES's Dog Rose the Arundel Cup—the two last being especially well contested. On Thursday, the great day of the feast, and, unfortunately, one of very bad weather, the PRINCE OF WALES ran second for two events, the Goodwood Cup and the Selling Plate, both of which (the former with Philomel, the latter with Mareschal) were won by Colonel NORTH. The Duke of WESTMINSTER's Orion followed up his earlier win by beating Siphonia, a very strong favourite, for the Prince of Wales's Stakes.

Miscellaneous.

The decision of the Lords' Committee in favour of the removal of the Bloomsbury gates is chiefly remarkable because it inflicts a considerable hardship on a large number of unoffending middle-class people.——On Saturday last the brigade of Guards was inspected by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE—an incident of some importance in connexion with recent events.——Two excellent appointments were announced in the early part of the week—that of Colonel SMITH, Acting-Commissioner of the City Police, to be Commissioner, in the room of Colonel Sir JAMES FRASER; and that of Lord JERSEY, a good athlete and a sound politician, to be Governor of New South Wales.——A remarkable case, BRUNTON *v.* MAPLE, was decided on Monday, in which the plaintiff recovered a thousands pounds from the defendants for neglect in cleaning a Persian carpet. As Messrs. MAPLE would, from the evidence, have profited to the extent of about five shillings if the transaction had been carried out satisfactorily, the verdict may seem a little "unekal." A declaration-and-insurance system seems to be called for in such cases.——Sir THOMAS FARRER ("a "most interesting man," as his astonishing proposer said, thereby suggesting a Sir THOMAS in white muslin and blue ribbons) was on Tuesday elected Vice-Chairman of the London County Council, after certainly working hard for that honour.——On Wednesday there ended, by a verdict for the respondent, the DUNLO divorce case, which, while free from the nastiness which has distinguished some recent cases of the kind, had provided much edification for the student of humanity. Indeed, it is not likely that Lord DUNLO's inability to make up his mind whether he wanted to be unmarried or not, and his innocent neglect to consider whether horses and carriages, villas and establishments, require money to keep them up; Mr. WERTHEIMER's apostolic readiness to give and lend, hoping for nothing again; the chivalrous accuracy of Mr. MARMADUKE WOOD, and the contempt of Mrs. GRUNDY (combined with strict propriety of actual conduct) shown by Lady DUNLO, will, as a combined picture of manners and morals, ever be surpassed.

Obituary.

Colonel CARTWRIGHT, formerly Conservative member for Northamptonshire, and Father ANDERDON, S.J., one of the earliest of the deserters from the Church of England half a century ago, were, perhaps, the best-known names among those whose deaths were reported during this week.

Books, &c.

Reprints of all kinds are in the air. Messrs. LONGMANS' "Silver Series" was limited to copyright works of their own. Messrs. CASSELL have this week issued a Library of Popular Authors out of copyright. This is presented in very portable form, on extra thin but tough and fairly opaque paper, with covers in something like the style now popular in France for M. DAUDET's and other novels, adorned with Japonaiseries in colours. The set includes *The Ingoldsby Legends*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *Jack Hinton*, *The Tower of London*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*, with others scarcely less popular.

SPANISH AMERICA.

AMONG the few quite certain statements made in newspapers about the big and the little shindy at present going on in Spanish America, none is more certain than this, that the two are very difficult to understand. The little shindy, the Central American one, is, we incline to think, hardly worth understanding. A population of pure, or slightly mixed, Indian blood, adorned with sonorous Spanish names, just sufficiently Europeanized to be spoilt

for barbarians, supplied with firearms and fine phrases, and blessed with a soil fertile in yams, is very likely to go a fighting for anything, or nothing. Of the causes and course of its fighting, all we can rely on is that whatever is said about it is probably a lie, and that when it is over Central America will stand where it did. The conflict at Buenos Ayres is a more serious business, if only because it has inevitably a direct interest for the very considerable number of Europeans, and particularly Englishmen, who have risked their capital in the country. In this case, therefore, there is some advantage in learning what it is all about and what the result will be. Given the nature of the attainable evidence, judgment on the past is not much safer than prophecy. Here, also, there is doubtless much lying, and, what is even more confusing, much confident assertion by persons who have seen only a part of the whole, and take no account of what they did not see. It is safe to assert that prosperity, and nearly as much as ten years of peace, have not appreciably spoilt the old South American faculty for savage fighting. Also it appears that an immense influx of foreigners has not weakened the political supremacy of the leaders of Spanish name, and of more or less pure Spanish descent. With very few exceptions, the chiefs in this scrimmage are Spaniards. One Italian has been prominent, and we have heard of a gentleman of the name of O'Donnell and another of the name of Donovan as more or less conspicuous. But when was there a Donnybrook anywhere in which O'Donnell and Donovan were not busy? Besides, it is a notorious fact that we retaliated for the Armada by a large exportation of O'Donnells to Spain. It is also safe to assert that Dr. Juarez Celman seems a not unfit person to be President in a South American Republic. A President who turns up, when everybody thought he was beaten, at the head of several thousand efficient fighting-men; who so contrives matters that when rebels seize the arsenal they find the cartridge-boxes empty, but takes care to have plenty of ammunition for himself, is just the man for the place. There is a simplicity about his resources which is admirable. The *Times'* Correspondent saw him at Government House "laughing cynically," and explaining hilariously that, when every one thought he was flying for his life, he had only taken a cab and gone to fetch the army, which he had kept concealed at Knightsbridge.

The whole story has, in fact, a distinct likeness to the authentic proceedings of the General, and the Lieutenant-General, and the renowned Drawcansir. To take a typical example, the 11th Infantry—no doubt a most distinguished corps—turned suddenly in favour of the Provisional Government, and marched up to its batteries, whereupon it was immediately blown to smithereens by the guns of the party it had come to join. To complete the artistic finish of the picture, it was apparently immediately after this that the cartridges of the insurgents ran out, having lasted just long enough to rid Dr. Juarez Celman of an untrustworthy corps. Nothing could be more artistically complete. The rest was as clear and consistent as the revolution in *Rabagas*. We hear of ships firing into the Government House, while the sailors on shore are defending it with mitrailleuses, and of regiments which are on one side one day and on another the next. The rival Governments go up and down in see-saw. On the insurgent side it would seem there are more Governments than one. There is the Provisional and the Union Civica. The position of the armed forces of the State in these South American countries is amazing—or would be, we mean, if words had the same sense there as in Europe. At Buenos Ayres, as at Rio, it seems to have been found necessary to employ the police to keep the soldiers in order. The soldiers did not like to feel themselves shadowed, and showed their resentment; but, whereas they proved too much for the police at Rio, the constables, always a most trustworthy body of men, proved too much for the soldiers at Buenos Ayres. They at least contrived to hold out till the President came back with the army from Knightsbridge. The upshot of it all is that Dr. Juarez Celman got the upper hand at last, sufficiently at least to make the fight a draw in his favour. When more detailed accounts come to hand the world, if it has not forgotten all about the trouble at Buenos Ayres, will probably be able to learn that this passage in the history of the Republic is not so mysterious as it looks in the telegrams. It is already sufficiently clear that the attempt to upset the Government by violence was made by the townsmen exclusively with the help of mutinous soldiers and sailors. The force by which it was suppressed was drawn from the provinces. From these facts it may be concluded with tolerable certainty that this last fight was at bottom only one more episode in the long-standing feud between the city and the up-river provinces. As far as there ever was more in them than struggles for the control of the spigot of taxation, this has generally been the real meaning of civil wars in the Republic of La Plata. It is not a new kind of quarrel, nor one peculiar to South America. Something very like it may be read in the history of many free cities and municipal republics. As a rule, the city, which has the more compact force, and the control of the purse, has beaten the country. In Buenos Ayres the fight has never been settled, and it would appear that the country is in a fair way to beat the city. Dr. Celman has been all along mainly supported by the up-river provinces. It is they who have supplied the force with which he has crushed the revolt in Buenos Ayres. The citizens and foreign Correspondents who sympathize with them describe his followers as "cutthroats "from Córdoba." These are flowers of speech. Neither do we feel convinced that a cutthroat from Córdoba or elsewhere who fights for the established Government is a worse citizen than a mutinous artillery soldier, or a sailor who bombards the capital of the State, or even than the member of a club calling itself the Union Civica who makes an excessive issue of paper money an excuse for street-fighting.

It is a proof of the extent to which our notions of government have become deboshed in these latter days that there is a marked tendency in quarters where one hardly expected to find it to condemn Dr. Celman for not surrendering at once to insurrection. Yet he is the President of the Republic of La Plata, and it was his duty not to yield to violence. The charges brought against his administration may be well founded. He and his supporters may be bad men and bad financiers. Indeed, as to the quality of his finance there are not two opinions. None the less, he is the President, and those who endeavoured to upset him were rebels. This is, at least, a proposition which appears to us undeniable, except by a man who takes up the old view—which, by the way, M. Edouard Hervé has just championed in his paper the *Soleil*—that no Republic can be legitimate, and that where there is no lawful authority there can be no rebellion. We do not understand that this orthodox Royalist view is shared by most commentators on Spanish-American affairs. Unless it is held, those who wish to see stable Governments established in South America ought to be glad of the Doctor's victory. Financial purity and good administration are more likely to be attained by stable Governments than by "Provisional" Governments which owe their existence to street fighting. Business men interested in Buenos Ayres who have been made impatient by the bad finance of the ruling party would be well advised to reflect on the question whether they are likely to suffer most in the long run by a continuance of the Doctor's government, or by a return to the old method of reform by anarchy, which made life and property unsafe in South America. Bankruptcy is only too likely to be reached in Buenos Ayres before long, but it will not be bettered by the addition of civil war. Already it is reported that murder and robbery are rife in the city. That is at least undeniably the result of the outbreak, and it has not been shown that finance has been, or could be, bettered by mutiny in barracks and the employment of the navy on the work of bombarding the capital. All government in those countries may be government by faction, but that evil will not be amended by a deliberate return to the practices of the first and worst times in the history of the South American Republics. The victory, such as it is, of the President makes, on the whole, for stability of government, and is therefore really more in the interest of foreign investors than his defeat even by sincere financial reformers could possibly have been.

GNATS AND CAMELS.

In the conversation as to the duplicity of his tenure of the Premiership and the Foreign Office which engaged the House of Lords on Monday Lord Salisbury declared himself very little of a Conservative in regard of mere matters of form. He was not disposed, he said in effect, to strain at constitutional gnats. He is as little disposed, if we may judge from the tone of his reply to the speech of the peer who introduced the subject, to swallow constitutional camels. In the mouth of Lord Stratheden and

CAMPBELL the objections which have been urged by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE to the Prime Minister of England being also Foreign Secretary, or to the Foreign Secretary being Prime Minister—for the combination may be looked at from either end—find their *reductio ad absurdum*. The refutation is in the history of the Ministry. The administrative success of the Government is admitted even by its opponents; and its most signal successes have been gained in the conduct of foreign affairs. The mistakes which have involved it in some temporary discredit have been the management of business in the House of Commons—the one thing with which Lord SALISBURY has absolutely nothing to do. A plausible deduction from this state of things would be that the Prime Minister should always be in the House of Commons. CANNING laid down this doctrine at the beginning of the century when he was intriguing against SPENCER PERCEVAL for the succession of the Duke of PORTLAND. The Duke of WELLINGTON afterwards asserted it in yielding his claims to the Premiership in favour of Sir ROBERT PEEL. Sir ROBERT PEEL himself, however, towards the close of his career, had come to the conclusion that the Prime Minister should, if possible, be in the Lords. The supervision and control of the general policy of the Administration, in conjunction with the leadership of the House of Commons, was a burden that ought not to be laid upon the shoulders of any statesman. The question whether the Premier should be in the Lords or Commons can only be answered in the accommodating fashion of the University student, with regard to the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems—"Sometimes one and sometimes the other." It is a question of time and circumstance, and in a still higher degree of persons.

This, however, was not the question which the House of Lords had before it on Monday. Mr. GLADSTONE, in the debate on the Anglo-German Agreement, had qualified the expression of his satisfaction with the substance of that arrangement by an intimation of his regret that an understanding had not at the same time been come to with France. The sufficient answer is that it is best to do one thing at a time; that it is easier to negotiate with one Power singly than with two together; that the accomplished settlement with Germany was a good basis for arrangement with France, and that such an arrangement was in progress, and is now, we imagine, accomplished. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, could only assume that Lord SALISBURY, absorbed in the double duties of his twofold offices, had forgotten France; and no wonder! Not even OLIVER CROMWELL nor NAPOLEON BONAPARTE would have been equal to the crushing burden which Lord SALISBURY has assumed. The names are rather curiously chosen as illustrations of the difficulties of modern Parliamentary statesmanship. We have always understood that OLIVER CROMWELL and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE kept both their foreign and domestic policy pretty completely in their own hands, and if the alternative had been to surrender either or to give a long holiday to Parliament, they would have prorogued it indefinitely. Lord GRANVILLE, however, admitted, with a satisfaction at once sincere and courteous, that Lord SALISBURY had been physically able to sustain a burden which would have crushed NAPOLEON or CROMWELL. Lord STRATHEDEN pushed matters further than Mr. GLADSTONE, and attributed everything that had happened of which he disapproved since Lord SALISBURY'S Ministry was formed to the fact that the PRIME MINISTER could not attend to foreign affairs, nor the FOREIGN MINISTER to the general business of the Government. Hence the Police revolt, the mutiny in the Guards, the Post-Office strike, and the myriad woes which have befallen the English people. It follows, from Lord STRATHEDEN'S argument, that the Prime Minister ought not to be Foreign Minister, but ought to be Home Secretary, War Secretary, and Postmaster-General—a cook, and a captain bold, and the mate of the *Nancy* brig, and a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's gig.

Lord GRANVILLE practically gave up the argument from physical and intellectual infirmity, relied upon by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord STRATHEDEN; and affirmed that, in the conduct of foreign affairs, two heads are better than one. It is necessary that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister should check and control each other. He, Lord GRANVILLE intimated, had been interfered with when he was at the Foreign Office, much to his good and to the advantage of the public service. We would not accept this statement on any other authority than his own. Lord SALISBURY'S experience was different. Lord BEACONSFIELD had not interfered with him as Foreign Minister; and he, as Prime Minister, had not interfered with Lord IDDESLEIGH at the Foreign Office. It is only in connexion with Foreign Affairs that the superstition of dual government remains. The two Kings of Sparta and the two Kings of Brentford have alike disappeared. Formerly, there used to be two Foreign Secretaries for the Northern and the Southern Departments, who could not keep their spheres of influence distinct, but, like FOX and SHELBURNE, quarrelled upon the dim borderland or hinterland at which they approached each other. These were joint Paymasters-General and joint Postmasters-General who could seldom get on together. The disputes of Lord TANKERVILLE and Lord CARTERET in the latter office were one of the early troubles of the younger PITT'S Administration. Why the dual system, mischievous everywhere else, should be of sovereign virtue in the Foreign Office, Lord GRANVILLE fails to make clear to us. The indolent procrastination of Lord POCOCURANTE may sometimes be annoying; but the remedy is not to be sought in the fitful intrusions of the energetic Mr. MEDDLE-AND-MUDDLE. The most brilliant triumphs of English foreign policy were those of the elder PITT, who was the most despotic of sole Ministers in his own department, and who would certainly have not allowed the pottering intrusion of the Duke of NEWCASTLE into his business. The mutual distrust of the younger PITT and of WILLIAM GRENVILLE was a serious evil at the beginning of the French War. The Prime Minister was at the head of the Peace party and the Foreign Minister of the War party in the Cabinet. During the negotiations at Lille the formal despatches of GRENVILLE were practically countermanded by the "most "private" letters, by which CANNING in London made known PITT'S views and intentions to GEORGE ELLIS at Lille for communication to Lord MALMESBURY. This was going beyond the counter-intrigues of FOX and SHELBURNE at Paris on the conclusion of the American War. The squabbles and final rupture of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL are an illustration within living memory of the disadvantages to which the dual system is liable. Where it has apparently worked with success, either the Foreign Minister, like FOX under GRENVILLE and CASTLEREAGH, and CANNING under Lord LIVERPOOL, has had practically undivided authority in his own department; or, like Lord DUDLEY under CANNING, has been Under-Secretary to a Prime Minister who was in fact, if not ostensibly, his own Foreign Minister.

Lord SALISBURY admits that a Prime Minister charged with the duty of leading the House of Commons would be overtaxed by the work of the Foreign Office. Sir ROBERT PEEL, as we have said, thought that the work of leading the House of Commons was more than the Prime Minister could safely undertake, and that he ought to be in the Lords. The same may possibly be said of the union of the Foreign Office with the leadership in the Commons. The premature decline, mental or bodily, of PITT, FOX, CASTLEREAGH, and CANNING, tell the same tale. No doubt the personal habits of the men and the social usages of their time may have had something to do with their comparatively early death, in contrast with the long natural and political life of Lord PALMERSTON, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and Mr. GLADSTONE. But Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord BEACONSFIELD found themselves obliged to take refuge in the Lords, as the condition of retaining the Foreign Office in the former case, and the Premiership in the latter; and Mr. GLADSTONE, even in Opposition, is only leader on great occasions of ceremony or conflict, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT being a second leader, like the husband BEATRICE desired, for working days. It is not impossible that, if Lord PALMERSTON had been in the Lords, he might have united the Premiership with the Foreign Office as CANNING and Lord JOHN RUSSELL both thought of doing, and as Lord SALISBURY has done. It is notable that nearly for thirty years, from Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S elevation to the peerage in 1861, the Foreign Office has always been held by a member of the House of Lords—a singular comment upon the new doctrine of Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, that the House of Commons is practically the treaty-making power in the Constitution; a doctrine which would suggest that the Foreign Minister should always sit in the Commons, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer does in virtue of its holding the strings of the public purse. Attempts of this kind to impose fixed rules on a system, if it can be so called, of which the great merit is its power of

flexible adaptation to varying convenience, smack of a punctilious political Pharisaism which blends an adherence to tradition and the letter with an indifference to the spirit of the law and Constitution.

THE ARMENIAN RIOT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

IT is to be feared that Mr. GLADSTONE's recent description of the superhuman efforts necessary to manage, and even, it would seem, to keep an eye on, foreign politics will still further discourage the average Briton in his own not very superhuman efforts to inform himself on the subject. "I am not so clever as Mr. GLADSTONE," he will say (which is not only modest and becoming, but probably in most cases true). "If Mr. GLADSTONE thinks foreign "politics so terribly difficult, who am I that I should try "to understand them?" Yet there is nothing like trying, and some recent intelligence from Turkey will, in connexion with certain other things, give the not rash neophyte a capital exercising-ground. To drop circumlocution, the riot of last Sunday in the Armenian Cathedral at Constantinople is worth very serious consideration, and the complaints which have been made as to the impending persecution of Jews in Russia may very well be thrown in with it. About the facts of the Koom Kapou disturbance there seems to be little or no dispute. Monsignor ACHIKIAN, the Armenian Patriarch, is a very well-known person. He has been unwearied in pressing the Armenian grievances on the SULTAN's attention for a long time past, and is understood to have even threatened resignation if they are not attended to. But he is a loyal subject of his sovereign. Both as such, as Patriarch, and as an Armenian, he naturally does not desire that absorption of his Church and nation in the Church and nation of Russia, which is the real object of the agitators. He has thus come to stand to the Armenian Nationalist party much as the more respectable among the Irish Roman Catholic prelates stand to the Parnellites. And he was treated on Sunday very much as the said Parnellites would, no doubt, like to treat Dr. O'DWYER if they dared, and if there were not armed and uniformed minions of a certain b.b.b. Saxon about. During the celebration of the Eucharist one of the conspirators mounted a chair and began to read to the Patriarch and the congregation what purported to be a petition of grievances to the SULTAN. They wished, it seems, that the Patriarch should accompany them to the Palace in presenting this. Monsignor ACHIKIAN replied that the cathedral was not the place for such a demonstration—a remark with which even Mr. JOHN DILLON could hardly find fault. Thereupon one patriot fired a revolver at the Patriarch, the bullet actually passing through his vestments; others hunted him from the pulpit, beat him according to one account, and, according to all, dragged him from a shop or some other building in which he had taken refuge, attempted with spears and revolvers to hold the church against the troops who were sent to restore order, and actually caused and suffered some loss of life. The Turkish soldiers, with rather mistaken humanity, not only were, it seems, under orders not to fire, but had been deprived of their cartridge-boxes to make sure. For such is the brutality of the Turk.

Every one will, of course, anticipate the familiar argument that this is the outbreak of innocence maddened by despair; that the Asiatic Armenians, who are said to have filled the church, were fresh from hideous scenes of outrage on those dearest to them, and so forth. We might retort that the action of these victims throws a rather curious and unpleasant light on another riot (also in a church) at Erzeroum, over which Russophils have been lamenting. But there is something more than this. The Armenian "atrocities" are constantly represented by these same Russophils as a mere case of the slaughter of lambs, of the harrying that is exercised by armed Kurds or Turks on defenceless Armenians. How comes it, we should like to ask, that the unresisting victims of Erzeroum and Moosh, of Van and Bitlis, become so excessively valiant against patriarchs and policemen in Constantinople? Why are not the revolvers and the "spiked staves" called into requisition against the Kurds? We are aware that this suggestion will horrify Mr. JOHN DILLON, and that we shall run the risk of being classed with Mr. Justice HARRISON; but, notwithstanding, we shall stick to our argument. Moreover, a very small proportion of the Armenians of Armenia can be in Constantinople at a given time; while the experience of the last war shows that the Armenian Kurds are certainly not more valiant or formidable foes than Turkish regular troops. How, we ask once more, is it that a handful of men within reach of the whole garrison of Constantinople, with horse, foot, artillery, and, if necessary, ships at hand to quell them, dared actually to assume the aggressive, when they do not dare, or cannot manage, to defend their villages and houses at home? Is the sacred right of petition and of brawling in church a more precious possession than honour, life, and property? Or may there perhaps be some other explanation of the incomprehensible discrepancy? If, on the one hand, we suppose that the sufferings of the many Armenians at home, though no doubt existent, have been grossly exaggerated—if, on the other, we guess that perhaps somebody (his name may or may not have ended in OFF or in EFF, in VO or in ITCH) hinted to the few rioters in Constantinople that, under the eyes of foreign Ministers and foreign Correspondents, the SULTAN would not dare to be very severe in repression, and that much capital might be made at little risk—then we shall begin to understand things a little.

Now turn to the announced ukases (whether they are new or merely revived, were put in execution at once or shortly, does not matter) against the Jews in Russia. Nobody ("and for cause") bullies the CZAR as everybody bullies the SULTAN, nor do we at least suggest that anybody should in this instance. It is our conviction that the right of interference by one nation with the management of its own affairs by another is a right, if it can be called so much, of the very narrowest description, and to be exercised only with the greatest care and on the clearest and strongest provocation. We have no desire that one law should be applied to one people or sovereign and another to another; on the contrary, we contend very strenuously that the law should be uniform and uniformly applied. But let anybody compare the proposed or actual treatment of Jews in Russia with even the representation of treatment of the Armenians in Turkey. The ill-treatment of the Armenians, though no doubt a wise and vigorous Government would do more to prevent it than the Porte does, is the almost inevitable result of the juxtaposition in wild and half-civilized countries of hostile races which differ in religion, and of which one is decidedly more warlike than the other. The ill-treatment of the Jews is the deliberate action of a civilized Government towards a peaceful and unoffending part of its own subjects. We have no extraordinary affection for the Russian Jew. He is so very unpleasant out of his own country that we may presume that he is not very pleasant in it. Rightly or wrongly, the average moujik regards him as a kind of fiend, who tempts him, the moujik, to borrow money at exorbitant interest and to buy bad liquor at exorbitant prices. But, even if this were true, it would certainly not justify a kind of persecution which seems to be, in kind, as elaborate, if not quite as cruel, as any in history; and which in scale makes the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and even the expulsion of the Moriscoes, mere bagatelles. But this is not our point. It is possible that foreign nations might have a right to combine to prevent the thrusting out upon themselves of a swarm of hungry and rather offensive beggars. They have not, as it seems to us, any right to complain of the thing as a measure of internal administration by the rulers of Russia. And it is pretty certain that they will not do so. We may therefore fairly ask for admiration at the comparison of the sauce which that ingenious *cordon bleu*, European opinion, provides for the Russian gander and that which he serves up hot and hot for the Turkish goose. There is absolutely no question that the Russian Government is perfectly able, if it chooses, to keep the Jews scatheless; it prefers practically to outlaw them. There is very great doubt whether the Turkish or any Government could, if it would, prevent occasional ebullitions—though it might punish them—of race and religious animosity in such districts as Armenia, as Crete, as Old Servia. And yet we know very well what will, or rather will not, be the result in the one case, and we know also what result is being clamoured for in the other. A greater triumph of cant has probably never been seen, and the only comfort about the matter is that it is not here solely, though it is mainly, British cant.

A KIND OF WILD JUSTICE.

MR. DILLON has been refused—and we must say very properly refused—a day for the Parliamentary discussion of Mr. Justice HARRISON's Galway charge, and Mr. DILLON's leader has done his best to make it up to him by subjecting the judge and the judge's utterance to elaborate criticism before an after-dinner audience of political Nonconformists. The Government, and we believe the public also, would be very glad to compound on these terms for the systematic exclusion of this class of subject, and still more of those "definite matters of urgent public importance" which are raised on motions for adjournment, from the House of Commons. As Mr. GLADSTONE very justly observed at Mr. PERKS's hospitable board, the practical result is the same as if the Opposition debated the matter at Westminster, only to be voted down by three hundred Tories and "about sixty or seventy gentlemen who still call themselves Liberals," and to "give colour to that charge of "obstruction which, when they have nothing else whatever "to plead, they always use to explain away the present unprecedented state of things." No doubt the cynical humourist loses something by the transfer of the controversy from the House to the dinner-table or the platform. It would have been vastly edifying to hear Mr. Justice HARRISON rebuked for incendiary language by a series of the gentlemen whose names appear in the Fifth and Sixth Findings of a certain Report, and to have heard their indictment summed up by the impassioned telegraphist of "Remember Mitchelstown." The historic performance of "STEENIE" and "Baby CHARLES" would have been nothing to it. That patriot who made a speech which, if it meant anything, meant incitement to the barbarous mutilation of cattle, and that other patriot who cannot get judges or juries to see that he is wronged if people ascribe to his speeches a tendency to induce Irish tenants to shoot their neighbours in the legs, would doubtless, along with other friends of the late lamented patriot who recommended that Irish landlords should be treated like partridges, have joined in the debate; and very piquant the cynical humourist would have found it in consequence.

Nevertheless he must deny himself such indulgences at this late period of the Session. In the month of August a speech from Mr. GLADSTONE at the National Liberal Club is quite enough to devote to Mr. Justice HARRISON's indiscretion, without trenching upon the rapidly diminishing stock of time at the disposal of the House of Commons. More especially is this the case when the learned judge himself has substantially admitted that it *was* an indiscretion, and that the reference to "Lynch law," and the desirability of resorting to it against the village ruffians of Galway, was "infelicitous." Had Mr. Justice HARRISON spoken of "Vigilance Committees," of "organized self-protection," or even of "reprisals," he would have given less handle to his critics, to such sticklers for law and order as Mr. GLADSTONE, and to such rigid adherents as Mr. DILLON to the sound doctrine that innocence of motive is no excuse for incontinence of language, and that if men use words likely to be understood in their plain natural construction as suggestive of violence they cannot repudiate responsibility for the effect of their utterances. Now "Lynch "law" is undoubtedly a "term of art"; and, no less as undoubtedly, a resort to it on the part of a community would import something very much more definite than that such community were displaying "the moral "courage openly to assert themselves against the system "of intimidation and outrage prevailing." To this extent we can concur in Mr. GLADSTONE's criticism, not only on the judge's language, but on his subsequent explanation of it. *More suo*, however, Mr. GLADSTONE pushes his case too far. It is overdoing the rigour of technical definition to insist, as he does, that "Lynch law" is "essentially a question of life," or even that it is "essentially "anti-legal." As to the former predication, it is only true that Lynch law is a question of life in the case of offences regarded by the community applying the law as worthy of death. Where they do not so regard it, lynching is not a capital punishment. Thus to rob the owner of a horse in a Western American State is a case for capital lynching; while robbery of the backers of a horse on an English racecourse causes the "welsher" to be lynched, but not capitally, or not intentionally so. Hence the proper mode of lynching a Moonlighter of the worst type would undoubtedly be to shoot him in the legs, leaving him precisely the same chances of death or recovery as he allows his victim. The subject would be pleasing to linger upon; but we must quit it with a final word of objection to the second point in Mr. GLADSTONE's definition. He of all men should not describe lynching as "anti-legal," when he is himself the patentee of the exact word to describe it. It is "extra-legal"—a much less wicked thing, as we know from the case of the Plan of Campaign.

AFRICAN COMMERCE.

A LITTLE more negotiating, and Africa will be definitely apportioned amongst the greater European States. Most of the business has been done already, indeed; and from this time forth those eminently commercial nations, the British, the German, and the Belgian, are free to go on with their trading without the disturbance of rival claims. Peace be with them all and prosperity to each. They have plenty of scope; so much that, when they survey their enormous "spheres of influence," the various Companies must be a little embarrassed about making the best of their thousands of square miles. But they know their business. This we may say of our own traders with perfect confidence; and we shall presently hear more of carefully-planned roads, wisely-planted stations, and labour drawn from the native population with all possible regard to the principles of freedom and the dictates of Christianity.

All possible regard, we say, because there seems to be a little difficulty here. For the most part the native populations are not in the enjoyment of individual liberty. They are very much the property of their chiefs. Even if you desire to go on an exploring or a relief expedition, you have to bargain with some proprietorial headman for the use of so many niggers (so to speak) at so much a head; and when it comes to the making of railroads, the organizing of caravan service, and the like, the same means of obtaining help will have to be resorted to. There really is no other way at present; though, fortunately, it is quite possible to make arrangements of this kind to the complete satisfaction of the labourers themselves. Nevertheless, there has been some outcry already against "the barter of flesh "and blood" by the pioneers of civilization; and unless the British Companies are very careful they may find that they have not heard the last of an African Slave-trade in disguise. One of them at least has spent thousands of pounds in the actual liberation of slaves in order to prove its righteousness in the matter; but this is a kind of expenditure which a trading association can hardly keep up as part of its regular outgoings, and meanwhile the Companies must necessarily depend for much of their work on a supply of labour bargained for with tribal proprietors. It may be necessary to repeat that we see no harm in these bargains, since they can be made and will be made to the content and advantage of the people employed. At the same time, however, it may be pointed out that the necessity of making them, and the indignant protest they may possibly revive, lend force to a piece of advice which we would respectfully urge on other grounds.

During the whole of the partitioning disputes, now happily coming to an end, trade enterprise has made a little too much of its yearnings to free the black man from his bonds, and lift him out of the darkness of superstition into the light of Christian teaching. And not only a little too much—a vast deal too much. There was a time when all Europe mocked at the hypocrisy of a commercial nation which cloaked the avarice of trade under a desire to carry the blessings of civilization and Christianity into the dark places of the earth. It was not all hypocrisy, it was not all cant; but in the exuberant pretensions of British commerce, at that time, there was a pharisaic self-deception most unlovely to the view, which a younger generation had reason to hope had been dropped for good and all. As a matter of fact, however, no sooner were these scoffing Continental nations seized with the colonial expansion fever than they, too, began to pine for the civilization of the negro, and to mourn the obstruction which the greed of other nations posed to their right of sharing in the privilege of redeeming him. To be sure, the German yearner was so new to the business, and so near in point of sentiment to the earlier pioneers of British commerce beyond seas, that he publicly spoke of the bullet as an indispensable accessory to the Bible. But that was in a moment of difficulty, and when a need of chastizing the natives had somehow arisen. Besides, it may be supposed

that, in seeking the secret of British success in trading with barbarous tribes, our competitors fancied that there might be some sort of magic, after all, in what they used to condemn as mere hypocrisy. With them, however, we have nothing to do at present. What concerns us is the return-flood of civilization-and-Christianity cant upon ourselves. The partitioning of Africa, A's claims, B's claims, C's sphere, D's sphere, have been discussed on all sides, and from first to last, with a vast deal too much mouthing about the bonds of human brotherhood, the sacred cause of civilization, British philanthropy, and the blessing of Heaven which is far above dividends. What need was there for all this stuff? What was the call or what the excuse for it? We know by this time how much civilization and Christianity accompany trade into "the dark places." Our experience has been wide enough to assure us that it is a variable quantity; and that if contact with European civilization advances and elevates in some places, elsewhere it conveys degradation and hastens a miserable decease. That is not a reason for cutting off all barbarous peoples from means and opportunities of rising into a higher stage of existence, but it should have some effect in restraining such language as we have lately heard about the noble, the inspiring, the irrenunciable mission of commerce amongst African tribes.

Trade needs no apology. What harm is there in it as long as it is conducted in a judicious and honourable way? And why cannot the perfectly blameless efforts of this and that Company of merchants to push their trade into hitherto unexploited regions be carried on without assuming these most dubious pretences to a higher and a holier work? No body of traders in the world can afford to do without them better than our own; for, in these days, none are so little given to oppression and violence in barbaric lands. None carry with them so fully the obligation and example of law; and with that, and fair and honourable dealing, trade can be made as much of a blessing to all concerned as it can ever pretend to be without a very low kind of hypocrisy: though perhaps the right word is "humbug." Philanthropy, Christianizing influences, liberation from darkness; if the trader in Africa will only stick to fair and honourable rules of business, he will probably do something for these things as well as keep clear of the cant of them. Trade is not philanthropy, and nobody knows better than he does that philanthropy is not trade, and no necessary defence of trade enterprise. It is something apart, which he may practise if he is kindly enough to do so. And what if, amidst all this talk of freeing the slave and spreading the light, commerce is not above seeking its profits by the sale of gin at twopence a bottle and rum at ninepence a gallon? What then about civilizing influences and rays of light in dark places? Yet this has been so far a favourite traffic with the African trader, and some of our own fellow-countrymen—some even who have made themselves notorious for Christianity at home—knowingly and persistently poison the black man by thousands, all in the way of trade. Other cheats and impostures—though none so cruel as this—are occasionally practised even by the British merchant; who can yet allege that most of the poisoning is done from German factories and counting-houses. It is understood that some sort of difficulty is to be placed in the way of the poisoning in future—a duty to be imposed on the murderous compounds sold as rum and gin. The great new Companies will have nothing to do with these articles of commerce, of course. But what we should suggest is that means be taken to suppress altogether a traffic which is to the full as infamous as the Slave-trade; and that, ceasing the cant that has been flowing so freely of late, Commerce do content itself with fair and honest dealing with "the countless "tribes" that await the introduction of its commodities. That will be quite enough to justify Commerce in the eyes of the angels, while much offence to them will be avoided, as well as to a good many inferior spirits here below.

COLONIAL OPINION.

MR. CECIL RHODES, the new Premier of the Cape, has carried, without opposition, in the Cape Parliament, a motion which will probably meet with a certain amount of approval here. It is to the effect that the House regrets that it was not consulted with regard to the Anglo-German Agreement as far as it concerns the territory south of the Zambesi River, and that the Cape thinks it should have a voice in any subsequent agreement regarding such territory. What arguments Mr. CECIL RHODES may have produced in defence of this motion we do not, of course, know—nor, with all due respect to the Ministry and the Assembly, does it greatly matter. It would be no difficult task to supply both the arguments and the praise they are likely to earn in some quarters in England. It is unnecessary to do so, because our business at present is not with this particular motion, but with a certain colonial tendency which it illustrates rather aptly.

There is an inclination among the colonists, shared by some particularly effusive friends of theirs here, to alternately remember and forget the unity of the Empire in what is capable at times of being a somewhat exasperating manner. When it is necessary to appeal to the strength of the mother-country for protection, or for diplomatic aid of any kind, the unity is remembered. Of this we do not complain. Nothing could be more proper; but it ought to be completed by the recollection of certain other considerations which the colonist and his friends are apt to forget. It is a truth that the mother is not only the natural—and, in spite of occasional oversights, the willing—protector of this or that colony. She is also a great European Power, having relations with other European Powers, and interests of her own both extensive and delicate. When a question which interests a colony happens to have an interest for one of those Powers also (or, as with the Chinese immigration question—not yet settled, we may well add—for an Asiatic Power), the way of the mother-country is by no means smooth. If she cannot please the colony without also offending a State which it is her interest to satisfy, her case is a hard one when the colonists refuse to accept a compromise with good-humour. That they can so refuse we know from the history of this very Chinese immigration question, and we are only too likely to have to add from the Newfoundland Fishery dispute. The Anglo-German Agreement supplies an excellent test case. We have not only to consider the African colonies in this matter, but Germany also, and our relations to her. We have to act, not only as a colonial, but as a European Power. If the colonists were to choose to put us in a dilemma by compelling us either to disappoint them or quarrel with Germany, they would have small serious ground to complain if they were disappointed. We do not suppose they are going to do this; but they could, and the language they occasionally use implies that they are capable of doing it. If they were to take this course, they would commit a very signal act of folly; for the general interest of the Empire cannot be sacrificed even for the real, still less for the hypothetical, interests of a part. The South African colonists would do well to ask themselves what their position would be if they had to look after their interests, not only uncontrolled, but unprotected by the power of England. It would certainly not be easier for them to regulate the fate of countries to the south of the Zambesi or in any other region if they stood alone in face of a Power which has a naval force, and both means and men to attack them by land. They are protected from such risks; but they must understand that all protection implies control. They must take the fat with the lean, as the rest of the world does. If the mother-country gives them protection from direct attack, they must understand that they are not to hamper her arm, and make what is difficult enough already more difficult by unreasonable demands. In this case exactions by the Cape Colonists would be particularly unreasonable; for it is as certain as it well can be that, if they had not formed a part of the British Empire, they would have had to deal at their own doors with the Colonialmenschen, and have found them by no means easy to dispose of. Our colonies owe us some consideration for the freedom they enjoy—which, by the way, they as often as not use to put restrictions on our trade, and sometimes threaten to use to stop emigration.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is always due to skill and ingenuity however questionable their application; and it certainly cannot be withheld from the Opposition, least of all from the Scotch section of that body, as regards their Parliamentary tactics during the present week. Nobody has obstructed, in the technical sense; let us at once admit that. No professional time-consumers, no avowed practitioners of the art of embarrassing Govern-

ments—no TANNERS or LABOUCHERES, or others of the same paste, have taken, or taken prominent, part in the debate. Almost all of the speakers who have contributed to it have been sober, earnest, GOD-fearing Scots, zealous for the promotion of education among the young, and cherishing as profound a respect for learning as DUGALD DALGETTY himself. Every speech which has been made by them since the beginning of the week has reflected the single-minded sincerity of their purpose. Mr. HUNTER and Mr. CALDWELL, and Dr. CLARK and the rest of them have devoted themselves, day after day, to the attempt to divert the fund dealt with by the Local Taxation Bill from its Ministerial destination—the relief of the ratepayer—to that of the elementary schoolchild's parent; and the claims of that noble object are sufficiently strong on their own merits to rebut the suspicion that these excellent educational zealots can possibly have been actuated by any desire to retard the progress of public business, or that they have even given so much as a thought to that matter. Absorbed in their high purpose, they have allowed the hours to slip by unheeded; so that the discovery that on Wednesday afternoon Clause 2 of the Local Taxation Bill had not yet been disposed of came upon them, we doubt not, with a positive shock of astonishment. The Committee on the Bill has taken up nearly the whole week, and that without compromising anybody. The Government will have more difficulty than ever in winding up the Session within a reasonable time; yet they cannot say that, so far as this week's Parliamentary debates are concerned, they had to encounter any obstruction whatsoever.

We repeat that the whole thing has been admirably managed; indeed, in all but one point—to be noticed presently—the tactics of the Opposition could not have been improved upon. It is quite natural that the Scotch representatives, who first succeeded in getting the "free educa-"tion" principle recognized in the schools of the United Kingdom, should be desirous of picking up an unconsidered trifle of 50,000*l.*, and applying it to the propagation of their cause. Only a very minute and even captious critic will examine closely into the question whether the Scottish members were not perfectly aware by Monday at latest that they could not hope to carry their point either directly or by a side-wind, and might not, therefore, have felt justified even to their own tender consciences in allowing the Ministerial plan to proceed.

There is only one point in their management of the business to which exception could be taken, and for this, likely enough, they are not personally responsible. We refer to the too frequent interruption of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the debate. His earlier "condescensions" upon it were perhaps well enough; they might, at any rate, have passed as the result of irrepressible impulse acting upon the mind of a statesman who has not only devoted the greater part of a lifetime to the promotion of elementary education, but is known to have studied the subject in its special relation to Scotland with peculiar care. Everybody must have felt it natural enough for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be on his legs a good many times during the debates of Monday and Tuesday; but the excuse for his action on Wednesday afternoon was, perhaps, just a little too "thin." When, on such a question as "that Clause 2 as amended stand part of the Bill," the strictly limited time available for discussion at a morning sitting is drawn upon to provide room for a retrospective speech, filling more than half a column of newspaper report, and itself filled with pompous disquisition on the proper mode of silencing the cry of "Home Rule for Scotland"—when this, we say, is the course taken by a leader of the Opposition in this particular conjuncture of circumstances, we may perhaps just venture to suggest that obstruction, hitherto conducted with such creditable tact and dexterity, shows signs of having fallen into inartistic hands.

We are not sure, indeed, that if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had exercised a little more reserve it might not have been possible to have got another night or two of debate out of the Committee stage of the Local Taxation Bill, without attracting too much public attention to the tactics which the Opposition have been pursuing. As it was, however, the Government did succeed in getting the Bill through Committee on Thursday night; and, with the disposal of this last item of contentious legislation, the beginning of the end appears clearly enough in view. The Saturday sitting which is being held to-day gives notice to the House that a final "dead-lift" effort will be required to wind up business by or before the middle of the month, and while the usual response will, no doubt, be made to it from the supporters of the Government, there are also happily signs of our having reached a period when the energies of Obstruction itself begin to slacken; and there is a weak tendency on the part of the "fighting" Opposition to allow business which might easily have been delayed for three or four hours to be disposed of in less than a quarter of that time. It is in obtaining the remaining votes in Supply that the Government are likely to meet with whatever survivals of obstruction are still in store for them; but we are not disposed, for our own part, to expect that the battle will be fought with much tenacity below the gangway. They are human, after all, the LABOUCHERES, and TANNERS, and perhaps the CONYBEARES; and the fact that their next merry meeting to prevent the national business from being transacted is fixed for so early a date as the middle of next November cannot fail to exert something of the emollient effect of the ingenuous arts on their Parliamentary manners in the month of August.

The concluding incidents in the Committee stage of the Local Taxation Bill in all likelihood represent the last serious effort of Radical factiousness to embarrass Ministers in the work of legislation. It would be simply childish to allow ourselves to imagine that the treatment bestowed by the Opposition on the 8th clause of the Bill—the provision for suspending the issue of new licences—was dictated by any but purely obstructive motives, or that it could possibly have been adopted by any body of men who valued their professed principles above the gratification of party rancour. All these so-called Temperance gentlemen, from Sir WILFRID LAWSON downward, understood perfectly well what were the terms on which their cherished object, the suspension of the issue of new licences, might be effected. The Government had distinctly stated weeks ago that, though the clause providing for such suspension was no longer germane to the purposes of the Bill, they were prepared to proceed with it if there were a disposition on the part of hon. members to accept it practically as it stood. Hon. members, however, in one quarter of the House could not bring themselves to accept these extremely conciliatory terms. Great as is their love of temperance, it is exceeded in amount by their hatred of the Government. They would like to limit the facilities for the consumption of intoxicating liquors if it could only be done without limiting their own facilities for annoying and impeding Ministers; but as, by the terms of Mr. RITCHIE's offer, it could not be so done, they at once decided rather to sacrifice the clause than to simplify the work of passing the Bill. They covered the notice paper with amendments, relevant or irrelevant to the object of the clause—with amendments to repeal the law allowing licences to be removed from one house to another, amendments to restrict licences to their present holders, amendments to confer upon the licensing authority an absolute discretion as to the renewal of licences. It would have taken at least a week, and probably a fortnight, to get through the discussion of the lengthy series of so-called "amending" proposals, and the Government had, of course, no choice left but to vote against the retention of their own clause. Our own opinion is, and has been from the first, that it was an error on their part not to withdraw the clause along with the rest of their licensing proposals. A party of fanatics who have shown so resolute a determination not to allow justice to have any share in their Temperance legislation forfeit all claim to the benefit of any proposals which a Government may have previously made with the view, mistaken or otherwise, of reducing the consumption of intoxicating liquors. It is, however, not to be regretted, perhaps, that Ministers should have signified their willingness to retain the clause in question, and have invited the co-operation of the teetotal party in carrying it. It has once more enabled the public to see by what sort of spirit these "unco guid" people are really animated.

THE DUNLO CASE.

THE verdict in the DUNLO suit was so generally foreseen that it would be superfluous to express approval of it. The case for the petitioner rested upon testimony that could have produced no other result. There was abundance of imputation, without any solid justification. If there was proof of misconduct anywhere, it was to be found in certain of the witnesses against the respondent and co-respondent, and of quite another kind than that which they sought to

establish. There were the detective CLARKS, whose professional labours appear to have been conducted in a fashion that suggests the burlesque fancy of an opéra-bouffe librettist. One of these persons wilfully destroyed his book of notes, for no other reason than that he knew the case was coming on. The other CLARK, a very impressionable witness, deposed to certain facts which his own note-book did not substantiate. In cross-examination his facts dissolved themselves into the dew of impressions. When he spoke to witnessing a kiss, he spoke under an impression, and not by the book. The evidence of the servants, again —servants discharged without a character—was even less tangible than such evidence is apt to be. The witness LUMSDEN confessed, with superfluous candour, that he thought he had a right to speak against Lady DUNLO because of her refusal to pay him a commission on an engagement he had obtained for her. It was a pity Mr. LUMSDEN's injured ribs prevented his re-appearance in the witness-box. He might have thrown much light on the manners of his kind, and the last new way of paying, not old debts, but the debts of the day. And, lastly, there is that fine new type of the country gentleman and militia officer, the unutterable Mr. MARMADUKE WOOD—that "thing," as Mr. LOCKWOOD, with a feminine command of epithets, described him. Altogether, here was testimony of a sort, witnesses, too, of a sort; but the testimony was meagre, indeed; thin as lawn, a tissue of webs. On the other hand, the positions held by the respondent and co-respondent were practically untouched. Mr. WERTHEIMER's persistent attentions to Lady DUNLO, after Lord DUNLO's departure for Australia, were, as he admitted, and the event proved, liable to be misconstrued; yet no proof of the unsoundness of his explanation was submitted. Nothing was advanced, in the shape of evidence, that affected his declaration that his constant devotion to Lady DUNLO was *en tout bien, tout honneur*, mingled with much active philanthropy. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, indeed, declined to admit the philanthropy as fruit of the devotion; and perhaps he is imperfectly acquainted with the strangeness of that strange world where music-hall singers move in incalculable ways. That was a shrewd direction of Sir JAMES HANNEN's to the jury that they had to consider in the DUNLO trial the life of a class of people quite foreign to their ordinary knowledge. Glimpses they had of another world than that of general experience, a world whose inhabitants might fitly figure in wondrous works of fiction, like "Some Episodes in the Life of an Actress" or "Memoirs "of a Person of Quality."

From another point of view the case is even more suggestive. It is only too rich in material for those who love to adorn a story in the moralist's way or the censor's. Those who study the minds and manners of youth may well regard the spectacle of Lord DUNLO, distracted between the parental decree and a husband's duties, with a good deal of interest. Before the marriage it was determined that Lord DUNLO should travel abroad in the company of a guide, philosopher, and friend. This is an old remedy for youthful extravagance, though for the grand tour was substituted a sea voyage. Lord CLANCARTY's prescription, however, was delayed too long. The time was ill-chosen for the experiment when it was carried out a few days after Lord DUNLO's marriage, and his wife was left to her own resources. Lord DUNLO's conduct contrasts disagreeably with the tone of his letters, both before and subsequent to Lord CLANCARTY's intervention. According to Mrs. SEYMOUR, the respondent's sister, he had spoken hopefully of his father's intentions a few days previous to the marriage, though possibly he expressed the fond and foolish hope of sanguine youth. "The father softens, but the governor's resolved," may express his view of the situation at the time. His letters and Lady DUNLO's are as affectionate and ingenuous as letters should be in the circumstances. The avowals of faith and fidelity on his side do not cease even after the suit is instituted by Lord CLANCARTY, and Lord DUNLO had signed the affidavit in which the charges against his wife were set forth. Two months later he reiterated his disbelief in the "horrid, "horrid things" alleged against her. In all this we feel there is more that claims pity than that merits contempt. It had been only too easy and too tempting to have played the braggart or the hypocrite, and have escaped the ridicule that folly and weakness earn. There was really no need whatever for Lord DUNLO's rather feeble declaration that he never authorized any one to watch his wife after voluntarily abandoning her. It would be as impossible to doubt this statement, even if we had not Lord CLANCARTY's admission of full responsibility, as to doubt the sincerity of his belief that the income of his wife was sufficient to support the establishment at St. John's Wood. Much more surprising was Lord CLANCARTY's disbelief in the possibility that a man may legally contract a marriage in England at the tender age of eighteen or nineteen.

A NIGHT OF MALTA.

WE have commented elsewhere on that portion of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, of last Wednesday night, in which he deals with Mr. DILLON's demand to be allowed to waste a precious August night in a necessarily futile palaver over Mr. Justice HARRISON's indiscretion. It was only because this modest claim was rejected—or this, at least, would seem to be the reason—that Mr. GLADSTONE felt it his duty to discuss the whole question at large at the National Liberal Club for the benefit of what he is pleased to imagine a profoundly interested nation. "Ah!" he exclaimed solemnly, towards the end of his discourse, "it is "important that this should be worked out in the face of "the country." Once bring it home to the popular mind that an Irish judge has let fall an imprudent word which might possibly suggest to the victims of terrorism and outrage in Ireland the expediency of taking the law into their own hands, and every Englishman will at once become a convert to Home Rule, and yearn to transfer the government of Ireland to a set of men whose own words, and the effect of them upon the authors of outrage and terrorism, are "more largely expressed" than we have here room to recapitulate in the Report of the Special Commission. A profligate and unconstitutional Government has denied Mr. GLADSTONE and his Irish friends an opportunity of ventilating this momentous grievance in the House of Commons, so he has inflicted it—a little unfairly perhaps—on a number of leading members of the Wesleyan community. But that is not all. This is not the only subject which a high-handed Administration has compelled Mr. GLADSTONE to discuss out of doors. It has betrayed "the Protestantism of the Protestant religion" —just as it would, no doubt, trip up "the dissidence "of Dissent if the D. of D. only gave it half a chance"; it has lowered the dignity of the QUEEN of ENGLAND, outraged the sovereignty of the King of ITALY, disestablished the English language, made concessions to the POPE which are without precedent for three hundred and fifty, and possibly for seven hundred, years; and yet the leader of the House will *not* bring on the Foreign Office vote (though he could do so at any moment by the simple process of gagging all the Scotch and Irish members who occupy the benches behind and below the leader of the Opposition), and Mr. GLADSTONE has again no alternative but to lodge his protest with the reporters of an after-dinner speech of his at the caravanserai on the Thames Embankment.

Well, we can only say of the performance, as of Mr. GLADSTONE's subsequent descent on Mr. Justice HARRISON's charge, that it is an admirably considerate method of saving the time of Parliament, and that if complaints which have as little in them as these were always submitted to an after-dinner audience, in a speech of an hour or so, at a political club, instead of being gabbled about from four o'clock till midnight in the House of Commons, the Government and the country would be alike the gainers. The "Protestant grievance" is an even more striking illustration of this truth than the Galway charge. If Mr. GLADSTONE has really come to the conclusion, in the desperate dearth of pretexts for attacking the Ministerial foreign policy, that the No Popery cry is better than nothing, it is certainly to be preferred that he should address himself to a little clique of Dissenters in a private dining-room than that he should raise an idly-acrimonious debate on it in Parliament. The fact is that the whole thing is absolutely hollow from beginning to end; that Sir LINTORN SIMMONS's mission to the Vatican was only so far a novelty as that it was unattended with the objectionable incidents that marked Mr. GLADSTONE's own despatch of Mr. ERRINGTON —a proceeding which he so delightfully and characteristically "distinguished" on Thursday night in the House of Commons—on the same errand; that the affront to the King of ITALY is an affront which is being daily inflicted upon him in a much more pronounced form by at least two other foreign Powers, and is being borne by him with philosophic composure; that the arrangement in

which Sir LINTORN SIMMONS's mission resulted is a concession made to, and not extracted from, the Protestant minority in a Catholic country; that Italian is not a language dear to the Maltese in the sense in which Welsh is dear to the people of Wales; and that, even if it were, to talk of its having been disestablished is nonsense. From first to last we say there is "nothing in it," and it is far better, therefore, that a limited amount of the nothing should be talked to an audience of dined and comfortable Nonconformists than that an infinite deal of it should be bestowed on a busy and weary House of Commons.

CRITICISM WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

"WE read Dumas's *Monte Cristo, Trois Mousquetaires*, and other tawdry mock-heroic imitations of Sir Walter Scott, with toleration, perhaps with amusement." Who so reads Dumas? Why, the gentleman who is entrusted by the *Quarterly Review* with the task of exposing to the British public, through two numbers, the sad condition of modern French fiction. Now the editor of the *Quarterly Review* is not bound to have a correct taste, or any taste, in novels. Perhaps it is not strictly necessary for him to know French. But also he is not bound to print two articles on French novels, or even one. And if he thinks fit to do so, it would have been (one would humbly surmise) an elementary precaution to consult some one who had such a competent knowledge of the French language and such a reasonable and moderate sense of literature as to suppress the sentence we have quoted in some embryonic stage not later than the first proof. The fact that such a sentence could appear in a review of the pretensions of the *Quarterly* is alone an ample revenge for all the French men of letters whom the *Quarterly* Reviewer has misunderstood and vilified; and for this reason we read this kind of criticism with amusement, but not with toleration. But this estimate of Dumas, who is shortly afterwards coupled as a "frivolous" writer with "the Paul de Kocks and the Eugène Sues," is merely the induction to our critic's principal matter. It is somewhat as if a French critic, having disposed offhand of the frivolous school of the Disraelis, Mayne Reids, and Walter Scotts, were to proceed to dissect George Eliot, Dickens, and Thackeray. For Thackeray, indeed, our *Quarterly* oracle would give him a notable hint. Thackeray, it seems, "would now be termed a 'Philistine of genius,' which perhaps he was." Does that nobly condescending *perhaps* qualify the Philistine or the genius? Our ingenious critic excels in qualifications. Elsewhere he speaks of Blake's "Tiger" as "curiously great verses," meaning, apparently, that it was quite curious for an ill-regulated person (not to say madman) like Blake to write great verses, and that it is quite noble in a well-regulated person who writes for the *Quarterly Review* to allow their greatness. Balzac, again, has a "hard, yet magical pen." George Sand is not so speedily disposed of. The critic has read a good deal of her work, and, strange to say, appreciated it up to a certain point—short of where the difference between observation and creative imagination comes in; for *Consuelo* seems to have impressed him merely as picturesque writing.

But to our author's point. "The great movement which began with Romanticism is ending in Realism. From Rousseau through Chateaubriand, Hugo, and George Sand, it has descended, by the way of Balzac and Flaubert, to the Zolas who degrade literature to the photography of the moment." Let us see if we can roughly parallel this thesis. One might say that the standard of English prose fiction has degenerated from Richardson through Scott, George Meredith, and Dickens, by way of Thackeray and Henry James, to the Louis Stevensons who degrade literature, and so forth. But it would be short of the grotesqueness of the original. What is more, it is quite likely that many good people, the *Quarterly* Reviewer among them, will see nothing otherwise than plausible in the statement. Meanwhile, one thing is plain, that the reviewer has given himself over to the besetting sin of English criticism. He must needs be pointing a moral. The reviewer who preaches instead of reviewing is sure to fall into some deadly pit before long; and the English reviewer who preaches about French books generally comes to believe (as he thought from the first it was his duty as an Englishman to believe) that no Frenchman is capable of knowing the difference between virtue and vice, and all French writers, especially when they write well, are deliberate corrupters of morals. It may be useful to illustrate the cross purposes which ensue by an imaginary conversation in more plain and tangible matter. Let us conceive the veracious and virtuous Briton discoursing with the false and immoral Frenchman concerning boots. As thus:—

V. V. B. What bad boots that man has!

F. I. F. Pardon me; they look to me like good boots.

V. V. B. I tell you it is impossible they should be good boots; I saw them being made; the shoemaker was not sober. He talked all the time, and rolled his *r*'s in a way I never heard from a sober English cobbler.

F. I. F. Pardon me again; perhaps he was a Frenchman.

V. V. B. So much the worse for all Frenchmen. And see, how like a disorderly drunkard the man walks! how ungainly! It is all those wicked boots.

F. I. F. But the man is walking just like other people, and quite straight.

V. V. B. How can you say such scandalously immoral things? I tell you the man is drunk; he must be drunk; I saw him come out of a public-house; the boots took him there. But you Frenchmen never had any moral veracity.

The *Quarterly* Reviewer, having made up his mind that no modern French novelist can conceive a fine character or recognize an unselfish motive, proceeds to demonstrate his thesis by leaving aside every fact inconsistent with it. Balzac's people, we are told, are all monsters, and his characters always intrinsically vicious. We need not go very far for the refutation. It occurs at once, among Balzac's least ideal scenes, in a narrow circle of Parisian tradespeople, and in a book which the reviewer professes to have read. We mean the history of César Birotteau. Is Birotteau vicious? By no means. He has foibles, both personal and of his class. Vanity and petty social ambition are there, and bring their punishment. Balzac's triumph is to disengage an element of true moral nobility from this unpromising crude matter. But when one is persuaded "that Balzac was a materialist, that he worshipped force, and did not believe in God," it is convenient to forget many things. Apparently Balzac's atheism is proved by his "unbelief in human nature." Does the reviewer mean us to think that the Church believes in the capacity of unaided human nature to improve itself? The reviewer himself thinks that French civilization is perishing. If it be so, he might at all events give Balzac and Flaubert some credit for sagacity in perceiving the decadence, and for righteous indignation in denouncing what they could not check. But no; French manners are desperately wicked, and it is still more wicked of French men of letters to have eyes for their wickedness. The truth is, we conceive, that French society as we see it in French novels, and English society as we see it in English novels, are both to a large extent creatures of literary convention—a convention which is extremely different in the two countries, by reason partly of literary and partly of social conditions. We cannot pursue this now. But we may remark that, among the very French men and women who scandalize British matrons and *Quarterly* Reviewers by writing and reading novels of the kind called *raide*, a large proportion would have the utmost difficulty in understanding how British parents can venture to turn their children loose on Walter Scott at the age of ten or twelve years.

Our critic has to admit, when he comes to Flaubert, that Flaubert could write French. He classes *Madame Bovary* as a masterpiece—which amounts, by the way, to giving up the whole of his case against the modern school—*Salammbô* (as he is pleased to write, or suffer to be printed, for *Salammbô*) and *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* as splendid failures, and *L'Education Sentimentale* as "the dullest book that a man of genius ever inflicted on our race." Our own opinion is very different; it may be left as a matter of opinion. We may say, however, that *L'Education Sentimentale* contains to our mind a great deal of Flaubert's best work. Of *Hérodias*, where he is at his very best, we find here not one word. When the reviewer goes on to mix up "the De Goncourts," as he calls them (but the Goncourts were Frenchmen, not Dutchmen or Germans), M. Paul Bourget, M. Daudet, Pierre Loti, and M. Zola, and to spin out of the mixture his long-drawn moral which never comes to any point, we become too bewildered to follow either his opinions or his facts. To represent M. Zola as the necessary result of a long line of spiritual ancestors appears, however, somewhat audacious. We are not concerned either to defend or to censure M. Zola; but we have understood that he is about as much a self-made writer as a man can be who has read any books, and frequented any company of men of letters. After much diffuse bad language about unclean Harpys (*sic*) and obscene creations, we are left in a hopeless fog. We cannot make out whether the decadence began with Hugo's earliest work or with *Notre Dame de Paris*, or with Balzac, or with George Sand; whether Balzac corrupted Paris, and Paris corrupted Flaubert and M. Daudet, or Paris has always been a corrupt city, producing corrupt literature by nature. Some true remarks are scattered up and down the reviewer's pages, of which the substance has been already much better expressed by French writers. Amiel (though not a Frenchman, nor usually a neat writer) gives us a much more profitable criticism of Hugo in two or three pages than this reviewer in nine or ten.

Strange as it may seem to the *Quarterly* Reviewer, any one who knows a little of French men as well as French books can assure him—and the editor who has been misguided to employ him—that at least some things by which a nation's vitality is measured have much less appearance of decadence in France at this moment than twenty years ago. It is quite true that in France, as in England, imaginative literature shows signs of a temporary exhaustion. But this will not serve for the reviewer's purpose. We do not pretend to know how he arrived at the exact measure of pretentious misapprehension which was required to produce these two articles. But we can guess how it might have been done, and how the editor of the *Quarterly Review* (since it seems to please him) may do it again at his pleasure. Take an Englishman who reads French fluently but inaccurately, and has not read much modern French of any sort; see that he abounds in a morbid consciousness of moral superiority to the foreigner, is not troubled with any sense of poetry or of the difference between creative and imitative work, has not too much sense of style, and never doubted but that taste is reducible to rules; give him a brief to denounce the wicked modern French novel, and two or three months to get up the books; take his copy when ready, print, and serve to the British public. One consolation we have,

that, so far as we know, very few educated Frenchmen read the *Quarterly Review*. And one more fact of terrible moral significance we have to offer to the reviewer. There has been an explosion in the collieries of St. Etienne; and after the explosion there was found in the workings—yes, in the interest of morality we dare to say it—there was found a naked lamp. Decadence, hopeless decadence!

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—TARANTULAS.

IN June last we remarked parenthetically, in our notice of the praying mantis, that a tarantula had been received by the Society, and was then in the Insect House. This animal, however, was very short-lived, dying within a few days of its arrival. We are, therefore, glad to say that the loss has been much more than repaired by the arrival in Regent's Park of not less than five of these gigantic spiders, which, though all known as tarantulas, belong to two different families, Mygalidæ and Lycosidæ. There is a solitary specimen of the former, and four specimens of the latter. They are respectively labelled as "Brazilian Tarantula, Mygale sp. ?, Brazil," and "Deserta Tarantula, Lycosa nigra, Deserta Grande, Madeira." The first of these was purchased by and the others presented to the Society, the last, at least, being, we believe, "new to the collection."

The Mygalidæ have a considerable range; but the larger of them, which are truly gigantic spiders, are found only in the warmer parts of the world—tropical America and the West Indies being specially favoured by them. Among the smaller species which are found in Europe are the well-known trapdoor spiders, specimens of which are generally living in the Zoo, but, owing to their burrowing and nocturnal habits, can rarely, if ever, be seen; and also one species found in England, principally in the South, which constructs a curious dwelling consisting of a silk-lined tube or gallery, which takes at first a horizontal and then a vertical direction, the mouth being covered by a curtain formed of a continuation of the silken lining. At present, however, we are only concerned with the large American species. These, as a rule, do not burrow, but live in crevices in the bark of trees, and in hollows among rocks and stones, where they make a sort of silken case as a home. They are generally nocturnal in their habits, pursuing their prey in the evening and during the night, and appear to be by no means particular what they attack, though, no doubt, insects and other arthropods form the bulk of their food. According to the older authors, however, they are much given to destroying and feeding on birds, whence their name of bird-catching spiders, and the specific name of Avicularia given by Linnæus to one species. Mme. Merian figured and described one of these spiders which she declared was in the habit of surprising small birds on their nests and sucking their blood with avidity. Mr. Bates, in his *Naturalist on the River Amazons*, tells us that, though he found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents on the banks of the Pará River, he was able to "verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genus Mygale, in a manner worth recording." The following is his account of what he saw:—"The spider was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds—finches—were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster. I drove away the spider, and took the birds; but the second one soon died." This author also gives the following particulars of these spiders, which he describes as "quite common":—"Some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them Aranhas Carangueijeiras, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterwards. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the creases of the skin." After this description it is curious to find that the Indian children make pets of these creatures. Yet Mr. Bates relates that one day he saw some Indian children "with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog." In confinement these tarantulas are fed principally on cockroaches and meal-worms. The specimen now in the Zoo is a large and sufficiently terrible-looking spider, though it is, we believe, by no means full grown. It is of a deep glossy black, with the exception of its abdomen, the longer hairs on which are a rich orange red; it keeps itself concealed during the day, for which purpose it is supplied with two small flower-pots and a quantity of moss, but if disturbed, it shows considerable activity and every desire to attack the intruder on its privacy.

Like the Mygalidæ, the Lycosidæ or wolf-spiders, to which family the *Deserta tarantula* belongs, have a very wide range, and the different species vary much in size, though none of them are so large as the larger members of the former family. Still many of them, especially those inhabiting the warmer parts of the world, attain a very considerable size, as indeed may be seen by any one visiting the Zoo at the present time. They differ from the Mygalidæ, however, not only in size but also in general appearance; as, for example—a point which will strike the least observant—they are by comparison hairless and, indeed, generally more spider-like, though, be it observed, they are by no means destitute of hair. They are wandering, preying spiders, capable of running with considerable swiftness, and, like the Mygalidæ, many of them are nocturnal in their habits, wandering about after dark in pursuit of the insects on which they feed. They live in holes, under stones, and in crevices in rocks or walls, and some species are fond of the water, on which they run in pursuit of insects. The most famous of all the wolf-spiders is the tarantula of Southern Europe, *Lycosa tarantula*, about which most extraordinary stories were told by the older writers, many of which still cling to every spider that can be called a tarantula, thus causing the unfortunate animals to bear a much worse name than even they deserve. As a fact, the bite of the tarantula is painful, but not dangerous; yet it was fully believed to be the cause of a sort of hysterical dancing mania which appeared in an epidemic form in Italy in the fourteenth century, and spread all over the country, reaching its height in the seventeenth century, after which it gradually faded away. The following extract from Brookes's *Natural History* gives in detail the symptoms which were supposed to result from the bite of one of these spiders:—"In the summer months, particularly in the dog-days, the tarantula creeping among the corn in the fields bites the mowers and passengers. . . . The part which is bitten is soon after discoloured with a livid black or yellowish circle, attended with an inflammation. At first the pain is scarcely felt; but a few hours after there comes on a violent sickness, difficulty of breathing, fainting, and sometimes trembling. The person who is bit after this does nothing but laugh, dance, and skip about, putting himself into the most extravagant postures; but this is not always the case, for he is sometimes seized with a dreadful melancholy. At the return of the season in which he was bit his madness begins again, and the patient always talks of the same thing; sometimes he fancies himself a shepherd, a king, or any other character that comes into his head, and he always talks in a very extravagant manner. These troublesome symptoms return for several years successively, and at length terminate in death . . . this odd distemper is cured by a remedy altogether as odd, which is musick; for this only will give them ease, and they make use of the violin in particular." The effect of the music was to make the patient dance sometimes for three or four hours, until he was "all over in a sweat, which forced out the venom which did the mischief." Dr. Hill, however, whose book was published earlier than that of Dr. Brookes, evidently doubted the truth of the stories which were current about the effect of the tarantula's bite, as he passed over the subject with the remark, "As to the effects of the poison they convey into the wound they make, there seems yet room for much explanation about it." The *Deserta tarantulas* are, as we have said, much smaller and less hairy in appearance than the Brazilian; they are also differently coloured, being black in ground colour, spotted and striped with a light grey and white. Those now in Regent's Park have no means provided for them to hide themselves, except a small plant in the middle of each case, and can therefore nearly always be seen, each of them sitting, generally in one of the corners of the glass cases in which they are confined, apparently screwed up into the smallest possible compass—as, indeed, is the habit of most spiders when at rest. They are, however, very fond of the sun, and when it shines they spread themselves out to enjoy the warmth, and at such times are full of life and vigour, and constantly on the look-out for prey, leaping with great agility on any unfortunate insect that may come near them.

Considering the fierce and brigand nature of all tarantulas, it is, perhaps, needless to say that they are each confined in a separate case, the five cases being placed on the stand at the east end of the Insect House. It is by no means an uncommon event for a tarantula, or even tarantulas, to be exhibited at the Zoo; but the present specimens are particularly noticeable as belonging to uncommon and, so far as the Society's collection is concerned, new species.

Pepys mentions the musical cure for the bite of the tarantula. "One Mr. Templer, a great traveller and an ingenious man, and a person of honour he seems to be," with whom he dined at my Lord Crewe's, after telling him a wonderful story of a "serpent" and a lark, the scene of which was laid in the "waste places of Lancashire," speaking of the tarantula, informed him that "all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung."

THE SHIPBUILDING OF THE PAST HALF-YEAR.

ACCORDING to the returns prepared by *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*, the number of new vessels, not including warships, under construction at the several shipbuilding yards of the United Kingdom at the end of June was 464, a decrease compared with the corresponding period of last year of 72, or about 13 per cent. The gross capacity of these ships was at the end of June last 739,914 tons, a decrease compared with the corresponding period of last year of 189,697 tons, or about 20 per cent. In these figures we have confirmation of the reports, which have been so persistent all through the six months, that new orders were exceedingly scarce, and that there was much danger that before very long some builders would be obliged to discharge large numbers of their workpeople, if not altogether to close their yards. It will be in the recollection of our readers that shipbuilding was resumed on a large scale in the latter half of 1888, that it was pushed forward very rapidly all through last year, but that at the very beginning of this year complaints began to circulate that new orders were growing scarce. It was said, indeed, that both in January and February the new orders placed on the Clyde were fewer than in almost any other two months of recent years. But it would seem that the state of things has grown worse as the year has advanced; for the tonnage under construction at the end of June was nearly 124,000 tons less than that being built at the end of March, or over 14 per cent. We may add that the gross measurement of the ships actually launched during the six months was 581,209 tons, while the new work begun was 443,067 tons. There is also a very marked falling off in the preparations made in each of the last two quarters for beginning new work. In the last quarter of 1889 preparations were made for vessels measuring altogether over 304,000 tons. But in the first quarter of this year the new vessels for which preparations were made measured only 187,000 tons. And the preparations for construction in the past three months show a falling off compared with the first quarter of the year of about 87,000 tons. Whatever way we view the matter, therefore, whether we look at the new orders placed, the preparations made for construction, the new shipping begun, or the actual amount under construction at the end of the two quarters, we see a steady decline going on ever since the year began. Every centre of the industry has more or less felt the depression; but it is more marked on the Clyde than elsewhere. It may be of interest to show the relative activity of the great centres at the end of June. The ships under construction on the Clyde had by far the greatest capacity. They measured somewhat over 217,000 tons. The Tyne comes next, with over 134,000 tons; the Wear next, with over 111,000 tons; the Tees next, with over 100,000 tons; Belfast and Londonderry next, with over 64,000 tons; and the Mersey last, with less than 24,000 tons. Belfast and Londonderry, it will be seen, are far ahead of the Mersey, and this is not merely because of the present depression; for in June of last year, when shipbuilding was so active, there was in the North of Ireland vessels measuring over 81,000 tons under construction, while on the Mersey the vessels measured over 34,000 tons. It will also be noticed that the three great Northern rivers—the Tyne, Wear, and Tees—together have under construction at present a considerably larger amount of tonnage than the Clyde. Of the shipping under construction at the end of June, nearly 470,000 tons were intended for shipowners in the United Kingdom; nearly 32,000 tons for the Colonies, over 50,000 tons for Germany, over 15,000 tons for France, and over 12,000 tons for Norway.

No doubt the extraordinary rise in wages and in prices that took place last year had a considerable influence in deterring shipowners from giving new orders. Many who were prepared to do so drew back when they found that the cost of a ship had risen very considerably; and, if the rate of new construction continued as it was last year, the rise was likely to go on farther. This year there has been a heavy fall, not only in pig iron, but in manufactured iron and steel. Apparently also the men are in a more manageable mood than they were recently. Last week, for instance, an interview took place between the representatives of the shipbuilders and their workpeople in the North of England. The former asked the latter to agree to a reduction of wages. The men requested the employers to put off the matter until next year, and ultimately nothing was done. But it would seem that the men are beginning to perceive that, unless in some way new orders are attracted, the work in hand will, in most yards, be completed in the course of the present year, and in some yards within a few months, and then either they will have to work short time, or possibly they will not be able to get employment at all. Under these circumstances, some of the great Companies are beginning to give new orders in the North of England. The great Companies compete very fiercely one with another. They all desire to have ships of the very newest type, with all the latest improvements, and when any one introduces such a ship, all its competitors are eager to have as good vessels. But though the great Companies may give orders more freely than they have done during the past six months, there is not likely to be, for some time to come, the same activity in shipbuilding as there was last year, nor, indeed, is it desirable that there should be. The Government contracts and the orders of the great Companies will probably keep most of the yards fairly well employed for a considerable time yet. But it is not to be wished that there should be resumed activity, for that would inevitably end before long in such a fall in freights and the prices of ships as would compel almost a suspension of shipbuilding. The real reason why shipowners are now not giving orders for new vessels, as they did last year, is that there was over-construction towards the latter part of 1888 and all through last year. At the end of 1887 it became clear that the carrying-trade of the world was then beginning to increase so rapidly, while during the previous two or three years accidents of one kind or another, and the wearing out of old ships, had so reduced the mercantile marine that there was room for a moderate augmentation; but the augmentation made was not moderate. Every shipowner was eager to get a start of his competitors, and, therefore, gave orders too freely, with the result that at the end of last year freights began to fall, and this year they have been ruinously low. It was said, for example, at the recent meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company that the freights to both Bombay and Calcutta had fallen so low that the Company was unable to carry cotton piece goods to those ports. Another proof that it is over-construction which is the real cause of the falling off in shipbuilding is afforded by the fact that the building of twenty vessels with a gross tonnage of about 6,000 tons was abandoned during the past quarter, and it appears, also, that some ships which had been built speculatively are being sold for much less than could have been obtained for them when construction had only just commenced.

That there will be a very early recovery in demand is not likely. A great part of the stimulus to trade during the past few years has come from South America, and more particularly from the Argentine Republic. It has been engaged in developing its material resources with a feverish eagerness which has brought on an inevitable collapse. While the speculation lasted the Argentine demand for railway materials of all kinds, and, indeed, for British goods generally, was such that it not only affected very materially the prices of railway materials, but even of all kinds of iron and steel, and also it had an effect upon freights. Now, however, that the crisis has come in the Argentine Republic and in Uruguay, following so closely upon the depression in Brazil consequent upon the revolution there, it is to be expected that the trade of South America generally with the rest of the world will fall off for some time to come. It is true that there may be an increased demand elsewhere. Trade is improving in the United States, and there may be such a demand for European manufactures in that vast country as will employ more ships, and therefore raise freights. But, upon the whole, it is to be recollected that the improvement in trade has now continued a considerable time. It has raised prices very much, it has raised wages still more, and it is hardly reasonable to expect, therefore, that it should go on at such a rate as would justify active construction of ships in the immediate future. Whether we look, then, at the state of South America, at the length of time during which the trade improvement has continued, or at the general prospects all over the world, we see no reason to suppose that the demand for new ships will be such in the immediate future as would lead to the placing of new orders on a large scale, and therefore keep the several yards active for a long time to come. We must expect rather that the present depression will continue for some time longer. Gradually accidents of one kind or another and the wearing out of old ships will make room for new vessels; but the best thing that can happen to trade is that the new orders should not fall off so completely as to lead to the discharge of workpeople; and, on the other hand, that they should not increase so greatly as to repeat the experience of last year.

BEVER AND TAP.

SOME weeks ago, in an article entitled "Bever No More," we took the liberty of protesting against an absurd and unnecessary piece of Radicalism on the part of the authorities at Eton, who, in an iconoclastic mood, have abolished that excellent institution.

To find oneself in the wrong is not usually pleasant; neither is the singing of palinodes a profitable employment; but the sensations excited by either of these are considerably modified when one finds that one has been too generous. That is the position in which we now find ourselves. We credited the authorities at Eton in the article to which we refer with reasonableness, though we may be taken to have considered it a reasonableness that was anything but sweet. We were wrong, and we own it. We thought that they must have had a reason for abolishing "Bever"; but, as the reporter says, from circumstances which have since transpired, we find that they had nothing of the kind. We credited them with good intentions and misguided zeal; but we now are afraid that it was a cool and calculating villainy that led them to the crime. We much fear that it was the assassin's dagger, and not, as we once thought, the well-meaning doctor's knife, that put an end to this institution of a hoary antiquity.

Our error, we contend, was a venial one; we thought, in our innocence, that "Bever" was abolished because it was out of harmony with the spirit of the age, because the Blue Ribbon Army had such a hold among rulers and ruled that "Bever" was like to die of inanition and want of sufficient support, and therefore that the authorities killed it and buried it decently. But, strange to say, we find that the time of cakes and ale is not yet over. For though "Bever" is abolished, the convivial

colleger may still sing in praise of strong ale, and in despite of that "poor creature small beer," and yet not tell altogether a tale of little meaning.

But why this recantation? we shall be asked. Because we learn that "Tap" doth yet flourish, and the drinkers of beer abound in the land. It was not, we find, because worthy Mrs. H.'s trade was failing that the powers that be made her monopoly complete, and forbore to compete, on their own account, for the assuaging of youthful collegiate thirst. But we grow mysterious to the non-Etonian mind, and must explain our riddle. In this, too, is Eton superior to other public schools, that it has a licensed public-house—licensed, that is, as well by the authorities of the school as by the magistrates of Bucks for the supply of beer or cider to Eton boys.

In the old days of "shirking," of course, all public-houses were equally forbidden in theory, though equally, of course, in practice, the transgression of the prohibition was winked at, if only the transgression was carried out according to the rules of the game. Even after Dr. Hawtrey, with the greatest benefit to the school, got the old Christopher removed from the College precincts, the drinking of beer, not to mention punch or bishop, by Eton boys was, we take it, not unknown. When "shirking" was abolished, "Tap," which had been for many years the headquarters of the Eton athletic world, was legalized by the school authorities, presumably on the theory—no doubt a correct one—that the best way to avoid the miserable evils of drinking on the sly in public-houses was to legalize one house, and make the Captain of the Boats, as he still is, responsible for the maintenance of order and the limitation of the liquor supplied to boys. So far so good. But the truth of the matter is that rules are not always strictly enforced; and, even if they were, no one can suppose that it does boys any good to be always taking their pint or half-pint at odd times throughout the day. That such things do occur there can be no doubt, and that morning visits to "Tap"—a thing which smacks rather of ἀκολασία—are not less frequent than of yore we are informed on good authority. We do not in the least want to preach; to do so has never been our habit, and the fadmonger is our abhorrence; but we do wish to protest against a kind of double-dealing, we might almost say hypocrisy, in abolishing "Bever," on the ostensible ground of its being liable to abuse, and allowing "Tap" to flourish like the Psalmist's green bay tree. What in the name of the pious Founder is the sense of it all? Is it abominable and vicious to drink beer and eat dry bread in Hall once a day, and pious and virtuous to drink beer or cider-cup in "Tap" at any hour you please? We ask the authorities who sway the destinies of Eton College to be at the least consistent. It is not very much to ask; but, if they had that virtue, it might have saved them from the absurdity of abolishing "Bever" to rejuvenate "Tap." It is this new light on the subject that has made us attack the matter again. It was vexatious enough to hear that "Bever" was gone when there was a reason, even if it seemed ill founded, for it; but it is doubly vexatious when we find that there was really no reason, and that the reason put forward was apparently a piece of ingenious sophistry.

CYCLIST INFANTRY.

BARELY three years have elapsed since the first armed cyclist was seriously employed in England. Up to that time "wheeling" had only been looked on as an amusement. Abroad it had been different. Both in Italy and in France—in the former country for many years—the cyclist had been employed as a message carrier, and was steadily rising in appreciation for that useful duty. Reports from French manœuvres had shown that not only was it a cheaper method of conveying a large number of the ordinary work-a-day orders in the well-roaded countries in which a Continental war would occur, but that it was quite as expeditious as, if not a little more than, sending a "galloper." But it was seriously proposed in England in 1887 to extend the sphere of usefulness of cyclists, to employ them as a mounted fighting force; to make, in fact, mounted infantry of them. The idea was too novel and startling to meet with other than scant sympathy from the regular army at first. Such a movement, to win success, wanted an enthusiast whom no official snub could check, no ridicule could cool, no obstacle hinder. It wanted a capable and independent machine to carry out the idea. It found the first in Colonel A. R. Savile, whose private liking for cycling as a healthful amusement had led to his taking a prominent part in the discussion of the Cyclist Touring Club; and his consequent experience of various machines, of various riders, and of various roads, was of very high value in overcoming the innate conservatism of the army. That body is far more likely to avoid "seeking after a new thing" than to commit that ancient sin. Colonel Savile found ready to hand the very best of military implements for his purpose, the citizen army of Volunteers. A force without traditions can try anything. It is not hampered by what was done in the days of Wellington or Queen Anne, and it is well for the country that it is so. The result of its assistance has been the development of cycling in the army. This, the latest formed of all the heterogeneous units that go to make up our national defence, had forced into unwonted action the parent stem.

As the dog wouldn't waggle the tail,
The tail has waggled the dog.

The first year of military cycling, 1887, was certainly instructive, though there were many things operating against that early effort, and much experience had yet to be gained. It was then a mixed force, partly of actual Volunteers and partly mere civilians without uniform, riding all sorts of machines, without military discipline or training, and it was by sheer good temper and good-will on the part of both officers and men that results were produced which at once indicated that the idea was not only sound in principle, but capable of considerable development. To what extent and in what form even yet remains to be proved by the only possible school—that of experience and patience. Shortly after this first trial of the cycle for military purposes, a War Office Committee was assembled under the presidency of Colonel A. R. Savile to inquire into and report the term of efficiency, the description of machine to be advocated, the uniform, arm, and equipment of the military cyclist of the future. Later on still a Volunteer officer and a cyclist—Captain Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish Volunteers—has been charged by the War Office with the duty of drafting the "Cyclist Drill-book" which has recently appeared. It marks a further step in the organization of the force, and still more an official recognition of the military cyclist as a serious factor in possible war. This is a very remarkable result of three years' labour.

The official *Drill of a Cyclist-Infantry Section* contains much practical information in the short space of 46 very small pages, and it is so very simple that it can be learnt in a very short time. Naturally and rightly it is based on the lines of the *Infantry Field Exercise*; for, save that the men are carried to the point where they are wanted on cycles, they are when they get there infantry and nothing more, except that they have more ammunition with them and can hope to retire easily and rapidly if the need arises. There are necessarily new definitions with a new "arm"; but these are clear and concise, stating the nature, track, and weight of machines, and introducing unavoidably an alteration in the term "file," which in the cavalry means when "ranking past" in file that each horseman is followed by another, and in infantry means two men one behind the other; but in this case the term means two mounted men side by side. If behind each other they are in "single file." This involves a new phraseology, but it is reasonable and easy to understand. The experience of the peace operations already referred to bears fruit in showing how the cycles may be stacked in a narrow roadway to form a barrier which cavalry would scarce venture to charge when behind the "entanglement" of machines stood infantry men with long-ranged rifle and bayonet. Still more, the necessity for bearing in mind the old adage that the "speed of the squadron is the speed of the slowest horse" finds full exposition in the new Manual. The insistence on compact formation is equally marked, and pointed out as absolutely necessary to the practical development of the new "arm." Throughout the instructions are practical and clear, and are to be commended on their own merits, without even the authoritative official sanction, to those who seek to work out still further the work that has been so well begun. One point is of real value, and that is the rate at which the cyclist force can be calculated to move. Captain Balfour underrates rather than overstates what the men can do, and in this he is erring on the safe side. He fixes the average speed on bad roads at four miles an hour, and on favourable roads at eight miles an hour; and estimates the day's march at from thirty-two to sixty-four miles. Though he has been cautious not to exaggerate, it may well be asked what other mounted arm could continuously, as the cyclist can do, cover so much ground?

These, then, are the regulations which are to guide military cyclists in the future. Their publication, officially, marks a new era in the history of the Volunteer army. Coincident with it is the development of trained military cyclists among the regular soldiery at Aldershot. The new *Field Exercise* has, as part of the organized detail of marching brigades and divisions, cyclists as messengers and scouts. The step from that to a more extended employment, a more extended sphere of usefulness for them, by the army proper is only a question of time. Again it is the Volunteer force that has taught its teachers.

The Military Exhibition at Chelsea has been enlivened by the work of the only cyclist corps, the 26th Middlesex, under Colonel Savile, and the Royal Marines, under Major Edge, both of whom have given a practical illustration of what the Cyclist Infantry man can do with and without his machine. The work of the Royal Marines was particularly interesting, and shows what a little energy can do. The machines, all of a similar pattern, were purchased by the men themselves (chiefly non-commissioned officers), and neither their mounts, their kit, nor their equipment have cost the State one penny. A more soldier-like and workman-like body of stalwart men it would be difficult to find.

In addition to these special bodies the authorities have sanctioned the formation of "Cyclist Sections," twenty-five strong, in every battalion of the force. Largely as the idea has already been taken up, it is to be regretted that it cannot be even more fully developed. As matters stand at present, the Volunteer army, some 250,000 strong, and formed into thirty-one brigades, has detailed for its assistance but an insufficient proportion of artillery and scarcely any mounted troops at all. In case of sudden war and sudden mobilization, these brigades would move, as a rule, with little or none of the protection given by mounted troops.

Military cyclism wants no undue praise. It merits no undue blame. It only asks for honest criticism and fair trial. War alone will show what it can do, to what extent it can be used, and how far its mobility is lessened or even destroyed when roads get badly cut up. To try it in peace is harmless at the very least; if it irretrievably breaks down in war, after all, what have you but a *coup manqué?* None the less that is a *coup* well worth trying.

RACING AT GOODWOOD.

As soon as the weights for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood were published it was generally agreed that Mr. Abington's Pioneer ought to have a very fair chance of victory; but, after being first favourite for many days, he was said to have been beaten in a trial, and he started at 33 to 1. He had been a terribly disappointing horse. It is true that as a two-year-old he had won his only race, the Doveridge Stakes of 500*l.*, at Derby, and that as a three-year-old he had won the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,800*l.*, at Ascot; but in the same season he had been placed four times and unplaced three times, and this season he had been unplaced on the single occasion of his running in public. He is a great strong brown horse, with a plainish head, a slight want of quality, perhaps, behind the saddle, and long, low, sweeping action in his gallop. Great speed, without much staying power, was supposed to be his chief characteristic, and the Stewards' Cup course was thought to be his best distance; yet, if this was the case, it was curious that his owner, a man of no little judgment and experience in racing matters, should never have run him over a course of less than seven furlongs, in public. We may say at once that he showed temper at the start and ran very badly. The Prince of Wales's The Imp and Captain Llewellyn Jones's Theophilus had run within a head of each other for the Jubilee Stakes, and now, making due allowance for the differences in the time of year and the length of the courses, Theophilus was to have, if anything, a trifle the best of the weights. Lord Randolph Churchill's L'Abbesse de Jouarre had been in great form this year, winning the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Sandown, the Manchester Cup, and a match at Newmarket, races worth 3,352*l.*, besides running second for the Gold Vase at Ascot and the Liverpool Cup, when giving weight to the winners. At a couple of pounds above Pioneer, she did not seem unfairly dealt with. Lottie Smith, a wall-eyed but well-shaped filly belonging to Mr. C. D. Rose, the munificent donor of three stakes of 1,000*l.* each to be run for this year at Newmarket, had run unplaced three times this season, and at 6 st. 3 lbs. she stood almost at the bottom of the handicap; but she was supposed to be the best, at the weights, of the Stewards' Cup entry in Jarvis's stable, which had included Dog Rose and Bel Demonio. The beautiful and powerful little Formidable had been heavily backed ten days before the race, and shortly afterwards her supporters had found that their champion was scratched. Backers of Bel Demonio and Rotten Row met with the same fate. Mr. H. T. Fenwick's tall and muscular Day Dawn had run Dog Rose to a head at Liverpool, on 6 lbs. worse terms than he was now handicapped with him; and the latter horse, who won the Stewards' Cup last year, would have had plenty of backers for it on this occasion if he had not been withdrawn on account of the penalty which he had incurred by his victory at Liverpool. Mr. L. de Rothschild's speedy Galloping Queen was let off very lightly as a four-year-old at 6 st. 13 lbs.; but she is a fretful, uncertain little mare, and, consequently, unpopular among backers. Mr. Warren de la Rue's Shillelagh, the second favourite, was put within 3 lbs. of the top of the handicap, at 8 st. 13 lbs., a weight which he had fairly earned by his two victories this season, as well as his good second to Tyrant when giving him a stone. Maxim had won a couple of races at Epsom this year, under heavy weights, and many people thought that, under a pound below 8 st., he would prove the best horse in the handicap; but in the course of his career he had brought losses to his backers on so many occasions that he was looked on with suspicion. A few days before the race his owner, Mr. Combe, received a letter from his trainer saying that he had been pulled up lame after a gallop; and, in order to prevent the public from losing money by backing him, Mr. Combe at once scratched him. By the next post came a letter to say that he had only hit his leg, that he was quite sound again, and that he would be able to start. But it was too late! Mr. H. Mann's L'Abbé Morin, who had been handicapped within 7 lbs. of Maxim when he was unplaced to him at Epsom, was now placed 26 lbs. below him; and 6 st. 1 lb., or only a pound from the bottom of the handicap, seemed a very light weight for a colt that had beaten a field of fifteen this spring. If Lord Hartington's Marvel was not very lightly handicapped at 7 st. 6 lbs., it could scarcely have been expected that less would be given him after the form which he had shown in the Peel Handicap in April, or even on his two-year-old running, for that matter. Mr. Fings's Miss Ethel had not won a race for two years, yet at 15 lbs. above the most lightly-weighted of her age in the handicap she started first favourite. For a six-year-old mare that had at least occasionally shown winning form, like Mr. Benholm's Grecian Bend, 6 st. 5 lbs. looked a dangerously light weight, although she had run often and execrably.

There was a long delay at the post, and although Shillelagh was the first to break the line and take the lead, Marvel on the extreme left, and Galloping Queen on the extreme right, took up the running when the horses had fairly settled down in their strides. The race was, in fact, a match between this pair, from beginning to end, and Marvel won by nearly a length. At some distance off, Theophilus was a bad third. With the exception of Garter, who gave him 4 lbs. and did not finish in the first dozen, Marvel was carrying the heaviest weight of any three-year-old in the race. At weight for age, he was receiving 10 lbs. from Shillelagh, 3 lbs. and secs. from L'Abbesse de Jouarre, 2 lbs. from Theophilus, and 1 lb. from Pioneer; but he gave each of them more than an equivalent beating, and he was meeting everything else in the race at a disadvantage in weight, so it was no mean performance. Marvel, whom Lord Hartington bred himself, is a remarkably well-made little chestnut colt by Marden out of Applause II., and he is rather in-bred to Newminster. The only suspicious thing about him is that he ran in blinkers on Tuesday last. With Marvel in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood and Morion in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, Lord Hartington has won two of the principal short-distance handicaps of the season.

The Duke of Westminster won the Ham Stakes with Orion, a chestnut colt with plenty of size, on short legs. Some critics thought him a trifle light in the loins and back ribs, and others saw traces of treatment for curb on his off hock; but all considered him a very promising colt and a grand mover. His breeding is extraordinary, as he is by Bend Or out of Shotover, both his sire and dam having won the Derby. He now won very easily from the high and narrow Simon de Montfort. Two was a wretched field for a race of considerable celebrity, and worth more than 1,000*l.*, like the Richmond Stakes. Mr. D. Baird's Siphonia is considered by some good judges the best two-year-old filly that has run in public this season; and it was somewhat of a surprise when Cannon had to rouse her in order to beat the Duke of Westminster's Ordinance, a very good-looking and very lengthy bay colt by Bend Or out of Bright Beauty. Some people thought him a little too long behind the saddle. It is said that he had beaten Orion in a private trial by three lengths. The prettiest race of the day was for the Charlton Welter Handicap Plate, when four horses finished in a cluster, as if locked together. There were only heads between the first three; the winner was Mr. J. Legh's big three-year-old, John Morgan, and the Prince of Wales's Golden Maze, who gave the winner 7 lbs. and sex, ran third.

The Rous Memorial Stakes lost much of its interest through the scratching on the previous day of Peter Flower, on account, it was said, of a filled leg. The race fell to Lord Bradford with his Retreat colt, Cuttlestone, who was running in public for the first time. Mr. D. Baird's Phyllida ran second, and the Duke of Westminster's Adieu third. Lord Bradford has not been at all lucky of late, and his victory was a very popular one. The field was a small one, nor was its quality of the very highest.

The Goodwood Stakes field was not of a very high class. Ingram, the winner of last year, had now 27 lbs. more to carry, and there is always considerable risk in backing a five-year-old that has only won a single race, as there is a contingency, in such a case, that luck may have had much to do with it; yet Ingram is a very good-looking horse and a stayer. The ex-hurdle-racer, Papyrus, who had been jumping so recently as the middle of April, had won flat races lately at Stockbridge and Newmarket, and 16 lbs. seemed a good deal for Ingram to give to him, and he started a strong favourite. The best handicapped horse in the race, however, was Gay Hampton, the only question about him being whether he would be in the humour to try. Judging from recent experiences, this was extremely unlikely to be the case.

The field of fourteen was the largest since 1878; but its quality was not in keeping with its quantity. A waiting race was ridden with the favourite; and when T. Loates brought him to the front, about half-way between the distance and the winning-post, he came on at his ease, and won by a length from Silver Spur, a pretty, wiry little filly, who ran much better than had been expected. Once more Gay Hampton refused to race when the struggle began. Peter used to be considered good over short courses only; but this season we have seen his sons, Papyrus and Houndsditch, winning great handicaps over two-mile courses. In winning the Sussex Stakes "in a canter by a length" St. Serf justified the odds that had been laid upon him. For anything that we know to the contrary, he may be the best stayer in training; but it would be prudent for those who feel confidence in his winning over the mile and three-quarters at Doncaster to remember that he has not yet won a race over more than a mile and a quarter, and that three of his four victories have been won over a mile, or less. Mr. E. W. Baird won the Halnaker Stakes with his black colt, Flodden Field, who, like Marvel and Maley, winners of the previous day, is by Marden. He was splendidly ridden by Tom Cannon, and only won by a head from Baron de Rothschild's grand Tristan filly, Haute Saône, whose performance was the best in the race, as she was giving weight to each of her thirteen opponents, including 4 lbs. and sex to the winner. The sixth in the race was Captain Machell's Sahara, who had cost 2,700 guineas as a yearling. Dog Rose's victory by three-quarters of a length at 5 lbs. over Juggler, for the Arundel Cup, was a brilliant one, and it showed that in putting Dog Rose 8 lbs. below Juggler for the Stewards' Cup the handicapper had not treated him too severely. In the opinion of many excellent judges Mr. N. Fenwick's Mimi, who ran for the first time in public in

winning the Lavant Stakes with great ease from such trial horses as Fuse, Simonian, and Grace Conroy, is the finest filly, if not the finest two-year-old of either sex, that has appeared this season, and, with Barcaldine for a sire and a Lord Lyon mare for a dam, no fault can be found with her breeding. A long, low, bay filly on short legs, with plenty of size, no lumber and fine quality, was the general verdict of the critics.

On Thursday the Goodwood Cup was won by a mare worthy of that honour in Colonel North's Philomel. It will be remembered that she had only been beaten by half a length for the Ascot Cup. This long, low, level, short-legged, and short-shanked bay mare, with her wide hips, is just the sort to take the fancy of hunting as well as racing men. Her pedigree, if not a very fashionable one, is far from uninteresting. Her sire, Philammon, was of Melbourne and Birdcatcher blood on his sire's side, and Ion and Bay Middleton on his dam's, while her dam was by the clever little Lecturer out of a mare of Touchstone and Harkaway blood, with two Birdcatcher mares as grandams. For these days the Goodwood Cup is not a valuable race; but it is still considered a very honourable prize. In running second with Golden Maze the Prince of Wales was unlucky, and it is the third time that that well-bred filly has been placed without winning since she came into his possession. Crimea, who ran third, had won his first race on the previous day, after fourteen unsuccessful attempts spread over two seasons and a half. He is anything but a free mover, and much below the class of a Goodwood Cup horse.

THE LAYMAN'S LEAGUE.

THE question of Scotch Disestablishment, which Mr. Gladstone's speech on Dr. Cameron's annual motion pushed into the forefront of political discussion, has already borne fruit on which the ex-Premier did not calculate. We have no doubt that, ere speaking as he did, Mr. Gladstone had been prompted by those representatives of Scotch Radicalism and Dissent with whom he has on various occasions shown that he delights to take sweet counsel. His speech reflected their misrepresentations, their pretensions, and their inveterate hostility to the Established Church. Instead, however, of conciliating the Establishment party, or of drawing into a closer union the religious and political forces which lie outside the Kirk, that speech had the effect of rousing intense resentment among Churchmen, and exciting the indignation of the moderate Dissenters. The temper of the Church, and its resolution to accept Mr. Gladstone's declaration as a challenge to war, were fully and promptly expressed in the General Assembly; and now the general resolution of Scottish patriots and Presbyterians, whether belonging to the Church or outside its pale, to stand by the old Kirk in its time of trial, has been announced in the formation of a "Layman's League" for Church defence.

This League, it is proposed, shall include members not only of the Established Church, but of all churches, who choose to unite on the broad ground of maintaining the present Establishment, of reforming it where reforms in its constitution or administration are desirable, and of endeavouring to reunite on the basis of that Establishment those Presbyterian bodies which have seceded from it.

These are, not to mention lesser communions, the United Presbyterians, a body formed by the union in the year 1846 of two secessions dating from the last century, and the Free Church, which originated in 1843. The United Presbyterians are, like the Free Church, identical in doctrine and form of government with the Established Church, but they have adopted the voluntary principle as an essential part of their association. The Free Church, although not adopting that principle in theory, have been forced to it in practice, so that one may say that the distinctive feature of the two dissenting bodies is their voluntaryism. The Established Church rests financially upon its endowments, and maintains the principle of the national recognition of religion; the Dissenters rest financially upon their voluntaryism and repudiate the principle of the national recognition of religion.

But while this is so, and while majorities in the Free and U. P. Church Courts have for some years declared in favour of Disestablishment, there is a strong feeling among the Dissenting laity that their principles do not justify them in seeking to deprive the Church of its slender endowments, and they are not prepared to promote a policy which would disestablish the national Presbyterian Kirk, associated as it is with all the most distinctive features of Scottish history and characteristics of the Scottish people. The resolutions of the Dissenting Church Courts by no means express the general sentiment of the Dissenting laity. That this is so was proved, two months ago, by a strong protest against the Disestablishing policy of their Synod, signed by many of the most influential of the U. P. laity; and the fact has been more recently corroborated by a letter from Lord Moncreiff, beyond all question the most distinguished layman in the Free Church, protesting against the policy of disestablishment, and pleading for that of reform and reunion. The Layman's League is undoubtedly in some degree the result of these significant declarations. It is intended to unite, as we have said, Churchman and Dissenter alike, in resistance to the destructive policy of Mr. Gladstone, and in support of such measures of reasonable reform as may tend to reunite Scottish Presbytery on the old foundation of establishment and endowment. Although that foundation is no longer maintained by the bodies which officially represent Scottish Dissent, the promoters of the League, with the venerable Earl of Stair at their head (and his is a name historically linked with all that is staunch in Scottish Presbytery and Liberal in Scottish politics), are confident that thousands will rally to its support. The strenuous opposition of the Scotch Dissenters to a religious census is only one of many indications that their managers dread any frank appeal to the verdict of the people, which might give the lie to their constantly-repeated boast that the Church is in a numerical minority, and that the mind of Scotland is on the side of its opponents. Our impression is, that in both assertions the Dissenting Radicals are, to say the least, mistaken. All existing statistics prove, as completely as anything short of an exhaustive census can prove, that the Church is in a numerical majority, while the formation of this League, and the general support it is already receiving, is fair evidence that the mind of Scotland is by no means predominantly on the side of the destructives. Among the U.P.'s and the Free Kirk it is clear there are many who sympathize with Lord Moncrieff; and it is notorious that among the Scotch Episcopalians, who, though numerically few, are socially influential, the Liberationist agitation has made no progress whatever.

We regard the Layman's League as a hopeful sign that the Gladstonism of Scotland is about to receive a check, and that the policy of peace, conciliation, and reconstruction may yet bring together all the best elements of Scottish Presbytery into a harmonious whole, not unworthy of the early traditions of one of the most energetic and intelligent branches of the Reformed Church.

People outside of Scotland are apt to underrate the strength of the national sentiment, of which the institution known to all Scotchmen by the not unkindly name of the "Auld Kirk" is the centre. Since the days of Queen Mary every crisis in Scottish history has had a predominantly ecclesiastical aspect. The influence of the Kirk has been felt in every line of thought, policy, and action; its homely usages and humours are familiar to every Scottish household, high or low; and even the Scotch Episcopalian of the old type, who represented the strongest religious and political antagonism of the Kirk, stoutly maintaining prelacy and Jacobitism in the teeth of Calvinism and the House of Hanover, had none but friendly feelings towards the parish Kirk and the parish minister. Mr. Gladstone's airy announcement that the whole question of disestablishing this old national friend and favourite could be settled by the House of Commons in two hours, while regarded by Churchmen as a direct insult, irritated the patriotic feeling of Scotchmen in general. Even the Radical Dissenter was conscious of a secret resentment at being told that the abolition of the oldest and most national institution in Scotland, an integral element in the treaty of union, and guarded by the very first oath which the sovereign takes on his accession, would not demand from the British Parliament a tenth of the time which it has often bestowed on Mr. Dillon's encounters with the police, or Mr. O'Brien's plank bed and prison clothing.

It is an easy and popular device of the Liberationists, adopting Mr. Gladstone's tone, to speak of the whole question as if it were merely the concern of the most fortunate and favoured of three Presbyterian sects, and involved nothing more than an easy readjustment of their relations and a new and popular application of the old endowments. They will find, unless we are much mistaken, and unless the promoters of the Layman's League are strangely ignorant of the public opinion of their countrymen, that it involves a vast deal more.

The Scots are still, as King James pronounced them long ago, "a stubborn people," and nothing confirms their stubbornness more doggedly than any high-handed intermeddling with their old national possessions, traditions, and prejudices.

If the Kirk is to some of them a cause of quarrel, it is a quarrel which, on the whole, they would rather keep up than have ended by an outsider's intervention; and the Kirk, with all its faults, is too intensely Scotch to be "lightlied" by the Southron. As Touchstone says of Audrey, the average Scotchman would say of it—"'Tis a poor thing, but mine own."

THE THEATRES.

THE custom of presenting dignified personages in ridiculous positions has been widely exploited of late years in farcical plays. Mr. Pinero's Magistrate, and subsequently the Dean, at the Court Theatre, were early specimens, and Mr. Arthur Law's Judge, Sir John Pye, at Terry's Theatre, is the latest example. There should be limits even to the extravagances of farce, and that Mr. Law has not observed them is a weak point in connexion with his new play. If we are in the region of the wholly impossible, extravagance is no drawback to success; but in *The Judge* an aspect of probability is to a great extent preserved. We are supposed or intended to take some interest in the love affairs of the Judge's two daughters, Daphne and Chloe, and much of the point of the situation arises from the fact that Sir John has perforce to maintain a certain amount of dignity. Incidents ludicrously impossible, and quaintly improbable, are

made to run, as it were, concurrently; and the result is to weaken the effect of complications which are not without their humour. The funny little Judge with his pills and potions and timid regard for his health, nursed by his valet Mowle, and affectionately tended by his daughters, is, no doubt, just the sort of weak-minded person who might be easily governed by a stronger will. The first scene of the play is comedy, and the underplot, showing the inability of the young barrister Stryver to choose between the two sisters—it having been decided that his friend Pringle, who equally loves both or either, is not to speak until Stryver has made up his mind—is very good farce, and promises to be diverting. But when the fugitive bigamist, Mrs. Shuttleworth, invades the Judge's room at midnight, having escaped from prison with her infant, we are in the domain of burlesque. Mr. Law should have restrained his whimsical fancy. Until now we have laughed; but when the Judge, permitting the intruder (who recognizes him as having been her sweetheart thirty years before) to rest on the sofa, goes back to his bed and takes the baby with him, we begin to grieve, for a play which promised well at the outset becomes too preposterous.

The way is of course paved for some comic episodes. The girls and their admirers, returning from a ball, are amazed to find a strange lady making herself quite at home in their room, and she for her part is no less surprised at the unexpected invasion—a scene of very good farce. The baby here, moreover, whose cry is repeated by a phonograph which reproduces the wailings of a veritable infant, serves its little dramatic purpose, though, on the whole, its introduction is a mistake; indeed, as a very general rule, stage children are mistakes of which dramatists should beware. And here the spirit of the piece waxes and wanes for a time, the Judge's feeble acquiescence in the strong-minded woman's assertion that she is Lady Pye, his newly-married wife, being tediously worked upon. Mr. Law has not cared to make clear some threads of his story; as, for instance, the precise nature of the charge against Mrs. Shuttleworth, whose devoted husband appears in the last act; where also a female detective, Mrs. Ricketts, very cleverly played by Miss Elsie Chester, revived a little interest in the play. *The Judge* was presumably designed for the purpose of providing a character for Mr. Penley, whose somewhat monotonous quaintness does not appear to pall upon a large section of theatrical audiences. The part fits the actor well enough; but there is a fresher humour in the conception of his valet, Mowle, played with point and apprehension of character by Mr. Mark Kinghorne. Mowle has been connected with the theatrical profession—only as a "dresser," it is true, but his devotion to the stage remains, and he cannot get over the idea that a Court of Law is a species of theatre, in which his master plays the leading part, a comic one; for Mowle's chief lament when the Judge is upset arises from the circumstance that his lordship "won't be able to get his laughs ready for to-morrow." Some credit is due to all concerned for avoiding disagreeable suggestions in risky situations. Miss Cissy Grahame, the temporary lessee of the theatre, plays one of the Judge's daughters, the other sister finding a representative in Miss Helen Leyton. Much of the dialogue is smart—smartness being a sort of half-way house towards wit and humour. *The Judge*, all things considered, just misses being a good farce, the miss being occasioned by its ultra-extravagance.

Mr. H. A. Jones's reputation will not be enhanced by the production of his one-act play, *Sweet Will*, at the Shaftesbury Theatre. It is obviously an early effort, crude and commonplace. Why the author dragged it from the obscurity in which it has been fitly shrouded it is difficult to guess. Even at the very beginning of his career Mr. Jones might have found a better solution of the difficulty which besets an impecunious pair of lovers than that of making a comparative stranger suddenly undertake to provide for them. The title is misleading and indeed meaningless. It suggests Stratford-on-Avon or the Mermaid Tavern, with Shakspeare and his companions, but refers, in fact, to an impoverished young squire. Miss Norreys played prettily as the heroine of this very poor little piece; but it is altogether quite valueless.

A burlesque called *Guy Fawkes, Esq.* has lately been acted at the Gaiety, and proves a good specimen of a curious variety of play now in vogue. Nominally burlesque, it is, in truth, what is technically known as a "variety entertainment," its main aim and end being to furnish Mr. Arthur Roberts with an opportunity of exhibiting his whimsicalities. This he does to the great amusement of those who appreciate such humour as he provides. Much of his performance, however, is genuinely droll.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. quite unexpectedly; but the action is fully justified by the Bank Return issued the same day. The reserve and the stock of gold are both smaller than they were at this time last year, and we know how inadequate they were twelve months ago. Besides, the state of the Argentine Republic warns us that events may occur there at any moment which may affect the European money markets. Indeed, the River Plate banks in London notified to the Bank of England that they would withdraw 300,000*l.* in gold to send out to strengthen themselves under existing circumstances; 100,000*l.* was ordered for South Africa, and a sum in gold, which was coming from New York and expected to go into the Bank, was diverted, it is said, to South America. Under these circumstances, it was incumbent upon the Directors to take measures for the protection of their reserve, and it is to be hoped that the outside market will support them in doing so. If not, the Bank should endeavour to reduce the supply in the open market, and to make the 5 per cent. rate effective. So little was the rise of the rate looked for that bankers even on Thursday morning were freely lending at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the discount rate was tending downwards rather than upwards. At the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Tuesday, bankers obtained only 5 per cent., and not always got even so much, while in the afternoon of Tuesday it was difficult to lend in the Stock Exchange at even $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Rates within the Exchange were also somewhat easier than a fortnight previously.

The price of silver which fell at the close of last week on American selling to $49\frac{3}{4}d.$ per ounce has risen again this week to $50\frac{9}{16}d.$ per ounce, a rise of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In ten days' time the new Act will come into force, and then the United States' Secretary will begin buying at the rate of 54 million ounces a year. The expectation is that there will be a steady advance in the price to very nearly what it was before the German demonetization. Therefore, there is an unwillingness on the part of mineowners and holders of silver generally to sell just now. Whether their expectation will be realized depends upon many circumstances, which it is as yet difficult to foresee; but no doubt there will be some advance, at all events for a time. Meanwhile, there is not the speculation in the metal which there was some weeks ago, partly because of the uncertainty of the Money Market, but chiefly because of the apprehensions raised by the crisis at Buenos Ayres. In spite of the crisis, however, and the monetary uncertainty, there has been more activity this week in rupee paper, and the price has risen. Partly this is due to an attempt being made to get rupee paper dealt in upon the German bourses. For the past four or five years there has been a rampant speculation in Germany in foreign Government bonds and home industrial securities; and generally it has been found that, when a new stock of any kind has been introduced on one of the German bourses, there has been an advance of four or five points. Of course the expectation is that, if once the Germans can be induced to buy rupee paper freely, there will not only be a wider market than before, but there will be a considerable rise in the price. In favour of the new stock is the argument, firstly, that it yields a better return than most of the securities dealt in in Germany; and, secondly, that the credit of the Indian Government stands deservedly very high. But against the stock is the fluctuations to which it has been subject for several years past, and the danger that, if for any reasons the United States are unable to keep up the price of silver, there may be as heavy a fall as there recently was. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether the Germans will freely buy the security.

The revolution, or attempted revolution, at Buenos Ayres has not had as great an effect upon the stock markets as might have been expected. Argentine securities themselves fell eight or ten points on Monday morning; but they recovered four or five points before the day was over, and there was a further recovery on the following day, and the fall in other markets was comparatively unimportant. The unexpected equanimity with which news of the revolution was received by the Stock Exchange was due, firstly, to the general knowledge that a revolutionary movement was in preparation. For some months, indeed, the well-informed have been expecting week after week to hear of something like what has actually occurred. Secondly, it was due to the knowledge that the speculative accounts open for the rise in all markets have been greatly reduced since the middle of June. The pressure applied by bankers to brokers and their customers generally to close their accounts compelled operators of all kinds either to pay for and take up stocks, or to sell; and, consequently, there is exceedingly little speculation in any department at the present time. Thirdly, it was due to the fact that the ample time for preparation that has been given induces a general belief that everything necessary has been done to avoid a crash. Fourthly, it was due to the conviction that the great financial houses all over Europe have combined to prevent serious failures. Everybody remembers how the Bank of France last year stopped the panic occasioned by the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, and everybody expects that what the Bank of France did single-handed a combination of the great financial houses of Europe can do now. And, lastly, it was due to the strange notion noticed by us last week that even a revolution would do good if it got rid of President Celman. In spite, however, of this general determination to look at the matter in a favourable light, it is perfectly clear that the fighting in Buenos Ayres has made matters a good deal worse. People can no longer believe that the Government of the Argentine Republic is beyond the reach either of revolution or secession. Besides, military apprehension added to financial alarm must increase distress and deepen depression. Further, if there is a new Government and real reforms are undertaken, many banks must be forced to close their doors. They have issued notes, not only in excess of their resources, but contrary to the law. And, if they are compelled to redeem the notes, they will be made bankrupt. Moreover, the desperate fighting shows how severely the financial anarchy is pressing upon the bulk of the population, and therefore reducing their means of paying taxes, and of fulfilling their engage-

ments. And, lastly, if serious efforts are made to raise the value of the paper money, prices will be brought down with a crash, and the agricultural population, which hitherto has escaped the worst evils of the misrule, will be involved in the misery of all the rest of the people. In the face of the revolution there has practically been little or nothing doing on the Stock Exchange. The Settlement, however, was got over more easily than had been anticipated. It was feared that the steady and continued fall in prices, and especially the fall in Argentines and Uruguayans, might cause some heavy failures; but it was found that the speculation was so slight that nearly all who suffered were able to meet their losses.

Although the reports so far issued all go to show that the rise in wages and prices has very greatly increased the working expenses of the railway Companies, yet the dividends declared for the past half-year are satisfactory. Altogether fourteen Companies have now declared their dividends. Of these, seven pay at a higher rate than this time last year, four pay at the same rate, and only three pay less. Even of those which pay the same dividends, most carry forward to the new half-year much larger balances. Indeed, the Brighton Company, for instance, could have paid a higher dividend if it had chosen; but in that case, of course, the distribution is really deferred to the end of the year. The greatest improvement is in the case of the London and Chatham Company, which for the first time pays the full preference dividend. There is also a very marked increase in the case of the North-Eastern, the dividend being as much as ½ per cent. higher than twelve months ago, which shows how very active and prosperous trade in the North of England has been throughout the six months, in spite of the fall in iron that took place. The Midland dividend is only ¼ better. The rise in the Bank rate on Thursday created an uneasy feeling, and caused all prices to give way. And we are now threatened with a formidable railway and dock strike in South Wales.

THE OPERA.

THE operatic season, which ended last Monday with a performance in French of Bizet's *Carmen*, has been, on the whole, characterized by the usual good luck which seems to attend Mr. Augustus Harris's ventures. Rendered practically independent of the support of the casual opera-goer by a subscription-list which reached an almost unprecedented sum, the enterprising manager has never failed to set before his patrons performances which, if not uniformly good, have generally been respectable, and in many cases have attained a really high degree of excellence. With the continual change of casts necessitated when the house is kept open nearly every night in the week this is as much as can be expected, and it speaks well for the quality of the orchestra and chorus, as well as for the energy and ability of the conductors, that the strain of such a system should not have been more apparent than has been the case. From an artistic point of view no very remarkable results can be anticipated from a comparatively short season in which so many different operas are brought forward; but the frequenters of Covent Garden have for the most part neither the inclination nor the ability to judge the performances by a very high standard, and there can be no question that the opera has been this season very popular with the fashionable world, upon which it very largely depends for support. It would be an easy task to point out the incongruities of mounting and defects of execution which such a high-pressure system of necessity involves, but these are matters for which the ordinary opera-goer cares little or nothing, and the weak points of the season have, on the whole, been atoned for by the many features of interest which it has presented. Chief among these has been the growing popularity of the French school of opera, a school which we have more than once pointed out as the only one now showing signs of any vitality. Last year Mr. Harris tried the experiment of breaking down the tradition of Italian opera by presenting one work—M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*—in the language in which it was originally written. The success of this has induced him this year to increase his French repertory by five more operas, two of which, Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* and Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*, have been among the most attractive performances of the season, to which Bizet's *Carmen*, if it had not been brought forward as a sort of *bonne-bouche* at the very end of the season, would certainly have been added. Donizetti's *La Favorite*, and M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, single performances of which in French were also given, could under no circumstances have been more successful; the former, like most of the composer's operas, has lost its power of attraction, while the latter is intrinsically so poor a work that it would never have survived so long if it had not afforded special opportunities of vocal display to prima donnas desirous of taking the place which Mme. Nilsson has left vacant. It is to be hoped that this plan of presenting operas in their original form will be still further extended. Now that not a quarter of the principal artists on the operatic stage are of Italian origin, while Italy has almost entirely ceased to produce operas which travel beyond the local stage, there is no reason why the tradition of giving performances in what was once looked upon as the only language fit to sing should not be abandoned. There are many fine artists at the Parisian opera-houses who would be very welcome here, but are prevented from being heard owing to their inability to sing any other language but French; and now that Mr. Harris has thought it worth while to produce *Le Prophète* in French for M. Jean de Reszke and Mme. Richard, he might well follow up his success by engaging M. Taskin and that charming singer Mme. Isaac—to name but two amongst many—and drawing largely upon the repertory of the Opéra Comique for their benefit. The fulfilment of the hope that some day it will be possible to hear Beethoven's *Fidelio*, or the masterpieces of Weber and Wagner, performed adequately in German is more remote; but the step of instituting French performances is at least taken in the right direction, and may lead to results of real artistic worth. At present the chief difficulty lies with the chorus and the representatives of the minor parts. In this respect, the strange utterances heard in *Hamlet* and *Carmen* left much to be desired.

Of the artists who have been heard during the past season, the palm must be awarded to the Polish brothers, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke. Popular favouritism has fixed its fancy upon the former, with the result that he has been treated as the "star" of the season, the mere announcement of his name being sufficient to fill the house in a manner which used to be only accomplished by the appearance of a prima donna. In this no fault can be found with the public taste, for M. Jean de Reszke is every inch an artist, and his successes have been won by the most legitimate of means, and by no use of mere *ad captandum* tricks or mannerisms. His Lohengrin, John of Leyden, Romeo, and Walter in *Die Meistersinger* are equally admirable, whether regarded vocally or dramatically. Though his voice has hardly the true tenor *timbre*, yet his vocalization is so excellent that he is equally at home in Wagner's declamatory phrases and Gounod's voluptuous tunes; while as an actor, the manliness and dignity of his bearing give importance to characters which too often seem conventional and feeble. Excellent as M. Jean de Reszke is, it is hard to speak in terms of moderation of his brother. Since the days of Faure, no such artist has been seen upon the operatic stage. Possessed of a magnificent voice, and a singer of the highest merit, his presence upon the stage makes itself felt in the smallest details. Such a Marcel (in the *Huguenots*) has seldom been seen, and equally fine are his Friar Laurence (*Roméo et Juliette*), Mephistopheles (*Faust*), Henry the Fowler (*Lohengrin*), and even Count Rudolph (*La Sonnambula*). His acting alone would stamp him as an artist of the first rank; he lifts the most subordinate characters into prominence without the least obtrusiveness, and by the most simple means obtains effects which are so subtle that they are more felt than perceived. Nearly as good as these two great performers is M. Lassalle, who, if it were not for the occasional uncertainty of intonation which has affected his singing this summer, would be entitled to almost unlimited praise. His Hans Sachs, in *Die Meistersinger*, if not realizing to the utmost the poetic side of the character, was, at all events, a highly meritorious performance, and his Hamlet showed that he is capable of reaching great heights as a dramatic singer. Equally good was his Claude Frollo in *Esmeralda*, though his Rigoletto was far too dignified a representation of the jester of Verdi's opera. No great mark has been made by the newcomers. The best of them is M. Dufriche, a baritone who at first suffered from the *tremolo* which characterizes so many French and Italian singers. Towards the end of the season he succeeded to a great extent in overcoming this, and his performances of Quasimodo and St. Bris were marked by much excellence. Two tenors, Signor Rawner and M. Ybos, were tried and found very wanting; Signor Ravelli has been serviceable as Raoul de Nangis, though he is not by any means a distinguished artist; and Signor Valero was also heard a few times, and not missed with regret.

The sopranos and contraltos have been decidedly less remarkable than the male artists. The most successful performer has been Mme. Melba, whose charming vocalization and excellent method atone for the coldness of her acting. Miss MacIntyre, the young Scotch soprano whose progress has latterly been watched with such interest, was unfortunately not heard after the first weeks of the season, though her Elsa (in *Lohengrin*) gave promise of maturing into a very charming impersonation, and her Michaela (in *Carmen*) was most sympathetic and graceful, both vocally and dramatically. Mme. Tetrazzini, a *débutante* in this country, did not prove acceptable in either of the parts in which she appeared; and the return to the stage of Mme. Etelka Gerster was unhappily to be regretted. Mme. Richard, the well-known dramatic mezzo-soprano of the Paris Grand Opera, won golden opinions by her fine performances as Fides (*Le Prophète*), and the Queen in *Hamlet*. She is an artist whose want has been long felt upon the operatic stage in this country. Mme. Fursch-Madi, another fine singer, has been heard very seldom. Among light sopranos Miss Ella Russell has easily carried off the palm; while a newcomer, Mlle. Pinkert, has been a useful, if not very interesting, member of the company. Mme. Nordica and Mlle. Zélie de Lussan have also done good service; and a German singer, Mme. Tavary, whose voice is no longer in its first freshness, created a good impression in *Don Giovanni* and *Die Meistersinger*. Doubtless it is not to be regretted that the paralysing "star" system has been abandoned; and as long as such artists as Mme. Patti and Mme. Albani demand salaries which it is impossible for managers to pay without crippling the resources of the whole establishment, it is better to do without them than to present works with an indifferent

ensemble. Still, it cannot be denied that, so long as such singers are before the public, their presence on the operatic stage has been missed; and it is sincerely to be hoped that, another season, some means will be found by which they will be induced to return to the scene of their chief triumphs.

The season which has just ended has been conspicuous by the absence of novelties; but it must not be dismissed without a word as to the production in French of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*, a work which first saw the light seven years ago at Drury Lane under Mr. Carl Rosa's management, and has since then been played repeatedly, abroad as well as in England. In its latest version *Esmeralda* remains very much what it was at first; a charming and graceful opera which suffers from the attempt to condense into a small space too many of the incidents of Victor Hugo's novel. With such artists as Mme. Melba, MM. Jean de Reszke, Lassalle, and Dufriche in the cast, it could not fail to be successful; but too much stress must not be laid upon the excellence of the performance, for the secret of the work's popularity lies in the unfailing tunefulness and spirit of the music, which will always render it a favourite, even when it is performed less perfectly than was the case at Covent Garden. Musicians and amateurs will both hope that Mr. Thomas will soon produce a worthy successor to this, his first work. Operatic composers are not so plentiful in these days that the pen which produced *Esmeralda* can afford to be idle.

Last, but not least, a word of commendation must be bestowed upon the orchestra and Signor Mancinelli, who, though occasionally assisted by Signori Randegger and Bevignani, has been responsible for the production of the most important works performed. His energy and ability distinguish him as one of the best living conductors, and to him much of the credit is due for the many admirable performances which have characterized an interesting season.

HAYMARKET MATINÉE.

A NEW play entitled *That Girl*, by Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mrs. Oscar Beringer, founded on a story by Miss Clementina Black, was produced on Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the widow of the late W. R. Beverley, the well-known scene-painter. The plot of the piece hangs upon two characters—"those old favourites of the public" the gentlemanly swindler and his virtuous daughter. The scene is laid in a Swiss hotel, where the swindler, a certain Captain Wentworth, has succeeded in fleecing a young man named Lumley Brereton. When this person finds that his pockets have been picked by the father, while the daughter, Iris Wentworth, refuses to entertain his proposal of marriage, he threatens dreadful things. His revenge takes a very excellent dramatic shape—he forges love letters, culminating in an offer of marriage from the good young man of the play, one Philip Challoner, to Iris Wentworth. She falls into the trap, and Captain Wentworth, with a view to landing his fish without mishap, announces the engagement to the whole hotel. The situation is a very strong one—even too strong for the authors, who cannot extricate their heroine and marry her to the right man without shaking the faith of the audience in her uncontaminated purity. She does not emerge successfully, like the heroine of M. Sardou's *Dora* or Mr. Pinero's *Money-Spinner*. In the circumstances, we cannot but feel that she falls into her lover's arms too readily, even for the daughter of a professional gambler. The fact is that the authors seem to have hampered themselves with the lumber of the novelist. We have not the advantage of an acquaintance with Miss Black's story; but clearly it is "d—n good to steal from," as Fuseli remarked of Blake's work. Mr. Hamilton and Mrs. Oscar Beringer should have stolen, therefore, in the fearless old dramatic fashion; they should have taken the situation and left half the characters and all the ill-written dialogue. As it stands, the piece drags dangerously, in spite of the excellent construction. If it were put in the evening bill of any theatre without alteration, it is improbable that the ordinary audience would endure the turgid soliloquies of the hero and heroine until the fall of the curtain.

The acting was, on the whole, excellent. Mr. Somerset showed a very just appreciation of those points which have made Captain Rook a popular character on the stage. It will be a pity if he is not afforded another opportunity of displaying his talent in the part. It is unfortunate that Miss Véra Beringer should always play unpleasing parts. An ill-bred, uncontrolled American child can generally be avoided in real life—at least one can box its ears; in a book one can skip it—but on the stage one can only condemn the cleverness which accentuates the horror of the original; and Miss Beringer has abundant talent. The part of the child's mother was very well acted by Miss Helen Leigh. Miss Norreys played the heroine, Iris Wentworth—or, perhaps, one should say that Iris Wentworth played Miss Norreys. This talented young actress is not well advised to attempt such characters. One scene where she had an opportunity of exhibiting the excellence of her comedy vein was well acted. For the rest, we prefer not to speak of it.

REVIEWS.

LORD BYRON.*

EVERYBODY knows that admirable but melancholy passage in *The Newcomes* wherein the author explains, at some length, why Colonel Newcome was not happy even when he had attained the desire of his heart; and how one of the minor—the very minor, but still annoying—causes of his unhappiness was to be found in the frightfully heterodox and unintelligible opinions of the Warrington-Pendennis set. From these desperadoes the good Colonel heard that "there had been a wicked conspiracy against Mr. Pope's memory and fame, and that it was time to reinstate him"; he heard, also, that "Byron was no great poet, though a very clever man." We have often thought that, though there be much wisdom in this, even as it meets the eye, there is more which is somewhat hidden. There *was* that little conspiracy against Mr. Pope's name and memory; it *did* seem to good literary critics time to reinstate him. Did they succeed? We trow not. The uncritical part of the depreciation of Pope has, indeed, been discarded in the course of the last forty or fifty years; but has he been reinstated in that place which he held unchallenged almost throughout the eighteenth century? Again we trow not. And, further, we trow that, except as a matter of temporary *engouement*, as the result of the fad of some fashionable critic, he never will be. And now Byron, as is chronologically fitting, is in much the same case as Mr. Pope was. There has been a wicked conspiracy (Mr. Warrington was apparently one of the conspirators) against him for the last few years, and a little more; some generous spirits have agreed that it is time to reinstate him; they, too, have been trying very hard. Will they succeed? Yet again, we trow not. As before, as always, the uncritical part of the denunciation of Byron will pass, the critical part will stand. Slight variations may take place, but to all intents and purposes Byron is classed once for all. No competent critic will ever deny his somewhat febrile but still overpowering force, his originality after a kind, his close connexion with and understanding of certain not specially exalted or even specially interesting, but genuine, widespread, and constantly recurrent, moods of the modern human mind. No one will ever deny the power of his verse as a poetical intoxicant in certain cases. But also no one will, except with the largest restrictions and qualifications, endorse that astonishing endorsement of Mr. Matthew Arnold's which gives the arrantest poser of modern times credit for "sincerity." No one with an ear and an education will condone his hideous formal lapses and slovenliness, no one will deny the strange vein of vulgarity which alloys his work as well as his life. It may still be the amusement of some to weigh him against other considerable poets like Wordsworth, whose blemishes are different from his; it will never again, with critics who are not crotcheteers, be possible to compare him to, much less to put him above, poets like Shelley.

Meanwhile, however, the reinstating goes on, and Mr. Roden Noel, we gather, is one of the reinstators. He is very angry with "pedantic, intemperate, microscopic cavils," and a cavil pedantic, intemperate, and microscopic at once must, indeed, be a fearful wildfowl. He thinks it "impertinent" to quote "there let him lay" or the "young earthquake" as a reason for "dethroning a great poet upon whose claims Europe and posterity have pronounced their verdict." In reply to which we may pedantically observe as to posterity, "*Negatur*," and as to Europe "No *locus standi*." No one will refuse to give the opinion of foreigners a careful hearing of grace, if not of right. But when the defects of a poet are exactly those which foreigners are almost necessarily disqualified from comprehending, that opinion, though received politely, must be allowed but little weight. Mr. Noel, however, busies himself more with Byron's life than with his works; and here also he is a doughty, though occasionally a rather damaging, champion. He is very angry, indeed, with the people who accuse Byron of snobbishness; but he himself practically acknowledges everything that has been said when he talks of Byron's "rather vulgar ostentation of rank," and he is certainly wrong when he sets down the condemnation of Byron on this score to "the modern detestation of class distinctions." We think we could convince him that some at least of those who are most disgusted by Byron's nonsense about "a brother peer" and the rest are precisely those who value and respect "class distinctions" most, and who are, therefore, most annoyed to see a peer behaving like a *parvenu*. However, enthusiasm is far too excellent a thing to be ill treated, and Mr. Noel's enthusiasm for Byron is genuine and engaging. Moreover, he not seldom makes out a very fair case for his hero, especially on the great *crux* of the separation, where he is not only generous but judicious, on the whole, and does not, as some rash people do, commit himself too far. One noteworthy thing about the book is that it gives much more space than most short accounts of Byron's life have done to his last days in Greece—days which are certainly on the whole more creditable to him than most other days of his life as a man of action. Indeed, on the whole, though it is sometimes uncritical and still oftener undisciplined, the book is by no means without merits, and those merits of a kind specially suitable to a "series" book for popular reading. It is, as we have said,

* *Great Writers—Lord Byron.* By the Hon. Roden Noel. London: Walter Scott.

generous and stimulating, and may have the double good effect, first, of making people read Byron (and his severest critics are probably those who would confess most cheerfully how much better that occupation is than reading most later work); and, secondly, of encouraging others to take enthusiastic views of life and literature, rather than indulge in the maudlin or pottering analytics of the day.

NOVELS.*

THE Tragic Muse will have a special interest for Mr. Henry James's English readers, as in it for the first time he shakes himself free of the toils imposed by his nationality, and gives to the world a novel which does not contain even one American. Not one *soi-disant* American, that is; for it must be confessed that Miriam Rooth, the Tragic Muse herself, and her friend, Gabriel Nash, are much more like certain types of Americans with whom fiction has made us familiar (does not Miriam even talk of "once in a while"?) than any known form of English development. It is quite possible, indeed highly probable, that such Americans do not really exist; but their presentment is fondly cherished by a particular class of popular author, who delights in them as the most complex and subtle productions of which his brain is capable. The story is mainly concerned with the career of Miriam Rooth, from her first appearance as a handsome, awkward, tactless, self-confident girl, with a real, though very dormant, talent for acting, and a passion for the stage, to the moment in which she makes her bow as the elegant, successful actress whose belief in herself and love for her profession are the strongest things about her. One of the best scenes in the book is the early one where Miriam, accompanied by her adoring mother, proceeds to give recitations to an old French actress, with the irrepressible Gabriel Nash and two other young Englishmen, Dormer and Sherringham by name, for audience. The impartiality of the Frenchwoman's attitude towards the apparently stolid and hopeless performer, her practical questions and suggestions, and the determination with which she declines to be led from the point by the maternal garrulity of Mrs. Rooth, are admirably rendered, and, as far as we are aware, are a new "note" in fiction. No less effective is the description of Miriam's recitations before a company of English ladies in the rooms of Peter Sherringham, one of the secretaries at the British Embassy. At that time Miriam's powers of conception and execution were as limited as her self-confidence was great. Once started, she went on like a barrel-organ, till the nervous host had a hint conveyed to her that she would do well to stop. The episode reminds us of one in *Pride and Prejudice*, where Mary Bennett, on being asked politely by her host at supper to give them a song, continues to warble, till her father mildly remarks that "she has delighted the company long enough," and that they had better be going. We are not told what the sensations of Miss Bennett's hearers were on this occasion; but Mr. James has sketched for us (not without some malice) those of the cultivated beings who listened to Miss Rooth. All were deeply impressed. Shrieking they took for power, squeaking for pathos; and Sherringham's cousin, Biddy Dormer, was so deeply moved that she came forward to thank the heroine of the exhibition, and to tell her how beautiful she thought it. In the picture of Biddy Dormer as the best type of English girl Mr. James has achieved a triumphant success. It is not an easy thing to convey on paper the charm of a young girl (in the English, not the American, sense of the term) who is modest, yet not shy or silly; able to take care of herself when necessary, but always preferring to be looked after by somebody else. We feel all the fascination of Biddy and are even prepared to forgive her her horrible name. The other characters are less true to nature and less agreeable to contemplate. Biddy's mother, Lady Agnes Dormer, mother likewise of Nick and Grace, is intended to be a good, narrow-minded, hardworking Englishwoman; but she is likewise intended to be a lady, and surely it is not the custom of ladies to talk so very plainly as Lady Agnes does about the desirability of Nick proposing to his rich cousin Mrs. Dallow, or to allow eligible suitors to see as clearly into their hearts as she allows Peter Sherringham to see into hers? However, every one is so odd on this same question of love affairs, that perhaps Lady Agnes may only have accommodated herself to the prevailing spirit. Peter Sherringham passes by Biddy's secret devotion and falls gradually more and more in love with Miriam, to whom he is perpetually offering his hand; yet somehow there is a sense of reality lacking in his declarations which convey more of pique than passion, and we are not as surprised as we ought to be that Miriam sustained "the rummage of his gaze." Nick Dormer, the person whom Miriam really prefers, though she marries a useful all-round young actor, suffers the beautiful actress to make him her confidant while he is taking her portrait; and even discusses his mother and sisters with her and Gabriel Nash. Indeed, the want of reticence observable in all the characters is remarkable in English people with whom it is, mercifully, the exception either to talk about their feelings or to plunge into analysis, as both Dormer and Sherringham have a trick of doing. In Miriam Rooth Mr. James has attempted to show a woman whose personal gifts can only be developed by long and hard labour, and whose gifts become graces under the sun of prosperity. But, though he contrives to realize well enough the glittering, unrestful, self-absorbed personality that is the almost necessary outcome of an actress's life, he has not been able to make her lovable, or to gloss over the vulgarity or want of humour that so often degenerates into pertness. Gabriel Nash is a superfluous figure altogether, and only serves the purpose of perpetually admiring Miriam, and exclaiming "Isn't she wonderful?" There is some excellent talk about acting; and lovers of the Français will linger round the pages that deal with that shrine, and with the pictures of Rachel in the foyer. Mr. James is thoroughly at home here, and his criticisms are always worth attending to. It is a pity the book was not compressed a little, as the story would gain much, and that the characters do not confine themselves either to French or English, and not converse in a medley of both. It is likewise a mistake to allow the Dormer family to talk for nearly eighty pages—off and on—about one "Julia," without any explanation being given as to who "Julia" may be. This has exactly the same effect on the reader as listening to two people discussing an intimate friend who is unknown to the third, and conveys the sense of ill-breeding. In short, *The Tragic Muse* is full of Mr. James's usual excellences and defects; and those members of the public who have once got over the "Julia" difficulty will find a great deal to reward them.

The nameless author of *An Australian Girl* shows promise in various directions, but she needs self-restraint and condensation. Her heroine, Stella Courtland, is a pleasant girl, and, like all the nice people in the novel, might as easily have been brought up in England or Canada as in Australia. The local colour in the book is almost entirely outside the story, though it is plain that the author is a genuine "native." Ted, Stella's persistent lover, with his dog-like devotion, and his belief in her which is only equalled by his inability to understand her, is very well drawn; and so is his sister, the unscrupulous vulgar-minded practical Laurette, who is enchanted to accept the disreputable son of an earl, by whom she is afterwards neglected in every possible way. Ted has firm faith that his constancy will be rewarded, and he ultimately triumphs; but only through the wickedness of his sister, who has reasons of her own for wishing the marriage. All this part of the story is rather confused. As far as is clear, Laurette desired Ted to marry Stella only to keep him in a good humour, and to be able to get money from him whenever she wanted it. So she resolves (unknown to Ted) to separate Stella and the transcendental German doctor, who is her twin soul, and does it by erasing, scratching out, and even adding a P.S. to one of his letters, in which the girl learns that the wife who he thought was dead has come to life again. Then Stella marries Ted in a hurry, finds out the truth by accident, and after several months of *Sturm und Drang*, resolves to make the best of her bargain. All the relations of Ted and Stella are well described, and the author would have done better to have confined herself to what directly affected these two. Instead of this, she has introduced numbers of extraneous people, who, for the most part, are nothing but names, and gives lengthy disquisitions on all sorts of subjects, chiefly through the medium of Stella's letters, which are perfect pamphlets. There is a good deal of miscellaneous information scattered about the book; but it is generally "matter in the wrong place," and, therefore, would be better omitted. If the writer will only make up her mind to prune and prune, and concentrate and concentrate, she will most likely produce a good novel.

Slavonic novels will probably never become really popular in this country till the teaching of some of these languages becomes as practically compulsory as that of French. English people are very lazy, and absolutely decline to take the trouble to master names different from those to which they are accustomed; and nothing is more common than to hear persons of unusual intelligence exclaim, "Oh, I can't read those books; I never can remember those dreadful names." For this reason, it is to be feared that the admirable novel, *With Fire and Sword*, written by Sienkiewicz, and translated by Mr. Curtin, will never be widely read over here. If Russian names are bad, Polish are ten times worse, and when you add to this the fact that, at the time with which the story deals, brother was fighting against brother, the head that is unacquainted, ever so slightly, with the history of the time and the heroes of the day is apt to whiz round with fearful rapidity. There is no bloodier period in the records of the whole world than the year 1647, which saw the beginning of the terrible Cossack war, in the reign of Alexis, father of Peter the Great. In his introduction to the book Mr. Curtin gives a masterly synopsis of Polish history, and it is rather amusing to note that in the burning question of the desirableness of the triumph of one party over the other—the Poles over the Cossacks backed by the Tartars—he takes an entirely different view to that of the author whom he is translating. The success of Poland, at that time including Lithuania and most of South-West Russia, meant the wiping out of Greek orthodoxy and Russia herself, with the absolute ascendency of the nobles; and it was in defence of faith and liberty that the Cossacks fought. Of course, being a Pole, Sienkiewicz enlists our sympathies on the Polish side, though he does not attempt to conceal the fact that the cruelty was just as great on one side as on the other. Indeed he relates their horrible actions with such faithfulness that persons whose imagi-

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* *The Tragic Muse.* By Henry James. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

An Australian Girl. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

With Fire and Sword. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

nations are vivid will be fain to turn the page with closed eyes; for, though impaling becomes an everyday occurrence, there are things to which the heart can never steel itself. Sienkiewicz's opinion of Prince Yeremi Vishneyevetski, on the one hand, and of Hmelnitski, on the other, are not precisely those held by many historians; but few people will care about that. From first to last there are adventures of every kind, calculated to satisfy the most gore-loving boy. Battles, murders, and sudden deaths, perils by land, perils by sea, fires, disguises, masquerades, even love-making, though the times move on too fast for the reader to lay much store by that. Then, too, the characters are sharp and clear, and no mind, however confused, can mix them. There is the stout, boastful Zagloba, who only loves fighting when his blood is up, and would rather compass his ends by wiles; a man something after the pattern of Falstaff, fond of wine, and given to make other men's exploits his own. There is the gentle and valiant giant Podbipienta; the cunning and faithful boy Jendzian, with his keen eye for the main chance; the reckless Volodyovski; the chivalrous hero Skshetuski; the splendid dare-devil Bogun, and a hundred more. The story goes on, increasing with interest as it goes, till everything culminates in the siege of Zbaraj, and the sallies of the Poles against the Tartars. But the beleaguered were few and the beleaguerers many, and it soon became evident that, unless help came soon, they must surrender to Hmelnitski and the Khan. So the four friends —Podbipienta, Skshetuski, Volodyovski, and Zagloba—obtain leave from the Prince, in turn to steal, if possible, through the Tartar camp, and carry news of their straits to the Polish king, John Casimir. One holds one's breath as one follows Podbipienta crawling among dead bodies, between wagons, through ditches, and past the outposts of a hundred thousand Tartars, and breathes more freely when he almost reaches the wood. But a band of Tartars perceived him, and, placing his back against a solitary oak, he dealt slaughter round him with his two-handed sword, and died like "le brave Bussy." How Skshetuski, starving and light-headed with fever, wandered all one night amongst the reedy shores of the lake under Zbaraj, and swam down the river past both camps of besiegers till he reached the Polish Court, curious readers may see for themselves. They will never spend a better half-hour. Mr. Curtin deserves hearty thanks and praise for his translation, which gets perceptibly better as it goes on. Only, the next time he translates a novel involving such incessant change of locality and such minute knowledge of the country, would he be kind enough to append a map?

EQUITATION.*

"THERE is but one *haute école*, and Baucher is its prophet" is the text from which nearly every French book on *équitation* is preached. M. Fillis was a pupil of M. Caron, and M. Caron was a pupil of Baucher. Moreover, M. Fillis closely observed and studied that great master himself; but, while he pays all due homage to his memory as having been the greatest exponent of French horsemanship, he does not consider that he was altogether infallible. For instance, Baucher held that all horses have naturally the same mouth and an equal sensibility of flank. On both points M. Fillis disagrees with him. Are all men, he asks, equally ticklish? Baucher pretended that a breaker could destroy a horse's instinctive forces, and manage him by transmitted forces—a theory which M. Fillis describes as "bizarre et contraire à la nature"; for, says he, the rider cannot transmit any force whatever to his horse; all he can do is to utilize and direct the horse's natural forces, moderating or exciting them according to his wishes. One of Baucher's most famous and most commonly-quoted sayings was "jambes sans mains et mains sans jambes." We have long had our own opinion on this theory; but we attributed it to Anglican prejudice until we found that M. Fillis called it "tout simplement absurde." Baucher liked a horse's neck to be very much arched, and his mouth to be held in towards his chest. M. Fillis prefers that he should have only the upper part of his neck arched, that he should carry his head high, and that his forehead should usually be at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the ground. He considers Baucher's capital fault to have been his custom of keeping his horses almost entirely in the riding-school; for he points out that the difference between a horse trained on Baucher's system, and rarely, if ever, taken outside the walls of the school, and an ordinary well-trained saddle-horse for practical purposes, is enormous. On the other hand, he comes to M. Baucher's rescue against those who make the blasphemous assertion that the great man was anything but "solide en selle," and that he "n'osait se montrer à la promenade ou à la chasse," because he was afraid of tumbling off.

M. Fillis considers the horse an animal of very low intelligence, and almost incapable of personal attachment. He believes that the only faculty which he possesses in any marked degree is that of memory, and that he is chiefly remarkable for being, even more than most other animals, a creature of habit. In the author's opinion, although the voice, and the slightest movements of the hands, arms, or body, immediately excite a horse's attention, the expression of the human face and the movements of the features convey no impression to him whatsoever. During the early part of the training of a horse, so long as he is lunging him, or leading him, on foot, M. Fillis uses a long cutting whip; but as soon as he gets into the saddle, he trusts entirely to the reins and the spur, and he never carries a whip when riding. We may observe here that, in our opinion, one of the great defects in the average English horseman is his entire ignorance of the use of the spur; he abuses it sometimes, and as a rule, unwittingly; but of its scientific use, he generally knows nothing. Our author admits that Englishmen are good riders; but he objects to their stiffness in the saddle, and he says that if nations "d'origine germanique" are the best riders, they owe it to their perseverance and dogged obstinacy in hard work; for that the Latin nations, on account of their moderate size of body, their suppleness, and their agility, naturally adapt themselves better to the movements of the horse than the Saxons, and that if they were only capable of taking the trouble they would be the best riders in the world.

In the chapter headed "Position de l'Amazone," ladies are advised to give the right foot instead of the left, to the person who is going to mount them. The author disclaims the discovery of this method of mounting, but he says that he has had the honour of putting "des souveraines" into the saddle, and that their Majesties have ever since presented the right foot. "La femme à cheval se blesse très facilement." Fully admitting the truth of this remark, we fancy from what we read here that French ladies are thinner-skinned than English. "Le moindre pli dans ses vêtements détermine une écorchure." Women are advised, when riding, above all things to avoid the use of "épingles qui ne tiennent pas en place, tombent ou piquent." "Il est préférable qu'elle ne mette pas de chemise, mais une chemisette," and socks are better than long stockings, for garters are apt to produce "blessures étendues et douloureuses." High boots, again, are too hard, and likely to cause sores beneath the knee. "Bottines" are better, and even they should have elastic sides instead of buttons, "pour éviter les blessures." Too short a saddle, again, "blessera sûrement l'amazone"; and, if the saddle is too long, it is the horse that "sera blessé" on the loins. Ladies are urged to fasten on "la coiffure très solidement." If a woman "perd son chapeau, elle est près de perdre la tête." And ladies are implored to mark "un temps," and not "deux temps sur la selle" in "le trot à *l'anglaise*."

Immense attention is given, in French horse-breaking, to "Flexions." The breaker puts an ordinary double-reined bridle on a horse, and, standing by his head and holding the reins, one in one hand and the other in the other, about eight or ten inches from his mouth, he makes him open his mouth and bend his neck up or down, to right or left, as he wishes. One favourite method is to throw the snaffle-rein over his head, and pull it forwards with the left hand, while the right hand pulls the curb-rein backwards. The next step is to hold the horse tight by the head, and tickle him with a whip on different parts of his body, until he bends his back, or gets his haunches under him as may be desired. When, at last, the breaker ventures to get on his back, the method he follows is to "hit him and hold him," or rather to spur him and hold him. He pulls with the left rein and spurs with the right heel, or vice versâ, and sometimes he pulls both reins and sticks in both spurs at once, until the horse squats on his haunches, lifts his forelegs, or even his entire forehand, and turns and twists in the best Parisian style. M. Fillis admits that in French riding-schools horses are kept too much and too long on their haunches. The French trot he thinks trying to the rider, and still more trying to the horse, although it is indispensable in the riding-school when teaching a beginner to ride without stirrups, and he cannot understand why it has been so long and so exclusively adopted in the army. He has much to say in praise of the English civilian trot, which does not unduly shake either horse or man. He suggests that in this trot it is well "descendre moelleusement sur la selle," and to avoid poking "le ventre en avant."

A good deal of information is given as to the author's manner of dealing with nervous and vicious horses. Under certain circumstances, especially with horses "qui font des tête-à-queue," he advocates "un vigoureux coup de stick sur le nez." When this has been administered a few times "avec vigueur et précision," it will be found that "la seule vue du stick suffit." "L'animal le plus désagréable" that he ever came across was "un étalon des plus ramingues et mordeur en diable." When he got on his back, the brute would throw himself on his knees, and in that position turn his head and try to bite his rider's feet. To prevent this, two long iron shanks were put on each side of his bit, so that he could not turn his head; and before they were even tried, it was thought that he was as good as conquered. Not a bit of it! On being mounted, down he went on his knees again, when finding that there was no hope of being able to get at his rider's toes, he bit his own breast. Then an apron of very stiff leather was made for him, but in three days he had torn it into shreds. Finally, M. Fillis had a tin funnel made for the head of the vicious brute, with the result that, finding himself unable to bite anything whatever, "il perdit bientôt cette détestable habitude."

In all French books on riding, *le saut*, or rather the sitting of a horse while making it, is dealt with as if it were an almost superhuman accomplishment, or at least one requiring much obtuse calculation and anxious forethought. Here we have a picture of a man riding over an "obstacle" in a hunting-cap and trousers. We are recommended to ride on the snaffle, not the curb, when negotiating fences on horseback—a piece of advice

* *Principes de dressage et d'équitation.* Par James Fillis. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion. 1890.

which may possibly be necessary for Frenchmen—and to be "bien résolu." M. Fillis may have heard of the English saying, "Throw your heart over, and your horse will follow it." French steeplechase riders, in the author's opinion, go too fast at their fences. It seems that the English, "dans les steeples," moderate their horses' pace as they come to their fences—we were under the impression that they went quite fast enough at them—and that in this they show better horsemanship, whereas the French system "est plus casse-cou et demande moins de savoir," but nevertheless offers greater chances of victory, if the "cheval ne tombe pas." In the notice of flat racing, a high tribute of praise is paid to the splendid riding of the late Fred Archer. When he rose in his stirrups his "assiette effleurait encore la selle," whereas many jockeys stand up so absurdly high, "qu'entre eux et la selle on pourrait placer un chapeau." Archer showed by his example that in race-riding, as in every other kind of horsemanship, the whole science resolves itself into three words—"jugement, mains, jambes." We can almost hear a chorus of English jockeys exclaiming "Bravo, Mounseer!"

M. Fillis has a profound admiration for the English hunter, an animal which, in his eyes, has but one fault—he costs too much! A good hunter, he says, fetches readily from 280*l.* to 320*l.*, and if he has "des qualités exceptionnelles" he will realize 500*l.* or 600*l.* It is true enough that hunters of a certain class make these sorts of prices; but if pretty good horses could not be got for much smaller sums, very few of us would hunt. We are told that in every country except England it is the custom to use horses of comparatively very small value for "la chasse," because they are exposed to so many dangers—on the same principle, we suppose, as the most worthless screws that can be found are used for bull-fights—whereas the English, who are very practical, and at the same time thoroughly aware of the value of money, economize in their carriage horses, but do not grudge expense when providing themselves with horses to which they intend to entrust their lives in the hunting-field. A grand horse, indeed, is the English hunter. "Si l'obstacle est haut et fixe," he concentrates his forces for a grand effort, yet he goes at it "sans précipitation et sans hâte"; but if it is "une rivière assez large qu'il doit passer," he stretches himself out and goes at it "gaillardement, presque joyeusement." "Les Anglais disent: *Hacking is art, hunting is pluck.*" This saying is, we suppose, familiar to everybody, except ourselves; but curiously enough, it is the first time that we have heard of it. The author goes on to say, "La vérité m'oblige à dire que j'ai toujours vu plus de *hacking* que de *art à Rotten row.*"

The chapter on cavalry remounts will be read with almost as much interest by English as by French military men. The most characteristic section of the book, however, is that on "Equitation savante." Best of all, it is illustrated by instantaneous photographs, or, to speak more correctly, photogravures. With the help of these and the very clear instructions in the letter-press an English horseman may teach his horse the "passages," the various "pirouettes," "les pas espagnols," "le trot espagnol," "le galop sur trois jambes," and "piaffer ballotté." Very "un-Archer-like" these performances appear to the British eye; but they may be none the worse for that. The instantaneous photographs give forcible evidence of the discomfort and worry caused to the horse's mouth and flanks by the spur and bridle in the course of these equine buffooneries. But we must not sneer at *équitation savante*, or M. Fillis will reply to us with "la fable du *Renard et les raisins.*"

There is a photogravure on the title-page of a man on horseback. It is a pleasure to see a picture of a Frenchman riding on the snaffle with his curb-rein quite loose, and his foot well home in the stirrup; but we wish he were riding a better horse. The latter is a very terrible calf-kneed, weak-loined, narrow-girthed, goose-rumped, straight-hocked, leggy brute. If we almost wept to see such a nice man on such a bad horse, we fairly sobbed over his breeches, which are even worse than his horse. They have five buttons; the seam is lamentably backward, and there are woeful wrinkles below the knee. In the photographs of the "équitation savante" we think we recognize the same pair of breeches; and the more the horse pirouettes the higher they seem to work up his rider's legs, until the melancholy fact becomes revealed that they are only a pair of trousers with breeches-buttons sewn on to them. We part with the author on the most friendly terms and in an excellent humour; and if on many points we disagree with him, we do not hesitate to recommend his book to the study of English as well as French readers.

CONSTITUTIONAL DOCUMENTS.*

A GENERAL welcome will certainly be accorded to Dr. Gardiner's volume of *Constitutional Documents*, from the Petition of Right to the Declaration of Breda. It contains the text of a number of documents almost as familiar by name as Magna Carta, though very few people have read them, and fewer still have them at hand for reference. To all historical students the book will be a precious possession, for they will find in it the whole constitutional history of the Rebellion in the most satisfactory form in which it can be expressed, together with a commentary of the highest value. The book is a worthy companion to Bishop Stubbs's *Select Charters*; it is like it in outward fashion, and is arranged on much the same plan, though it does not present us, as the Bishop's volume does, with a short introduction at the head of each document. All that is needed, however, is supplied in the general introduction, which consists of a sketch of the constitutional history of the period, founded on the materials printed in the main body of the book, with references to each of them in order. It is clearly and tersely written, and is full of suggestive remarks. Indeed, it exhibits everywhere the firmness of grasp and maturity of judgment which bespeak the hand of a master. Down to the point to which the author has as yet carried his *History of England*, much, if not all, that he says here will be found in one form or another in his great work. Yet, as his remarks on constitutional development are detached here from the narrative of events, they seem invested with fresh force. Taking the essence of the Puritan revolt to be the restriction of the power of the King, he gives a short estimate of the position of the Crown in the last years of James I. The strong Tudor monarchy was upheld by a "combination of patriotism and religion," which made its mark on the institutions of the kingdom. Elizabeth exercised her power, both in ecclesiastical and civil matters, with moderation, and, like her father, with regard to the feelings of her subjects, with whom she was in full accord. Her death was followed by a complete change in these respects; for, while James pressed his rights much further than she did, his policy "struck no roots in the heart of the nation, and it soon became impossible to regard him as in any sense a leader of national action." His financial difficulties were pressing, and he raised money by means independent of Parliament. The levy of Impositions led to a distinct rift between the Crown and the House of Commons, which was aggravated by his attempt to enforce strict conformity on the clergy. A succinct review of the relations between Charles and his first two Parliaments brings us to the Petition of Right, "the first statutory restriction of the power of the Crown since the accession of the Tudor dynasty." Dr. Gardiner explains the silence of the Petition as to the question of Impositions, observing that the reference to the imaginary statute *de Tallagio non concedendo* rather than to the *Confirmatio Cartarum*, makes it clear that the omission was designed. When, however, the Commons found that the King would not accept the compromise which they proposed with respect to Tonnage and Poundage, they calmly asserted the Petition had declared that, without authority of law, taxes might not be levied on merchandise. The dispute might, it is observed, have subsided after the murder of Buckingham, had not the feelings of the Commons been embittered by the King's ecclesiastical policy. Under Charles Church questions assumed a new aspect; "to the dispute about surplices succeeded a dispute about doctrine and discipline." This subject is illustrated by the King's Declaration prefixed to the Articles and the Heads of Articles agreed on at a Sub-Committee of the House of Commons for Religion. Every one will remember how the Speaker was held down in his chair in order that Eliot's Resolutions, which follow next, on Religion, and Tonnage and Poundage, might be carried, Black Rod meanwhile knocking loudly at the door of the House, which Sir Miles Hobart had shut and locked. No abler statement of the King's case could well have been drawn up than the Declaration which he published on the dissolution. Unfortunately it exhibited throughout his determination to take advantage of everything the law gave him against the Commons; it was thoroughly unconciliatory and self-satisfied. The course of events during the eleven years of Charles's personal government is indicated by some highly interesting documents, the republication of the Declaration of Sports, with the addition called forth by Chief Justice Richardson's interference with the Somersetshire Wakes; the first Writ of Ship-money, with extracts from the speech of Oliver St. John, on Hampden's side, and the argument of Sir Robert Berkeley, and the Scottish National Covenant. As Berkeley made special reference to Holborne's assertion of the sovereignty of Parliament in matters of taxation, "though for a public good," his argument and St. John's speech scarcely match each other.

When the Long Parliament voted that it should not be dissolved without its own consent, it is clear that men were beginning to be conscious that constitutional reform would be of no avail unless they could provide against difficulties which were certain to arise from the character of the King and his belief in his rights—in other words, that they cared at least as little for the constitution as he did. Yet Parliament was slow to recognize that it was impossible to work with Charles, and its reluctance to break the "continuity of its traditions," while it led to immediate evils, secured, as Dr. Gardiner points out, the permanence of its work. It busied itself in stripping the Crown of the powers acquired or revived by the Tudor kings. The Acts by which it accomplished this change are given in the text. But what, men began to ask themselves, did they gain by constitutional (or unconstitutional) reform if the King could not be trusted? He might find means to undo all that had been done. This feeling appears in the Ten Propositions which Pym laid before the Lords when Charles was about to go to Scotland. The safeguard which Pym proposed was that he should choose "such officers and counsellors as his people and Parliament may have just cause to confide in." Meanwhile the Parliament was by no means so unanimous as regards ecclesiastical as it was as regards civil

* *The Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution*, 1628–1660. Selected and edited by Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

matters. Several of these documents exemplify this want of concord, and among them we have the Root and Branch Petition, against which may be set the Lords' Bill on Church Reform. A division between the two great parties in the kingdom was hastened by the Irish Rebellion, and the effect of this startling event on the minds of the leaders of the Commons may be discerned in the revolutionary character of Pym's Instructions to the Committee in Scotland, and in the Grand Remonstrance. A striking advance in the progress of the dispute is marked by the Nineteen Propositions sent to the King on the eve of the outbreak of the war. In place of demands for the restriction of unconstitutional claims, the Parliament required Charles to put the government of Church and State under its immediate control; the whole royal power was to be transferred from the King to privy councillors and ministers approved by Parliament. With these propositions Dr. Gardiner compares those presented to Charles at the Treaty of Oxford, after some months of civil war, when the Parliament "appears to have thought that financial and military control would be sufficient guarantees." On the other hand, it raised its demands as to Church matters, requiring the immediate abolition of Episcopacy, for it was in treaty with the Scots, and before long entered into the Solemn League and Covenant, which is also printed here. Dr. Gardiner notes the "reasonable spirit" of the King's proposal at Uxbridge, and observes that the insulting Propositions of the Houses prove that there was a general distrust of the character of Charles which made it impossible to accept a constitutional settlement, and left no possible temporary solution of the question between him and the Parliament except his abdication or dethronement. Of the documents relating to the various negotiations which he carried on after he had delivered himself to the Scots, the most important historically are the two which concern his alliance with the Presbyterian party in the spring of 1647, when he was in the custody of the Parliament at Holmby House; for this alliance led, as we are reminded here, to "the Second Civil War in 1648, and ultimately to the Restoration in 1660." Dr. Gardiner points out the vast superiority of the scheme of government contained in the Heads of the Proposals from the army to "the Presbyterian plan of waiting for events." The Heads of Proposals exhibit an attempt at a permanent settlement based on the principle of government by the people through a Parliament amenable to the constituencies. When the monarchy was overthrown and the continuity of constitutional traditions broken, the leaders of the army sought to guard against the danger of Parliamentary despotism by putting forth a sketch of a written Constitution, which Parliament would not be competent to violate. This was the Agreement of the People, which was based on the Heads of the Proposals, though it, of course, left out all that applied to royalty in the earlier document.

Among his documents of the Commonwealth and Protectorate Dr. Gardiner prints one which he has been the first to discover. He has given us, from a MS. in the possession of Lord Braye, the Constitutional Bill of the first Parliament of the Protectorate, which was drawn up as an amendment of the Instrument of Government. It is a document of the highest interest, for it tells us the exact grounds on which Cromwell dissolved the House. The chief points of difference between the Bill and the Instrument of Government are placed clearly before the reader in the Introduction in a tabulated form; they concern the election of a Protector, the election of the Council and the tenure of a Councillor's office, the appropriation of the revenue, the right of making peace and war, the control of the army, and religious toleration. We have noticed only a certain number of the documents printed in this happily conceived and well executed work, but have probably said enough to indicate its general character. In speaking of the Declaration of Breda, Dr. Gardiner answers the inquiry as to what the country gained by the Civil War. As far as constitutional forms are concerned, the Restoration, he remarks, placed matters as they were at the end of August 1641. All the schemes of reform and government made after that date were failures. Nevertheless, the war was not in vain; for it secured the permanence of the changes which were necessary to the well-being of the nation. While the "dreams of idealists" and the secondary consequences of the Rebellion perished, the Restoration did not undo the good which had been done; "the conservative instincts of those who turned back were but the instrument through which the steadiness of progress indispensable to all healthy growth was maintained."

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*THE ANTIQUARY.**

THE ANTIQUARY'S twentieth volume affords us its usual quaint and curious medley of forgotten lore. "Men of Kent" may not have forgotten, but nevertheless will like to be reminded, how their ancestors are said to have met the Conqueror at Swanscombe, and gained for their county its proud motto "Invicta"; but the paper which has interested us most is the too brief account of the ill-starred loves of Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy, and Penelope Devereux, Lady Rich. Many non-antiquarian readers on meeting with the name of Blount as that of a courtier of Queen Elizabeth will be led to think of the grotesque figure whom Sir Walter Scott has introduced into *Kenilworth* as a foil to Sir Walter Raleigh, and who bears no likeness, beyond his name, to the far-descended chivalrous Lord Mountjoy of history, one of the most striking figures of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., created Earl of Devonshire, and at one time a most successful "Deputy" in Ireland.

The article on "Ludlow Castle and the scene of Milton's *Comus*" is well worth reading. "It was one of the caprices of Fortune," remarks a late editor of *Comus*, "that made the future composer of the great Puritan Epic the last composer of a Cavalier Mask. It often happens," continues Mr. R. C. Browne, "that just when a taste or fashion is at the point of death, it undergoes a forced and temporary revival. So it was with the Mask. The dramatic mask of the sixteenth century has been traced, in germ at least, as far back as the time of Edward III. But in its perfected shape it was a genuine offspring of the English renaissance, a cross between the vernacular mummery or mystery-play and the Greek drama. No great Court festival was considered complete without such a public show. Many of our greatest dramatic writers—Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Dekker, Shirley, Carew—were constrained by the fashion of the time to gratify this taste for decorative representation. No less an artist than Inigo Jones must occasionally stoop to construct the machinery. The taste for grotesque pageant must have gradually died out before the general advance of civilization. The 'Mask,' by a process of evolution, would have become the 'Opera.' But public opinion in Puritan times was as unfriendly to these costly shows as to the legitimate drama itself. In 1633 came out Prynne's *Histriomastix*, and his overheated and intemperate onslaught naturally begat in Court circles a reaction in favour of theatrical amusements. The Inns of Court and Whitehall vied with each other in the splendour and solemnity with which they brought out—the lawyers, Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, the Court, Carew's *Cœlum Britannicum*."

These words seem to us to explain so exactly the conditions under which *Comus* was written that we make no apology for quoting them. We think the accomplished writer might have included Shakspeare in his list of mask-writers; for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *King Henry VIII.*, which latter most authorities allow to be in the main, if not entirely, Shakspeare's work, are far more akin to "masks" than to regular plays. Certainly Milton's mask had the advantage of a charming "setting":—

> The local tradition avers that the two brothers, actors in the mask, were, with their sister, lost in the woods which overhang Ludlow. They were on their way to the Castle, where the Lord President resided. Maryknoll Valley is the spot selected as the scene of the incidents. The woods are beautiful. Grand forest trees, especially oaks, abound; and as the pedestrian wends his way through and about the lovely forest secrecies he can catch, now and again, glimpses of the River Tame, winding along, and also bits of the ruined castle of Ludlow. The paths through the trees are full of the loveliest wild flowers, while moss and ferns of various kinds abound everywhere. It is the very spot for a romance.

The mask was not actually played there as a "pastoral play," but in the "now dilapidated hall opposite the entrance of Ludlow Castle." One can imagine the stately groups of "fair women and brave men" at that picturesque time, when man still dared to wear splendid clothes and armour was still part of a soldier's dress, the learned ones probably quoting Boccaccio as they looked on at the "dainty piece of entertainment" for which that connoisseur in Italian literature, Sir Henry Wootton, thanked Milton, assuring him that he "should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your *Songs* and *Odes*, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language."

Tennis-players will read with interest the following item in the accounts of Ludlow Castle for the year 1659:—

> Item for making of a ffayre tennyscorte within the same castle, paving thereof wth freestone, and making the howses round about the same wyth tymber.

Other articles deal with "Chronograms," whose invention we are inclined to attribute to the extreme reluctance of mediæval sages to communicate any of their lore in an intelligible form; and with the charming manor-house at Ashton-under-Lyne, with the curious custom connected with it. It appears that "the lords of this manor had the power of life and death." A field to the west, now occupied by the railway, went by the name of "Gallows Field." In the reign of Henry IV. Sir Ralph Assheton, who had inherited extraordinary privileges, exercised them with great rigour in exacting fines and forfeits. It was his custom to ride in a suit of black armour, taking strict cognizance of every infraction of his baronial rights. He is said to have been slain by a woman in his own house in a corridor, the spot being still pointed out. From the time of his death, so great was the hatred he excited, that a figure was carried in effigy on horseback to Ashton Manor, and afterwards torn to pieces and burnt in the market-place. This custom is continued annually on Easter Monday to the present day, the figure being always represented in black armour. The custom is called "Riding the Black Lad," and the popular name of Sir Ralph is "Black Assheton." In the interior of the house, in spite of modernization, there still exists a secret passage "in the thickness of the wall," and we read that "about five-and-twenty years ago an antiquary tried to explore the roof of the Hall above the ceilings, and was for some time lost."

* *The Antiquary: a Magazine devoted to the Study of the Past.* Vol. XX. July—December. London: Elliot Stock. New York: D. G. Francis.

A notice will be found of the first volume of Mr. G. C. Williamson's work on *Tradesmen's Tokens in the Seventeenth Century*, which, for the brief period of their existence, throw so much light on the life of the English people; also a sketch of the life of Isaac Barrow, by C. A. Ward; Classical Lore, by Talfourd Ely; a paper on Izaak Walton, where we meet our old friends Venator, Piscator, and Auceps "on Tottenham Hill," or beside the sedgy Lea; a series of papers on St. Thomas's Hospital, which may suggest a feeling of thankfulness that we do not live in times when curing the diseases of the patients seems to have been regarded as quite a minor function of that establishment; and a mass of miscellaneous, useless, delightful antiquarian gossip.

THROUGH GAZA LAND.*

MANY years ago—how many does not exactly appear, at the least it was in the days of muzzle-loaders—Mr. Parker Gillmore made a shooting expedition from Delagoa Bay northwards to Mashoona Land and thence to Sofala; the country which is now the "scene of the Portuguese aggression." Perhaps it would not be too much to say that Portuguese aggression is the cause of the publication in the year 1890 of his distant experiences, since Mr. Gillmore, the author of many works, doubtless knows how desirable it is that the public mind should be intent upon the country and people of which he writes. Let us hasten to add, however, that this book has not suffered from the delay; on the contrary, it is one of the best of its class that has appeared during the last ten years. In these tales of adventure everything depends upon the manner of the telling. About the slaughter of elephants and other large game there is a dreadful sameness, it matters not whether they were shot last year or a quarter of a century ago, yet some few writers can make good reading of the material. Mr. Parker Gillmore is of their number. Putting aside an irritating trick of suddenly changing the tense in which his narrative is told—due probably to the copying into it of passages from his diary—and some curious grammatical excursions, of which a rich example is to be found on p. 184, Mr. Gillmore's literary manner is simple and direct, and well suited to his matter. We recommend his book to all lovers of moving incidents of wild life appropriately set forth.

It is easy to see that the author of this work is a person of pronounced opinions and one who does not hesitate to express them. Thus in his preface he states that "the perpetuation of the accursed institution of slavery is the desire of the Portuguese subjects resident in Austral Africa and the Boers of the Transvaal; hence their sympathy with each other." Again, his views on missionaries are far from complimentary, and will be badly received in certain quarters. Yet there is truth in what he says as to the immediate effects of Christianity on the native mind, and his suggestion that the money sent abroad to convert the heathen should be spent in Whitechapel, though not new, is worthy of attention. Unfortunately, however, in that case the money would not be forthcoming. The inhabitants of Whitechapel do not appeal to the imagination of its donors with the same force as the aborigines of Africa and Ind.

Mr. Gillmore started on his expedition under circumstances which would dismay most sportsmen, however ardent. He and his two companions, Messrs. Selwin and Dillon, both of them ill-starred men, had little money between them, and practically none of that outfit which a party of hunters would nowadays consider to be absolutely necessary—no waggons, horses, or tents. They were not even well supplied in the matter of weapons. Thus Mr. Gillmore had but two twelve-bore muzzle-loading guns. Of these one was a rifle which, when loaded with the necessary charge, threw the bullet anywhere except on the spot at which it was aimed, and generally knocked the shooter backwards with the recoil. Yet it brought down many a buffalo and elephant. After an exceedingly unpleasant voyage in a filthy schooner, the three sportsmen landed at Delagoa Bay. Here, by a piece of luck, such as generally happens to heroes in a romance alone, they picked up twelve of the best Zulu servants that ever hunter had. The admirable conduct of these men frequently moves Mr. Gillmore to the warmest praise. Thus he tells us how they endured exposure and hunger without a complaint, each of them carrying a load of forty pounds; how they led the van all day, made the fires at night, ate with gratitude any little food that could be spared to them, and slept without shelter in the cold. "Truly they are a grand race," he exclaims; and we agree with him. After about a fortnight's march the hunters reached a river called the Saabin, and from this time their hardships were much less considerable; for the country was beautiful, game was in abundance, and the lions were so bold that one of them was observed standing on its hind legs, and supporting itself with one fore-paw against the trunk of a tree, while with the other it attempted to reach down a joint of meat which had been hung in the branches. Now it was that the elephant-shooting began, Mr. Gillmore killing two bulls, the first with a single shot, the second less easily. A still more moving adventure befel his companion, Mr. Dillon, on the following day. He tried to slay a mighty bull with the head-shot. The results were not satisfactory, and the hunter and his servant were obliged to seek refuge in a hollow baobab-tree. Two more shots fired into the elephant from this shelter only served to excite his wrath. Again and again he charged the tree, till the stout shell threatened to give way, and its garrison were forced to fly. This bull took eleven shots to kill; a fact not pleasant to reflect on, though sportsmen do not think much of such things in the excitement of the fray. We must, however, do Mr. Gillmore the justice to say that the sufferings of wounded game evidently have impressed themselves strongly on his mind. It would be difficult to imagine anything more painful than his account of the gallant death of a wounded elephant given on pp. 60 and 61 of this book.

When our author and his companions had been for a while in camp, as might have been expected, the elephants deserted the neighbourhood. It was impossible that more than one of the party should follow, for the reason that Mr. Selwin was already sick of a fever, and somebody must stay to nurse him. So they tossed up, and the lot fell to Mr. Gillmore, who took to fishing to vary the monotony of camp life and attendance on the stricken man. His line was fifty yards of twisted hemp, his rod would have held a porpoise, and his cast was made of fourfold brass-wire. The first fish that rewarded his efforts weighed ten pounds; the second, thirty; the third was a river turtle, scaling half a hundredweight. On a subsequent occasion, also, he went to fish—and to sleep. Being opportunely awakened by a faithful Zulu, he saw several large crocodiles in the pool in front of him, while within touching distance of the end of his rod was another, yet more huge. All these animals had their hungry eyes fixed upon him. The position was urgent, but Mr. Gillmore's nerve did not fail him. Grasping his rifle, he put a bullet through the eye of the monster, and with the second barrel hit the last of its companions as it vanished beneath the water. This was sport indeed!

Meanwhile poor Selwin had been growing daily worse. At last, upon a night of storm, he died without pain, babbling of his boyhood and his home. What followed we will give in the author's own words:—

> Up till then the night had been stormy and wet, dark as Erebus; then the tempest howled. The interior of the hut was lighted by only the faintest flickers from a lamp, the surroundings were fearfully depressing, still I could not tear myself away from them. I do not mind confessing it, I shed tears. Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men. It appeared that I was not to be left alone in my sorrow, for scarcely had death closed poor Selwin's eyes, when a shriek so wild and despairing rent the air, that I sprang to my feet, seized my rifle, and rushed forth into the darkness. The fires were all out, the rain had extinguished them, but the voices of my Zulus soon led me to where they were. As I suspected so it turned out to be. A lion had carried off one of the Mantatees.

Here it may be stated that nothing was found of that Mantatee except pieces, the lion having made the best of such time as was at its disposal. On the following day both the savage and the English gentleman were buried, each according to the custom of his people.

We have no space to follow Mr. Gillmore's further adventures. It must suffice to say that they were strange and various. He made a raft and floated down a river on it; he found and tamed a black baby, who ultimately proved too much for the carnal longings of a crocodile; and many other things he did. In the end he joined his friend Dillon, and, rich in ivory, they made their way to the coast. In the Matabele province of Manica he found ancient buildings, three watch-towers, as to the date of which he can offer no suggestion. Here also he sold to a Matabele chieftain the twelve-bore rifle which broke the shoulder of him who fired it, and for no mean price. Many of us would be glad to part with our unsatisfactory shooting-irons in exchange for a three-pound shot-pouch crammed with gold-dust.

Mr. Gillmore's companions were unlucky. Dillon sailed to Mauritius and thence to Bombay. His fate is briefly chronicled in these words:—"With sorrow, I have to state that my friend's vessel was lost at sea, for neither he nor it was afterwards heard of."

* *Through Gaza Land and the Land of the Portuguese Aggression.* By Parker Gillmore ("Ubique"). London: Harrison & Sons.

THE BARBER-SURGEONS.*

THE City Companies have of late years been very busy with their records, and have published, or at least printed, many sumptuous volumes. A large number of these histories has been reviewed in our columns, and, as a rule, the verdict, however favourable, has been qualified in the same manner; the editors, compilers, or authors, as the case may be, have not been sufficiently in possession of the facts of which they would treat to enable them to give a clear and succinct narrative to the public. Mr. Young's very first sentence shows careful readers that the work before them is no exception to the rule. With a kind of mild surprise he tells us that "the origin of the Barbers' Guild partook of a religious character." Here we have at least two questions begged. Mr. Young seems to think that some guilds did not "partake of a religious character"; and that a religious guild of barbers is necessarily connected with the subject in hand—namely, the history of the modern Corporation or Company of the Barber-Surgeons of London. The case we have so often stated will have to be stated once again. Mr. Young

* *The Annals of the Barber-Surgeons of London.* Compiled from their Records and other Sources by Sidney Young. London: Blades, East, & Blades. 1890.

goes into an elaborate series of documentary and other proofs to show that the Barbers were a religious guild. But can Mr. Young or anybody else find a guild which was not religious? True, Dr. Brentano, going on the untrustworthy evidence of Herbert and others, and ignoring the opinion of Mr. Toulmin Smith, endeavoured, with a success only proportionate to the errors of the evidence on which he relied, to make us believe that there were numerous guilds—we speak of the early period of our history, say, before the reign of Edward III.—in which no religious element appeared. But he brings forward no proofs which cannot be easily refuted by an examination of the original language of the charters to which he refers, and which Herbert, the greatest sinner in this respect, translated as he pleased. But it is hardly worth while to try to set Mr. Young right on this first point, because his second paragraph contains a similar point. We have no wish to be hypercritical; but when we find an author stumbling over the very preliminaries of his subject, it would take a much more eloquent and clearly-stated narrative than that which is offered to us here to give us confidence in Mr. Young's fitness for the task he has undertaken. This second sentence, still referring to the extraordinary fact that the Guild of Barbers was as religious and as anxious "to stir up the commons of the people to good works" as any and every other guild, goes on to call them a company. Here it will be seen that Mr. Young makes no invidious distinctions between a guild and a company, and evidently considers, like the *Times* newspaper, to cite a familiar example, that *guild* is only another word for *company*, and company for guild. Mr. Young is encompassed about by many historians who share his views, and so far as we are aware, no account of a City Company has yet appeared which is free from similar errors. When Mr. Stahlschmidt gives us the history of the Ironmongers we may expect better things. But we may reiterate for the twentieth time that the history of a City Company should be founded before all things on a consideration of the following facts, facts which might easily be put in syllogistic form. All the London guilds were religious. No exception has yet been discovered to this proposition. All religious guilds—that is, all guilds—were abolished and their estates forfeited by a statute, still in force, enacted in the reign of Edward VI. Although, before that enactment, many City Companies were trustees of guildable estates, no City Company is, or ever was, a guild in itself. To call a company a guild almost amounts to a libel on that corporation; while for a company to call itself a guild is to risk the forfeiture of its estates.

It is more pleasant to turn to the meritorious features of Mr. Young's beautifully illustrated book. Its general contents may be briefly summarized. After a series of lists of Masters, Wardens, and other officials, there are two historical chapters. The first relates to "The Barbers Unincorporate," the second to "The Barbers Incorporate." The notes in the first of these chapters are all affected by the fault we have already found and noticed. The vague use of "company" and "guild" as synonymous terms would prevent our being able to interpret many passages; but Mr. Young gives us the original note in most places, and we are able to correct him. Thus (on p. 50) we learn that "the Company seems to have contributed 40*s*. towards the cost of the roof of the Chapel at Guildhall." But the entry in the *Journal* is to the effect that the "barbers' mistery" contributed that sum. There are many amusing particulars as to the contests of the Barbers and the Surgeons; and we read of the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1413 (Thomas Arundell) that he urged the City authorities to supplement the greater excommunication, which he could pronounce, by a fine upon barbers who broke the Fourth Commandment. The Surgeons got the worst of it, and the Barbers combined so much of the practice of surgery with shaving—does not the barber's pole, to this day, remind us of their practice of the humble surgery of bleeding?—that in 1462 they were incorporated by Edward IV. as Barber-Surgeons. From the charter, which Mr. Young prints both in Latin and English, it appears that men of the mistery—Mr. Young calls it "mystery," though the Latin is "mistere"—were in the habit of attending to the wounds and bruises of the king's lieges, and also of bleeding and drawing teeth, or, as it is in the original, of "drawing blood and teeth," *extractione sanguinis et dentium*; and the king expresses himself as anxious that they should be expert in these arts, as some of his subjects, owing to the defect of certain barbers in "healing and curing," have "gone the way of all flesh."

In 1511 the approbation and licensing of surgeons were placed in the hands of the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's. This Act led to various complications, but the Company seem for a time to have examined applicants, and given them certificates on which the Bishop and the Dean could grant the licences. Henry VIII. was a special patron of the Barber-Surgeons, and, besides the celebrated charter represented in Holbein's picture, gave them a grace cup, and left legacies to some members of the Company. Mr. Young is strongly of opinion, however, that the picture does not so much represent the granting of a charter as the union, effected by Act of Parliament, "of the Barbers' Company with the Guild of Surgeons." The King, he thinks, holds the Act in his hand, and the artist indulged his fancy "by appending a seal to the document." We must refer the reader to Mr. Young's book for the arguments on this point, merely adding that they seem to us by no means conclusive. Mr. Young gives us, as a frontispiece, a mezzotint by photography of the head of Henry VIII., and also a facsimile of a line engraving of the whole picture, and identifies, with brief biographies, a large number of the figures at each side of the throne.

Admission to the Company has always been "by servitude, patrimony, or redemption." On election of a "yeoman" to the "livery" a fine was exacted, especially if the yeoman refused "to take the clothing." In the hundred years between 1746 and 1845, 2,964 persons were admitted to the freedom, but Mr. Young does not tell us how many of them were practical barber-surgeons. From the earliest times women have been admitted to the mistery, both by apprenticeship and by patrimony. They were not admitted to the livery—Mr. Young says "of course," we do not know why—but otherwise had all the privileges of freemen. There is only one "freewoman" of the Barber-Surgeons' Company now. A clerk has always been an important member, and in Queen Mary's time he combined the office of gardener with that of registrar. The office of beadle was scarcely less onerous. He had to whip recalcitrant apprentices, to sweep the hall, to press surgeons for service in the king's ships, to marshal and lead processions, and to bring home the bodies of malefactors from Tyburn for dissection. The Company were entitled to four bodies "for anatomies," and the beadle had often to fight for his prey with the hangman, who looked upon them as his perquisite, the relatives of the deceased, and the populace in general, who always sided against the beadle. He had, further, to see and provide that there should be a mat on the floor of the hall, "that Mr. Doctor made not to take cold upon his feet" while performing the dissection, as well as two fine white rods "for the doctor to touche the body where it shall please him, and a waxe candell to loke into the bodye." Surgeons were constantly being reprimanded by the Court for ignorance or mistaken treatment, and, in 1576, John Paradice, who had received certain money in hand and "a gowne in pawne" to cure the daughter of one Adams, was presented to the Court because the daughter died and the gown "was refused to be give back," as Mrs. Gamp would have it. However, Adams, though he recovered the garment, had to pay Paradice's "bote hier spent in going to the made at Putney." In 1587 the Company was put to some expense by an awkward incident. A felon, hanged at St. Thomas Waterings, was brought to the hall to be dissected on the 20th of February, the weather being "extreme cold." An incision was made in the chest, when the corpse revived, and lived for three days, to great disgust of the Company, who had, no doubt, to feed it during that protracted period. In the following July, therefore, it was resolved that if any body brought to the hall "for the intent to be wrought upon by Thanatomistes" of the Company should revive, "the charges about the same bodie so revivinge shall be borne, levied, and susteyned" by the persons who brought it.

The illustrations are numerous and good; there are pedigrees of descent from eminent barber-surgeons, and two excellent indexes of subjects and names.

PAPER AND PARCHMENT.*

INTERNAL evidence leads us to believe that the papers composing this volume have been published before. There is no sufficient reason for their reappearance. As padding between the stories in a monthly magazine they might pass muster fairly well; when brought together in a book their exceeding thinness cannot be hid. Most of them deal in a superficial way with various works of historical interest, and while there are few points on which the author has gone astray, he has scarcely put anything of his own into his articles that is worth reading. In some of his "sketches" Mr. Ewald has adopted the safe and easy plan of taking a modern edition of an old work, and either giving a hash-up of the editor's preface, or cutting a sufficient number of snippets out of the text, and putting them together with or without remarks of his own. Many of his subjects are well worn, and all that he says about them, as far as it is worth saying, has been said better by others. His first article on Domesday Book must surely have been written before Professor Freeman's *Norman Conquest* or the late Mr. Eyton's *Studies in Domesday*; for we cannot imagine that any one with these, to say nothing of later, publications within his reach would be content to print such poor stuff as it contains. We observe that, though according to his own opinion he is "not wholly ignorant of his theme," he is under the impression that the Conqueror's object in ordering the survey was to prevent men from usurping each other's land—his primary object, of course, was fiscal—and considers that the hide may accurately be described as "such a space as might be ploughed with one plough." He is severe on "some recent critics" who believe that Domesday Book was for some time kept at Winchester, ascribing their opinion to a belief in the pseudo-Ingulf, or, as he writes the name, Ingulph. "Shades of Palgrave and of Freeman," he ejaculates, "that Ingulph should be quoted as an authority!" One half of his invocation is happily premature. He has made up another article out of Mr. Stevenson's two volumes of *Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland*, published in 1870, and a third, in which we fail to find any notice of Bishop Stubbs's chapter on Parliamentary Antiquities, out of Hardy's edition of

* *Paper and Parchment: Historical Sketches.* By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

the *Modus tenendi Parliamentum.* We gather from his abstract from the adventures of Fulk FitzWarin that he is not aware that the story was edited and translated in the Rolls Series some years ago; or has he given us a paper composed in days long gone by without having taken the trouble to bring it up to date? He seems to accept the romance, which he inappropriately calls a chronicle, as an historical record; he has not attempted anything of the nature of criticism, has not even touched on its place in literature, and appears to be unaware that a metrical version of it was extant in Leland's time. Two other articles contain scarcely anything besides cuttings—the one from Machyn's *Diary*, published as far back as 1848 by the Camden Society, and still common enough; the other from Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, which, we are told, "though not difficult to be procured, is seldom met with." Mr. Ewald's papers have no sort of connexion with each other; the last but one is a sketch of the life of Sir Fowell Buxton, in which he confuses Dr. Burney, the musician, with his son Charles, the schoolmaster; while the last is a singularly feeble little essay on Nihilism.

A NEW STUDY OF PESSIMISM.*

THERE is no doubt that, in spite of the ample literature on the subject that has recently appeared in Germany, the last word on pessimism has not yet been heard. It is curious, indeed, as the author of the volume before us points out, how little space is devoted by English writers on ethics to the question that really underlies all rational guidance of conduct—namely, whether human life has a positive value at all. And one's surprise at this omission is only intensified by the reflection that English ethical thought is preponderantly Eudæmonistic, or as we prefer to style it, utilitarian. To set about constructing rules for the attainment of a happy life, while the possibility of such a life is being so strenuously denied by the German pessimists, is, to say the least of it, not very flattering to these gentlemen. So far as the present writer knows there is only one work in our language which pretends to examine fully, and *au fond*, the contention that human consciousness, from its very nature and structure, is necessarily painful. Dr. Coupland does well to take up the subject, and to treat it as he has done in a manner at once thoughtful and popular. His previous works, more especially his eminently philosophical study of Goethe's *Faust*, and his translation of Von Hartmann's *opus magnum*, would lead one to expect that he has long brooded on the problem of existence, and his new work confirms the expectation. It shows plainly that he has well grounded himself by careful reading in the learning of the subject, and at the same time it proves that he has lived, and gathered the practical wisdom that comes from moving among men and observing their ways. The style of the work answers very well to this semi-philosophic, semi-popular treatment. It has for the greater part the severity and the self-control of the thinker, while in places it takes on colour and warmth and rises to a pitch of genuine eloquence.

The writer begins by defining his problem. He follows Schopenhauer and his disciples in making the worth of life turn on its pleasurable or pleasure-bringing character. The reality or unreality of this worth must, moreover, like any other question of fact, be determined by the evidence of experience, and not by *à priori* reasoning. To this task, then, Dr. Coupland proceeds to address himself. First of all he examines the case of the lower animals. He is too thoughtful to settle the point of their felicity in the easy fashion of Schopenhauer, who rhetorically bids those who are disposed to congratulate the brute creation on its good fortune, "compare the sensations of an animal that devours another animal with those of the latter." All the same, our author is disposed to take a gloomy view of their condition. As a student of Darwin, he naturally lays stress on the sufferings incident to the struggle for existence, and inclines to the view "that the life which maintains itself on this lower plane of existence is but a small fraction of the total life reproduced, and that a large part of the sustained life is a lingering dying." People are apt to think that animals in general have a good time because they take the placid contentment of their well-cared-for domestic pets as the type of animal experience. It is probably true, as Dr. Coupland indeed seems to hint, that animals illustrate the two extremes in respect of extent and preponderance of painful sensation; for while, as he drily observes, a well-tended house-dog or cat has a more comfortable existence than his master, there would seem to be many cases of prolonged and unmitigated physical suffering from hunger, wounds, and so forth, to which happily there corresponds little in human experience. As a relieving feature in the picture, we have, of course, the fact that animal sensibility is pretty certainly far below human, and that even such a "lingering dying" as Dr. Coupland talks of may be less tragic than it looks. With respect to the value of the past experience of our own race, to which the author afterwards turns, we can have but a very vague and uncertain estimate. He reminds us of what he regards as the two great sources of the ills of life—Ignorance and Greed, including under the former head the want of physiological knowledge, which results in disease. The sufferings from this last source, as also from terrorizing superstition, from tyranny, with its correlative slavery, and from war, are portrayed with something of the strong, effective touch of Schopenhauer himself. And it is plainly hinted that the progress of science and the arts has done but little as yet to diminish the tale of evils. This aspect of the subject cannot, however, be said to be adequately opened up, perhaps because the writer is going to take up the whole question of the value of progress later on.

The outcome of this preliminary inquiry into the value of life as it displays itself to us objectively in man and animals is that "the ages will not speak articulately." Another way of approaching the problem must be attempted, and this is found in an examination of the testimony of personal experience—that is, the estimate of life actually formed and published. The logical value of this evidence is clearly understood by Dr. Coupland. We have not a sufficient number of opinions to be taken as representative of various phases of life-experience, and we cannot find a typical man who could be accepted as recording the average impression. Nor can the few estimates that are obtainable be viewed as infallible judgments even with respect to the very small part of the area of life which they cover. Such personal testimony is unsupported by an unbroken and unimpeachable record of experience as it passes; and the author shows that an attempt to keep an hour by hour registration of transient feelings would defeat itself. The insufficiency of this second mode of valuation thus seems to be even more palpable than that of the first mode; and the author accordingly dismisses it with a very few words, and leaving the "inductive path" altogether proceeds to deal with the problem deductively by considering the psychological conditions of pleasure and pain. Here, however, he is distinctly less satisfactory, since he enters upon the nature of volition and such like questions too fully for a popular essay, and yet quite inadequately for a just scientific determination of the points handled. This is the more to be regretted since Schopenhauer and his followers ground their condemnation of life mainly on their psychological doctrine of volition. To Schopenhauer will is uniformly and essentially a state of furious desire or greed, and the stronger the will the intenser the greed. That this is a caricature it does not need any preternatural amount of psychological insight to perceive. The Epicurean and the Stoic long since taught the world, each in his own fashion, that will is a chief factor in the realization of a happy life, and it is evident that they meant by will something very different from Schopenhauer's blind, untameable impulse. It was specially incumbent on Dr. Coupland to examine this psychological point as he was about to consider very fully the value of progress; for it may reasonably be contended that with the race, as with the individual, development tends to a realization of a soberly conceived happiness, precisely because it transforms will from its early, capricious, insatiable type to a rational type which admits of satisfaction.

The chapter on this subject of progress is excellent in many ways. It abounds with shrewd observations on what may be called the illusions of the Radical. Dr. Coupland's mind is profoundly coloured by the idea of evolution, and hence he sees in social and political movements the slow working out of organized and hereditary impulse. "Abstract principles [he writes] and glowing ideals are for the nourishment of the private intellect and heart; they are out of place in the sphere of private and public conduct. The ablest statesman is he who understands most thoroughly the stream of tendency of his nation's life." The promise of Socialism is shown to be less alluring than it at first appears. One probable result of its *régime* which is apt to be lost sight of is that, when leisure is generally increased, "the already numerous class of people who fancy themselves 'geniuses,' and overstock the world with worthless literature and base art, will be enormously increased." For the rest, the author relies on the tendency of evolution to refine sensibility, and so to expose us to ever new forms of suffering. The examination does not, he thinks, justify us in accepting Hartmann's "Pejorism"; but as little does it entitle us to affirm Meliorism. He leans to the opinion that progress has no decided effect in altering the ratio of pain to pleasure in human life. Dr. Coupland may be right, but he has certainly not made his examination as exact or as exhaustive as he should have done before affirming this quasi-mathematical proposition. Here, indeed, there becomes rather too pronounced that decided artistic preference for black shadows which can be traced more or less clearly throughout the volume. The discussion of progress is a task of so great a complexity and subtlety as to test the judicial quality of a man's mind to the utmost. It is one thing, and a comparatively easy one, to point to this, that, and the other drawback to the movement of civilization; it is quite another thing to refute the firm persuasion of many generous minds, that progress—material, intellectual, and moral—means gain. There is, no doubt, a vast deal of shallow optimism about to which our nineteenth-century "go-aheadness" seems immeasurably glorious, and Dr. Coupland does good service in smiting this bragging spirit unmercifully. But is he justified in denying all ameliorating virtue to the long succession of the ages?

We have not space to follow the author into his own metaphysical solution of the problem of optimism and pessimism. Suffice it to say that, frankly facing the conclusion that life is valueless, he falls back on a kind of philosophic faith that the impulse within us, which urges us to live and to progress, emanates from the Universal Spirit or All-Self, of which we are

* *The Gain of Life, and other Essays.* By William Chatterton Coupland, D.Sc., M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

individual manifestations, and that as such it cannot lead us astray. It may be said, with some force, that his argument does not drive us to this last resort. It seems not so much to disprove the possibility of happiness conceived of temperately and rationally, as to show how very difficult it is to be sure of a large preponderance of happiness in the world. Yet while the reader may well hold that the author has not shown the necessity of his somewhat mystical solution of the problem, he may find in this slight excursion into the dim realm of ontology an appropriate finish to a study to which have contributed many sources of interest and many strands of thought.

AMERICAN DICTIONARIES.*

THERE has been issued a second volume of *The Century Dictionary: an Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language.* It contains rather more than twelve hundred pages, and carries the work from the latter part of C to the end of F. Any one who desires to be surfeited with miscellaneous information rammed down tight may count on finding satiety here. But, if he also desires to have his information correct, we must advise him to add the study of other and more special books of reference to that of *The Century Dictionary.* We have already pointed out, in noticing the first instalment, that the quotations are, as a rule, not accompanied either by full references or by dates, and that this omission deprives the Dictionary, for students of English language and literature, as distinct from seekers after "encyclopedic" information, of a large part of the value it otherwise would have had. We must add that the quotations show no attempt at classical selection or historical arrangement. *Farmstead* and *Farmyard,* for example, are two words close to one another which suggest more than one question. When did people begin to talk of a farmyard and leave off talking of a farmstead? Or did they ever really talk of a farmstead? Is "farmstead" a revived archaic word or a modern archaistic invention? Our "encyclopedic" work throws no light on these points. It gives four quotations for *farmstead,* all from nineteenth-century authors, and for *farmyard* not one. Even as to modern American colloquialisms—*e.g.* "cutting rates"—there is nothing to show when or how they came into use. As regards the treatment of literature, we turn over some few pages more in F, and come to this:—

> *Fe-faw-fum.* [Nursery jargon.] A frightful thing or creature; a malevolent, destructive giant or dragon of old legend or fable.

There follows a quotation from—a letter of Anna Seward, whereby two things are proved; that Anna Seward (unless she were deliberately making a grotesque perversion of terms) did not know *King Lear* or *Jack the Giant-Killer,* and that the makers of *The Century Dictionary* do not know them either, and have not consulted any one who does. It might be too much to expect them to know Robert Browning; but it would have been the better for them if they had, for he would have sent them back to the snatch of "Child Rowland" sung by Shakspeare's Edgar, and they would not have written themselves down illiterate. After this it is hardly worth while to desiderate under "faulchion" a quotation of that grim sentence in the book of Judith, "Her sandals ravished his eyes, her beauty took his mind prisoner, and the fauchion passed through his neck," or to complain that "flummery" is equated to the Welsh "llymru" without a word of evidence or explanation upon the change of Welsh *ll* to English *fl.* Generally speaking, the philological part of the work is so huddled up that we should expect it to be the cause of more confusion than profit unless the reader is a fair linguist already. We must gravely deprecate, for one thing, the practice of giving, under Romance words of undoubted and direct French origin, a long list of parallel forms in other Romance tongues having no apparent relevance to the English history or use of the word.

It must be taken that the general and technical information is oftener fairly correct than not, and it may be hoped that it will be useful. Some of it is generous even to superfluity. The enterprising young gambler who reads this volume will be rewarded by about four square inches of small print on the rules of faro. But in some cases the information is anything but correct. It would not seem to be a task of enormous difficulty to explain with substantial accuracy what a fellowship at an English college is. There must be many American scholars who know it quite well. The article on that word, however, is full of mistakes, culminating in a statement about "Downing College, *Oxford.*" We suspect, by the mention of the status of "student of civil law" (which never existed at Cambridge, and has for many years been obsolete at Oxford), and by one or two other little things, that this is a case of unrevised copying from some antiquated book or article. But the translation of Downing to Oxford is a bad blunder, in any case. Under the same word we find no reference to the constant use of "fellowship" in Malory for any number or company of persons, without any notion of permanent or habitual association. King Arthur does not seem to be more familiar to our encyclopedic editors than King Lear. We doubt whether cricketers will be satisfied with the definition of "cut" as "a stroke . . . by which the ball is sent out in front of the striker, and parallel to his wickets." "Drive," as a cricketing term, is not noticed at all. We more than doubt whether lawyers will be satisfied, or laymen edified, by most of the definitions of legal terms. Important words like *court, custom, fraud* are treated in a clumsy and fumbling manner, such as we should expect to result from a lay sub-editor being left to dabble in legal text-books. We are told that feudal tenures were abolished in England in 1660. And yet the word *escheat* is in this volume. The explanations of *freehold, freeholder, copyhold* are inaccurate, and under *copyhold* is the misstatement, which would be censurable in any one who had studied English law for six months, that "copyholds now descend to the heir-at-law, according to the rules that regulate the descent of *all other kinds* of estate (*sic*) in land," whereby it also appears that the writer thinks the course of descent to be the same in fee tail as in fee simple. *Extra judicial,* as applied to declarations of the law, is wrongly confined to what is said out of court. An encyclopædic work of reference which multiplies instead of correcting errors of this kind stultifies itself in the most literal sense. The article "Copyright" is exceedingly meagre; but that, in an American dictionary which courts British custom, is perhaps to be taken as a touch of delicate pudency.

Finally, the treatment of words having many meanings and shades of meaning in their various applications, like *cut* and *fall,* is anything but satisfactory in arrangement, discrimination, and literary knowledge and sense of living English. Usages are called "colloquial" for which there is plenty of literary authority, and so forth. We are quite aware that all, or almost all, existing dictionaries leave much to desire on this head; but this one pretends to exhibit the best that modern science can do. If Dr. Murray do not greatly better this when his hour comes, we promise all concerned that we shall impartially cry aloud and spare not. But he will.

Fugitive Facts is one of those odd compilations, frankly addressed to a half-educated public, of which it can only be said that, since they are produced, there is probably some demand which they are found to supply. It is neither good enough for serious notice, nor ambitious enough to demand searching criticism, nor bad enough to be amusing.

THE WOMEN OF TURKEY AND THEIR FOLKLORE.*

MISS GARNETT'S book on the women of Turkey and their folklore will be interesting to readers who are not already pretty well acquainted with the subject, and is far from superfluous even for the better informed. Those who have studied the ordinary writers on Greece and Turkey, such as Fauriel, Le Grand, Von Hahn, Pashley, Schmidt, Dozon, and others, will perhaps find not very much here with which they are not already familiar. Mr. Glennie contributes a chapter on the Ethnography of Turkey, and another on the "new ethnological theory of the Origin of Civilization" as illustrated by Miss Garnett's collection of facts. Mr. Glennie thinks it appropriate to dilate on the Origin of Civilization, and the Origin of the Aryans, and the Origin of Mythology, and the Method of Folklore, and he finds himself in opposition, not only to Mr. Max Müller, but to Mr. Spencer and Mr. Tylor, so it is a kind of quadrangular duel, as in *Midshipman Easy,* and more so. Why poor Mr. Tylor should be dubbed a "Professor" before his time we know not. Mr. Tylor thinks that civilization began and grew up here, there, and everywhere, as far as it has grown up at all. Mr. Glennie, as we understand him, holds that it came from one particular "higher white race" which he calls "Archaian," though the Archaian white race was not supernatural. Mr. Glennie hopes to connect it with "the correlative physiological principles of Anabolism and Katabolism." And then he comes to the Kurds, whom he is inclined to connect with "the ancient Chaldæans, the initiators of civilization in the Euphrates Valley." These gentry were white, "the whitest men on the continent," as American slang has it, were "pre-Semitic," and pre-Aryan, and therefore richly deserve, we think, to be called Archaian. So the Kurds are more or less Archaian, too, especially as their women enjoy an independent position. Moreover, they are but poor Moslems, and they are energetic, which "may also be held, if not to corroborate, at least to harmonize with this theory of their Amardian descent and Chaldæan kinship." The Circassian language, also, "can be clearly related (*sic*) to the ancient non-Aryan and non-Semitic languages of Asia Minor." The Pelasgians, too, if not Archaian, were non-Semitic and non-Aryan, and connected with the founders of the civilization of Egypt and Chaldæa, or, at least, Mr. Glennie thinks he will be able to verify this in forthcoming works. The Vlachs, on the other hand, are "the best known representatives of the ancient Thrakians," who were Aryans. Perhaps we had better wait for the forthcoming works before venturing an opinion about all this. But neither common customs, character, belief, nor language prove identity of blood. The Aryans are independent; very well; but so are the Red Indians, and the poor Australian black

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* *The Century Dictionary: an Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language.* Vol. II. New York: The Century Co.; London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Fugitive Facts: an Epitome of General Information, &c. Edited by Robert Thorne, M.A. Second edition. New York: A. L. Burt; London: Brentano. 1890.

* *The Women of Turkey and their Folklore.* By Lucy M. J. Garnett. With Introductory Chapters by John J. Stuart-Glennie, M.A. London: D. Nutt. 1890.

kicks against the pricks of an alien civilization just as much as if he were an early Aryan. In fact, we can imagine few speculations more shadowy, and few arguments more shallow and less cogent, than this kind of argument and this kind of speculation. The gipsies, too, may be "remnants of the Archaian race"; 'tis very likely. All races are Archaian, as far as we can see; but we wait in patience for the forthcoming work. Mr. Glennie then has a tussle with Mr. Spencer and Mr. Tylor, and introduces to science the words Zoonist and Zoonism, in place of Animism, which also is not a very good term, for many reasons; and he derives vampires from Chaldæa. He wants a new kind of study of folklore, including, as we understand him, the study of the reaction on each other of popular and educated ideas. But we scarcely see that this method is novel. In mythology, at least, it is recognized that the stories of the people get absorbed into literature, and that literature, to a certain extent, influences in turn the popular stories. Mr. Glennie thinks Mr. Frazer goes too far when he makes "Zevs (*sic*) Osiris, and all the other sun-gods, tree-spirits." We knew not that Zeus was a sun-god, but, as a matter of fact, in ideas so old, so often worked over, and so complex as the idea of Osiris, there are all manner of religious elements. There may even be, as Mr. Frazer thinks, a trace of the corn-spirit, or tree-spirit, though, as we remarked when reviewing the *Golden Bough*, Mr. Frazer works his theory rather too hard and too exclusively. This is a malady most incident to mythologists. But we venture to maintain that there is nothing new in regarding folklore and "culture-lore" as "correlative." Manifestly they are correlative. We ourselves regard folklore as the older, the wild shoot, which culture naturally cultivated. But it has not been left to Mr. Glennie to discover that they are correlative, and act and react on each other. For example, popular magic may be elaborated into priestly ritual, and ritual, as a religion dies, may dwindle again into folklore and popular magic. A popular tale may be worked into an epic, an echo of the epic may die away in a popular tale. To study those changes is part, and, as far as we know, has always been part, of the method of folklore; no "new theory" is necessary to make us understand this. The novelty would come in if Mr. Glennie could prove that all the "Culture Lore" was ultimately derived from an Archaian white race or from any other single set of persons, instead of being in most places the result of a natural development. For example, the picture-writing of savages might be evolved into an alphabet, and the alphabet as a civilization died, might be degraded into picture-writing. This is a fanciful instance, but it does not seem impossible that this might occur without the assistance of any Archaian white race, and certainly similar examples of development and degradation in other fields may be traced historically. But we know much more, for obvious reasons, about development than about degradation. Mr. Glennie's theory seems to us very like the old theory of the development of religion and language. The Archaian whites are to him what the Hebrews were to our speculative ancestors. But we know a great deal more about the Hebrews than we do about the Archaian white race. Perhaps we shall know more about them when Mr. Glennie presents us with his work on the founders of the Chaldæan and Egyptian civilizations.

All this has really not much connexion with Miss Garnett's account of the women of Turkey. She begins with the Vlachs, and her description of their nomadic life and their mountain homes is agreeably and simply written. They have "a true Aryan hatred of servitude"; but we do not see anything especially "Aryan" in that. Their customs at the time of a child's birth are regulated by fear of the Stringæ, child-stealing spirits, like the Scotch fairies and the modern Greek Nereids. It is curious that classical tradition has so very little to say about those feats of the Nereids. The case of Hylas is not to the point: he was "growing a big boy now" when Nycheia and her friends drew him below the water. At weddings money is paid to the father-in-law in place of the Homeric bride-price of cattle. White snakes are almost as much respected as the ancestral serpents in Zululand. There is a capital myth of sun and moon in a popular poem. The essence of the myth, the incestuous love of the sun for his sister, is the same as in the Eskimo story; but there is a Christian colouring. The sun's sister (who becomes the moon) is named "Helen of the long golden tresses." To check the sun's passion he is given a view of hell; but he answers nearly in the words and quite in the spirit of Aucassin, "I choose hell if so be that I dwell no longer alone, but with my sister Helen, Helen of the long golden hair." Helen was changed into a fish, and the fish into the moon; "I condemn you to all eternity to gaze on each other in the sky without ever being able to meet or overtake each other in the blue vault." The myth of the Utes may be compared; but there the sun is actually the moon's husband, and, when he rises in the morning, devours his children, the stars. In the Eskimo the sun throws ashes at the amorous moon, hence the spots on her face. In the Greek women, especially of the islands, Miss Garnett finds the ancient Hellenic features. The Greeks make good husbands, the mother shares the home of the young couple, without the usual consequences. Some Greek girls have been famous in the War of Independence; in later years one became a Klepht, and is credited with adventures worthy of Mary Ambree, or the heroine of "Billy Taylor." Similar incidents, however, occur in French popular ballads. The ancient dances are still footed, the old songs are still sung, and the lads swing girls in the narrow streets, as in the old Attic festival. Christian girls not unfrequently marry Turks, which leads to brawls, like that in which the Consuls were killed at Salonica. But Greek women are beginning to be Highly Educated, so to speak. They will cease to marry Turks, but they will also forget the beautiful old songs under the influence of Girls' High Schools. Perhaps they will even become senior wranglers, and they have advantages in the matter of becoming senior classics. The foreigner would prefer to see them dancing with the Nereids. When babies are christened, locks of their hair are cast into the font, and thence into a well under the floor of the church. Is this a survival of Achilles's offering of his hair to the Spercheius river? The bride propitiates the fairies of the spring by dropping a coin from her lips into the water. Very pretty rural epithalamia are sung, not unlike those of the Finns. The dirges for the dead are still pagan in character, like most Greek folklore. Miss Garnett translates some pieces into the original metre, that of "A captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters." The dead are "eaten by the earth" (unless they are vampires), and are exhumed after three years, when the bones, covered with flowers, are placed for nine days in the church—a very gruesome ceremony. In spring the swallows are welcomed with songs, as in the ancient *scholion*. The chief spirits are the στοιχεῖα, much like the Melanesian Vuis; Miss Garnett suggests that St. Paul refers to them in Galatians iv. 9, τὰ ἀσθενῆ καὶ πτωχὰ στοιχεῖα—an idea novel to us. Of the *Drakos* she has not much to say, nor does she give many of the curious Scotch parallels between the tales of fairies and Nereids. The anecdotes are often identical. Miss Garnett's accounts of the Armenian and Bulgarian women are not less interesting; the latter includes several renderings from Dozon's excellent collection of *Chansons Bulgares*. The book, in fact, gives a good general view of the condition of women in Turkey, and a fair, though not exhaustive, analysis of their folklore.

WILD NATURE WON BY KINDNESS.*

In the graceful dedication of this volume to Sir James Paget the author confesses that her book "would scarcely have been written but for the encouragement of your sympathy and the stimulus of what you have contributed to the loving study of nature." As we read the pages so inspired, we gradually form an idea of the writer, a lady sequestered in a quiet country home, depending largely for her interests on the study of nature, and sustained through long and tedious periods of ill-health by the keen eye and the cautious hand of the born naturalist. *Wild Nature won by Kindness* has a peculiar value, which will commend it to those who are themselves familiar with the shyer forms of animal life. We mean its record of observations made at first hand, and in that extreme patience which knows no tedium. The incidents recorded are not sensational, but they are singularly fresh, and we have met with no recent book of popular natural history which bears upon it so complete a stamp of genuineness. Mrs. Brightwen's stories are invariably told as having occurred to herself, and even in their minute features they display the originality of her observation.

We are told on the title-page that Mrs. Brightwen is a vice-president of that praiseworthy body to whose efforts we have so often and so warmly given our tribute—the Selborne Society. Her attitude towards animated nature is eminently humane and philosophical. She deprecates the notion that harmless animals are hideous or hateful, simply because their forms are unfamiliar. She tells us that she had in her childhood a great dread of toads and frogs, and that she recalls with gratitude the action of a relative who insisted on making the child appreciate the genuine beauty of a frog. "She made me look at the beautiful gold circle round its eyes, its curious webbed feet, its leaping power arising from the long hind legs; she told me of the wonderful tongue, so long and flexible that it folded back in its mouth, and how the frog would sit at the edge of an ant-hill and, throwing out the tongue with its sticky point, would pick off the ants one by one as they came out." With this the child's fears vanished, and a healthy curiosity took their place. We do not know whether Mrs. Brightwen is a reader of Sir Thomas Browne, but she will find, we think, an exact echo of her own sentiments in that exquisite division of the *Religio Medici* in which we read:—"I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having past that general Visitation of God, Who saw all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His Will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty." There can be no age too early at which to begin to train young children to the respect for and admiration of nature.

Mrs. Brightwen gives it as her experience that the most satisfactory and delightful of all pets are birds which one has reared from the nest. Her own adopted children, fed and educated into feathered maturity, have been many. Their biographies include the history of two successive starlings, a greenfinch "of the most irrepressible and enterprising character," four wild ducks, a jay, and a cuckoo. Of these we are inclined to think that the starlings, "Dick" and "Richard the Second," during their fugitive

* *Wild Nature Won by Kindness.* By Mrs. Brightwen. With Illustrations by the Author and F. Carruthers Gould. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

existence, gave most unalloyed pleasure to their foster-mother. Richard the Second, who was drowned at last in an aquarium, a victim to his insatiable love of water, was one of the most charming bird-companions we have ever read about, absolutely fearless, full of freaks and impudence, "a prodigal son" who caused ceaseless heartaches to his indulgent adopted mother by his frivolity and imprudence, and who paid all these debts in the coin of most charming caresses. The morning toilet of Richard the Second was so copious and violent that the whole household were deluged by it, and the housemaids murmured threats against "that bird." At last the happy thought struck his mistress that he might profitably bathe in the conservatory, where there was a pool. She consequently created a moss island in the middle of this pool, put the starling upon it, and turned the fountain on to play lightly on his shoulders:—

He was perfectly enchanted, and fluttered, turned about, and frisked like a bird possessed. As he became accustomed to it, I began to throw handfuls of water over him, and that he did enjoy. He would cower down, and lie with his wings expanded and beak open, receiving charge upon charge of water till quite out of breath; then he would run a few paces away on his island till he recovered himself, and then would go back and place himself ready for a renewed douche. I never saw such a plucky bird. If I had been trying to drown him, I could not have done more, for sometimes he was knocked backwards into the pool; but no matter, he was up again, and all ready in a minute.

The wild ducks were very wayward and intractable pets, extremely disobedient to the respectable old hen under whose charge they were placed. They got into the habit of disappearing every afternoon, as suddenly and completely as if they had sunk into the ground, returning in due time, in discreet Indian file, to lie down in their coop. Mrs. Brightwen's curiosity to know what became of them was greatly excited, and at last she discovered them on the surface of a quiet pond at a considerable distance from the house.

There I found my little friends in high glee, darting over the surface of the water, splashing, diving, sending up showers of spray from their wings, and going on as if they were possessed. I called to them, and in a moment they quieted down, and behaved exactly as children would have done when caught tripping—they came out of the water and followed me, in the meekest and most penitent manner, back to their coop under the deodar.

The jay was rather unsatisfactory as a pet. He would store water in his beak, and suddenly squirt it, in the most ungentlemanlike manner, in the faces of persons whom he disliked; but to Mrs. Brightwen "he was not so—who could be so to her?" in the words of Virginius. When she approached him he hastened to dispense the hospitalities of his cage, urging upon her the most succulent tid-bit he could find in his food-trough.

A very interesting chapter in this volume describes an intimacy of fourteen years with a scarlet Virginian nightingale. This bird, in his solitude, grew to look upon his mistress as a mate, and every spring endeavoured to persuade her to join him in building a nest of twigs in a snug retreat behind one of the ornamental scrolls at the top of the looking-glass. On these occasions he would go through the whole farce of supposing Mrs. Brightwen to require his assiduous attentions, would hasten to her lips with a fly or a piece of sugar, and, when he conceived her state of health to be very delicate indeed, would prepare a mince of spider and caterpillar in a little water, and chirp unceasingly until his human mate had pretended to taste a little of this dainty. Never, until she had done so, would he swallow an atom himself; but, as soon as ever she had "made believe," he would enjoy his mess of meat and gobble it all up with gusto. He seems to have been the most ingenious of all the pets whose habits Mrs. Brightwen has studied, and the degree of intelligence which he showed affords her some of her most curious and valuable pages. To naturalists the chapter dedicated to Zoë, the Nuthatch, will possess great interest. We do not think that so close observation of the habits of this "small grey-coated detective," as our author calls it, have ever been recorded before. It is not every mistress, indeed, who would allow meal-worms to be stored in various nooks of her drawing-room, or could endure the loud hammerings which Zoë kept up. The following note we believe to be novel:—

I do not know whether naturalists have remarked that the nuthatch has a very limited range of vision. Zoë could see nothing beyond twelve or fourteen inches; the most tempting meal-worm might lie on the floor of the cage unnoticed if she happened to be on her tree-stem; and I have tried bringing the insect nearer by degrees, and have found that only within a foot of her eyes could she see it, and I fancy then only indistinctly, as she would peer about excitedly, as if uncertain what it was, until near enough to be in the focus of clear vision, and then, with a sudden dart, she would seize and flit away with it.

One of Mrs. Brightwen's happy ideas has been, for eighteen years past, to keep always just outside her dining-room window a basket of fat for the titmice. She finds that four species—the Greater Tit, Blue Tit, Cole Tit, and Marsh Tit—come regularly to feast in it. As she says nothing about the Long-Tailed or Bottle Tit, we suppose that the fat does not attract that fascinating little denizen of kitchen gardens. She finds the personal manners of these four species totally distinct. The Cole Tit, with misplaced energy, wearies himself to carry the fat away and hide it in crevices in the bark of trees, fussily journeying to and fro for that purpose. The Marsh Tit and Greater Tit, like good children, eat what they require and pocket none. The quietness of these species contrasts with the contentious bustle of the little Blue Tit, whose life is spent in what Mrs. Brightwen calls "a twittering scrimmage," and who is never happy unless he is hanging upside down, with open beak and outspread wings, defying some other Blue Tit. One of the Cole Tits built her nest in the garden letter-box, "and seemed in no way disconcerted when letters came in suddenly around and upon her." The impudence of the tits is sometimes beyond bearing:—

My head gardener came to me one day looking very serious, and began by asking whatever he was to do "about those Blue Tits." "Why, what have they been doing?" I asked. "Two of them have been sitting at the entrance of one of the hives, and they have picked off and killed every bee as it came out; and now they have begun upon a second hive." "Well, you had better hang up some potatoes stuck over with feathers, and that will frighten them away." "I've done that, ma'am, and they just sit on those potatoes and look at me!" It was a trying case of utter contumacy, and at last I was obliged, for the sake of saving my bees, to let one little victim be shot and hung up as an "awful example" to the rest; and it proved an effectual remedy.

We have no space to draw particular attention to the multitude of good things to be found in this cheerful and unaffected little book, from every page of which there breathes a sincerity which gives the reader that confidence which is necessary to the enjoyment of such stories as these. We should like to dwell on the curious episode of the water-shrews, on the exciting incidents in the life of a mole, on the chapter called "An Earwig Mother," on the close and valuable observation of the habits of the spiders, and, indeed, on many other things in *Wild Nature Won by Kindness*. We hope we have said enough to induce lovers of living creatures to apply to Mrs. Brightwen's pages for themselves. Whether they are outsiders or insiders in the world of natural history, they will be sure to find in her book much that will please them, and not a little that is new to them.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MLLE. BLAZE DE BURY (1) has won herself some note in England by lectures and writings about things French. It would seem that she is desirous of reversing the process and winning herself some note in France by writing about things English. It is always a matter of regret to us when we cannot speak favourably of a lady's work; but we must own that some of the worst faults of French handling of historical questions seem to us to have concentrated themselves in Mlle. Blaze de Bury. Like that other Mademoiselle she, "resolute of all things to be *piquante*, writes, or rather thinks, in a smart antithetic manner nowise the fittest for clearness or credibility," though, no doubt also, like her, "without suspicion of voluntary falsehood." She is, moreover, led astray not merely by the old devil of the desire *briller et pétiller*, but by the new or comparatively new devil of Micheletian picturesqueness and sweeping generalization. The result is very wild work. One would have thought that about two hundred pages of very moderate capacity would not be too much for a sufficient history of the scarcely "good," but certainly unlucky and interesting, "Queen Anne." But Mlle. Blaze de Bury must needs crackle and flourish about hundreds of other things—the Fair Maid of Kent, Owen Tudor, "Yorks [*sic*] et Lancastres," and Heaven knows what else. For the style of her work brief extract will do more than pages of writing. "Le tempérament Anglo-Saxon est indifférent, somnolent ou désespéré." "L'Anglais n'aime ni la contrainte ni le faste." "Le sens critique manque à l'Anglais." It may, perhaps, be said, without impertinence or too great severity, that history written in this way is simply valueless. No amount of citations from the late Mr. Green, or even from such authorities as Mr. Friedmann, will atone for the substitution of squibs and crackers for safety lanterns.

Those persons who have the passion of the thoroughgoing will, at any rate, find something to admire in M. H. Parigot's treatment of the late M. Augier (2). It is not here that any one need look for depreciation of that good writer and great dramatist. But, when we say that M. Parigot champions unhesitatingly the immortal and immortally absurd

O père de famille! O poète! je t'aime!

it will be obvious that, like Mr. Wenham, he does not stick at trifles. Unluckily, the style of his championship is a little Prudhommesque. "A ce moment de crise le mari, renseigné sur le danger qui le menace, intervient de son autorité loyale et prévenante et donne un généreux combat pour l'honneur de la maison." Still, this failing most undoubtedly leans to virtue's side; and the general tendency of inclination is not that way just now in France.

M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire's *Etude* on Bacon (3), with an appended *rapport* on certain essays sent in last year on "Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Alban" (as the purists say) for the Prix Bordin, is a little book not without interest. M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire knows his subject, and perhaps the only drawback in his handling of it is the inevitable and most unprofitable comparison with Descartes to show that "our fellow" was a better fellow than "their fellow." Not better, M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire; not worse; but different. We own that we blush to have to impress this old lesson on a member of the Institute, a

(1) *Anne Boleyn.* Par Mlle. Blaze de Bury. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Classiques populaires—Emile Augier.* Par H. Parigot. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(3) *Etude sur François Bacon.* Par J. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. Paris: Alcan.

senator, an ex-Minister of State, a *littérateur* of about sixty years standing, and a man old enough to be the grandfather of men of letters who are not very young now. But so long as people will forget the proper use of the comparative method they must be reminded of it.

M. Musany (4) has endeavoured to throw into the very dangerous and difficult form of aphorisms a large number of opinions on points of ontology, theology, politics, ethics, and Heaven knows what else. As generally happens in such cases, the absence of system is not fully atoned for by the presence of form. M. Musany's *pensées*, though clearly and tersely stated, are not remarkable for style, and the bundle of prejudices which they express is a rather porcupiny, and not wholly consistent, bundle. The author is a believer in the Divine Being, but not in any recognized religion; a decrier of universal suffrage, but a fanatic for something to be called the Constitution; a disliker of democracy, but a firm holder that every man is born with "rights." And, from the extremely positive form of his dicta, he will, we fear, displease those with whom he does not agree more than he gratifies those with whom he does.

M. Gall's *Francette* (5) is a story of two friends, one of whom was kind and successful, the other envious and unsuccessful. Francis Goodchild had a young protégée with whom it looked for a moment as if Thomas Idle had meddled very sadly; but it was not so, and Thomas was killed in a duel, and the reader guesses what happened to Francis (whose name was not Francis any more than Thomas's was Thomas) and Francette. The story performs more than it promises, and has some very good passages. M. Corbin's Comtesse de Sartènes (6) was one of those virtuous heroines who, we fear, have something to answer for in respect of the preference of the French reader for heroines who are not virtuous. She breaks off her marriage with her cousin because she finds him kissing, in the most innocent way, her foster-sister; she, after marrying another suitor, refuses to be more than wife in name to him because she loves the cousin; she won't marry the cousin when she becomes a widow because she thinks this would be treason to the husband whose love she has not returned. In fact, Jeanne de Penhoat, Comtesse de Sartènes, appears to have been the living opposite—the "woman under the next stone"—to that admirable lady who reposes in a Devon churchyard, with the epitaph that she "pleased many a man and never vexed one."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

GLANCES at Great and Little Men, by "Paladin" (Sampson Low & Co.), is a volume of recollections of men and cities, pleasant to read, by reason of the easy style of the author's "personal talk" and its entire freedom from the self-consciousness that mars many records of the kind. There is no assumption of the tone of a personal conductor in the writer, who sketches the conversation and manners of famous men briefly and brightly as his reminiscent spirit carries him from one Continental town to another in a kind of informal holiday progress. At each place of halting the springs of memory are stirred, and some agreeable image or picture of the past, some familiar, affable ghost of old intercourse, is called up. At Baireuth it is Richard Wagner; at Homburg and Berlin, Prince Bismarck; at Jena, Professor Haeckel; at Munich, Dr. von Döllinger; at Wilhelmshöhe, the Emperor Napoleon, of whose demeanour and conversation a striking sketch is given. At Leipzig the world's great fair, one of the most picturesque sights of Europe, detains us; and here the inevitable old soldier of the *Grande Armée* starts into life, one who had fought at Leipzig under Napoleon against his own countrymen, and was immeasurably proud of some few words his leader once addressed to him. There was only one Napoleon for this veteran, and little he cared for the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe. The author's recollections of Oxford are not untouched by the regretful sense of contrast between the past and the present The undergraduate of his day has quite disappeared; yet is he partly consoled by the constancy of the scout to sound traditions. The Oxford scout, at least, remains, and will remain, unchanged. Neither Mansel's intellectual subtlety nor the nimble wit of Samuel Wilberforce appears to kindle the appreciative spirit of "Paladin." Mansel is placed by him in odd opposition to F. D. Maurice, that very serious theologian, and is at the best regarded as the first and greatest of metaphysical jugglers. There is some ground for the view that humour, not wit, was more natural to the Bishop, though we cannot think his exuberant playfulness is fitly described as "a mere seraphic frivolity." It can readily be imagined, however, that his manner was seraphic when he asked a lady friend of the author's at a dinner if she knew what was the greatest trouble of a bishop. She suggested wild curates and refractory clergy. "Oh, no," said the Bishop, "it's much worse than that"; and, on her giving up the problem, he explained, with a plaintive sigh, "The greatest trouble a bishop has is to keep his napkin from slipping down over his silk apron when he is at dinner." The author tells a pleasing story which the Bishop regarded as an illustration of the widespread Neologianism of the day. Wilberforce once overheard a boy reading to a little girl his allegory "Agathos." The reading was so effective, that when the boy came to the passage in which the dragon appears, he frightened the girl by his excellent imitation of the animal's roaring. In order to pacify her he said, "Oh, you needn't be frightened; it isn't really a dragon, you know; it's *only* the—Devil!"

Mr. John Sinclair's *Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Thin) opens with a not undeserved reproving of the average tourist. "What a pitiful lot," says Mr. Sinclair, "are many of our modern sight 'do'-ers, who take in no more from nature than the eye of a calf might do!" We really are not at all sure of the observing power of a calf. They are thoughtful beasts, these ruminants, and possibly see more than the restless tourist. "Do you know Loch Duich?" asks Mr. Sinclair. "Hundreds answer, Yes," and are found on examination altogether wanting in true knowledge of that attractive water-way. To have gone down or come up Loch Alsh in the steamer and swung round the small pier of Totaig is the ordinary experience of travellers, and to have done this is only to have been nearly in Loch Duich, as Mr. Sinclair points out. There is another and more thorough way of seeing the lochs and mountains, the sea coast and islands, of Northern Scotland, and that way is exemplified very agreeably in Mr. Sinclair's chatty, descriptive volume, wherein we find topography, legend, and history fitly blended. Local lore is also chronicled, as in the interesting sketch of those notable characters of Thurso known as "Peelans," "Moozie," and "Boustie," whose coloured portraits adorn the book and fully prepare the reader for the record of their eccentricities.

The first volume of the "International Library," the translation of Björnsön's novel, *In God's Way*, by Elizabeth Carmichael (Heinemann), is an admirable example of the famous Norwegian novelist's imaginative art in its latest and most interesting phase of development. The treatment of social questions, of problems that appeal to all humanity through their universality, requires for their artistic presentment that nice control of the didactic principle involved which is so remarkable a feature of Björnsön's work. In this powerful domestic drama the narrowing influences of a theological training are in conflict with the modern spirit of revolt. Sympathy is aroused quite as much for the self-inflicted penance of the Norwegian pastor and his wife as for the unhappy victims of their prejudices. The problem, so far as it affects the laws of marriage and divorce, is never unduly projected beyond its artistic relation to the dramatic action. The treatment, in fact, is that of the poet, and not that of the theorist or thinker. The English reader could desire no better introduction to contemporary foreign fiction than this notable novel, and Mr. Gosse, the editor of the "International Library," cannot fail to fulfil the expectations kindled by his preface, if succeeding volumes of the series fall not away from so excellent a standard.

Graced by airy fancy and a pretty gift of sportive expression are the *Ballads from "Punch"* (David Stott), by Mr. Warham St. Leger. The deft handling of trivial themes, exemplified by such pieces as "Tommy on Museums" and a "Ballad of Salad," is productive of piquant and whimsical effects, the humour of which, if a little too volatile, is genuine and pleasant. Perhaps the happiest fruits of Mr. St. Leger's muse are the delightful specimens of the drawing-room song of the period. These melodious trifles are delicately touched with caricature.

Love Tales (Paterson), the title of a set of five diminutive volumes fit for the pocket, represent Irish, Scotch, English, German, and American sketches and stories by well-known hands or anonymous. They are attractive little books to the eye, and full of good matter within.

Expiation, by Octave Thanet (Warne & Co.), is a well-written story of the latter days of the Secession war, when bands of marauders preyed on the unfortunate planters of Arkansas by every species of cowardly outrage. The story is lively with exciting incident, and told with excellent spirit.

There is much that should interest tourists who carry knapsacks in *The Philosophy of Clothes* (Laurie), a little book on rational dress, by Mr. W. Mattieu Williams. How to travel comfortably with two shirts only, and have one always clean without troubling the washerwoman or clear-starcher, is one of the many interesting problems the author claims to have solved. Midway in the book is inserted a sample of "oatmeal cloth," much commended by Mr. Williams for comfort. Comfort, indeed, is the beginning and ending of the philosophy of clothes.

Mr. Arthur Bennett continues in a second instalment of *John Bull and his Other Island* (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.), a narrative of recent experiences of travel in Ireland, which is distinguished by considerable freshness of observation.

Among new editions we have to acknowledge *Leaves of a Life* (Macmillan & Co.), the "Reminiscences" of Mr. Montagu Williams; *My Land of Beulah*, by Mrs. Leith Adams (Methuen & Co.); *Vanity Fair*, "Minerva Library" edition, with an introduction by Mr. G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Peter the Whaler*, by Mr. H. G. Kingston, the sixpenny re-issue of the author's works (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Water of Life, and other Sermons*, by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan & Co.); *Two Marriages*, by Mrs. Craik (Macmillan & Co.); Mrs. Burnett's *Louisiana* and *That Lass o' Lowrie's* (Macmillan & Co.); and Vol. I. of *The Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay*, with notes by W. C. Ward, Macaulay's *Essay*, and Edward Burney's portrait (Vizetelly & Co.), the first of a series of "selections" that aims at "skimming off the cream," so to speak, of the "Diarists and Memoir Writers."

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(4) *La lutte pour le vrai.* Par F. Musany. Paris: Perrin.
(5) *Francette.* Par Paul Gall. Paris: Plon.
(6) *La Comtesse de Sartènes.* Par Ch. Corbin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

We have also received *Sandhurst Mathematical Papers* for the years 1881-9, edited by E. J. Brooksmith (Macmillan & Co.), a useful little handbook for those who seek admission into the Royal Military College; *A One-Year Course in German*, by Oscar Faulhaber, second edition (Boston: Heath & Co.); *Howard's Anglo-American Art of Reckoning* (Cassell & Co.), a new edition of a comprehensive little manual of "practical arithmetic"; *A Holiday Trip to America*, by W. Stanyon (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.); *Amyon Drewth*, by J. Locke Williams (Ward & Downey); *The New Symbols*, by William Featherston H. (Dublin: Hodges & Co.); *The Church Catechism in Scripture Story*, Part III., a primer for Sunday Schools (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); Dr. Franz Lange's *Progressive German Reader*, with English Notes by J. F. Davis (Whittaker & Co.), a good collection of readings in German prose and verse—history, ballads, *Märchen*—for advanced pupils; *Longmans' School Trigonometry*, by the Rev. Frederick Sparks (Longmans & Co.); *Working-Class Insurance*, by T. Mackay (Stanford); *Bourne's Handy Assurance Directory for* 1890; and the *Catalogue* of the Chislehurst Fine Arts Exhibition.

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. THE House of Lords was occupied for some time on *Friday* week with the Bloomsbury Gates Bill, which has caused a rather remarkable dissidence of opinion in that Chamber. As the Duke of BEDFORD did not care to protect his property or his tenants by appearing before Committee, the position of the measure has been rather exceptional—it being impossible, on the one hand, to represent it in the familiar light of the wicked Duke barring the privileges of the multitude, and difficult, on the other hand, to allot compensation to an interest which was hardly "vested." It is rather surprising that no one proposed the insertion of a clause empowering the lessees, who are thus deprived of one of the chief attractions which made them take their houses, to break their leases at pleasure. But a better thing would, perhaps, have been to make the removal prospective, at a sufficient distance of time. After all, though the nuisance to the public is real, it has been borne so long that it might have been borne longer. The Allotments Act Amendment Bill, after some fighting on a schoolroom-use clause, was passed. The Local Taxation Bill and Committee of Supply occupied the House of Commons, the only remarkable performance being a declaration by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in his altitudes that it was "insolent" of the Government to refuse to take a hand in the game of Obstruction. This was good.

The best criticism of *Saturday's* sitting in the House of Commons may be supplied by putting together, without note or comment, further than the remark that the Police Bills were the ostensible subject of discussion—as uncontentious a matter as can well be imagined—the antecedent and subsequent remarks of two Gladstonian-Parnellite newspapers. On Saturday morning one had the singular rashness to print these words:—"It is pointed out in Ministerial "circles that by the arrangements made for to-day's sitting "the Government are entirely at the mercy of any small "section of the Opposition. The House meets at noon, and "the debate, coming under the Wednesday rule, must necessarily close at half-past five, and it would require but a "slight effort of obstruction to prevent the Police Bill passing. The Ministry show by adopting the Wednesday rule "how little foundation there is for accusations of obstructive "tactics on the Opposition benches." On Monday morning another had the singular candour to print these:—"Such a "Saturday's sitting! . . . The debate ended at half-past five "without an inch of progress made." It did; and this, it will be seen, shows how little foundation there is for accusations of Obstructive tactics.

But the energy of the lower kind of Radical which is exemplified by persons like Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Messrs. STOREY and BRUNNER did not exhaust itself even here. On *Monday* the same game was played with less, but still with considerable, success, and it may be now said to be impossible that Parliament can rise before at least this day week. Such interest as the proceedings had lay—it need hardly be said—quite apart from this matter, though the long-suffering SPEAKER roused himself to deal with Mr. STOREY in a manner which would have made any one with a skin smart for days to come. But the STOREYS of this world have no skin, or rather so thick a one, that nothing but the measures resorted to with the quadrupeds whose name is most unjustly taken in vain to designate them can penetrate it. The interest referred to concerned the statement made by Baron DE WORMS in the Lower House (as it had already been made by Lord KNUTSFORD in the Upper) concerning the Swaziland agreement. This agreement doth, indeed, something smack of the methods of Mr. FACINGBOTHWAYS, for it neither frankly warns the Boers out of Swaziland nor concedes it to them. Indeed, it would seem to have been drawn up chiefly from the point of view of those who think that the English element will inevitably in time swamp the Dutch, and that time may as well be given for it to do so. But the agreement does no great harm—indeed, does none at all—and that is always something.

In the House of Lords on *Tuesday* a compensation clause—or, rather, a clause giving injured persons the right to go before a jury and claim compensation—was inserted in the Bloomsbury Gates Bill, the majority in its favour being in all probability largely increased by a singularly unwise speech from Lord MONKSWELL, threatening dark but terrible things to ground landlords. The Directors' Liability Bill was also debated, an amendment of the LORD CHANCELLOR's and some others being inserted. In the House of Commons, as usual, the Obstructives prevented business from being done by talking at large about doing business, and showed their good faith by refusing, in the person of Mr. STOREY, to let the useful Savings Bank Bill have a chance. The Government obtained the lifting for the remainder of the Session of the twelve o'clock bar, the Scotch Police Bill was at last got through Committee, the Local Taxation Bill was read a third time, and some other measures were helped on a little. Some lighter matters had interest, but among these the House refused to include a long and quite superfluous explanation from Mr. HANBURY as to his tiff with Lord DARTMOUTH, respecting which it need only be said that the peer showed himself to be distinctly lacking in perspicuity, and the commoner to be much over-provided with touchiness. Mr. SMITH, who was in good form throughout the night, gave a definition of "remuneration" even better than that in the *locus classicus* on the subject, by replying "He was "made a baronet" to Mr. SUMMERS's inquiry as to the remuneration of Sir GEORGE ERRINGTON. A very wise and grave dictum of the SPEAKER's that "the House has no "control over a poet's opinions" (ridiculously misreported "over the poet SWINBURNE" in some papers) disposed of Mr. P. O'BRIEN's anxiety lest Mr. SWINBURNE should have hurt the feelings of the CZAR by some verses in the *Fortnightly Review*.

In the House of Commons on *Wednesday* Mr. SMITH was chiefly employed in listening to, and for the most part granting, "appeals" from persons who deserved very much less courtesy than they got. Mr. LABOUCHERE, of course, pleaded ingenuously in the character of the good man who only wishes to do his duty, while Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL as characteristically presented himself as a bore pure and simple—a bore naked and unashamed. The Scotch Police Bill was at last got through; divers Bills, including the Irish Census Bill, emerged from Committee, and some votes were obtained on the Scotch Estimates.

On *Thursday* the House of Lords helped divers Bills on their way, and talked about the Gibraltar dock and the carriage of cattle by sea. The House of Commons spent one of the long and promiscuous evenings which distinguish the end of the Session when Supply is reached and the twelve-o'clock rule is taken off. The most important incident was the announcement by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON that the agreement with France in respect of Africa has been concluded. No details were given; but from the statements in the French papers it would appear to be a very satisfactory arrangement for England, leaving us the best part of "Nigritia" and the whole of the Soudan east of Lake Tchad. During the debate Mr. LABOUCHERE made inquiries of Ministers of State on the meaning of terms of Scotch law with which any dictionary would have supplied him. This is done on the same principle, we suppose, as that on which the readers of provincial journals ask the

editors of these publications to inform them—(1) How to cure freckles; (2) What is the population of Little Pedlington? and (3) Who were MILTON, DON QUIXOTE, DAVY JONES, RACINE, Sir ISAAC NEWTON, and MUMBO JUMBO? Mr. WALLACE made one of those extraordinary speeches which some admiring Scotch Home Ruler should really collect and edit *à la* CARLYLE, with especial elucidations of the wut; and a good deal of idle talk was indulged in about Armenia, Mr. BRYCE actually contending that the Armenian style is worse than the Circassian. It is always pain and grief to us to find Mr. BRYCE exemplifying the effect of evil communications. We shall only say, first, that it has yet to be proved that the reports about Armenia are true; secondly, that, if every one of them were true, the history of the Caucasus could outvie them in black and red twenty times over; thirdly, that we cannot see what pot and kettle have got to do with the matter at all.

Foreign Affairs.

The chief item of interest in foreign news at the end of last week was the announcement of a decree by the Sultan of ZANZIBAR against slavery, stopping the slave trade at once, and the existence of the institution after a time. *Ainsi Bacchus conquesta l'Inde*:—that is to say, thus we ruined the West India Islands, and thus PEDRO II. led the way for the Brazilian Republic. The omens are encouraging.——The German EMPEROR is so great a traveller and so much addicted to the genial practice of visiting his neighbours that his movements do not attract the attention which attaches to those of more stay-at-home sovereigns. Still, his stay at Osborne, especially in connexion with the Heligoland Cession Bill, which has received the Royal assent, deserves chronicling.——The singular haze which has hung over the events at Buenos Ayres was not dispelled at the beginning of this week. Even the Cardinal's curses were not more apparently ineffectual than the hard fighting, with loss of life or grievous bodily harm to some thousands, of Saturday and Sunday week. President CELMAN seemed to have this of ORLANDO in him, that he could overthrow more than his enemies, for he appeared at first to have completely outwitted his friends, and to have no more "felt like" resigning than if he were a very FRANCIA. On the other hand, the opposition did not seem to suffer or dread reprisals, and will probably look more narrowly after the contents of their cartridge-boxes next time. On Wednesday it was indeed announced that Dr. CELMAN had resigned; but nothing appears to be certain except uncertainty in this curious revolution. And, sure enough, the resignation was hardly announced before it was contradicted, Dr. CELMAN having, it is said, insisted on the concomitant resignations of Dr. PELLEGRINI and General ROCA. As it was precisely in order to place General ROCA and Dr. PELLEGRINI in power that Dr. CELMAN's resignation was desired, this was ingenious. At last, at 5.30 P.M. on Wednesday, the 6th of August, 1890 (it is well to be particular in a matter of so many vicissitudes), the resignation of Dr. JUAREZ CELMAN was, it seems, actually presented to and accepted by the Chambers. Dr. PELLEGRINI—who, as Vice-President, succeeds automatically—is said to be an honest man; but whether "the more the honest men change the more it will "be the same thing" or not lies on the knees of the gods, and particularly of the god MERCURY, who may be assumed (for reasons which it would be impertinent to explain) to take more interest in South American politics than any other. ——The execution of the murderer KEMMLER by electricity in the United States terminated a loathsome business in a loathsome manner on Wednesday last.——During the week Turkey has been disturbed by resignation of Patriarchs—a serious matter in such a state of things as the SULTAN'S—and Europe at large by sporadic, but increasing, outbreaks of cholera.

Speeches out of Parliament.

On Saturday last Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, before leaving for America, addressed a meeting of his political friends at Birmingham on the results of the Session, of which he succeeded in giving, from the Unionist point of view, a very fair account.——On Wednesday the usual banquet was given to Ministers at the Mansion House. The proceedings were harmonious, if not exciting, and we comment on them elsewhere.

The Cardiff Strike.

It is reported that a settlement of the great strike at Cardiff has been arrived at as regards the railway men, whose pretensions were not specially exorbitant. There is some faint hope that, as regards the dockers, it may prove the turning point in the epidemic of madness which has set in over Great Britain recently. The point is an excellently narrow one—the demand of the labour tyrants that none but Union men shall be employed on the docks. The shipowners and merchants of the district, their conduct contrasting very well with that of the selfish and short-sighted persons who forced the London dockowners to give in, appear staunch; and if the worst comes to the worst, it is to be hoped that every one in England who values liberty, and has a halfpenny to spare, will contribute it to wear down the abominable dictatorship of the Unions. Sooner or later the battle with these curses of civilization must be fought out, and whenever a fight must come, "better sooner than later" is the cry of all men of spirit and sense.

Sport.

The last day of the Goodwood Meeting had some interest, the Duke of PORTLAND'S Memoir leading off by winning the Nassau Stakes against no very formidable opposition, but in the hollowest manner; Mr. LOWTHER'S good horse Cleator, with the top weight and five to two on him, securing the Molcombe Stakes; and Mr. ABINGTON'S Father Confessor, after a dead-heat which was run out, landing the Chesterfield Cup with nine stone six from a batch of light-weights. The last race of the day, the Findon Stakes, showed a good two-year-old in Sir J. DUKE'S Martenhurst.——On Tuesday the Duke of BEAUFORT'S Dark Blue won the Brighton Stakes, and on Wednesday Colonel NORTH'S Philomel the Brighton Cup.——The race for the Queen's Cup round the Isle of Wight on Tuesday derived some additional interest from the presence of the German EMPEROR on board the PRINCE OF WALES'S *Aline*, which, however, had no chance in the light winds, the Cup being easily won by Mr. LANGRISH'S *Samœna*.——Two good cricket-matches were decided on Saturday week, Gloucestershire (who are finishing the season well) defeating Notts by 30 runs; while a strong hybrid eleven called the "Lyric Club and Ground" beat the Australians by 96. On Bank Holiday there was some interesting cricket, Surrey making a good show against Notts at the Oval and Kent a fair one at Canterbury against the Colonists. These matches terminated on Wednesday according to the augury of their beginnings, Surrey defeating Notts by seven wickets, and Kent the Australians by 109 runs. The feature of this last contest was the excellent innings of Mr. HAMILTON, a player new to first-class matches.

Miscellaneous.

On Friday week Lord CRANBROOK unveiled a statue to Mr. W. E. FORSTER on the Thames Embankment. Mr. FORSTER was not in every respect a pattern of wisdom; but a more honest and straightforward politician never lived, and his courage and patriotism were such as we oftener wish for than see.——The principal miscellaneous event of the week has been the August Bank Holiday, which, for a wonder, was a remarkably fine one, and may, to some extent, have mitigated the agonies which that institution inflicts on those who go out and those who do not.——A very well attended International Medical Congress has been held at Berlin, Great Britain contributing at least her fair share of distinguished attendants.——On Saturday last Rochdale unveiled (or would have done so if it had been there) a bust to Mr. BRIGHT, whom Radicals of the Gladstonian sect praise, but do not imitate his works.——An ugly case of desertion by sailors was reported from Rhode Island on Tuesday, a considerable number of the crew of H.M.S. *Bellerophon* leaving their ship, and being recovered only by force, and not all of them.——Another spurt of the ugly wave of insubordination which seems to be running through the Services has been reported from Exeter among the gunners quartered at Topsham. It would not seem, however, that matters went beyond the old schoolboy trick of destroying harness—a trick likely to be all the more rife in the state to which the idiotic short-service system has reduced our army.——A very important judgment of the House of Lords in the BELL-COX case pronounced against the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeal in reference to a writ of *habeas corpus*.——On Wednesday judgment was obtained for the Crown in the rather important, though hardly dubious, gold-mine royalty case of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* PRITCHARD MORGAN.——It is very satisfactory that the attempt made to stop the sale of the three Longford Castle pictures to the nation has failed, the Court of Appeal having given judgment to that effect on Thursday. It is reported, by the way (it may be hoped truly), that a still further addition to the National Gallery is contemplated, in the shape of some of the finest, including an undoubted TINTORET, of Lord DARNLEY'S pictures at Cobham Hall.——

On Thursday the liquidators of the Panama Canal presented their report, which may be pretty well summed up by the doleful statement that the expenditure of the Company has been over fifty millions, and that its assets do not amount to anything like one.

Obituary. The name of Madame LOUISE ACKERMANN, who died recently at Nice, was probably not much known in England, except to those who have made a special study of modern French literature. She had reached a great age, and the best of her work (which was not at all voluminous) was done many years ago, and was for a long time privately printed. Nor was the increasing pessimism which she displayed either a very appetizing or a very profitable poetical motive. But she had a real poetical gift, great learning, and, in no blue-stocking sense, much scholarship. It is to be feared that considerably more interest was aroused in England by the death of Mr. BRODRICK CLOETE's horse Paradox, who was once famous on the Turf, and was beginning to make himself a name at the stud.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

"THAT modesty which is one of the distinguishing "characteristics of the greatest statesman of our "time—the Marquess of SALISBURY" (as the LORD MAYOR very prettily remarked in reference to his principal guest on Wednesday) may have been tickled by this compliment. It must have been tickled more subtly by the consciousness of the recipient that he was cutting a much better figure as Foreign Minister and representative of, though not respondent for, the House of Lords than his colleagues who are directly responsible for the conduct of domestic business and the performances of the House of Commons. Neither Mr. SMITH nor Mr. BALFOUR was present; and though the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the character of *emeritus* commoner, kindly took a little of the burden off the shoulders of Mr. GOSCHEN, as Lord SALISBURY himself had done previously, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER must have wished himself safe at Sutton Coldfield, with the passage through Coventry omitted. It is true, as he said, that the House of Commons has done something, in spite of Obstruction; it is true, as Lord SALISBURY said, that the Government has not been defeated in any of its measures. But it is also true that a very large minority of the House of Commons has shown a deliberate, a persevering, and a too successful intention to thwart the business and injure the interests of the country, and that the leaders of the House of Commons, partly by ill luck, but partly also by their own fault, have been unable to out-general their enemies to anything like the extent which is desirable. We do not at all regret the absence of a long roll of measures placed on the Statute-book; the Statute-book is a great deal too full of measures as it is. But we confess that we do care for the spectacle of a minority allowed—partly, it would seem, by innocent inability to conceive that they would behave so badly, partly by want of forethought, and partly by want of remembering that "it's dogged as does it"—to bring the plans of the Government to disarray and ridicule, and to hinder the welfare of England.

Apart from his ingenious diversion into arithmetic (dimly recalling the celebrated exposition of the number of the beast) to show that each member of Parliament by obstructing for one hour only (and what is that?) can prevent Government doing any business at all, Lord SALISBURY confined himself almost wholly to his own department, and had a good, if not an exciting, record to unfold. Lord BEACONSFIELD from one point of view, Mr. GLADSTONE from another, would have made very much more of the Anglo-German Agreement; and it is natural enough that persons who admire Mr. GLADSTONE should (perhaps honestly) misunderstand Lord SALISBURY's depreciation of his own achievements, "Whilk is a humour that has been "observed in gentlemen of his country," as the Baron of BRADWARDINE observed to Colonel TALBOT of a not dissimilar matter. This humour—more's the pity—is somewhat out of fashion, and it is said by credible persons that those who indulge in it are in danger of being thought wanting in seriousness nowadays. You must, as Mr. GLADSTONE does, take yourself and everybody else with portentous gravity; you must wave umbrellas in the middle of the road and shout "The Speaker!"; you must first edificate and then describe the gigantic mare's-nest; you must ingeminate Mitchelstown and MANDEVILLE and Malta in order to gain the credit of a great statesman. In that case it is probable that some people would, without much regret, decline the reputation of a great statesman, as not worth the trouble. At any rate, Lord SALISBURY will have the sympathy of a remnant left to him when he saith, "It is naught, it is naught," when he talks of taking and giving mountains and lakes and rivers, only hindered by the small impediment of never knowing exactly where the lakes and the mountains and the rivers are. His sentences on the altered conditions which make delimitation by anticipation of this sort absolutely necessary now, though it would have been superfluous not so very long ago, put into authoritative words a maxim of diplomacy and statesmanship the observance of which a few far-sighted persons have been urging on Englishmen for years, but which is still ignored and pooh-poohed by too many would-be-knowing ignoramuses. The slight reference to Persia in the speech was more significant than it looked, and the somewhat longer passages on Egypt may be taken as wholly satisfactory. Its praises to English servants in Egypt were well deserved. Sir EVELYN BARING, when he first went out, made gross and all but fatal—to some extent actually fatal—blunders; and though it can hardly be said that he caused, it must be said that he failed hopelessly to prevent, the indelible infamy of Khartoum. But he has repaired this fault as far as possible by doing yeoman's service in the more limited sphere of Egyptian home politics, and by exhibiting in a very difficult situation diplomatic tact of the most remarkable kind. No nation in the world—we may say as we have said before—has anything to show that will compare with the regeneration effected in Egypt by these eight years of English or quasi-English rule. And it is particularly gratifying to find that Lord SALISBURY spoke with no touch of uncertainty on the subject of withdrawal. The time for that withdrawal "may come"; it has certainly not come yet.

On one point or group of points surprise has been expressed, and reasonably expressed, that Lord SALISBURY was silent. It had been confidently announced from French sources that an agreement had been come to on the subject of that protectorate of Zanzibar which has been giving the French such uneasiness: and we now know from Sir JAMES FERGUSSON that it was. Lord SALISBURY said nothing about this, nor did he say anything about the very troublesome subject of Newfoundland; that he should also have been silent about the negotiations with the United States on the subject of Behring Sea had nothing remarkable; for those negotiations are still proceeding, and have been by no means plain sailing. But in the French matter something was expected and nothing was said. It is, of course, quite possible that semi-official announcements from Paris were premature. They were somewhat vague, and contained nothing as a statement of what had happened, but what everybody who had given any attention to the matter expected would happen. There is, indeed, one discrepancy in them, and it may be hoped that the version according to which France retains some rights or claims in reference to the Sultan of MUSCAT is not true. For Muscat is not only intimately connected with Zanzibar, but is of very great importance to England as respects India and the Persian Gulf. If, as was stated, the line of French influence eastwards in Africa has been drawn from Tunis to Lake Tchad, that is all right as far as that particular line is concerned; and the line from Lake Tchad to Say is also well enough. But it is desirable to know what line from Say to the sea has been fixed on, and the delimitation of the shores of Lake Tchad itself is of the greatest prospective importance. On the whole, however, it would seem that the lines indicated here have been observed, and that France is warned off Wadai, Baghirmi, and the Eastern Sahara and Soudan generally. If this has been well arranged, the consideration of the Madagascar exequatur may not be too much to have given for the acknowledgment of the protectorate of Zanzibar. In case of war with France it may be taken for granted that the English navy and the forces of the South African colonies would take an early opportunity of routing the French out of the great island altogether, if the sane traditions of English history were followed. But during peace, and considering that we have already acknowledged the influence of the French there to a great extent, the retention of small rights which are irritating to them, and hardly at all profitable to us, is unwise. There will be some, of course, who cannot see this, as they could not see a similar argument in the German matters, but that cannot be helped. At the same

time, it will certainly be disappointing if African matters are finally arranged without the settlement of the Newfoundland difficulty. France as France, and England as England, have no quarrel on that matter, and though the French may have been too liberal in their construction of their pound of flesh, most reasonable Englishmen admit that the Newfoundlanders' claim to repudiate the bond altogether is preposterous. But we have to do the best we can for them, unreasonable as they may be, and it is therefore desirable to take every opportunity of France wanting something from us to effect a settlement of what we want from her.

EXECUTION, AFTER THE HUMANE.

FROM all accounts—even after the ebullience of the reporter has subsided, or its subsidence allowed for—the experiment carried out in Auburn Prison, New York State, was as sickening an exhibition as was ever devised by friends of humanity in a land of light and liberty. "Humanity! what things are done in thy name!" is a reflection natural to the occasion, to adopt Mme. ROLAND's apostrophe to liberty. Indignation, however, should be directed to the right objects, in wholesome channels, and not suffered to spend itself in weak lamentations over the deferred execution of the death sentence, brought about by agitation anent the new law of last May, and the supposed suffering the delay caused in the condemned murderer. An outrage on our common humanity, like the execution of KEMMLER by electricity, ought not to distract attention from the uncommon humanity that decreed and perpetrated it. A set of sentimentalists pale even to the lips with their craving for reform, and a number of scientific physicians ever ready for experiments, were successfully combined to exert the necessary amount of pressure—it was not much—upon the Legislature. This unholy, though not unnatural, alliance, backed by a sufficiency of irresponsible clamour always available with agitators in the free and enlightened United States, has worked unremittingly during the last twelve months and gained the first-fruits of its labours. Those concerned can scarcely feel, and have not dared to express, much satisfaction in the results of their zeal. A few may have honestly believed, despite the protests of electricians, in the efficacy of their new instrument as a substitute for the method favoured by our rude forefathers. All of them, doubtless, thought themselves to be very superior persons, predestined to lead the way for slow and effete Europe to follow. We do not grudge them the benefit of this charitable view. The attempt, quite as much as the deed, should confound them. In order to avoid, let it be assumed, the possible yet always avoidable scandal of a broken rope or a too scant drop, they have contrived an exhibition of horror and indecency unparalleled in the annals of capital punishment. In the place of the happy despatch, the new scientific method resulted in a revolting bungle that suggests the proceedings of a wicked mediæval council of torture rather than the civilization of a "high-toned" people.

Whether there are to be any repetitions of the Auburn experiment is a question that chiefly concerns the people of New York State. They at least know what to expect when the will of the faddist becomes the law of the land. Without doubt they are learning the lesson aright to profit by it, foreseeing possibly that the campaign of the humane executioners, begun and continued in clamour, will end in clamour, and "the people" will rage furiously for repeal. Considering the fussiness and excitement that have attended the movement, such a fate were a proper and dramatic conclusion. Like the illustrious orator in *Paradise Lost*, the leaders had looked for the approbation of humanity, and do now hear the hiss of public scorn. The physicians present among the agitated crowd of witnesses declare that the criminal died at the first application of the electric current in painless peace, and that the evident return of respiration in the pinioned man was but a convulsive movement of the pectoral muscles of an automatic kind. That the current was twice switched off and thrice applied is a very ugly circumstance. It shows there was distrust as well as bungling among the scientific, as it is incredible that non-professional hands directed the experiment. All accounts agree in describing the scene as extremely loathsome. Nothing could be more discordant with a silent, swift, and certain execution, such as was promised, than the excitement, the morbid curiosity, the profuse newspaper discussion, that preluded and accompanied this affair. The details of the experiment itself, horrible though they are, are not more sickening than the picture of the eager crowd of spectators, the swoonings, the hysterical sympathy, and other elements of a sensational show. To judge from the reported language of an eminent physician present, it might have been the sufferings of a martyr in a cause worthy of sympathy, instead of a murderer's execution under the law of the land. Perhaps the doctor considered too well the holy cause of science. Certainly no completer way of diverting sentimental sympathy from his victim to the criminal was ever offered in the name of justice or humanity.

THE VARIOUS MR. PITTS.

GERMAN economists, with the precision and elegance which mark their scientific terminology, have given the name of Smithianismus to a leading doctrine of the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. We have been unable to keep the phrase out of our mind in reading the article on "The Two Mr. PITTS" which occupies the opening pages in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It might more appropriately have been entitled "The One "Mr. SMITH." It has its history; and if we are to trace it to its cradle we must go back five and twenty years, or thereabouts. At that time Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was a member of an association whose aim, to use terms absolutely neutral, was to obtain a judicial decision on the means adopted by Governor EYRE in suppressing the negro outbreak in Jamaica, and in punishing its supposed instigators. Various wealthy friends of humanity contributed of their silver and gold. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH gave what he could—that is to say, he gave two lectures on Mr. PITT, the proceeds of which went to "the "fund raised," as Mr. SMITH puts it, "to obtain justice for "the negro peasantry of Jamaica." Ever since the beginning of the French Revolution, during Mr. PITT's lifetime, as afterwards, it has been the fashion to contrast the Mr. PITT of the Commercial Propositions, of the French Treaty, of Parliamentary Reform, of peace, and of retrenchment, with the Mr. PITT of the war, of coalitions, and subsidies, of the National Debt, and of the Seditious and Traitorous Correspondence Bills. FOX and SHERIDAN and GREY were never weary of taunting him with apostasy and inconsistency. It seems almost incredible that some one or other of them should not have hit upon the happy but rather obvious device of speaking of the two Mr. PITTS.

If the phrase was used before him, it did not stick until Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH employed it; perhaps we should rather say, until Mr. GLADSTONE found it convenient to borrow it from Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in order to contrast the spotless purity of the author of the French Commercial Treaty with the diabolical wickedness of the author of the Act of Union. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is naturally indignant at his own phrase being taken from him to be used against a cause which he has honestly at heart. He sets himself, therefore, in this essay to prove that, although in a certain sense there were two Mr. PITTS, yet after all these two Mr. PITTS were only one Mr. PITT. In Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's rhetoric there were two; in history, fact, and character there was only one. The Mr. PITT of the Act of Union was the Mr. PITT of the war, and of what it is a fashion to call the English reign of terror. If, therefore, there are two Mr. PITTS, chronologically divided from each other, the Act of Union belongs to the second and bad Mr. PITT, and not to the first and good one. In fact, the immediate necessity of the measure sprang out of the French war; it was quite as much a part of the foreign as of the domestic policy of the Minister. Ireland was the vulnerable heel of England; and the Parliamentary Union entered into Mr. PITT's strategy, in the larger sense of the term, quite as much as into his dream of a *Hibernia pacata*, or of a union of hearts, for which he was at least as anxious, though he did not talk quite so much about it as Mr. GLADSTONE. On the doctrine of the two Mr. PITTS, his noblest achievement, in Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's judgment, belongs to what is denounced as his worst period. To avoid giving this controversial advantage to the enemy, Mr. SMITH is led to believe that Mr. PITT's worst period was not so bad as he once thought it, still less as he was supposed to think it. On the other hand, he implies that his good period was not so good as he formerly imagined it

to be. He rather smudges the colours, blending the snowy-white Mr. PITT of the peace, retrenchment, and reform epoch and the pitch-black Mr. PITT of the war-and-terror epoch into a sort of dingy or whity-brown Mr. PITT of both periods.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH holds that the circumstances in which PITT became Prime Minister were a stain upon his Government. In dismissing the Coalition Ministry GEORGE III. was acting, Mr. SMITH admits, within the limits of the Constitution as it was then understood, and, we may add, as it continued to be understood for half a century longer, up to the time when WILLIAM IV. dismissed Lord MELBOURNE and sent for Sir ROBERT PEEL. But Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH cannot forgive the intrigue in the closet, the card from the KING shown by TEMPLE to the peers, which led the House of Lords to throw out FOX's India Bill. PITT is generally supposed to have had no previous knowledge of the incident, and this seems to be Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's view. But he considers that in profiting by the transaction PITT identified himself with it. In the correspondence of Mr. PITT with CHARLES, Duke of RUTLAND, which has recently been republished by the present Duke, there is a letter which, from its place in the correspondence and its date, suggests that PITT may have known what was going on. Writing obviously of the India Bill and its chances in the Lords, he says: "The "closet will do everything, as far as I can judge, in fair co-"operation and concert, if the crisis is found to be ripe, "which I think it will." The letter was written on the 6th of December, 1783. The Bill was rejected by the Peers on the 17th. If Mr. PITT's sentence has the meaning which seems most probable, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH will think that the case is stronger against him than he supposed. But he is judging the past by the usages of the present. The message conveyed by Earl TEMPLE to the Peers, by which they were invited to reject the India Bill, was certainly not more unconstitutional than the letter written by Sir HERBERT TAYLOR at the command of WILLIAM IV. to the Opposition Peers which led them to acquiesce in the passing of the Reform Bill. If Mr. PITT's acceptance of office in 1783 was a fault, what is to be said of Lord GREY's retention of it in 1832? We are putting the case against Mr. PITT at its worst. All that can be said is that he acquiesced for once in practices which preceded and long survived him.

Mr. SMITH has the candour to admit, and to fortify his remark with well-known illustrations—the conflict with FOX's majority and the dismissal of THURLOW—that Mr. PITT was not wanting in resolution, but he had not, he thinks, the Bismarckian iron in his blood. He did not practise the abstinence of the German Chancellor; but, as he was deluged with port wine and gorged with beefsteak, his bodily and mental nerve failed him. When and how we are not told. But this statement is followed by an exposure of PITT's weakness in the WARREN HASTINGS case. On the question of his impeachment, he voted in HASTINGS's favour on the Rohilla charge, which, "as CAMPBELL truly "says," was the best established of all, and for impeachment on the CHEYTE SING charge, which, "as CAMPBELL also truly "says," was the weakest of all. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH relies too much on the shaky authority of Lord CAMPBELL and what he "truly says." FOX himself admitted that the Rohilla offence had been condoned and could not be pressed, since, when it was brought forward years before by DUNDAS, HASTINGS's recall, and not his impeachment, had been demanded, and he had subsequently been appointed Governor-General. FOX also declared that the CHEYTE SING charge, on which PITT renounced his opposition to the impeachment, was the most important of all, "so "much so that on the vote of this night, in my judgment, "the fate of Bengal depends." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH repeats after MACAULAY the story that before the vote on the CHEYTE SING charge, PITT had had a long interview with DUNDAS, who was the enemy of WARREN HASTINGS. We are left to draw the inference that PITT, with his nerves weakened by overdoses of port wine and beefsteak, had given way. So far as we can at present ascertain, the story of the interview with DUNDAS has no other foundation than a letter written by WARREN HASTINGS to Mr. ELIJAH IMPEY (the son of Sir ELIJAH), thirty-four years after the event. The relations between the two men do not fit in with the doctrine of PITT's subservience to DUNDAS. DUNDAS himself had opposed the impeachment of HASTINGS on the Rohilla charge; and PITT, separating himself from DUNDAS, had opposed the nomination of HASTINGS's personal enemy, FRANCIS, among the managers of the impeachment. The idea of a secret understanding, based on a common jealousy of WARREN HASTINGS's favour with the King, seems to be absolutely without foundation. Lord CAMPBELL's view of the relative insignificance of the CHEYTE SING charge was not that of WARREN HASTINGS's accusers; and there is no reason for doubting that PITT, as he solemnly declared to WILBERFORCE, felt that upon it he could no longer hold out. His surrender may possibly have had some reference to the still graver charges which remained behind with reference to the Begums of Oudh.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's opinion now is that PITT was "rather less strong and rather more worthy of respect" than a quarter of a century ago he believed him to be. The unfavourable part of this judgment seems to us to rest on misreadings of history or imperfect information. As to the PITT of the revolutionary period, Mr. SMITH admits that his measures of repression are not to be condemned because they were severe, but because they were not needed. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is criticizing, or but for his voluntary exile might be criticizing, in an England which a hundred years ago PITT made safe for him, the means by which he made it safe. It is easy but ungrateful to say that he exaggerated the danger, and was excessive in his precautions. The revolutionists, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH urges, were few in England; so they were in France, as M. TAINE will inform him. But an organized and energetic minority will always constrain a timid and apathetic majority, in the absence of a vigorous Government. This element was wanting in France. Mr. PITT supplied it in England, and the success of his measures enables Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH to condemn them as unnecessary. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is ostensibly writing of Mr. PITT. But his article begins with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, and returns to him in its concluding lines. Its real aim is to show, as it does satisfactorily enough, that if it was a sport of rhetoric to speak of the two Mr. PITTS, it is a grave misrepresentation to hint that there are two Mr. GOLDWIN SMITHS. Smithianismus, allowing for lapse of time, increase of knowledge, and maturity of judgment, is a consistent doctrine.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE Naval Manœuvres have as yet been so conducted as to keep the promises made for them. They have been practice, and not playacting. This is well; but it is necessary to add that practice, though it is better than make-believe, is, after all, only practice, which is not quite the real thing, though much more like it than most of the sheer nonsense of former years. It ought not to be necessary to insist on the distinction between work and practice; but we notice a certain tendency to confuse them. Thus, for instance, the Correspondents of newspapers with the fleet insist much on the good shooting at the targets done by the A fleet. They remark that even when the shot missed the targets it would have hit a vessel. So it would if the conditions were the same. If the enemy was drifting harmlessly, the comparison would be perfect; but if he was moving and firing back, there would be a notable difference in the circumstances. The captains of guns in our fleet were expected to wait till the smoke cleared away, and every opportunity was given them to make good practice. In action, however, waiting till the smoke cleared away might not be possible, and it would be the business of the enemy to see that opportunities were not afforded. This distinction must be borne in mind when deductions are being drawn from the turret practice of the A fleet. Practice is very excellent, and the man who shoots best at a target will also shoot best at an enemy as a rule; but, after all, shooting at two drifting barrels is one thing, firing at an active enemy who is blazing at you is another. If the targets of the other day had been an enemy's fleet in line of battle ahead to leeward, the practice made might not have been so accurate. What proportion of the shot from the *Shah* hit the *Huascar*? Incidentally the two days' work supplied an excellent piece of criticism on the value of previous manœuvres as training. It was found that the coastguard men, who are out in these ships for their yearly drill, fired rather wildly—which was not thought strange, as they had had no practice for four years, having been otherwise engaged in the manœuvres. Let us hope there will not be another such four years.

The practice in evolutions was good in exactly the same sense as the firing at targets. It is only by such practice

that men learn to manage either ships or guns. The A squadron was well employed in going through them; much better employed than the French fleet, which has just been manœuvring in neighbouring waters. To judge by the complaints of officers published in Parisian newspapers, Admiral DUPERRÉ's squadrons seem to have been wasting time in operations more sham even than our own of last year. These few days of practice have, however, been marked by incidents which are enough to cause considerable anxiety. Unfortunately they are not new. Quite the contrary. They are simply breakdowns in machinery. Hydraulic machines and engines have alike failed. The *Inflexible* had to return to port; the *Hero* was unable to fire one of her guns for six hours. The *Ruby*, we learn, was compelled to have "recourse to her sails," and even then had to apply for help to the *Ajax*. As for the hydraulic machines, their vices are notorious, and have been commented on again and again. The adventure of the *Ruby* has a certain touch of novelty. We do not recollect that, of late at least, one of H.M.'s ships has given such an illustration of the exact value of the newest theory of the naval critic—which is, that sails are a pure encumbrance. The *Ruby's* engines gave out for a time. The misfortune was not serious. It could be made good at sea; but in the interval the *Ruby* found her sails of some value. In war, we suppose, the engines might also have given out, and then the sails would have been even more useful. Yet, according to a noisy school of critics, whose theories are allowed too much influence in practice, masts and sails ought to be dispensed with. Our ships ought, in fact, to have no alternative resource if their engines do get into disorder, as they are liable to do. At one time during the evolutions the ships were ordered to make ready to tow, one half was to take the other in hand for practice. It would appear that this is likely to be a very useful form of practice indeed; but one rather wonders what will happen when a ship's engines prime in the middle of action and an enemy is at hand to take advantage of the opportunity. Happily the same kind of thing has happened with the French ships. Perhaps it may be taken for granted that in future naval wars a goodish percentage of both fleets will always be crippled by their own defective engines.

THE PROGRESS OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

IT is commonly said, that if the Government had made up their minds to an autumn or winter Session as long ago as when Lord SALISBURY addressed the meeting of his followers on the state of public business, they might have got through their legislative and financial arrears, and have reached the prorogation by the end of July. Present appearances, however, do not lend much credit to calculations of that sort—which, indeed, are obviously framed, in this as in other cases, without regard to the fact that the system of Obstruction is essentially an elastic one, and may easily be accommodated to any emergency which chances to arise. It is signally fallacious to infer, from the fact that the House is kept sitting for, say, a month after a certain announcement has been made of the date of its reassembling for a new Session, that such period of four weeks is to be regarded as a "constant quantity," and that whenever the said announcement were made, the business of Parliament would take that time and no more to wind up. All depends from the Obstructionist's point of view on the time at which the announcement *is* made. He has no notion of allowing a Government to bring the Session to an end a fortnight earlier by means of so simple and even childish a *ruse* as that of antedating by a fortnight their preparations for bringing it to an end. No; his notion is that the House of Commons should be kept at work, whatever happens, until after the middle of August and as much longer as possible; and if Ministers attempt to hasten the close of their labours by prematurely abandoning "non-contentious" Bills, they must be punished for their presumption and precipitancy by being compelled to learn that that definition of their legislative measures has no sort of authority. They must be taught that that business alone is "non-contentious" which the Obstructionist does not see fit to oppose; and that any business may in this sense become contentious if it should appear to the Obstructionists that Government are getting on too fast with their work, and are in danger of succeeding in their attempt to bring the Session to a close with reasonable expedition.

Hence, we are not of opinion that a House of Commons which includes two such masters of their dreary art as Mr. SAMUEL STOREY and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL would in any case have been allowed to separate at a much earlier day than as it is will witness their dispersal. They would in any case have been kept sitting and listening to the bumptious fatuities of the former bore, and the pedagogic ineptitudes of the latter, until August was far spent; and the only consequence, therefore, of an earlier resolution upon an autumn Session would have been to subject the Government and the long-suffering majority to so many more weeks of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Mr. SAMUEL STOREY. The subjects of legislation on which these two ornaments of the House of Commons have "spread themselves" admit of infinite expansion, and they are eminently capable of expanding them, so that Ministers would in all probability have gained nothing by an earlier resort to the process of "lightening the ship." When they did take that step it must be admitted on—and by—all hands that they took it in no half-hearted way. They had good ground for their declaration that they had done their utmost to rid their programme of controversial items. Almost the only Bills left on it which are not of a purely formal character were those two in which the Obstructionist has discovered such unlimited opportunities for dilatory debate, and has so relentlessly availed himself of them. We do not affirm, of course, that the tactics pursued by him with respect to these two measures—the Local Taxation Bill and the Police Bill—have been of a precisely similar nature or labour equally under the same destitution of plausible excuse. The obstruction to the Local Taxation Bill was, to a large extent, obstruction of the egotistic rather than of the deliberately malicious order. It has got to be regarded as the proper thing with representatives of Scotch Gladstonian constituencies to show the Imperial Parliament that Scotland, when she chooses, can make herself at least as great a nuisance as Ireland; and, in contributing to this magnanimous demonstration, no one Scotch Gladstonian member likes to show himself less zealous than another. Add to this that the people of Scotland have notoriously a good conceit of themselves in the matter of elementary education, and that their Parliamentary representatives are all eager to show themselves in sympathy with their countrymen by fighting as hard as possible for an educational subsidy. And when we have further taken into account the extraordinarily keen competition for prominence which prevails among that astonishing crowd of mediocrities whom Scotland chooses to send to support the cause of Home Rule at Westminster, we cannot be surprised at the struggle over the Scotch provisions of the Local Taxation Bill. That is to say, we could not have been surprised, or even disgusted, at *some* such struggle having taken place on the point. What, of course, actually happened is that the Scotch members, having a plausible pretext for opposition to start with, worked it out in a night's debate, and impudently traded upon it afterwards for the better part of a week.

In the case of the Police Bill, however, Obstruction has never had even that fig-leaf of an excuse; it has from the first been naked and unashamed. This measure has been before a Standing Committee, where it was most carefully considered, and where moreover the very member who has been leading the clause-by-clause resistance to it in Committee of the whole House had unlimited opportunity of impressing his views upon his fellow-legislators, and, in fact, exhibited much the same opinionated obstinacy which he has since been displaying in a larger field. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's appearance in the capacity of a mere professional Obstructionist of the Laboucherian or Conybearian type is however a novelty, and may, perhaps, in charity, be referred to some special aberration of mind on this particular subject of police. He may possibly revert anon to that more self-contained and self-regarding Parliamentary attitude, in which the Baboo has immortally depicted him; but for his accomplices no such excuse can be suggested nor any such hope entertained. They are most of them seasoned Obstructionists to a man. Mr. STOREY, for instance, is an old offender in this kind, and Mr. STOREY has done something more than obstruct the Police Bill; he has succeeded in compelling the abandonment of the Savings Bank Bill, and his action might have supplied Lord SALISBURY at the Mansion House the other night with a more exact illustration of the Polish *liberum veto* than at the moment occurred to him. Otherwise, however, we can hardly help suspecting that he was the type and exemplar of the fatal Parliamentary personage whom

the PRIME MINISTER had in his mind when he observed, in emphatic and even solemn terms, that "there have been "many Governments under which men have flourished," but that "no nation will ever flourish if it allows the un-"restricted exercise of the powers of the Parliamentary "bore."

It is amusing to note the irritation which Lord SALISBURY's plain language on the subject of Obstruction has excited in the Gladstonian press; and there is really such an air of good faith about some of these manifestations of feeling that one is sometimes almost tempted to believe that this virtuously indignant party have actually persuaded themselves that they are cruelly wronged. The *Daily News*, for instance, professes to find ignorant partisanship in Lord SALISBURY's observations on this subject, and, for aught we know, may have actually persuaded itself that they reflect this undesirable quality throughout. Nothing of this kind, however, ought to astonish us when we remember that Mr. LABOUCHERE himself is occasionally the victim of delusions with respect to the character of his Parliamentary behaviour. No doubt his protest of the other night against the charge of Obstruction, and his reiterated assertion that Ministers were solely responsible for the terrible state into which public business had fallen, were mainly animated by that spirit of cynical effrontery which is responsible for most of his utterances; but there is reason to think that even his audacity would be unequal to such a speech as that which we have referred to, if he was fully sensible of the aspect in which his tactics, and that of his friends, present themselves to other people. When Mr. SMITH neatly and humorously observed that he seemed desperately anxious that people should not believe him capable of carrying into practice his frequent Parliamentary declarations of his intention to oppose every measure of the Government, and to use every form of the House to defeat them, the material of his retort is at once recognized as so obvious that it is difficult to believe in Mr. LABOUCHERE's having overlooked it. But even Mr. LABOUCHERE, though, as a rule, he wears his factiousness "lightly as a flower," has more than once shown that he is capable of catching the infection of dull arrogance from those with whom he mixes. And it is, no doubt, in one of the moods that he has contracted from them—it is in one of the paroxysms of that ludicrous self-righteousness which induces your typical Radical to believe that in the name of his unquestioned virtue he may commit any breach of written or unwritten law to carry on the struggle against a wicked Government—it is doubtless, we say, in some mood of this sort that Mr. LABOUCHERE forgets those light-hearted and irresponsible "declarations" which Mr. SMITH recalled to him, and for the moment actually believes that he is solely solicitous for the proper conduct of public affairs

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SWAZILAND.

THE Convention made with the Transvaal Government regulates and defines, but does not materially alter, the position of Swaziland. Up to the present the natives have enjoyed such independence as is possible for a small and savage people placed between two Powers each capable of crushing it. These Powers were bound by mutual promises not to use their strength; but as transactions, which may be summed up under the names Samoa, Zanzibar, and Madagascar, have shown within quite recent years (not to speak of other transactions going back to the mists of antiquity), such promises are made of the proverbial material. The Convention renews and restates them with greater precision. We have again promised to respect the independence of the Swazis. The other high contracting party—which our own acts have made a Power—the South African Republic, does the same. To avoid conflicts, we have set up a common administration to control our respective adventurers. Both parties, then, have made further promises to one another, and have entered into engagements; but substantially the situation remains what it was in Swaziland. As neither contracting party has obtained a distinct recognition of its sovereign rights, it is unfortunately true that possibilities of trouble remain unremoved.

It is easy to imagine a more satisfactory settlement; but in all such transactions it is necessary to look first of all at what can be got. When a Government is bound by its own acts, it must take the consequences of them, unless it is prepared to tear up its engagements, and rid itself of inconveniences by the open use of force. In this case the QUEEN's Government was bound by the wretched London Convention of 1884, much as it is bound, as regards Newfoundland, by the Treaty of Utrecht. Nobody has seriously proposed that we should decline to consider ourselves bound by our promises any further. Newfoundland is a warning of what comes of carelessness and oversights, and the London Convention supplies admirable reasons for not trusting the people who made it with power again. The Treaty and the Convention are none the less binding, and must be observed or modified by friendly arrangement with the other party to the contract. The arrangement as to Swaziland is as good a modification of the state of things set up by the Convention as was possible, since the Transvaal Government was determined to stand by the letter of the bond. A joint Committee of English officers and Boers may not be—we are even prepared to allow that it will not be—a very satisfactory instrument of government. But, at least, as long as it exists there will be a check on open aggression by the Boers. As it is terminable by either party at an early date, it will be in our power to withdraw from it if the agents of the Transvaal make it impossible for us to work fairly with them. The clause by which the Boers are to be allowed to carry a railway to the coast at Kosi is not only a recognition of a "natural and very legiti-"mate" desire, it is also for us an acceptable alternative to the other scheme by which—if Portuguese short-sighted greed had not intervened—the Transvaal would have secured access to the sea at Delagoa Bay. Kosi is not in the territory of an unfriendly foreign State, and is to be under our own authority as protecting Power by the express terms of the Convention. As the railway can hardly be built without the help of English capital, and will run through territory under our own influence, it will be our own fault if it becomes a tool in the hands of rivals. The other clause, by which the Transvaal Government is invited to enter into a Customs Union with the Cape, the Orange Free State, and Bechuanaland, may fairly be taken as a proof that the rulers of the South African Republic are not indisposed to enter into permanent friendly relations with England. The engagement it gives not to interfere with the reserves of the South African Company will have this good effect, that Boer enterprises in any part of the Company's hunting-grounds will be confessedly illegitimate. The course of the South African Company is by no means free from obstacles. There is an undeniable probability that it may some day show, as other Companies have done, how easily a corporation which is allowed powers of government may compromise the State, even though it is anxious to cause as little trouble as possible. But the removal of all chance of collision with the Boers will notably diminish the risk. In so far the Convention represents a distinct gain. With the choice of a place under English protection as the port of the Transvaal, there is enough for the present to justify the Convention. If it does not provide what must obviously be a permanent settlement in Swaziland, it must not be forgotten that the acts of certain persons, who unhappily were the QUEEN's Government at the time, had made a permanent settlement nearly impossible.

ARCHILOCHUM——?

NO doubt Mr. P. O'BRIEN would acknowledge that, when he called attention in the House of Commons to "a poem by Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE con-"taining a direct incitement to the assassination of the "CZAR," his first concern was not for the EMPEROR's life or the honour of British poesy. Indeed, Mr. O'BRIEN admits as much in a letter subsequently addressed to the *Daily News*. Here he had an opportunity of expressing all the horror with which assassination may inspire him, all his loathing of those who incite others to seek political change or private gain through maiming and murder. It appears, however, that it was not his purpose to do anything of the kind. Mr. SWINBURNE can become almost as angry against barbaric crime committed by rebellion and greed in one land as against similar wrong perpetrated elsewhere in the name of divine-right authority. In short, he is no friend of the Irish conspiracy, and has, indeed, expressed a vigorous opposition to it. When, therefore, Mr. SWINBURNE's "ode in praise of Tyrannicide"

appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. P. O'BRIEN hastened to place the poet, and the Government with him, in what the honourable member hoped would be an unpleasant position. He asked to be informed "whether "any representation had been made to HER MAJESTY'S Go- "vernment by the Government of Russia, or whether HER "MAJESTY'S Government intended to prosecute Mr. SWIN- "BURNE or the publisher and printer of the *Fortnightly* "*Review* for this gross incitement to assassination of the "sovereign of a friendly nation." It must be allowed that Mr. O'BRIEN had hit upon an inquiry which would have been extremely embarrassing if an answer could have been demanded. The judicious and authoritative SPEAKER, however, put the question aside for the moment, and afterwards (according to Mr. P. O'BRIEN'S account of the matter) declined to place it on the notice-paper on the ground that the ode was but "the vapouring of a feather- "brained poet." But this was enough for Mr. O'BRIEN. Behold, says he, "what shams and humbugs the Unionists "are when they throw up their hands in horror at "every idle word spoken in Ireland!" When their own Laureate suggests that the right way to deal with HER MAJESTY'S ally the CZAR is to murder him, they protest that it is absurd to talk of punishing a feather-brained poet for his foolishness. But when "the more "restrained writings and speeches" of O'DONOVAN ROSSA and SCRAB NALLY are in question, "what man of authority "rises in the House of Commons to dismiss their rodo- "montades as 'the vapouring of a feather-brained poet'?" Having posed this question, Mr. P. O'BRIEN is doubtless sufficiently content with the outcome of his little manœuvre; though of course his satisfaction will be increased if his noisy inquiry in the House of Commons should bring down upon the Government remonstrance or "representa- "tion" from St. Petersburg.

There is little likelihood of such a result; but there are times and seasons when it might be expected almost as a matter of certainty. This the poet would do well to bear in mind whenever he feels impelled in future to pour out his indignation against the excesses of Continental despotism. They are very backward in Russia; and though the CZAR himself is a man of education, it is by no means certain that he is sufficiently cultured to draw the right distinctions between poetry and pamphleteering. Or, if the publication of an ode like Mr. SWINBURNE'S happened to coincide with a bomb-explosion in the CZAR'S apartments, there is no certainty that whatever perception of the difference may exist in HIS MAJESTY'S mind would not instantly disappear. Proverbially, the civilization of the Muscovite is only skin-deep; and it is quite conceivable that, under the disturbance of such circumstances as we are now hinting at, the CZAR might become blind to the poet, deaf to the charm of his art, unsubmissive to his license, and resolute in refusing to distinguish between an ode by Mr. SWINBURNE and a pamphlet by Herr MOST if they equally commended him to sacrifice by assassination. This the bard should ponder; and if, having done so, he should yet resolve to run the risk, he might then be asked to consider the annoyance he would put the Government of his country to if "strained "relations" (of which he might know nothing), an accident at the Winter Palace, and the publication of a flaming ode like this in the *Fortnightly Review*, happened to be coincident.

One of the evening newspapers has announced, "on the "best authority," that Mr. SWINBURNE does not intend to take any notice of what has passed in the House of Commons. His poem, it is said, "was the outcome of the "intense indignation aroused in his mind on reading of "the horrors of the Russian prison system. He has re- "lieved his feelings, and there the matter rests. From the "author's point of view, there is nothing in the poem to "excuse or defend." We may hope, however, that this statement was not really written on the best, the *very* best, authority. That Mr. SWINBURNE'S ode was the outcome of intense indignation is obvious, and that the indignation was as righteous as intense every feeling mind must acknowledge. When it is added that "there the matter "rests," we welcome the information cordially—that is to say, if we are to understand that Mr. SWINBURNE proposes never to do it again. This interpretation, however, hardly squares with the statement that the author of the poem sees nothing in it to excuse or defend; for we are not to suppose him to mean that there is nothing excusable or defensible in it. To go as far as that would be a gross injustice to himself. The indignation which burns along every line of the ode is eminently defensible; therein, indeed, he may glory. But so much of it appears quite indefensible—in art, in truth, in policy, in law—that we could almost wish the poet arraigned before some kindly court of inquiry to defend what he is said to believe void of just offence. He might be asked, for instance, whether it is good persuasive art to pass into a madness of excess in denunciation, even when what he denounces is the foul barbarity of Russian punishments:—

> Since the world's wails went up from land and seas,
> Ears have heard not, tongues have told not, things like these.
> Dante, led by love's and hate's accordant spell,
> Down the deepest and the loathliest ways of hell.

Beautiful verse, that would be true poetry if the retrospect it invites of all the horrors that have been perpetrated since the world began, and all that DANTE saw in the deepest and loathliest ways of hell, did not convict it of raving extravagance. It really would do the poet good if he were compelled to defend such excesses as these, in the cool forenoon, in plain prose, and under examination of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL or the Baron HENRY DE WORMS. He would leave the court, we are persuaded, with a clearer perception that the poet's purpose is badly served when he allows himself to romp into palpably unveracious extravagance of wrath.

ESSENCES AND ACCIDENTS.

WE cannot profess to be surprised that the circular sent by a firm of German distillers to an English wine merchant, and by him forwarded to the *Times*, should have provoked a certain amount of sarcastic comment. The contents of the communication suggest it, and its manner is an even more pressing invitation thereto. There is a delightful Teutonic directness in the way in which the distillers approach the wine merchant with their insinuating offers of "our specialities" for the manufacture of every kind of wine and spirit which the heart of man can desire. No English purveyor of such "fakements" as these—to use a word of appropriate associations—could have brought himself, we imagine, to place them before the trade in language of quite such manly frankness as these gentlemen employ. Even as the courageously outspoken "Blut- "wurst" of the German stands to our own cowardly and evasive "black-pudding," so stands Messrs. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL'S recommendation of their wine and spirit essences to the obscure and timid puff with which an English practitioner of the same industry would probably endeavour to push his wares. "Cognac essence," he would, no doubt, murmur softly, and then stop; while the two gallant Berliners go on to say that "about 4 lbs. of the "essence will serve you for 100 gallons of spirit." It is seven shillings a pound, so that for twenty-eight shillings you are able to lend to four hundred quarts of "spirit"—potato or other—the right, or the approximately right, Cognac flavour. As regards their "wine flavours," MM. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL do not quite so freely condescend upon particulars. Port-wine essence, they inform their correspondent, is supplied by them at 3*s.* 9*d.* per lb., free house London duty paid, and sherry essence 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; but how much of the one will enable a bottle of alcoholized sloe-juice to rub shoulders undetected with a '47 or a '51, and what amount of the latter must be mixed with bad brandy and water in order to give it the highly esteemed flavour otherwise only to be gained by a couple of voyages to the East Indies, deponents say not.

It is not, we say, surprising that this firm of distillers should have been rallied a little by our newspaper critics on the contents of their circular; but it must be remembered that at present we have only heard one side. The "parole" is now with Messrs. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL, and we are not at all certain that they may not be prepared with a very plausible answer. We must recollect that the Germans are a philosophically-minded people, many of whom—and among them some distillers, perhaps—have reflected deeply on the properties of matter, and have possibly penetrated further into the true inwardness of things than their somewhat superficial satirists in this country. Suppose they were suddenly to knock these merry gentlemen down with the blunt contention that the essence of anything, and therefore of a wine—its "essentia," its *οὐσία*, *is* the thing itself, and that if the port essence, for instance, is really essence of port—as it must be presumed to be, since they say so—the bottle of "port" which it

informs us is entitled to drop its inverted commas, and that its claim to stand forth as a complete and authentic specimen of the vintage of Oporto is as indefeasible as the right of Lord PETER's bread to call itself "as true, good, natural "mutton as any in Leadenhall Market." The essence of the matter being there, everything else, the distillers may contend, is an accident.

Of course, however, the validity—even the metaphysical validity—of the defence would depend upon the question whether the essence of port, sherry, or what not, has any more than a purely nominal connexion with the wines which it thus delights to honour by the borrowing of their names. And though we have, as a matter of courtesy, assumed that the juice of the grape does enter into these essences, we cannot ignore the fact that certain passages in the circular itself suggest suspicion to the contrary of this belief. One such suggestion is somewhat unfortunately thrust upon us by the singular reference which Messrs. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL make to "our pure cherry juice." "It has "been found," say they, in a sentence in which we seem to hear the ring of scientific surprise, "the simplest, best, and "most advantageous means to prepare cherry brandy." Are we to infer from this that it was only after having ransacked the whole vegetable and mineral world for a suitable raw material from which to manufacture cherry brandy that there flashed upon Herr DELVENDAHL or Herr KUENTZEL the bright thought of using the cherry itself? The inference seems a legitimate one. "It has "been found" is their phrase—the phrase of the patient experimentalist—that cherries make the best cherry brandy. We do not wish to press the argument too hard, but the obvious astonishment with which they announce this discovery suggests certain converse inferences with respect to the port and sherry essences which are of a disquieting nature.

THE DIRECTORS' LIABILITY BILL.

IT will add a finishing touch to the Session if the Directors' Liability Bill passes in the form in which it comes back from the Lords. To a layman of average intelligence it appears that, if the Bill in its present state is the only kind of Bill which should be passed to deal with this matter, then none was needed at all. If those who sent the Bill up from the Commons knew what they were talking about, then a very different stamp of measure is needed. When business is concerned the Lower House is usually informed of what it is talking about. It contains not a few men of business—and in this case they were, we seem to remember, generally favourable to the Bill, though they were certainly not unanimous. The Lords, however, for their part have agreed wonderfully. They have decided that the Bill was a bad Bill, and they have so dealt with it as, we will not say to make it good, but to make a hollow ghost of it. Much the best thing which can be done with it now is to lay it with all convenient haste. In a Session in which so much has been lost, the remnants of this measure will never be missed.

A certain degree of audacity is required to differ from so many learned and noble lords on what may be represented as a question of law. No right-minded man would wish to be guilty of such misbehaviour, and yet one cannot but wonder at some of the decisions to which they came. The Bill, to take one instance, provided that directors who made misleading statements should be worried in a certain way. Their lordships struck this out in something approaching a frenzy of indignation, because it was laxly worded. Whatever, so they said, misleads is misleading. A foolish person may be misled by an absolutely honest statement, a malicious person may say he was misled; therefore an honest man might be persecuted for what he said or allowed to be said in good faith and on good grounds. It is very subtle, very. Most of us had thought that a misleading statement was a lying one meant to mislead. Moreover, we had supposed that there were courts and judges, and that persons who brought frivolous charges might be dismissed with costs. However, it seems not; and so, lest a possible fool or rogue should bring a frivolous charge, the director is still to be allowed to give the credit of his name to statements which he has not taken the smallest trouble to verify, and may roundly assert them to be true without the least risk of being called to account—unless, of course, it can be shown that he deliberately plotted the concoction of the lie. This was, of course, fraud already. So careful were the Lords of the interests of the director that they have struck out another clause, by which he was to be called upon to show that he had reasonable ground to believe a prospectus to be true. This, it seems, would be to ask too much, because it would compel the director not only to show that he believed the expert, but to prove that the expert believed what he said when he said it—which is notoriously impossible. It also seemed to their lordships that the effect of the clause would be to confine the choice of directors in search of experts to men of known reputation—which would be bad for the prospects of young men. The young men ought to be obliged to the mild wisdom and humanity of the Law Lord, and the witty Law Lord too, who said that. To the ordinary common sense of mankind it appears that the effect of the clause would be to make honourable and right honourable guinea-pigs more cautious as to what they professed to guarantee. As for the argument that the Bill would deter honest men from becoming directors, it seems to have weight with some persons; but to us it seems to be mere words. An honest man, in any but the formal sense, does not become director of a Company unless he knows the business he is undertaking to recommend. The sort of person who dispenses with that knowledge is only honest in a legal sense, and the more effectually he can be brought to book the better. This fear for the honest man, and that other fear that the increase of risk would encourage the guinea-pig, are intelligible enough among commercial people of a certain kind. They have their reasons. Among other persons, however, they have much the look of children of the subtle, hair-splitting mind, briskly *bombinans in vacuo*, deliciously conscious of its own ingenuity. The theory that danger would encourage the guinea-pig is on all fours with the other theory that the use of the cat promotes robbery with violence. To be sure, this proposition also has been known to commend itself to the highly-trained and sagacious legal mind. It has done so this very Session—for the greater comfort of the armed burglar's back and the guinea-pigs.

THE ARMENIAN TROUBLES.

WITH the exception of an occasional lapse into folly of that kind which the Radical mistakes for nobility of temperament or superiority in virtue, the discussion of the Armenian troubles last Thursday night on the Foreign Office vote seems to have been creditably moderate and rational in its tone. We say "seems" because it may be that it owes some of its apparent merit in this respect to the excellent judgment of the reporter. Thus we observe that Sir JAMES FERGUSSON found it necessary to rebuke Mr. SCHWANN for having used language prompting the subjects of the Porte to insurrection, which, he added, was "an incitement greatly to be deprecated." So, undoubtedly, it is; and, as we do not gather that Mr. SCHWANN succeeded in effectually repudiating it, we must assume that he did actually indulge that irresistible propensity of the Radical who feels assured of the continued integrity of his own skin—and no doubt motives—to urge on other people to blood-letting on an extensive scale. The only thing is, that we find no trace of Mr. SCHWANN's clarion call to arms in any report of the speech which we have been able to consult. We cannot even find any part of a sentence which he himself acknowledges, to the effect, namely, that the Armenians were "perfectly determined to revolt if their reasonable require-"ments were not met," while there is literally no trace of what the UNDER-SECRETARY of STATE for FOREIGN AFFAIRS called the incendiary language used by the hon. member for Manchester with reference to risings, bloodshed, and so forth. As reported, the incendiary language of the member for Manchester might have been thrown without the slightest danger into a powder magazine; but the evidence that the reporters have been as discreet as Mr. SCHWANN was the reverse is too strong to be resisted.

Still, this seems in any case to have been a solitary aberration on his part, while his seconder, Mr. LEVESON GOWER, was almost "statesmanlike" in the tone of his observations, and little or no nonsense was talked in any quarter of the House until—though we have an uneasy feeling that this way of putting the matter involves the logical fallacy of *idem per idem*—a contribution was made to the debate by Mr. CONYBEARE. The case as between the Porte and its Armenian subjects was stated with perfect

fairness and without any official "special pleading" by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, and it discloses a state of things in which even a man of the warmest humanity, if he be also a man with a modicum of common sense, must admit that English diplomacy, or even European diplomacy in its most authoritatively concerted form, can do little or nothing. It *is* the fact that the Armenians have undergone many acts of brutal cruelty; and suffered much from the continual descent of the turbulent population of the mountains on the people of the plains. It is *not* the fact that the Ottoman Government have used no efforts to protect its subjects in these regions, or that these efforts have been altogether fruitless. On the other hand, while it is the fact that the aggressors have been chastised to the extent, at any rate, that "many examples have been "made of those who have committed raids," it is *not* the fact that punishment has kept pace with outrage, or that adequate and adequately disciplined forces have been brought to bear upon the work of protecting its victims. When that is said, however, all is said. And nothing that can be of the slightest service remains to be done, except to persevere, as our Foreign Government Office is doing at present, in the application of judicious and friendly pressure, not unaccompanied by encouragement at Constantinople, with the view of ensuring that at least such efforts as the weak Government of the SULTAN has hitherto been able to make for the repression of these abuses shall not be relaxed. But the exploded Radical nostrum of "bullying the Pashas," and the more contemptible and dangerous course of pushing Russia forward to bully them on behalf of Europe, must not be allowed to recover even temporary favour. The SULTAN must be approached in a different spirit if good, and not evil, is to come of diplomatic intervention; and the less that is said about Russia, let alone about "Russian troops "massed upon the Armenian frontier," the better. It was not Mr. BRYCE who was guilty of this last-quoted piece of oratorical imprudence; but he had, we venture to think, a great deal too much to say about Russia in his otherwise sensible speech, and at one particular part his reference to her, at this of all moments, was singularly maladroit. To say that the Government of Russia was "in this matter, at "any rate"—this matter being the matter of ruling subjects of an alien race and religion—"infinitely better than "the Government of Turkey," is surely a strangely incautious remark to be made just now by a politician so observant of public opinion at home and abroad as Mr. BRYCE.

VÉZELAY.

THOSE who know the country parts of France well will scarcely aver that there is any central department which presents more features of general interest to the intelligent tourist than the Yonne, with its copious streams, abrupt chalky cliffs, and elevated villages. The unevenness of the surface of the country increases and the land takes bolder forms the further south we go, till on the borders of Nièvre we find ourselves in the Morvan itself, in the melancholy and sentimental solitudes of the Black Forest of France. On the frontier of the Morvan the rocks are thrown into the form of what may almost be called mountains, and each has a natural terrace commanding a view of the double gorge below. In a district so well provided with magnificent sites not a few ancient villages and towns retain, at all events from a distance, their mediæval character, and in a thinly-peopled country present the air of beacons or fortified cities. But when they are examined, they are found to be the mere shells of what they once were. When the Counts of Auxerre were jostling their neighbours, the Counts of Tonnerre, when the villages in the valleys were liable to pillage from such bands of robbers as the famous Grandes Compagnies of the fourteenth and the Écorcheurs of the fifteenth century, it was necessary that the well-to-do part of the population, with its priests and its burghers, should be pressed within the walls of a city set on a hill. But since the middle ages the population of these mountain towns has gradually been dispersed, leaving to the architectural nut but little of its kernel. Of these dead cities of the Yonne, by far the most interesting is Vézelay.

There is still no railway to Vézelay, and the traveller who visits it has choice of two admirable, but very distinct, approaches as he walks or drives. If he comes from the west, from Clamecy, after a long and somewhat monotonous journey through an empty country, with hill-sides "redder than the fox," he suddenly sees, over a meadow in the foreground, a conical mountain, crowded with dark buildings, and surmounted by a gigantic church. As he approaches it, the mountain is seen to be of a less fabulous isolation, and the road winds up, past vineyards and apple-orchards, by an easy and not particularly curious ascent. But if the traveller arrives from the east—that is to say, from Avallon—long before he reaches Vézelay, as his road descends into the romantic chasm through which the Cure foams, he sees far away on his right hand the vast church crowning the conical hill, but has to traverse many a winding league of road, and to pass through the village of St. Père—whose exquisite thirteenth-century church is at this moment groaning in the violent hands of the restorer—before he reaches the foot of the hill of Vézelay. Then, with an abrupt turn to the left, comes the slow ascent of the mystical mountain, with its long line of old houses, brown and white, peeping over the crest of the cliff, and terminated by the towers of the great church; an ascent unrivalled in France, or perhaps anywhere but in Italy, for the unbroken mediæval character of its features. Thus, or not much otherwise, must Vézelay have looked when St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade before Louis VII. and his vassals; thus, when Richard Cœur de Lion met Philippe Auguste under the florid portals; thus, when Théodore de Beza, a child of strange thoughts and words, played about in its streets. We enter, and are in a little ordinary French town of the fourth class; it is in its walls and clustering buildings and external line of life that Vézelay has preserved its unique charm of twelfth-century picturesqueness.

The famous monastery of Vézelay was founded, according to the common statement, in 821, but probably a generation later, by Gérard de Roussillon; its founder transferred to its Benedictines all his own rights of property in the town and in its inhabitants, securing for the Abbey the remarkable privilege of complete temporal and ecclesiastical independence. The monks of Vézelay acknowledged no master but the Pope, and they elected their abbots without requiring any other approbation than that of the sovereign pontiff. The mutual jealousy of the Bishops of Autun and the Counts of Nevers preserved the balance of the liberties of Vézelay during the first two centuries of its weakness and obscurity. Gradually the increasing crowds of pilgrims who came to pray at the tomb of Mary Magdalen, whose relics had been brought out of Provence to Vézelay, raised the jealousy of Autun to a climax. The Pope was appealed to, and the fate of the Abbey hung in the balance. A Papal decision of 1103 maintained the absolute independence of Vézelay, and the great celebrity of the mountain-church began to set in. This decision tallied with the architectural prestige of the place; the gigantic basilica, in its original Romanesque form, of which the nave alone now survives, was just crowning the topmost terrace of granite when the Papal decree was issued, and in 1106 the warlike Abbot Arnaud completed this splendid work. But his arrogance had driven his own townspeople to revolt, and in the very year that his church was finished the Vézéliens rose in arms; and, though they spared the church which covered the bones of the Magdalen, they burned the monastery and murdered the Abbot.

The twelfth century, in spite of this misfortune, was one glorious in the annals of Vézelay. When, in 1146, Louis VII. appointed a general meeting of Christendom for Easter of the next year, Pope Eugenius III. appointed St. Bernard to be his delegate at the shrine of the Magdalen. The visitor may well recreate for himself, as he climbs the quaint path and looks up to the crested slope, that wonderful Easter morning when the eyes of all Europe were fixed on Vézelay, when the rocky slopes would not contain the surging crowds, and when Bernard and the King of France appeared on their high platform of wood, silhouetted against the sky, and scattered crosses of their garments to the fanatics below—"cœperunt," as the old chronicler says, "undique conclamando cruces, cruces expetere." This was but one, though perhaps the most dramatic, of the moments in which Vézelay became the centre of the spiritual heart of mediæval Europe. Twenty years later it saw Thomas à Becket, on the morning of Pentecost, solemnly pronounce excommunication on the creatures of Henry II., in the midst of a crowd of pilgrims by whom his burning words were immediately dispersed through the length and breadth of Christendom. A quarter of a century later still it witnessed the devotion of two great kings and the start-word of the Third Crusade. Three times, at least, it was the scene of solemn ceremonials conducted under the direction of St. Louis in person.

Of all this peculiar sanctity, of this almost papal sovereignty and isolated authority, whatever remains in the sentiment of the town is centred around the vast and extraordinary church, without question one of the finest relics of architecture in a country singularly rich in such remains. But for the siege and capture of Vézelay by the Huguenots in 1569, it is difficult to say in how perfect a condition the Abbey church might not have come down to us. The mutilations and profanations which it endured then, and again from the Revolution in 1793, have not been sufficient to destroy its majestic character or interfere with the solemn beauty of its outline. They have left almost untouched its most remarkable features. The *narthex*, or outer church, set apart for penitents and for catechumens, and separated from the nave by a wall pierced by exquisitely carved portals, dates from the twelfth century, and is perhaps the most remarkable of its rather rare class in France; when the doors are flung open, and the whole church is displayed at its full length, the effect is grandiose beyond comparison. The visitor, nevertheless, will be apt to wish that he could have seen the basilica before it was swept and garnished by the learned ingenuity of Viollet-le-Duc, from whose hands it has come to us as clean as a new penny, with all the record of age removed from its stones, with every venerable sign copied or forged, and with the quaint

historic charm wiped out for ever. The restoration has been carried out with reverence. There is nothing here of that colossal falsification, that destruction of the very substance of the past, which made the late M. Abbadie the pride of the Institute and the scourge of French mediæval architecture. If such work had to be done, and it is said that the very existence of the mighty church was in danger, into no better hands could Vézelay fall than those of Viollet-le-Duc. Still, the sentimental traveller sighs for the brown stains on the old Burgundian stone, the grain of smoke in the capitals, the very lichens in the monolithic columns of the choir. Without these incidents of colour, all which are far more ruthlessly swept away by French than by English architects, it is hard to restore the genuine impression of antiquity.

Marvellous must have been the aspect of the town when the Abbey basilica was only the most vast and splendid of its numerous edifices. Of the Abbey itself but a ruin remains within the circuit of a garden wall; of the Castle, only the foundations give solidity to a promenade which looks down towards Avallon and the distant undulations of the Morvan. Of the once-famous seven gates of Vézelay, the situation of three may still be traced, and through the debased relics of one of them, the Porte du Barle, the visitor still climbs up into the town by the road which the processions of pilgrims took in the twelfth century. The Porte-Neuve, which stands a little further to the north, still retains something of its sixteenth-century character. Even of the great towers which flanked the church, two have disappeared, and the spires of those which remain have fallen. The days of the magnificence of Vézelay are gone for ever; the aspect of its streets is desolate, its vast church is scarcely filled even at the most solemn offices. But its pathetic interest as a monument of a most curious phase of spiritual life in the middle ages can but steadily increase. Under the protection of the Government, the effacement of its buildings will proceed no further, and its empty shell will for centuries more rise in pointed picturesqueness out of the Burgundian plain, evoking in the mind of those who approach it visions of thronging pilgrims, and monarchs pale from vigil, and the religious life beating out into Europe from its mountain gates, as blood pulses from the valves of the living heart.

THE TWELFTH.

IT is said that the grouse on one of the Ross-shire moors have begun to suffer from tapeworm. That is sinister news, for there is reason to think that tapeworm is the mysterious grouse disease in its first stage; but sportsmen generally have no reason to be alarmed. The period of the year within which the disease is apt to break out at large is almost past, and a case of it here and there need not be regarded with apprehension. Indeed, the latest tidings is that in Dumfriesshire, in Forfarshire, in Ayrshire, and on the Yorkshire highlands, certain moors on which were slightly affected two or three weeks ago, the warm sunshine of these recent days has improved the state of affairs as if by magic. Resembling trout, which vanish when the stream becomes abnormally low, grouse, it seems, are able to conceal themselves when danger threatens from the clouds. In the middle of this week keepers in Caithness and in Argyllshire made haste to report, in amazement, that moors which they had "walked" in despair the week before had suddenly become plenished with large coveys of healthy birds. Similarly, there is hope of heavy bags on moors in Kincardineshire, in Forfarshire, and in other counties which were so severely scourged last year that their owners had no hope of seeing a gun upon them in the subsequent autumn. The North of England moors are so much more fully stocked than usual that Lord Walsingham may be expected to beat his own celebrated record. The stories from across the Channel are not so pleasant. There is no disease on the Irish moors; but there are patriots who, from sheer love of country, burn the heather before the broods are on the wing, and poachers with whom the gamekeepers have only begun to cope successfully.

The Arctic rigours which produced a snowstorm in Argyllshire on July 8 were so persistent until the beginning of this week, that, grown strong through practice against the tempests, the grouse everywhere are wild. Here and there they actually began to pack ten days ago; and, although the belated breezes may coax them back into seasonable segregation, it is probable that the dogs will be ordered aside, and the beaters made to come forth, soon after the season has begun. That is not altogether nice, for walking up to your birds is certainly the most sportsmanlike procedure; but it cannot be helped. If man may not go to the grouse, the grouse must be driven to the man. There are persons who speak evil of driving, as if it were an incident in the stress of reform which extends enfranchisement and sends the army to the dogs, sir; but we cannot march with them quite in step. Driving is not an invention of fallen man, like human hymns or harmoniums in the synagogues of Dissent. It is the inevitable result of the policy of the grouse themselves. Time was when one could shoot over dogs until October; but that time is as obsolete as the Positivist Calendar since the advent of Mr. Elsmere in the temple of Bloomsbury. The thoughts of grouse have been widening with the ranks of the gentlemen who hire moors. The birds look forward to the Twelfth with as much interest as the sportsmen who have made agreements in the offices of the land agents, or as the gunmakers who discover the choke-bore and otherwise develop the devilish engineery of war. In short, even as one cannot basket a brace of Lochleven trout for the ten brace over which one's fathers used to make cursorary remarks to Captain Hall, one cannot nowadays shoot over dogs with results satisfactory to the natural man. We admit that this is deplorable, for all old-time methods are necessarily charming; but we admit no more. There is nothing unsportsmanlike in the grouse drive. "Shooting into the brown" is not practised by any man likely to be a guest at the lodge. It would not harm the birds if it were tried. Unlike the partridge, grouse do not cleave the air with the solidarity of Ancient Druids, Atheists, and Gospel Temperance units on their triumphant way to the Park. They are as self-centred as the cat, and the man who does not aim at one of them will miss them all. In good sooth, it seems to us that the objection to driving is akin to Sir Herbert Maxwell's reproof of what, in *Blackwood*, he calls "the *battue*." We should prefer to walk round the covert when we go forth to shoot the pheasant; but, as the pheasant will not come out unless the loud whoop-halloo of the beater coerces him, we take our stand in the corner with gratitude. Sir Herbert is invited to realize that complaint of not having been born a hundred years ago is not becoming in an honourable member who supports Sir George Trevelyan's proposal to redistribute our legislators' periods of work and of holiday in the interests of modern thought.

There are, it is understood, certain earnest persons who feel that, like the Welsh tithes, the moors and the mountains really ought to be put to uses more in accord with the tastes of electors vested in the inalienable right to have their own opinions on everything from the mutiny in the Guards to the theory of the multiplication table. It is to the credit of those persons that they are not very vocal over the grievance. This shows they have the sense to realize that the nature of things, which Porson damned in vain, is not to be changed even in these days of liberty and equality in holding with Mr. Cuninghame Graham. It shows that they have not forgotten the Duke of Argyll's statistical proof, in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the Border tenantry of Lord Napier and Ettrick, who had averred in the *Contemporary* that grouse moors and deer forests meant the expatriation of the Celt, lived much more miserably than the Highlanders, said to have been driven from hearth and home, were living on their native heath. It shows, also, that the evidence which was recently taken by the Select Committee on Deer Forests and Sheep Farms has not been without effect on the public mind. In short, the facts of the matter are now generally known to confute the baleful ravings of the agitators. The Highlands are not being depopulated. It is true that many Gaels live in the cities; but that is simply because they themselves did not prefer the glens. The Highlands are more populous by 23·3 per cent. than they were fifty years ago. To say that all Highlanders could live in the Highlands if it were not for the enclosures of forests and the preservation of the moors for grouse-breeding is a falsehood under which the stoutest stand in a Radical demonstration would nowadays quail and collapse with shame. The Highlanders who went to the industrial towns did so because heath and rock could not produce food enough to keep them alive. There is only one arable acre in each thousand acres now used for the purposes of sport; and, even if all the Highlanders in the world became disciples of the fasting man, that one acre would speedily become the saddest object of their contemplation. Happily, it is not the Highlanders who constitute the "movement" which has been arrested by the facts published abroad at the instance of Parliament. Having tried to live in the disputed regions, into which the leaders of their Land League never penetrated, they have always known that, while the Highlands cannot be made profitable even by the sheep-farmer, they can be made by the game-preserver to support many more natives in comfort than ever dwelt on them amid any conditions whatsoever. The rents now are three times greater than the rents of Dr. Clark's good old times a hundred and fifty years ago. They will be greater still, and the native population will multiply and thrive at a braver rate than ever, in strict arithmetical accordance with the progress of the science of cultivating and preserving deer and grouse and the salmon-kind. Grouse being the topic of the hour, the doctrine that the peregrine, the merlin, and other birds of prey should not be treated as "vermin" may be noted with respect. The "Festival of Saint Grouse," in which the saint is slain, seems an anomaly; but the contradiction in terms enfolds a truth akin to that which justified the Aryan savages' custom of slaying the King of the Wood, the priest of Aricia. The god was slain on the sound consideration that if he were allowed to die a natural death his successor would bequeath an enfeebled soul. It is reasonable to suppose that in the economy of Nature the hawks are intended to kill the senile and the ailing game, which when left alone bequeath a degenerating disease to the species. Let us hope, then, that henceforth the peregrine and the merlin will be allowed their due share in "the Festival of Saint Grouse."

"THE TRUTH OFF THE SORDE, BY THE MARQUIS OFF NEWCASTLE."

ONE hears a great deal about the careful accuracy and painstaking research of modern historical writers; but any one who has occasion to hunt through the MS. department of the British Museum cannot fail to be astonished at the vast numbers of important documents which lie there, wrapped in oblivion, unprinted, unread, unknown. Of such a document, accidentally discovered, the following is a brief notice.

The MS. in question has been omitted by Mr. Castle in his recent careful and detailed catalogue of fencing works, and by Mr. Firth in his otherwise admirable article on the author, William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Its author is no less a person than the "loyal Duke of Newcastle," who suffered so much for King Charles, and whose fame as a horseman has survived even to the present day. It is Harl. 4206, and is wrongly described in the Catalogue (which erroneous description is probably the cause of its having been overlooked), its real title being written inside the first leaf. "The Truth off the Sorde, by the Marquis off Newcastle." The following verses are headed, "This is for the frontispece for the sorde or Booke off wepons":—

Heer fortetude's well orderde whatt to doe,
Butt Hercules neare faughte yett agaynste too
Truth a Cleare flame devine shines like brighte daye
Falshoode a misleadinge fire frome truthes waye
Wisdoume thinges justlye wayes with Egles sighte
Follye moste Bussarde like thinkes wronge is righte
Knoledge demonstrates thatt none can denie itt
Bolde Ignorance oposes Scornes to trye itt
And simple nature Inosente heer Lies
Till arte and Shee shake handes so both made wise.

His lordship either was dissatisfied with these lines, or wished to add a poetical tailpiece to his volume; for in other parts occur first a draft, and then a fair copy of some more stanzas, which run as follows:—

For Fensinge
Iff keepe the plane, the line thatt is the Center
Fight thus butt once none more with you will venter
An Independante thus your Arte & Scill
Nott fowlowe him butt hee forste to your will
You have the powre the time the plase the strength
Still hitts him Gratis & your Sorde the Length
Ande iff hee dares butt stande soone Endes the strife
Bloud drawinge still so Endinge off his Life.

I wishe the hyghte off this Arte you maye have
Butt doubt Itt will bee Buried in my Grave.

Throughout the work the Marquess shows the disregard for spelling instanced by these lines, and his wife tells us (*Life of Wm Cavendishe*. 1667. Bk. III. chap. 8), "Though he was sent to the University, and was a Student of St. John's Colledg in Cambridge and had his Tutors to instruct him, yet they could not perswade him to read or study much, he taking more delight in sports then in learning."

The dedication is "To my deerly Beloved Sons Charles The Lorde Viscounte Mansfeilde & Lorde Henerye Cavendysshe," and in it the Marquess desires them to study the art of fence as "iff nott the onlye yett I dare saye the Hieste & fitteste proffession for a Gentleman," at the same time warning them against too ready a use of their skill in private "Dewell." Then come long discourses, the main object of most of them being the defeat of that popular notion against which all the old masters had to contend—namely, that an unskilled but valiant man could fight successfully with an expert swordsman. On one page is an erased paragraph dealing with all the "wayes off Scill off the Sorde hetherto knowne," in which mention is made of many famous masters—"Caranza" (Don Jeronimo de Carranza), "Don Lewis" (Don Luis Pacheco de Narvaez), "Antonio and the Moore off Spayne" (perhaps Don Francisco Antonio Ettenhard—but who was the Moor of Spain?), and "Tibott the Dutchman" (Girard Thibault of Antwerp). After this and an apology for the shortcomings of some illustrations which were in Newcastle's hands at the time, but which have now vanished, comes what is perhaps the most interesting chapter in the whole work—the Marquess's advice on "Whatt blades are beste, those thatt I shoulde wishe you to chuse." Some portions are of the greatest interest to modern students of arms. Here are some extracts:—

Of all blades the olde Spanishe blades are the beste as for exsample these folowinge olde masters:—

Sahagum, Sahagum 1/	Juan Martinez 5/
Sahagum el diecio 2/	Tomas de Ayala 6/
Alonso de Sahagum 3/	Francisco Ruiz 7/
Pedro de Toro 4/	Juan de La Orta 8/

Ther are manye more good Spanishe Masters butt neyther so good nor so olde as these are. The olde blades are so rare to gett Even in Spayne thatt theye are both hileye Estemed & att greate prises In Spayne ten & twelve pistolls a blade as I have been informde by verye Honorable Persons—The newe blades thatt are made in Spayne are of litle Estemation, both because theye can nott give the righte temper nor indeed the shape. Ther usede to bee good blades made in Italeye as att Milane, Pitchemino and other plases but the good Masters are worne oute.

The Morions [read "Moor's"] head weare not ill blades thatt weare made in Germanye butt for newe blades trewlye ther was never better made then was att Hounslowe heath in Englande.

The Marquess then warns his readers against forgeries, and adds:—

I knewe an Exselente & knowinge Cuttler Thatt had the greateeste Tradinge off anye in London & with the Greateste Persons & the Experiense off fivtye yeares thatt was notably Coosende with thre hounslowe Blades for thre Spanishe blades Ande Coste his purse ackordinglye.

As regards the test of a blade he says:—

The trialls off them comonlye is to laye a well-riveted Shirte off Male uppon a Cushion & so run att itt with a thruste. . . . The Comon triall is uppon an Andiron with blowes & Another triall thatt Is nott amise which is to sett the poynte agaynste a wale or wanscote the sorde in your right hande & bende itt one waye In your righte hande & wher the bente is bende Itt the Contrarye waye with your lefte hande so beinge bente towe severall wayes stronglye att one time iff Itt bee nott a verye good blade Itt will nott holde.

Space forbids us to linger, but the whole chapter is full of information on the modes, &c., of manufacture at the time; the Marquess giving directions for choosing hilt, scabbard, &c.

When at last his lordship comes to the actual enunciation of his system, he is mainly remarkable for longwindedness and tautology, but his description of his "guard" is intelligible:—"First I put my thumbe upon the Sword & claspe my fingers round about the handle which is the fastest holding the Sword And hold itt flatt because I use both edges And hold my hand in the midle of my Body the Sword directly crosse beyond my Body & walke to his sword hand oblikely one Legge after another the right Legg comeing a Litle before the Left & ye Left Legg a Litle wide & oblike my hand allwayes ayminge at his Sword hand Looking allwayes at his hand wth both my Eyes wch keepes my Body almost even & brode to his hand onely the right [read "left"] shoulder a Litle before." "This oblike walkinge," he tells us, "is to get behinde him wch he will never suffer so halfe beyond him serves your turne to wound him." He then proceeds to develop a method of attack which is certainly unique. Here are specimen paragraphs:—"But that wch is the mayne businesse is the power of the Sword which belongs to the shoulders And those shoulders absolutely belonginge eyther to the inside or outside of the Sword and this is ye true strength & Power. . . . Then you must understand that the right shoulder masters the inside of the Sword & belongs onely to it And the left shoulder to the outside of the sword and belongs onely to it and will master their owne sides these Shoulders eyther standing still or goeinge to the Sword." "This posture," he declares, "on the outside of his Sword & the outside of myne wth my left shoulder a litle in, brode to his hand, puting his poynt a litle from my Body & from the Conjuncture of the sword makes me that I can throw it downe if he stay As I have told you and if he thrusts from the Conjuncture of the swords to my hand makes me defend it and then being wth in my sword, the right shoulder as I told you formerly belongs to that side so that I bring in my right shoulder wth puting up & out my hand wth the poynt downe wch gets my inside of my hand to the outside of his alwayes steping wth my right or left legge upon all the motions eyther he or I doe . . ." As to distance, he observes:—"You have three distances, one out of distance of the Sword, the second when you have touched the Sword that yor poynt would goe over his hilt And the third distance to hit his Body." In brief, his system is based upon two points—the power of the high-tierce guard (Angelo's "feather-parade") and the Spanish "destreza" or fighting cock principle of walking round the enemy to get the weathergauge. His guard, as given above, is, to all intents and purposes, the "tierce-engage" of Captain Hutton's sabre-play. Sheltered behind this, the Marquess closes on his enemy diagonally; then suddenly straightens his arm and hits. A cut or thrust on the outside is easily parried; should the enemy disengage and thrust inside, the thrust is parried *to the outside* with the flat of the blade. This parrying with the flat is due to the method of gripping the sword with the "thumbe upon the Sword"—*i.e.* on the flat of the sword or ricasso. The same principles are followed on the inside guard, and when the enemy presents his left side, &c.

But a curious point is this. Newcastle nowhere tells his reader how to oppose this guard. He treats his adversary as invariably using the Spanish ward, with the sword held straight out horizontally, level with the shoulder. But, supposing two persons meet and engage in combat, each adopting the Marquess's guard and mode of fight, they must necessarily circle round each other indefinitely, since neither can gain the second distance "when you have touched the Sword that yor poynt would goe over his hilt."

Faulty as this system may be in theory, there is no doubt that, applied by a bold and cool man, it would be frequently successful in practice. It was this necessary element of audacity and energy which drew forth Ben Jonson's epigram "To William, Earl of Newcastle, on his fencing" (*v.* Cunningham's *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ix.) Of the effective use of this system here is an historical instance. The Duchess of Newcastle says (*Life of Wm Cavendishe*, Book III. chap. 15):—"In the Art of Weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever were famous in it, found out by his own Ingenuity and Practice) he never taught anybody, but the now Duke of Buckingham, whose Guardian He hath been, and his own two sons"; and, under date 17th January, 1668, Pepys writes:—

Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins on one side and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard on the other side; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne Elmes and there fought; and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast

through the shoulder, and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes: and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded.

The injury indicated by Pepys—a thrust through the right shoulder—is the one most easy to inflict from Newcastle's outside guard.

It is certain that, though it was originally undertaken only for the instruction of his sons, Newcastle intended to print this work when completed. Why he abandoned this design, and stopped short in his labours (as he has done) at the end of the eighth book, it is now impossible to say; but it may be conjectured that the task was one of the means used to beguile the weary hours of exile, and was interrupted by the Restoration and the consequent return of the Marquess to England.

THE RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

THE rise in the Bank rate last week disagreeably surprised bill-brokers and discount-houses, and naturally, therefore, there is grumbling amongst them. So high a rate is very unusual at this time of the year; the drain of gold to the Continent had come to an end, and the metal was being attracted from New York in considerable amounts; consequently, they argue, the change was unnecessary. But all this only means that the bill-brokers and discount-houses were not prepared for the advance, and are therefore put out in their calculations. The Directors of the Bank not only had good reasons for the step they took, but they are to be commended for the promptitude with which they acted. Even bill-brokers and discount-houses will hardly maintain that an advance to 5 per cent., had it not taken place last week, would soon become necessary, and most people will agree that what had to be done is best done at a time when it promises to be most effectual. The point of real importance is that the stock of gold held by the Bank of England at present is smaller even than that held twelve months ago, which experience proved to be dangerously inadequate. And last week, when the Directors assembled at the Bank, they learnt that a portion of the gold which was supposed to be coming from New York to London had been diverted to South America. They also were informed that on that very day 100,000*l.* was to be taken out for South Africa, and that preparations were being made for the withdrawal, in the course of a few days, of at least 300,000*l.* for Buenos Ayres. Thus the supply which they expected from New York was suddenly cut off, and at the same time a considerable diminution was being made in the stock in their possession. The most serious part of the matter was the withdrawals for Buenos Ayres. It was very naturally assumed in the City that the revolutionary movement would prevent gold shipments. When there was actual fighting in the streets no man's property could be deemed secure; and it seemed highly improbable, therefore, that capitalists would risk more by sending out gold. Apparently, however, the European banks doing business in the Argentine Republic felt themselves compelled to strengthen their reserves. Between political disturbances and financial discredit even the best managers found it incumbent upon them to make preparations against contingencies. It is understood, therefore, that the 300,000*l.* to be withdrawn from the Bank of England was for European banks doing business in the Argentine Republic. But if the banks found it necessary to do this in the midst of revolution, they may have to take more by-and-bye. Besides, it was understood that the Government of the province of Buenos Ayres insisted upon receiving in gold part of the purchase-money of the Western Railway which was sold some months ago. It is said that it is to receive two or three millions, and as nobody knows how much it may decide to take in gold, the fact that it requires any was sufficient to justify the Directors of the Bank of England in at once taking measures to protect their reserve.

Unfortunately the joint stock and private banks do not seem disposed to support the Bank of England. As our readers are aware, the funds they employ in lending and discounting consist mainly of the deposits made with them. They attract deposits by paying interest on all sums lodged with them, and formerly they were in the habit of allowing upon deposits 1 per cent. less than the Bank of England's rate of discount. A short time ago they changed the rate, and now allow only 1½ per cent. less than the Bank rate. In other words, on Thursday of last week they decided to allow on deposits only 3½ per cent. Therefore, there is a margin or difference of 1½ per cent. between what they allow on deposits and the Bank rate, and consequently they can underbid the Bank, and yet make a handsome profit. In ordinary times they are, of course, justified in doing this. But these are not ordinary times. It is of the greatest importance to the joint stock and private banks as well as to the Bank of England that the Bank's reserve should be promptly and largely increased, and therefore it is the duty of the joint stock and private banks to help to make the 5 per cent. rate effective. They would show they were willing to do this if they had allowed 4 per cent. on deposits. For then they could not make much profit if they largely underbid the Bank. On the other hand, the bill-brokers and discount-houses decided to allow 4 per cent. for money at call, and 4¼ per cent. for money at notice. Apparently, their object in offering so much more than the banks allow was to attract from the banks the money of country bankers which is kept in London for employment. If they succeed in this, they will teach the joint stock and private banks a much needed lesson, that will show them that in their eagerness to combat the Bank of England they only play into the hands of the bill-brokers and discount-houses. However this may be, it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will do whatever may be necessary to make the 5 per cent. rate effective. It is not so as yet, but it cannot have the result expected unless it is made so. Therefore it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will borrow on Consols enough to reduce the supply of loanable capital in the outside market, and thereby to force up outside rates. It is often said that this counsel is unwise, as the London money market is too large to be cornered, and that if money is made artificially dear here the only result will be that Continental bankers will begin to compete more eagerly for English bills. But the Bank of England as matters stand at present has no other way of acting quickly and powerfully upon the market. Besides, we do not ourselves attach very much importance to the competition of Continental bankers. Those bankers have in the first place to supply the demands of their own customers at home, and whatever surplus they may have after doing that is too small very materially to affect rates in the London market.

Assuming that the Bank takes the necessary measures, and that the 5 per cent. rate is made effective, what probability is there that enough of gold will be attracted from abroad to enable us to pass through the autumn without serious stringency. Apparently we can obtain a large amount from New York. Last week nearly a million and a quarter sterling was ordered for shipment, and a considerable amount had been shipped previously. The Associated Banks of New York, it is true, have not large reserves; but the stock of gold in the Treasury is enormous. It exceeds 64 millions sterling. Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, had expressed a strong determination to prevent large gold withdrawals, and it was held, therefore, that as soon as a drain upon a considerable scale began he would ask Congress to authorize him to prevent it. But as yet he has not done so, probably because the American public is not disquieted by the shipments. Formerly the export of a couple of millions sterling from New York caused apprehension, because the market itself was poorly supplied, and had no means of replenishing itself at the expense of the Treasury. But the circumstances are different now. In the first place, as our readers know, the new Silver Act comes into operation next week; then there will be a very large issue of Treasury notes every month, which will be freely accepted in the West and South, at all events, and consequently will lessen the drain of money from New York to move the crops that always takes place there in August and September. Secondly, the Act requires the Secretary of the Treasury to use, as part of his available assets, the funds which used to be kept locked up in the Treasury for the redemption of bank-notes, and which exceed 11 millions sterling. In anticipation of this provision the Secretary of the Treasury has been buying bonds on an unusually large scale for some weeks past, and the purchases will not this year, as they used to do formerly, accumulate money in the Treasury. For all the money paid in by the banks to redeem their outstanding notes will at once be paid out again under the new Act in redemption of bonds. In two ways, therefore, the new Act will relieve the New York money market. It will increase the currency by the issue of notes in payment for silver, and it will return to the market moneys which had been locked up for the redemption of notes which might not be presented for payment for years to come, if, indeed, for ever. That being so there is a strong probability that the New York money market will continue very easy for the remainder of the year, and naturally, therefore, the public look on with equanimity whilst gold is being exported. If the present feeling continues, it seems not improbable that three or four millions sterling may be obtained from New York. It seems probable, too, that some gold may be got from Paris. For the Paris Exchange is now above the gold-exporting point. But as the Bank of France charges a premium for the metal of 4½ per mille, not much is likely to be got from it. A little too may be got from other countries. If we can retain what we thus get the outlook for the autumn will be satisfactory. But it is quite uncertain whether we can do so. The authorities in Buenos Ayres are very anxious to get gold. It is understood that pressure is being brought to bear upon them by the great financial houses in London to prevent them from taking it; but whether that pressure will succeed nobody knows. If gold is merely brought here to be taken away again the present state of anxiety will continue, and, therefore, it is all the more important that the Bank of England should take whatever measures may be necessary to keep up the rate of discount in the open market to the point at which it will be improbable that gold will be taken.

SPYTTY.

THERE are several Spyttys, but the particular Spytty of which we write is that once most notorious Spytty—Spytty, or Yspytty, Jevan or Ivan. If any one should be so ignorant as to be unaware of the exact whereabouts of Spytty Jevan, we may inform him that it is not far from Cerrig-y-drudion, and, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the British language, we may observe that Spytty is pronounced Sputty. A sixteenth-century writer said that, in the days of his great-grandfather,

"a wasps' nest" which troubled considerable portions of Denbighshire, Carnarvonshire, and Merionethshire was fostered at Spytty Jevan, a lordship belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, about nine miles, as the crow flies, from Bala, Llanrwst, and Ffestiniog. This lordship of the Knights Hospitallers enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary. It is, however, but fair to say that there is no reason for supposing that the Knights were in the very slightest degree responsible for the behaviour of the outlaws who availed themselves of it. "This peculiar jurisdiction," wrote Sir John Wynne, "not governed by the king's lawes, became a receptacle of thieves and murtherers, who safely being warranted there by law, made the place thoroughly peopled." It became, in fact, a den of thieves. "Noe spot within twenty miles was safe from their incursions and roberies." Moreover, it served as a place for the reception of stolen goods; for "what they got within their limits was their owne." Like more modern banditti, they received assistance from people who were supposed to be respectable in the surrounding country. "They had to their backstay friends and receptors in all the county of Merioneth," as well as in a great part of Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, and Carnarvonshire.

An ancient deed, executed about two hundred years before the time of the author from whom we have been quoting, lies before us. By this instrument a Knight of St. John, named Frater Robertus de Normanton, Custodian of Halston, a place in Shropshire better known in later days as the home and the scene of many of the wild adventures of the famous Jack Mytton, gave a lease of Yspytty to one Heylin ap Rees ap David ap Rees, with the grange or farm, and all tithes and offerings made to the church, except "the oblations, obventions, and profits accruing to the said Church on the Vigils and the days of St. John the Baptist with the nights of the same." Perhaps the murtherers had not yet established themselves in the sanctuary, otherwise we fancy that Yspytty Ivan would have remained a long time on the estate-agent's hands unlet, in spite of its oblations, obventions, and profits.

It was probably later than the date of this deed, most likely soon after Owen Glendower had endeavoured to make a waste of North Wales in order that it might prove uninhabitable for the English, that the greatest blackguards of the Principality established themselves in the Sanctuary of Spytty Jevan. The Wars of the Roses, which had been fiercely fought in North Wales as well as elsewhere, had disorganized the country and rendered it a happy hunting-ground for thieves and vagabonds; and it was probably owing to the fact that the bands of adventurers, who found themselves without employment when these wars were over, considered the wild district in question well suited as a centre for marauding purposes, rather than to any special privileges of sanctuary, that Yspytty Jevan was selected for a home by the wickedest of wicked Welshmen. Whether any of the neighbours were bold enough to go to church at the shrine of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Yspytty Ivan, history does not tell us—by the way, we should imagine that the offertories there at that time can scarcely have been worth farming—but possibly the knights and their clergy had deserted the place altogether. We learn from the *History of the Gwydir Family* that Meredith ap Jevan ap Robert, who did good service at the siege of Tournai, and went twice to Rome, went to live at Dolwyddelan Castle, not very far from Yspytty, and that he "removed the church," which used to stand in a wood, to "the place where now it is, being parte of the possessions of the priory of Bethkelert," building it very much stronger than it was before and in an open plain; having good "reason for the same, because the countrey was wild, and he might be oppressed by his enemies"—the thieves and murtherers from Spytty—"on the suddaine, in that woodie countrey." Even when he had built his new temple, "he durst not goe to church on a Sunday" without leaving a strong guard of men in his house, with the "doores sure barred and boulted," and placing a watchman on a rock, from whence he could see both the church and the house and "raise the crie" in case of need. Although protected on his expeditions to church by twenty strong archers, he had to keep the fact of his intended devotions a secret, and he carefully avoided going and coming by the same paths through "the woodes and narrowe places, lest he should be layed for" by the robbers.

Meredith's friends not unnaturally asked him what had induced him to leave "his ancient house and habitation," and take up his quarters in a place "swarming with thieves and bondmen." He replied that "he should find elbowe roome in that vast countrey among the bondmen, and that he had rather fight with outlawes and thieves than with his owne blood and kindred"; for, said he, "I must either kill mine owne kinsmen or be killed by them" at home. "Wherein," says Sir John Wynne, "he said very truly, as the people were such in those days there; for John Owen ap John ap Meredith, in his father's time, killed Howell ap Madoc Vaughan of Berkin, for noe quarrell, but for the mastery of the countrey, and for the first good morrow." This Howell was "cosen german's sonne" to Meredith; and to show the condition of the country, "and the manifold divisions in those days among soe private friends," we will add a little more about this and one or two other brawls among Welsh neighbours. Howell's mother was present at the above-mentioned murder, and she put her hand on his head, hoping thereby to dissuade John Owen from striking him. The only result was that three of her fingers and half her hand were chopped off with the blow, and that her son, instead of being killed on the spot, lived for a few days. He was "layd in his bed, and his wounded men in great number lying in a *cocherie*, above the degree near the high table, all in breadth of his hall, all gored and wallowing in theire owne blood." As he was dying, Howell said that the quarrel would never end while his mother lived; "which was true indeed, for she persecuted eagerly all her time." John Owen, who had killed him, and his followers had also been "exceedingly sore hurt in that bickering." When he returned home, his father was sitting at the door, and, seeing "his son and company all hacked, wounded, and besmeared with their owne blood," the devoted parent lifted up his voice, and thus consoled his beloved son—"You are in an ill-favoured pickle. Have you done nothing worthy yourselves?" Howell's fate was not much worse than that of his uncle, who was slain by his cousin "german, as thus. He called him forthe, and bid him looke up, and with a knife stabbed him in the belly."

Then there was a "quarell and unkindness" between two brothers-in-law, named Jevan ap Robert (the grandfather of our friend Meredith) and Howell ap Rys. It was merely "upon some mislike"; nevertheless Howell ap Rys hired a butcher to kill Jevan ap Robert in a fray which he promised to arrange. Howell's sister, the wife of Jevan, perceived that he was going off to attack her husband, and seized his horse by the tail, whereupon her affectionate brother struck at her with his sword. She then ran on to a place where he would have to pass through a narrow ford in a brook by a foot-bridge, and, loosening the handrail, "with the same letts flie at her brother." Somehow or other, he was too sharp for her, and presently he overtook her husband, and began the scrimmage. Brothers-in-law, foster-brothers, and the butcher were soon engaged in a grand battle. "The bickering grew very hott, and many were knocked downe of either side"; but the only man killed was "the murthering butcher," who had not "strucke one stroake all day." But this was not the end of the mislike, "quarell," and unkindness; for "it fortuned anon after that the parson of Llanvrothen tooke a child of Jevan ap Robert's to foster, which sore grieved Howell Vaughan's wife." "In revenge whereof she plotted the death of the said parson." She sent a woman to beg a lodging from the parson; and this female, after spending a night at his house, most ungratefully brought grievous accusations against him. On this pretence she sent her "bretheren, three notable rogues of the damn'd crew fit for any mischiefe," to kill him. After this murder, Jevan ap Robert searched the whole country for the three "murtherers." He caught two of them in "Chirkeland," and was contemplating taking them to Chirk Castle to be tried, when he was told that there was "a damnable custome" there of accepting a fee of 5*l.* from a prisoner's friends for his redemption; so he ordered one of his men to strike off the two murderers' heads there and then, "which the fellow doeing faintely," one of the culprits began to chaff him, "soe resolute were they in those days, and in contempt of death; whereupon Jevan ap Robert in a rage stepping to them, strucke off their heads." As Jevan was riding home, "by moonshine," and talking carelessly with his men, in the middle of a wood, an arrow suddenly flew among them. Pulling up, he and his whole party shot in the direction from which the arrow had come, and one of their arrows was found to have killed a man, who turned out to be the third and last of the three notable rogues and murtherers. After this, "dayly bickerings, too long to be written, passed betweene soe neare and hateful neighbours"—Jevan and Howell. We might quote a great deal more to show that the normal state of the country was at least as bad as that of the immediate neighbourhood of Spytty, so perhaps Meredith, who "fell in liking with a young woman," married her, went to Creig, "began the worlde with his wife, and begate there by her two daughters," was not so very foolish in taking a lease of the more roomy Dolwyddelan castle, in the vicinity of the ill-reputed Spytty, when he found "he was likely to have more children, and that" Creig "would prove narrow and straight for him." Less valiant men, on taking up their quarters in such a neighbourhood, might possibly have been tempted to pay blackmail to the banditti; but not so Meredith ap Jevan ap Robert of Keselgyfarch Gwedir com. Carn. On the contrary, he set to work to put down the robbers with a strong hand. He was wise enough to colonize the wild, waste district with the "tallest and most able" as well as the most reputable men he could hear of. Besides these, he was not above engaging some that were not reputable, provided they were tall—in the Shakspearian sense; for he secured the services of a certain Rys ap Robert, who had committed a murder, and fled from his native place in consequence. As he was "a tall, stout man," he was eagerly engaged, notwithstanding his guilt. Meredith became the "defender and captaine of the countrey, soe as within the space of certaine yeares he was able to make seven score tall bowmen of his followers." Every one of these had an "armolett coate, a good steele cappe, a short sword and a dagger, together with his bow and arrowes," and a hunting-spear. Most of them also had horses. By degrees Meredith grew "soe strong that he began to put back and to curbe the sanctuary of thieves and robbers" at Spytty Jevan, "which at times were wont to be above a hundred, well horsed and well appointed." When any of these well-appointed gentlemen from Spytty were observed to be on the alert, the alarm was given and Meredith's bowmen and followers had to "answere the crie, and to come also upon the like distresse." Accordingly, while Meredith increased—he had three wives and twenty-six children—the banditti of Yspytty decreased, until even the semi-military services of his many

followers and bowmen were no longer required; so Meredith made them useful in building houses for him at Penamnaen and Gwydir, and one of them was so tall, so able, and so stout that he cut down as many as eighteen oak trees in one day for this purpose. In the meantime Spytty became respectable and uninteresting.

THE THEATRES.

PLAYS have lately been produced at three theatres, one of which is not directed by an actor-manager, the tribe for which a self-appointed censor of the stage has recently expressed his scorn, while at the other two houses the actor-manager has had nothing to do with the production; for Mr. Irving in no way influences the proceedings of Mr. Augustin Daly at the Lyceum, and Mr. Charles Wyndham is absent from the cast at the Criterion. Freed from the baleful presence of that enemy of all things good, the actor-manager—there is to be a company-directed theatre soon, a letter in the *Fortnightly Review* tells us, and then perhaps one of Mr. Crawfurd's plays *will* be produced—these pieces ought to have been of special excellence; but, in truth, they are not, and we much prefer the work presented with the co-operation of Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or by Mr. Hare in the leading character of such a piece as *A Pair of Spectacles*.

Into this controversy, however, we do not propose here to plunge, our immediate object being to say what there is to be said about *The English Rose*, *The Great Unknown*, and *Welcome, Little Stranger*, under which infelicitous title a posthumous work by Mr. James Albery has been acted. The Adelphi melodrama, the joint effort of Mr. G. A. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan, provokes the expression of wonder which has been uttered before as to whether the last will ever be seen of the hero who is found with a weapon in his hand over the body of the victim whom the villain has directly or indirectly done to death. We are inclined to think that if a playwright suggested this tritest of tricks to any actor-manager who presided over a theatre of repute, the scheme would be pronounced intolerably antiquated; but here at the Adelphi the old tale is told all over again. Is it impossible to devise anything new of a melodramatic character? Halfway through the first act of *The English Rose* the least experienced of playgoers cannot fail to foresee all that is going to happen, and as in melodrama the end is inevitable, the whole business strikes us as tedious in the extreme. We do not want to kill a hero and break a heroine's heart for the sake of a change; but we do want something fresher than this preposterous accusation of crime. Why it should have needed two writers to turn out a new version of the cut-and-dried story is not easily comprehensible. Mr. Sims has probably written a dozen melodramas just like it by himself, and Mr. Buchanan has previously wandered along the same dismal groove. The puppets are labelled with new names, and that is all. It struck us that Mr. Beveridge played with an appreciation of character as the Knight of Ballyveeney, an impoverished Irish squire, whose son loves the niece of the Englishman who has purchased the Ballyveeney estate; the Englishman's rascally agent being the villain of the piece—also in love with the niece, it need hardly be said, for this rivalry is one of the standing rules of the game. The relative position of these four personages affords a clue to the entire legend; but the playwrights blunder wretchedly when, coming across the dead body, they make the "English Rose"—this is the niece—denounce her lover, Harry O'Mailley, as the murderer because he has in his hand the usual gun. The young lady must surely have been to the play, and should consequently have known quite well that the person who stands over a murdered man with a weapon in his hand is always innocent; but, apart from this, it is inexcusably clumsy to make the heroine thus charge the hero with a crime when she, of course, regards him as the soul of honour. Set melodrama is poor stuff at best; but these two writers might have been expected to make it good of its kind.

The last piece presented by Mr. Daly, *The Great Unknown*, a version of Franz von Schönthan and Gustav Kadelburg's *Die berühmte Frau*, is the weakest his company has played in London. Mr. Daly would have been well advised had he kept *As You Like It* for the last, and left us with Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind lingering in our recollection; for the part of Miss Etna Jarraway comes as rather a shock after her delightful performance of the Shakspearian comedy. Miss Rehan is charming in *The Great Unknown*, as a matter of course; she cannot be otherwise, nor do we think she could approach vulgarity if she tried; and yet we confess we would rather not have seen her imitate the nigger minstrel's walk round. Etna is one of the two daughters of Jarraway, a person of no extraordinary type, whose wife has gone to Europe and taken up her abode in Paris. She writes trashy novels and poems, therein resembling others of her sex, and her girls are left to run wild in New York. The younger of the pair has only a very feeble hold on the story, the interest of which is derived almost entirely from the love affairs of Etna and her cousin Ned Dreemer, who recognizes her faults, but loves her all the more for them, as is understood to be the habit of gentlemen in a similar frame of mind. Etna's honest revelation of her love for Ned Dreemer is delightfully girlish and natural; here, as in other plays, her transitions from sincerity to humour have a wonderful ring of truth in them. If Miss Rehan could grow tedious, however, we think she would become so in the scene in which she and her sister endeavour to shock their extremely foolish mother when, summoned (for no conceivable object or reason) by Ned Dreemer, she returns to exhibit her affectations and follies at home. Miss Rehan's study of the mischievous girl budding into womanhood and touched for the first time by love is, we repeat, altogether fascinating, and perhaps would be even more so if she displayed a thought more of restraint. Otherwise *The Great Unknown* is surprisingly feeble. Mr. John Drew as Dreemer was agreeable and gentlemanlike in his familiar fashion; the parts in these comedies which fall to his lot could not be better done. Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert find occupation of an accustomed character. There is less scope for the actor's humour than in most of the pieces in Mr. Daly's repertory, but Mrs. Gilbert makes much of her few chances, especially in the scene with the globe. A lively duologue about a globe—the delight of living on an island with the beloved object—had led up to the proposal which made her a wife; and when a bashful lover hesitates the globe is adroitly introduced.

The third of the new pieces, the late Mr. James Albery's adaptation of *Le Petit Ludovic*, called *Welcome, Little Stranger*, exhibits the ridiculous raptures of an elderly couple named Buck, to whom a son is born after their silver wedding. Mr. Buck has eagerly anticipated the birth of a grandson, and one appears almost simultaneously with his own child, whereupon he evinces a violent dislike to the other infant. This is foolish, and it is not funny; even in farce we look for motive, and there is no reason why the old man should grow exasperated at the contemplation of his daughter's child. The lack of refinement which was generally unpleasantly perceptible in Mr. Albery's work here develops into grossness; to say the least of the adaptation, much of it is in the very worst possible taste. A sub-plot, by which the feebleness of the stupid main story is faintly mitigated, contains a spark of humour. James Paragon, a susceptible young man, has fallen in love with a widow, Mrs. Llorencourt, who endeavours to check his proceedings; but her efforts are entirely misunderstood, and he joyfully accepts snubs in the belief that they are only meant to conceal encouragement from other eyes. His persistence is finally successful, and these parts are suitably played by Mr. Giddens and Miss Vane-Featherstone. Mr. Blakeley as Buck depends chiefly upon the quaint mannerisms which form his main stock-in-trade. With the exception of some of the acting in *The Great Unknown*, there is nothing worth attention in any of these three new plays.

THE COWES WEEK.

THE Cowes week has probably, in spite of its many successful issues, never before been more typically sporting or more interesting than on the present occasion; and that this was in a great measure due to the German Emperor's second visit to this country, and the gathering into a pleasant home-party of so many of the Queen's children, there can be no doubt. Aided by glorious yachting weather—perhaps better yachting than racing weather—the week has been a greater success in every respect than usual. Although Cowes is a fashionable centre for at least a week in the year, it still maintains in some respects the primitiveness of its manners and customs; and, whilst Ryde has gathered its quota of civilization and garishness, the smaller town retains the original exclusiveness of its associations. This exclusiveness extends even to the difficulties that must be surmounted before the visitor is permitted to land on its green-bound shore. Trains are tardy and boats are tardier; the journey between Cowes and the metropolis occupies generally over four hours, and in the season—*i.e.* the week—over five. The place is much easier of ingress and pleasanter for abiding purposes in the winter, when perhaps one or two yacht-owners go down about some new racing or other gear, and are treated with obsequious civility and dispatch by the boat and tradespeople, who have at that moment no other prey. But in the summer, when the same people wish to arrive at the right season with other persons of the same mind, they find themselves assailed by many drawbacks before they finally embark at Southampton or Portsmouth for their island destination. Then they find themselves upon the worst and most weather-beaten of the Company's boats (the new, quick, and clean ones having been sent on some cheap expedition in the neighbourhood), and having probably booked through first class, they are compelled to mix in an unventilated cabin with excursionist boat passengers, who have paid merely a third of the usual fare. Discomfort does not end there; on arrival, incoming passengers are allowed to force their way on board, and to hustle and prevent the outgoing ones to land, and curiously levelling incidents have been known to occur upon the Cowes pontoon. Yacht-racing is naturally the motive for which these unpleasant difficulties are tolerated, and as residents and strangers are alike bitten by a fever only to be compared with that which attacks Epsom and Newmarket in their turn, complaints are not made at the proper time, and so it goes on from year to year. The residents have their own clubs, they build and sail racing-boats with enthusiastic fervour, and they are not unusually (but always unexpectedly) beaten by some wherry from the back of the Wight, or a crab-boat from Falmouth, or, possibly, a well-trimmed Scotch

"dinghy." Some really pretty races are sailed by small craft varying from 3 to 7 tons, which go upon merit, and which add much to the general interest of the scene. Larger craft are also occasionally known to be beaten by some new smart American boat; but, on the whole, they hold their own. Ladies also sail boats—three or four of them doggedly race each year. Sometimes by a fluke one wins, but she does not wear her honours well on these rare occasions; one winning lady is remembered to have come in with her hands in her pockets and a large cigar in her mouth. Still, neither the residents nor the ladies ever really "lose." Their "spinnakers" may split or be carried away, or their bowsprit or mast split in two; but there is no fair "losing" in the smaller races. The Queen's Cup gained in interest this year by the fact that the Emperor and the Prince of Wales were racing in the latter's vessel. The Squadron's heavier and less interesting Round-the-Island races are always a foregone conclusion, every old sailor knowing which will win, according to the wind and the weather. The Island people are a curious race. They have a mixture of the instincts of their smuggling forefathers, to which have evidently been added a few drops of Jewish blood, and thus with skilful thriftiness they live the rest of the year on the plunder of the week. Every one who can possibly manage it turns out of his home, and lets it for a sum which more than clears his rent and rates and taxes for the year. The tradespeople treble their prices, and some with short-sighted policy attend more civilly to the wants of their week's customer than they do to the needs of resident families. The residence of the Queen at Osborne at other times of the year makes little difference beyond the sending up of the price of butter and eggs. Ryde endeavours to ape Cowes at this season of the year, but without success. Ventnor is given over to the tourist; but, whilst the edges of the lovely Island are given over to unwonted agitations, the centre of it, which is comparatively little known, is a delightful haven of beauty and peace.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE rate of discount in the open market has been declining throughout the week, and is now little better than 4½ per cent. As the value of money at the same time has, quite unexpectedly, risen sharply in New York, and as the Bank of France has put a premium of 4½ per mille upon gold, it is becoming doubtful whether the Bank of England will be able to replenish its reserve, so as to prevent stringency and apprehension in the autumn.

The price of silver, which on Saturday last was as high as 51¼*d.* per oz., fell on Wednesday to 50¾*d.*, owing to a drop the preceding day in New York, and recovered fractionally the next day. Apparently speculation in New York has been carried too far in the metal, and the speculators were surprised by the high rates charged this week for loans. It had been assumed very generally that the new Silver Law would ensure a very easy money market in New York throughout this year; and, as the law comes into force on Wednesday next, no one was prepared for the dearness of the present week, especially as the Secretary of the Treasury has been buying bonds very freely for some time past. Possibly the decline in New York was also caused by the sales that have been made by some European Governments. It is reported that the Imperial Bank of Russia has of late been selling. There have been considerable sales also in Vienna, and a few months ago Roumania sold a considerable amount. It is possible that the operators in New York desire to check the sales by lowering quotations slightly. The general expectation is that when the Treasury begins buying on the increased scale next week there will be a sharp rise. That is very likely, for as yet there has not been time for a large increase in the production, and the speculators who had been buying for months past are likely to hold out for a large profit. There has been some decline in the price of Rupee paper along with that of silver, but the dealings have been large.

The resignation of President Celman has caused Argentine securities, more especially the sterling issues, to rise considerably. The City is under the impression that a new administration will quickly put an end to the crisis. But we fear it will find itself mistaken. The new President, it may be hoped, will be able to maintain order, and if he selects a Cabinet that has the confidence of the country he will doubtless be supported by public opinion in the attempt to undo the mischief that has been done by his predecessor. But no political change can alter the fact that several of the banks are in serious difficulties, that speculation has been carried for years past to an insane extent, has broken down now, and has ruined multitudes of people, and that the owners of houses and lands have mortgaged their properties, in a very large proportion of cases, far beyond their real worth.

The Cedulas, or mortgage bonds, issued by the National Mortgage Bank and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres, at present outstanding amount to 415 millions of dollars, and these represent the mortgages effected on land and houses with these two institutions alone. The mortgagors have contracted to pay in interest and sinking fund from 7 to 10 per cent. per annum; and how they are to fulfil their contracts now that speculation has collapsed, that prices are falling ruinously, that credit is paralized, and that trade is shrinking, it is not easy to say. Of course, however, the change of Government permits a sound and wise policy to be adopted, and, in the long-run, it is to be hoped will lead to revived prosperity.

The markets generally continue without life. The more far-seeing operators recognize that the Argentine crisis must work itself out, and they fear that there may be renewed political trouble, while they are uneasy as to the consequences of default by the poorer provincial and municipal Governments, and of the failure of some of the banks. The money market, too, is in an unsatisfactory state. A few days ago it seemed as if the Bank of England would be able to obtain as much gold as it required; but now that is more doubtful. If it does not, there may be stringency by-and-bye, and possibly another advance in the Bank rate. Added to all this is the absence of great numbers of persons holiday-making. If, however, things calm down in the Argentine Republic, and the money market promises to be more settled, there will by-and-bye be renewed activity. Trade is exceedingly good. The railway traffic returns show large increases over those of last year, when it will be recollected trade was improving so rapidly; indeed, in some cases the receipts are the largest ever collected.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the working expenses have much increased also, and that consequently the net profits will not be so much augmented as at first sight might be supposed; still, the fact remains that the railway Companies are doing a most profitable business, and that in spite of high rates for money, the Argentine crisis, the falling off in shipbuilding, the rise in wages and price, trade continues to expand in a most satisfactory way. If, then, apprehension as to the Argentine crisis and the course of the money market abates, there will probably be large buying of home railway stocks. But while matters continue as uncertain as at present most careful investors will prefer to leave their money on deposit. At the present time the joint-stock and private banks allow 3½ per cent. upon deposits. That is a handsome return considering that there is no risk of any loss of capital. And if the Bank of England is not able to get as much gold as it requires, the banks may by-and-bye have to raise the rate they allow on deposits. While he is receiving 3½ per cent. from the banks, with the prospect of getting more, the cautious investor will hardly care to buy stocks which may fall sharply should there be a political accident anywhere, or should the money market become very stringent.

The threatened strike in South Wales began on Tuesday evening, but it is hoped that a settlement will soon be effected. The main point in dispute is that the men should be guaranteed a certain number of hours' work every week, and they are willing to accept a compromise which has been informally offered. It is to be hoped the employers will meet them in a friendly spirit and so prevent a great disturbance of trade.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR *v.* ACTOR-MANAGER.

THE contest regarding the actor-manager, his merits and demerits, shows no sign of approaching a settlement; indeed, any definite conclusion appears in the highest degree unlikely so long as the disputants on the attacking side are as far from agreeing on what they want as if they were so many policemen on strike.

As fresh champions enter the fray, the issues involved appear to multiply, owing to the tendency which each exhibits to fight "for his own hand." Thus Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* is the latest contribution to the discussion, elects to regard the question at issue as being one "between the authority of the actor-manager and the authority of the author"; while he holds that "the great evil is not so much actor management in itself as the baneful starring system that usually accompanies it." Let us at once say that, though we cannot either endorse all Mr. Jones's facts or agree with all the conclusions he draws from them, we none the less heartily welcome his appearance in the arena; he possesses what some of his fellow-disputants lack—a practical experience of the conditions of the stage of to-day, an experience gained by several years of steady work at dramatic authorship; and he has shown, especially in his later plays, a laudable desire to raise and enlarge the capabilities of the theatre as a factor in our modern civilization.

With many of Mr. Jones's views as to the present condition of the drama we are in cordial agreement; with him, we regret the lack of intellectual and literary quality in the stage-work of to-day, while we acknowledge that he correctly estimates the difficulty of writing a "literary" drama which shall correctly reproduce the characteristics of an age which, in its conversations and in its correspondence, is, as he says, "very free from all suspicion of literary merit." Living in days when time is money, we have reduced our communications with each other to a standard of brevity, modelled apparently to suit the requirements of the telegraph, which, though not without telling effect on the stage, as may be seen in the plays of Robertson, who was particularly happy in reproducing it in his dialogue, is not easily reconciled with "literary" and "intellectual" pretensions.

But when Mr. Jones goes on to state the present position of affairs as a struggle for supremacy between actor-manager and author, which is only to be satisfactorily settled by conceding

everything to the author, we feel that his advocacy of his own calling carries him at least a little too far; nor does he appear without a suspicion of this, as he acknowledges that "*Vous êtes orfèvre* will assuredly be shouted at him from all sides." Surely, by Mr. Jones's own showing, the actor-manager scarcely deserves all the hard things predicated of him. It is, in our opinion, distinctly unfair and untrue to use actor-management and the "star" system as in any way convertible terms; "stars" have ere this flourished under the management of non-actors. Was not Mr. Henry Irving (as we pointed out not long ago) more of a "star" when the late Mr. Bateman directed the Lyceum than he permits himself to be now under his own management? The American stage, notwithstanding the preponderance of non-actor-managers across the Atlantic, is overrun with "stars." It is, on the other hand, distinctly unfair to represent the actor-manager as necessarily a monster possessing an insatiable appetite for self-aggrandizement. Do facts bear out Mr. Jones when he declares that a play to appeal successfully to an actor-manager must contain a leading part for himself, and that "it is one of the vices of the actor-manager system, not that the actor-manager will not play secondary parts, but that he cannot afford to do so; that the public will not allow him"? Does such a description fairly represent Mr. Hare in the present or the Bancrofts in the immediate past? In how many parts of secondary importance did Mrs. Bancroft in her own theatre support Mme. Modjeska, Mrs. Bernard Beere, and other leading actresses? Is it not quite exceptional, in looking back on the many years of theatrical management which stand to the credit of Mr. Hare, to find him, as at present, representing the principal part in the principal piece of the evening's entertainment? All actor-managers, it is true, cannot show so honourable a record as those we have just named; but, at any rate, they do not stand alone; and, even if they did, they would suffice to disprove the universal negative so dogmatically stated by Mr. Jones.

Again, the author of *Judah* alleges a further difficulty besetting the playwright who attempts to do literary and original stage-work, in that he is compelled to suit the leading parts to the personalities of the actor-manager, and probably of several other members of the company; and he waxes humorous over a fancied analogy of Dickens, Thackeray, or George Eliot, whom he pictures as called upon to submit to similar restrictions and limitations by their publishers, forgetting, apparently, that he has only a few pages earlier insisted that Mr. Oswald Crawfurd is not justified in comparing "book literature" with "play literature," because "it is a matter that admits of no comparison. The comparison does not lie between a play of one man and a novel of another. It lies between the plays of both, or the novels of both." If this be true, and if Mr. Jones be correct in ruling out of court the names of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Louis Stevenson, can he be allowed to found an argument on an analogy between himself and the three great writers named above?

And, as regards the fitting of his characters to the personality of individual actors, the remedy is surely to a certain extent in the author's own hands. If his own ideas cannot be made to suit the requirements of one actor-manager without such radical alteration as amounts to utter destruction, in these days of many theatres and many actor-managers he can surely carry his work to another and more congenial market.

On the point of writing to suit, not only the manager himself, but the members of his company, Mr. Jones touches a question which has, without doubt, artistically two sides, though he appears to recognize only one of them, and evidently favours the modern system of making all engagements for the run of the play only. It may, from the author's point of view, appear advantageous to have the whole body of unemployed actors and actresses from whom to select the representatives of his play; but by these means the company of each theatre is practically reconstituted with each change of programme, and hence it comes that we have not in all our London theatres a body of players accustomed to act together. Of the advantage which accrues to a company by being so kept together it is difficult to exaggerate the importance. It is not the least excellent point in the management of Mr. Daly that he retains year after year practically the same body of comedians, who have thereby grown accustomed to each other's playing, who acquire—perhaps half unconsciously—a similarity of style, and are enabled to confer marked distinction on a répertoire which is in some respects open to criticism. We wish we could think that the lesson taught by the performances of our American visitors would not be lost on our managers, who, unfortunately, appear possessed with the utterly erroneous idea that playgoers desire constant changes in the *personnel* of our theatres, whereas our own belief is that the public would much prefer to associate a particular player, and, still more, a particular body of players, with a particular playhouse, and we are further convinced that, if our theatres were so organized, the better it would be for them, both artistically and financially. Indeed, Mr. Jones himself bears testimony, quite unconsciously it is true, to the advantages of the system we are advocating, when he tells us that the actor who played the principal character in one of his (Mr. Jones's) own dramas in New York "was in the previous production playing a very small rôle, which, however, was dignified and raised to importance by his art, to the great benefit of the play."

Quite so; but it is only when good actors are permanent members of such and such a company that they are found filling such minor parts; when the disadvantage of a small part, or even a bad one, which is by no means the same thing, may be counterbalanced by a good one in other pieces in the répertoire.

When Mr. Jones, having cleared his decks for action, at last opens fire on the actor-manager, there is, so far as words go, some pretty hard pounding. "The chief vice," he tells us, "the radical defect of the actor-manager system is, that it fixes the responsibility for the play upon the person who is not really responsible for it. In truth, a manager is never responsible for any play that is performed at his theatre. . . . There is only one person who is responsible for its production, and that is the author of it—the manager, actor or not, has really no originating power at all—the manager, as such, is the one person who cannot have a definite policy." And so on. Now, in support of these views of the relative importance of manager and author Mr. Jones quotes one instance only, that of the Bancrofts and Robertson. We should have thought that a recollection of how differently those plays of Robertson which were produced by the Bancrofts fared from those produced by other managers might have led to the belief that managers are not, after all, such mere flies on the wheel of the theatrical coach. It is all very well to say that "it was the author who, in precise and exact relation to his views of life, his observation of character, and his literary power, formed the Robertsonian drama," and, so far as it goes, the statement is true enough; but in an argument professing to determine the relative importance of author and manager—nay more, the relative importance of a particular author and a particular management—it seems somewhat unfair to ignore the fact that it was only at the Bancrofts' theatre that the Robertsonian drama was so formed, and that on other stages the name of the author of *Caste* was by no means associated with success.

There is much in the present general condition of our stage which cries aloud for reform, and undoubtedly there is not a little in Mr. Jones's article with which, as we have already stated, we thoroughly concur; but a case is weakened, not strengthened, by such overstatement as he indulges in. Indeed, it is somewhat amusing to find Mr. Jones so dogmatically assigning by an iron rule the responsibility for the production of all plays when we remember how impossible he and certain others found it to settle that point with regard to his own melodrama *The Silver King*. There may be theatres in which the author is a "shadow" who "scarcely counts"; but is this a fair description of the English dramatic author generally, of Mr. Pinero, of Mr. Gilbert, or of Mr. Jones himself? Again, is it fair to say of the actor-manager as a class that he is one who, "by virtue of his direct personal appeal to the public, by large capital letters on every bill and placard, by having his name repeated on the programme, first as manager, then as leading actor, then as having the play produced under his direction, and occasionally as part-author, attains a renown equal to that of the proprietor of Horniman's tea or Beecham's pills"?

Mr. Jones appears to consider himself called upon to champion the cause of "the general playgoing public who cannot," so he says, be expected to spend the whole of their leisure "in the examination and analysis of the precise forms of attraction in the entertainment that is offered to them." Why the playgoing public (or, at any rate, the more critical and cultured section of the public, who, by their attendance early in a play's career, and especially on first nights, set the fashion in matters theatrical, and stamp each production as success or failure with the hall-mark of their approval or disapproval) cannot be trusted to examine and analyse for themselves what they see and hear at the theatres we are at a loss to understand. In this land of free-trade in amusements, where managers, actors, and authors have to fight their own battles with no extraneous aid, why should the hand of protection be extended to the playgoer, and to the playgoer only? If we take the "general playgoing public" at Mr. Jones's own valuation of it, and suppose it to require his careful dry-nursing, does it deserve any more robust food than the pap and spoon-meat of the drama? We hear much of the differences that exist between our English stage and that of other countries, and especially of France; but are those differences entirely confined to the actor's side of the footlights? Does not the critical capacity of the "general playgoing public" vary at least as much as does the histrionic capacity of the players, or the literary ability of the playwright? In other words, is not the French drama more literary than ours because French audiences, at any rate in certain theatres, expect and appreciate the literary element to an extent quite unknown with us. Good talk obtains but short shrift from English audiences if it impedes the progress of a plot, whereas in Paris good talk often crowns with success lengthy plays which are practically devoid of all plot whatsoever.

As a constructive reformer Mr. Jones appears to have no pet scheme of his own, but he would try all experiments, "throwing out a restless energy of adventure and enterprise in every possible direction." What an interesting spectacle would be the battle of the systems he proposes, when actor-managers, independent managers, author-managers, national theatres, municipal theatres, théâtres libres, and boards of management, should all have equal chance to gain the public favour! It is, however, to be feared that our hopes of witnessing such a contest will never be realized; for it is a significant fact that, while capital is always readily forthcoming for theatrical speculation, it holds resolutely aloof from the support of the reformer's fads, and this is a matter in which without money it is impossible to move a step. It is all very well for Mr. Jones to say that he is not concerned with the

working out of a commercial problem; but every theatre has of necessity its commercial aspect, which none of the multitudinous forms of management he enumerates can afford to disregard if it wishes to avoid a premature and disgraceful dissolution.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE French Exhibition, the fourth of the series which have been organized at Earl's Court under the comprehensive title of "National" Exhibitions, is certainly vastly superior to its predecessor, the Spanish; and when we remember that it is not official, it is remarkable how so excellent a collection of the arts and industries of France has been collected and arranged in so short a time. Never before—certainly not since 1862—has there been seen in London such an extensive display of French bronzes and jewelry, real and imitated. At the Italian Exhibition two years ago the bronzes from Rome and Florence created considerable sensation; but, although they exhibited the same inventive faculty, and were, perhaps, quite as well designed as the French, still they were greatly inferior in finish and perfection of detail; albeit, by the way, they were very much cheaper. If a proof were wanted of the thoroughness with which artistic studies are pursued in France, it would be found in the hundreds of bronze figures shown here, some of which are not more than an inch in height, others colossal, but all showing the same perfect knowledge of anatomy and of artistic technique. The modellers of these bronzes are genuine artists. In the vestibule, opposite the main entrance, has been placed that celebrated bronze vase known as "La Vigne," the design for which was furnished by Gustave Doré. If we err not, it was one of the attractions of the Exhibition of 1878. The shape of the vase is ungraceful, the mouth being altogether too narrow for the body; but the groups of fauns and Bacchantes besporting themselves on all sides among the vine-leaves and bunches of grapes are marvellously designed and executed. The great firm of Sûsse Frères has a magnificent display, the principal attraction of which is a work by Croisy, intended for a centrepiece, and called "The Army of the Loire." It is a reproduction of the monument erected at Le Mans to the memory of General Chanzy, and has been purchased by public subscription for presentation to the Duc d'Orleans, "as a souvenir of his gallant desire to serve in the ranks of the French army as a private soldier." It is certainly well calculated to make us envy the artistic talent of our neighbours; for unquestionably no modern monument, at once so picturesque and in every sense so completely a work of art, is to be found throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. The subject is an episode in the siege, and we behold a bastion of the walls defended by several hundreds of figures of soldiers, every one of which is admirably modelled and full of life. The same firm exhibits an interesting series of little bronzes by the Russian sculptor Lancraie, whose models are invariably reproduced in Paris. These figurines are supposed to illustrate the life of the Russian peasantry and certain picturesque events in the history of the Empire. A very beautiful figure is that of "Molière as a Child," by Gandey, whilst "Time and Song," a graceful group by Paris, and the "David Vainqueur" of Beguine are also admirable. In the main gallery, too, is a fine work, entitled "Quand-même," representing an Alsatian peasant woman defending a dying soldier. It is by M. A. Mercier. There is a fair display of glass and a good deal of furniture of a highly-decorative and admirably-finished quality. It is, as a rule, expensive, but impresses one with a sense that it is of a kind which will last, and not tumble to pieces, as does the Italian, after very short use.

The Fine Art Gallery is surprisingly good, and contains some dozen pictures of the first quality, and very few that are absolutely bad. We may not be as enthusiastic as certain people over the enormous picture by M. Jules Lefebvre of Lady Godiva. Nevertheless, it is a fine picture, and attracted much attention at the Paris *Salon* a few weeks ago. Neither can we share the admiration expressed by a "certain illustrious person" for M. Paul Renouard's collection of drawings; but no one can look at M. Carolus Duran's "Entombment" without acknowledging its immense merit, both from a technical and from an artistic point of view. The collection contains specimens of the very best living French landscape-painters, and a great number of highly-finished and decorative flower-pieces.

But it is essentially as a place of popular recreation that this Exhibition merits unqualified praise, and Mr. J. R. Whitley and the Committee who have organized it deserve every credit. The gardens are beautiful, and when illuminated of an evening present as pretty and gay a scene as anything of the kind on the Continent. It is curious that the illuminations, which have been wisely entrusted to Mr. James Pain, recall in many of their features those represented in the old engravings of similar displays which so delighted our great-grandparents at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Mr. Pain has confined himself to the Italian method of lighting up the trees and flower-beds with the little coloured glass lamps still to be seen of a summer's evening along the lagoons of Venice—especially at Torcello and Murano—when there is a popular *festa* of the Madonna. The panorama which occupies one half of the great arena is in its way a very good specimen of outdoor scenic decoration. It represents an Arab village on the outskirt of the desert, and is very well painted by M. Jambon. Although the entertainment provided in the said arena, illustrative of life in the "Wild East," is nothing like as original or interesting as was the popular "Wild West," it is extremely picturesque, and the horse-riding quite remarkable. Nearly a hundred Arabs—men, women, and children—are engaged in the show, under Sheikh Larbi Ben Kess-Kess, said to be one of the most powerful tribal leaders in Eastern Africa, his followers numbering some 20,000. The "Arab warriors, musicians, wizards, craftsmen, &c.," go through their various performances in a peculiarly knowing manner, which, we fear, indicates that they are not quite to the manner born, but simply very clever actors. There is no deception, however, about Mr. Darling's lions, which draw their master's chariot round the arena unmuzzled in a manner which would have met with the unqualified approval of the Roman public. They certainly rouse to enthusiasm a London holiday audience, and deserve to be accounted among the wonders of the day.

REVIEWS.

POLITICAL JUSTICE.*

WE are under the impression that Mr. H. S. Salt is a kind of Socialist, though in the brief introduction which he has prefixed to this reprint of a part of Godwin's once famous *Political Justice* he does not express himself in any very extravagant Socialist sense. But "justice" (as those know who have given themselves the trouble to know) is one of the catchwords of the Socialist; we think we have seen Mr. Salt's name put to expressions of undoubted Socialism, and it is not quite conceivable why any one, except because he agreed with it, should shake off the kindly dust which has so long settled on the expensive and ponderous work of Shelley's expensive and ponderous father-in-law. Of Mr. Salt we shall have, indeed, little to say. We were under the impression that "Books as well as men *says Mackintosh* are subject to what is called fortune" is but a translation of four words of much terser Latin, "Habent sua fata libelli." Nor do we think either the momentary popularity or the subsequent collapse of *Political Justice* to be at all difficult to explain. It was simply an English popularization and crystallization of all the results of a century of "philosophism" in France. When the hour comes for such crystallization and popularization, it really does not matter who is the man. Sometimes he is a really clever man; sometimes a mere "gomeril"; oftenest, perhaps, one of that curious division of "clever-stupid men," of honest humbugs, of steadygoing revolutionists, to which Godwin himself belonged. He was in some respects the dullest of dogs or men, and yet he wrote *Political Justice*, *Caleb Williams*, and (not least) *St. Leon*. He preached endlessly about virtue and justice, independence, "an erect mien"; and he became simply a byword for spunging and cadging on every rich young man (and some who were not rich) of his acquaintance. He was a Republican, and a pensioned or sinecurist hanger-on upon Monarchy. Peace be with him because—and despite—of all these things! With Mr. Salt, we can say "Peace be" still more heartily, for he has done a real service to the cause which we suspect he wanted to damage. Few, very few, are the people who are likely to read *Political Justice* as a whole now. But anybody who has any interest at all in political things may be expected to read a book which is of the exact size and shape of an ordinary "series" book. And we ourselves can hardly imagine anything better calculated to make an intelligent reader a Tory, stronger than all the Liberty and Property Defence League rolled into one with the Primrose ditto, and nearly as strong as Mr. ——.

In noticing such a book nothing equals extract, and we shall make a slight cento of Godwin with running comments of our own:—"And we might inquire into the propriety of the regulation by which a man, after having possessed as sovereign a considerable property during his life, is permitted to dispose of it at his pleasure, at the period which the laws of nature seem to have fixed as the termination of his authority" (p. 37). So says Godwin at an early page of his inquiry. But did it occur to him that, if nature fixed the period, nature also empowered the man, if he chose, to destroy his property before that period? Suppose a ruffian were to say "Good! Good! Your objection lies; I ought not to dispose of my property after my death. Ho there, Giles and Miles! Pull up the sluices of the level! turn the river into the coal-mine! burn all the farm-buildings! hough the cattle—*Après moi le déluge!*" What then? Would not this be recognizing that his authority is "terminable by the law of nature"? Again, "Justice does not stop here. Every man is entitled, so far as the general stock will suffice, not only to the means of being, but of well being." "O father of Mary," we may ask, "and stepfather of Jane and Fanny, all of whom you guided to 'well being' with such admirable skill, who told you this? Where did you see it written that every man is 'entitled to being' much more to 'well being'"? "Justice says so," Godwin says. Well; other people's justice altogether declines to say so. Who is to decide? Where are we to find the "Third Man" who will tell us whether Godwin's Justice is the true woman or the feminine thief? It is true that such horrid

* *Godwin's Political Justice.* A Reprint of the Essay on Property from the original edition. Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Sonnenschein.

doubts do not afflict Godwin himself. "Does any one," he asks wonderingly, "doubt of the truth of these assertions?" Aye marry, that do some men. And, elsewhere, "It is impossible not to see the beauty of equality." And yet, putting our own opinions aside, it is a known fact that some of not the least intelligent of men have failed to see the beauty of equality—have seen in her an ugly Duessa, a mere deceiver of the harmless Godwins of this world. We must, indeed, do the good man the justice to say that, if he did not always practise what he preached, he sometimes preached what he practised in these sentences:—

Observe the pauper fawning with abject vileness upon his rich benefactor, and speechless with sensations of gratitude for having received that which he ought to have claimed with an erect mien, and with a consciousness that his claim was irresistible.

The true object that should be kept in view, is to extirpate all ideas of condescension and superiority, to oblige every man to feel that the kindness he exerts is what he is bound to perform, and the assistance he asks what he has a right to claim.

We at once think of the erect mien with which Godwin "bled to white," as the French nation, whom he admired, says, his luckless son-in-law, or suggested to young barristers to whom he had just been introduced that they should do a fifty-pound bill for him. Indeed, the flippant might have asked Godwin what he proposed to do in his own world, where, there being no property, no one could possibly discount a bill, and, marriage having been abolished, there would be no sons-in-law.

But this would be flippant. Let us return. Godwin is anxious to show how admirably Communism would work:—

If superfluity were banished, the necessity for the greater part of the manual industry of mankind would be superseded; and the rest, being amicably shared among all the active and vigorous members of the community, would be burdensome to none.

It is property that forms men into one common mass, and makes them fit to be played upon like a brute machine. Were this stumbling block removed, each man would be united to his neighbour in love and mutual kindness a thousand times more than now: but each man would think and judge for himself.

The mathematician, the poet, and the philosopher will derive a new stock of cheerfulness and energy from the recurring labour that makes them feel they are men.

It has been computed that not more than one-twentieth of the inhabitants of England are employed seriously and substantially in the labours of agriculture. Add to this, that the nature of agriculture is such as necessarily to give full occupation in some parts of the year, and to leave others comparatively unemployed. We may consider these latter periods as equivalent to a labour which, under the direction of sufficient skill, might suffice in a simple state of society for the fabrication of tools, for weaving, and the occupation of tailors, bakers, and butchers.

It follows that half an hour a day, seriously employed in manual labour by every member of the community, would sufficiently supply the whole with necessaries. Who is there that would shrink from this degree of industry?

If I survey the appendages of my person, is there one article that is not an appeal to the respect of my neighbours, or a refuge against their contempt? It is for this that the merchant braves the dangers of the ocean, and the mechanical inventor brings forth the treasures of his meditation.

Some detached comments suggest themselves on these texts. Suppose the active and vigorous members of your community *wouldn't* share amicably? Who is to make 'em? The lazy and invalid members? Suppose each man, thinking and judging for himself, were to decide that, instead of loving a neighbour a thousand times more, it would be amusing to put him over the nearest precipice? Suppose (it is an awful thought; even more awful than the imprecations which Lord Salisbury pronounces when the gates in Gordon Square or Woburn Place are shut) that the mathematician's and the poet's recurring labour took them in the crisis of a problem or a sonnet? Let us have the data and process of that remarkable computation about the half-hour a day. And, most of all, dismissing as merely pleasant the survey of Mr. Godwin "surveying the appendages of his person," let us fasten on that remarkable passage about agricultural labour being only required at certain times of the year. Are all the loaves to be baked, all the coats to be tailed, and all the meat to be "butched" once for all at the other times?

By this time even the reader who knows little or nothing about Godwin (for it is to be feared there are such) will begin to suspect that humour was not the good man's forte. That reader shall be confirmed in his acute surmise. Thus saith Godwin:—

Moral independence on the contrary is always injurious. The dependence which is essential in this respect to the wholesome temperament of society, includes in it articles that are no doubt unpalatable to a multitude of the present race of mankind, but that owe their unpopularity only to weakness and vice. It includes a censure to be exercised by every individual over the actions of another, a promptness to inquire into them, and to judge them. Why should I shrink from this? What could be more beneficial than for each man to derive every possible assistance for correcting and moulding his conduct from the perspicacity of his neighbours?

There is, indeed, only one objection; it is that at least some men would be tolerably certain to correct and mould the perspicacity of their neighbours by the aid of the tip of their boots. But to see Godwin really in his altitudes one must of course come to his celebrated theories on marriage. As a single sprout of Godwin's brain this short sentence is perhaps eminent:—

So long as I seek to engross one woman to myself, and to prohibit my neighbour from proving his superior desert and reaping the fruits of it, I am guilty of the most odious of all monopolies.

But a longer one must, if blushes will tolerate it, be given:—

The intercourse of the sexes will in such a state fall under the same system as any other species of friendship. Exclusively of all groundless and obstinate attachments, it will be impossible for me to live in the world without finding one man of a worth superior to that of any other whom I have an opportunity of observing. To this man I shall feel a kindness in exact proportion to my apprehension of his worth. The case will be precisely the same with respect to the female sex. I shall assiduously cultivate the intercourse of that woman whose accomplishments shall strike me in the most powerful manner. "But it may happen that other men will feel for her the same preference that I do." This will create no difficulty. We may all enjoy her conversation; and we shall all be wise enough to consider the sensual intercourse as a very trivial object. This, like every other affair in which two persons are concerned, must be regulated in each successive instance by the unforced consent of either party. It is a mark of the extreme depravity of our present habits, that we are inclined to suppose the sensual intercourse anywise material to the advantages arising from the purest affection. Reasonable men now eat and drink, not from the love of pleasure, but because eating and drinking are essential to our healthful existence. Reasonable men then will propagate their species, not because a certain sensible pleasure is annexed to this action, but because it is right the species should be propagated; and the manner in which they exercise this function will be regulated by the dictates of reason and duty.

Godwin, to do him justice, saw objections, and could answer them:—

It cannot be definitely affirmed whether it will be known in such a state of society who is the father of each individual child. *But it may be affirmed that such knowledge will be of no importance.*

And he was equally considerate in other cases:—

Force in such a state of society would be unknown; I should part with nothing without a full consent. Caprice would be unknown; no man would covet that which I used, unless he distinctly apprehended that it would be more beneficial in his possession than it was in mine. My apartment would be as sacred to a certain extent as it is at present. No man would obtrude himself upon me to interrupt the course of my studies and meditations. No man would feel the whim of occupying my apartment, while he could provide himself another as good of his own. That which was my apartment yesterday would probably be my apartment to-day. We have few pursuits that do not require a certain degree of apparatus; and it would be for the general good that I should find in ordinary cases the apparatus ready for my use to-day that I left yesterday.

Do you want my table? Make one for yourself; or, if I be more skilful in that respect than you, I will make one for you. Do you want it immediately? Let us compare the urgency of your wants and mine, and let justice decide.

That the man who wrote such unbelievable trash as this—trash which reads like a good but rather overdone burlesque of its own purport—was a man whom some good judges held to be a man of genius, and whom almost all held to be one of rather exceptional accomplishment and ability, may seem a mere paradox. There is nothing in the *Anti-Jacobin* (to which, indeed, Godwin supplied some of its happiest suggestions) more sublime than the notion of a man and a brother entering to Godwin as he was writing the passage, observing, "Sir, you can make a table better than I can; give me that or make one for me," and the stranger and Godwin then debating the comparative urgency of their wants and letting justice decide. But those who have some knowledge of the history of political literature of the madder kind know that there is nothing very exceptional about it, except Godwin's ultra-Jacobin want of humour, his Dissenting minister habit of preaching, and the combination in him of the aforesaid want of humour and a sort of abortive logic which made him stick at no consequence of his principles, however absurd. He is almost unique (though some of our modern Socialists run him very hard) in degree; he is not at all peculiar in kind. Therefore it is that the reading of him is so beneficial. That his justice was only a plagiarism, spoilt in the plagiarising, from the Christianity he despised; that the distribution of it could not be for one day carried on, or the means of distributing provided, without the polity and the property that he abhorred; that his communists of women would be at each other's throats in an hour, and his communists of goods would become a community of slaves and slaveowners in a month;—all these things never so much as suggested themselves to him. And before we wonder too much that they did not, let us remember that there are men, not indeed often even his equals, but still not absolute idiots, to whom they never suggest themselves to-day.

NOVELS.*

IN *Pearl-Powder* Mrs. Annie Edwardes takes us back to the beginning of this century; and, by making a certain Lady Joan Carr one of the principal figures, has given an element of quaintness to the story which is distinctly pleasing. Lady

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* *Pearl-Powder.* By Mrs. Annie Edwardes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

One of the Wicked. By Godfrey Burchett. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Recha. By Dorothea Gerard. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly; and other Stories. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

Princess Fedor's Pledge; and other Stories. By George Manville Fenn. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

Wooing—Stories of the Course that Never Did Run Smooth. By R. E. Francillon and other Writers. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

Joan gave card-parties, took snuff, drove in a chariot, believed firmly in the advantages of cosmetics, rouge, and "pearl-powder"; called chariot "chawyot," lilacs "laylocks," gold "goold," and yellow "yaller," and had had a history. Our heroine, Philippa Harkness, is introduced to us in a startlingly abrupt manner. "'Lippa loves you, my dear'; and upon that she kissed him, nestling the tender peach-bloom of her cheek against his hirsute, ugly face." This forward person was aged six; had stolen out when her elders were busily engaged over a card-party, having first wrapped herself in an ermine tippet belonging to the formidable Lady Joan, and had been found roaming about in the snow by a man known in game-preserving and game-snaring circles as "Castaway Jo." After a struggle with his worst nature and the temptation of a diamond locket worn by the little damsel, softened by her demonstrative affection and innocent confidence in him, "Castaway Jo" takes her home. The next scene opens when she is eighteen. "Castaway Jo" remains her friend, and makes himself useful as a model, "exhaustlessly suggestive of male rascaldom," to a young painter, Philippa's first lover. The story of Philippa's life, adventures, friendship with Lady Joan and her ruse-loving companion Anne Page, increasing interest in a man whose history is a mystery until brought to light by Lady Joan, and the unexpected, but perhaps not altogether unnatural, ending to the book, make it one quite worth reading, even absorbing for the time. Lady Joan's death is a warning to pleasure-loving old dames. "In the whirl and zenith of a town season Lady Joan Carr died suddenly. Her ladyship's demise was cut from the same piece of which her life had been fashioned; she made her exit at one of the Duchess of Caradoc's whist tables, and precisely as she had desired, fiddlers playing, footlights ablaze, the house looking on." In Philippa's life there are certainly more bad half-hours than good ones. Mrs. Edwardes gives us a hint of this when, on the girl's exclaiming, "If only the last half-hour could be blotted," we find this remark, "At seventeen erasure seems so facile. We learn later that the ink is indelible which records all human half-hours—the bad half-hours more especially."

One of the Wicked justly bears out its title. It begins with a murder; how, when, where, and by whom it is committed. The story is ingeniously worked out; and, although one's mind is settled at the onset with a certainty of who the murderer is, still the working up of his discovery, the way in which he—surely one of the most wicked—gets the blame attached to an innocent girl, the craft with which he destroys all evidence against him, except the one apparently most unimportant thing, which finally betrays him, makes the story as thrilling as a Miss Braddon novel without the mystery which sometimes marks her books. One of the most telling chapters in *One of the Wicked* is that in which the girl who is suspected of the murder has an interview with her counsel, and, finding how difficult it will be to prove her innocence of the murder, determines to bring herself in for manslaughter, and so swears a falsehood to her counsel, and describes the death of the man:—

> He wanted to kiss me; I thought he would do me harm. It was done in scuffling. I stepped back and back, and he came forward towards me. I threatened him with the grasshopper to keep him back, but he came on, and he seized my arms and—it was a struggle; not a struggle that tore my dress, but he held my arms and in jerking them so—not thinking what I was doing and struggling, I plunged it. It was the scuffling.

Her reasonings with herself before she swears to this lie, her conviction that, innocent as she is of the murder, the only way to prove her innocence of the great crime is to confess to the lesser one, are all vividly told. The book is not all a mass of wickedness; there is some pretty sentiment running through it, with a happy ending to the love story. And amongst the amusing bits is a discussion in a smoking-room over the formation of a new habitation of the Primrose League. One of the smokers airs his opinions in this fashion. "Women in politics! Well, I was against them, poof! The League's introduced them; it taps all classes with its roots, and I've said they're like leaves on the branches. Well, women are all Conservatives. A Radical philosopher has said that. Let them come in! They know in a household everything must have its place; you can't upset it and then have it too; the baby at the decanter, I've said, and the horse upstairs. Well, that's a Conservative! Let them come in. I approve it."

In *Recha* we have a curious story, the scene of which is laid in a town in East Galicia, described as "as irregular, as straggling, as dilapidated, as badly lighted, and as badly paved, as any other provincial town in East Galicia." In this wretched town, whose principal inhabitants seemed to be extortionate Jewish money-lenders, was quartered a hussar regiment, lending easy victims to these Jews, amongst whom was one Lieutenant Borkam. The way in which these unprincipled wolves get their hold over these unlucky young men is graphically described; but the interest of the story is centred in "Recha," the heroine, the lovely daughter of the most unprincipled, and, therefore, the most flourishing of the gang. She is used as a "decoy bird" by her father. Bound up in him and her love for him, prepared to make any sacrifice for his sake, she mechanically does her duty, until aroused to the sense of her degradation by Theodor Borkam, who falls in love with her at first sight and is determined to save her. What they endure for each other's sake, and how it all ends, we will not spoil the interest of the book by describing. It is easy reading, and the writing is simple and unaffected.

In the "Idle Hour Series," edited by Alfred H. Miles, we have *The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly; and other Stories*, by Rosa Mulholland, containing a collection of tales "of sorts," of which *The Haunted Organist* is the most original, as far as ghosts are concerned, though so much has been written and told of them that an original ghost is well nigh an impossibility; but they are always fascinating, whether horrible in their weirdness, or fantastic as in *The Haunted Organist*. Talking of weirdness, "A Strange Love Story," in this same volume, is a very good specimen of it. "The Signor John" and "The Fit of Ailsie's Shoe" are pretty love stories.

Princess Fedor's Pledge is another of the "Idle Hours Series"—*Princess Fedor's Pledge* and "A Medical Error" being the most original and capable of giving interested moments to the hour-idler.

Wooing-Stories of the Course that Never Did Run Smooth is another title of these books, and deserves its name. "The Frog who would a wooing go" had better learn his lesson from some of them; perhaps "A Romance of Ryde Pier" and "A Romance of the Road" may be useful in the way of suggestion as to how to act under these circumstances.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA—VOL. III.*

MR. PARKMAN'S series of volumes on France and England in North America leave a gap of nearly fifty years, extending over the first half of the eighteenth century, for he has, as yet, published nothing between his *Count Frontenac and New France* and his two volumes on *Montcalm and Wolfe*. This gap is now filled up by the recent publication of Dr. Kingsford's third volume, which brings the continuous history of the French occupation down to the beginning of the final struggle for the possession of the Continent. Dr. Kingsford speaks somewhat apologetically of having introduced two subjects which he very rightly estimates as indispensable to a complete presentment of his task; these are the settlement of Hudson's Bay, and a brief account of Louisiana in its relationship with Canada. So much also of European affairs it has been necessary to include as will explain the events which led to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and determined the acceptance by Great Britain of those of its conditions which bore unfavourably on her American colonies.

With regard to Hudson's Bay, Dr. Kingsford has rendered his country the service of completely disproving, by documentary evidence, and even by the admissions of the French explorers, the fable that this territory was discovered or first settled by French expeditions from Lake Superior or other landward advances from the south. He establishes the priority of English discovery and settlement by maritime expeditions from northern waters. Owing to the subserviency of James II. to Versailles no attempt was made to resent the subsequent French invasion of the territory and the expulsion of the English settlers; for more than a quarter of a century it was held as a French possession, but was restored to England by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Even to the present day the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company are little more than trading stations in the wilderness. It is to be regretted that the jealousy of the Company's officials in denying access to their archives should have thrown difficulties in the way of Dr. Kingsford's researches for the establishment of facts which redound to our national credit.

To the revocation of the Edict of Nantes Dr. Kingsford attributes the failure of France to found at the mouths of the Mississippi a province strong in population and with energy capable of expansion. She failed in great degree simply from lack of men to send there at the very time when she was driving over to England the Huguenots who would have consolidated her power if directed to America. Yet the possession of Louisiana led to the attempt on the valley of the Ohio which brought on the war that ended in the loss of Canada, while the Southern colony lent no help to New France to avert the catastrophe. Exaggerated reports of the mineral wealth of Louisiana prevented the cultivation of the land, and produced famine and distress. Indian troubles, and quarrels between the civil and religious authorities, checked, as they had done in Canada, the development of the young colony; it was not till 1708 that it was erected into a separate province independent of Quebec. The scanty population, and the unhealthy nature of the climate, induced the new Government to take a step, adopted from their Spanish neighbours and rivals, which produced far-reaching consequences by no means yet settled in that part of America. The first cargo of negro slaves was landed in 1719. The collapse of Law's system, which had given undue prominence to the colony, re-acted disastrously upon it, and the competition of the British colonies on the northern frontier extended the struggle for sovereignty to the south of the continent.

Having dealt with these two episodes, Dr. Kingsford proceeds with the history of Canada proper, which his second volume brought down to the death of De Vaudreuil in 1725. His successor in the governorship of Canada, M. de Beauharnois, held office for twenty-one years, nearly contemporary with Walpole's tenure of office in England. With the exception of the three closing years, they were years of nominal peace, both England and France being exhausted by costly wars and by the failure of schemes of specu-

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* *The History of Canada.* By William Kingsford, LL.D. Vol. III. London: Trübner & Co.

lation. Yet events in Acadia and Louisiana show that during much of the time peace only existed in name. New ecclesiastical quarrels disturbed Quebec; faults, as usual, existed on both sides. The population of Canada steadily increased, and enterprises, which led to more or less Indian trouble, were undertaken for opening up the West. The occupation of Crown Point on Lake Champlain by the French, in 1731, led to the war of twenty years later. Beyond the career of a partisan leader in the *petite guerre*, which was always winked at by the Government of Quebec, there was small opening for native Canadians; education was little developed; indeed, there was no printing press in the colony until after the English conquest—a strange contrast to the policy even of the Spaniards, who printed books in Mexico as early as 1555. The main interest of the present volume centres in the fate of Acadia. Dr. Kingsford has gone very thoroughly and fully into the transactions which led to the expatriation of the inhabitants. It is satisfactory to find that he is completely in accord with Mr. Parkman as to the absolute necessity of this policy, distorted and discoloured as it has been by glamour of false sentiment in *Evangeline*, from which nine people out of ten take their ideas of the history of the province. Acadia had been confirmed to France by the Peace of Ryswick; immediately afterwards French priests commenced the policy of inciting their Indian converts to surprise and attack small settlements near the frontier—a policy in which they persisted for fifty years. Dr. Kingsford distinctly traces the responsibility for these proceedings to the missionaries:—

> The power of the priests over their savage neophytes was unbounded; the threat of abandoning them would have sufficed to check this bad spirit. The word of reproval had only to be spoken. That word during the succeeding years was never uttered; and these so-called ministers of peace were to the last foremost in urging on the work of death and devastation.

The deliberate cruelties of these raids had no other effect than to awake the dogged resolution of New England to the fact that the conquest of Canada was necessary to her national preservation. Massachusetts, threatened by privateers from Port Royal, attempted, unsuccessfully at first, the conquest of the place. An expedition against it in 1707 was repulsed; but three years later the colonists succeeded in taking it; the name was changed to Annapolis, and the inhabitants within a circuit of three miles were given two years during which, if not desirous to go before, they must take the oath of fidelity to the Crown of Great Britain. Pretext after pretext was found for evading the necessity of taking these oaths, and the French persevered in their policy of keeping alive the spirit of disaffection, successive Governors of Canada directing the *habitants* to incite the Indians to attack Nova Scotia. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Acadia was definitely ceded to Great Britain; but France retained Cape Breton, and the right of fishing in Newfoundland—which latter stipulation has not yet ceased to give rise to misunderstandings between the two countries. The retention of Cape Breton had been insisted on by France as a vantage ground whence they might attempt the reconquest of Acadia. The priests continued their terrorism over the uneducated Acadians, persuading them that the English occupation was only temporary, and that their civil and religious welfare was imperilled if they took the oaths of allegiance to King George. England neglected to cope with the difficulty, and for years delayed extreme measures, in the hopes of avoiding the necessity for them. Dr. Kingsford does not absolve from censure the Government of George I., which neglected to furnish the colony with the military strength which would then, by quiet firmness, have put down the spirit of disaffection; at a later date sterner measures were necessary. Meanwhile on Cape Breton the fortress of Louisbourg was growing up as a centre for future conquests, and the settlement of Acadia was deliberately impeded by French intrigues. The duplicity of the French authorities in encouraging devastation during a time of peace has scarcely a parallel in history, and the same policy was soon extended from Acadia to the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania. For years Acadia was neglected by the home Government, and things there were left to adjust themselves. This apathy and incompetence prevailed until the national spirit was aroused by the genius of Chatham. In Canada the expeditions from Quebec and Montreal, until the days of Montcalm, were only those known as *la petite guerre*, the surprise of helpless settlements, and the captivity, too often the massacre by Indians, of women and children. No military or political end was gained, but undying hatred was aroused. Foremost in Acadia was the priest, Le Loutre, bitter, unscrupulous, and totally regardless of truth or honour in hounding on the ignorant *habitants* to their own ruin. Louisbourg had become a constant source of dread to New England, till, without help or suggestion from home, Boston organized an expedition, and besieged and captured the place in 1745. Its loss was felt in France to be fatal to her interests, but an attempt to retake it two years later ended in disastrous failure. Dr. Kingsford believes that the desire of France to regain Louisbourg was the main motive which led to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The sacrifice was forced on England by her want of success on the Continent, and the place was given up in 1749. The western territory was now beginning to attract attention. Charlevoix and La Verendrye had opened up the road to Lake Winnipeg, though the claim made in modern times for the latter as the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains is shown by Dr. Kingsford to be untenable. They were first seen and mentioned by ten unknown Canadians in 1751. La Galissonière, the new Governor-General of Canada, foresaw that the loss of America to France would mean the preponderance of England in Europe; to provide against this he determined to link his province with Louisiana by taking possession of the Ohio valley, undeterred by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Expeditions were sent to conciliate the Indians, who were generally more favourably disposed to the English by reason of the greater cheapness of goods from Albany. The cession of Cape Breton to France awoke the attention of the home Government to Nova Scotia, and Halifax was built as a counterpoise to Louisbourg. Access by land from Cape Breton to Canada was thereby cut off; more necessary than ever was it for the French to regain Acadia. A system of outrages by Indians was set on foot with the direct connivance of the authorities at Quebec, and an English officer named Howe was decoyed and murdered by the orders of the infamous Le Loutre. Every straggler from Halifax was slaughtered, every courier intercepted and killed, even before the countries had drifted into open war. The Acadians resisted every attempt at conciliation; and at length Lawrence, the Governor of Nova Scotia, became convinced that the French were only waiting an opportunity to attack him, and that the Acadians in that event would rise *en masse*. They had been disloyal subjects for fifty years, and now precipitated measures by their own insolence. After a final vain attempt to get them to take the oath of allegiance, their expatriation was resolved on as an unavoidable measure of self-preservation, and was carried out as humanely as possible under the circumstances. The Acadians were distributed among the English colonies, where they experienced better treatment from strangers than the fugitives who reached Quebec received at the hands of their own countrymen. Dr. Kingsford throws doubt on the statement that any of them could have founded a colony still existing in Louisiana, though in a volume recently published by Mr. Dudley Warner a visit to this community is described.

Europe had now taken part in the struggle for the Ohio, which commenced in earnest on the occupation by the French of Fort Duquesne. The name of Washington first appears as a young colonial major sent by Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, to protest against this act. In 1754 two regiments were despatched from England under General Braddock. On landing in Virginia three months were wasted before the colonies could be got to assist the expedition. Braddock at length started without proper commissariat, and without Indian allies, for a march of 122 miles through a rocky wilderness. He accomplished it successfully to within a few miles of Fort Duquesne, where, believing all danger of surprise to be over, he suffered his force to fall into an ambush of Indians, whose convergent fire cut them to pieces without their being able even to see the enemy. Braddock himself was killed; his memory has suffered from the depreciatory estimate of him by Franklin written thirty-three years afterwards, the inaccuracy of which, as well as Franklin's own disgraceful conduct, Dr. Kingsford exposes. The Governor-General of Canada, the last French occupant of the office, was now the Marquis de Vaudreuil, a native-born Canadian, and son of the former Governor-General of that name. The colony was suffering from scarcity of money, and was a prey to all manner of official corruption. The French troops were commanded in 1755 by Dieskau, who led an expedition down Lake George, where he defeated the English, but was afterwards forced to retreat. Reinforcements arrived from France next year under the Marquis de Montcalm. He succeeded in gaining over a number of Indians to his side, and, holding the English in check on Lake George, he attacked and captured Oswego on Lake Ontario, thus gaining the command of the great Lakes. The year closed in profound depression all over the British Provinces, while New France felt herself secure from future aggression. How the next three years belied the expectations of both sides will be seen when we get Dr. Kingsford's fourth volume.

A word of thanks is due to him for the maps which, on a suggestion adopted from these columns, he has added to the present volume. They are scarcely so good as the typography of his book would lead one to expect, and cannot compare favourably with those given by Mr. Parkman; still they are a considerable help as avoiding the necessity for constant reference to an atlas.

BOOKS ON HYPNOTISM.*

DR. MOLL'S work aims at being a text-book on hypnotism, and has been described as the best we have upon the subject. That it certainly is not. It has two cardinal faults which would prevent it from ever being an acceptable text-book; it is confused and controversial. Moreover, the author, though he cites an enormous number of modern authorities—chiefly German—upon the subject, continually gives the impression of having gained his knowledge of their labours at second hand. Certainly he has a ludicrously inadequate notion of the relative value of his witnesses. Heidenhain and Charcot are sharply criticized and even stamped upon, while Messieurs of the Psychical Research Society are solemnly quoted as high scientific authoritie (Heaven save the mark!). A writer who cheerfully accuse

* *Hypnotism.* By Albert Moll, M.D. London: Walter Scott. 1890.
Psycho-Therapeutics. By C. Lloyd Tuckey, M.D. Second edition. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1890.

Charcot of carelessness and mistakes while he accepts the dicta of Mr. F. Myers will hardly be taken as a sound guide by scientific men. At the same time Dr. Moll's book is by no means without merit. For one thing, it covers nearly the whole ground, though very unequally; and for another, it is written in a fairer spirit than most recent books on the same subject. In spite of the writer's evident bias on some important disputed points, there are not wanting indications of a desire on his part to be impartial and scientific. Several of the more interesting aspects of hypnotism are handled with knowledge and intelligence, and the unlearned reader will not fail to derive instruction from the book.

The subject is divided into nine chapters. The first gives a history of hypnotism, which is, however, meagre, scrappy, and inaccurate. For instance, he says that "at the beginning Mesmer made great use of the magnet in the treatment of diseases." This is not correct. He only used it in one case, and gave it up even in that after a few sittings. Again, Dr. Moll says, "Whether Mesmer knew of this condition" (artificial somnambulism) "or not is uncertain." Considering that Mesmer wrote a pamphlet the greater part of which is occupied with an elaborate explanation of this very condition, there is not much uncertainty in the matter. These and similar mistakes are not important, but they disfigure a text-book and give a general impression of untrustworthiness. More important is Dr. Moll's repetition of the fallacy that Braid did not recognize the value of suggestion; for upon this statement largely rests the claim of modern hypnotists to have discovered a new and valuable power. Braid was as well acquainted with suggestion as Dr. Bernheim himself, as may be seen by consulting a paper of his in the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for 1853.

In the second chapter, among other things, some very interesting points are discussed. One of these is susceptibility—who is hypnotizable? Dr. Moll disagrees with most observers that weakness, especially nerve weakness, predisposes to hypnotism. He has hypnotized many very muscular persons, and thinks that "intelligent persons are more easily hypnotizable than the dull and stupid." Further, he considers it a complete mistake to say that the disposition to hypnosis is a sign of weakness of will. On this point we may remark that it is difficult to say what is ordinarily meant by a "weak" or a "strong" will. The latter generally means either marked selfishness, or obstinacy or bad temper, all of which have nothing to do with susceptibility to hypnotism. We agree with Dr. Moll that the personal factor of the operator is important. A can be hypnotized by B, he says, while he remains refractory to the efforts of C; and, on the other hand, it may happen that D can be hypnotized by C, but not by B. "The influence of one person over another is dependent on the individuality of both." Another very interesting point is the power of resistance. Dr. Moll goes further than most observers, but we think he is right when he says that certain persons accustomed to obedience can be hypnotized at the first attempt even against their will. He quotes the experience of Heidenhain in successfully hypnotizing soldiers in the presence of their officers, who had strictly forbidden them to sleep. Considering that they were Prussian soldiers, this experiment is a very strong proof.

The third chapter deals with the effects of hypnotism, and is at once the best and the worst in the book. It is the worst, because the least clear and the least scientific. This arises from Dr. Moll's anxiety to bring all the physical phenomena, chiefly observed by the Paris school, under the head of suggestion, in accordance with the tenets of the Nancy school, of which he is a follower—an impossible task. This academic controversy will not interest the general reader, and we will pass it over, merely remarking that to the impartial observer it is perfectly obvious that the truth lies with neither exclusively, but between them. In the earlier part of this chapter Dr. Moll, in dealing with the physical effects of hypnotism—of which he gives a very inadequate account—wanders about in the most hazy and bewildering way; but in the second part, which comprises the psychical effects, he is far more at home, and gives a good and full discussion of the questions of the memory, of post-hypnotic suggestion, of consciousness, of resistance, and of training. One of the most interesting questions to the public is that of compelling people to do things by means of post-hypnotic suggestion—that is to say, by giving an order during hypnosis which is to be executed on awaking. Dr. Moll's opinion is that we can with certainty by means of post-hypnotic suggestion compel many actions which the subject in normal circumstances would refuse to perform, and that we may, in consequence, consider such acts purely compulsory. A good instance is given of the extraordinary influence of hypnosis on the memory. An English officer in Africa was hypnotized by Hansen, and suddenly began to speak a strange language. This turned out to be Welsh, which he had learnt as a child but had forgotten. Dr. Moll has some good remarks on the completeness with which hypnotics assume a suggested character, and the rapidity with which they can pass from one to another. Few actors, he says, are able to accommodate and assimilate themselves to their own idea of a character—*e.g.* that of Julius Cæsar—as thoroughly as a hypnotic subject can do. In spite of this, a change can be made instantaneously to another character, which is assumed with equal completeness. The subject is now Napoleon I., now a carpenter, now a dog, &c. There are some very acute observations on "training" in this chapter, which are well worth the attention of hypnotists. Subjects become by repeated experiments as it were educated to go through a particular series of performances, and observers may thus be misled into attaching undue weight to such prepared phenomena.

The remaining chapters, in which the theory, the medical uses, and the legal aspects of hypnotism are discussed, are less full and less interesting. But we may draw attention to Dr. Moll's concluding remarks, in which he takes "men of science" to task for loftily dismissing as absurd that which they have never seen and have made no attempt to test. The story of the discoveries of Galileo, Copernicus, Harvey, and Columbus might have made them more careful; yet we find men of position to-day, such as Sir Andrew Clark and Dr. Richardson, doing the very same thing, and laboriously disproving by *à priori* arguments, or explaining away the existence of that which their colleagues and equals have seen with their own eyes, simply because the thing seems to them improbable. They are like the man who had never seen the sea, and argued that there could be no such thing, but that those who spoke of it had mistaken rivers and lakes for it. Dr. Moll's book is translated from the second German edition. The translation is fair, but neither author nor translator has any literary gift.

Dr. Lloyd Tuckey's *Psycho-Therapeutics* deals, as its name implies, almost exclusively with the application of suggestion to medical uses. He is an even more enthusiastic disciple of the Nancy School than Dr. Moll, and between the two the reader may form a fair opinion of what is, and is likely to be, the practical outcome of hypnotism in the actual treatment of disease. The diseases claimed (and no doubt justly claimed) to have been successfully treated are hysteria (various forms), rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis (various forms), insomnia, dyspepsia, dipsomania, morphinomania, and a great many nervous disorders; in short, functional troubles, especially those directly dependent on the nervous system. Now these are precisely the cases which were successfully treated by Braid, and before him by Mesmer, as any one may satisfy himself by reading their books. It is difficult to see what great advance has been made by the supposed discovery of suggestion, and how the big words of Dr. Bernheim and his followers are to be justified. Much importance has been laid upon the treatment of dipsomania and morphinomania. These truly are new or newly named diseases, and therefore their treatment as such is new. We have no doubt that some success has attended the application of hypnotism to this class of cases; but we beg leave to quote Dr. Tuckey on the subject, and in doing so to congratulate him on having made so honest an avowal. "I am thoroughly convinced of the value of hypnotic suggestion as *an aid* to moral reform" (he is speaking of drunkenness); "but I recognize its limits, and I know that its indiscriminate employment will only bring disappointment to the patients and discredit to the system." The reasons he gives are too long to quote, but are well worth attention. In this connection it will no doubt surprise modern medical hypnotists to learn that they were forestalled by an amateur forty years ago. "This power of influencing the waking actions by a promise made in sleep may be most usefully applied," wrote Professor Gregory in 1851. "I have lately seen a person who had been induced by Mr. Lewis to promise, while in the sleep, to abstain from fermented liquors, and had in his ordinary state steadily adhered to that promise. Mr. Lewis informs me that he has broken many persons off the habit of drinking, as well as of other bad habits in this way." This fairly disposes of the Nancy "discoveries" in treatment by suggestion. With regard to the dangers arising from the use of hypnotism, Dr. Tuckey is inclined rather to pooh-pooh them; but his opinion is quite contrary to that of several of the most eminent French hypnotists, such as Richer, Beaunis, and Liégeois, and hardly agrees with some of the cases adduced by himself. His book is agreeably written.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

ALTHOUGH Dr. Cunningham published a book some years ago on the *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, he justly claims that the volume before us, though bearing the same title, should be treated as the first instalment of a new work. Besides containing a large number of fresh facts, it deals with its subject more thoroughly, and takes note of the results of all the more important investigations which have lately been made into matters connected with English economic history. He begins well by defining the scope of his inquiry, and laying down the method in which he proposes to conduct it. And he goes on as he begins; his facts are never jumbled together, his theories are clearly expressed, and his treatise is remarkably free from the woolliness which too often disfigures works of a similar kind. After stating the relations between his special study and the history of politics and of current convictions as regards questions of morals, he examines the causes and limitations of economic progress and the character of its history, which he describes as presenting, not a continuous course of change in any one direction, but the "growth and subsequent decay of a series of different organisms as they were in turn affected

* *The Growth of English History and Commerce during the Early and Middle Ages.* By W. Cunningham, D.D., Vicar of St. Mary's the Great, University Lecturer, and Lecturer in Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

by political, moral, or physical conditions." As these economic organisms depended on the framework of society, he divides his book according to successive periods of political change, treating separately, for example, the feudal period from the Conquest to the accession of Edward I., and the period of "Representation and Legislation" from 1307 to 1377, as having each its own economic characteristics corresponding to, and dependent on, contemporary politics. He has no sympathy with efforts to exalt the economic side of a nation's history above its political record, and points out that, as the life is more than meat, so national greatness is a higher thing than industrial prosperity. In dealing with his main divisions he begins with a short view of the forces which influenced the development of English society during the period under consideration, devotes some chapters to a sketch of the progress of trade and industry, and ends with a discussion of the economic doctrines prevalent at the time. We gather that he has not himself worked at manuscript sources of information, such as court-rolls, manorial accounts, or the register-books of boroughs. The part which he has chosen to fulfil is that of working up and pointing out the signification of facts which others have collected. His conclusions are the result of independent judgment, and while he fully acknowledges his obligations to earlier workers in the same field, he expresses his disagreement with Professor Thorold Rogers and other authorities on several important questions.

Dr. Cunningham begins his history with a description of the mode of agriculture prevalent in Frisia after the people had relinquished their migratory habits; he explains the account which Tacitus gives of the system of extensive tillage—a fresh portion of the waste land was broken up every year, and each member of the village community received a share of the land to be his for one year only—and points out how the introduction of more careful tillage led to the abandonment of the yearly re-allotment, and how the villager, besides his common rights in woodland and pasture, acquired an exclusive right over particular plots of arable land. No decided opinion is expressed by Dr. Cunningham as to whether this change had been made before the immigration. He rejects without hesitation the theory that the Roman civilization substantially survived the English conquest, and reappeared in the institutions of the eleventh century. The English occupation was the settlement of an armed people, and the land was divided among groups of warriors, who were connected by the tie of the sept, and were already "organized for military discipline and police responsibility." Although independent village communities had disappeared by the time of the Norman Conquest, it is, as Dr. Cunningham says, impossible to believe that the cultivation of the land was carried on by a servile population. Free warriors associated themselves together in the newly-conquered country for the same purposes as in their old homes, though the mark was no longer the basis of organization. The method of cultivation which they followed is clearly explained, and the rotation of crops on the three-field system is illustrated by a diagram. During the period before the coming of the Normans personal ties gave way to proprietary obligations, the cultivators of the soil lost their independence, and the village communities were superseded by lordships. The change is not so unintelligible as some recent writers would have us believe. Each of the early villages was a self-sufficing community, and industry was paid, not by the job or the hour, but by an allowance for the maintenance of the workman. Some indications, however, are to be found in very early times of a desire to encourage internal trade, which was for the most part carried on in regular places and at regular intervals. The beginnings of town-life and a vast increase in commerce were brought about by the Danish invasions, and by the time of the Conquest the trade of England was "large and definitely regulated." In an interesting section on the conditions of this early trade Dr. Cunningham deals with the circulation of coin and the modes of computation and measurement. In his review of the economic changes of the Feudal period he gives a short account of the sources of the royal revenue, comments on the information to be found in Domesday as to the wealth of the country, and then comes to the most important effect of the Conquest, so far as his purpose is concerned—the increased intercourse with the Continent which it opened to England. His theory that craft gilds were first formed by Frenchmen because they found themselves treated as aliens in the towns in which they settled strikes us as very strange. It is supported by the assertion that one of the so-called Laws of William the Conqueror provides that the French who settled in England in the reign of the Confessor should be at scot and lot with the English; for, it is argued, this proves that the newcomers held an exceptional position which, though at first one of privilege, was soon found to entail disabilities. A reference to the "Law" in question will, we think, convince Dr. Cunningham that he has mistaken its purport. Nor can we allow that the entry in Domesday as to the distinction between the French and English in Hereford is much to the purpose, for these matters were ordered according to the laws of William Fitz-Osbern. Surely Dr. Cunningham does not suppose that Frenchmen living in London were under special disabilities in the reign of Henry I., or that Gilbert Becket, the portreeve, was "in the community, but not of it." Some suggestive remarks on the relations between the Merchant gild and the craft gilds in the fourteenth century will be found in their proper place. As Dr. Cunningham has been allowed to refer to Dr. Gross's forthcoming *Gild Merchant*, we get a good deal on that subject which is well worthy of remark, though it will, perhaps, be well to withhold our comments until we have the pleasure of reading what Dr. Gross has to tell us in his own book. Efforts to secure communal prosperity gradually gave way before regulations in the interests of the people at large and the rise of a general commercial policy. This change is intimately connected with constitutional development, and the foundation of it is to be found in the work of consolidation carried out by Edward I., whose attempts, as recorded here, to deal with industry and trade as matters of concern to the whole State are rightly viewed as part of his scheme of national organization. Definite schemes for the promotion of national prosperity are to be discerned in the legislation of Edward III., and though the King's aims are perhaps too favourably interpreted here, there can be no doubt that he strenuously endeavoured to foster foreign commerce and domestic industries. His commercial policy was directed to securing cheap imports and a high price for exports; he tried by the Ordinance of the Staple to bring foreign merchants over to England, to ensure good competition for our wool, while he interfered with the Gascon wine trade in order to keep prices down. The result of his legislation was, as Dr. Cunningham remarks, that the English merchant was unfairly weighted as compared with the foreigner; he was forbidden to export wool so that it might be sold dear, and to import wine in order that it might be sold cheap. Nor was dear wool, though it certainly brought the King increased revenue—a point which should have been given prominence—an unmixed blessing to the subject; for the high price injuriously affected the native manufacture of the coarser kinds of cloth. Edward's efforts to plant new industries by encouraging the immigration of Flemish weavers were more decidedly beneficial than his interference with commerce.

With the Black Death the economic history of England enters on a new stage. That the plague carried off about half the population of the country is perhaps a safe estimate; what the population was cannot easily be determined. Dr. Cunningham argues against Professor Rogers's theory that it was much the same as at the time of the poll-tax of 1377—that is, about two and a half millions; he believes that the population did not materially recover during the twenty-five years after the plague, and considers that the assertion that England could not have fed five millions in the middle of the fourteenth century is founded on a miscalculation. His view of the legislation which followed as to wages and labour is, we think, sounder than that taken by Mr. Seebohm; it was not tyrannical because it was accompanied by an attempt to bring prices down to their old level; it was unfair because the changes in coinage made prices rise. The succeeding period was marked by an increase in the wealth and power of the merchant class. In order to satisfy the merchants a new scheme of mercantile policy was adopted; the privileges of alien traders were curtailed, and attempts were made to encourage native shipping. While Edward III. aimed at bringing foreign merchants to English markets, and had allowed both exports and imports to be carried in foreign ships, an Act passed in the reign of his grandson forbade any of the King's subjects to ship any goods, "but only in ships of the King's liegance." Meanwhile landowners were in terrible straits on account of the scarcity of labour, and were driven to exact strictly from their villeins services which had to some extent fallen into desuetude. As regards this matter, however, Dr. Cunningham is again at issue with Professor Rogers, who, he says, "greatly antedates the time when services were commuted." Another point of difference between them relates to the date of the widespread change from tillage to sheep-farming. The decay of tillage is here said to have begun far earlier in the fifteenth century than Professor Rogers is disposed to allow, and to have occasioned a lack of rural employment. On the other hand, the manufacture of cloth had grown with extraordinary rapidity, and in some parts—particularly, we may suppose, in the neighbourhood of clothing towns—it became difficult to keep up the supply of rural labour. It was a period of transition during which men began to form new economic ideas; the principles on which mediæval trade had been conducted were fast becoming obsolete. The extent and character of this change in doctrine are ably pointed out by our author. Instead of aiming at plenty, as Edward III. had done, the merchants and statesmen of the succeeding age aimed at power; they discouraged alien traders, and sought to foster native shipping and to increase the treasure of the country. They thus laid the foundations of the mercantile system, which was fully worked out by the Tudor kings. On this matter Dr. Cunningham aptly quotes the remark of Bacon that Henry VII. bowed the ancient polity of this realm "from consideration of plenty to consideration of power." He adds that we have under Cobden's direction reverted to the commercial policy of Edward III. In this volume the history is brought down to the accession of Elizabeth, and, among other matters belonging to the first four Tudor reigns, the decay and destruction of gilds and the enclosing of land are fully dealt with. Besides giving, in an appendix, several documents illustrative of his text, Dr. Cunningham has reprinted from the text of M. Wolowski the curious treatise of Nicolas Oresme, *De Mutatione Monetarum*, written about 1373.

CHAMBERS'S DESCRIPTIVE AND PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY.*

WHAT is Descriptive Astronomy? Thirty years ago an adequate reply would have been easily forthcoming; now the question is attended by some perplexity. The exclusive employment of the term, in fact, to designate a particular branch of science has been rendered inappropriate by time and progress. Descriptive astronomy has no longer a substantive existence.

The vast improvement of telescopes during the present century inevitably prompted attempts to interpret to the general public, by the aid of pen and pencil, the wonders they disclosed. The resulting compositions might be designated books of travel through the heavens. Their aim was to impart the results of exploration, not to teach methods, or to pry curiously into causes. This comparatively simple function had not yet, at the epoch of the first appearance of the valuable work now before us, become entangled with added and unfamiliar exigencies. Spectrum analysis was, in 1861, barely emerging into view. Celestial photography had been made the subject of a few promising experiments. The overwhelming importance to which each was about to attain lay outside the range of the most sagacious forecast.

One result of this unlooked-for growth has been to widen the scope, while complicating the task, of popular celestial exposition. The new science of "astrophysics" is equally impossible to be ignored and difficult to be suitably treated. It involves recondite questions in chemistry, optics, electricity, and physics, which can neither be fully discussed nor left wholly untouched in treatises adapted for general reading. On one side, there is the danger of bewilderment through saying too much; on the other, the fear of obscurity from saying too little. "Without o'erflowing," the stream of instruction should still be made to run full, deep, and clear. "Economy of truth" is indispensable; yet less so than integrity of statement. Narratives of telescopic discovery were hence far more recreative both to writers and readers than are recitals of spectroscopic novelties. Acquaintance with the latter can scarcely be said to exist at all unless it go a little more than skin-deep; and it is, indeed, the working of the inner organism, to which they serve as indications, that has become the real point of interest in all such inquiries.

The successive editions of the book under review testify curiously, by the successive modifications introduced into them, to the progress of this revolution. In 1867 the author considered spectrum analysis as "too purely a physical subject, and also in too infantine a state, to require notice" in his pages, although, he added, "the time *may* come." It assuredly *has* come; and he wisely conformed to altered circumstances in 1877, and still more markedly in 1890, by the admission of appropriate sections.

The form taken by the present issue requires a few words of explanation. It consists of three virtually independent works, the offspring through fission, it might be said, of the one parent volume in which the previous edition was comprised. The two first divisions of the fourth edition, dealing respectively with the "Sun, Planets, and Comets," and with "Instruments and Practical Astronomy," are on our table as we write; the third, on "The Starry Heavens," is announced to appear before the year closes. The whole constitutes an undeniably important addition to astronomical literature. Distinguished from the first for its general usefulness, the work was at once intelligible to ordinarily educated men and women, and serviceable, as an easily accessible storehouse of facts, to students and observers. These merits have been enhanced in the laborious preparation of the present augmented edition. The process of "bringing up to date" has been, on the whole, extremely well performed. Very few recent investigations of genuine merit have escaped the vigilance of Mr. Chambers and his collaborators. For he has judiciously invoked the aid of specialists in several branches. Mr. Denning is responsible for the extensive developments given to the chapters on "Meteoric Astronomy"; Mr. Maunder, of the Royal Observatory, contributes two excellent "Books" on Celestial Spectroscopy and Photography; Mr. Penrose expounds a graphical method of determining cometary orbits; Mr. W. T. Lynn has revised the tabular elements of the solar system.

A few omissions and inaccuracies, and a few superfluities, might be pointed out. Thus, among the methods enumerated for finding the sun's distance, neither that by the oppositions of the minor planets, nor that depending upon the velocity of light, is included. Yet there can be little doubt that they are precisely the two best available; and the former deserves just now special attention from the splendid series of observations upon the planetoids Victoria and Sappho made last year at the Cape for the express purpose of arriving at a more closely accurate value than heretofore of the fundamental datum of astronomy. Again, the chapter on the Earth contains no reference to experiments for ascertaining its mean density; and the probably apocryphal transit of the comet of 1819 is alleged (with due caution in the matter of its reality) as a solitary instance of the phenomenon, in apparent forgetfulness of the remarkable passage in front of the sun effected by the great comet of 1882. Dr. Haerdtl's calculations, showing Winnecke's comet to be exempt from the influence of a resisting medium, were, we presume, published too late for notice; no less than the Lick observations, laying bare the illusory nature of certain supposed "bright lines" in the spectrum of Uranus. The statement that "at present the mean motion of the moon is being increased at the rate of about 12″ every 100 years" might, with advantage, have been qualified. Newcomb's researches indicate for the "secular acceleration" a value of no more than 8″ or 9″, and render dubious the necessity for summoning tidal friction to the rescue of gravitational theory. Nor can any considerable heating of the lunar surface be reconciled with Professor Langley's and Dr. Boeddicker's measurements of lunar heat. The external temperature of our satellite approaches, it is likely, much more nearly to that of freezing than to that of boiling water. It appears to us, too, that Mr. Maunder's expressions with reference to the lines "H" and "K," conspicuous (one or both of them) in the photographed spectra of most stars, are somewhat misleading. He omits to explain that, while K is due to calcium solely, H owns a double origin, a broad hydrogen band sometimes involving a fine calcium ray, and *vice versâ*. And, since hydrogen lines develop as if at the expense of other metallic lines, marked inequalities between H and K are displayed in passing from star to star, quite irrespectively of the molecular condition of calcium or of the distribution of its supposed elements.

Among the few pages of these volumes with which we could willingly dispense are those treating, at rather unnecessary length, of the "willow-leaf" and "Vulcan" controversies. Both have had their day; and both have, for different reasons, forfeited their once indisputable claim to detailed attention. We regret, besides, to miss none of the unmannerly sallies against his Roman Catholic fellow-Christians which disfigured Mr. Chambers's earlier editions. The re-echoing of hackneyed taunts, effective only through imperfect knowledge, is unworthy of his high reputation.

The first part of the present Handbook is still built upon the old lines. Celestial chemistry has no place, celestial photography is scarcely once mentioned, in it. The necessary amount of information on each topic is, indeed, supplied in the second part; but its segregation detracts from the independent value of the first. An arrangement by which facts ascertained spectroscopically and photographically are disconnected from closely related facts ascertained telescopically, is evidently unsatisfactory, although, under the actual circumstances, it may have been unavoidable.

We have left the pleasantest portion of our task to the last. It is that of giving unstinted praise to the practical sections of the work under notice. The needs of amateur telescopists have been most successfully met in the chapters on instruments and the equipment of observatories, which the author's personal experience and the hints of his professional advisers have combined to render eminently trustworthy. As an instance of the solicitude with which practical helpfulness has been considered, it may suffice to mention the supply (slipped into the cover of the second volume) of plans and specifications for the erection of small observatories. The work embodies as well a vast amount of bibliographical and statistical information. Thus, seventy-seven pages are occupied by tabular data regarding comets alone, including the elements of 392 cometary orbits and a descriptive enumeration of 539 objects insufficiently observed for computing purposes. The indexes, on the other hand, leave a great deal to be desired in the way of completeness.

* *A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy.* By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. Fourth edition. I. The Sun, Planets, and Comets. II. Instruments and Practical Astronomy. Clarendon Press: Oxford. 1889, 1890.

SEVEN SUMMERS.*

THE last four or five years at Eton have been marked by a more than usually plentiful crop of short-lived periodicals. The most successful and most vigorous was certainly *The Parachute*, which ran to three numbers in the summer half of last year. Its editors and those of another paper, the *Present Etonian*—whether they are the same persons or not we do not know—have now just produced a dainty volume in cream colour and light blue under the above title. Books about school-life at Eton, when they cease to be pure reminiscence, are never somehow quite successful, and this book is no exception to the rule. Probably the fault is one that is shared by all books written about school-life, and usually springs from their authors having forgotten what it is like. No schoolboy story except *Tom Brown* is worth reading, and we are not at all sure that, in his heart of hearts, a Rugby man does not find fault with that. The authors of *Seven Summers*, like the author of *A Day of My Life*, have the advantage of freshness of knowledge; but it is no disparagement to them to say that they are therefore handicapped in another way by their inexperience. We think the authors of the work under review made a mistake in mixing up a story with descriptive essays on Eton life and moral reflections on Eton habits and customs. Thus part of the book consists of essays, such as Chapter I. on Getting Up or Chapter III. on The Inner Man—which is a disquisition, not very novel, on Sock Cads; while about three-quarters of it are concerned with an association of three friends called the B.B. Club (what a hundred years ago, in old Eton slang, was called a "Con"), and

* *Seven Summers: an Eton Medley.* By the Editors of "The Parachute" and "Present Etonian." Eton: R. Ingalton Drake.

the adventures of these same three. These three, we are bound to say, have rather a woodenness about them, caused largely by their being intended as types of the Eton world. They are Ixworth, the Dry-bob; Bucklebury, the Wet-bob; and Witstock, the Steerer. Of the three, we prefer the last; he is far and away the most lively and, in our opinion, the most natural. Of the minor characters who revolve round the B.B. Club, we prefer the Shiny Fag and Peter Frank. In fact, Peter Frank—who is not an Etonian, but only "my tutor's" footman—is, to our mind, the best character in the book, and reminds us of one we knew years ago who had occupied a similar position, though retired into more private life when we knew him. Peter Frank's epigrams filter through the medium of the Shiny Fag to the upper circles of the house, and that, notably, on the Crocodile is worth quoting. The Crocodile, to whom a chapter is devoted, is a cur of the blackest character, purchased by "my tutor" as a pedigree bloodhound, who is expelled in turn from all parts of the house. What led to his being expelled from the kitchen was too great a longing for the calves of the cook's young man, and the scene is thus described by Peter Frank:—

> She was talkin' to 'er friend just as you and me might be doin' 'ere, and she 'ears a buzzin' noise in the corner, and cook she think no more till she see that (epithet) Crockydile a-settlin' on 'er friend's leg, for all the world like a bluebottle on a 'am! And *I* 'ear the noise and I comes runnin' in and find cook a-leatherin' of 'im with the rollin' pin, and I says "*that* ain't no good." I says, "that ain't no more good than a lame flea. Get the pepper box," I says, and we sprinkles a 'andful of pepper on 'is nose, and presently 'e begins sneezin' like mad, and let go and slink away *a-swallerin' of the piece.*

The Shiny Fag is a character whose exact equal we have never met before and are only thankful he was never our fag; but Bucklebury seems able to manage him, which does infinite credit to his powers of moral suasion. "The Story of Dagon" will doubtless please those who knew Eton before the days of fights were done; but whether the schism at "my tutor's," which is very well described, especially the feelings of "my tutor," could be ended now in such a way we will leave a younger generation of Etonians to decide; at all events, it is allowable, we suppose, in fiction. The sentimental element, against which we are inclined to protest, is supplied by Constance, "my tutor's" daughter, a flirt of eight years old, who reduces the Dry-bob hero to desperation. Our author seems to be an enthusiastic follower of the beagles, and he describes his favourite pursuit with considerable animation, and an episode in the career of a quondam Master of the E.C.H. with feeling.

Among other things new to us of an older day appears to be a new torture invented for the habitually unpunctual—namely, the inscribing of one's name five minutes before early school in a record book kept at the school office. There is one comfort in this, the office is nearer College than anywhere else, and Collegers, as the present lower master once informed his division in a memorable epigram, are proverbially unpunctual. There are one or two phrases, such as the ejaculation "cream-coloured Horatius," which we could wish away, for they are neither amusing nor good English nor good slang. In conclusion, we may say that we have been interested, on the whole, in reading the book, and if mothers of Etonians want a good-humoured account of some of the things which their sons think and do, they could do many things worse than buy *Seven Summers.*

THIRTY YEARS OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.*

THAT the career of a Colonial Governor who had been placed over five colonies or dependencies would present incidents worth telling, and that they would be well told by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, was to be anticipated. Sir George Bowen's education was of the regular old-fashioned type; first a public school and then Oxford. He gained his first-class in Classics and a Fellowship at Brasenose in 1844. He can speak to a Cardinal in choice Italian, to a Greek patriarch in modern Greek, and to a French admiral in Parisian French. His public services extend over thirty years. He established representative government in the new colony of Queensland after its separation from New South Wales in 1860. He saw the end of the Maori war in New Zealand, and reconciled their warriors to the rule of the White Men. Towards the end of his public life, with the assistance of Sir G. Baden-Powell, he framed a new constitution for Malta. Mr. Lane-Poole has managed to sift and arrange the public and private correspondence placed at his disposal with discrimination and tact. For, to speak plainly, it is not always desirable that an ex-Governor should tell the story of his own trials and successes. Even in the hands of another editor there is a little too much of the Happy Valley and the Flowery Land. All Colonial Governors have their disappointments. There are rival interests to be reconciled. Ebullient freedom must be kept within bounds. If the Head of the administration cannot govern and originate, he must know when and how to interpose with judicious suggestions and to throw oil on the angry waters. He must not offend the susceptibilities of the independent settlers, and he must yet take care that Imperial checks and moderating influences should not be resented. We get glimpses of angry debates, dislike to dictation, resignations of Ministers threatened and carried out, and all the other enlivening incidents of a healthy colonial squabble, but any dissents seem to have been drowned in the acclamations which greeted the Governor on his arrival or followed him on his departure from Brisbane, Wellington, and Hong Kong. Perhaps a song of praise was inevitable. It was incumbent on the editor to show that the principal figure in these two volumes was believed to have done his duty by the colonists and by the State. But we could wish that fewer pages had been allotted to congratulatory addresses and sonorous replies.

Still there is much to interest in the picture of the growth of representative institutions, in the proof that responsible government in the colonies cannot dispense with a Second Chamber, in the animated and graphic descriptions of colonial scenery, life, and manners, in the rapid transitions from rude natural harbours and squatters' huts to splendid ports and wharves and imposing cities, and in the unmistakable evidence of the affection with which sheepowners and merchants regard their mother-country. The notion that some of our biggest colonial possessions were mere incumbrances which we might easily shake off, is now exploded. Complacent utterances as to final separation find no support in these volumes. It is to Sir G. Bowen's credit that in every position of trust and importance he has done his utmost to discredit and shatter a theory so entirely at variance with all our best traditions as a nation and so opposed to the wishes and interests of the colonists themselves. It is now no longer necessary to remind Secretaries of State for the Colonies, whether Liberals or Conservatives, of the old fable of Menenius Agrippa.

Another novel and pleasing feature in these volumes is their abundance of classical illustrations. They are neither hackneyed nor pedantic. Virgil, Horace, Pindar, Æschylus, and, of course, Homer are respectively quoted with reference to a splendid view of a new country, on the arrival of an illustrious guest, on the untutored eloquence of a Maori in a war-dress, or on some episode in the struggle of parties for supremacy at the poll. In the Downs of Queensland, named after a former Governor of New South Wales, Sir George Bowen discerns the Peneus, the plain of Larissa, and the wide pastures of Homer. The squatters of Merivale are like the centaurs of Thessaly. At the foot of the volcano of Tongariro, in New Zealand, the spectacle of rivers rising from almost the same source, and flowing north, south, and west, reminds him of a pass in Pindus and of those rivers—*diversa locis*—which Aristæus saw in his subterranean exploration. The mountain ranges of Northern Queensland have the outline and colouring of the Apennines and the Eubœan Hills, and the colony itself can boast a better climate and more vegetation than Greece. A constitutional dilemma on the currency sends him off to the maxim of Herodotus, which Dr. Arnold was fond of quoting, about fulness of knowledge and barrenness of results. The Maori wars and the disputes between the civil and military authorities seem to have been foreshadowed by two stanzas from an alcaic ode of Horace. The same poet greets the departure of the Duke of Edinburgh in his yacht, the *Galatea.* A well-known line in the *Prometheus* can alone do justice to a Southern sea sparkling under a Southern sun. Pindar is suggested to Mr. Gladstone, in order that he may be able to realize an Eastern archipelago. No more accurate term can be found for the dependency of Hong Kong than the Greek term which signified that a place was neither a colony nor an emporium, but "a fort or stronghold placed so as to command an enemy's country." Lochiel was the prototype of a celebrated Maori chieftain, and Sir George Bowen himself in one of his principal posts was nothing more or less than a Greek *oikistes* or founder. The introduction of this classic currency is justified by the fact that it is scattered over public or confidential letters to Ministers who were scholars first and statesmen afterwards. It must have relieved the dryness of despatches about the retirement of a Ministry, the issue of inconvertible paper, and the reduction of magistrates and their salaries, and it cannot but have awakened a sympathetic feeling in such statesmen as Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Sherbrooke, and Mr. Gladstone. As we have already said, they are not dragged in, like the head of Charles I., but appear to come spontaneously and gracefully as the pen is dipped in the ink.

If the Government of Victoria is justly looked on as the blue ribbon of the Colonial Service, Sir George's most interesting post, we think, was that of Queensland. Here was realized the vision of many ardent administrators in India and elsewhere. There was a blank sheet of paper on which anything could be written. In 1859 a new colony was cut out of New South Wales, and Moreton Bay received the appropriate title of Queensland. Everything had to be done in the way of construction. There was nothing but the foundation of the edifice. Not a single soldier protected a territory larger than most European kingdoms. The population of Brisbane was only 7,000. In the Public Treasury there was not even a "splendid shilling." It contained just sevenpence-halfpenny, and even this was stolen a few nights after the Governor's arrival. Several very burning questions awaited solution; the rights of shepherds and squatters; and the whole machinery of the franchise, the elections, and the legislative assemblies had to be invented, hammered, and put together. The ballot and manhood suffrage

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* *Thirty Years of Colonial Government: a Selection from the Despatches and Letters of the Right Honourable Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon., Hon. LL.D. Cantab., Governor successively of Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hong Kong.* Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. With Portrait. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co.; and New York.

were introduced. The Legislative Assembly was composed of twenty-six members, elected on the above basis. Its proceedings were subject to the revision of a Legislative *Council* of fifteen leading settlers nominated by the Governor. After this came the organization of the police, the enrolment of a corps of Volunteers, the registration of voters, the allotment of funds for public worship and education, and legislative Acts for the occupation of pastoral land and the reservation of large tracts in the hands of Government to be leased and sold at reasonable prices to agricultural, as distinct from pastoral, settlers. Much was effected in the annual tours of the Governor, who rode over the Downs, was received by hospitable shepherds, and marked out harbours, some of them eight hundred miles from Brisbane, at which cricket and boating clubs were amongst the first institutions. Sir G. Bowen's tenure of office lasted for six years, and was enlivened by one financial and political crisis. The Treasurer, on the part of his colleagues in the Ministry, proposed to issue inconvertible notes, and to make them legal tender. Sir G. Bowen politely told them that in that case he should practically veto the Bill by referring it for orders from Home. Remonstrances and resignations followed. At last a new Ministry was formed, and the crisis was met by the issue, not of valueless paper, but of 300,000*l.* of Treasury bills. The action of the Governor was approved by Lord Carnarvon, then at the Colonial Office, and the new colony was saved from a step which would have impaired its credit and checked its prosperity. We may remark that the increase in revenue, population, and general prosperity of the colony, which had assumed respectable proportions before Sir G. Bowen's departure, has now swelled to such dimensions that the colonists, by the last mails, seem to be anxious to split up and to found a new colony in the north of Queensland, with headquarters in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

In New Zealand Sir George Bowen had the good fortune to put an end to a harassing warfare between the Maoris and the settlers, and to stamp out a Fenian movement without making martyrs and heroes of its ringleaders. The previous campaigns against the Maoris had not been decisive, and there had been wholesale massacres of men and women, as well as partial defeats of our forces. The New Zealanders were dealt with very much as were the Highland clans by Pitt. The colonists were able to raise local corps of Militia and Volunteers. Places of refuge for women and children were constructed in central positions. Roads were opened from the plains to the mountains, and, by appealing to the loyalty of the well-disposed chiefs, by addresses translated sentence by sentence, and by visits to the interior not unattended by risk, the Governor was enabled, at the end of 1871, to announce the pacific termination of a ten years' war. Maoris rowed the Governor and Lady Bowen in their war canoes, and greeted them with songs and shouts of welcome on the banks of rivers which had been the scene of sanguinary conflicts, and where British officers had had to ride away for their lives.

Victoria was a different experience altogether. This colony had for twenty years been emancipated from the paternal rule. Parliamentary Government had taken root and flourished. There had even been room for the growth of a sort of Conservatism amongst the older settlers which was in contrast to the sturdy Democracy of the great towns. Instead of soothing chiefs, attending *koreros* or conferences, and reserving tracts of lands for native interests and rights, the Governor had to deal with a collision between the Upper and the Lower Houses, and something like a Parliamentary deadlock. Members, it was found, were not going to work for nothing, and insisted on salaries of 300*l.* a year. A Bill to secure this payment, which had passed the Assembly or Lower House by a large majority, was rejected by the Upper House or the Legislative Council. The Ministry, relying on the support of the popular Chamber, retaliated by stopping supplies, and withholding the salaries of police magistrates and of judges of County Courts. Luckily the allowances of the Governor himself, of the judges of the Supreme Court, of Ministers, and of a few other functionaries, were already secured by permanent Acts, and were not provided by annual votes. But it was a very pretty quarrel while it lasted. Finally, the inevitable compromise was adopted, after delays, discussions, and much preaching on the Governor's part of forbearance and concession. Members got their salaries and magistrates their back pay (we hope), and the public works their necessary funds. In a slight difference of opinion which occurred on this difficult question between the Governor and the Secretary of State, we are bound to record an opinion that the former had the best of it. Payment or non-payment of members and officials was not a matter of Imperial concern, and the Head of the colony was judicious in following the advice of his responsible Ministers, and allowing the credit or discredit of the measure to be shared by the latter and their majority in the Lower House.

The Mauritius, again, was a return to an older state of things. There was much of aristocracy, something of autocracy, and very little of the popular will. The Council consisted of a few officials nominated by the Governor, and expected to vote with him or resign. The island was governed mainly by old French laws, framed under the ideas in force under Louis XV. The French planters were good rifle-shots, and retained something of the courtesy of their Royalist forefathers who emigrated in 1792. For Government House there was an old feudal château, with spacious halls, black and white marble pavements, and a genuine old-fashioned ghost, supposed to be the spectre of the great Labourdonnais. There was more work here than in the typical Crown colony. Despatch-boxes and their contents required the orders of the Governor; and he was more in a position corresponding to the head of a non-Regulation Province in India in an epoch anterior to Baboos and Congresses. Work was varied by shooting and fishing excursions, in which a colonial Bishop seems to have been quite able and ready to take an active part.

We have no space left for the government of Hong Kong, for divers excursions to parts of Japan, for an appendix which explains the new plan of electoral districts in Malta, and for the paper on Imperial Federation. It is very likely that in some of the colonies there may be a decided difference of opinion as to the policy pursued by Sir George Bowen at various conjunctures. But he must have been trustworthy to have been selected for six different situations by English statesmen of opposite parties; and while these volumes invite speculation on the future growth, prospects, and political associations of the colonists, they are at the same time the memorials of a useful and honourable career.

SOME BOOKS ON ELECTRICITY.*

ONE of the most surprising things about electricity is the fact that, although it admits of accurate measurement, and can be applied with ease and certainty to a vast number of practical uses, we do not know what it is. When the zinc and carbon poles of a battery are joined by means of a wire, we know that something happens in the wire, something which is usually called the "flowing of a current." The so-called current is known only by its effects—by its power of heating the wire, inducing magnetism in iron, decomposing liquids, and doing various kinds of work. The work done by it can be as exactly measured as the energy expended by a steam-engine. We calculate the quantity of the current, the rate of its flow, the pressure driving it, and the resistance of the wire, in units of space, mass, and time, just as we calculate the flow of water in a pipe. But, whereas water is a thing which can be seen and touched, no man can say that he has seen electricity. He may have seen its effects in the lightning flash or the galvanometer, but not the thing itself. In fact, we know as little about it as we should know about water if water were invisible and intangible, and yet retained all its other properties. We do not know whether the direction of the current is from the zinc to the carbon or from the carbon to the zinc. We do not know whether what we call a current is really a current at all. Fortunately our ignorance of the nature of electricity does not prevent us from employing it extensively in our service, as the bulky volume called *The Electrical Trades Directory* abundantly testifies. In seven years this handbook has grown from 73 to 1,002 pages. The list of electrical trades and professions includes about four hundred well-marked varieties. It was estimated two years ago by one who was in a position to judge pretty accurately that about five millions of the population of the world got their living through various electrical industries; and, if we may judge from the growing dimensions of the book before us, the number must now be increasing every year. But the particular department which is increasing by "leaps and bounds" is that of electric lighting. In this branch there was great activity in this country about eight years ago. Then came a startling collapse, which was attributable in part to frantic speculation and in part to the unfortunate provision of the Electric Lighting Act of 1882, under which the local authorities were empowered to buy up the installations of the Companies at the end of twenty-one years for the market value of the land and plant. The Act of 1888 modified the stringency of this provision and gave a new impetus to electric light engineering. Our readers will remember the rush which took place last year of Companies eager to supply London with the new light, the Board of Trade Inquiry, the Report of Majors Marindin and Cardew, and the subsequent ratification of provisional orders parcelling out the metropolitan area among eight Companies. The Directory reprints a large slice of the Report of the Board of Trade inquiry, and also gives a clear digest of the law of electric lighting as it now stands, together with statistical tables and information likely to be of use to electricians. At the end of the book will be found biographical notices of about two hundred living electrical authorities, interspersed with portraits of somewhat unequal merit.

Any one who wishes to acquire with the least possible mental effort a clear idea of the various machines and processes which are involved in electric lighting may be confidently referred to Messrs. Slingo and Brooker's book on *Electrical Engineering*. The other works which cover the same ground are either so heavily weighted with formulæ as to be intelligible only to those who have had a mathematical training, or so slight and sketchy as to give the student an incomplete view of the whole subject. To the majority of readers, even to many of those engaged in electrical work, a formula is not only unintelligible, but tends to induce a

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* *The Electrical Trades Directory.* London: The "Electrician" Printing and Publishing Company.

Electrical Engineering for Electric Light Artizans and Students. By W. Slingo and A. Brooker. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Electricity in our Homes and Workshops. By Sydney F. Walker. London: Whittaker & Co.

Electricity and its Uses. By J. Munro. London: Religious Tract Society.

somewhat peculiar state of mind, a feeling of discouragement, a belief that the whole subject (which may be simple enough in itself) is beyond their grasp. Messrs. Slingo and Brooker have steered very skilfully between Scylla and Charybdis in their bold endeavour to lay down a course suitable for readers of this kind. In dealing with electricity and magnetism it is, of course, impossible to avoid mathematical expressions altogether; but when any such are introduced the authors are careful to explain them in such a way that they cannot well be misunderstood. Take, for instance, the elementary formula of magnetism $f = \frac{M \times M_1}{d_2}$. What the beginner fails to realize, unless he is told over and over again, is the fact that each letter represents a number of units—f the number of dynes, M the number of unit magnetic poles, and d the number of centimetres. All this and more is made perfectly clear; and throughout the book the reader is led on by easy stages, so that nothing need be missed by the way. We would remark, however, that as the expression "lines of force," in the technical sense, is used very frequently, the explanation of a "line of force" might have been made somewhat fuller. It is true that on p. 93 we are told that a magnetic field of unit strength is assumed to contain one line of force per square centimetre; but this hardly gives the beginner the sort of mental picture that he can carry in his mind's eye. And here we think it would have been useful to employ the conception of tubes of force divided by equipotential surfaces into "unit cells." Although this idea is beginning to become unfashionable, and is usually discarded as superfluous by more advanced students, it is extremely useful in enabling the beginner to realize the meaning of a field of force. The "unit line of force," by-the-bye, although quite as useful as the unit of current (ampère) or the unit of electromotive force (volt), has no name, and the deplorable, and yet fascinating, suggestion has been made that the first syllable of a certain distinguished electrician's name should be used for the purpose, whether with or without the "h" we do not know. If, however, the student has fully grasped the meaning of a "line of force," he will not have the least difficulty in understanding Messrs. Slingo and Brooker's descriptions of dynamos, motors, and transformers; and he will find ample information in this book with regard to measuring instruments, storage cells, Board of Trade unit meters, lamps, vacuum pumps, switches, cut-outs, and so forth. The chapter on the measurement of electro-motive force is particularly well done, and there is a good description of that pretty instrument the Cardew voltmeter, in which the expansion and contraction of a fine platinum-silver wire (in proportion to the heat generated by a current passing through it) causes a pointer to rotate. It is essentially a practical instrument, well suited for rough usage in the engine-room or on the tram-car. Other voltmeters there are, and some perhaps more accurate, but none so handy and simple. As has been well said, the more elaborate instruments stand to the Cardew voltmeter in the same relation as the astronomical clock at Greenwich to an ordinary watch. They are more accurate, but not so generally useful. The Ayrton and Perry voltmeter is perhaps equally admirable; but it is, after all, only an extension of Major Cardew's principle. In describing dynamos Messrs. Slingo and Brooker do not adopt the historical method, but confine themselves almost exclusively to those forms which have survived in the keen struggle for existence of the last few years. The field at present is pretty equally divided between the alternating and continuous current varieties, and the authors make no attempt to decide on the comparative merits of these competing systems. It would, indeed, be dangerous to do so, because every disparaging statement made on the one side is instantly met with indignant denial and a cloud of formulæ and experiments on the other. It is pretty certain, however, that for lighting a large area, especially in cases when the electricity has to be generated at some distance from the district lighted, the alternating system involves less outlay at starting, and if proper precautions are taken it need not be dangerous to life. On the other hand, there is the risk of a temporary breakdown of engines and dynamos and the extinction of the light over large areas, which is impossible in cases where continuous currents and storage cells are used. Particularly interesting are the ingenious devices for securing a constant current or a constant pressure under a varying load of lamps, many of which are described in detail in this book. Working electricians, for whom the book is especially intended, would doubtless be glad of more information as to the practical difficulties incidental to dynamo working, the wiring of houses, and the rules for the prevention of risks, and perhaps in future editions something may be added under these heads.

Mr. Walker's book on *Electricity in our Homes and Workshops* is evidently the work of a practical man, who has had much experience in the fixing of electric bells and signals in houses and mines. The opening chapters are a little confused, and the style leaves much to be desired. No one should embark upon the trade of author who is not prepared to avoid such sentences as this:—"In the incandescent or glow-lamp, as it is termed, the resistance of the glowing carbon filament is one-half and even less than when cold"; or this:—"The method of measuring resistances" is "the E. M. F. expended when a known current passes through the body whose resistance it is required to know." In the later chapters, where the author is on his own ground, the style improves, and the practical hints, especially with regard to mining signals, are likely to be of solid value to men engaged in electric-bell work.

We are glad to welcome a third edition of Mr. Munro's elegant little book. It is chiefly interesting for its descriptions of those forms of apparatus which are in the stage of infancy, playthings of science, such as the photophone and the telephotograph; and those which are emerging from that stage, such as the induction balance, telpherage, and the Wimshurst machine. It will also serve as a useful introduction to those who know nothing whatever about telegraphy, the telephone, and electric lighting. On page 36 Mr. Munro refers in passing to the experiments of Professor Bjerknes of Christiania. Hollow drums with elastic ends were suspended in water, and air was pumped in and out of them so that the ends vibrated rapidly; and by means of the drums the interactions of suspended magnets were very closely imitated. As there is no clear popular account of these interesting experiments it is a pity that Mr. Munro did not take the opportunity of describing them, although in strictness they are hydrostatic and pneumatic rather than electrical.

STATE PAPERS OF THE TIME OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

THE thirteen eventful years during which Warren Hastings was at the head of the East India Company's affairs, first as Governor of Bengal, and, after the Regulating Act of 1773, as Governor-General of India, are full of significance to every Englishman who aims at understanding the history of his country, and the tremendous risks, struggles and vicissitudes which attended the birth and consolidation of our Empire in the East. It was, in the first place, a period of perils which went to the very root of our national greatness. England in the course of it lost America, and was within measurable distance of losing India—a disaster which, as she then stood, would have forfeited her place among the foremost nations of the world. At one moment the Governor-General had, in confronting the sea of troubles which was raging close around him on every hand, to take into account, further, the circumstance that his country was at war with America, Spain, France and Holland, the two latter being by no means unlikely to make a diversion in India. One of Warren Hastings's great claims to historical recognition is the fact that he appreciated the grave character of the crisis as it affected, not merely the position of the English in India, but the position of England in the community of nations—that he grasped the full measure of disaster that the loss of India would have been to her, and that, amid unexampled difficulties—opposition, contumely, intrigue—he was able to take his stand with unshaken reliance and unfaltering firmness of purpose, and to look out calmly, in the midst of shattered schemes and disastrous failures, to the ultimate triumph of a well-designed and statesmanlike policy. At times it seemed as if Fortune had pronounced absolutely against him. "It has been the will of God," he wrote in 1778, with reference to an abortive attempt to assist the Bombay Government in one of its profitless and ignominious quarrels—"it has been the will of God to blast my designs by means which no human prudence could have foreseen, and against which I had therefore provided no resource." But such failures never shook Hastings's nerve or disturbed his serenity of mood. He saw in the chaos around him the material for building up a solid fabric of empire. "I am certain," he wrote a year later, "that the resources of this country, in the hands of a military people and a consistent and undivided Government, are capable of raising that Power to the dominion of all India." His great aim was to secure that England should be that Power, and that it should not be prevented by inconsistent policy and divided councils from achieving this result.

Another cause which renders this period one of exceptional importance is that Lord North's Regulating Act of 1773 was, practically, England's first essay in constructing, by legislation, a regularly organized administration for a distant dependency. It was, as might have been expected, full of defects which only experience could bring to light. It aimed at creating a self-adjusting balance of authority, and at checking abuses on the part of one set of officials by submitting them to the criticism and control of another. The co-ordinate Powers, thus called into existence, soon brought each other to a deadlock, or raised internecine conflicts by defending the undefined area of their own jurisdiction against invasion, or by invading that of their neighbours. The Governor-General was often reduced to complete helplessness in his own Executive Council, the Supreme Court was at open war with the Government, and the two minor Presidencies were continually endangering the perilous equilibrium by acts of indiscreet independence, and calling upon Hastings to rescue them from impending ruin—the fruit of their own policy.

The early history of the Governor-General's Council is accordingly the most interesting study which English history presents in the art of foreign administration. Its value has been greatly impaired and its lessons have been altogether misunderstood, owing to another characteristic of the period—namely, that at this time India was discovered to be a convenient battlefield for English politicians, and that the conduct of Indian officials was assailed in Parliament and the press with a reckless and unscrupulous indifference to the real facts of the case, to which, happily, subsequent history presents no counterpart. An unfor-

* *Selections from the Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India*, 1772–1785. Edited by G. W. Forrest, B.A., Director of Records, Bombay. 3 vols. Calcutta. 1890.

tunate combination of circumstances has conduced to the permanent misreading of an instructive epoch. Burke—well primed by a relative in Madras, and by partisans who saw to what good use his gorgeous but extravagant genius might be put—found in the crimes of a great Indian official the very theme which would best gratify his indignant mood, and justify a magnificent rhetorical exhibition. A careful and searching criticism of the various transactions of Warren Hastings's official career might have been useful; but it would certainly have been very little congenial to the brilliant assembly of statesmen, celebrities and fine ladies, who thronged Westminster Hall to hear Burke denounce the guilty and infamous Proconsul. Accuracy becomes misplaced when the object is to stir a polished audience with an agreeable thrill of horror, or to draw tears from the most lovely eyes in England. Nothing can be more monstrous than Burke's exaggerations and misrepresentations except the dull inaccuracy of James Mill, or the splendid travesty which the genius of Macaulay has rendered familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken. It is probable, as Sir James Stephen observed in his "Nuncomar," that nothing will ever suffice to displace Macaulay's account of Impey and Hastings from its shrine in the popular belief. Serious students of the time have for long known that it is, in many essential points, a highly imaginative figment, totally undeserving of credit as a serious piece of history. But its style has already carried it far, and will, no doubt, carry it still further with those to whom Macaulay's antithesis carries conviction, and who cannot bring themselves to conceive that anything so brilliant can possibly be untrue. It is well, however, that well-informed and capable writers, such as Sir James Stephen and Sir Alfred Lyall, should, from time to time, raise a voice of protest, and add to the weight of evidence and argument which may some day serve to secure for a mischievous delusion the vengeance which it has so long escaped and so richly deserved.

From this point of view the present collection of documents is of the highest interest and importance. It consists of selections from Letters and Records of the Secret Proceedings of the Select Committees of Council from the year 1772, when Hastings became Governor of Bengal, to the 1st of February, 1785, when he resigned the office of Governor-General. These Proceedings constitute, it has been well observed, the most interesting, authentic and curious collection of State Papers in the world. They contain not only the conclusions and resolutions ultimately arrived at, but the whole of the discussion on the case, "the proposition, the argument, the dissent." There are innumerable letters and memoranda by Hastings and his colleagues, printed as they were entered, from day to day, in the Secret Proceedings. There are the very documents with which Francis and his faction thought to trip up the Governor-General, whom it was Francis's long-cherished ambition to succeed. There are the masterly and courageous explanations which Hastings submitted to his employers in England. There are graphic despatches from Sir Eyre Coote describing his victories in Madras, and from Admiral Hughes describing his naval engagements with the French. Among lighter topics there is a contemporaneous account of an interview between Hyder Ali and the British Envoy, and a letter written from Weymouth by King George III. to the Nawab of Arcot, asking the Nawab to represent the King on the occasion of the presentation of the order to General Eyre Coote and Sir John Lindsay.

The value of the collection—which, to say the truth, is on a scale of magnitude somewhat alarming to the ordinary reader—is greatly enhanced by an excellent Introduction, summarizing the principal Indian events of the time, and showing the connexion of the newly-collected materials with each. This has been compiled, the editor informs us, from the Reports of Parliamentary Committees on Indian affairs published between 1782 and 1785; from Debrett's "Trial of Warren Hastings"; from the Report of the Trial of Nuncomar, published with the sanction of the Supreme Court; from Reports of Debates in the House of Lords, and other publications of like authority. Introduction and documents together form a most valuable addition to the store of learning on which the future historian of the period will have to draw. We rejoice that Mr. Forrest's skill and industry have rescued these invaluable records from the perilous interment of a public office Record-room. Similar collections might, and in the interests of historical truth ought to, be formed for other periods and other departments of the Indian Government. "The ancient muniments of the Government of India, now scattered among different offices, contain the material for that history of our Empire which for the honour of England ought not to remain unwritten. In musty records fast falling into decay are chronicled the deeds of valour by which the Empire was won, and the acts of statesmanship by which it has been maintained. In them are preserved the lessons of wisdom which the times past afford to the present."

We cannot, of course, attempt to summarize even in the merest outline the multifarious topics with which the present collection of documents is occupied. We begin with Hastings's first quarrel with his Council as to the appointment of a guardian to the youthful Nawab of Bengal. We are soon plunged into the famous dispute as to the Wazeer of Oudh and the attack on the Rohillas. This is, perhaps, as good a specimen as could be found of the tissue of misrepresentations and absurdities which history becomes in the hands of partisan politicians, brilliant essayists, and excitable rhetoricians. Lord Macaulay's account, familiar to every schoolboy, represents the co-operation of Hastings with the Wazeer as the unscrupulous and disgraceful act of a man deaf to every dictate of decency, honour, and mercy in the mad pursuit of money wherewith to fill his employer's exhausted treasury. To this base end the gallant Rohillas, a chivalrous and blameless race of warriors, living happily in their own sequestered valleys, were sacrificed. Warren Hastings was an accomplice in the disgraceful excesses which marked their extinction by a ruthless foe. So runs the Macaulayan myth. But how stand the facts as recorded in the precise language of an official document? The Rohillas were Afghan adventurers who, in the general scramble for power, had by their good swords and some successful intrigues made themselves lords over a large Hindu population on the east bank of the Ganges. The great object of Hastings's policy was so to fortify Oudh as to constitute it an effective bulwark for Bengal against the Mahrattas, who seemed much disposed to overrun it. The Moghul Emperor was a mere puppet in their hands; Oudh was the only practicable defence; but the geographical position of the Rohillas rendered Oudh defenceless so long as they were entrenched along the Ganges, now attacked by the Mahrattas, now coquetting with them. Their treaty with Oudh was remorselessly broken; their overtures to the Mahrattas were beyond dispute. If the Mahrattas were to be checked, it was absolutely essential that Rohilkund should not be a rallying point for an invading force. Of the excesses with which Macaulay embellished his story there is scarcely a trace of trustworthy evidence. "History," says Mr. Forrest, "furnishes no more striking example of the growth and vitality of a slander. The Rohilla atrocities owe their birth to the malignity of Champion and Francis; their growth to the rhetoric of Burke, and their wide diffusion to the brilliancy and pellucid clearness of Macaulay's style. A close and minute study of the evidence demonstrates that a certain number of villages were burnt, and that the prisoners were ill-subsisted. A hundred thousand people did not fly from their homes to pestilential jungles, but about seventeen or eighteen hundred Rohillas, with their families, were expelled from Rohilcund, and Hindu inhabitants, amounting to about 700,000, remained in possession of their patrimonial acres, and were soon cultivating their fields in peace."

NEW MUSIC.

IT is regrettable that we should almost invariably when reviewing new English music be obliged to remark upon its lack of originality—a fact which may perhaps be rather attributed to haste in composition and over-production than to want of the power of creating melody. In the quantity of music now before us there is scarcely a single piece of striking merit or originality. From Messrs. Woolhouse we have received "Six Songs" by Mr. W. Wallace, the words of which are superior to the music, which is not a very interesting imitation of the later German style. A "Suite" in D major for two violins, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte, by Mr. Alex. S. Beaumont, may be recommended to students of these instruments, as it is fairly well harmonized and melodious. Mr. G. St. George's "Marche des Mousquetaires" cannot be praised. It is a very ordinary composition. A "Fantasia on Scotch airs" for piano and violin, by M. Jacques Haakman, is best described by its title. It is a commonplace setting of well-known Highland melodies, but has the merit of being unpretentious, and is, moreover, as a matter of course, tuneful.

Mr. Edwin Ashdown sends us "Four Pieces for Salon, set as Duets," by M. François Behr, all of them very pretty and graceful. They are well worth the attention of school teachers. "Twenty-four Studies for the pianoforte," by A. Loeschhorn, are admirably fingered, and arranged for juvenile students. "Jagdlied," for pianoforte, by M. Gustav Merkel, is a pretty easy piece, admirably suited to school purposes. Equally meritorious in its way, and for the same purpose, is "May Song," by H. Lichner; and a pretty little study of the same class is "The Gondolier," song without words, for piano, by the same graceful composer. M. Fritz Spindler's "Valse Brillante" is a showy, but really easy, waltz, well calculated to display a pupil's execution, to the surprise and delight of parents and guardians. From Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons we have a bright and spirited march, "Rally Every Noble Volunteer," by Mr. John Kinross, with a capital chorus in unison, which deserves to be made widely known, and to become correspondingly popular. Mr. Kinross's "Pianoforte Album" is a collection of very pretty little pieces for beginners, well within the stretch of small hands and fingers.

The Strathearn Collection of Part-songs is an album of popular airs arranged as part-songs, for small Choral Societies, published by Messrs. Paterson & Sons; who also send us "Byegone Times," by Annie E. Armstrong. It is not a very original song; but the refrain, in minuet time, is refreshingly tuneful. "A Heart in Armour," by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, is not worthy of that brilliant and original writer; neither can we find praise for Mr. Arthur Hervey's "Flowers Ungathered."

"Twelve Songs for Children," by Mr. Scott Gatty (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh), has one serious drawback. At least half of the songs are set too high for children's voices, which should never exceed in compass E flat. "Twelve Sacred Songs," by Dr. Stainer, is a good collection of sacred airs, much better

suited to children's voices than the above, as they are quite within the proper compass, only once rising to E natural.

A remarkably pretty and graceful song is "Serenade—Good Night," by Mr. Henry Tolhurst (Swan & Co.); but it is a pity he should have published "The Toilers of the Sea," a poor imitation, both as regards the words and melody, of the once famous "Three Fishers."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE first fascicule of a book which has been long expected—the French Dictionary (1) of MM. Hatzfeld and Darmesteter—has at last appeared, too late, unfortunately, to be seen by one of its authors, M. Darmesteter, whose work, however, as we understand, was finished as far as the first draft of the MS. went, and whose place will be taken by M. Antoine Thomas, an excellent scholar, in revising and completing the printed text. The book has been nearly twenty years a-preparing, and the qualifications of its authors could not have been better shown than by the excellent *Seizième siècle en France* which they published together some dozen years ago. This new book does not pretend to be, as a lexicon, more than one of French from the seventeenth century downwards; but it extends, as far as its philological part goes, to the beginning of the language. As the authors frankly acknowledge, no such book would have been possible till recently, and they also acknowledge freely their debt to Littré, and to that not impeccable, but extraordinarily erudite, book which is still slowly advancing, the Old French Dictionary of M. Godefroy, as well as to other and more specialist authors. The specimen, in the shape of the first part, which is now before us is excellent in typographic arrangement—a point of the first importance in a dictionary—in contents, in everything but the attempt to give pronunciation. It is high time that men of letters should recognize that pronouncing dictionaries are a farce and a futility. Phonetic spelling is impossible; there is no such thing. The attempts of the phonetics themselves are utterly and ridiculously false, not only to etymology and literary history, but to the actual pronunciation of educated persons who have been accustomed to mix in good society. That is the simple truth, and it becomes good scholars and men of the world to recognize and not to evade it.

Although M. Antonin Bunand's *Petits Lundis* (2) (a dangerous name by-the-bye) were contributed to no less a paper than the *Siècle*, his name is not known to us by any antecedent work except (unless we mistake) a volume of poems of some merit, and he clearly belongs to *les jeunes*. His critical notes are interesting, and sometimes very well written, but sometimes also decidedly crude. When M. Bunand tells us that Gautier's style is to Flaubert's as paste to diamond, when he talks about the "romans extravagants de Dumas," when he is quite sure of the genius of M. Zola, there may be who "tempest and tarabust." For us, we chuckle mildly. Not thus will M. Bunand, whom we take to be an intelligent young person with a real taste for literature, write in a dozen years or so. He is too hard also on M. Lemaître, on whom we have ourselves done justice, but who is (in M. Bunand's ear) a clever man. He should not be complaisant to a poisonous young scoundrel like Henri Chambige, or shirk telling the whole truth about M. Verlaine, when, to the accompaniment, no doubt, of an undoubted lyre, that unlucky bard hiccups sculduddery to a pitying heaven. Nor should he blink the fact that M. Camille Lemonnier sometimes throws away a most excellent talent on mere pornography, or extol the literary rag-pickings of MM. de Goncourt as if they were white samite, mystic, wonderful. We do not honestly think that he knows much more of "Les poètes modernes de l'Angleterre" than M. Sarrazin (whom he is reviewing) has told him, and it gives most furiously to think that he quotes Tieck and Novalis among "contemporaries *and successors*" of Heine. Nevertheless, we like M. Bunand, and when he has *jeté sa gourme* we shall expect something from him. But let him not wish for an illustrated Baudelaire. That is a delusion which we all have about our favourite poets when we are young. But the illustrations of poets are in the mind of the reader. Rogers and suchlike folk may be illustrated, not others. Who shall give us the ebon hair and the gold eyes (others may supply other traits) of the heroine of

> Je t'adore à l'égal de la voûte nocturne—

who the gold and azure (with remark as before) proper to illustrate "À la très bonne, à la très belle"? What artist can draw so well as a man's own imagination the mighty porticoes of "La vie antérieure," or Théroigne mounting *les royaux escaliers*, or the "crapauds imprévus" (was their name Zola?) of the "Coucher du soleil romantique," or the "fatidique marraine" of the *Poèmes en prose*, as she pours into her godchildren the love of "la mer immense, tumultueuse et verte, l'eau informe et multiforme, les nuages, le silence, et la nuit"? No; no. Let the common illustrator take the common poet and let us keep Baudelaire for ourselves.

Astra (3) bears on its back and front the name of Carmen Sylva only, but an honest note on the first page informs us that it is due to the collaboration of Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania and one of her subjects, a certain Mme. Kremnitz of Bucharest. Into questions of collaboration no wise critic pries. It is sufficient to say that *Astra* is a well-written and really pathetic, though rather overstrained and sentimental, book. The heroine, a young girl, goes to see her sister Margot, who has married a squire in the Bukowina. He is thought by his wife to be an angel, but is really a Lovelace of the most objectionable kind, who spares neither his own unmarried relations, nor his children's governess, nor his sister-in-law—who, at least, would not spare her if she had not certain remnants of self-control. The whole thing, however, ends in a tragedy of the kind that the lady novelist loves, and the overdoing of which does not improve the book. It has, however, real pathos. As for *Le confessionnal* (4), what shall we say of M. Catulle Mendès, whose literature is too good for banning, while his morals are a great deal too bad for blessing? He, and perhaps he only, now can write a real fairy tale, instead of which he occasionally writes something quite different, whereat even those *faciles nymphæ*, the fairies, would not laugh.

(1) *Dictionnaire général de la langue française.* Par A. Hatzfeld et A. Darmesteter, avec le concours de A. Thomas. Paris: Delagrave.

(2) *Petits Lundis.* Par Antonin Bunand. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Astra.* Par Carmen Sylva. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Le confessionnal.* Par Catulle Mendès. Paris: Charpentier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOMETHING like an unequal conflict between the antiquary and the romancer is suggested by the discursive style and elaborate historical setting of Mr. Alexander Lowson's *John Guidfellow* (Glasgow: Morison; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), a romance of Forfarshire during the period when belief in witchcraft was general. More than a third of this comely, well-printed volume is devoted to an appendix that comprises, with other curious matter, the official record of the trial of James Carnegie of Finavon for the murder of the Earl of Strathmore in the early part of the eighteenth century, and notes on trials of witches in the previous century. "The story," as the ingenious author observes, "is not a pleasant one, being a record of murder, witchcraft, and lawless smuggling." Perhaps the lover of romance would not have it otherwise, and might fitly complain of the undue prevalence of the antiquarian spirit in Mr. Lowson's literary method. Never was a story so buttressed by facts, precedents, and evidence of the chapter and verse kind. The hero, John Guidfellow, is a wandering minstrel, who retails legends and ballads in the kitchens of the great. He is permitted to stay the action of the story at a critical moment by reciting a spirited ballad or a romantic tale, just as the author is given to pause in the stage-coach progress of his story, to interpose an historical summary or a topographical or historical description of the castle of Glamis, a witches' convention, or some other suggestive subject. The murder of Lord Strathmore, and the trial that ended in the acquittal of Carnegie, are historical events closely reproduced in the story. Despite Mr. Lowson's treatment of these incidents the crimes cannot be considered remarkable. The affair of the murder was merely a drunken street brawl, and the killing of Lord Strathmore an accident. In the story Carnegie of Finavon is painted in dark colours, like a hero of popular melodrama. Though still young, he had lived "a bold bad life," and "had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs." He had allied himself to a band of smugglers "to assist his desperate fortunes." He carries off the provost's daughter, who is saved only by the timely interposition of a resolute young woman whom he had once loved and abandoned. Altogether, his cup of iniquities is full when he slays Lord Strathmore. In the end it is proved by the written confession of an old witch that he is a changeling and not the rightful heir of the Carnegies. He is so astonished thereat, and so moved by his unexpected acquittal of the charge of murder, that he repents him of his ill courses, marries his old love, and sails for America. His conversion recalls in its suddenness and completeness the elder brother's, or the naughty usurping Duke's in *As You Like It*. On the whole, Mr. Lowson is less effective as a storyteller than as a painter of past times of superstition and witch lore.

The evil that springs from any departure from truth-telling in a nation that is honourable and high-spirited is effectively illustrated in *Truth with Honour* (Smith & Innes), a well-written and interesting story by C. R. Coleridge and M. E. Branston. The old theme of "the tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive" is set forth with much truth and power in the story of the suffering entailed upon a proud and conscientious girl through her share in playing a false part, which her younger sister had cheerfully undertaken at the request of her dying father. Thoughtless, rather than unscrupulous, is the younger girl, a fair and fluffy creature, who thinks it lawful and expedient to speak and act a lie to save her cousin from ruin and shield her father's name. The elder, however, is dark, bright-coloured, and possesses a tender conscience. Her struggles in the toils of deceit and her happy emancipation from servitude to false appearances are skilfully and sympathetically painted.

Ashes, by Hume Nisbet (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.), is a woeful story of the adventures in Australia and England of a young artist and author, who endures unspeakable indignity and wrong through the tyranny of a certain Mr. Moloch, the able art editor of the great publishing firm of Grabbleson & Co. If Mr. Nisbet had not styled his exciting narrative a "mythical story," and the dirty tricks of Mr. Moloch as purely imaginary, we might

ask, can such deeds be done in a Christian and non-sweating land as are herein chronicled? Really the business transactions of Messrs. Grabbleson & Co. are like *Mr. Meason's Will* over again, only much more so.

Mr. F. M. Allen's new version of the good old story of the Seven Champions of Christendom, *Brayhard* (Ward & Downey), though by no means remarkable as a travesty, is an amusing book, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. The extravagant pranks played by George, the champion of the Champions, by the aid of seven-league boots and the magical Brayhard, are of the "rollicking" kind of fun that suggests the pantomime of the past and the age of practical jokes. Not a little of the humour of Mr. Allen's dialogue in this volume lies in the quaint application of current popular slang. Of this, indeed, there is a tedious sufficiency.

Less instructive, and far less entertaining, than M. Jules Claretie's admirable *Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains* are the new volumes of "Biographies of Great Artists," by Mr. J. W. Mollett, *Corot, Daubigny, Dupré*, and *Millet, Rousseau, Diaz* (Sampson Low & Co.), two neatly-bound volumes, that deal with the works of the Barbizon painters. Mr. Mollett's treatment is too superficial to be of value to the English reader. For those who would learn there is abundant material at hand—such as M. Sensier's Life of Millet—of the most authoritative kind; and Mr. Mollett's work can only be regarded as fairly good compilations. The important and suggestive question of Constable's influence is scarcely touched upon by Mr. Mollett in setting forth the life-work of the Barbizon landscapists.

The second instalment of the translation of Schopenhauer's *Aphorismen*, by Mr. T. B. Saunders, *Councils and Maxims* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), comprises some of the philosopher's reflections on life and practical rules for wise conduct in life. There is much of what is called worldly wisdom in these thoughts on profitable living, and much, also, that is not a little odd, if not positively fantastic. The comparison of morning and evening from a worker's point of view is interesting. The morning is the time, according to Schopenhauer, for all study and work. Evening is like old age; then are people languid, talkative, silly.

Charity Organization (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a little book by Mr. C. S. Loch descriptive of the methods of inquiry and relief advocated and carried out by the Charity Organization Society. The sketch of the Society's work is thoughtful and suggestive, without any approach to a controversial tone. Ratepayers will read with interest Mr. Loch's remarks on co-operation in relief between the Society and Boards of Guardians, a conjunction that appears to work well in several districts of the East End and in other towns.

Sound advice and useful information, put forth in clear, concise terms, make up the little handbook, *Children: a Book for Mothers*, by I. L. Richmond (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This plain and practical guide well merits the warm commendation prefixed to it by Miss Sarah Tytler. The healthy rearing of children is the subject of another useful handbook, *Confidential Chats with Mothers*, by Mrs. Bowdich (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox). Somewhat inflated in style and less compact and practical is a volume by H. C. O'Neill and Edith A. Barnett, entitled *New Life: its Genesis and Culture*, "a book for young mothers" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) This book has a wider scope than the smaller handbooks previously noticed. There is much that is excellent in it, though an occasional tendency to gush and to play the preacher detracts from its utility.

The addresses delivered in the various sections of the Art Congress held at Edinburgh last year are collected in a handsome volume—*Transactions of the National Association for the Advancement of Art*—issued from the press of Messrs. T. & A. Constable.

The Army and Navy Calendar for the current financial year, 1890-91 (Allen & Co.), revised and corrected to date of publication, comprises the illustrative pictures that have proved so useful in former issues, such as the plans and district maps, in addition to the general information that makes this manual indispensable to all who have consulted it in past years.

We have also to acknowledge a fourth edition of *The Methods of Ethics*, by Professor Henry Sidgwick (Macmillan & Co.); the second volume of *Studia Biblica et Ecclesiastica*, by Members of the University of Oxford (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Vol. II. of *The City of God*, a translation by J. H. (1610) of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *St. Paul; his Life and Times*, by Professor Iverach, "Men of the Bible" series (Nisbet & Co.); *Principles of General Organic Chemistry*, from the German of Professor E. Hjelt, by J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D. (Longmans & Co.), and *The Annual Report of the Department of Mines for* 1889, issued by order of the New South Wales Government (Sydney: Potter).

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. ON *Friday* week the House of Lords read the Directors' Liability Bill a third time, and listened to a speech of some length from Lord HARROWBY on the social and sanitary effects of a day of rest—a subject august enough, but a little academic. After some talk about various subjects, the House of Commons got into Committee of Supply—or, in other words, to things in general—and stayed there till two o'clock in the morning, talking about the *Britomart* doing bailiff's work at the Blaskets, about dockyard workmen, about submarine boats—about, in short, anything that struck the fancy of the speakers. Some votes were, however, got; and that is always something.

This same fact, that few subjects offer a more chaste and pleasing collection of possible miscellanies of debate than Supply, and especially the Army Estimates, was once more shown on *Saturday*. Dr. FARQUHARSON pleaded the cause of the army doctors, as to whom Mr. STANHOPE replied, with some force, that to be able to retire after twenty years' service with a pound a day was not bad, and that he did not see his way to calling a doctor a colonel, as seems to be wished. Then the House discussed the packing up of medicine in small packets. It next passed to the Militia, on which subject it was diverted by Dr. TANNER's grave complaint that the officers of the Irish Militia (like their ancestors, the Rakes of Mallow) indulge in "cards and carousal," while Mr. E. HARRINGTON, a most competent authority, described them as "puppies and cads." Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR knew an old soldier who was stated to be a hundred years old. Mr. MUNRO FERGUSSON was dissatisfied with the Anglo-German Agreement; Mr. SAMUEL SMITH was dissatisfied with the Anglo-French ditto—which, by the way, neither he nor anybody else had yet seen.

The event of *Monday* night in Parliament was Lord SALISBURY's statement about this Anglo-French Agreement. It was made with that tendency to "lightly" his own achievements which annoys a generation accustomed to bunkum; and the amount of positive information vouchsafed was not very large. The line from Lake Tchad to Say is confirmed, but with the important addition that it is to be curved northward, so as to admit the Niger Company's full claim to Sokoto (which some facetious journalists declare nobody ever heard of, but which, unless they were very ill educated, they must have known in their youth as "Saccatoo") and Bornu. Nothing else seems to have been fixed in this direction, and there is a good deal for the Commission of Delimitation (which is to be appointed) to do. As for the swapping of recognitions of protectorates in regard to Zanzibar and Madagascar, it appears to us, we confess, a matter of mighty small importance. English missionaries and English traders will have every right in Madagascar that they had before, and, *per contra*, the English Protectorate in Zanzibar is neither strengthened nor weakened by French recognition. As to the former matter, the power of words was never better illustrated than by the discussions about it. If on a celebrated occasion we had sent an English admiral to take Admiral PIERRE under his stern into Cape Town, it might have been very well or very ill as anybody likes. But for *De Facto* to wink hard with both eyes at French occupation, while *De Jure* sniffs out "Non possumus," seems to us (though the manner in which we have presented the fact would make a very good allegorical painting, *à la* THORNHILL or VERRIO) singularly foolish. In the House of Commons Mr. BALFOUR, for the first time on any stage, played the Good Genie Helping the Poor Irish Nationalist in a trifling matter about the Dublin rates, which, we regret to see and say, did not please Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, as it had not previously pleased the House of Lords. Long, and mostly idle, discussion on subjects connected with the Foreign Office vote, the Anglo-French Agreement, the Maltese marriages, and so forth, followed.

In the House of Lords, on *Tuesday*, the Government prevailed over the enemies of the Dublin Corporation, and the Bill was passed. We cannot agree with the opposition of a section of Unionists to it. The Corporation, or, rather, its majority, leaves, no doubt, a terrible deal to desire in loyalty, patriotism, common sense, and common decency. In less shilly-shallying days there might have been a temptation to try it with a *quo warranto* or something of that sort. But if it is not fit to collect its rates, it is not fit to be; and if it is fit to be, it is fit to collect its rates. Another matter of dispute between Lords and Commons—that is to say, the Bloomsbury Gates Bill—occupied the Lower House. Some very curious cross-voting and speaking took place, Captain VERNEY, a Radical, moving (probably for the sake of odium) to confer compensation on the Duke of BEDFORD, instead of the occupiers, while the SOLICITOR-GENERAL championed these forlorn ones against his colleagues. The discussion was adjourned, and the House then talked to any hour in the morning about a wild welter of heterogeneous subjects on the pretext of Civil Service Estimates. The night was enlivened by a scene between the HOME SECRETARY and Dr. TANNER. Opinions of Mr. MATTHEWS have varied, but they should tend to harden in his favour now that Dr. TANNER has pronounced him "the "meanest and basest of skunks." During the disturbance Mr. COURTNEY, who is not often epigrammatic, decided from the chair that "vulgar" is "an epithet certainly not out-"side Parliamentary usage, and sometimes not without "Parliamentary justice."

Wednesday, which had seen the House sitting up to four o'clock in the morning, saw it sit again at twelve, and go on till close upon midnight. This remarkable exertion did, indeed, result in the completion of Supply; but the bores resolved to be merry before they went, and, in the words of Glorious JOHN, they had a glorious time. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL denounced the iniquity of putting the "insulting "English emblem" of ST. GEORGE and the Dragon on coins intended for circulation in Scotland and Ireland, and enlightened the House as to his taste in art and ladies by observing that he "did not care for Madonnas, they were "very lackadaisical sort of women." The first of these interesting revelations, by the way, drew from Sir WILFRID LAWSON a joke, obvious indeed (so much so that we may give the reader the opportunity of guessing it), but much better than the average of Sir WILFRID's jokes of late years. Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR talked for two stricken hours on the case of a dynamiter, named DALY, who seems by pure accident to have had an overdose of belladonna given him in prison. But Mr. CONYBEARE, *comme de raison*, was the chief cause of interest. The honourable member was pleased to make some Conybearian remarks on the funeral of the late Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, which Mr. BROOKFIELD, with perfect, but, considering their author, perhaps superfluous, accuracy, called "disgraceful." Mr. LABOUCHERE—a man of the nicest honour in matters of personal bravery—thought that this word should have been uttered louder or not at all, and called Mr. BROOKFIELD "cowardly." Then followed reproofs valiant in the lobby and a wrangle in the House, during the course of which Mr. CONYBEARE, with the naïveté which half redeems his faults, enriched the knowledge of the Commons as to Mr. BROOKFIELD's talent for putting universally admitted truths into forcible if unparliamentary language, by informing them that the member for Rye had also called him "a d—d fool." Wherein Mr. BROOKFIELD no doubt formally erred; for all truths are not for all occasions. But Sir JOHN GORST and Mr. W. H.

SMITH—men heavy with piety—compounded these jars, and the end was peace.

In the House of Lords on *Thursday* Lord CRANBROOK explained the plan for committing the proposed British Art Gallery to the capacious embraces of South Kensington; the Royal Assent was given to some Bills, and some more passed the House. In the Commons the Lords' Amendments to the Bloomsbury Gates Bill were again considered, and after a wrangle were agreed to. The County Council has bungled this matter almost more badly than usual, its blunders being capped by the attempt to deprive aggrieved persons, not of compensation, but of the very right of availing themselves of the laws of England to claim compensation if they deserve it. To Sir JOHN GORST's Indian statement we propose to return now and perhaps again. It was a rosy one, exhibiting a surplus of a cheerful kind, due in part at least not to chance. Chance, however, in the shape of the American Silver Bill, has helped Indian finance very largely, and should help more, though, of course, it must be remembered that this is a precarious source of revenue, and that there are even some aspects under which the appreciation of silver appears to be prejudicial to Indian interests. There is, however, no doubt that India generally is in a healthier state, both as regards internal administration and national defence, than it has been for a long time. Mr. BRADLAUGH, who, whatever he is, is not a bore, talked long on his favourite subject, and so did Mr. KEAY and others, who, whatever they are not, are bores. And then the House proceeded to sit up indefinitely, according to its wont at this time of the year.

Speeches and Letters on Politics.

Some speeches and letters of interest as regards politics were delivered or written at the end of last week. Mr. BALFOUR made necessary mincemeat of Mr. GLADSTONE's address to the Wesleyans at Salford, and Mr. CHAPLIN spoke in Northamptonshire. Mr. EDWARD HERRIES furnished the *Times* with some interesting precedents (which Sir WILLIAM, of course, pooh-poohs) for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's consideration in reference to the cession of Heligoland, and Colonel CADDELL published the extremely interesting fact that, whereas a month ago a Gladstonian member of Parliament uttered in his place words grossly defamatory of him, the Colonel, that member has utterly neglected to comply with, or even to notice, Colonel CADDELL's request for his authority. On Monday Lord HARTINGTON, while good-humouredly protesting against political picnics, made a speech to some excursionists at Chatsworth on the history of the Session and the prospects of Unionism. Sir HENRY JAMES followed on the same side. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, at Derby on Wednesday, declared that Parliament had wasted its time—wherein we fear it is but too possible to agree with him—assigned reasons for the waste (on which it is not only possible, but necessary, to differ with him very decidedly), and was, on the whole, less lively than usual. Of course, if Sir WILLIAM chooses to see a relinquishment of Jingoism in the policy which has just added millions of miles to the British Empire, he must be allowed to do so. You can scarcely prove to any one who sees men as trees walking that they are men, and not trees. Mr. MUNDELLA spoke on the same day in Wales, and flattered the mischievous pseudo-sentiment which is called Welsh patriotism.

Foreign Affairs.

The foreign intelligence of the week opened with the actual transfer of Heligoland to Germany, which was effected with a commendable minimum of fuss last Saturday.——That the great, brilliant, and witty French nation is possessed of no sense of humour, but has had that deficiency made up to it by the possession of a double portion of touchiness, has long been known. It is, however, almost inconceivable, though true, that Lord SALISBURY's playful reference to the Sahara as "very light "land" has been taken almost unanimously as a grave insult by the Paris press. Paris is even more famous than Edinburgh as a home of surgery, and there is certainly work for its surgeons.——After a few days of anticipating the return of Saturn's reign, the Argentine Republic seems to be alarmed again. The great province of Cordoba has always been known to be Celmanite, and troubles are feared there. It is partly a consolation, partly not, to remember that most of these reports of troubles are due to the stirring of a certain pool—the "black pool of Agio"—not, as a rule, by angelic hands, and that they frequently have no other origin whatever.——It was announced on Thursday that the Anglo-German and Anglo-French Agreements were at last completed by the conclusion of a Convention between Great Britain and Portugal; but no details were given. It is to be hoped that the fact is a fact; for, ill as the Portuguese have behaved, there can be no desire in any Englishman worthy the name to bully them or to apply force to make them recognize facts and abandon fictions. ——From Egyptian news it would appear that trouble has arisen in the Quarantine Board from the action of the President, who, it need hardly be said, is a Frenchman.——We notice with regret that one of the most influential of minor European diplomatists—M. PERSIANI, the Russian representative in Servia—is reported to be suffering from brain disease, which incapacitates him from the performance of any duty, and has necessitated his removal to an asylum. M. PERSIANI, like his colleague in Roumania, M. HITROVO, stuck at no trifles in the service of his employers, and the service of these particular employers provides numerous trifles which some men would stick at very much. But his ability was great, and he was a faithful servant.

Sport.

On Friday week Mr. H. S. C. EVERARD won the Calcutta Cup for Golf at St. Andrews.——Some cricket matches of interest came to an end, though not to a decision, on Saturday last. A very good Canterbury week was completed by Kent *v.* Surrey, which was drawn considerably in favour of the home county, while a strong Past and Present Cambridge team, despite a great score in their first innings, were all but beaten by the Australians at Leyton. The match between Gloucestershire and Lancashire was also drawn at Clifton, though Gloucestershire used the new right of closing their innings with only seven men out, and Yorkshire just succeeded in securing a draw at Nottingham with the home team. An exceedingly close and interesting cricket match at the Oval between England and Australia ended on Tuesday in favour of England by two wickets only, after very small scoring by both sides on a singularly treacherous ground.——On the same day at Ryde in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Regatta another of the numerous matches between the *Thistle* and the *Iverna* ended in favour of the latter, but rather by luck than merit.——The racing of the week, with the exception of the tail of the Lewes Meeting last Saturday, was of very little interest.

The Cardiff Strike.

The announcement made just before the *Saturday Review* was printed last week that the Cardiff Strike had been arranged turned out to be untrue, and there seemed to be fair ground for expectation that the matter would be fought out. The offers of the Railway Companies were extremely liberal, and the counter-demands of the men, besides being unwarrantably dictatorial in form, too evidently tended to make railways, as well as docks, the paradise of laziness and malingering which the Unions would have them. On Thursday afternoon, however, it was again announced that a settlement had been arrived at, of such a thoroughgoing nature that the two negotiators—Mr. INSKIP and Mr. HARFORD—were "overcome." Concessions appear to have been made on both sides; and, as both sides seem to be pleased, it may not be for outsiders to grumble. But we may fear that the battle of Armageddon which is to decide whether British trade is to be destroyed by Trade-Unionism or not is only postponed, and may have to be fought on a worse field hereafter.

Miscellaneous.

A very important decision was given on Saturday last by Mr. Justice LOPES, affirming the right of innkeepers to detain luggage as against an unpaid bill, in the case of GORDON *v.* SILBER.——The most fortunate young woman in England (though it may be that some would hardly care for her fortune as a whole) may be said to be Miss GLADYS KNOWLES, who obtained 10,000*l.* damages in a breach of promise case on Tuesday. ——A very exaggerated account was spread in the middle of the week about an accident to the CHIEF COMMISSIONER of POLICE while riding. His accident amounted, it seems, to no more than a severe shaking, from which he is recovering well.——There are ghosts in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and the Psychical Research Society has not adjourned thither *en masse*!——Mr. RAIKES, in a sensible letter to Mr. CAINE, has announced that he sees his way to reinstate some of the less guilty of the discharged postmen.

Obituary.

Far above all other names in the obituary of the week stands that of Cardinal NEWMAN, of whom we speak elsewhere.——Sir JAMES THOMSON MACKENZIE, of Glenmuick, possessor of the estate of Kintail, was a person of great wealth.——Mr. W. E.

BAXTER, whose death was reported on Monday, was an example of a familiar, but not the best, type of Scotchman—the type which friends call hard- and foes thick-headed. Still he was industrious, honest, and in a way able ——Mr. ROACH SMITH was a good antiquary, whose great age has prevented his name being as familiar of late years as it was thirty or forty years ago.

Books, &c.

Most of the reprints on which we have more than once recently commented have been, though not nasty, cheap. One which falls to be chronicled this week is also cheap, but in a different sense. Messrs. LONGMANS have reissued Mrs. JAMESON'S *Sacred and Legendary Art*, in six volumes, at ten shillings (ten shillings on the new "net" principle) each, with all their famous and excellent illustrations. Few books have had a greater influence in determining the stream of taste than these had in their day, nor have they lost their influence yet.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE tolerably well-known and (with the exception of one great series of events) not striking or important incidents of the ninety years' life which closed at Edgbaston last Monday have been sufficiently recorded in the daily papers. That most striking and important part of them is so long past that it came to an end before men who have now reached middle life were born, and has almost ceased to be contentious. The party in the Church of England which seemed to have triumphed, or to be about to triumph, at its close has been, on the contrary, utterly shattered and destroyed; and, whatever fate may await the Church and the world, it may be at least taken as certain that nothing like the old Simeonite and "T. P." Evangelical—the man who believed that all things had become new at the Reformation, and that the continuity of dogma and the catholicity of ritual were things of nought—will ever appear again among men of intelligence and education. He will have his representative of course—nothing that has once existed fails to survive by its representatives. But in his own likeness and shape he is dead for ever and ever. The "Oxford Movement" killed him, even if for a moment it seemed that it had but dragged itself, mortally wounded, out of the fight, and had withal suffered the bitterer pain of seeing some of its stoutest champions pass over in that fight's midst to another enemy who had been hovering round the skirts of the battle to see what profit he might reap.

Cardinal NEWMAN sprang, as is well known, from the Evangelical party itself, and some of its marks were on him through life. His conversion was transparently honest; no one save the most contemptible of party scribes has ever hinted, or can ever hint, a doubt of that. There are men now living who have risen to high rank in the army of the aliens, but of whom it may be pronounced, as securely as one man can ever judge his brother, that, if a near prospect of bishoprics and archbishoprics had been held out to them in their own Church, they would have been ostensibly faithful to it to this day. It would be ridiculous, past all contempt or wonder, even to suggest anything of this sort in reference to NEWMAN. There may, indeed, have been in him something of the masterfulness which can only brook submission to a direct vice-gerent of GOD, and which would rather abrogate its independence utterly in favour of such a vice-gerent than possess it qualified by the necessity of deference to lesser dignities. The history of the Movement, abundantly as it has been written, has never been wholly told yet; but there are hints in divers versions of it which point to such a conclusion. Nor does the proud humility with which he, in the long years of his attachment to the Roman Church, stood aloof from official positions or acquiesced in his exclusion from them in any way militate against the supposition. In spite of his extraordinary magnetism for men, he always stood more or less aloof from them. Generation after generation followed him, always, except in the case of the weaklings, to find themselves baffled. One of the ablest of his followers, questioned delicately enough as to his experiences, said once upon a time:—"You would not think much of those who have been "in Armida's Garden if they talked of it when they came "out." And it may be admitted that there was something not wholly pleasant in the famous quarrel with CHARLES KINGSLEY which led to the *Apologia*. The time, the antagonist, the occasion were too well chosen. KINGSLEY was a man of genius, not inferior in its different way to NEWMAN'S own, and had spoken in *Yeast* and elsewhere with the most unstinting admiration of his adversary. It was notorious that with all his ability he was always unable to conduct an argument, and generally unable to formulate an accurate statement. On the particular occasion, though he was formally in the wrong, he was materially in the right, and any one who could argue might with his cards have beggared NEWMAN in a deal or two. It was pretty certain that KINGSLEY would play those cards ill, and he did. On the other hand, it was a good moment for NEWMAN, the first blush of odium having passed over, to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the public, and he did it with consummate skill. But there remained in the minds of good judges the suspicion that the author of *Westward Ho!* was something of a victim. Still he had laid himself out for the punishment which he got, and should not have meddled with bowls if he was not prepared for rubbers.

No other incident of NEWMAN'S life, hardly even the *gran rifiuto* of the desertion itself, had a taint of ugliness. His character was indeed superior to his genius. His logical power has been praised at least sufficiently; and it has been the fashion (chiefly with persons who seem to think that they show a chivalrous generosity towards CHRIST by complimenting the style of a Christian) to go into ecstasies over his English. It had occasionally a wonderful charm, but it was not of the greatest. There are passages of the *Dream of Gerontius* and the lesser poems, of the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Sermons*, and the other prose works which are unsurpassable in point of natural music. NEWMAN had the very best of all educations; he was in constant contact with some of the greatest minds of the past; his militant life for years compelled him to watch his words, and he was by nature free from the two greatest curses of our modern English, the misuse of the adjective and the attempt to say a plain thing in fancy language. His best passages are extremely simple, and the prominence of ornate style during the century has, perhaps, on that very account caused them to be overvalued. But the marks which relegate him from the first to the second rank among masters of style are, first, the distinct prominence of the oratorical note in him, the note of spoken not written style; secondly, the fact that his command even of his own best style was very intermittent and unequal; and, thirdly, the fact that even at its best it lacked not so much distinction as individuality. It was the quintessence of the academic—an admirable thing, but still below the idiosyncrasy of the very greatest. In the same key of fault-finding, it may be noted that NEWMAN'S sympathies were somewhat restricted, both on the human and the patriotic side. It will always be remembered to his credit that he knew good wine if he did not drink much, and he was a musician. But to many of the sides of the "Movement" he was not warmly disposed, and he stood quite aloof from the very noblest side of all, the side which impelled men to a new interest in the artistic, the historical, the political traditions of England. An intense but narrow conception of personal holiness and personal satisfaction with dogma ate him up—the natural legacy of the Evangelical school in which he had been nursed. The great tradition of Tory churchmanship, of pride in the Church of England as such, of determination to stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting the foreigner, whether he came from Rome or from Geneva, from Tübingen or from Saint-Sulpice, of the union of all social and intellectual culture with theological learning—the idea which, alone of all such ideas, has made clericalism patriotic and orthodoxy generous, made insufficient appeal to him, and for want of it he himself made shipwreck.

Yet he was a very great man, and the great mistake of his life was, no doubt, a mistake merely. Of the marvellous effect of his presence something, though the least part, remains in the numerous portraits of him which exist, from the date of the *Tracts* to the last and singularly excellent photograph taken by Messrs. BARRAUD but a a year or two ago. He will be remembered as a prominent figure in the greatest religious Movement of this age, as a singularly commanding and influential personality, as a writer of all but the first—some would say of the first—class whose works, or some of them, will be read for their style long after the immediate controversies which they concern are dead and, but for them, forgotten. When, indeed, he is called the greatest figure of the Movement in which he was so long the chief fighting force we must demur. It is not only that his final action fatally condemned

his action precedent; it is not only that the laurels of a deserter must, though he desert from the purest motives, always be something withered. But there was in that Movement a leader positively greater than he—less, though not so very much less, in charm of style at his best; still more retiring, less self-assertive, less attractive it may be personally, but a far greater theologian, a man of wider sympathies, of equally intense, if not equally imposing, character, and, above all, of unswerving loyalty. No full justice has yet been done to that leader, but it will be done some day. For there can hardly be a greater achievement than that a man in the hour of defeat, of desertion, and of disgrace, with friends flinching and turning against their own side, with the powers that be in Church and State arrayed against him, with every witling pointing the joke and every fool suggesting treachery, should remain undaunted and unshaken, should through long years abide in quietness and in confidence, faithful through life and to death, and should, with an almost unparalleled felicity, live to see the vast majority of his contemporaries who united intelligence to churchmanship on his own side. That achievement and (for the gods are just) that felicity belonged, not to John Henry Newman, but to Edward Bouverie Pusey.

THE STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES.

THE manner in which the strike of the railway men in South Wales has been settled only confirms the impression left by the failure of the negotiations at the end of last week. Unless there had been something else to cause the dispute than the avowed cause of quarrel, it is impossible to believe that the compromise then arranged between the Directors of the three lines and the Unionist delegate, Mr. Harford, would have been summarily rejected by the men. The point on which employers and employed differed was nominally a mere trifle. It was only a matter of ten hours' guaranteed work in a month. The Companies were prepared to guarantee the men sixty hours' work for three weeks of the month, and forty in the fourth week, which contains the monthly day off taken by the miners under the name of Mabon's holiday. The men insisted on three sixties and fifty. There had been some minor points of difference; but they were soon lost sight of, and the question was narrowed down to the ten hours a month. An alternative suggestion made by the Directors—that the fixed wage should be calculated by the lunar month, and not by the week—was perhaps dictated by a wish to preserve for themselves a little more freedom of control over the management of their business, but the difference was little more than a matter of names. Some of the men professed to see in the offer signs that the Directors did not mean to treat them fairly. If, so they said, the lunar month was taken as the measure of time, the Companies would be free to leave them idle one week and employ them on double time the next. This fear can hardly have been sincere on the part of men who must know how the business of a railway is conducted. It has very much the look of a pretext advanced by men who have resolved to fight in any case. If it was real, then the railway servants must have persuaded themselves that the Directors are their natural enemies; and the existence of this conviction would bring a very ugly element into the quarrel. But the existence of any such belief is not consistent with the known relations of the three lines to their servants. It is safe to conclude that such talk is only one proof among others of the disposition of the men to go on fighting because they have decided to make a fight. The well-informed and careful Correspondent of the *Times* declares that, in his opinion, this was their disposition at the end of last week. Such a resolution on their part fully explains the persistence of a strike which certainly seemed very ill justified by the trifling character of the avowed cause of quarrel. Finally, after nearly a fortnight's suspension of work, entailing great loss on themselves, their employers, and the miners of the district, the railway men have accepted terms not materially differing from those the Directors have offered all along. They are to have a guaranteed sixty hours a week, except when "Mabon's holiday" suspends business. It is also expressly stipulated that the men shall not be paid if work is stopped by strikes. The Directors have, no doubt, made an important concession by recognising the fixed week's work, and have also advanced beyond their offer of last week, in so far as they no longer limit the guarantee to two hundred and twenty hours in the lunar month. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the fixed week is not a new thing in South Wales, and that the Company have scored an important point by the clause which exempts them from paying wages if work on the line is stopped by a strike.

All that is known of the struggle, indeed, supports the view we have taken of the failure of last week's negotiation. There was, for one thing, a question of principle at stake in the demand for a recognized minimum week's work. If the men were to have a recognized right to so many hours' employment, and were, further, to be entitled to time and a quarter, or time and a half on Sundays, for overtime, it would be their manifest interest to dawdle over work in order to obtain the higher rate of pay. That this is no idle fear is shown by the experience of employers in the London Docks since the great strike. The power which constrained the Directors to yield would inevitably do its utmost to limit their power of dismissal. The Dublin Railway Company has discovered this within the last few days, and though it has beaten back the Union, it has only done so by active exertions. This risk the Directors of the three lines must now run, and the nature of it is shown by the presence of the agitator Tillett at Cardiff. He has no business in a conflict between employers and employed out of London, except as the representative of an organization which is making a deliberate attack on capital. The real meaning of his presence has been promptly shown by the demand of the dock labourers at Cardiff to exclude non-Unionist workmen. These dock labourers were for a time in this fortunate position, that whereas the stoppage of work on the Taff, Rhymney, and Barry lines had suspended work in the Cardiff Dock, they were drawing their wages as the servants of the Company. With impudent cynicism they avowed their hope that the strike would last for ever. For the rest, they are, it is believed—and is easy to believe—meditating a strike of their own, in order to enforce the exclusion of non-Unionists from the docks. In fact, the railway servants' strike was to be only the beginning of a "struggle between labour and capital" on the now well-known lines. Even as it is, the railway or dock Directors and the shipowners or merchants of Cardiff may have a long fight before them, unless the signs are more than ordinarily misleading. After the stoppage of work on the lines has kept the dock idle, the strike of the dockers will, in turn, hamper the railways. The Unions will in the meantime be active at Newport and Swansea, securing the co-operation of workingmen in those ports, and preparing for a repetition of strikes there which, in turn, will, they hope, be supported from Cardiff. This, or something like it, is the avowed intention of the wirepullers of the strike. And, although the Railway Companies have guarded themselves against the danger of being compelled to pay men kept idle by a dock strike, the risk is not yet wholly removed. In the presence of such a threat, the employers of all classes will be utterly wanting in sense and spirit if they do not make a stand. As yet they have been resolute. An insolent attempt on the part of the Secretary of the Seamen and Firemen's Union to dictate to them has produced a very proper effect, a distinct statement of their intention to support the Directors. It is to be hoped that if the Unions persist they will prove their possession of a fair share of that obstinacy in fight which is seldom wanting to a Welshman. The swaggering assertion of the strikers that public opinion is in their favour is idle wind. Public opinion is commonly on the side of those who will fight for themselves, as Mr. Livesey has fully proved. The employers in South Wales have not shown themselves exacting in dealing with their men; and, when they are attacked as they now are, they are well justified in declaring that it would be better to face a strike of some months than to yield to their avowed enemies. Sir W. T. Lewis's scheme to establish a Board of Arbitration, on the model of one which already exists with good results in the mining districts, may remove the risk of such quarrels as this in future. It will only do so, however, if both sides work in a fair spirit; and it is hopeless to look for fairness if the Union agitators are allowed to have any say in the matter.

If public opinion is directed to the strike in South Wales, there are certain of its features to which attention may profitably be paid. One is the ease with which a handful of workmen who have themselves not been ill off have been able to disorganize the industry of a considerable district. Fifteen hundred railway servants have it in their power to throw a hundred thousand miners out of work. The public

opinion of these men, we may observe, might very possibly have turned against those who are condemning them to loss, and possibly to actual want, in the pursuit of their own selfish objects. But the community at large has an interest of its own in this dispute. The action of the Welsh railway men ought, unless the country is almost incredibly careless, to bring forward the general question whether the means of communication without which industry cannot be carried on are to be left at the mercy of handfuls of men who may be misled by agitators. In this case fifteen hundred men, who do not profess to demand more than a slight concession, have thrown a hundred thousand miners out of work, have reduced a great port to idleness, and have deliberately inflicted immense direct and indirect loss. The disproportion between the damage done and the object to be obtained is enormous, and the really shocking feature of it all is, that the worst of the loss was inflicted by the railway men on those who are in no sense responsible for the action of the Directors, or in any way their enemies. The strikers were, in fact, making use of an old means of coercion, familiar enough in history, and more familiar in melodrama. It is the threat, If you do not yield, then we will murder this other person. This ought of itself to deprive them of any sympathy. No strike, of course, can be conducted without inflicting loss on the community; but when it attacks the common instruments of industry, such as railways or light, it becomes a direct attack, and should be repelled by the interests assailed. Sir EDWARD REED, who has not served Mr. GLADSTONE so abjectly for quite nothing, has, we see, told the Cardiff dockers that they are not dictating to the employer whom he shall employ, but asserting their own liberty to work with whom they please. This is pretty and Gladstonian; but it is open to the reply that this liberty may be asserted by giving up wages, but not by violently preventing other men from working.

OF DECOLLATION.

AMONG other survivals of fine old British institutions in the United States, it is refreshing to note the appearance of the American Matron in the current number of the *Forum*. "The *Décolleté* in Modern Life," by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, is a sparkling denunciation of the manners and morals of American society. "Miss PHELPS (now Mrs. "WARD)," as the bibliography of contributors has it, writes with a shrinking, yet highly responsible, pen, as she hurls "the lance of scorn" at the evening dress of fashionable ladies. With the same weapon she transfixes the social entertainments, the theatre, the waltz, the ballet, the "promiscuous surf bathing," and the other civilizing pastimes of her native land. Like HORACE, Mrs. WARD finds there are subjects that are difficult to treat—in the *Forum*; but, unlike HORACE, with the zeal of a woman with a mission, she attempts to deal in a delicate way with what she considers a coarse subject. It is really surprising what indelicacy may be revealed, and in what august and unsuspected quarters, to the fearless moral investigator. It was said by a publisher—an envious publisher it would seem—of an author whose "questionable book" was a prodigious success, "You "cannot blame her; she was born *décolleté*," and "Behold!" adds Mrs. WARD, with odd inconsequence, "her public turns "and rends her, and not a woman of us stays to pity her, for is "she not a woman?" An ungrateful public, a barren moral! Most of us are born so, or more so, in the way of nature. When Mrs. RAWDON CRAWLEY put on the neatest and prettiest of white frocks, she looked the image of youthful innocence, we are told, "with her bare shoulders and a little necklace "and a light blue sash." But Mrs. WARD would have preferred to see her dressed as "the Irish cook, your superior, "madam," when she goes to her ball on ST. PATRICK'S Day, clothed to the throat, and forbidden to waltz by the rules of her Church. To be *décolleté* is nothing but a shocking thing and abominable. Let us "call the low thing "low," exclaims our indignant moralist, "and out with it!" Away with the unutterable thing, the "V-back," with "some nothing for a sleeve," and all the rest of it. It matters not how worn, or who is the wearer, it is all one to the censor in the *Forum*. Here, for example, in the most decorous of cities, is a lady of one of the "best" families—a middle-aged, queenly, home-loving matron—wife of an affectionate husband, mother of grown sons and daughters, who wears her dress—"but my pen shrinks from *writing* "what this high-bred lady *does*." What this lady does do is precisely what we ought to know, or there is no force in the critic's sweeping contention that all *décolleté* dress is indecent, and women so attired are indecent. But Mrs. WARD'S reasoning is hard to follow. The corollary, in this instance, is not legitimately deduced from the proposition. For a lady who cannot read naughty or questionable literature, Mrs. WARD'S style is mysteriously allusive. With respect to waltzing, she is strongly of opinion that this form of "promiscuous dancing" will one day be regarded "as "we now regard the practices attending the worship of "APHRODITE." BYRON thought no better of the dance, though BYRON could not waltz. But he is popularly supposed to have been an authority on the subject. Certainly, the modern moralist could have no stronger ally. The waltz, as she is danced in America, must, indeed, be a sight for moralists, if the best that can be said for it is that the "groves of Ishtar were more frank," and that American drawing-rooms succeed only in veiling "the eternal, unutterable, identical thing." The editor of the *Forum* must be prepared for curious inquiries concerning the groves of Ishtar, the unutterable thing, and its identity with the American waltz. If eternal, what is the use of prodding it with "the lance of scorn"?

Society in America, Mrs. WARD thinks, is harking back to the "Congo idea" of entertainment. Degeneracy may be detected everywhere. It looks, in fact, very much like a case of social atavism. Though not a playgoer herself, Mrs. WARD is grieved to say that ladies no longer shut their eyes when the ballet comes on, like the good lady of Puritan training whose example she commends. Even young girls sit it out, and enjoy the spectacular drama unblinking. It does not occur to the writer in the *Forum* that this hardened behaviour may be a better proof of the modesty and innocence she finds so lacking than are the blushes and downward glances she values so indiscriminately. Those who go to the theatre to be shocked can generally compass their desire, and the surest way of obtaining imperfect or erroneous views of the stage is to close the eyes at the entry of the ballet. A painfully cryptic story is told in illustration of the personal demoralization of American "hupper suckkles." A gentleman and his wife, distinguished foreigners both, were entertained at dinner by a member of the fashionable society in a certain town. After dinner the lady addressed another lady, one of high position and refinement, "What does this mean? What is this "society we are invited to in your city? What do the "people in this house take us for? Are my husband and "I to be considered dissolute characters? We have never "been so insulted in our lives!" Pressed for an explanation, this tempestuous lady burst forth anew:—"Do you "know the woman who sat next my husband? Her "behaviour to him was such throughout the meal that he "told me he had been asked to take a disreputable woman "down to dinner, and was ready to leave the house at any "time I said." We may well ask with the angry lady, What does this mean? Perhaps the foreign gentleman did not understand American. After this evidence, and that of the young man who had often danced with young ladies "too far gone" to converse, or fairly intoxicated, there is nothing for it but to save society. And our moralist and censor is ready with a remedy. A dozen influential ladies are to form an association to be styled, not without a touch of arrogance, "The Ladies." They are to make their own sumptuary laws in combination with a dozen like-minded gentlemen. They will accept no invitations to meet "immodestly-dressed guests," and in three months society will be revolutionized. As the author says, it is a simple project; so very simple, so exquisitely simple, we realize with fresh force that the New World is still very new.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON THE LORDS.

THE House of Commons has not had long to wait for a defender against Lord SALISBURY'S recent criticisms. We may say, indeed, that its champion was tacitly designated by public opinion even at the moment of the attack. When, in his speech of the other night at the Mansion House, the PRIME MINISTER reviewed the more conspicuous failings of the popular branch of the Legislature, the loquacity which grows upon it, the restless desire of self-advertisement which inspires some of its members, and the spirit of factious obstructiveness which animates so many others, all eyes were instinctively turned upon Sir WILLIAM

HARCOURT. Here, as all felt, was the one pre-eminently fit respondent to that haughty challenge; here was the one distinguished member of the House of Commons who could repel these unjust imputations, not only by argument, but by example, and who could fairly boast that in his own person he illustrated all those virtues which Lord SALISBURY, through an erroneous impression that they had been carried to excess, had so unjustly mistaken for vices. As an orator who never talks for talking's sake, as a party leader who has notoriously nothing to gain by keeping himself before the public, and as a politician no less chivalrous towards his adversaries than solicitous for the progress of public business, he is qualified, as no one else could be, to rebut the triple charge of garrulity, self-seeking, and unscrupulous partisanship. And when it was seen that he had undertaken this task in his speech of the other night to his constituents at Derby, everybody interested in the reputation of the House of Commons breathed again.

We do not need and do not propose to review Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's apology for that assembly in detail. It is more convenient to "take it as read"—more especially as it has been read some half a dozen times already in his last half-dozen speeches. We all know his triumphant method of proving that the Government have done nothing but obstruct themselves from the first day of the Session to the last; that nobody, not even Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, has made a single speech more than was necessary; that no member, not even an Irish one, has ever spoken at excessive length; that no party, or section of a party or group, of Parliamentary confederates, not even Sir WILFRID LAWSON and the temperance clique, has ever abused the forms of the House or persevered for an hour beyond what was legitimate in their resistance to any measure which they disliked; and that, in short, the entire legislative failure of the Session is due to the fact that Ministers provoked a debate on the Report of the Special Commission, which was prolonged, solely on their responsibility, for a week; and that they introduced certain licensing proposals which were in such complete conformity with the avowed principles of the Opposition leaders, that they ought, as experienced politicians, to have anticipated the obstinate resistance which they met with from the whole Opposition party.

It is more interesting to hear Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the House of Lords than on the House of Commons. When he carries the war into the enemy's country he is always great; and he had not gone far in his attack on the Upper House before he remembered his swashing blow, and delivered it with deadly effect. As thus:—"It is said that "they are a great deliberative assembly. I confess I cannot "point to any debate in the present Session of Parliament, "or, indeed, in a good many previous Sessions, where any "of the debates in the House of Lords have cast much light "on the affairs of the nation." *Habent.* We should like to know how the Lords feel after that. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot point to any enlightening debate in the Upper House for many Sessions past. He has never derived any clearer views on foreign affairs from Lord SALISBURY or Lord ROSEBERY, never gained any deeper insight into legal questions from Lord SELBORNE or Lord HERSCHELL, never heard anything worth listening to on economical subjects from Lord DERBY or the Duke of ARGYLL. And *therefore*—and it is here that the master of dialectics comes in—and therefore nobody else has found anything illuminating in the debates of the House of Lords. The country cannot admire, the public cannot derive instruction from, anything which does not inform and extort admiration from the member for Derby. The only risk of error in this reasoning arises from the possibility—we put it no higher—that the member for Derby may not be the measure of all mankind. As regards what he finds enlightening or the reverse, this may quite conceivably be the case. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may be blind from excess of light and unable to perceive any illuminants outside himself. In matters of constitutional law this is, in fact, known to be so; and it may, for all we know, be the same with every other subject of debate in the House of Lords during "this and a good many previous "Sessions."

THE NAVAL ENGINEERS.

WE had occasion to point out lately the undoubted grievance of the Engineers of the Royal Navy. We then said that there was no reason why they should be less well paid or enjoy less comparative rank than doctors or paymasters. The engineers, having a shrewd estimate of the nature of the department with which they have to deal, and being, no doubt, acquainted with the great leading case of the Unjust Judge, are not inclined to remain satisfied with general acknowledgments of their merits by official or unofficial persons. They are fighting their case by the methods which naturally suggest themselves to persons who know the world. That case is one which does not need to be stated with much detail in order to be convincing. It is enough to say that a body of most necessary officers are less well treated than other officers. The engineers have been made somewhat angry by the devices used to stave off their claims in the House of Commons. They appear not a little exasperated when the FIRST LORD or the SECRETARY gets up and observes, that it costs more to train a captain than an engineer, or that the engineers should remember that they have to pass less time on half-pay than "executive officers." Their reply is that the cost of training is about equal to either kind of cadet, and that, if they have less half-pay than captains, they can never expect to command a ship, and, further, that they pass as much time on half-pay as doctors, paymasters, or even lieutenants. These are good answers—better than the official evasions deserve. But the paymasters should remember that the oracular remarks of First Lords and Parliamentary Secretaries are only meant to pass the question by. It is hard for the political heads of departments to find more money for any class of officers. There is no going back from such concessions, at which the House of Commons generally grumbles. It is only just to remember this, and to have some pity for the sorrows of the FIRST LORD, who is a heavily laden man.

The grievances of the Naval Engineers will have to be considered, however, and not these only, but the whole position of the engineer branch of the service. According to our custom, which is not altogether a bad one, we have dealt with it hitherto in a somewhat hand to mouth manner, making each successive step as short as possible, and doing always no more than would just serve the turn. There are advantages in this method, for it allows of experiment, and saves us from the burden of a complicated system, drawn up on paper, without the practical knowledge which can only be given by experience. But it has its defects, one of which is that it is liable to leave us at a critical moment without a sufficiently numerous force. Moreover, in this case it may surely be considered that we have made as many experiments as are necessary. We know thoroughly well how vitally important the engineer department is, and what in the main it ought to be. It is not to be denied that it falls, in one respect, far short of the proper standard. When the FIRST LORD and his SECRETARY point out that engineers are commonly on full pay, they confess by implication that the corps is not nearly large enough. If the two hundred and odd ships which we have in commission on all kinds of service employ nearly all our engineers, it follows that, if we had five hundred vessels in commission, we should be dreadfully short of officers to take charge of their engines. This is not a weakness which is peculiar to the engineer branch. The staff of lieutenants is notoriously short. But steps have been taken to remedy that defect; and, moreover, the extent of a weakness is the worst of all possible reasons for leaving it wholly unremedied. It is a self-evident truth that, if war cannot be carried on except by the use of innumerable complicated machines, men must be provided to handle them. There are some—they are pretty numerous in the navy, and in the engineer branch itself—who quietly think that the test of war will soon show the ingenious worthlessness of much of our machinery. But it hardly lies in the mouth of the Admiralty to use this as an argument; and, whatever strength it has, it does not affect the demand that the engineer staff should be much larger than it is. Steam we must continue to use; and, if five hundred ships are to be commissioned, at least fifteen hundred engineers will be required to look after them, and this is more than twice the total number at present on the active list. What is true of the engineers is equally true of the engine-room artificers and stokers. The difficulty of keeping up a staff which shall be sufficient for war, and yet not preposterously

too large for peace, is, no doubt, great. But here, again, it can only be said that the magnitude of a difficulty is a reason not for letting it alone, but for dealing with it in time.

A MAGNIFICENT MONTYON PRIZE.

SELDOM in our time, perhaps, has the British juryman given his proud and grateful country a more poignantly delicious taste of his quality than the public have had the opportunity of enjoying within the last few days in connexion with the case of KNOWLES *v.* DUNCAN. The special piquancy of this flavour is, no doubt, due in some degree to the fact that we are able to trace it unmistakably to the particular mental, or rather moral, emotional, sentimental—anything, at any rate, except intellectual—element from which it proceeds. In many of the cases in which the sacred Twelve make themselves ridiculous, their vagaries show traces of a defective logical faculty, of a failure of "discursive" power, of incapacity to weigh evidence, of some twist or perversity in the processes of the understanding. But in KNOWLES *v.* DUNCAN there was nothing of the kind. The jury quite correctly appreciated the main facts of the case. They had no difficulty in perceiving that the plaintiff had satisfactorily proved the making of the promise to her by the defendant, and of the breach there was, of course, no doubt. A verdict in Miss KNOWLES's favour was inevitable; and a verdict, we need hardly add, with substantial damages. Nor would there have been much to criticize in their conduct if, in their disgust at the combined profligacy and meanness of the defendant, they had slightly overstepped the line which, in the matter of damages, divides the "exemplary" from the "vindictive." Their natural desire to punish Mr. DUNCAN would have been generally held to excuse a moderate amount of indifference to the fact that in so doing they might be inordinately compensating Miss KNOWLES.

The indifference, however, with which they must have actually treated this last consideration, if it had entered their minds at all, would pass all reasonable measure; and it, indeed, becomes an incredible hypothesis that it ever did present itself to them. A jury who award 10,000*l.* damages to the plaintiff in a breach of promise case cannot for a moment be supposed to have been thinking merely of reading a lesson to the defendant. They must obviously have brought themselves to regard the plaintiff as combining all possible claims upon their sympathy, and of having behaved herself throughout the whole affair not only without reproach but beyond suspicion. And there is every reason to suppose that this is the conclusion which the twelve good and true men of Lewes did, in fact, arrive at with regard to the behaviour of Miss GLADYS KNOWLES. A young woman of twenty, who goes without her mother's knowledge to the office of a marriage-broker "for the fun of it," and to "see "what it was"; who makes the marriage-broker's acquaintance, introduces him to her mother, and entertains his matrimonial proposals; who goes down to stay with him alone at his country-house upon a patently absurd promise—evaded by still more ridiculous excuses—of there and then marrying her; who represents herself as having been the victim during this visit of an attempt on the part of the defendant to seduce her, and who yet consents to go and stay with him again at an hotel—this is the young woman to whom the Lewes jury have awarded damages on a scale which could only be appropriate to the case of the unsophisticated village maiden who has succumbed to the wiles of the wicked earl. Can it be that the impressionable twelve did really take that view of the situation? It would almost seem so; but, if it be actually the case, if these honest gentlemen see nothing improper, or indiscreet, or unmaidenly, or unladylike, or whatever word they themselves would prefer to describe it by, in the conduct of Miss KNOWLES—nothing, in fact, which should make them hesitate before settling five hundred a year upon her for life as a memento of her adventures with Mr. DUNCAN—why, all we can say is, that Sir JAMES HANNEN's most judicious remark in the DUNLO case must have a wider application than we, or perhaps even he, ever suspected, and that there must be other worlds than that inhabited by "MARMY" and the belles of the music-hall, to which the learned judge's dictum applies, and in one of which the highly respectable Lewes jury must habitually abide. We do not say anything against it as a world, except that its manners and customs, and the rules regulating the social intercourse between the sexes, are totally unlike, and perhaps not so well and wisely conceived as, those that obtain in the class of society to which the plaintiff apparently belongs. And we may perhaps allow ourselves to add that the manners and the customs and the rules aforesaid are not commended to us by the fact of their apparently effacing all distinctions of desert as between a plaintiff like Miss GLADYS KNOWLES and one like (say) Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

POSTS AND TRAINS.

THE punctual delivery of letters and papers north of Edinburgh and the smooth running of trains through Edinburgh are more than Scotch questions at this season. Moreover, a question is not unimportant because it is Scotch. There is, therefore, double reason for taking a look at the present struggle to get posts and trains through the capital of Scotland in time. It has a prominent place in Scotch papers, and will doubtless before long find an echo in the letters of aggrieved correspondents to the *Times*. The trouble with the posts recurs twice a year, punctually at Christmas and during the August holiday. It is to some extent a consequence of the disorder in the train service; but it has an independent cause of its own. The traffic to Edinburgh flows in "through the neck of a bottle," as the *Scotsman* puts it. When there is a sudden increase in the volume of the stream the bottle's neck is choked. The mails from the South cannot be sent on in time to catch the train at Perth, which goes on without waiting for them, and they are habitually delivered twenty-four hours late. The delay has been worse this year than ever. Before the Forth Bridge was built there was a morning train from Edinburgh which, by division and management, could be occasionally made to serve. Now, however, it goes by the Bridge, and is no longer available. So much for the share of the train service in the delay of the mails to the North. But Scotchmen maintain that the block could be remedied if the St. Martin's-le-Grand authorities did not tie the Edinburgh Post Office down to the particular trains by which the mails must be sent. There are, so we are told, trains which go by Glenfarg which would catch the Highland mail punctually if the Edinburgh Post Office were allowed to use them. Why can it not? One would think that the Postmaster at Edinburgh is a sufficiently important official to be allowed a certain latitude or to take it in face of a notorious difficulty. Scotch critics, we note, do not seem to be quite sure whether the fault lies with the Edinburgh or the London office, though they have a marked and natural tendency to lay the blame upon the latter. If they are right, let the fault be amended—and what for no? There is a Scotch Secretary and there are Scotch members who can be pertinacious. The *Scotsman* knows, and we know, and the House of Commons knows, how much greater than a burr's is their pertinacity.

As to the block in the traffic, that, it is to be feared, is the fault very largely of the nature of things. The Waverley Station is the narrow passage of an hour-glass even more than the neck of a bottle; and, unhappily, it is very hard to see, the geology and geography of Edinburgh being what they are, how it is to be widened. Something must be done. So much all acknowledge. The North British and the Caledonian are both at this moment appealing to the Town Council for leave to do something. The Council is away on holiday, like all the rest of Scotland, except railway servants and such as sell to tourists—a considerable exception. Even if the Council was on the spot, the remedy would be a work of time, and the manner of it a crux. The building of the Waverley Station was not done by prophets, and one might say as much of Cannon Street and many other stations. Nobody foresaw what the extension of the traffic would be. And the Waverley's is the sadder case; for whereas the London stations find it hard to widen themselves because of the immense cost of the house property on either side, the Edinburgh one is shut in by the form of the ground. Moreover, there are competitors for the possession of what additional space can be given. The North British and the Caledonian are both applying for leave to take in the Waverley Market. The first of the two is also asking for leave to remove the gasworks, and take the space for an engine-house. This last would be a most advantageous change for Edinburgh; but it is obvious that it would entail a great deal of supplementary expense and labour. Further suggestions are made as to tunnels to be run through Prince's Gardens, and so forth. The weak

point of these schemes is, that they only provide for lengthening the station, and not for widening it. Now what is wanted is not length, but width. From this mere statement of the outlines of the case it will be seen that the railway-station difficulty at Edinburgh will not be an easy one to settle. The worst of it is, that it must needs grow. Between the natural increase of the traffic and the extra work created by the opening of the Forth Bridge, the crush at the Waverley in August has been this year unprecedented. Here, then, is an opportunity for the Scotch to show their capacity for the good business management of local affairs. Until they succeed in clearing the way, travellers to the North may lay their account with delay at Edinburgh, and then when they do get squeezed past Perth, with being kept waiting twenty-four hours for their papers.

THE DUBLIN CORPORATION BILL.

WE have never professed quite to understand our Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, and we are not surprised, therefore, at his sudden onslaught upon the Government with respect to the Dublin Corporation Bill. The stuff and groundwork of Mr. RUSSELL's political character is a sincere, patriotic, and disinterested Unionism; but it is so copiously, and we may add unexpectedly, "shot" every here and there with orange strands of ultra-Protestant prejudice, green threads of agrarian quasi-Parnellism, and blue-ribbons of temperance fanaticism, that you can never know, to use a familiar expression, exactly where to have him. One certainly did not know where to have him the other night when the Dublin Corporation Bill came on for discussion on the third reading in the House of Commons, and when Mr. RUSSELL's political personality seemed to assume a deeper and more diffused tint of orange with every word he uttered. But, in despair of knowing where to have anybody, one may give him up; and since the measure in question left the Commons on the night to which we refer, we were able, with less of the burden of an unsolved mystery than might otherwise have oppressed us, to give up Mr. RUSSELL. But the Lords, who were led by Lord CAMPERDOWN to oppose the Government amendments to the Bill, have not Mr. RUSSELL's prescriptive right to be unintelligible; and, moreover, their position imposes a greater responsibility upon them than the member for South Tyrone incurs by reason of his. He can play the *frondeur* in the House of Commons without risk of serious mischief; but it is another matter when those members of the House of Lords whom the PRIME MINISTER rightly described as representing the "loyal minority" in that House allow their prejudices to overcome their Unionist obligations, and to lead them to record their votes against the Government on a question of this kind. As it happened, their opposition was unsuccessful, but it cannot be a pleasing recollection to them that they succeeded in bringing Ministers within eight votes of defeat.

This cannot, we say, be among their pleasing recollections, because it is hardly possible that their action can justify itself to them in retrospect by any look of paramount and irresistible duty. This we cannot bring ourselves to believe. The state of a politician's mind—and that politician calling himself a Liberal-Unionist — who has persuaded himself that the Corporation of the Irish capital ought still to be denied the right of collecting its own municipal rates must be so essentially an unnatural and artificial condition, that we cannot imagine it to be a permanent one. Surely these noble lords must see that the maintenance of the disability in question is impossible to justify on any principles which can logically stop short of the abolition of municipal institutions in Dublin altogether. It is quite monstrous to imagine that the municipality of a city of that importance, if it is to remain in existence, can be permanently deprived of a power which is enjoyed by every other municipality in the United Kingdom. One could understand a high-handed Government and Legislature declaring absolutely against the principle of local autonomy as applied to any town or city in Ireland, but to recognize local autonomy in Dublin, and then to insist that it shall not import the same privileges in that city that it imports at Little Pedlington, is a wantonly irritating absurdity. As to the suggestion that if the municipality acquires the power of collecting its own rates, the dominant political party in the Corporation will use their power for the purpose of disfranchising their adversaries, it is difficult to believe that such an apprehension could find serious voice in any assembly of intelligent men. We wonder where in the world is to be found a body of political partisans so extravagant, in both senses of the word, that they would rate themselves more heavily all round for the mere object of depriving their opponents of votes. Men are certainly not "built that way" in England; and, though party passions no doubt run higher to the west of St. George's Channel, we cannot believe that they are so constructed in Ireland either. And, if they use the argument founded upon their anticipated misbehaviour, it would prove too much. A municipality that could so act would justly provoke MACDUFF's reply to MALCOLM, "Not fit to govern; no, not fit to live." The case of the Corporation of Dublin would not, on that hypothesis, be adequately met by forbidding it to collect its rates. It would, like the Cork Board of Guardians, have forfeited the right to exist.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

IT is significant of the change which has taken place in the popular view of the House of Commons that no sensible man nowadays thinks of complaining that the Indian Budget is not introduced earlier in the Session. If the complaint ever finds expression at all, it now proceeds merely from the lips of the stick-at-nothing partisan, and only from his, of course, when he happens to be of the Outs. There has been, for instance, a feeble echo of the old protest in the columns of the London Gladstonian organ which observed that "the UNDER-SECRETARY for "INDIA was at last enabled to make his financial ex-"planations to a small percentage of the few members "who remain in town"; and added that "we need "not waste words in expatiating upon the extreme "and most impolitic unwisdom" (does not "impolitic," by-the-bye, sound a little like a wasted word in this connexion?) "of thus slighting the Indian people and "ignoring their interests." No; there is, indeed, no need to do this, and we for our own part shall certainly abstain from it. It is a little hazardous to dogmatize upon what will or will not affect "the Indian "people"—a name of some complexity—and how this or that line of conduct will affect them. But we think it would be tolerably safe to say this, both of the contentment of the vast contented majority in India, and of the discontent of the infinitesimal discontented minority, that the one feeling will no more be disturbed by the absence, or the only less blessed silence, of Mr. CONYBEARE, and Mr. PICTON, and Professor STUART, and their like, during last Thursday's debate, than the other feeling would have been conciliated by their presence and their speech. So much for the "Indian people" of either of the two varieties mentioned; while as for the English public, we repeat what we said at the outset, they regard the thinness of the House to which the Indian Budget is now habitually submitted with a feeling in general of indifference, and, among the more thoughtful of them, with positive complacency. Sir JOHN GORST's financial statement the other night was adversely criticized by Mr. BRADLAUGH, who no doubt has established a prescriptive right to be heard on the subject, but whose criticism was very effectively dealt with by Sir RICHARD TEMPLE; and though it was no doubt inevitable that Mr. MACNEILL and Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY should make their voices heard in tones of dissent and dissatisfaction, they occupied no inordinate amount of time. To our thinking it was a model debate, and so far from feeling that any apologies are due to our Indian fellow-subjects for its brevity, we are of opinion that we owe them the tribute of our congratulations on being able to get their business done in the Imperial Parliament with a businesslike despatch which excites our liveliest envy when compared with our legislative conduct of our own affairs.

In especial we may congratulate them on the fact that, there being very little requiring to be said about their Budget for the year, so wide was the departure from English precedent in like cases that comparatively little was said about it, in fact. On the face of things it is a fairly satisfactory one; but, also on the face of things, the satisfaction which it arouses is a sentiment of no very deeply-rooted kind. The surplus announced on Thursday night amounts to no less than 2,677,500 rupees, which, although considerably in excess of estimate as it stands, would have

been yet larger if the Indian Government had not postponed a contribution due from the local Governments, and appropriated a large sum to the reduction of the famine fund. So far so good; but, when we come to look at the origin of this surplus, the impression it produces is less agreeable. General revenue, as budgeted for the year 1890–91, does not maintain the improvement of the previous year; and the surplus above stated depends entirely upon the rise in value of the rupee, which is, of course, due to causes over which the Indian Government has no control. Sir JOHN GORST, indeed, was obliged to admit that, but for the important rise in the exchange, he would have had to exhibit a deficit. So that the Budget for the present year has been saved not on its own merits, so to speak, and reflects a state of financial matters in India which, though satisfactory for the moment, may, too possibly, not be lasting.

THE SESSION.

PARLIAMENT met on Tuesday, the 11th of February. The Queen's Speech laid before it a scheme of work which might have employed a well-managed and well-intentioned assembly during a Session of normal length. The usual formal reference to the friendly character of Her Majesty's relations with foreign Powers was varied on this occasion by a guarded mention of the decisive measures which it had lately been found necessary to take, in order to put a stop to the exasperating activity of the Portuguese in South-Eastern Africa. The names of the Bills which the Houses were asked to consider and pass are by themselves a history in little of the futility of the Session. The list included an Irish Land Purchase Bill, a Tithes Bill, a Savings Bank Bill, Bills to provide barracks, to amend the method of conducting Scotch business, to remove the miseries of Scotch crofters. Some of these were introduced in fulfilment of promises, or as the result of former policy. Very few of them were destined to see the end of the Session, which has been mainly occupied with a measure not mentioned in the Queen's Speech, or foreseen when the Houses met. With few exceptions they disappeared, or again stand over to yet another Session, which is to fulfil the promises not kept in this.

The House of Lords made, as usual, good speed to clear away the debate on the Address which used to be the regulation salute before beginning business. The House of Commons, as has been usual with it now during no small part of a generation, began by what is known, avowed, and tolerated as a pure waste of time. It was more than a month before the Lower House reached what can, by any stretch of courtesy, be called the despatch of business. Some things were discussed which ought never to have been mentioned, others which were of a more legitimate character were discussed at inordinate length. Under the head of purely obtrusive and dilatory talk must be put the complaint of breach of privilege with which Sir W. Harcourt, speaking for his friends of to-day and his dreaded and scolded enemies of yesterday, stopped work on the very threshold. The excuse was the publication by the *Times* of the notorious Pigott letters. Attention to this complaint was refused on the ground that the Irish members had delayed to make it until too late, and also until many other transactions had occurred which materially modified the original position. Mr. Labouchere's motion, which was designed to fix the guilt of conspiracy to defeat the course of justice in connexion with the notorious Cleveland Street scandals on the Prime Minister, may be mentioned here, out of its place in order of time, but in not inappropriate company. The violence of Mr. Labouchere's language succeeded in producing the scandal which could be the only object of such a motion. Between the Breach of Privilege debate and Mr. Labouchere's equally acceptable assertions that he was credulous enough to believe the scum of the earth, and so unmannerly as not to believe the Marquess of Salisbury, came the debate on the Address. Of this it is only necessary to say that two weeks of frothy talk are better than three. In the course of it Mr. Morley made a curious display of the morality of the Freethinker who is allied with the political Dissenter, by substantially confessing that he would tolerate any kind of denominational teaching, if only he could be sure that the Church of England would not be allowed to teach. After a month, all but a few days, spent in this fashion, the House reached something which it had good call to discuss.

The Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the charges brought against the Irish members was published early in March. As the judges had only confirmed Mr. Gladstone's well-known statements concerning the relations of the Irish patriot party to treason and the Land League to crime, the Separatist party thought fit to declare Irish members acquitted of serious charges. This confidence abated during the next few weeks as the real meaning of the Report was gradually better understood. In the meantime there had been eight nights of talk in the Houses, of which one part, the smaller, was discussion, and another, the larger, was either repetition or declamation. On the 9th March Mr. Smith moved that the House should accept the Report, thank the judges, and proceed to business. Mr. Gladstone replied with an amendment to the effect that the House should not thank the judges, should condole with the Irish members, because they had been accused as he had accused them, and should congratulate them on their acquittal from charges very consistent with the known truth, and not more severe, though more precise, than his own. The debates on this issue lasted till the 16th of March, when the Government carried its point by a majority of 71. Several nights were occupied by the lawyers with cruelly dull repetitions of arguments, assertions of their own amazing ability and integrity, or legerdemain with quibbles. The rest was the sophistry of Mr. Gladstone, the mouthing of Sir W. Harcourt, the calculated heat of Mr. Parnell, the usual incontinent Irish eloquence; and on the part of the Government argument which was a little too apologetic in tone, till Mr. Balfour on the last night took the offensive in one of the most effective speeches he has ever delivered. These eight days had a curious epilogue, in the form of a motion which Mr. Jennings did not make because Lord Randolph Churchill—who, by the way, is still spoken of as a possible member of the Ministry—seized on it as an excuse for one of his erratic attacks on his former colleagues. The motion was finally made by Mr. Caine, whose candidature at Barrow under farcical circumstances Lord R. Churchill was, not in vain, to do his best to spoil a few weeks later.

The House had now run through six weeks of its time, and had hardly yet got to business. At last, well after March had begun, it reached the Estimates. The Spending Departments had nothing to propose on the same scale as the great Naval Defence scheme of last year. Mr. Stanhope had to carry a Barrack Bill—a measure which, over and above its practical value, may serve to remind us that we have not even yet quite ceased to consider the army as a disagreeable but temporary burden. The habit of treating the defences of the country as something not to be too seriously taken, which is bred in the bone of our War Office, led Mr. Stanhope into bringing on the Ministry a check of the least creditable kind. He pottered over accepting a suggestion from General Hamley that the Volunteers should be supplied with a grant towards meeting the expense of the equipment with which they are required to provide themselves. The House voted against him, to the delight of the Opposition, which crowed over the defeat of the Ministry, and the disgust of his party at the management which incurred a deserved and damaging snub. The Volunteers have received a modest grant in aid out of a fund provided by Mr. Goschen—one of the very few good things which the Chancellor of the Exchequer's bag has produced this year. Naval and military matters have not had a great share in that part of the Session which is likely to be remembered. There has, as always, been abundant straggling talk on the Estimates; there was towards the close of the Session one debate of a most inconclusive kind on the Report of Lord Hartington's Commission, which recommended additions to our endless tinkerings of "the system"; there was still later some very superfluous discussion on the insubordination in the Grenadier Guards; but there was little or nothing said or done, except as regards the Volunteers, which can have any effect in future.

On the 24th March Mr. Balfour introduced his Irish Land Purchase Bill. This measure is doubtless destined to hold an important place in the coming Session. In the present, however, it has only been one of the many things begun and not carried further. Stated without the details which will be in their place when the Bill is seriously taken in hand, it may be fairly described as providing for a much extended application of the Ashbourne Act in three-fourths of Ireland under the direction of a central Court to be formed out of the existing Land Commissions, and for the creation of a special Court, empowered to dip into the remaining plunder of the Irish Church, which is to deal with the congested districts of the West. This is necessarily a very jejune account of a project which abounds in detail and in artfully-arranged safeguards designed to protect the lender, who is the State, against the borrowers, who are its Irish subjects. But, though the Bill was read a second time in May by a majority of seventy, and occupied a certain number of nights in Committee, it remains a project, and nothing more. What it has contributed to the history of this Session has been mainly loud assertions from the smaller Irish members that they will repudiate, if ever they can, and two remarkable displays from Mr. Parnell. On the second reading of the Bill he made a wandering speech which puzzled his opponents and struck his followers as dumb as they are capable of becoming, and then ended by moving the second reading, of nobody knows what, to an amazed House not accustomed to exhibitions of silliness or small jocularity from the Irish leader. Later on, in Committee, Mr. Parnell was "moderate," with that moderation which seems chiefly to appear when his followers are to be confused into quiet.

The Tithes Bill ran much the same course as the Land Purchase Bill. It was a measure designed to put the incidence of the tithe directly, as it at present is ultimately, on the landlord. It was introduced in order to fulfil the promise made when the tardy measure of last Session was withdrawn. It, too, was swept away in the confusion which came upon the House between Easter and Whitsuntide.

The remainder of the Session, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, is a history of Obstruction, of failure from one cause or another to deal with Obstruction now, and of schemes to suppress Obstruction in future. The little result of all changes in the Rules of the House which have been made in late years to restore to the Commons "the command over their time" has not apparently disheartened any politician except Mr. Balfour, who

has a tendency to go to the root of the matter. There is still a general hope that some mechanical device may be found which will automatically compel the Opposition to behave with moderation. This Session has shown for its part that the most formidable-looking machinery (no one- or two-handed engine could well look more terrific than the Closure) is of no avail unless there is the spirit and determination to use it with effect. Whether because the majority does not sufficiently believe in itself, or because the officers of the House, the Speaker, and the Chairman of Committees do not sufficiently believe in the majority, it is certain that the resources of coercion have been used to very little purpose. The talk of the Opposition has been as long-winded, as full of repetitions, and as openly obstructive as ever. The forms of Parliamentary business have been used and abused. Night after night has been wasted. When at last the Chairman or Speaker has decided against the Obstructives, it has very commonly been too late to go on with this or the other Bill. At the very end, after bitter outcries on the Ministerial side, after the existence of Obstruction has been recognized in the House and out of it as an evil to be denounced and a nuisance to be abated, a mere handful of members, the most conspicuous of them being Sir George Campbell, have contrived to prolong the Session for about ten days, if not more, by pertinacious and thick-skinned application to droning chatter. It is becoming or beginning to become very clear that we must either accept Obstruction as the compensation provided by nature to check the modern mania for legislation, or make up our minds that the members who endeavour to stop business are a species of rowdies who must be knocked down to keep them quiet. When a gentleman asserts, as Sir George Campbell did, that he is a "gorilla" (he meant guerrilla, and should have meant *guerrillero*), he ought to have been made to understand that he must accept the position of that irregular fighter who, by all the rules of regular war, is liable to be shot whenever he is caught by the disciplined force on whose flanks he hangs. The House has power to do the shooting; but it will not shoot. It will not go further than providing itself with a gun.

The history of partisan warfare is notoriously difficult to tell. It cannot be given in detail. There is, however, one fact of a very patent character which cannot be ignored, and should least of all be denied or extenuated on the Unionist side. It is that the Ministry at the most critical moment of the Session posted its flank "in the air," and open to the attacks of what the member for Kirkcaldy calls the gorillas. Mr. Goschen's Budget was presented on the 15th of April, immediately on the meeting of the Houses after the Easter holidays. It contained what was soon to be discovered to be the cause of the wreck of the Session. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had to dispose of a surplus of 3,549,000*l.* This sum, the difference between a revenue of 90,406,000*l.* and an expenditure of 86,857,000*l.*, he gave away in modest slices. The duties on plate were given up, twopence in the pound was taken off the tea-duty, and the duty on currants was reduced from 7*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt. For this last we receive an equivalent in the shape of a reduction of Greek duties on English manufactures. The other two reductions, though orthodox enough, according to the most popular modern principles, were not received with much gratitude. Neither has any one been shown to be particularly thankful for the further reduction in the House-duty and transfer of the lately imposed Beer-duty to the County Council, which, between them, disposed of as much of the remainder of the surplus as the Chancellor of the Exchequer could safely part with. Whatever thankfulness was felt for these various reductions of taxes, which nobody really feels as a burden, was swept away immediately by the several kinds of annoyance aroused by the Supplementary Budget which Mr. Goschen introduced, with the best intentions, no doubt, but with the effect mainly of showing what a dangerous thing a politician's conscience may be when he allows it to work uncontrolled by common sense.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had noted that the greater part of the surplus which he had been blessed with had been provided by a sudden increase in the consumption of spirits, particularly of rum. It seemed to Mr. Goschen to be his duty as a moral man—so he said himself—to do something which would make it as difficult as possible for any future Chancellor of the Exchequer to find such a surplus again. He, therefore, drew up a scheme by which the trade in spirits was to be diminished. By the terms of a Bill called the Local Taxation Bill the beer duty was to be transferred to the County Councils. The proceeds of this tax were to be reinforced by a sixpenny duty on each gallon of imported or native spirits. Beer and spirits together, it was calculated, would produce 1,304,000*l.* Of this sum 80 per cent. (1,043,200*l.*) was to go to English County Councils, 11 per cent. (143,000*l.*) to Scotch, and 9 per cent. (117,360*l.*) to Irish local authorities. The total was to be disposed of in pensions to the police, on the general purposes of the County Councils, and for the promotion of morality in the extinction of licences. To this last clause is to be attributed, more than to any single other cause, the ruin of the legislative work of the Session. It would certainly not have had that effect if the Opposition had not availed themselves of it with fanatical ardour or unscrupulous dishonesty. But the most fanatical Opposition must have opportunities, and this was just such a one as the Opposition which Mr. Goschen has had in front of him for some years might have been trusted implicitly to make the most of. The struggle which arose over the licensing clauses thrust everything aside, stopping all other work directly by taking up the time which would have only just sufficed to carry the measures named in the Queen's Speech, and indirectly by encouraging opposition, and by damping the spirit of the supporters of the Ministry.

The Local Taxation Bill—or, as it was much more generally called, the Compensation Bill—was no sooner understood before the so-called Temperance party began the agitation which has decided the character of the Session. They saw, or professed to see, in the licensing clauses an attempt to endow the publicans; by which they must be understood to mean a recognition of the principle that the property of well-conducted tradesmen must not be confiscated whenever a majority in Parliament proposes to limit their trade for public purposes. By the mouth of Sir Wilfrid Lawson they announced their intention of offering an uncompromising opposition to the Bill; and they kept their word. The interval between Easter and Whitsuntide was almost wholly occupied by obstruction to the measure. Serious debating on the Bill began on the 11th of May, and on the 15th the Ministry were supported by a majority of 73 in a full House on the principle of the Bill. Mr. Caine had moved an amendment, by which Parliament was asked to pronounce against compensation to publicans. In former times this would have been held to settle the question; but old rules no longer apply. Mr. H. Fowler came forward with an amendment which was only Mr. Caine's in another form. He wished to limit the duration of the Spirit-tax to a year, which would have, of course, brought on the whole debate again at the end of twelve months. On this issue all the arguments were gone over again. The futility of the Closure when it is most wanted was amply shown during these days. Mr. Courtney refused to apply it at the request of Mr. Smith. The refusal was certainly understood to mean that on this question the majority of the House did not enjoy the support of the Chairman of Committees. Although there was not much actual desertion of the Ministry, it was not unknown that the Liberal-Unionists were not heartily favourable to the compensation clause; and it was certainly no secret that many of the Conservative members were far from pleased with a Bill which would infallibly compel them to come into open collision with the Temperance party in their constituencies. The knowledge that the supporters of the Ministry were languid, or even sulky in many cases, and that the authority of the Chair would not be vigorously used against them, could not fail to have an encouraging effect on the Opposition. We do not say on the obstructive part of it, because the whole Opposition was obstructive on this question. Mr. Gladstone opposed compensation, which he had once declared should be given as a matter of principle, as audaciously as he later on denounced the Ministry for trafficking with the Pope, because they openly sent Sir Lintorn Simmons to do what he himself had directed Sir George Errington to do clandestinely. In such an atmosphere it was only natural that Obstruction should flourish. It was present, whatever the House discussed. Supply was delayed, and, as a matter of course, the sorrows of Ireland and of Irish patriots filled night after night, being as much in place as dust during a high wind in dry weather. Just before the Whitsuntide holidays there was an abatement in the confusion. Mr. Smith, having announced that unless a certain amount of work was done first there would be no holiday—or much less than usual—the Opposition kept up their character as ill-behaved schoolboys. They settled for a night or two to their lessons. Sir William Harcourt, who had been the loudest in boasting that he would take care nothing should be done, was one of the first to obey when he saw a serious risk of punishment. Votes in Supply came rapidly after a little Irish tall-talk, and on Friday, 23rd May, the House went off for a second and a very ill-deserved holiday.

When the House met again on the 2nd of June it had become very clear that all hopes of carrying any part of the list of measures promised in the Queen's Speech had gone. The interesting question had come to be, not what important Bill could be carried, but what changes could be made in the method of conducting business in the House which would allow any Bills to be carried. For some time Ministers continued to talk of their intention to go on with their Bills. The Irish Land Purchase Bill was actually got into committee, and so was the Local Taxation Bill. Obstruction, which was mainly conducted by Mr. Morley, received a check on the 8th of June, when the Speaker ruled that instructions to Committee must not be made an excuse for reopening a second reading debate. It was the Tithe Bill on which Mr. Morley and his leader, Mr. Gladstone, practised this improvement on the Parliamentary methods of their Irish friends. But it was now nearly the middle of June, and Government had hardly got its measures well begun. It was manifestly too late to do more than carry a small part of their programme. Still, however, the Cabinet delayed an avowal of its intentions. A meeting of the party held at the Carlton on the 12th of June was understood to have shown no great willingness to accept a proposal by which the House was to be asked to adopt the practice, not uncommon in foreign and Colonial Assemblies, of allowing Bills to stand over from Session to Session. For practically a fortnight after the meeting the House went on striving with Obstruction, and making no real progress. Mr. Goschen, in the course of one of the spun-out debates on the Local Taxation Bill, proved to demonstration that Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt were acting and speaking in defiance of what they had once alleged to

be their principles. But victories of this kind—which Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt have made somewhat easy for their critics—do not promote the despatch of business. At last on the 23rd of June the surrender to Obstruction, which had long been seen to be inevitable, was made. The Ministry announced that they had decided to give up the Compensation Clauses of the Local Taxation Bill, reserving the money voted for the extinction of licences to be dealt with in another Session.

This, however, was only the beginning of a series of surrenders. Within twenty-four hours the Speaker, in answer to a question put by Mr. Healy, pointed out that holding over money in this fashion was, if not an unconstitutional, at least a very novel, practice. In face of this ruling, which the Ministry might have foreseen, there was nothing for it but to surrender again. After taking two days to think it over, the Cabinet decided to throw up the Compensation Clauses—leaving it to be decided later on what was to be done with the money. What was done with it was practically, after delay and confusion, to add it to the sum which was to be voted for the general purposes of the County Councils. Shorn of its Compensation Clauses, the Local Taxation Bill was carried, after infinite delay and obstruction, for the benefit of the County Councils and the Police. The metropolitan force secured a certain amount of illegitimate attention in Parliament in June. Just as the pensions of the force were about to be provided for, Mr. Monro, the Chief Commissioner, thought fit to resign, on the ground that the claims of his men had not been properly considered, and because he feared that a private secretary of Mr. Matthews would be promoted to an important post in the force. The resignation was followed by, and perhaps helped to produce, a small outbreak of disorder among the younger constables. Mr. Monro was, however, succeeded by Sir Edward Bradford, by whose good management the commotion was quieted down. Mr. Matthews was attacked in the House for his real or alleged share in causing the trouble; but, if he did not quite clear himself of blame, he did contrive to show that he could not be proved to have committed the mistakes attributed to him by Mr. Monro.

From the date of the withdrawal of the Compensation Clauses the one question of any real interest in the proceedings of the House was the old one—how its methods were to be so modified as to enable it to do any work at all. Early in the Session Sir George Trevelyan had contrived to secure time for a discussion on a suggestion that the House should rise in July, meeting earlier than has been usual in this century, in order that its laborious members might enjoy that freedom in the pleasant summer weather which the rest of the community would like to share with them. After Whitsuntide Her Majesty's Ministers showed that they, too, thought some change was needed. In spite of the cool reception given to the proposal at the already mentioned meeting of the majority, they decided to ask Parliament whether or not it would agree to a scheme for passing Bills on from Session to Session. The question was referred to a Committee on a very distinct promise from Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt that if it was examined in this way they would discuss it fairly. The nomination of the members of the Committee on the 27th of June was made the occasion for a violent demonstration against Mr. T. W. Russell, who adds to the sin of being an Irish Unionist the worse sin of being a most effective exposer of Irish Separatist fictions. He was named, and the Committee met, but no sooner had it met than it became apparent that the minority had no intention to discuss at all. They carried to it the spirit and the method of Obstruction. Majority and minority soon separated, each publishing its separate Report. The substance of the Report is of no present interest, as the Cabinet soon decided that this also must be given up. On Thursday, the 12th of July, Mr. Smith announced that Ministers had finally resolved to do what was now the only thing they could do—namely, to withdraw all their Bills, to finish business as soon as they could, and bring Parliament back to a fresh start on work in November.

From that moment until now there has been one steady dead lift to force Supply, and a few small Bills which will be useful as proofs that the Session was not completely useless after all, through in face of persistent Obstruction. No account of such a struggle can be given except at immense length, and then only by dint of incessant repetitions. Sir George Campbell prosed and Mr. T. Healy howled abuse; Mr. T. Healy howled abuse, and Sir George Campbell prosed. There were those who imitated Sir George—mostly Scotchmen—and those who imitated Mr. T. Healy. Much was said, in the midst of entire indifference outside, about the pensions to the Scotch police, and about whatever could be made an excuse for talk. In such an element no work could be done beyond the voting of Supply. Even so humble a measure as the Savings Bank Bill had to be dropped. The House staggered on like a waterless caravan struggling towards a well, the voice of Sir George Campbell being heard to the last—gabble, gabble, gabbling. Supply was finally got done with last Wednesday.

The common features of every Session were not wanting. The Deceased Wife's Sister and the Channel Tunnel appeared and disappeared. Liquor Bills and measures to put grown-up people into various kinds of go-carts were heard of. The regulation rejection of Scotch Disestablishment was distinguished among these occasions by Mr. Gladstone's final appearance as a Liberationist—a revelation which seems not unlikely to have considerable effect in Scotland. Private legislation has been more than commonly scanty, the only remarkable measures of the kind being a Bill to remove the bars on the Bedford estate, into which the House of Lords introduced a Compensation Clause, in spite of warning that they would excite the anger of the County Council; and a Directors' Liability Bill, which was to make the trade of guinea-pig too dangerous. This last the Lords—chiefly the Law Lords—altered completely, on the ground that it would make the trade of honest director more dangerous than it ought to be.

Colonial and Foreign affairs, though there has been much done in connexion with both of considerable national importance, have not been conspicuous in Parliament. Questions have been asked—we can hardly add have been answered—about the endless Newfoundland dispute; which remains, and is likely to remain, as it was. A Bill has been passed to confer self-government on a very small community occupying a very vast territory in Western Australia. The most important of what can be called foreign affairs which has been discussed has been the Bill for the cession of Heligoland to Germany as part of a general arrangement of our relations with that Power in Eastern Africa. The measure was soberly discussed in the Lords. In the Commons it was the excuse for explosions on the part of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone. The first thought it a wicked scheme to increase the power of the peers, and the second saw in it an attack on the prerogative of the Crown. The fact that he had asked Parliament to confirm a cession of territory on the Gambia was held by Mr. Gladstone not to be a precedent—on the general rule that *duo si faciunt idem non est idem*, when one of the two is himself and the other a Conservative Prime Minister. In the same way did he prove the vast difference between sending Sir George Errington to Rome officiously, and sending Sir Lintorn Simmons officially. An arrangement with the French as to our relative positions in Zanzibar, Madagascar, and on the Gambia, which arose out of the Convention with Germany, was the subject of obstruction in the House of Commons, when no sign of life except obstruction remained.

To-day there is reasonable hope that a very early day in next week will see the end of a Session which has been singularly barren except in examples of what management, and what conduct, should be avoided by Ministers and by Opposition.

RILO.

A THOUSAND years ago a boy of fourteen left his native village of Skrino and set out in search of a convenient place wherein to practise the strict asceticism necessary for the salvation of the elect. After wandering over many a mountain, forest, and plain, he discovered a hollow tree on the slopes of Mount Rilo, and later on a hollow rock, where he established himself like a coney. Gradually the fame of the hermit spread abroad, and emulous disciples joined him, till they formed a little colony, and began building huts for themselves and a rude chapel for their worship. The youth was Sveti Jovan Rilski, and the chapel was the predecessor of the great monastery of Rilo, which occupies the same position in Bulgaria as Mont St. Michel in Normandy or La Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiné.

The Rila range rises almost in the centre of the Balkan peninsula, halfway between the Danube and the Ægean. It is shaped like a monster pyramid of nature, measuring from east to west fifty kilometres, and thirty from north to south. The northern face is abrupt and steep, and clothed with glorious virgin forests, where the sound of the axe will never be heard, for transport is impossible. Eastwards the Rila joins the Rhodope, and to the south the Perin Planina. Its topmost peak is 2,930 metres above the sea, only a few feet lower than Olympus. The fauna and flora and the geological formation remind one of the Carpathians; and, like them, the Rila is dotted with small lakes, which the peasants call "eyes of the sea." The forests reach up six thousand feet, and, above them, bare crags are the home of the chamois. The monastery lies high on the mountain slope, and in the gorge below foams the Rilska Réka, a delicious crystal stream, whose trout furnish the staple food of the monks, and whose icy water is sweeter than wine. It has the appearance, from the outside, of a baronial fortress, with crenellated walls and loopholes, and massive iron gates, which are closed half an hour after sunset, to open only at next dawn. The moment the threshold is crossed, however, one is face to face with the Church of Our Lady, almost a counterpart of that of the Monastery of Khilandâr at Mount Athos, with a red and white stone façade and six silvered cupolas. It stands in the centre of an immense court, round which is built the monastery proper, three stories high. Seventy-six massive stone pillars support the balconies of the guest chambers and also of the monks, three hundred in number. Some of these rooms are very spacious and fairly well furnished with carpets, divans, and cushions. A niche contains water and a basin and ewer, and wardrobes, *à la Turque*, are let into the walls. Each of the larger rooms could easily accommodate half a dozen persons, and it would not be difficult to billet a whole regiment in the vast building. The walls of the church are entirely covered with frescoes representing various Bible scenes—the Day of Judgment, Lazarus and Dives, and the punishments reserved for each particular kind of sin. These, as well as the interior paintings, are solely the work of Macedonian and Bulgarian artists, whose special forte is the delineation of devils. The variety of form and expression to

be found in these mural decorations is delightful, and the face of the principal fiend, in one of these frescoes, when a soul escapes him, is a perfect study in demonology. This particular painting is curious in the extreme. In the centre is a huge pair of scales, before which stands, with folded hands, the soul. On one side is the heavenly host armed with long eel-spears, and on the other the devils. The sins resemble rolls of tobacco, and are piled on to the balance by an assiduous horned demon. The scale, however, refuses to turn, and the soul is saved, several angels keeping off devils laden with sins at the point of the pitchfork. Inside there is not a square inch uncovered with decoration, and the Iconostasis is a blaze of gold, enamel, and precious stones. To the right lies the body of St. Jovan, which is reverently uncovered before visitors. It is enveloped in rich broideries and silver plates, only a mummied hand showing for the kiss of the faithful, and at the feet is placed a dish to receive their offerings. In a vault at the south-west corner of the cloisters is the library and chamber of relics. Neither of these, however, comes up to expectations, the library being especially poor. The most interesting document by far is the Firman given by the last king of the Bulgars, "*the faithful servant of God, Jovan Shishman, King and Autocrat of all the Bulgars and Greeks.*" It is nearly two yards long, written on parchment in Bulgarian, and signed with a large gold seal the size of a crown piece. It is dated 1379, and confirms all donations made by his predecessors, with a minute description of the properties and rights of the monastery. There are one or two fine old manuscript Bibles in Cyrillian characters, massively bound in heavy silver covers of excellent workmanship, with the names of the artists and inscriptions inserted in the general design. One of these states that it was completed "in the year 7033 of the Creation," and by a rapid calculation the Abbot interprets this to make it three hundred and sixty-five years old. The key to this chronology is in fixing the birth of Christ at 5508 of the Creation, and it appears to be generally used in Slovene manuscripts. Another Bible bears on one cover the following:—"*Remember in your holy prayers brother Mathéa, the goldsmith of Sofia, who laboured to carve this Gospel together with the monk Euthymia, and helped by the first monk Kallista in the year* 1577." There are crucifixes of every imaginable shape and material, and as a reliquary an embossed silver casket with the bones of seven saints. In the Abbot's room is the crucifix presented by Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a very beautiful specimen of Russian handicraft, set round with large amethysts; and a larger one, given last year by Prince Ferdinand. The Abbot, or Hegumen, is a jovial gentleman of forty-five, who looks ten years younger, and does the honours of coffee, cigarettes, and *raki*, with genial good humour. He is appointed by ballot for three years, and Father Joseph is likely to have a second tenure of office, so popular has he made himself. There are two visitors' books—one for simple inscription, and the other for noting the donations made by the parting guests. Owing to stories spread of brigandage, only one party has been to Rilo since last summer, but, as a matter of fact, there is very little to fear. In August, the great festival of St. Jovan is held, and pilgrims flock from every corner of the peninsula to the monastery in their thousands. This temporary excitement, however, only lasts a few days, and the Rilo soon returns to its normal state of isolated tranquillity. The hospitality of the monastery is of a primitive kind, and the fare provided somewhat monotonous, so that it is as well to take provisions both of meat and wine. The monks are not supposed to touch meat within the walls, nor outside them on Wednesdays and Fridays. On these fast-days nothing prepared with milk or butter even is allowed, and trout, with lentil soup and bread, forms the perpetual *menu*. The kitchen is a dark and cavernous den, and the fire is made by lighting the trunk of a fir-tree, which burns up fiercely under the pots, and is pushed forward by degrees as it consumes away. Most of the brethren cook for themselves, but two *chefs* are on duty for serving travellers, assisted by a few small boys to wait. Altogether there are thirty children at school, with three teachers. They are obliged in every way to conform to the usual monastic discipline, and to attend all the chapel services. The daily service in the large church takes place at two in the morning, and the monks are roused from their slumbers by the sound of a wooden gong—a plank suspended by two cords—which rings weirdly through the night. Close to the church rises an old dilapidated tower, on to which a belfry has been built about halfway up. The tower has the following inscription:—"*Under the rule of the all-powerful Prince Stefan Dushân Chrylé built the Tower with much labour to the glory of St. Jovan and the Holy Virgin.* 1335." The belfry is dated 1844, and was a gift of the Servian Prince Milosh. Throughout the monastery the national stamp is everywhere evident in contradistinction to the Greek spirit which pervades so many of these establishments. Rilo is essentially Bulgarian, and a fitting monument of the tenacity of the race.

There are two roads to Rilo, or rather one road and one track. It stands some three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, and is eight hours by carriage from Dubnitza, and about the same distance on horseback and on foot from Samakow. The situation is magnificent, surrounded on all sides by dense forests of pine and beech, with mountain streamlets in every direction, tearing down in white cascades to the plains. The rivers Iskar, Maritza, and Metsa, all take their sources in the Rila, the former traversing the Balkans to meet the Danube, and the two latter falling into the Archipelago. The physical enjoyment and benefit of a week in the keen invigorating air will stiffen and brace the limpest pilgrim from the torrid plateau of Sofia. He soon gets accustomed to the simple life of the monks, to rise with the sun, and to sleep in the hours of darkness. And when he leaves, it will be with genuine regret that he throws a last look at the irate devils, shakes hands with jolly Father Joseph, and distributes his remaining small coins amongst the hewers of wood, drawers of water, and fishers of trout. But at the west gate the carriage is waiting for Dubnitza with four horses abreast, tossing their shaggy manes to the jingle of the bells, or at the east portal the cat-like pony is thoughtfully turning his nose towards Samakov, mindful of the steep and slippery climb before him, and fully alive to his responsibilities. Whichever route the traveller takes he is followed with a chorus of "*Sbogoms*," and hopes of a speedy return, and it will probably be no fault of his if his visit to Rilo is not repeated.

THE INDIAN UNCOVENANTED CIVIL SERVICE.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons which has been inquiring into the grievances of the members of the Indian Uncovenanted Civil Service have, it is understood, made certain recommendations, which will meet with the approval of sensible and impartial men. Whether one agrees with a particular conclusion or not it is impossible not to feel that the conclusion has been reached by men who have striven to form an impartial opinion. The Select Committee had a difficult and delicate task to perform, and they have performed it with tact and skill. They wisely did not allow themselves to be buried under a mass of details. But, having heard a certain number of witnesses, they quickly made up their minds with regard to the many points at issue, and drew up their Report. The Government are to be congratulated on the wisdom they displayed in referring an Indian matter of a purely executive nature to a Select Committee, instead of having it discussed every year in the House by prigs and philanthropists. All that now remains to be done is for the Secretary of State and the Government of India to give effect, as far as possible, to the main recommendations of the Select Committee. Both the Secretary of State and the Government of India have allowed the justice of the claims of the Uncovenanted Service; but the difficulty was how a Government suffering from a depleted exchequer could satisfy them. The rise in the value of the rupee has brought unexpected prosperity to the Indian Government, and a part of their new wealth might well be employed in remedying the hardship and injustice which have produced discontent amongst a large body of useful public servants. The agitation regarding the claims of the Uncovenanted Service has been conducted in a constitutional manner; but it is not conducive to the sound administration of the Indian Empire that there should be any irritation or discontent amongst its European public servants.

To understand the cause of the discontent it is necessary to briefly refer to the history of the origin of the Uncovenanted Service. In the early days of our rule the administration of the land was entirely conducted by members of the Covenanted Civil Service. To assist them in the clerical work of government a large number of clerks, chiefly Eurasians and natives, had to be appointed, and they were roughly classed as belonging to the Uncovenanted Service. In course of time, however, as civilization advanced and the art of government grew more complex, certain departments grew up which had to be manned by experts from home. For the railways Civil Engineers had to be imported; for the Forest and Telegraph Departments men of scientific training, and for the Education Department men who had taken high honours at the Universities. When these men landed it was only natural that they should feel disappointed at the great difference between their own emoluments and those paid to their more fortunate brethren in the Covenanted Service. But it is indiscreet for Uncovenanted men to be perpetually drawing attention to the superior emoluments of the Covenanted men. It only causes the heathen to rage and imagine vain things. A Covenanted Civilian was shrewd enough to take his brains to a good market, and he has his reward. The case of pensions is, however, very different to salaries. It is right that men who hold offices of great responsibility, like those of collectors and judges, should be paid high salaries; but there is no reason why a man who goes into the Indian Civil Service should be better treated as to furlough and pension than any other European servant of Government who holds a responsible office, because furlough is given to recruit a man's energies and to make him a more efficient officer, and pension is pay deferred in order that a man may not at the end of his service be a burden to the State. The orders issued by the Court of Directors regarding pensions, which have lately been reprinted in an able pamphlet issued by certain representative members of the Uncovenanted Service, clearly show that with regard to pensions the Company intended there should be no distinction between the Covenanted Service and the European Uncovenanted officers holding the higher appointments of the State. The annuity of a Covenanted officer was fixed at Rs. 10,000 payable in India and 1,000*l.* payable in London. Towards this pension the members of the Service, by means of subscriptions to their fund, contributed one half, and the Government paid the remaining 500*l.* Uncovenanted officers were granted after thirty-five years' service without, and thirty years with, medical certificate

a pension equivalent to one-half of the average salary obtained during the last five years of service. It was, however, pointed out to the authorities that by this arrangement Uncovenanted officers could obtain larger pensions than Covenanted men, and measures were taken to limit the pensions to the same sum of 500*l.* The 5,000 Rs. annuity of the Covenanted officer was payable in England at the rate of 2*s.*; the 5,000 Rs. annuity of the Uncovenanted officer was first payable in India, but subsequently, at option, in England, at the official rate. When the standard of exchange was fixed at 2*s.* in the case of the Covenanted pensions there was no official rate of exchange; but when Sir Charles Wood allowed Uncovenanted pensions to be paid in England there was an official rate, and it had been for thirty years 2*s.* It is fair to presume that it was meant that the two pensions should be identical in amount; that 2*s.* and the official rate, as applied respectively to the annuities of the Covenanted Service and to the pensions of the European Uncovenanted officers, meant one and the same thing; that 2*s.* was the official rate, and the official rate was 2*s.* The Covenanted officers were fortunate enough to have their standard of exchange confirmed by an Act of Parliament, but the Uncovenanted Service have had their pensions reduced from 500*l.* to 333*l.* by the interpretation of the Finance Department that official rate means the current rate of the year. But past orders show that this was never intended. The Select Committee have therefore rightly come to the conclusion that the Uncovenanted officers have, owing to the fall in the value of the rupee, an equitable claim for the readjustment of the rates at which pensions are paid, and that it is advisable to fix a minimum rate for the payment of pensions, and that the minimum rate should be 1*s.* 9*d.* No maximum is fixed. The proposal is a compromise, but it is a compromise which the Uncovenanted officers would be wise to accept. It must be borne in mind that in dealing with this matter the Secretary of State and the Governors of India have to consider the Indian taxpayer. It must also be remembered that the Select Committee has decided that the Uncovenanted officers have only an equitable claim. Legal claim they have none.

The Select Committee has also decided that evidence has been laid before them showing the present furlough rules to be inadequate. A Covenanted Civilian gets a year's furlough after the first eight years' service, and subsequently a year for every three years' service. Many European Uncovenanted officers only get two years' furlough after eighteen years' service. But if it be necessary to secure efficient service that a civilian should recruit his health in Europe after eight years' service, it is difficult to understand why another European officer should have to wait more than double the time. We presume that the constitutions of the Covenanted Civilian and the European Uncovenanted officers are pretty similar, and their respective powers of withstanding the climate pretty equal. The truth is that the Uncovenanted Service rules were drawn up chiefly for native officials, and they should no longer be applicable to Europeans. Few persons who are acquainted with India and conversant with the native mode of life will agree with the recommendation of the Select Committee that, as regard the pension and furlough rules, no distinction should be made between Europeans and natives. A native gentleman, who chiefly lives on vegetables, whose furniture is scanty, and whose children are educated by the State at a cost of 10*l.* a year, is a rich man when he retires on a pension of Rs. 5,000. But the same epithet is hardly applicable to the English official who retires to London on a pension of 400*l.* With regard to leave rules, it is somewhat obvious that a man who has to make a long journey to reach his home has more claim to extended leave than a gentleman who is at home. No one ever proposed to give an English official at home two years' furlough to spend in the country. It sounds liberal and generous to say that Europeans and natives should be treated alike; but equal pay and equal pension really means higher remuneration for the native gentleman. Most men are convinced that, both on political and financial grounds, native agency must be extended; but we are only laying the seeds of future embarrassments and race jealousy in not boldly announcing the fact that the European and native agency must necessarily be distinct. If natives are to have the same pay, the same leave and furlough rules, as Europeans, the economic argument ceases to have much force.

THE FARNE ISLANDS.

THE Farnes, or Fearnes, are a group of very small islands—one or two of them, indeed, being little more than rocks which are nearly covered at high water—lying off the north coast of Northumberland, about half-way between Bamburgh and the little fishing village of North Sunderland, and separated from the mainland by a channel about two miles wide. They are, perhaps, most generally known as the scene of the rescue of nine of the crew of the ss. *Forfarshire* by Grace Darling and her father, the latter of whom was the keeper of the lighthouse on the outermost of the islands. Their fame, however, does not rest on this exploit alone; but rather, among ornithologists at least, on the fact that during the summer months—that is, from May to September—they are the home of countless sea-birds, which resort to them to nest and rear their young, a purpose for which they are eminently adapted, not only from their isolated position, but also from their conformation, as, though extremely small, they provide cliffs, stacks, and crags, rabbit-warren and land thickly covered with vegetation, rocks, and sloping beach, all of which are taken possession of for nesting purposes by different species of birds. With the exception of two on which the lighthouses stand, and of a third on which two of the keepers live during the breeding season, they are without human inhabitants, and after the departure of the birds are given over entirely to a few rabbits, which must, we should imagine, find it hard to eke out a subsistence during the winter months in such extremely bleak and inclement quarters. It may be added that on the inner Farne, which is the largest of the group, there are two lighthouses, and also a curious little church dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and an old tower, formerly used as a lighthouse, and known as St. Cuthbert's Tower; and as this island has quite a considerable population—one at least of the lighthouse keepers at the present time having a wife and family—it is not frequented by the birds as the others are.

To any one who is a lover of birds there can be no greater treat than a visit to the Farne Islands during the breeding season; indeed, in our opinion they afford a sight which well repays the traveller even for the trouble of a ten hours' journey from London. The second week in June is the best time to visit them, as this is the height of the breeding season, and in addition to the eggs, which are practically countless, the visitor has the pleasure of seeing many newly hatched birds. To reach the islands it is necessary to charter a coble. This, with its crew of three men, can be obtained at North Sunderland, which can boast of as quaint a little harbour as can be found on the coast, and where lives the man, Cuthbertson by name, who knows probably more about the Farne Islands, and the birds which frequent them, than any one living. There are, of course, many days, even in June, on which the islands are not accessible, as, if there is any sea, it breaks with such violence on them as to make landing and embarking, even when possible, very unpleasant, if not absolutely dangerous. But given a fine day with a smooth sea, the trip is most enjoyable.

Looking across from the little harbour the islands appear quite close, though the nearest of them is distant about four miles; so close, indeed, that one cannot help wondering whether there really are birds upon them, as none are visible; but this apparent absence of birds applies to the whole of the coast between North Sunderland and Bamburgh, which, considering that there are thousands in such close proximity to it, is singularly devoid of bird life—a few gulls and terns, two or three pairs of eider ducks, and a pair or so of ringed plover, with one or two gannets, probably visitors from the Bass Rock, being all the birds often to be seen between the two places. Very soon after leaving the harbour, however, birds begin to appear, first a pair of guillemots, then four or five together, then a puffin or two, and so on, as the islands are neared, until at length the water is covered with birds of different sorts which dive, swim, or fly off to make way for the boat as it approaches, apparently more to avoid being run over than from any fear of its crew, and the air is full of parties flying in all directions, among which the puffins are particularly noticeable on account of their bright bills and orange legs, the latter of which they carry extended behind them as they fly. Then as "the Pinnacles"—flat-topped rocks divided from the cliffs of the nearest island by a very narrow channel, and rising forty or fifty feet perpendicularly from the sea—are approached, the guillemots are seen in all their glory as they occupy, literally in thousands, the flat tops, which, with a considerable part of the sides, are so completely whitewashed by their droppings as to give the rocks even at a considerable distance the appearance of being white-capped. They sit on end in their own peculiarly prim fashion, packed so closely, that to all appearance there is not room for another; indeed, so dense are the masses, that one cannot help wondering how any individual bird can recognize its own egg, for the guillemot lays but one, or having left it, can force its way back to it again when it has recognized it, more especially as the eggs are placed on the bare rock without the faintest vestige of a nest. They are pear-shaped, very large for the size of the birds, and the colour and markings vary in different specimens in a most extraordinary manner, the former ranging through every shade, from a light slaty grey, or even white, to a bright blue. As the boat passes, hundreds of birds stream off the rocks, but even then the masses appear but slightly loosened, as the greater number refuse to budge. The guillemots, however, are not the sole occupants of the Pinnacles, as nearly every shelf or projection in the perpendicular face of the rock is occupied by the nest of a kittiwake; and, in our opinion, one of the most beautiful sights which the islands afford is that of these pretty little gulls as they fly circling round, clamouring loudly the while, when disturbed from their nests by the presence of the boat and its crew, the white and blue-grey of their plumage relieved by the black tips to their wings, and their greenish-yellow beaks contrasting well with the dark rocks which form the background of the picture. They are not, however, confined to the Pinnacles, but nest in the adjoining islands wherever there are perpendicular cliffs. Before taking leave of the guillemots and kittiwakes, we may remark that they can be approached, within a very few yards, from the top of the neighbouring cliff, on which, indeed, an odd guillemot's egg or two can be seen, laid, no doubt, by birds crowded out of the main body; and from this position it is easy to look down into the well-built nests of the kittiwakes, and to see their spotted brown eggs or speckled downy young. The islands may be described as being generally steep and cliffy on one side, and sloping down to the water on the other. Most of

them are rocky even on the low side; but one or two have shingly beaches, the former being occupied by gulls, the latter by terns; while the inhabitants of the interior of the islands vary with their formation. For example, as we land on one of the outer islands, which is rocky throughout, the higher part alone being covered with very scanty, coarse vegetation, with a tremendous clamour hundreds of gulls, mostly lesser black-backed gulls, but with a few herring gulls interspersed, start into the air, circling and screaming round the intruders; while from among the rocks in the highest part of the island seven or eight cormorants fly quietly off to sea, followed by one or two eider ducks. Walking about, it is hard to avoid treading on the gulls' eggs, which are placed in rather loosely-made nests among the coarse herbage or on the rocks themselves. As the centre of the island is reached it is easy to see the nests of the cormorants, which are large, slovenly constructions, composed principally of seaweed, mixed with pieces of driftwood, corks off fishing-nets, and other such flotsam and jetsam, the whole covered and made filthy both to sight and smell by the droppings of the birds and remnants of fish. The eggs, which are bluish-green in ground colour, are covered with a white calcareous matter; but, except when freshly laid, look as dirty as the nests. Most of the cormorants, however, breed on a rocky islet called the Megstone, a little distance from the main group, of which the other birds leave them in undisturbed possession. In a comfortable hollow between two rocks we find the nest of an eider duck, and then, within a very short distance, one or two more. These nests are most cosily lined with the brown down which the bird picks from her breast, from time to time, during the process of incubation, and in which the large greenish-grey eggs, from five to eight in number, are almost covered. The eider ducks seem quite aware that they are protected, and many of them, especially when sitting deep in the sea campion, with which most of the islands are covered, will permit a very near approach unmoved, sitting as quietly as any tame duck. While the ducks are thus engaged with family cares the drakes leave them, and may be seen swimming about near the islands, their handsome black and white nuptial plumage being extremely noticeable. On another and larger island, off which the Pinnacles lie, we are met on landing with the same clamour of seagulls, but the birds are noisier and bolder, one or two of them occasionally dashing down close to our heads in a threatening manner, screaming loudly the while—a sure sign that they have young ones—and with very little search the little down-covered creatures can be found, having, though very lately hatched, left their nests to hide among the herbage or under any piece of dry seaweed or other rubbish that may be near. The centre of the island is thickly overgrown with sea campion, and is white with blossom which fills the air with perfume; the soil is light and peaty, and is full of burrows, the possession of which is divided between numberless puffins and a few rabbits. Many of the puffins, curious pompous-looking little fellows, with large, brightly coloured bills, may be seen sitting about on the rocks and flying and swimming round the island, while their partners are below the ground, sitting each on the solitary egg which she has laid at the end of the burrow. These birds sit most assiduously, so much so, that they can be taken off their eggs—a dangerous experiment, we may remark, for any one who does not know how to handle them, as they not only bite fiercely, but scratch terribly with their sharp claws—and, when put down again, scramble back with ludicrous haste into their holes. On this island we find more eider ducks' nests—in fact, eider ducks, gulls, and puffins are found on nearly all the islands. The terns, the most interesting of all the birds, have been left to the last; and at length we visit their islands, which, as we before remarked, have shelving beaches, and are covered over their centres with the universal sea campion. Here the terns are numberless, and the beach down to high-water mark is literally covered with their eggs; so much so that very great care has to be used in walking to avoid treading on them. They are also to be found in large numbers among the sea campion; many are laid on the shingle with little, if any, pretence of a nest; while others have slight nests made of bents and pieces of seaweed. The birds are of four species—common, arctic, Sandwich, and roseate terns—the two latter being such rare birds that a sight of their nests and eggs alone is sufficient to repay the trouble of a visit to the Farnes. The first of the two, however, though rare elsewhere, are found here in large numbers, the colony being a famous one; while of the last there are only a few pairs. The sight of these graceful little birds—sea-swallows, as they are often called—as they rise in countless numbers when disturbed, is most beautiful, and it is interesting, as one moves along, to see them constantly rising in front of and settling down behind one, as, especially when they have young, they remain in the air but a very short time after the person disturbing them has passed. The eggs of the common and arctic terns are much alike, and both of them vary much in colour. They are generally of a buffish-grey, blotched and spotted with brown. The Sandwich terns usually lay two, and occasionally three, eggs of great beauty, which also are subject to very great variation in colour, some of them being nearly white, while in others the ground colour is a rich yellow, and every intermediate shade can be found, spotted, blotched, and streaked with brown of different shades. On these beaches, in addition to the terns, a few pairs of oyster-catchers breed, laying their eggs in curious nests, if so they can be called, formed of a small collection of shells; and here, also, may be found the stone-coloured eggs spotted with black, so difficult to see among the shingle, of that prettiest of waders, the ringed plover—a little bird which always shows the greatest solicitude for its young when they are approached, endeavouring by every artifice in its power to draw away the intruder. With these little plovers, our list of birds breeding on the Farne Islands is closed; it consists of the twelve following species, which alone, so far as we are aware, breed there:—The cormorant, eider duck, ringed plover, oyster-catcher, arctic tern, common tern, roseate tern, Sandwich tern, kittiwake, herring gull, lesser black-backed gull, guillemot, and puffin. Other birds, for example a few herons and gannets, may be seen, but they are only visitors.

The islands have from time immemorial been famous as a breeding-place of sea birds, and their very fame went far to ensure the entire destruction of the birds which caused it, as, the several Wild Bird Protection Acts passed since 1869 notwithstanding, the unfortunate birds were shot in thousands by self-styled "sportsmen," and their nests were also persistently robbed, the fishermen and others taking eggs indiscriminately for sale as food, while the army of "egg collectors" was constantly raiding the nests of the rarer birds. The extent to which this robbery was carried on, even by scientific men, may be imagined when we find so well known an ornithologist as Mr. Seebohm confessing, in his *History of British Birds*, to having taken as many as 456 eggs in one day, of which no less than 149 were those of the rare Sandwich tern. But, fortunately, in the year 1888, an association of gentlemen interested in ornithology was formed, and was enabled to obtain a lease of the islands; and since that time the birds and their eggs have been most efficiently preserved, egg-collecting being strictly prohibited except with the special leave of the proprietors, which, except in the case of the gulls' eggs mentioned hereafter, is practically never granted. As might be expected, much trouble was experienced in the early days of preservation; but a judicious mixture of firmness and kindness appears to have made the path of the Association smooth; firmness was shown by bringing actions against trespassers, kindness by taking the first eggs of the gulls and dividing them among the fishermen. The islands are carefully watched by four keepers, who live on them during the whole of the breeding season, and allow no one to land unless provided with a pass. These passes can be obtained on application to Mr. Cuthbertson, at Seahouses, North Sunderland, or to the landlady of the "Crewe Arms Hotel" at Bamburgh; they are granted on the applicant paying a small fee and signing an undertaking not to take any eggs or in any way molest the birds, and generally to obey the rules of the Association if allowed to land on the islands. The result has been all that could be desired, as we understand that more birds are breeding on the islands this season than has been the case for many years.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE last of the English railway reports for the first half of the current year having now been issued, it may be worth while to examine into the result of the working. If we were to look at the dividends alone, we should declare that result highly satisfactory. Taking the twelve principal Companies, we find that two have distributed dividends at the rate of ½ per cent. higher than for the first half of last year, and four have paid at the rate of ¼ per cent. higher. Six of the twelve Companies, that is, distributed larger dividends than they did twelve months ago. Three Companies again pay the same dividends, and it must be added that one of the three could have paid ⅛ per cent. more had the Directors not preferred to carry forward to the new half-year an unusually large balance. Only three out of the twelve Companies pay smaller dividends than at this time last year. But when we turn from the dividends to the accounts we find them less satisfactory. Taking no notice of the balances brought forward from the second half of last year, and of receipts from miscellaneous sources, but confining ourselves to the strictly railway earnings, we find that the twelve Companies together received 1,278,560*l.* more than in the first half of last year. But, on the other hand, their working expenses were higher by 1,190,850*l.*—that is to say, the working expenses rose so much that they swallowed up more than 93 per cent. of the increased gross earnings. The net receipts for the six months of all the twelve lines together are higher by no more than 87,710*l.* than in the first half of last year. In the case of some Companies, indeed, the increase in the working expenses largely exceeds the increase in the gross receipts. Proportionately the growth of working expenses was largest in the case of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, the working expenses having risen over 46,000*l.*, while the receipts rose only 37,000*l.* The Lancashire and Yorkshire working expenses also grew much more than the gross receipts. So did those of the Great Western and of the London and North-Western. From the point of view of the general public, the large augmentation in the gross receipts is most gratifying. It shows that, in spite of dear money, the decline in shipbuilding, the fall in freights, and the collapse of speculation in the iron industry, the trade of the country taken altogether has grown in a most satisfactory way. But from the point of view of the shareholders, the rise in the working expenses greatly qualifies the satisfaction thus derived. The increase in working expenses is, of course, due to the rise in wages and in the prices of coal and materials.

In the current half-year there must be a further augmentation in working expenses. It is true that the rise in wages and in prices began last year about the end of September. Consequently in the last three months of the year comparison will be made with a period last year when working expenses had already considerably risen. But, on the other hand, it is evident from the South Wales strike, and from the temper of the working classes everywhere, that a further advance in wages is very probable. The price of coal, too, is now higher than it was at the end of last year, and not impossibly may rise still further. There will also, in all likelihood, be a shortening of the hours of labour. It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the working expenses will continue to augment. At the same time it is encouraging to find from the weekly traffic returns that the gross receipts are also increasing very largely. The strike in South Wales has adversely affected some of the Companies; but it has happily ended, and if it does not lead to a greater rise in the price of coal than is now apprehended, it will benefit other Companies by the diversion of trade which it led to. Standing alone, then, its influence is not great. But all the same the tendency is towards a further rise in prices and wages, and a shortening of the hours of labour, consequently towards an augmentation of the working expenses. Railway shareholders, therefore, cannot reasonably expect any considerable addition to the dividends which were paid at the end of last year. They may, indeed, consider themselves fortunate if the Companies are able to maintain their dividends, especially if the money market should become stringent in the autumn.

The continued improvement of trade, the greater ease in the money market, and the change of Government at Buenos Ayres, have combined to bring about a much better feeling on the Stock Exchange. The influence of these causes has been reinforced by the reduction in the accounts open for the rise which has been going on for fully two months. At the Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Tuesday morning, Stock Exchange borrowers were charged at first from $4\frac{3}{4}$ to 5 per cent.; but in the afternoon much less could be obtained, and the carrying-over rates were decidedly lower than a fortnight previously. To some extent, no doubt, this was due to the greater ease in the money market, but mainly it is the result of the persistent selling by speculators which has been going on now since the middle of June. When it was found that the speculative accounts open for the rise had been so much reduced, and in some cases even a speculative account for the fall had been opened, operators were still more encouraged to begin buying. As yet business is by no means active, but it is somewhat more so than it has been for a month past. The most marked revival has been in South African land and gold shares, which have been so long and so greatly depressed. There has been, in almost all of them, a very considerable rise, and though the amount of dealing is small, compared with what it once was, it is very much larger than for many months past. There has also been a considerable amount doing in Rupee paper and other silver securities, especially the stocks and shares of Mexican railway Companies. The Mexican Government has decided to hand over a capital sum to the different Companies, in lieu of the subventions which it has guaranteed to pay, and it has concluded an arrangement with Messrs. Bleichröder, of Berlin, for the bringing out of a loan to enable it to do so. This, and the rise in silver, account for the advance in Mexican securities. Home railway stocks have also been better, and international securities have been firm. The market for American railroad securities, however, remains very lifeless. It is noteworthy that there has been a renewed demand for Consols, Indian stocks, colonial stocks, and other high-class securities. They were sold very largely in June and July by bankers and other capitalists when they found the demand for loans and discounts growing very eager, and the buying is now attributed, no doubt correctly, to re-purchasing by bankers. If so, bankers are evidently coming to the conclusion that, for the time at least, the monetary stringency is at an end. Yet, though there is a fair amount of investment business, there is not so much as usual at this time of the year when dividends are being paid, or have just been distributed. It is to be recollected that the joint-stock and private banks are at present allowing $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for money deposited with them, and apparently large numbers of investors think it more prudent to leave their savings on deposit, and watch the course of events, than buy while prices are so high, and while at the same time there are so many causes in operation that at any moment may bring about a fall. The principal reason for their caution continues to be the state of the Argentine Republic. Every one is beginning to recognize that the change of Government has not ended the financial crisis, and that the country must pass through a long period of depression and recuperation. Besides, the later telegrams from Buenos Ayres are not very reassuring. There are hints that the creditors of the country will be called upon to make sacrifices, and there are reports that the Governor of Cordoba is calling out the National Guard. And it is said, too, that the new Administration is apprehensive of opposition from some of the other provincial Governments. Lastly, the statement that Ministers have already under consideration the winding-up of several banks of issue is not calculated to inspire confidence.

There was a slight decline in the price of silver early in the week. Last week, it will be recollected, American operators were buying very freely, in anticipation of the purchases under the new Act, which came into force on Wednesday, and on Saturday the price rose to $51\frac{3}{4}d.$ per ounce. During the first three days of this week, however, it slowly fell back to $51\frac{1}{4}d.$ per ounce, the reason being that the American buying had ceased, apparently operators wishing to see what the Treasury would do. Would it buy the whole monthly amount required at once and at the current market quotation? or would Mr. Windom hold off in the hope that the price would decline? They began buying again on Thursday, and the price recovered to $51\frac{5}{8}d.$ per ounce. Meantime there has been, as already stated, a good deal doing in silver securities. With regard to Rupee paper it is reported that preparations are being made for introducing the security upon the Paris Bourse as well as upon the German Bourses. The Syndicate which was formed to introduce it in Germany has not done so as yet, wishing to induce English capitalists to join it; but it is said that some Paris bankers are already about to begin dealing in Paris. No doubt much will depend upon the action of the American Government. If Mr. Windom buys freely all that is offered at the current market price, then speculation, not only in silver, but in silver securities, will go on apace.

During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received somewhat over a million and a half in gold, chiefly from New York, and 385,000*l.* on the following day, or nearly two millions in eight days. In consequence, the value of money has fallen away, the rate of discount in the open market being barely 4 per cent.; and, unless the Bank of England acts promptly, there will be a further fall. If there is, we shall have another period of stringency in the autumn. Apparently the exports of gold from New York have stopped. Money there has become very dear, and the exchange upon London has fallen, so that it is no longer profitable to ship the metal. Gold cannot be obtained either from the Bank of France or from the Imperial Bank of Germany, and, therefore, but little is likely to be received from the Continent, and not very much is on the way from Australia. On the other hand, it is said that a million and a half sterling will be sent soon to the Argentine Republic. The Syndicate that bought the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres handed over to the Government bills amounting to three millions sterling, and it is said that half the amount will be taken in gold. If so, all that was received from New York in the week ended Wednesday night will go out again, and the position of the Bank of England will be more unsatisfactory than it was before. Then, of course, there will be the usual miscellaneous withdrawals, and with the high prices and wages that are now ruling, and the great activity in trade, the internal circulation will continue to expand until October, or rather until November, when the Scotch drain has always to be met. The falling away of rates at the present time is, therefore, unfortunate, as it puts a stop to the imports of gold and facilitates exports.

MEDIÆVAL HAND-LORE.

IN the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the occult sciences flourished exceedingly, and attracted learned men as well as simpletons. The learned men had to be very wary, for the Catholic religion jealously forbade such investigations. Yet with the revival of learning, together with renewed knowledge of Virgil and Homer and all good things intellectual, came some of the Pagan superstitions of the ancient world. Latin and Greek translations of Arabic works on astrology, physiognomy, and chiromancy appear to have made their way into Europe; and in Italy, France, and Germany many a quaint old volume was solemnly printed in large and heavy type, with woodcuts of the period that are a series of nightmares rather than diagrams of human hands. A German of the widespread patronymic Von Hagen, which he Latinized into Indagine, combined the characters of theologian and astrologer in the sixteenth century. It is not known when he was born or when he died. For forty-nine years he was priest at Steinheim, and was considered a very clever and learned man for his time, being chosen as envoy to the Pope on one occasion. What he saw at Rome made him protest against the iniquities of the Church. He was reputed to be the greatest astrologer of his age, and he applied the science of the stars to the face and hands, mapping them out piecemeal and giving the lines of the hands intolerably inhuman shapes in his diagrams. Ancient maps where authentic and realistic portraits of griffins are engraved, with the mild legend attached that this is the land of the Anthropophagi—generally somewhere in Whitest Russia or Darkest Africa—are about as trustworthy guides to travellers as these diagrams are to investigators of the hand. There was also Tricasso, who seems to have been, on the whole, the most learned mathematician and theologian who was ever devoted to chiromancy. When he sat down to write on this cherished subject, he has left it on record that he did it "come agitato di furor divino." He was a Dominican at the convent of St. Peter Martyr at Naples, and ought to have known better. He pressed into his service Aristotle, who is erroneously supposed to have instructed Alexander the Great in hand-lore. Tricasso has been more pillaged from than most writers on the subject. Taisnier, a learned Belgian of the same date, noted for pride and vanity, made a reputation by plagiarism, and took his chiromancy from Bartolomeo Cocles, to whom Tricasso himself refers. Never-

theless, in the next century Jean Belot, the plump-faced curé of Mil-Monts, speaks slightingly of his predecessors Indagine and Cocles and others. That is a peculiarity which he shares with other authorities. Pompeo Sarnelli, Bishop of Biseglia, next wrote a secret Latin manuscript on chiromancy, and called Tricasso himself an impostor and Cocles a mere nobody. He might be correct in this, but not in his own views of the hand, according to more recent or even contemporary writers.

The curious point about mediæval hand-lore is the universal belief in the necessity of being beheaded, burned, drowned, stabbed, poisoned, all at the same time. No respite seems to be allowed to ill-luck, even when the mightiest marks of good fortune have given the possessor everything he desired. The indeterminate hand, lacking the essential lines, is condemned to terrible misfortunes combined with a life of obscurity. The best qualities of human nature are maligned. It is possible to have too good a heart-line, leading the owner into the wildest jealousy and indiscriminate murder. Too good a head-line results in avarice and an ecstatic lunacy. Too good a life-line gives cruelty. Too good a line of success brings deepest sorrow on the fortunate man. Magistrates, rustics, and poltroons were classed as having but few lines on the hands. Does this mean that magistrates were illiterate and cowardly by nature, or that the plebeian and the sneak of the period were endowed with a natural sense of justice and power of judgment necessary for keeping them alive under evil planetary influences as typified in the prelates and lords of the land?

With the unconscious irony of life, the chiromancers eagerly chimed in, and were sure that the head and digestion owned the same line, also that only those of a good heart had the chance of a long life, and that the spleen itself was inextricably associated with the line of the heart. It is currently reported that the modern German sits down to study immediately after a good meal, therefore perhaps the head and the digestion still require but one line in that nation as in the days of Indagine. But how the spleen got united to the heart, and how it happened that every bad heartless man naturally died young, is not set forth in history. The fact that there were twelve phalanges to the four fingers led them to be appropriated to the signs of the zodiac, and the lumps and mounds on the hands unluckily corresponded to the number of the chief planets. Sometimes the names of the planets were arranged on the hand in the order in which they were placed in the heavens. Sometimes their order was altered at the occult will of the chiromancer. No one could possibly tell which authority was right. Hence with the neatest bundle of lines, all ready for "telling," well washed, the owner having piously fasted in idleness for three hours as required, what certainty was there that Apollo was favourable, when it might be Saturn in disguise?

When the learned men finally became tired of softening their brains over astrology as applied to the hand, the whole matter fell into hopeless disrepute and confusion worse confounded. Lavater rescued physiognomy from the baleful stars, and modern chiromancy set out at least with the appearance of open and scientific investigation. Desbarrolles, however, fell back upon astrology while still denouncing his predecessors. Until chiromancy shall be snatched from the grasp of the planetary Olympia, it will remain vague as the clouds and fleeting as the billows of the sea.

RACING.

WHAT was looked upon as very high two-year-old form was tried at Lewes, when Mr. J. B. Leigh's The Deemster, the winner of the Coventry Stakes, at Ascot, was asked to give 9 lbs. to Mr. E. W. Baird's Flodden Field, and 6 lbs. more than weight for sex to Mr. G. Cleveland's Grace Conroy, for the Astley Stakes. There were half a dozen other starters, including Sir J. Duke's Martenhurst (who, if a little wanting in quality, was strong, muscular, and a winner of three races) and Mr. W. Low's colt by Galliard out of Tabor, for whom 2,500 guineas had been given when a yearling. Not a few critics had considered The Deemster the best two-year-old colt of the season, which he still may or may not be; but it is difficult to see how they could have imagined this on his public form alone, which had been simply as follows:—a victory by a head over Siphonia at Ascot, and a defeat by her by a head at Kempton, when giving her 7 lbs. more weight, with a defeat in the same race by a neck from Fuze, to whom he was giving 10 lbs. Whatever may have been the value of this public form, there could be no questioning the fact that he is a very grand colt. He has the powerful frame of the West Australians and Melbournes, combining immense limbs, for his age, with a back and loins worthy of a young weight-carrying hunter; yet, notwithstanding all this power, he is full of quality. He is a rich brown colt by Arbitrator out of Rookery, so he represents Melbourne and Newminster through his sire's sire and dam, and Newminster and Birdcatcher through his dam's sire and dam.

Flodden Field, who was now to be his principal trial horse, is a black colt by Marden out of Sister of Mercy, and, therefore, a direct representative of Newminster on both sides, with some of the Melbourne blood inherited by his adversary. He is not on a very large scale, but he has bone, length, wide hips, and remarkable muscle in his quarters. At Goodwood he had beaten Haute Saone by a head, with an advantage of 7 lbs. at weight for sex; and Haute Saone had shown more than respectable form, both before at Newmarket and since at Brighton.

The Deemster, ridden by Robinson, was first favourite at 2 to 1, and Flodden Field, ridden by T. Cannon, was second favourite at $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 1. The pair jumped off together in front, on the left of the course, the moment the flag fell; but they were soon steadied, and other horses were allowed to make the running. Just below the distance Grace Conroy, the third favourite, was leading, closely followed by The Deemster and three other horses, while Flodden Field, with whom Cannon had been riding a waiting race, was gradually working his way to the front. As they came on from the distance The Deemster and Flodden Field got the lead, and after a very pretty race Flodden Feld won by half a length from The Deemster, who finished three-quarters of a length in front of Grace Conroy.

For the Lewes Handicap, which preceded the Astley Stakes, odds were laid upon Papyrus, the ex-hurdleracer that had won the Goodwood Stakes. T. Loates, who was riding him, disobeyed his trainer, waited in the rear of his field through a great part of the race, and, when he tried to come to the front below the distance, found himself shut in. When he did, at last, get an opening, it was too late, and he was beaten by three parts of a length by the third-rate Cromartie. After the race he was summoned before the Stewards, to whom he admitted having ridden badly, and was censured. It is but fair to say that at that very time he stood well ahead of the winning jockeys of the season.

On the Saturday the aforesaid Martenhurst was made favourite for the Priory Stakes, which is rather a long race for two-year-olds at this time of year, as it is run over a course a mile in length. Martenhurst had finished a very good fourth for the Astley Stakes, and for the Findon Stakes at Goodwood he had beaten Beauharnais, a winner of 2,000*l.* in stakes, on whom 3 to 1 was laid, at even weights. Almost as strong a favourite was Queen of the Fairies, who appeared, when judged exclusively through her form with Mephisto and St. Symphorien, to be as good as Bumptious at even weights. It must be observed, however, that most of her running told a very different story. Both the favourites were destined to be beaten by an outsider in Mr. G. Cleveland's Chesterfield, a chestnut colt by Wisdom out of Bramble that had cost 720 guineas as a yearling. He had been unplaced twice this season, and now, when receiving 6 lbs. from Martenhurst, he beat him by three lengths; while Queen of the Fairies, who gave Chesterfield 6 lbs. and sex, was unplaced, which, even allowing for the weight she was carrying, can scarcely have represented her best form.

Plates of 103*l.* are scarcely the sort of stakes for which one would expect to find colts that had cost 1,300 guineas and 1,700 guineas as yearlings competing; yet Patrol and Delaval, who had been purchased at those figures, started first and second favourites for such a race in the Hanworth Park Maiden Plate at Kempton on Tuesday last, and the former was victorious in it, for the first time in his life. For the International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes, on the same day, Mr. Brodrick Cloëte's Unicorn was made a very hot favourite, only to disappoint his backers by running a bad third to Minuet and Adieu, of which pair Adieu ran the best, as he gave Minuet 9 lbs. more than weight for sex, and ran her to a neck. With only 6 lbs. less between them, Minuet had finished a very long way behind Adieu when that colt ran a good third to Cuttlestone for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood, and she had been unplaced in four other races; so this was a surprising improvement on her previous public form. In the same race Baron de Hirsch's 3,000-guinea filly, Isolation, ran for the first time in public, and finished last of all. Minuet, who was bred by her trainer and owner, A. Taylor, represents Touchstone on Stockwell blood through her sire's side, and Stockwell on Touchstone through her dam's, although she is by a stallion of, as yet, so little note as Exile II.

On Wednesday, Oddfellow, the third in the Grand Prix and a 10 to 1 candidate for the St. Leger, was beaten by a couple of lengths for the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,200*l.* by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's beautiful, white-footed bay filly Ponza, who gave him sex and 3 lbs. Oddfellow immediately went down to 20 to 1 (offered) for the St. Leger. On the same day, at Redcar, Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday, who had won a race on the previous day, won the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes of 580*l.* He had now won all the three races for which he had run this year.

The report that Ormonde, "the horse of the century," is to return to England is especially welcome, coming as it does within a fortnight of the death of such a promising stallion as Paradox. There are, however, cavillers who will ask whether it is desirable to breed from a roaring prodigy.

THE GIZEH MUSEUM.

THE removal of the unrivalled collections so long housed at Boolak has been effected. The new Museum, near the town which gives its name to "the pyramids of Gizeh," was opened in January last, and is spacious, standing in ample grounds,

where some of the larger monuments may conveniently be placed. The chief—indeed, the only serious—drawback is the distance, at least three miles, from Cairo; but, on the whole, the compensating advantages of the site are overwhelming. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, during the reign of the present Khedive's predecessor, the observant traveller used to be distressed at the sight of gangs of children—boys and girls—in long files, each carrying a basket of earth, and many bleeding and footsore, and shrinking under the lash of the taskmaster. Such a scene was enacted daily on the left bank of the Nile, opposite to the famous island of Roda, where Pharaoh's daughter is said to have bathed on a memorable occasion; and the result was the formation of extensive gardens and plantations on made earth. Here speedily rose one of those hideous buildings in which Ismail Pasha so greatly delighted; vast, heavy, rococo, devoid of picturesqueness or style or ornament, and, finally, but half finished when its builder lost his throne. In it are said to have been immured no fewer than three hundred Circassian beauties, and their distribution as wives among the officers of the army is said by the philosophical Egyptian to have been the ultimate cause of Araby's rebellion—an historical knot easy to unravel. Gizeh has been empty ever since, until the happy thought occurred to the present Khedive or his advisers that the famous antiquities, stored and packed away at Boolak, where they were yearly endangered by the high Nile, and were constantly suffering from damp, should be removed hither and exhibited adequately in the spacious saloons, ball-rooms, and corridors of the empty palace. So it comes to pass that the mummies of the great kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties are approached by a passage painted in the worst modern French taste with wreaths of impossible flowers and the fables of Æsop; and the great diorite statue of Chafra, one of the noblest portraits the world has ever seen, sits in a grey hall partly of polished marble and partly of painted stucco. But no one who remembers the overcrowding at Boolak, and who recognizes the number of monuments here shown which were formerly stowed away, can grumble for a moment, even though aggressively bad taste offends the eye in all directions.

The monuments of the Pyramid period, as is well known, could only be studied at Boolak, where a room was filled with them. Now, instead of one, some fourteen apartments of various sizes are devoted to these inestimable treasures, and, in the case of the more remarkable and important carvings, a considerable degree of isolation has become possible. The series of so-called "False Portals," of which two examples are in the British Museum, has been immensely increased from the store-rooms, and one of the first we see as we enter retains its colouring, and is in a brilliant state of preservation, although Ma-anch-Ra, whom it commemorates, seems to have lived under the third dynasty—that is, before the building of the Great Pyramid. There are many more of these interesting memorials which will be new to the visitor who only saw Boolak. Ra-en-Kaoo is represented with his twelve sons. Two of his daughters, Ahat and Hetephars, are shown embracing each other, the heads of each being evidently portraits. It would be impossible even to enumerate the wonders of these first rooms, filled with objects of a period and character unknown to the museums of Europe. In one chamber a kind of inner circle has been formed of twenty-eight statuettes, portraits of old worthies, marvellously lifelike and fresh. In an outer circle are many family groups consisting of a husband and wife and their children. In some the pattern on the lady's dress is carefully indicated, and can still be made out. One or two old favourites at Boolak are now placed in cupboards a little too high up. This fate has overtaken Nefer the architect, whose portrait, only some nine inches high, has so often been cited as proving that size is not necessary to dignity in sculpture. Among the most curious of the newly-exhibited statues is one of a princess, who is represented in life-size as a very plump, middle-aged woman, a realistic and by no means pleasing figure, which may have looked better while it retained its colouring. Her name is an example of the difficulty attending the transliteration of this very archaic writing, but appears to have been Gehak or Kahak. This statue alone would reward the fatigue of a visitor; but the monument of Sessa, on which the writing is all in blue, that of Sahuser, in granite of a most venerable type, and the statuettes of Chafra in alabaster, of Menkaoora (Mycerinus) in diorite, and of User-en-Ra in syenite, are extraordinary works of art, any one of which would make the fortune of an English museum. In one chamber is the dried body—it can scarcely be called a mummy—of King Ment-em-saf, whose pyramid at Sakkara has preserved his name, which does not appear in written chronicles. Near it are part of the skull and the hand, all that remains of Unas, the last king of the fifth dynasty, also from a ruined Sakkara pyramid. Near these fragments of perished royalty is a complete, but small, tomb of the same period, on the walls of which are sculptured and brilliantly coloured interminable lists of the offerings of corn, wine, ale, beasts, and birds, made at the burial of the personage commemorated. In addition to all those objects which are new to the visitor, he will recognize many familiar forms. Ra-hetep and Nefert sit side by side as of old, but in a vastly more suitable chamber; the cobwebs have been removed from their noses, and the ridiculous inscription, attributed to a late director, which would have made them of the twelfth dynasty, and in defiance of the express wording of his epitaph described Ra-hetep as an upstart, has been replaced by that which Mariette wrote. The wooden "Sheykh al Beled," Ra-em-Ka, is there, and near him his black wife. There is the archaic stela of Shery, part of which has been at Oxford for two hundred and fifty years, and which, so far, may be considered the most ancient example of the art of writing known to exist. The fragile painting of the pasturing geese from Maydoom has been safely transferred from Boolak. But the number of monuments hitherto wholly unknown to the sightseer which are now exhibited is so great that we pass rapidly by those we knew before. Among these new objects is a very curious statue of Queen Maut-nefert, the hitherto unrecognized wife of Thothmes II. It is of life-size, yellow in tint like earlier statues of females, but entirely deficient in everything that constitutes excellence in sculpture as compared with the work of the Pyramid period. Nevertheless this statue, which comes from Koorneh, near Thebes, is of surpassing importance in the history of art.

The curious black granite sphinxes and other monuments supposed to belong to the Hyksos reigns are grouped together in one immense corridor, and when we have passed through an open court and round two cloisterlike passages, we find ourselves at the foot of a small staircase which conducts us to the great cruciform gallery on the upper floor, in which the royal mummies found at Dayr al Bahri have been placed. Here we may gaze at the strangely Jewish cast of the features of the red-haired Rameses; at the short, sturdy form of the conquering Thothmes, and at the archaic mummies of the distant seventeenth dynasty, about which the Egyptian historian would so gladly learn more. It seems strange that we may see their very bodies and look into their faces, and yet can tell nothing of their deeds; nothing of the policy or the prowess which made a new Egypt, and founded the empire of the historical eighteenth dynasty and its mighty successors. In a side chamber are the remains of one queen and her infant child, with their ornaments, images, dresses, decorations, and funeral pall arranged round them. The wonderful jewels of Queen Aahhetep are in a room apart, and the innumerable little figures of deities, beads, scarabs, and amulets of all sorts are in the old cabinets from Boolak. One great gallery is devoted to the relics of a comparatively late period, like those with which Mr. Flinders Petrie surprised us in London a couple of years ago. There are some coloured and glazed busts of startling freshness, and some very modern-looking faces from graves found in the Fayoom. In addition to the other newly-arranged chambers, a numismatic gallery supplies a distinct want; for though the ancient Egyptians, happy people, did not use money, the coins of the Alexandrian and Ptolemaic periods are numerous, beautiful, and interesting historically. One room contains nothing but botanical specimens. In one respect the new Museum is inferior to the old. Mariette led the way in making up a series of regal scarabs, chronologically arranged. The regal scarabs now exhibited are far from being a representative series, and are carelessly placed in a case, in which many of them are quite invisible. This defect, and the want of a catalogue, are serious drawbacks to the usefulness of the collections. If the present French authorities make a catalogue, it is to be hoped that they will not use the system of transliteration followed in their work on the Dayr al Bahri discovery, which is almost useless to scholars trained in the system settled by the Oriental Congress, which, though it is not the best, is at least intelligible and has been universally accepted except by the French. The only publication on the new Museum which we have seen is not encouraging. It consists of a eulogy of Mariette Pasha, whose remains were transferred to the grounds of the new Museum on the 14th of February last by a gentleman named Abbate Pasha. In it we are given the following list of eminent Egyptologists. "Duminken, Lopsius, Brugsh, de Rougé, Chabas," in which all but the two French names are misspelt, and no English names are admitted. Even the locality where the new Museum is situated is named in this and in official documents as *Ghizeh*. The prospects of an adequate catalogue, such a catalogue as would have satisfied Mariette, are not apparently very bright; but a strong and active Committee on antiquities has been appointed, and we must hope for the best.

MODERN FORTIFICATION.

At a time when the cuirassier is throwing aside his breastplate, and some do not care to conceal their opinion that armour for men of war is being overdone, it is not a little curious to find engineers on the Continent almost universally turning to iron to supplement their various systems of fortification; and, if we are to judge by what we saw at the German manœuvres last September, even field-pieces are to travel about in bullet-proof iron boxes, from within which the gunners may direct their aim, all regardless of the magazine-rifle or the shrapnel shell. These travelling cupolas were the invention of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Schumann, of the Prussian Engineers, a staunch advocate of iron, who, with the courage of his convictions, carried its use into the field. As regards its value for fortification, he was convinced that it should be applied without stint, and would have entrusted the entire defence to a line of his "coupoles cuirassées." Some of these cupolas are to be constructed on the disappearing principle, and mortars armed *cap-à-pie* are to supplement the guns. This jack-in-the-box kind of arrangement is also favoured by some other authorities abroad; but the details of the various

schemes differ so widely, and the principles involved are often so much in opposition, that it is difficult to say what the leading features of modern fortification consist in, and impossible to foretell what developments the future may not have in store for us. Abroad experts seem only agreed as to one point—namely, the advantages to be derived from iron, and the prevailing tendency seems to be setting towards elaborate and expensive combinations of metal and cement. The enormous strides that have recently been made in gunnery, and the greatly increased fire effect thereby induced, has set men thinking how the power of guns may best be counteracted, and in most cases it would appear that the only solution arrived at is the piling on of more protection, and in an unintelligent and unenterprising system of defence. General Brialmont, who has written much on the subject, and is regarded as a high authority in many quarters, is one of the worst sinners in this direction, contents himself with patching and tinkering the old stereotyped plans, and adds another cupola or two to counteract each succeeding advance on the opposite side. The iron with him is superadded to the already highly elaborated fronts, and further additions are made to the intricacies of the permanent systems, which have been the growth of years and the delight of pedants and drawing-masters for generations. He lacks the courage of Schumann, who boldly pinned his faith on iron almost alone, and endeavours to bolster up obsolete methods by multiplying complications. We have lately seen it noticed that the works at Antwerp need strengthening, and that some millions of francs are to be expended on them, and there will probably, therefore, be another opening for General Brialmont to exhibit more ingenuity in constructing mazes from which no army can hope to emerge to victory, but must remain passively entombed until the inevitable capitulation releases it to the light of day. While Brialmont contents himself with sprinkling a few cupolas about his works, and keeps his high command, his "enceinte," his "machicoulis," and the rest of the old familiar properties, and Schumann goes in solely for iron, another party recommends that existing works should be altogether abandoned, and that groups of batteries should replace the present elaborate forts. Since fire effect has so vastly increased, it is to fire that the defence must look for safety, and the attack must be driven back with the methods it confides in for success itself. Infantry trenches filled with riflemen and covered by entanglements will prove more serious obstacles than the deepest ditches, and a railway running along the rear of the fighting line will carry the defenders' guns hither and thither where they may for the moment be most required, and will help to place them on a greater equality as regards mobility than they have hitherto enjoyed. This school recognizes the fact that it is impossible and unnecessary to strive for complete protection everywhere from the projectiles of the foe. To avoid being hit it is better to afford as small a target as possible than to defy the shot with a high parapet or an iron screen. Great attention, therefore, is bestowed on rendering the works as invisible as possible, and the stores and ammunition they contain are disposed at wide intervals and in small quantities so as to minimize the effects of a lucky shell. No expensive iron protection is made use of, but simple earthworks and a judicious selection of site are alone relied on. These views, which appeal largely to common sense, are shared by many officers in this country also, and costly arrangements in masonry and iron have lost much of their fascination even for our older men. Till we see the results of the next big war all must be a matter of speculation, and the conflict of experts and divergence of opinion on the subject will continue. Meanwhile, it is probable that the returns of target practice have something to do with the controversy. At the ranges artillery fire can be shown to be almost annihilating. We believe a Horse Artillery battery at Okehampton has been known to hit 80 per cent. of hostile skirmishers at 1,700 yards. Yet in actual operations the smoke, the noise, and excitement exercise so potent an effect that its results are sometimes, especially against earthworks, almost nil. Now the ambition of the engineer in his study is to draw out a plan of a work so that he can demonstrate triumphantly that by no possibility can a bullet light on any given part inside. A suspicion of being enfiladed for the shortest space will cause him to grow cold, while an insinuation as to his undefended space will produce a week's uneasiness. His whole ideas are, in fact, concentrated on the effect of fire. Now if by a just appreciation of the configuration of ground, or by clever management of cover to be obtained from woods, the chances of being hit are reduced to a minimum, the final outcome in war is much the same, even though you *might have been hit* had your foe seen you; while, on the other hand, no excavations or mountains piled above you impede your free movement and your counter-attack. In just the same way a Khakee-coated skirmisher is a more efficient soldier than a man in armour, even though he be less impervious to a bullet. The tactical aspects of the task are more to be considered than absolute security, and there should be just a spice of the gambling spirit in the philosophy of the modern engineer. The notion, however, that men are to be simply ensconced in cupolas which should "rear their horrid heads" just as the assault is imminent is an even more fanciful and dangerous principle than that involved in the older systems of complicated trace. That the machinery should remain intact under a heavy fire would be well nigh a miracle; while, even if it did, it is extremely improbable that the dazed inhabitants of the prison would, on reaching the upper air, know where or what to fire at, while even if they did happen to recognize the enemy, their nerves would be in such a state of tension that they would probably fire anywhere rather than in his direction. How utterly impossible it would be to exercise control over men in such situations must be apparent to every one, while to direct or regulate their fire would be out of the question. The unhappy defenders are expected to fight without guidance or support from their officers, without the least knowledge of what is going on round them, and without being able to identify their target at the supreme moment when their cue comes, and they spring up from below the stage. War is not yet merely a question of cog-wheels and levers, and no shooting machines can replace pluck and confidence.

The great tactical principles remain immutable, and equally underlie all success in war, and, human nature being the same in all ages, will apply with the same force in our own day as they did a thousand years ago. The great object of the defence, whether armed with bows and arrows, smooth-bore muskets, or the magazine rifle, has ever been to detain the assailants under fire from men more or less securely placed behind cover, and so shatter them that they would be compelled to fall back. Formerly weapons were so defective, and took so long to load, that it needed a long time to produce fire of the requisite intensity. Vast obstacles to hold the enemy had, therefore, to be established, and elaborate arrangements to produce flanking or cross fire entered into. But in these days of breechloaders and magazine rifles the rapidity and volume of fire has been so enormously increased, that a very short time is sufficient for it to do its work. No troops, however brave, could in the open face the pitiless hail that can now be directed on them as they emerge from their trenches to the assault; and the effect of modern musketry is so tremendous that frontal fire is all that is required. Any light obstacles. such as wire entanglements or railings, will be all that is needed in front of a parapet, if it be lined by resolute men with plenty of ammunition and modern weapons. A ditch may be added as a concession to popular prejudice, but can very well be dispensed with. Ditches never won victories. These were alone accomplished by fire, and it is to fire that we must still look for success. To develop that of artillery to the utmost it is an immense advantage to be able to move the guns about the line that has to be defended. It has up to now been the custom to place them in fixed positions, where they could only fire in a more or less restricted direction, and where, if they were not likely to be hit, they had, on the other hand, themselves little chance of doing effective service. This entire absence of mobility was one of the greatest disadvantages under which the defence has hitherto laboured. It is, happily, no longer necessary thus to cripple its efforts. The guns are sufficiently secure if placed outside the redoubts which hold the infantry, and may be freely moved as required along the intervening spaces, where they will likewise be supported by a field force which will be handled according to tactical considerations, and can, if necessary, hold its ground behind field defences. The attack will by this means be distracted in its efforts, and cannot direct artillery fire on both infantry and artillery at the same time, as it has up to the present been able to do. It cannot hope to carry the position until the redoubts have been rendered comparatively innocuous, and yet it cannot begin the task of rendering them so until it has accounted for the defenders' guns. Machine-guns would probably supplement the infantry fire from the redoubts, and when their effect at short ranges and in well-defined directions is considered, it will, we imagine, be admitted that the intervals between such works could be made perfectly secure for artillery to manœuvre on. As regards the nature of these redoubts, they should be of the simplest form possible, should afford shelter to their garrisons, should have ample interior communication, and, above all, should be constructed with a view to their being as invisible as possible. They should exist mainly to give full effect to rifle fire, and its development should be the first consideration. An efficient obstacle out of reach of artillery fire should be placed in front of them, and nothing will suit this purpose better than a sunk fence with an unclimbable iron fence at its foot. A ditch may sometimes be found necessary, but need never assume the portentous dimensions it has hitherto assumed, and need not, if the work be kept duly invisible, be revetted in the substantial masonry we have been accustomed to. Trees on the glacis will be useful to make entanglements with, and will impede the invader's view, while they will cost little to plant and keep in order. In a similar manner narrow woods may be grown some hundreds of yards behind the general line of the position. These will form an excellent background, and will completely hide the rear, while the edge of a wood prepared for defence forms an invaluable second line, and if openings here and there are arranged for, offensive action need in no wise be circumscribed by them. Such is a brief outline of some of the salient features which should go to form the fortification of the future. Memorable defences have shown what can be accomplished behind more or less impromptu works, and such constructions have often proved tougher obstacles than more elaborate and expensive systems. We may instance Plevna, but the case of Sebastopol brings the lesson home to us even more strongly. Todleben, in the presence of the enemy and simply following the instincts of a soldier guided solely by tactical considerations and common sense, improvised such a system of works as rolled back our most determined efforts for many months, and for ever established the value of impromptu fortification. It has been contended that we have no need for land fortifi-

cation in England. The navy is to form our parapets. Nevertheless the defence of London continues to occupy the attention of our experts, and it will be admitted that some scheme for impromptu works is desirable. But let us turn no sod until the invader is actually on our shores, and then let our plans be based on liberal principles and suited to the exigencies of the moment.

HOW DARED HE?

DID they show ye in the papers what disrippitable capers
Mr. M-tth-ws has been cutting in the House of Parlymint,
And in hwhat an ojus manner he let floy at Dr. T-nn-er
Whan the Docthor at his antesadents vintured for to hint?

Sure, I shouted, "Catch me, howld me, Biddy darlin'!" whan they towld me
That the Saxon foe was wanst again at his accurrsud work,
And had dared, the low barbarian, to pass the word "vulgarian"
At the glory of ould Oireland, and the jool of County Cork.

He was answered, divil doubt ut, and he wasn't long about ut;
'Tis the Docthor has the flow of words to help um at a pinch,
And 'twas M-tth-ws heard the plainust, as "the basust and the manust
Of the skunks" that iver filled and fouled the Governmintal Binch.

But, begorra! what is undherneath the Saxon shirt, I wondher,
That just a little touch like this should make the toyrant bawl?
If he's anny sort of skin on um, bedad! it's moighty thin on um,
But is there—is there *anny* to his back, at all, at all?

All the House was up in arrums, with excursions and alarrums,
And the Chairman of Committees tould the Docthor to rethract.
To rethract! O blessed Erin! With the Sicretary s sneerin'
Stickin' fast within the throat of um, and he the first attacked!

'Twas in vain to hope the Chairman would be actin' like a fair man;
"Vulgarian's not a word," sez he, "that mimbers need withdraw.
I acknowledge it—I must—as often Parlymint ry justus
And always well within the bounds of Parlymint'ry law."

It can't be comprehinded how the matter might have inded,
With the mimbers raging round him and our haro standin' firm,
And ould C-rtn-y raising morder wid his cries of "Order! Order!"
And his challenges to T-nn-r to withdraw the irrig'lar term.

In a minut they'd have named um, and he couldn't well have blamed 'em
If they'd put their House's ornymint outside St. Stayphen's door,
And had sent um to the Tower, too (it's they that has the power to),
No more to have to thrimble as the Docthor tuk the flure.

And 'twas not until Tom S-xt-n, who at spakin' was the next one,
Had appaled to his bowld comrade by the howly name of frind,
That the Docthor, as expected to, tuk back the word objected to,
And brought the little incident purloitely to an ind.

But as for thim, bad scran to thim! A baby is a man to thim,
To such a height of wakeness and decrippitude they've sunk,
That, although the word "vulgarian" don't shock their sowls barbarian,
The spalpeens can't enjure to hear the moild retort of "Skunk!"

REVIEWS.

GRAY AND HIS FRIENDS.*

IT is sad to think how much trouble one bad editor can make for posterity. If there were ever an English man of letters whose work ought to have had the best chances of being fitly preserved and collected, surely it was Gray. He was a man of most careful and scholarly habits; his published work was of such moderate amount as to be held all too little by lovers of English poetry; his correspondence was with scholars and men of letters who appreciated if they could not emulate him; his goings and comings were few and well known. Our grandfathers might most reasonably have expected to be in possession of everything of Gray's, or connected with Gray's life and work, that it concerned the world of letters to possess. But in an evil hour the disposition of the available materials, in themselves quite adequate, fell into the hands of Mason. And Mason, by a singular combination of presumption, pedantry, and carelessness, introduced error and confusion of every kind, from which we are not yet fully delivered. Letters have been misplaced, ascribed to the wrong people, and in some cases deliberately corrupted. It is good to be in charity with all men; but charity, like all virtues, is capable of excess. We may forgive Mason, the more readily that he is long past human punishment or censure. That is no reason, however, why Mason's blunders and perversions should continue to cumber our books. Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray is the best we have, but excess of charity towards Mason has prevented it from being final. Nineteen times out of twenty the work of a man with Mason's opportunities, and with the apparent warranty of competence afforded by his position, may be presumed to be trustworthy in the absence of error flagrantly manifest. Unfortunately Mr. Gosse did not perceive the need of exceptional vigilance in this case, and a considerable aftermath is still left for the minute critic.

The pious care of Mr. Tovey, a lover of Eton, of Cambridge, and of Gray, has now supplied a good part of what was wanting. His volume is, by the nature of the case, not a complete and independent work. It is of a supplementary or preparatory nature; supplementary to the labours of former editors and biographers (excellently condensed, by the way, in Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Gray, which has very lately appeared in the *Dictionary of National Biography*), preparatory to future recension of Mr. Gosse's edition, and peradventure to the revival of taste for eighteenth-century literature which is as likely as not to be the portion of our children. Prophesying is a hazardous thing in literature; but, if we committed ourselves to it, we should be disposed to predict that in the first quarter of the twentieth century Gray will be more read than Rossetti. Mr. Tovey's book, however, must not be taken for a mere collection of fragments and *apparatus criticus*. His introductory essay, short but full of point and good judgment, gives it the stamp of a true scholar's work. Gently but firmly he disposes of Matthew Arnold's "fanciful homilies" on Gray's character, and bids us rather find in Gray's utterances "the buoyant and cheerful public spirit of his age." What he says of Gray's poetry is not less felicitous than what has been said by better known critics. He declines to surmise that Gray might or ought to have achieved something greater than his actual performance if he had lived in different conditions. "Perhaps, after all, he will survive by what *we* call his limitations, inasmuch as that poetry is the most securely immortal which has gained nothing and can lose nothing by the vicissitudes of sentiment and opinion. . . . The nineteenth century, which has learnt from [Wordsworth] that poetry is an inspiration, will still return to Gray to learn that it is also an art." We do not remember anything more exactly just than this in all the abundance of modern commentary.

Mr. Tovey's materials are derived, in the first place, from a manuscript collection of letters copied out by Mitford, and preserved in the British Museum. This collection appears never to have been thoroughly examined. Mr. Tovey himself professes not to have fully mastered its contents; but we suspect this only means that he has not read every line of every document, and, therefore, will not undertake to say that matter of interest may not lurk here and there in documents which he passed over, on a general survey, as unpromising. Life is too short for every word of all the MS. collections in the world to be read. The important thing is that when search is made it should be made by those who know what to look for, who have the tact of selection in what they find, and who will not directly or indirectly pretend to vouch for what they have not really verified. All these conditions are satisfied by Mr. Tovey, and it seems to us highly improbable that the industry of any future inquirer will convict his work of material error or omission. Gray's commonplace books at Pembroke College, Cambridge, have also been searched, but have been found to throw more light on West's memory than on Gray's.

The results of Mr. Tovey's labours are so carefully classified and digested by him that a reviewer has next to nothing to do in the way of explanation. In the first section of the volume we have a batch of unpublished letters which passed between Gray, Walpole, and Ashton in the years 1738–1741. This Ashton was a second-rate scholar who became a Fellow of King's and afterwards of Eton; we need not remind the reader that this, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was consistent with real merit, but was not evidence of it. He is now remembered only as having been the friend of Walpole, and, for a certain time, of Gray. He had some share in the well-known quarrel between Gray and Walpole which arose in the course of their Italian tour. What that share was is even more obscure than the ground of the quarrel itself, on which Mr. Tovey judiciously declines to have any positive opinion. We agree with him that the story of Walpole having opened a letter of Gray's is exceedingly improbable. Ashton's conduct, whatever it may have been, caused Gray to think very meanly of him: and the later reconciliation, complete as between Gray and Walpole, was merely formal and superficial as between Gray and Ashton. Mr. Tovey has read a good many of Ashton's letters which he does not publish; he asks us to take his word for it that we lose nothing. "Letters are not interesting because they are old; and distance lends no

* *Gray and his Friends: Letters and Relics in great part hitherto unpublished.* Edited by Duncan C. Tovey, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1890.

enchantment to dulness." We are content to accept the assurance. The specimens of Ashton's letters to Gray and West which are given in this volume may be thought to justify contentment. If any man thinks otherwise, Mr. Tovey refers him to Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 32,562, at the end of Mitford's commonplace books.

West was a very different sort of person from Ashton. His early death deprived England certainly of an excellent scholar, perhaps of a respectable poet. Mr. Tovey has now for the first time brought together, as a whole, in the second section of this volume, West's correspondence and remains. Just half of the letters were unpublished. The republication of the other half was evidently proper, for the sake of completeness; and among that half are some of both Gray's and West's letters which one cannot see too often. There is a new letter of Gray's, with a dialogue of his books as they jostle one another on the shelves; a familiar trifle, but witty and pleasant. One turns from the correspondence between West at Oxford and Gray and Ashton at Cambridge with a certain regret for their old-fashioned, easy-going scholarship. No doubt they missed the finer points of Attic syntax, and sometimes made really bad mistakes in their Latin verses. They had not the modern scholar's apparatus for grappling with the text of Lucretius or Catullus. They did not trouble themselves with dialects and inscriptions, and their notions of art and archæology hardly went behind the Græco-Roman period. They read Latin less critically than we do, but more largely. They had leisure to relish the poets of the silver age, and they enjoyed the aroma of Augustan literature in a way which the pressure of exact knowledge has almost closed for our modern generation. The tradition of reading Horace in masses, not dwelling too curiously on difficulties, was still alive at Eton twenty years ago. With all its drawbacks there was much good in it. Perhaps the intellectual aristocracy of eighteenth-century scholarship may revive one day, when we have given up pretending that all educated men know Latin and Greek. Hellenists and Latinists are destined to become a more sharply limited class, and the things which still seem technicalities to us who were brought up in the old public school routine will be their common stock. As it is, one may see and feel something of this among French scholars, who have always been few among the French reading public. To return to West, there is a pleasant flavour of independence about his Latin. He deliberately preferred the Propertian to the Ovidian couplet, and affected such lines as

Lymphaque muscoso prosiliens lapide,

notwithstanding that Eton orthodoxy condemned, as it still condemns, them.

Among the minor contents of the book we shall chiefly note two letters from Miss Speed to Gray, one of them acknowledging the receipt of the *Long Story* in terms which, allowing for the epistolary manners of 1750, may almost be called enthusiastic. "Everybody that has seen it, is charm'd and Lady Cobham was the first, tho' not the last that regretted the loss of the 400 stanzas." As a sample of Mr. Tovey's scrupulous editorial care we may cite his note on this:—"'Here 500 stanzas are missing.' *Long Story*. I think I have transcribed Mitford accurately." The notes of travel extracted from Mr. John Morris's collection of Gray papers were, perhaps, barely worth printing; but in the case of a man of such fine quality as Gray, and who wrote so little, excess in publication is better than defect. The only specially remarkable point in Gray's artistic observations is a vehement dislike of Andrea del Sarto. Finally, Mr. Tovey produces evidence tending to show that some of the corrections of Shakspeare's text which have hitherto passed for Warburton's are really due to Gray.

TWO STORIES.*

"HE was well dressed, and . . . there was nothing in his dressing that was in the least degree offensive to good or artistic taste." For "a heavy dark green overcoat, trimmed with astrakan, imparted to him rather a *distingué* air, that was further enhanced by his faultless kid gloves and the crimson silk handkerchief that was allowed just to slightly display itself from the outside breast-pocket of his overcoat." It was while travelling by railway that he was thus attired; he was a man from (and of) Manchester, and his name was Vecquerary. He called himself Vecquerary because his "very old Manchester family," which had "originally come from France," had borne the name of Véquérie. On the journey for which he had arrayed himself in gules and vert he had for travelling companions a solicitor of fiendish malice and cunning called Hipcraft, carrying on a disreputable business in the Old Bailey immediately opposite Newgate prison, and a sprightly grass widow, passing for the genuine article under the style and title of Mrs. Sabena Neilsen. She put "Sabena" on her cards, not because it was supposed to be the name of the imaginary Mr. Neilsen, but in the manner affected by Mrs. George Butler and Mrs. Caird. As Mrs. Neilsen drove away from the station in a cab, Vecquerary, referred to on this occasion only as "Mr. Vacquerary," "gracefully raised his highly-polished hat." Next day he determined to call upon Mrs. Neilsen and improve the acquaintance. For this purpose he "washed some of the London grime off him, arrayed himself in a spotless shirt and a brown velveteen coat—an article of attire he had a great partiality for"—and set out, "looking very handsome and gentlemanly." A hasty reader might infer that he left some of the London grime on him; but the more accurate as well as the kinder construction would seem to be that he washed off as much of the London grime as was on him, which was not all the grime in London. This was at four o'clock, and as he took a hansom to Regent's Park, where Mrs. Neilsen lived, he must have got there between four and five. The lady received him clad "in an evening dress of blush-rose silk, which admirably suited her complexion"—and his brown velveteen coat. There is a picture of this interview, and while the pink dress was certainly an evening dress, with a V-shaped opening in front, Vecquerary's coat appears to have been a frock-coat. Mrs. Neilsen had an adopted niece Muriel, and she was in evening dress too. Vecquerary paid them both "the most extravagant compliments," and "obtained an apparently unwilling consent to call again." The same evening he fell in with Hipcraft, who was also smitten with the fascinating Sabena, and boasted of his advance in the lady's good graces. This led to their calling each other asses, blackguards, and infernal cads, in a public billiard-room, whereby ultimately Vecquerary punched Hipcraft's head, for which amusement a Bow Street magistrate ordained that he should pay 10*l.* and "the prosecutor's medical expenses."

Now Hipcraft was a malignant and awful person, with a seedy spy in his permanent employ. Mr. Dick Donovan takes a strange pleasure in repeating that any one who "had wanted something to have likened him to" would probably have called him a snake. This he calls a "synoptical remark," and he observes elsewhere, "A basking crocodile on the banks of a tropical river could not prove more dangerous to an incautious traveller who ventured to sit on its head under the notion that it was a fallen tree." If one had to do business with a basking crocodile, it seems probable that its head would be about the safest seat it afforded. Be this as it may, all the harm that Hipcraft ever did to Vecquerary was to send an anonymous letter to Mrs. Vecquerary at Manchester, telling her of his goings on. This led to ructions, and Vecquerary consequently flirted with the supposed widow more vigorously than ever. He met her, by accident, at the Crystal Palace, where she "looked even more charming than usual, for she wore a bonnet of grey velvet trimmed with red, and a magnificent cloak edged with real blue fox fur. She was an artist in her dressing." He wore "an overcoat [probably the green one] trimmed at the collar and cuffs with fur, while his hands were clad in perfect-fitting kid gloves of canary colour," and he met her afterwards by arrangement at her own house and at divers places of entertainment. It may be incidentally mentioned here that the niece Muriel had fallen in with an aristocratic young man from the Foreign Office, rejoicing in the aristocratic name of Oriel Verecourt, who one day said to her, "I want to be your lover," and added, "I am, in fact, your lover now, because I love you; but I want you to acknowledge me in that character." She answered that he flattered her, and he rejoined that she estimated herself too lightly, and "after more bandying of passages of this kind, she confessed that she loved him. So they kissed each other," and Mrs. Neilsen, as Muriel's guardian, "approved of the love-making," but six weeks after this approval was given, "Mr. Verecourt had not asked Muriel if she would be his wife." The episode is mentioned only as illustrating the manners of ladies with whom married men from Manchester, in the view of Mr. Dick Donovan, carry on metropolitan flirtations. One night at a theatre Mrs. Neilsen saw her husband, whose name was Tortolini. She said she had "come over quite faint," left the building, wrote to Vecquerary that their flirtation must cease, and fled to Hastings. He pursued, wrote to her for one last interview, and, "clad in a heavy top-coat, trimmed with fur," met her on the beach one dark and stormy evening. She said they must part for ever, and was immediately shot dead by Tortolini, who happened to be "contagious" to the place of their meeting. Vecquerary was charged with the murder, and his brother came to Hastings and prowled about the beach with Verecourt, who alone believed in Vecquerary's innocence, dressed, as far as can be gathered from the picture, in the identical old green, fur-trimmed coat. It was kind of the police to let him have it. Eventually everything was explained; Vecquerary was forgiven by his wife, and, as we learn with immense relief in the penultimate paragraph, Oriel Verecourt "held" Muriel "to his breast" in the acknowledged character of "his affianced wife."

Phil is a book about a boy at school. The period is 1829-33. The boys talked of how somebody "got quite chummy," and called out "good old" somebody or other, just as if they had wished to see our times, and had seen them and were glad. When—as invariably happens in such works—the hero was suspected of theft, the headmaster observed, "with an emphatic fist-blow upon the table," that the larceny "would be a stigma upon the whole school as long as the thief remained unmasked"; and when the hero had left school and gone to Cambridge, he prepared himself for honours by the study of "a legal text-book," for all the world as if he had been a candidate for the law tripos established fifty years after. At a cricket-match, however, "A drop of rain fell on several noses at that moment,"

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* *The Man from Manchester.* By Dick Donovan, Author of "The Man-Hunter" &c. With Twenty-three Illustrations by J. H. Russell. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

Phil: a Story of School Life. By Alfred Harper. London: Digby & Long.

and drops of rain certainly do not run so large nowadays. *Phil* is a particularly poor little piece of rubbish, and the reader will share the relief of the author when he puts, in his own words, his "feeble pen back on its restful rack."

HAWTHORNE.*

ALTHOUGH it was long known by those who knew, and finally revealed to the world by Mr. Julian Hawthorne's extremely Hamitic biography of his father, that the author of *The House of the Seven Gables* was a very unpleasant and bad-blooded person, on the whole it has always been clear that he was not destitute of charm when he chose. His wife apparently adored him as few wives have adored their husbands, and his friends, if uncommonly few, were also more than commonly fast and faithful. Mr. Moncure Conway writes as one of them, though a late and not an intimate one. But we are bound to admit that he does not abuse the privileges of friendship. Perhaps the fact that Hawthorne went near to blaspheming the especial God of Mr. Conway's idolatry, the right of Northern Americans to be Abolitionists at their Southern brothers' expense, may have something to do with the fact that he can see spots in the Hawthornian sun. Perhaps the other fact that Mr. Conway has been long resident in England, and knows us pretty well, may account for his frank confession that Hawthorne was utterly in the wrong—was, indeed, in that worst wrong of all which makes a man talk about that which he not merely does not understand, but has not given himself the trouble of attempting to understand—when he wrote the abusive folly of *Our Old Home*. At any rate, on such points his book is straightforward and satisfactory. It is rather less straightforward on the recently discovered matter of the Cilley duel, the account of which rather tangled tale is further tangled here. But on the whole Mr. Conway has given his facts very well. In the natural comparison with the book which Mr. Henry James wrote for Mr. Morley's series some dozen years ago, it has, of course, to be remembered that Mr. Conway has had the advantage of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's book, and of much else that was unpublished when Mr. James wrote. We reviewed Mr. Julian Hawthorne's very injudicious (to use no worse word) performance very fully when it appeared, and, as this is little more than a summary of it, we need not add much. It is impossible to like Hawthorne as presented even by the most partial of his biographers, and each fresh biography only helps to show more clearly how unlikeable he was. There is, however, one curious piece of something like cant in Mr. Conway's book which may be worth a few words. Mr. Conway appears to be equally angry with the neglect of his own country to patronize authors as authors (owing, he thinks, to her bad copyright system), and with the "spoils to the victors" plan by which Hawthorne alternately profited and lost. The copyright system may be bad, and the spoils system may be bad; but we cannot but think that Mr. Conway is rather unjust towards his country in this particular instance. After all, America, in her own way, did provide for Hawthorne three times over, and on the last occasion provided very solidly. Nor can we see that Mr. Conway is at all happy in applying that strange notion of the duty of a country to subsidize (having first discovered them) its men of genius which he seems to share with other persons from whom more intelligence might be expected. We all think that we are, or under favourable circumstances might have developed into, persons of genius; and, therefore, we are all bribed to look on this notion favourably. But is it so? Is it in particular so in the case of Hawthorne? When he left college, rather late for an American, it is admitted that he did not make the faintest attempt to provide himself with a profession or a livelihood of any kind. He ate not, indeed, the "enraged cow," but the lotus for a few years absolutely, for many years without any attempt to do more than write some fancy sketches. He was thirty-five when he turned weigher and gauger at Boston; and, after his two years' service there, being anxious to marry and having saved the not magnificent, but still useful, sum of a thousand dollars, he must needs invest and lose it in the tomfoolery of Brook Farm. In his second tenure of office he undoubtedly (though it was from no fault of his that he lost it) made himself unpopular. His rich Liverpool post chiefly gave him occasion to growl equally at the country which was as hospitable to him as he chose to let it, and at the country which gave other people seventeen thousand dollars wherewith to idle in Paris. He was, in short, helped by America as very few Englishmen have been helped by England, and he was a difficult man to help.

Enough of this, however. Mr. Conway's book will serve very well as a general introduction—biographical rather than critical, it is true—to Hawthorne. Criticism on him in the best sense of the word is, indeed, rather far to seek. M. Emile Montégut's *Un Romancier pessimiste* (a title which seems to give Mr. Conway some rather unintelligible pause) is perhaps the best; but the very cleverest French criticism of English or American work always leaves several sides of the matter unconsidered because unseen. Mankind in relation to works of art are usually divisible into four classes—those who like but do not understand, those who understand but do not like, those who neither like nor understand, and those who do both. Clearly the last class alone can be drawn upon to furnish wholly satisfactory criticism, and we think it is rather a small class in the case of Hawthorne, who is subject to the further peculiarity that his manner and his themes are very singularly assorted, or rather contrasted with each other; the themes being idealist in the highest degree, the manner distinctly materialist. But it is no part of our duty or wish to attempt to criticize Hawthorne here. It is sufficient for us to speak well of Mr. Conway's Life of him, which we can do on the whole very conscientiously. Only—only—we *should* like to know why Mr. Conway talks of Hawthorne's having "helped to raise the terrible Frankenstein"? Poor Frankenstein, alas! was terrified, not terrible.

* *Great Writers—Hawthorne.* By Moncure D. Conway. London: Walter Scott. 1890.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, VENICE, 1558-1580.*

THIS Calendar contains the latest results of the valuable labours of Mr. Rawdon Brown in a field of research which was peculiarly his own. The duty of accomplishing the work left uncompleted at the time of his death was assigned to Mr. Cavendish Bentinck as his friend and executor, who has ably discharged it. Mr. Bentinck in his Preface errs, if at all, upon the side of over-brevity, but has failed to notice no salient feature of historical moment. The despatches comprised in the Calendar date from 1558 to 1580, perhaps the most critical, if the least brilliant, period in the reign of Elizabeth. It is disappointing, *primâ facie*, to find that the Venetian Republic during these years had no authorized Ambassador at her Court, and that the Signory depended for its knowledge of English affairs upon the reports of its envoys at the Courts of France, Spain, and the Empire. The cessation of the diplomatic relations which had subsisted between Venice and England until nearly the close of the preceding reign is sufficiently explained by the ecclesiastical revolution inaugurated by the accession of Elizabeth. Consequent upon her repudiation of Papal supremacy, and the changes she sanctioned in the doctrine and ritual of the Church, the influence of the Holy See over its partisans in the Senate was persistently exerted to defeat any proposal that a State still loyally Catholic should recognize the claims of an heretical and excommunicated pretender to the English throne. The serious detriment which the interests of the Venetian merchants in England suffered in the absence of an accredited envoy there, acted as a continual stimulus to the commercial party in the Senate to bring about a renewal of diplomatic intercourse. Their efforts were aided by Elizabeth herself, who by indirect channels repeatedly expressed her resentment at the neglect shown to her, since her accession, by a power with whose representative she had always been on cordial terms during her sister's lifetime. All endeavours proved unavailing to overcome the pressure brought to bear upon the Doge by the Papal Nuncio, whose opposition was successfully maintained down to the end of Elizabeth's reign. The deficiency of reports at first hand from the English Court proves, however, to be less grave a loss than it appears at the outset. The opinion which Mr. Rawdon Brown frequently reiterated, that "the Signory imposed the strictest obligations upon their diplomatic representatives to communicate in writing to their Government all matters which came under their notice without any reserve whatever," receives ample justification from these records. No State can ever have been better served than Venice by its diplomatists abroad. Her envoys at Paris, Madrid, Brussels, and Vienna thought it incumbent upon them to collect from every source within reach, and by every available means (sometimes "very secret" and "confidential"), whatever information respecting the political and social condition of any foreign Power might be of service to the Signory, and to report it with the utmost frankness. From their point of view, the affairs of England, Scotland, and Ireland were as much within their province of inquiry as those of the countries to which they were respectively accredited. Notices of the gossip and scandal of Court and street, whispers and suspicions of plots and intrigues, the personal habits of public characters, and copies of private letters, were not too trivial to be intermingled in their despatches with narrations of political events, international treaties, and the text of official documents. Though naturally prejudiced in favour of nations which adhered to the Roman communion, and sincerely adverse to the success of "the new religion," they allowed no prepossession to blind them to the inherent corruption of the Papal system, the crimes of professing Catholics, the rapid spread of Protestantism in Europe, or the ability and courage which distinguished its leading advocates. Dependent as they partly were upon rumours, often conflicting, and hearsay statements, usually exaggerated, they occasionally fell into error; but, upon the whole, managed to arrive at no great distance from the truth.

The various interest of the subjects embraced in their outspoken communications renders it difficult to make a selection from them; but the initiation and development of Elizabeth's policy justly claim precedence. Of the events which marked the first six months of her reign a series of detailed reports is furnished by a Mantuan visitor to England, subscribing himself "Il Schifanoya," a name derived from a district in his native State. He

* *Calendar of State Papers, &c., relating to English Affairs, in the Archives of Venice, &c.* Vol. VII. 1558-1580. Edited by the late Rawdon Brown and the Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890.

appears to have been a member of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which Mary had re-established, and after its final suppression, became attached to the household of Monsignor Priuli, the executor of Cardinal Pole, then temporarily residing in London. The accounts he gives of the Queen's first entry into the City, the ceremonies of her coronation and opening of Parliament, and her banquet to the French Ambassadors at Whitehall, present a lively picture of the scene, and testify to the popular rejoicing with which her accession was welcomed. The statutory changes in Church and State immediately effected by the Legislature, the deprivation of the bishops who refused to repudiate the Pope's supremacy, the suppression of monastic bodies, the gradual abandonment and eventual prohibition of the Mass, and the frequent excesses into which fanatical reformers were betrayed, are briefly but graphically described. The testimony borne by this comparatively unskilled and unaccredited spectator to the independence and acuteness which the young Queen displayed at home, was abundantly confirmed by the trained diplomatists whose intimate relations with the Ministers of France, Spain, and the Empire afforded them the best opportunities of observing her exhibition of these qualities abroad. As early as March 1559, Tiepolo, the Venetian envoy at Brussels, reports that an emissary recently despatched to her from Philip II. "bestows upon her as much praise for talent and ability as was ever given to any woman." A little later Tiepolo describes her as "by nature high-spirited," and having "become yet more so owing to her good fortune and to the many physical and moral endowments which she possesses; so she has lofty designs, and promises herself success in all of them." He proceeds to remark upon the skill with which she protracts making a decision among the many suitors for her hand, "and keeps them all in hope," so that she may reap advantage from their rivalry in case of need. Suriano, the envoy to France in 1561, pays a similar tribute to Elizabeth's "courage" and "great power of mind," which enables her to "decline to rely upon any one save herself." He displays a keen perception of the dangers of her position between France, Scotland, and Spain, and hazards a prediction (which, had Elizabeth been allowed free action, might well have been verified) that England will always remain in alliance with Spain, "from fear of being harassed by France, which already possesses Calais and Boulogne this side of England, and the kingdom of Scotland on the other." As, under the stress of events then unforeseen, she was driven to adapt her policy to novel circumstances, the "defects of her qualities" became more apparent, and her critics mingled their praises of her determination and prudence with reflections upon her craft and duplicity. To the former charge, Elizabeth undoubtedly laid herself open by the ingenuity with which she contrived to protect and subsidize the Huguenot rebels in France, while avoiding a positive breach of her treaty of peace with their King. To do her justice, however, she frankly announced that this was her deliberate aim. In reply to the reproaches with which Henry III. and the Queen-Mother, Catherine, assailed her conduct, she instructed her ambassador Paulet to avow that the bitter persecution to which "the unfortunate professors of the reformed religion" were subjected, constrained her "as their protectress" to "assist them in such a way as was open to her without infringing the league which she had contracted with this Crown." In another despatch, which vindicated her motives in countenancing a rebellion provoked by the King's intolerance, she took a higher tone. "Whoever will consider the small benefit which she has received by these disorders, and the opportunities which she has had of augmenting her own dominions, must confess that Her Majesty has not allowed herself to be controlled either by prospect of gain or of ambition. She does not demand the rights of others; she rules by justice; she maintains her subjects in peace; she fears no other princes." However disinterested her action may have been, it would inevitably have resulted in war but for restraining causes which did not escape the observant eyes of the Venetian bystanders. Writing from Paris in 1568, Giustinian unreservedly explains that "this most Christian King is compelled by necessity to hold friendly relations with the kingdom of England . . . . chiefly because he cannot undertake any warlike operations unless he be friendly with the English, who are greatly feared by the French; in fact, 10,000 English are worth 20,000 French. In former times they overran the whole of France. . . . Another reason is that England is very wealthy, which fact renders the nation a desirable ally in any war, especially against the common enemy, who is the Emperor." From the charge of duplicity no candid apologist of Elizabeth can absolve her, whatever excuses he may find for her conduct under difficult circumstances. The inconsistency between her language when Mary Stuart besought her protection and her subsequent behaviour, and the countenance she secretly lent to the scheme of her suitor Anjou to obtain the throne of Flanders, while openly expressing disapproval of it, present an unfavourable aspect of her character which the Venetian recorders do not fail to mirror. Not less faithful are their criticisms upon Mary herself. Prepossessed as they are in her favour, as well by her beauty and misfortunes as by her tenacious adhesion to the ancient faith, her shameless marriage with Bothwell, "a man more suspected than any one of having plotted the death of the late King," and who had obtained a divorce from his lawful wife by a collusive expedient sanctioned "by the doctrines of Calvin," excites their unconcealed repulsion. They account it as the gravest consequence of her crime, in accordance with "the general opinion," that "the Catholic religion" in Scotland, which depended upon her support, is now "deprived of all hope of ever again raising its head." From a later despatch we learn what was the verdict of her relatives at the French Court upon her conduct, in spite of the defence she made for it. "The Ambassador of the Queen of Scotland has applied for assistance to these Majesties, and was told in reply that the Queen had behaved so ill, and made herself so hateful to her subjects, that their Majesties were unable either to give her help or advice." The phrase "these Majesties" is noteworthy as attesting the important part played by another remarkable woman in the history of this period. The dominant personality of Catherine de' Medici has left its impress upon all the Venetian reports from France, and cast every other into the shade. During the reigns of each of her sons in succession, her will was paramount; no affairs of State could be transacted without her approval, and in her absence from Paris the Government was at a standstill. But for the significant abstraction from the Venetian archives of all despatches from France between February 24th, 1572, and April 6th, 1573, the period which covered the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, there can be no doubt that her prominence in the political group pourtrayed in this volume would be more marked even than it is.

Of the other historical personages who figure most frequently upon the stage, Philip II. stands first. A report by Michael Suriano, Ambassador at his Court in 1561, contains some curious particulars respecting his physique and personal habits. A larger space than he deserved is occupied by the worthless Alençon, or Anjou, whose ambitious and restless spirit kept three kingdoms in a turmoil during his brief career. The unaccountable fascination he seems to have possessed for Elizabeth is attested by one of her love-letters to him, a clandestine copy of which Lippomano, the Venetian envoy at Paris, contrived to obtain. The "romance of history" fares badly at the hands of such pitiless photographers as these Venetians. Don Carlos, the unloved son of Philip II., whose princely qualities, hopeless passion for his beautiful stepmother, and tragic fate have been idealized by Schiller, here figures as an ungracious, discourteous youth "of diminutive stature," "continually subject to quartan ague," and "so weak and feeble" that his aunt Joanna, who had designs of marrying him, turned her thoughts elsewhere. Elizabeth de Valois, the supposed object of his passion, is represented as having lost her girlish beauty by two attacks of small-pox, which left her face so pitted that she refused to be seen. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who calls attention to this case of disenchantment, has, oddly enough, failed to notice a still more striking instance of it. Writing in March, 1563, Barbaro, the envoy at Paris, reports, on the faith of letters received from Scotland, that a Huguenot Frenchman who had followed Mary Stuart there, was found one night under her bed, "with sword and dagger, and booted and spurred. He said that he acted thus from love, but others declare that he intended to murder the Queen, and it is reported that this man has been beheaded." Barbaro's next despatch records the confirmation of this story, which he has obtained from Mme. de Guise, who states that the culprit, "when taken, confessed to having been sent by" a Huguenot lady at the French Court, "so that by this means she might defame that Queen, in order to thwart any marriage that might be treated for her." Who can recognize in this wretched poltroon the love-maddened but chivalrous hero of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, Pierre Chastelard?

Incidental notices of many other celebrities, worthy and unworthy, of Sidney, Cecil, Walsingham, Leicester, Condé, and Don John of Austria among the number, will reward the student of this Calendar. The task of searching it has been rendered a light one by Mr. Kirk's serviceable index.

A LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.*

If the present day were to be described from a biographical standpoint, it might fitly be defined as an age given to the production of small Lives of great men and great Lives of small men. There are so many cheap series of biographies of eminent persons in course of publication that it is rather odd that the life of so great a man as Beethoven has hitherto been neglected by the small biographer. The reason doubtless is that Sir George Grove's admirable article in the *Dictionary of Music*, of which he is the editor, tells all that is wanted about the great composer, and, moreover, tells it in a manner which it would be hard to surpass. But even the *Dictionary of Music* is not within everybody's means; and Mr. Rudall's little volume—the last issued in the series of biographies of great musicians of which the late Dr. Hueffer was the original editor—will doubtless supply a want, especially as it can be honestly recommended as a straightforward and trustworthy piece of work. Mr. Rudall cannot claim to rank with the best biographers; but, as far as the limits of his book go, he has been successful in writing a plain and readable narrative. He does not attempt to throw any light upon the strange contradictions of Beethoven's character, or to account for the undoubted fact that the composer of the most truly inspired music which the world has yet heard was personally one of the most uncivilized of men. Doubtless in this he has

* *The Great Musicians.* Edited by the late Dr. F. Hueffer. *Beethoven.* By H. A. Rudall. London: Sampson Low & Co.

been well advised; for too much insistence cannot be laid upon the fact which biographers frequently forget—namely, that the personality of an artist, and especially of a musician, must always be separated from the work he produces. Even within the modest limits of the "Great Musicians" Series, it cannot always have been easy to prevent the biography from descending into a mere catalogue of the composer's compositions, and in overcoming this difficulty Mr. Rudall has met with more success than in any other part of his book. The narrative is clear and unhampered by technicalities, and if it were not for the eccentric way in which proper names are spelt, would be entitled to almost unreserved praise. It is too bad of Mr. Rudall to adopt the impossible spelling *Ludvig* van Beethoven for the composer's name. If attention was to be drawn to his Flemish origin, the form *Lodewijk* would have been at least consistent; under no circumstances could *Ludvig* be correct, and when the signature to the mysterious love-letter (reprinted on p. 73 from Thayer's Life) is given in this form, it amounts to a serious misrepresentation. Mr. Rudall has also succeeded in adding one more to the nine various ways of spelling the pianist Woelfl's name which are enumerated in Dr. Mee's excellent account of that artist in Grove's Dictionary. In the course of two pages the musician is called Woelff six times, so the printer cannot be responsible for this blunder, as he may be for turning *Heirathspartie* into *Hierathspartie* on p. 106. But these mistakes are palpable, and, therefore, not very serious, and, on the whole, the book is thoroughly to be recommended.

ROCHDALE PARISH.*

THE town of Rochdale is best known to this generation as the home of Mr. John Bright and the birthplace of modern co-operation. But it has a history, though not an eventful one, which stretches far back into the dim past. Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans have left traces of their occupation of the district, and though it has not been the scene of any battle or of any of the great events with which the national historian busies himself, yet there is ample material for those who regard the gradual growth of local institutions and industries as the real history of the people.

Mr. Fishwick is already known as an industrious, painstaking, and accurate writer on the topography of his native county, and he is especially at home in dealing with the parish of Rochdale, with which he is associated by many ties of kinship and public service. He excludes Saddleworth from his survey, as, although connected ecclesiastically with Rochdale, it really belongs to Yorkshire. Even when that picturesque district is omitted, the old parish of Rochdale is of mammoth size, extending to 41,828 statute acres. The historian of Rochdale has literally a wide field in which to expatiate, and in Mr. Fishwick's handsome quarto volume of five hundred and eighty-six pages there is little, if anything, that the critic would desire to see omitted. The style is straightforward, sober, and equally free from pretence and effort. It is a piece of solid, honest work, for which, when there is so much "scamping," it behoves us to be grateful. The printer and publisher also deserve a word of praise for the manner in which the book has been produced.

As we have already casually mentioned, Rochdale can claim an antiquity that stretches into the prehistoric past. Although the evidences of the remotest period are few, they are conclusive. Unpolished flints have been found in twenty-five places, a polished celt was discovered in the river gravel during the excavation of a reservoir; these, with one or two barbed arrow-heads, are all that speak of the pre-Roman inhabitants. The Roman remains are somewhat more numerous, and include the beautiful arm of a silver statue, dedicated to Victory, of the Sixth Legion. An object that has aroused a somewhat keen discussion among local antiquaries is the so-called Roman road over Blackstone Edge. The peculiarity of this moorland road is, that a groove about seventeen inches wide runs down its centre. Whether the road is Roman or later; whether the trough has been chiselled or worn, and what is the precise object of the trough, are still under discussion. After the Conquest Rochdale appears to have been held, at least in part, under Roger de Poictou, by Gamel the thane, who had been owner in the Saxon times. On Roger de Poictou falling into royal disfavour, some of his estates went to swell the great domains of the De Lacys. During the two hundred years the Earls of Lincoln held the manor, they conferred the advowson of the church on the Abbey of Stanlawe, and obtained the right to hold a weekly market and an annual fair. The heiress of the De Lacys conveyed the manor to the Dukes of Lancaster, and it eventually became Crown property. The Byron family, who had for a long time been the local representatives of the lords of the manor, obtained a lease of the lordship from the Crown in 1585. There were three Sir Johns in succession, known respectively as "Sir John with the great beard," "Sir John with the peaked beard," and "swearing Sir John." The last-named, however, had a handsome post-mortem testimonial from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who deplored the "grievous loss of so vertuous, kynd, and deare friend, who truely honoured and feared God all his lyffe." On the expiry of the lease the manor was sold by the Crown, and, after changing hands twice, was secured by the cavalier Sir John Byron, afterwards first Lord Byron of Rochdale, and, except for a short time during the Commonwealth, the Byrons were lords of the manor of Rochdale until 1823, when it was sold by the poet Lord to Mr. James Dearden, to put an end to a long, tedious, and costly litigation.

The industrial history of Rochdale is of interest. In early times the growth of wool was the staple industry, although iron smelting was known in the fourteenth century. In the sixteenth century, however, the manufacturing of the wool into cloth, which had previously to a large extent been carried on abroad, was now done at home, so that each farmer was to some extent also a clothier. About the same time the inhabitants began to develop mines for the coal and minerals which abounded, the previous efforts in that direction already named being of a very crude nature. Another evidence of the growth in importance of the neighbourhood is the fact that as early as 1561 John Ashworth, a cutler, was carrying on business in Rochdale, and, if tradition is to be believed, his family came from Sheffield in the previous century. A William Hallowes was also working as a cutler in Rochdale in 1588, and a year or two earlier one of the pioneers of the hat-making industry was buried there. In the seventeenth century the clothier became a person of great importance, and often employed a large number of persons, who received from him the wool and returned it to him as cloth, the manufacturing being done at their own homes. This method survived into the present century, when the home industry finally succumbed to the factory system. Among the first of the old manufacturers to recognize the possibilities of the cotton factory were the Fieldens, whose immense works at Todmorden are at present amongst the largest in the parish of Rochdale. The first Rochdale cotton mill was built in 1795. Of the history of the town during the present century, Mr. Fishwick gives a very meagre account, and the rapid growth of the old-fashioned village into the thriving borough is passed over with very little attention. He has, however, found space to mention the origin of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, which from a humble beginning in 1844 has developed into an immense business. Some idea of the extent of the Pioneers' development may be gained from the statement that the 74 members of 1845 had increased to 11,278 in 1888, and the profits on a year's working from 22*l.* in 1845 to 47,119*l.* in 1888. Besides being a successful commercial undertaking, the society is a considerable educational force in the borough, and has provided for its members a reference and lending library and numerous newsrooms. Rochdale received its charter of incorporation in 1856, its first mayor being Mr. Jacob Bright, who was elected by a slender majority over Mr. Albert H. Royds, whose death has been announced since Mr. Fishwick's "History" was issued.

Having finished his sketch of the general history of the parish and borough, Mr. Fishwick gives the history of the several townships that form the parish, and passes in review the annals of Castleton, Spotland, Hundersfield, and Butterworth. The first of these divisions derived its name, according to Mr. Fishwick, from an ancient Saxon castle, which is not named in Domesday. Hence our author supposes that it was razed to the ground prior to the date of the Norman survey. That a castle formerly existed on Castle Hill is, doubtless, true, for in charters of the end of the twelfth century mention is made of the "vill of the castle of Rachedal," but that the castle existed in ante-Norman times requires proof. A large portion of Castleton and of Spotland fell into the hands of the monks of Stanlawe and of their successors of Whalley. Spotland township includes the hamlet of Whitworth, which was for a long time celebrated throughout England as the residence of the Whitworth doctors. The founder of the family was John Taylor, a farrier, who obtained a widespread reputation as a successful bone-setter. So great was his fame that he was sent for to attend the Princess Elizabeth, on which occasion he amused and astonished the Court by his blunt manners. Mr. Fishwick is writing history and not gossip, and therefore does not repeat the oft-told tale of the worthy "surgeon" slapping the Queen on the back and complimenting her on the comely appearance of her daughters. The Taylor family continued in practice as surgeons at Whitworth for about a hundred years, the last representative dying in 1876. Hundersfield includes the two thriving towns of Todmorden and Littleborough, the former of which owes its rapid growth and present importance to the firm of Fielden Brothers already named.

After the township histories Mr. Fishwick gives a history of the parish church, its organs, bells, chapels, and pews. The church is dedicated to the Saxon St. Chad, and is supposed to be on the site of a church dating from before the Conquest. It has undergone considerable alterations during this century, and there appears to be very little of the old church left. The Trinity Chapel of Rochdale Church was founded in 1487, and is said to have formerly contained much that was of interest to the historian and antiquary; but, falling into the hands of Mr. Dearden in 1823, he improved away everything that interfered with his design of erecting memorials to his "ancestors." Mr. Dearden placed in the chapel brasses and slabs to the memory of *soi-distant* Deardens of several centuries, and each memorial was at least intended to be in the style of the era to which it was supposed to belong. In the centre of the chapel is a cross-legged effigy of a warrior of the Dearden tribe, and a bishop, with crozier and mitre, reposes by his side. It is rather difficult to tell what the ecclesiastical authorities could have been doing to allow such vandalism; for the whole of the individuals commemorated by the sham

* *The History of the Parish of Rochdale in the County Palatine of Lancaster.* By Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. Rochdale: James Clegg. London: Elliot Stock.

antique stones and brasses were purely imaginary personages, for Mr. Dearden's actual pedigree was traceable no further back than the seventeenth century. Leaving the parish church for a time, Mr. Fishwick gives histories of the ancient chapels-of-ease, rendered necessary by the immense size of the parish. Of Whitworth the most notable thing seems to be the fact that Canon Parkinson, author of *The Old Church Clock*, was for a time incumbent. Todmorden Chapel includes amongst its clergy Henry Crabtree, the astrologer, Mr. Fishwick's account of whom would have been improved had he consulted a paper by Mr. John Evans in the *Manchester Quarterly*, 1882, where are given some curious extracts relating to Crabtree from the Surey Demoniack controversy, and William Grimshaw, afterwards of Haworth. The curates of Milnrow seem to have been, with one exception, particularly uninteresting. The exception was, of course, Francis Robert Raines, F.S.A., a most industrious and careful antiquary, whose MSS. collections, now in the Chetham Library, Manchester, Mr. Fishwick frequently and frankly acknowledges as the source of information not otherwise easily attainable. The numerous modern churches in the ancient parish are mentioned, though, of course, not with the detail given to the earlier ones. Could not Mr. Fishwick have spared a line or two to mention that the incumbent of one of these churches was the father of Dr. Keningale Cook, whose early death a few years ago removed one of the few persons of any literary distinction who have been born in Rochdale? Mr. Fishwick reverts to the parish church again, after the chapter on the Chapelries, which divides the account of its fabric from the lives of its incumbents. The presentation to Rochdale Church was long vested in ecclesiastics, the Abbot of Whalley being patron from a very early period until the Dissolution of the Monasteries, when he was succeeded by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Considering the great value of the living, the vicars of Rochdale can hardly be called a remarkable set of clergymen. Henry Tilson, Vicar from 1615-1635, became Bishop of Elphin; Samuel Dunster, 1722-1754, is the clergyman whom Lady Cowper heard preach "an intolerable dull sermon to the degree of an opiate," and Dr. Drake, 1790-1819, incurred some unpopularity by reading the Riot Act on the occasion of an outbreak in which two men were killed. The next vicar, William Robert Hay, a barrister as well as a clergyman, was also extremely unpopular amongst a section of his parishioners. His presentation was looked upon as a reward for his services to the Government in suppressing the Manchester Reform meeting at Peterloo in August 1819. Whatever the cause, Mr. Hay was long a favourite subject for the satire of Rochdale Radicals, many of whose poetical productions are preserved in Raines's *Vicars of Rochdale*. Perhaps the dignity of history has prevented Mr. Fishwick inserting any of these verses in his sober volume; but as a sign of the temper of the times it may be well to cite a verse that was pasted on Rochdale parish church door towards the end of 1831, especially as Raines gives no copy of it:—

> Old Beswicke's dead and gone to Hell;
> Where Crossley's gone no man can tell.
> Pray, good devil, don't long delay
> To fetch Clement Royds and Parson Hay.

The other three of the quartet were highly respected magistrates whose political views happened not to coincide with those of the "poet." Hay, whose fiercest admirer could not say much for him, was succeeded by Dr. Molesworth, who also succeeded to a quarrel with the parishioners on the Church rates. This quarrel lasted for several years, and is perhaps best remembered from the fact that it was at one of the meetings in opposition to the rates that Mr. John Bright made one of his earliest, if not his very earliest, public appearances as an orator. Dr. Molesworth was a most voluminous writer and a very able man, and his long occupation of the living, commenced in the heat of the Church rates agitation, was concluded almost forty years later, when he had obtained the respect of all parties in the town.

In the chapter on Nonconformity in Rochdale, Mr. Fishwick gives the lives of the ministers, but some of these are inadequate, and others, to some extent, inaccurate. Henry Pendlebury and Josiah Owen, both men of mark in their day, have considerable space devoted to them. But the Mr. Bolton who is stated to have died at Rochdale in 1772 is mentioned in a "History of Monton Chapel," near Eccles, as having been stationed at Monton from June 1771 until his death in 1773, and Franklin Howorth (not Howarth, as Mr. Fishwick has his name) could hardly have resigned the pastorate of one Unitarian church on account of his Trinitarian views, and immediately have become minister of another Unitarian church in a neighbouring town. We believe that Mr. Howorth's conversion did not take place until over twenty years after leaving Rochdale. The lists of ministers of the dissenting chapels do not contain many names of interest. Amongst them, however, was James Burgess, author of "Beelzebub Driving and Drowning his Hogs" (1770), a sermon divided into three heads, under which the Devil verified three old English proverbs—namely, "The Devil will play at small game rather than none at all," "They run fast whom the Devil drives," and "The Devil brings his hogs to a fine market." The Society of Friends was an important body in Rochdale, and many of the leading citizens were Quakers. The Wesleyans and other religious bodies also receive a little attention at the hands of Mr. Fishwick, who, however, ignores the temperance movement, although it had at one time the advantage of the oratory of John Bright.

The grammar school at Rochdale, founded in 1565 by Archbishop Parker, has had an uneventful history, and the masters would appear, judging from Mr. Fishwick's meagre accounts of them, to have had equally uneventful careers. One or two additional facts about Robert Marland, schoolmaster to 1610, might have been found in the *Caius College Admissions*, and about Laurence Ormerod in Ormerod's *Parentalia*, and Foster's *Lancashire Pedigrees*. There are a number of other schools in the parish besides Archbishop Parker's; of these, Milnrow is chiefly notable for having been for many years under the mastership of John Collier, otherwise Tim Bobbin, whose dialect writings are so well known. Several of Tim Bobbin's children were authors, and all of them eccentric; and, as many anecdotes of the family are on record, it is matter for regret that Mr. Fishwick has completely ignored the younger members of this interesting family. The charities of the town are numerous. The foundress of the Holt's charity for teaching poor girls provided that each girl, on leaving school, was to have presented to her a Bible, a Common Prayer book, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and *The Christian Monitor*!

In this, as in his previous topographical works, Mr. Fishwick devotes a large section to the Old Houses and Old Families. The old houses of Rochdale parish mostly date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and many of them are half timbered. Only in a very few instances are they occupied by the descendants of their builders, whose families have either become extinct or have left the neighbourhood, their places being taken by successful manufacturers, by whose industry and enterprise the wealth and position of the town and parish has been attained. The family histories, as related by Mr. Fishwick, are rarely of much human interest. Only occasionally does he wander from the straight path of genealogical dulness, and even then only when the legal documents on which his genealogies are based are themselves curious. But Mr. Fishwick is a trustworthy, if not a picturesque, genealogist, and his researches are often of permanent value. The pedigree of Crossley of Scaitcliffe is an instance of this. The ordinary pedigrees give the successive heads of the family during the sixteenth century as Richard, John, and Anthony, and no names of wives are given. Mr. Fishwick shows, on the evidence of wills and Duchy pleadings, that the descent should be Richard, Richard, and Anthony; and he has also found out the Christian names of the wives of the two first. Clegg Hall is the locality haunted by the Clegg Hall Boggart, as narrated in Roby's *Lancashire Traditions*. It was the residence of the Belfields, and two sisters of the family are recorded to have been married whilst very young—one of them at seven years of age—to boy husbands, and to have both been divorced as soon as they came to years of discretion. This would be an unusual and an unexpected ending to the match-making of their parents. The more important of the older families were the Crossleys, the Chadwicks, and the Haworths; of the recent families the Royds, the Newalls, and the Fieldens. The Royds family have been engaged in the banking business in the town for several generations; the Newalls were manufacturers, a fact Mr. Fishwick does not make clear in his pedigree. Three members of the manufacturing family of Fielden have been in Parliament; the first being the John Fielden who acquired fame as the factory operatives' friend in the struggle for the Ten Hours Bill. This Fielden pedigree is, to our thinking, the best in the book, for by it the reader can trace the gradual development of the family from yeomen to manufacturers and landed gentlemen. A page is devoted to the Bright family, but Mr. Fishwick has been afraid to treat them with any detail because they have been settled in the parish for such a short time—only a matter of eighty or ninety years. Still, one would have thought that the family to which Rochdale owes its greatest son (apart from conspicuous local services) was entitled to full treatment. We miss, also, the pedigree of the Fenton family, to which belonged Rochdale's first member of Parliament. The last chapter is rightly entitled "Miscellany," for into it the author has thrown some curious and interesting notes on the Rochdale press, rushbearing, the mock corporation, folklore, parish clerks, centenarians, the founder of the sect of "Grindletonians," and other topics that defied more rigorous classification. The Protestation of 1642 is given in full, and there are extracts, some of them curious, from the Manor Court Rolls. There are many and excellent illustrations, and, to crown all, a good index. Altogether Mr. Fishwick may be congratulated on a satisfactory addition to topographical literature.

SOME MORE GUIDE-BOOKS.

IT is, no doubt, something of a feather in the cap of any guide-book to have appeared first in April 1889 and to have (even assisted by a Centenary Exhibition) reached a third edition in May 1890. Messrs. Bemrose's (London and Derby) *Guide to Paris* has done this, and to some extent has deserved to do it. It is very cheap, it is very well printed, it is intelligently arranged, it has good maps and diagrams, it has hints which will be useful to the unlearned and ignorant man, it is commendably free from the detestable "jaw," the talkee-talkee that fills space, and says nothing, of the older—and sometimes of the newer—guide-book. But it would, we think, pay Messrs. Bemrose to have it looked through by some competent authority in literature and history;

and it certainly should have an index. As instances of the need of revision we may observe that it was not at the Hôtel Carnavalet that Madame de Sévigné died, but, on the contrary, at Grignan; that we fail entirely to see how Marie Antoinette's Court ladies could have sat to "such painters as Watteau and Pater, who have handed us down many pictures of their daily life and mock rusticity," considering that Watteau died between thirty and forty years before Marie Antoinette was born; that the account of the taking of the Bastille (from a work, "Baines's *History of the Revolution*," which we do not know, but of which we should rather like to have the reviewing) is so preposterously ignorant as to be almost inconceivable; and that a writer who writes of "one Baptiste du Cerceau" may figure to himself rather well the effect he would produce on any educated student of French architecture by imagining the effect upon himself of a Frenchman writing "one Christopher Wren."

We have before us six reprints of Messrs. Jarrold's (London and Norwich) useful Guides to the Eastern counties, respectively labelled *The Rivers and Broads of Norfolk, Hunstanton, Norwich, Cambridge, Aldeburgh,* and *Southwold.* Most of them belong distinctly to the older type of guide, and, as such, they ought not to be visited with too severe criticism; but we confess that we should like to see them written up to something better. Mr. Christopher Davies's name is sufficient warrant for the *Broads* guide: of the rest, the Cambridge guide is by a long way the best, and may be called good; the Hunstanton guide is, we think, the worst of all.

We have more than once given a critical and modified good word to the Holiday Number—*Where to go for a Healthy Holiday*—of the *Medical Recorder* (W. H. Allen). The articles are generally done by "medical officers," resident in the different places, or incumbent of some functions concerning those places. The good and the not-good of such a state of things is generally known, and need not be insisted upon. We shall only say that there is a certain sluggishness of soul in the average Briton which makes it almost necessary that a place should be pressed on him, or he will not go to it. Therefore, the pressing is good.

Muddock's *Pocket Guide for Geneva and Chamounix* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is a section of a general guide to Switzerland, which we have frequently noticed.

A Holiday Tour in Austria, by the Rev. H. P. Stokes (London: Digby & Long), reminds us pleasantly, as such a reminder always must, of Mr. Foker. "You funny little man," said a fair lady to Foker. "You funny little book," say we, who are not fair ladies, to Mr. Stokes's volume. It is about four inches square; it contains about forty pages; each page, which is generally only half a page, contains not much more than forty words, and it ends by a statement from the author that he "will be happy to send the name of the Firm who so courteously and ably made all necessary arrangements for carrying out" his tremendous adventure. The individual articles are more like a very small schoolboy's account of his travels than anything that we have ever seen. Here is one in entirety:—

> Near Berchtesgaden are the Salt Mines. They must be visited. After taking your tickets, you proceed to the house opposite to don the miner's costume. Ladies ought to be informed of this before the visit is made. A procession is then formed, each one carrying a lantern. First of all you ascend numerous steps on foot; then a descent is made by means of a wooden slide, very much like tobogganing. It is perfectly safe. On reaching the bottom of the descent, one arrives at the "Salz-See," lit up by numerous miners' lamps. A boat is taken to cross this lake. One is reminded of the Purgatorio of Dante. Passing through various chambers we reach the tramway. Ladies take their places in cars, while the gentlemen mount a long wooden horse on wheels. A lengthy descent is then made, and presently one finds oneself ushered into daylight at a high rate of speed. The drive for the first part, and the railway for the latter part, of the journey from Berchtesgaden to Salzburg viâ Reichenhall (a favourite watering-place) is exquisite.

On this we have but one remark. Why is one reminded of the Purgatorio of Dante? The sorrowful mount certainly was reached by boat, but it was a mountain, not a cavern, and there was nothing crossed when you got to it. Can (we suggest this with diffidence)—can the Rev. Mr. Stokes have been thinking of the Inferno, where people certainly did, and more than once, cross subterranean streams? We are afraid that for this suggestion Mr. Stokes will hardly reward us with the blessing which was uttered on one of these voyages:—

> Alma sdegnosa,
> Benedetta colei che in te s' incinse!

The Official Guide to the Great Western Railway (Cassells) is a new and revised edition of a cheap and useful kind of guide, now well known and well tried.

We have also before us a handful of the sectional parts of *Illustrated Europe* (Zürich: Orell, Füssli, & Co.), which are in number as the sand of the sea, which are profusely illustrated, which cost sixpence each, and which are not seldom good, despite the fact that their distinguished translators have not exactly succeeded in obliterating the traces of the language in which they were originally written and that some of them are pretty clearly hotel-keepers' puffs. Of those which are not and which are really useful, let us mention "To and Through Hungary," in some half-dozen parts—*Vienna to Buda-Pest, Oderberg to Buda-Pest, the High Tâtra, West Hungary, From the Danube to the Quarnero, The Transylvania Highlands,* and *The Eastern Carpathians.* All of these concern regions little trodden by the British foot, while all of them are decidedly interesting. The batch together (for some are double or treble numbers) only costs five shillings, and though it is a little overdone with illustrations, it will give new lights to many a wandering Briton.

HISTORY OF BOTANY.*

PROBABLY no one of the various books which botany owes to the untiring industry and remarkable genius of the great Würzburg professor will be more closely associated with his name in the future than the *Geschichte der Botanik,* which he published in 1875, and of which this is an admirable rendering produced by the Oxford Press in the neat and well-printed form for which the Delegates are so celebrated.

In its German form the book suffered, in this country at any rate, from being printed in the old-fashioned black-letter German; but in the case of one active school of younger botanists at least—that of the Cambridge University—its effects, for evil and for good, were marked and, no doubt, somewhat lasting. We say this because criticisms have been expressed as to the historical knowledge of the younger botanists, and, no doubt with justice, it has been remarked that their estimation of the labours of past generations was severely tinged with the colours obtained through German spectacles. This is, or was, true; and it was certainly in great part due to the influence of Sachs's work. But history, and especially the rapidly constructed and reconstructed history of to-day, abounds in reactions, and we are probably not far wrong in concluding that, while the Cambridge school has passed through its period of undue bowing to the dicta of the great German botanist (without losing sight of the much that is valuable in his works), the danger may now arise that in its widely-read English form the *Geschichte der Botanik* will mould for some years the opinions of those who merely read what is prescribed for examination purposes. This danger is, moreover, increased now; for the author has seen fit to append to the English edition a judgment on the historical merits of two men whose names should, in our opinion, have been regarded as neither suitable for coupling, nor ripe for the pronouncement of any such short dictum of history; and we cannot help thinking that the "large infusion of youthful enthusiasm still remaining from the year 1859, when the *Origin of Species* delivered us from the unlucky dogma of constancy" (preface to Engl. transl. p. xi.), stimulated the author to a wiser estimation of the value of Charles Darwin's position in history than his later statement would have us believe.

Sachs regards botanical science as "made up of three distinct branches of knowledge—Classification founded on Morphology, Phytotomy, and Vegetable Physiology," and he divides the work into three books accordingly:—First Book, History of Morphology and Classification; Second Book, History of Vegetable Anatomy; Third Book, History of Vegetable Physiology.

The first book is naturally the longest, since more has been written on the subject of which it treats than on those of the other two, and it will probably be regarded in this country as open to criticism to a greater extent than the remainder of the work. It is divided into five chapters, dealing with (1) The German and Dutch Botanists (1530–1623); (2) The Artificial Classifications preceding and culminating in that of Linnæus (1583–1760); (3) The Development of the Natural Systems under the influence of the dogma of the Constancy of Species (1759–1850); (4) Morphology under the influence of the doctrine of Metamorphosis and of the Spiral Theory (1790–1850); and (5) Morphology and Systematic Botany under the influence of the history of Development and the knowledge of the Cryptogams (1840–1860), and it will probably be admitted that the divisions are well made.

The section on Linnæus should attract attention. Sachs regards the learned Swede as distinguished especially as the great compiler of his age, and makes no hesitation in bringing this clearly forward on p. 81. Nevertheless, he seems to do justice to his wonderful powers of systematizing and illuminating all that he gathered and fused; and, although he denies that Linnæus invented the binary system of nomenclature, he admits (p. 83) that he reduced it to practical shape, and must be regarded "as the real founder of the binary nomenclature of organisms."

Sachs exhibits the desire to be perfectly fair to the name of Linnæus, and there is no question of any attempt to be-little that name. Over and over again he eulogizes the great Swede's powers of naming and describing, but he deplores the adherence of more modern botanists to the school of thought centring around Linnæus; to understand this we refer the reader to the original. The third chapter is devoted to the consideration of the direct influence of Linnæus's teachings on the botanists of Germany, Sweden, and England, and the opposition to them on the part of the French morphologists, who refused to accept the sexual system; the consequent growth of the embryonic natural system, sketched hazily by Linnæus, in the hands of the Jussieus and De Candolle, Gaertner, Robert Brown, Endlicher, and Lindley. It is noteworthy throughout how prominent a part was played by Englishmen in this nursing of the new and still feeble little stranger—the natural system of classification based on the

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* *History of Botany* (1530–1860). By Julius von Sachs. Translated by H. E. F. Garnsey, M.A. Oxford Clarendon Press. 1890.

principle that the sum of the characters of a plant must be employed in determining its affinities; and every botanist knows that it is in England especially that the natural system has attained the perfection now realized, and that the names of Hooker, Bentham, Oliver, Dyer, Clarke, Baker, and other of the brilliant phalanx of botanists who have made Kew the scientific centre of systematic botany will be for ever associated with the establishment of the most perfect system of classification of natural objects in any department of science.

The Second Book of the History is divided into four chapters, dealing (1) with the foundations of the anatomy of plants by Grew and Malpighi (1671-82); (2) the phytotomy of the eighteenth century; (3) the conflicting views as to cell-structure as the microscope grew towards its present form from 1800 to 1840; and (4) the gradual development of modern views as to the true nature of the cell.

Early anatomy is curious rather than interesting to the botanist; but there is much that is instructive in the history of the microscope before 1800 and the growth of modern methods of histology. No false idea is more common than that any eye can use a microscope, and we recommend the introduction to this Second Book to all who wish to know in what the necessary training consists.

Here, again, it is worthy of notice how much Englishmen have done for botany. It was an Englishman—Robert Hooke (1635-1703)—who invented the term cell, and the word was applied in his sense until quite recently. Henshaw, in 1661, is said to have discovered the vessels in the walnut. Grew, secretary to the Royal Society, 1677 onwards, at least shares the honour of founding the study of vegetable anatomy and histology with Malpighi, and Sachs clears his name (p. 232) from Schleiden's imputations as to priority, and characterizes his work as "much more comprehensive" and "more systematic" and clearer than Malpighi's. Grew invented the words parenchyma and tissue as long employed in botany; we heartily wish he had avoided this distinction. Another claim to fame is his discovery of the stomata, the nature of which he misunderstood, however.

During the eighteenth century vegetable anatomy fell into a deplorable condition, chiefly from the cessation of real observation, which was replaced by empty speculations with preconceived ideas, or based on the unfortunate views promulgated by Grew and Malpighi as to the meaning of tissues; and there is very little progress to note until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when renewed attention to the subject was encouraged as the microscope improved, and the names of Mirbel, Kurt Sprengel, Treviranus, and Moldenhawer come before us.

Among interesting discoveries during this period, 1800-40, we may note Kurt Sprengel's suggestion (1802) that vessels might arise from cell-tissue, and his confirmation of Comparetti's idea that stomata open in the morning and close at night; Bernhardi's distinction (1805) of the tissues into pith, bast, and vessels, and his attempt to define the various forms of tissue; the discovery of intercellular spaces by Treviranus (1806), and his proof that vessels are segmented; Mirbel's narrow escape (1808) from clear ideas of the nature of the Cambium cylinder is also noteworthy. Moldenhawer, in 1812, first isolated vessels and wood-cells, and contributed to our knowledge of growth in thickness of vascular bundles, stomata, resin canals, &c.

It must not be supposed that all was progress, however; the age was remarkable rather for the inordinate amount of error that was introduced into the current conceptions of anatomy, and it was not until Von Mohl came on the stage, just before 1840, to introduce clearness and accuracy into the chaos of undigested facts and misconceptions, that the way was paved to make anatomy what it should be—a faithful record of the structures of the organism and an adequate picture of how they are combined in its machinery.

Von Mohl's name and accomplishments are so well known, and he has so strongly influenced the present generation of teachers, that we simply refer the reader to pp. 292-310 for details. Enough that Mohl founded the school which made the *Botanische Zeitung* what it has been, and gave to histology that sense of security which rendered possible such progress in botany as has taken place under the hands of Sachs, De Bary, Strasburger, Goebel, De Vries, Eichler, and many others in Germany; and its effects were distinctly traceable in the establishment of modern laboratory methods in England—first, at South Kensington by Mr. Thiselton Dyer, and then, at Cambridge under Messrs. Vines and Gardiner. It is only necessary to consult the publications of the Royal Society and the pages of the *Annals of Botany* to see what excellent results are being arrived at by the new school—now, and for some years past, not only on its own feet, but with its own traditions and followers—to see that English botanists in the persons of Gardiner, Bower, Marshall Ward, Scott, Bayley Balfour, F. Darwin, F. Oliver, Green, and others are once more making histology and the exact study of the structures of plants flourish in this country.

Before these later developments were possible, however, the period from 1840 to 1860, which saw the establishment of the modern cell-theory, had to be traversed; this is dealt with in chapter iv. of the present book. Mohl observed the first case of cell-division in 1835, and Schleiden started his theory of free cell-formation in 1838. Henfrey and Unger worked at the processes going on in the so-called growing point, and there arose the bitter discussion as to the nature of the cell which several living botanists remember. The best outcome of this was the generalization as to the nature of the contents of living cells. Robert Brown had discovered the nucleus in 1831. In 1838, Schleiden mistook the protoplasm of the cell for mucilage; Naegeli showed its nitrogenous nature in 1842-46; and Von Mohl, in 1844-46, gave it the name it has since borne. About 1860, according to Sachs, the geologists had taken the subject in hand, and most of the present generation of botanists recollect the establishment of the modern doctrine of the nature of protoplasm as the "physical basis of life." Chlorophyll-corpuscles (Mohl), Aleurone-grains (Th. Hartig, Radlkofer, and Naegeli), Starch-grains (Payen, Naegeli), and other cell-contents gradually became more intelligible; the meaning of the apical cell and embryonic tissue generally was elucidated by Hofmeister, Hanstein, Sanio, and others, and so investigators slowly led the way to the modern theories of development.

The history of this subject stops at 1860, or thereabouts; but most botanists now living can supply the rest of the story, which has shown that these observations prior to 1860, valuable and important as they were, merely supplied the materials with which the present knowledge and teachings were to be founded. New views have repeatedly arisen and been modified since then as to the nature of the cell, the classification of the tissues, the constitution and growth of the cell-walls and other organized structures, and the significance of protoplasm. To take one or two examples only, one may point to the importance to which the literature of the nucleus has attained since the period referred to; while the terms cell-sap, sieve-tubes, cambium, and protoplasm, for instance, now recall ideas far more complex than they did when Sachs published the first edition of his world-renowned text-book.

The third book of the history concerns the rise and progress of vegetable physiology, and, as may be expected from the author, this is dealt with at considerable length. A wide view is also indulged in, although the three chapters cut the subject up into well-marked sections:—(1) the history of the sexual theory; (2) that of the theory of nutrition; and (3) that of phytodynamics. It will be impossible to even approach doing justice to this masterly sketch; but one or two points are well worth notice. Sachs has often been reproached for taking too mechanical a view of the physiology of plants, and there is much in his special writings to support the criticism. Nevertheless, we read on p. 365 of the present work:—

> We often meet with the view, especially in modern times, that vegetable physiology is virtually only applied physics and chemistry, as though the phenomenon of life could be simply deduced from physical and chemical doctrines. This might perhaps be possible, if physics and chemistry had no further questions to solve in their own dominions; but, in fact, both are still as far distant from this goal as physiology is from hers.

We fancy this statement is as true now as it was when it was written in 1875, but the truth expressed in it is often overlooked, especially by those not practised in physiological investigations.

Contrary to somewhat general opinion, the part played by English investigators in developing the science of plant-physiology has been very large; "not to speak of less important cases, it was the Royal Society of London which published, between 1660 and 1690, the memorable works of Malpighi and Grew" (p. 367). Ray (1693) made experiments "on the influence of light on the colours of plants"; the movements of water in the wood; the irritability of *Mimosa*, &c.; heliotropism, etiolation, and other phenomena. Hales's inquiries, published in his classical *Statistical Essays* in 1727, were so good that Sachs says of them (p. 477):—

> Hales may be said to have made his plants themselves speak; by means of cleverly contrived and skilfully managed experiments he compelled them to disclose the forces that were at work in them by effects made apparent to the eye, and thus to show that forces of a very peculiar kind are in constant activity in the quiet and apparently passive organs of vegetation. . . . Hales was not content with giving a clear idea of the phenomena of vegetation, but sought to trace them back to mechanico-physical laws as then understood. He infused life into the empirical materials which he collected by means of ingenious reflections, which brought individual facts into connexion with more general considerations. Such a book necessarily attracted great attention, and for us it is a source of much valuable instruction on matters of detail, though we now gather up the phenomena of vegetation into a somewhat differently connected whole.

Those who have read the *Essays* will endorse this just appreciation of the genial writer.

As to the English edition as it stands. In the first place, the translator should be congratulated on the extremely satisfactory accomplishment of his task, which has been no easy one, owing to the necessity of bringing out the author's peculiar style, as well as rendering the meaning clear. There are, so far as we have been able to discover, few imperfections. Perhaps the word "marks" (p. 90, l. 8) would have been better translated "characters," in accordance with English custom; the same somewhat hypercritical objection applies to p. 149. "A stone of stumbling" (on p. 282) is a very literal rendering of the German equivalent for a stumbling-block; and it seems to be a gratuitous error on the part of the translator to speak of "the substance known as thylosis"—the German text runs "*mit Tüllen erfüllte Gefässe*," and should have been rendered simply "vessels filled with thyloses." There are one or two slight misprints not noticed in the list of errata—Radikofer (p. 314, last line but one) for Radlkofer, and -Thonars for -Thours on p. 489. We doubt whether the words phytotomy and zootomy will be accepted in English (pp. 350 and 51). The translator is not responsible for the word "mole-

cules," on p. 353, as it stands so in the original, though it is clearly the equivalent of what were more lately termed "micellæ"; the author is also responsible for the apparent want of relevance of the foot-note to p. 149. Obviously we have no valid reproach against the English translation, which we welcome as one of the most useful and best produced of the classical series put forth by the Oxford Press.

It should not be forgotten that this History closes before 1860. It will materially lighten the labours of any future historian; but it of course gives no hint of the enormous advance of the science during the past thirty years. There is evidence in the preface to this edition that the author had the opportunity offered him to bring the work more nearly to date; we may easily understand his shrinking from such a herculean task, and even doubt whether it would be possible—as it would certainly be unadvisable, so far as the last fifteen years of turmoil and discussion are concerned. We have already noticed that he has, however, availed himself of the preface to the English edition to summarily withdraw certain of his eulogiums, without specifying exactly which, and we cannot avoid the impression that this is the only staring instance of haste and want of judgment that mars the grandeur of this magnificent work. That there are opinions expressed in the book which some authorities will not accept is only to be expected, as there are certainly statements which have not stood the test of time—*e.g.* on p. 352—but the whole work gives the reader a sense of security that the judgments have been really thought out after long labour and intense research, and there can be no doubt that it marks an epoch in the history of the science.

NATURE AND WOODCRAFT.*

SINCE the success of Richard Jefferies, there has been a decided tendency to overdo the popularization of country pleasures. We are by no means among those who are inclined to eulogize that deceased naturalist without reserve. He had a quick eye, great knowledge of the woodland, and a style that was often extremely delicate and felicitous. But towards the end of his career he had become an imitator of himself, his work was full of repetitions and of false emphasis, and no one who was a judicious lover of his early books could rejoice in the publication of his late ones. Yet Jefferies was always Jefferies; in his least successful pages there was an echo of the old spontaneous note. Mr. Watson is the direct disciple of Jefferies, and in his numerous volumes, of which *Nature and Woodcraft* is the latest, we see how easy it has become for any one now to raise this particular flower of literature. In the present instance Mr. Watson makes no statement regarding the nature of his material, but we are much surprised if it has not all appeared before in newspapers. It has the air of being an issue of twenty-eight miscellaneous contributions to journals, reprinted in large type, leaded, so as to form a kind of volume. There is no reason why newspaper articles should not be republished when they are very novel in matter, peculiarly graceful in style, or otherwise calculated for preservation. Mr. Watson's chapters are wholesome and pleasant gossip, such as their titles suggest; we know the sort of small beer which we are likely to find labelled "Nuts," or "The Night Side of Nature," or "Winter Birds." We are glad, on a railway journey, when we have glanced over the telegrams, skimmed the leader, and tasted the book review, to be detained for five minutes more by "Wild-Shooting in Winter" or by "Autumn Berries"; but life is short, and books are many, and we do not want a permanent volume made out of ephemeral sketches. The information in them is generally true, but seldom new. The interesting description of the life of an old Cumbrian farm-servant seems at first to be an exception; but a conscientious note records that here "the author is indebted to a tract by a local antiquarian, published in 1847." In short, the essays are capital journalism of a second-hand kind; but we deprecate the supposition that they call for more life than a newspaper can give them.

We must not be unjust to Mr. Watson, and we will confess that there is one section of *Nature and Woodcraft* which we are glad to see preserved. His observations about the ways and the manners of gamekeepers are salutary, and they are not spoiled by over-violence of statement or by obvious prejudice. Attacks on the evil deeds of gamekeepers from persons who are the enemies of the preservation of game are of no service to any one. What is really wanted is a statement from the point of view of the naturalist, who is also a sportsman, of the needless destruction which is made, in sheer ignorance, of rare, beautiful, and even economically valuable species. In this connexion, Mr. Watson says many true and useful words in "The Gamekeeper and his Golgotha." He shows that the best of keepers, those who are not mere wanton murderers of all woodland forms, exhibit what he truly calls "a deplorable want of discretion" in their slaughterings. The various *Accipitres* are fast disappearing from this country, and that mainly because of the senseless persecution of which they are the victims. A very few years ago, in most English counties, the kestrel, or wind-hover, which commonly satisfies its unambitious palate with mice and beetles, was an object as common as it is beautiful and interesting. But the gamekeepers, in their curious traditional ignorance passed on from father to son in a survival of "epidemic paradoxes," have done their best to send it after the still more elegant and not less innocent merlin. In 1835 Edward Doubleday wrote of Epping Forest:—

> The Buzzard and Kite are now extinct (thanks to the gamekeepers), but the former I have seen within four or five years. Previous to that time, I very often watched them, soaring high in the air, over the Park Hall and Hill Hall Woods. They feed chiefly on small quadrupeds, toads, frogs, and insects; but a toad is their most favourite dish.

The honey buzzard (once a common summer visitor), which the rage of the gamekeepers has now made practically extinct, was a still less mischievous eater; its maw was seldom found filled with any substances more formidable than wasps, grasshoppers, or caterpillars. The jay is a real marauder, and, in spite of his handsome plumage, we scarcely dare to defend him; nor is it to be denied that the magpie has an ill-regulated taste for pheasant and partridge chicks. But owls! Will no one explain to the whole generation of gamekeepers what a stupid and aimless crime is their wholesale persecution of those most pleasing birds? The barn-owl was the best friend of the farmer, a bird of business who hid in his own pollard all day long, and kept other people's rats under by night. Now a false economy has doomed both owl and pollard to destruction, and the farmer wonders why he is overrun with rats. The Selborne Society might do worse than organize a Mission to Gamekeepers, and distribute tracts explaining clearly to the prejudice-haunted intelligences of those worthy men what creatures are and what are not dangerous to their beloved charges, the pheasant and the partridge. If something be not soon done in this direction, the charming avifauna of Great Britain will shortly become as extinct as the dodo.

* *Nature and Woodcraft.* By John Watson. London: Walter Smith & Innes.

CONTRA LEPTINEM.*

THIS edition of the *Contra Leptinem*, prepared by Dr. Sandys for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, is quite worthy of the reputation which he has earned as a diligent and acute student of the ancient orators. He is thoroughly versed in the laws and customs of the Demosthenic period of Athenian history, and his scholarly appreciation of his author's idioms has enabled him to throw light upon many of the more obscure passages in an interesting but difficult speech. Of his labours on the text we may speak with a sincere respect which need not pass into admiration. His original conjectures seem confined to the four enumerated in his own index, and none of these can be called epoch-making. They are plausible and sensible, and they are suggested by real difficulties in the text, not by the casual occurrence of a random happy-thought. It may be sufficient to quote one of the four. At section 96, near the end of the Speech, we come upon the following words:—*νῦν δὲ μαρτυρίαν καθ' ἑαυτοῦ καταλείπων ὅτι παρανομεῖ τουτονὶ τὸν νόμον ὅμως ἐνομοθέτει κ.τ.λ.* That the words *ὅτι παρανομεῖ* are *primâ facie* open to suspicion is clear from the fact that they contain five consecutive short syllables—an unusually flagrant violation of the "law of composition" under which Demosthenes generally avoided the collocation of more than two short syllables in consecutive words. But this fact would not by itself be enough to displace the incriminated phrase, and Dr. Sandys seems to think that Blass has occasionally laid too much stress upon his law of composition, refusing to follow him at § 43 in interposing a superfluous but euphonious *ὢν* between *ἄξιος* and *ἀδικηθῆναι*. Dr. Sandys is well advised, therefore, in fortifying his rejection of *ὅτι παρανομεῖ* by contending that the phrase is not only awkward in position but in itself unnecessary. But he repents of his own severity as soon as he exercised it, and proposes to retain the body of the phrase (and, perhaps we may add, the rhythm of the sentence) by reading *ὃν παρανομεῖ* on the analogy of *μαρτυρίαν ὃν ἀδικεῖ γράφων.*

The timidity which Dr. Sandys has displayed in dealing with his own ideas justifies his cautiousness about adopting the innovations of bolder editors. His text, he tells us, is "to some extent founded on Dindorf's edition as revised by Blass for the Teubner series in 1888"; but he has used his own judgment when he has found the MSS. in conflict, and he frequently has not followed, though he has carefully recorded, the changes which Blass introduced into the received text. The general result is that Dr. Sandys has given us a fairly sound revision; and his critical notes in Latin, in which he has combined a praiseworthy brevity with a more praiseworthy lucidity of arrangement, supply the adventurous reader with all the necessary material for independent conjecture. Dr. Sandys has made free use, with ample acknowledgment, of the work done by other editors and critics, and his book may be taken as a complete and up-to-date summary of Demosthenic scholarship rendered more valuable by many original and important contributions to the interpretation based upon our steadily increasing knowledge of Greek antiquities. Special prominence, he tells us, has been given to the illustrations which may be drawn from inscriptions—a branch of

* *The Speech of Demosthenes against the Law of Leptines.* A Revised Text, with an Introduction, Critical and Explanatory Notes, and an Autotype Facsimile from the Paris MS. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1890.

research which Professor Jowett neatly hit off as being "full of interest, independently of the result." That result has frequently been of an unsettling rather than a determining character—especially in the case of this Speech. With the piety which is due to a great classic the scholars had taken it for granted that the eloquence of Demosthenes had been rewarded by practical success. They had been contented to accept without question the unhesitating statement of Dion Chrysostom :—

> One Leptines introduced a law, proposing the withdrawal of the exemptions [from liturgies] from those who held them at the hands of the people, except in the case of the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and enacting that in future it should not be lawful to grant this bounty to any one. What then? Can it be that the Athenians accepted this law? No; on the contrary, it was condemned in a public prosecution.

Had Dion any evidence, or even any trustworthy tradition? Evidently he was talking loosely, since the Speech of Demosthenes was delivered not against Leptines, but against the Law of Leptines; it was *πρὸς Λεπτίνην*, not *κατὰ Λεπτίνου*, the proposer being, when the speech was delivered, secured by lapse of time from any personal consequences of an unconstitutional proposal. But, even if Dion was loose in his way of speaking, he may still have been warranted in his statement of fact. The only evidence (and that is not conclusive) on which we can lay much stress depends upon the question whether the exemptions which Leptines wished to abolish were or were not discontinued. On the one hand Dr. Sandys has quoted six Decrees of *ἀτέλεια*, "either later in date or belonging to an uncertain year," which show that the proposal of Leptines did not remain law, but not that it never became law. And, on the other hand, an inscription was discovered in the southern wall of the Acropolis, which has since disappeared, but was copied by Christopher Wordsworth, and which runs (as restored) to the following effect:—"The Cecropid Tribe gained the prize with a Chorus of Boys, of which Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias, defrayed the expense." Now, Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias, was one of the exempted persons on whose behalf Demosthenes had opposed the proposal of Leptines; and the scandalmongers have even suggested that the orator's keen interest in the son was inspired by a still keener interest in the mother. But, if Ctesippus defrayed the expense of an onerous liturgy, it follows (since he was too young to have defrayed it before the Speech was delivered) that Demosthenes was not successful in protecting the exemptions. There is but one way to avoid the conclusion which Christopher Wordsworth accepted, and that is to suggest that the Ctesippus of the inscription is not identical with the Ctesippus of the Speech. We can hardly suppose that Dr. Sandys intends us to seriously consider the alternative suggestion, favoured as it is by Westermann and Arnold Schäfer, that Ctesippus voluntarily undertook the duty of Choregus after his legal and hereditary rights had been assured to him. He was apt, says Dr. Sandys, to spend his money rather freely. We may accept the suggestion when we are presented with an authentic case of a modern spendthrift sending conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dr. Sandys has done a good deal to enliven his commentary by the remarks which he makes on the personal bearing of some of the passages; as, for instance, on the deferential manner in which Demosthenes, in recalling an incident of recent history, appeals to the better memory of his audience. He does not bring out a documentary record, as a surprise to his hearers, like Mr. Chamberlain when he is complacently fishing up a forgotten episode in the career of an adversary. The Athenian audience liked to feel itself upon an equality with the orator pleading before them; and if he was prudent he humoured their vanity. Thus in § 52 we find that Demosthenes as a young man makes a kind of apology for venturing upon history—*ἀναγκάζομαι δὲ λέγειν πρὸς ὑμᾶς ταῦτα ἃ παρ' ὑμῶν τῶν πρεσβυτέρων αὐτὸς ἀκήκοα.* An English audience expects an orator to instruct it, even on matters within anybody's memory; but, as Dr. Sandys reminds us, an Athenian advocate, like an English one in the Court of Appeal, would pretend to take his law from the better knowledge of his audience. As another instance of happy comment we may quote the parallel suggested to Dr. Sandys by the passage in which Demosthenes declares that his adversary had either never read or had failed to understand the laws of Solon. Dr. Sandys here quotes the "courteous but severe criticism" passed by the Attorney-General (Oct. 26, 1887) upon certain remarks of Mr. Gladstone relating to the Crimes Act. "If I am not impertinent, I should wish to say to one in a less high position than the right hon. gentleman 'Did you *read* the clause of the Crimes Act before you made that objection?'" What a difference between the round-about English parliamentary innuendo and the plain Greek directness—*ἐμοὶ δ', ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, δοκεῖ Λεπτίνης (καί μοι μηδὲν ὀργισθῇς· οὐδὲν γὰρ φλαῦρον ἐρῶ σε) ἢ οὐκ ἀνεγνωκέναι τοὺς Σόλωνος νόμους ἢ οὐ συνιέναι!* Dr. Sandys agrees with M. Dareste and with most unprejudiced students that Demosthenes was not above using a sophism if he thought that it would answer his immediate purpose, as, for instance, near the end of his speech, when he is dealing with the penalties prescribed by Leptines for the violations of his proposed law. Demosthenes treats the penalties as if they were cumulative, whereas the only object was to enable the Court to lay pressure upon a persistent or contumacious offender. Henri Weil remarks on this subject:—

> Il n'a pas habité la république de Platon, mais la ville très-corrompue d'Athènes. Il est avocat, il plaide une cause, et il use de tous les moyens pour la faire triompher. Ne nous figurons pas qu'il pense tout ce qu'il dit; cet honneur que lui font des admirateurs naïfs l'aurait fait sourire, si tant est qu'il ne l'eût pas pris pour une injure faite à son habilité. . . . On retrouve dans tous les plaidoyers de Démosthène, et jusque dans le discours de la *Couronne*, cette habilité peu scrupuleuse qui fait partie du métier. Il ne faut pas y fermer les yeux; mais il ne faut non plus méconnaître les nobles sentiments et les pensées généreuses qui inspirent la politique de Démosthène et qui sont l'âme de son éloquence.

It seems to us that Dr. Sandys is fairly justified in accounting for the prominence which Demosthenes gave to the "moral arguments" in his Speech, on the ground that it was a *δευτερολογία*. Many of the most obvious and most important arguments had been anticipated, and Demosthenes is never sorry to glide away from treacherous legal technicalities into the clearer waters of an *ad captandum* appeal to popular pride and national self-interest. He told his audience that to abolish the exemptions granted by their forefathers was a step which would bring discredit on the name of Athens, and to declare that such exemptions should not be legal hereafter was to restrict the omnipotence of a sovereign people!

The elaborate Introduction which Dr. Sandys has provided gives all the information which could be required by a student who wished to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Speech and the circumstances which led to its delivery. On the intricate, and sometimes obscure, questions connected with the various forms of *λητουργία*, as well as upon the relations between Leucon, Prince of Bosporus, and the democracy of Athens, Dr. Sandys is at once lucid and accurate. And the praise which we have given to these special parts of his work may so be extended to the whole of his treatment of the many archæological and historical questions which are involved in a proper understanding of the text. Let us take his discussion of the distinction between *ψηφίσματα* and *νόμοι*—a distinction which was clear enough to the philosophical mind of Aristotle but which the practical Demosthenes regarded as obsolescent, if not already obsolete. The philosopher had declared that a Law was abstract and universal, while a Decree concrete and particular. But at § 92 the politician bluntly remarks that there was no difference at all—*ψηφισμάτων δ' οὐδ' ὁτιοῦν διαφέρουσιν οἱ νόμοι, ἀλλὰ † νεώτεροι † οἱ νόμοι, καθ' οὓς τὰ ψηφίσματα δεῖ γράφεσθαι, τῶν ψηφισμάτων αὐτῶν ὑμῖν εἰσίν.* (It may be mentioned here that Dr. Sandys, in retaining *νεώτεροι*, is retaining a word which Cobet described as *manifesto mendosum*, and which he proposed to replace with *ἀκυρότεροι*, and other critics with *κενώτεροι, ἀβεβαιότεροι, εὐωνότεροι, ἐναντιώτεροι*, &c.) This is Dr. Sandys's explanation of a tiresome passage:—"Special decrees presuppose general laws, but at a time of restless legislation the general laws change so rapidly that the decrees remain unrepealed, while the laws in accordance with which they have been passed have been in the meanwhile superseded and are already out of date."

In the vast mass of explanatory notes which the most sparing commentator is obliged to append to the text of Demosthenes, it is idle to select a few for detailed criticism. The result is to give an appearance of fault-finding which may be as deceptive as it is unintended. It is better (except when a pretender has to be unmasked) to make a few general remarks upon the commentary as a whole. It may safely be said of Dr. Sandys that he has not shirked any difficulty of interpretation; his fault lies the other way, as he is apt to anticipate a degree of ignorance not likely to occur in the readers of his book—as, for instance, when he tells us, on *ἀπῄτουν* in § 11, that this is the regular word for demanding payment of debt. But his notes are generally so brief and always so direct that it would be unfair to call any of them superfluous. He is particularly careful to remark upon any peculiarity in the style or diction—as, for instance, on the incessant recurrence of the particle *τοίνυν* in the course of this speech; not less than eight successive paragraphs near the beginning are introduced by this particle, and it is used in nineteen other passages—generally not to indicate an argumentative inference, but rather to assist an argumentative transition. The unusual frequency of a convenient particle, which gives the appearance of logical cohesion, may be due, as Dr. Sandys suggests, to the fact that this Speech is in thought more loosely compacted than any of his others. Nevertheless, it is, for educational purposes, one of the most useful speeches, especially now that Dr. Sandys has made it accessible to any student who has the makings of a Greek scholar.

THE BOOK OF DIGNITIES.*

THE value of such a book as this purports to be can hardly be overrated. The politician and the historian are equally interested in it. It might be added that the traveller may also be concerned; for, failing a single volume like *The Book of Dignities*, he will have to carry with him Le Neve's *Fasti* in three bulky volumes, Dugdale's *Origines* in folio, Hart's *Army List*, and three or four other books of less importance, if he wishes to be armed against the possibility of having to write without books of reference. We approach Mr. Ockerby's new edition of Haydn's edition of Beatson's *Political Index* with trembling hope.

* *The Book of Dignities; founded on Beatson's "Political Index."* By the late Joseph Haydn. Continued to the present time by Horace Ockerby. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

If Mr. Ockerby has supplied Haydn's omissions, if he has corrected Haydn's errors, and if he has brought the whole book up to date, he will have conferred a boon upon his countrymen. And we may safely say that, with certain exceptions to be noticed presently, Mr. Ockerby has presented us with such a book. The mass of accurate information boiled down into brief compass is amazing. Naturally, as Mr. Ockerby is himself a lawyer, those pages which deal with the lists of Dugdale and Foss are the best edited. Some critical acumen has been brought to bear on the subject. We have early lists of judges and chief justices, of barons and justices itinerant and justices of trail-baston, and many other denominations of justices. This part of the book is very full and very accurate; and an admirable index enables the reader who consults it to find his place at once. In addition, there is a useful preliminary essay, in which the history of the law courts is briefly traced. There are short articles, each full of information, on such subjects as the lord-lieutenancy of counties, on heraldic offices, on the woods and forests, and many others. We may indicate the scope and chief divisions of the book before we examine one or two of the sections critically. The first part consists of "Sovereigns and Rulers of the Principal Countries in the World." Next we have a diplomatic list, followed by an enumeration of the great offices of State and the names of those who have held them. Heraldry, Law, and the Church follow, with separate chapters on London, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. Then come the Orders of Knighthood, a Navy List, an Army List, and a chapter headed Miscellaneous, which contains Presidents of Learned Societies and of the Royal Academy, and Astronomers Royal.

It is to be regretted that the editor has continued the same head-line throughout the volume. At least, it makes it less easy to find what we want than in the *Dictionary of Dates*, where there are two brief indications of the subject in hand on each page. Mr. Ockerby has in other instances followed Haydn too closely; as, for example, in the list of Recorders of London, Haydn says that the first Recorder was Jeffrey de Norton, Alderman, 1298. But in recent publications it is shown that the first Recorder was Geoffrey Hartpole, who was elected in 1304. Mr. Ockerby makes him the third, and gives 1320 for his date. His list of mayors is, to say the least, uncritical. He begins with "Hy. FitzAlwyn, or Ailwyn," and goes on with "Roger FitzAlwyn or Ailwyn." Henry, the first mayor, was denominated "FitzAilwin" from his father Ailwin or Ægelwine, and Ailwyn would denote a female. The second mayor did not bear the same surname. He was Roger FitzAlan or Aleyne, and belonged to a wholly different family. At 1354 Thomas Legge is made the first "Lord" Mayor. But there is no record that Legge received any grant of such a title. On the contrary, the mayor was always a lord, from the first assumption of that title by anybody in England. No date can be fixed. These are only a few of the errors of which this list is full. "Rauf de Sandwitch" was never mayor, nor was "Sir Johan Breton." In the index Sandwich, his name correctly spelled, is called "L. M."—that is, Lord Mayor, yet his supposed term of office is in 1288, two generations, at least, before Mr. Ockerby's own date for the conferring of the title on a mayor. These notes will show that in certain matters Mr. Ockerby is not up to the latest lights. We must find fault, too, with his omission of peers. *A Book of Dignities* is not complete without some kind of list of the House of Lords, however brief. Something of the kind was in Haydn's edition, and it should have been retained in a work which gives complete lists of orders of knighthood.

On the whole, however, these are rather special faults, and have but little effect on the general usefulness of the book. The list of sovereigns alone would have made it valuable. The kings of Hungary and the princes of Transylvania are all here, as well as the dukes of Franconia and the emperors of Trebizond, nay, even the presidents of the Spanish-American Republics. The index is a wonderful piece of work in itself, extending over more than two hundred pages of small but distinct type.

EAST, WEST, AND OVER THE WAY.*

IN the year 1887 Mr. Mallock made a winter sojourn in Cyprus, moved thereto, as he tells us, "by unsentimental and sordid motives." We will season this assertion with the proverbial pinch of salt allowed to the readers of travellers' tales. In a style which is almost a model of lucidity and unstudied elegance, and in a strain of true poetry, enlivened with flashes of humour, the author brings vividly before us the dreams by which he himself has been haunted, and makes us cry quits and go halves with him, as it were, in the discovery of funny incongruities, over which we have to laugh when we ought, perhaps, to look solemn. Of Cyprus itself he writes that,

> like the fruit of the durian, which has flavours of all foods, the island has flavours of all epochs and literatures, and has every mood in its air, its sky, its scenery . . . with its sunburnt figures in bright unfamiliar garments, with a strange language, living on strange beliefs, and making one feel as if the whole background of life were a child's holiday or a back scene in an opera.

This is what he says of Nicosia; not all that he says by any means, for he speaks very freely of a subject of which his heart is evidently full:—

> I cannot say of Nicosia that I expected to hear oracles in it; but it filled me with precisely the same sense of unreality as that with which Hypata filled the hero of Apuleius. Everything seemed to be something more than it appeared to be on the surface. The air seemed charged with some latent, romantic life. Any moment I could have expected to hear the notes of some Oriental love-song or the guitar-strings of some wandering troubadour; and my imagination would have been satisfied, rather than surprised, had there issued from my door some gorgeous Crusading knight, grown effeminate in the East, some veiled Circassian beauty, or a disguised caliph with his vizier.

"The world of flowery paganism, as seen by the eye of Keats," is seen by the eye of our author also, and described almost as poetically. Of the past he writes:—

> For myself, individually, the past in England begins before the first Reform Bill, and on the Continent before the French Revolution. I am also certain that, if we discovered a new Pompeii, of which all the inhabitants had been Radicals, no matter how perfect the remains might be—even if they comprised a complete file of a Latin *Pall Mall Gazette*—the principal satisfaction the discovery would afford myself would consist in the feeling that all these people were dead.

We could shake hands with him up to the elbow when he speaks his sentiments as to Phœnicia:—

> For my own part, I hate Phœnicia. It is far too old, like a wine that has lost its flavour. None of its social abuses are distinct enough to excite sympathy.

Of the Lusignan dynasty Mr. Mallock writes:—

> In it the chivalry of the West was rapidly acclimatized to the East, and took, like some transplanted flower, new and unknown colours from it. Its counts and its barons of French and of English ancestry kept their feudal state amid spice gardens and silken luxury. The peasantry were never displaced, nor was the Greek religion interfered with; but side by side with the plain Greek basilicas rose Gothic churches, with windows of elaborate tracery. Marvellous abbeys, like Fountains, Bolton, or Kirkstall, in distant nooks, hid themselves amidst oleanders; and castles like Alnwick or like Bamborough reared their clustering towers on the mountain-tops.

How true what he says of the enlightened egotism of the true traveller, and how bravely he says it:—

> The moralist of the type of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the scientific moralist whose dogmatism about man in the abstract is based, for the most part, on a guileless and scholarly ignorance of the ways and passions of men and women in the concrete, amuses himself with the idea that pleasures become more pleasurable in proportion as we know them to be shared by a number of other people. I can assure him that the pleasures of the true traveller are great in proportion as he has them all to himself, or at all events in proportion as the general public is debarred from them. Another element in these pleasures is even more scandalous, and that element is absence of social duties.

The story of Richard I.'s courtship and marriage with the Princess Berengaria, as told by Mr. Mallock, will be read with avidity by all lovers of Scott's *Talisman*. The anecdotes that our author relates of the Cypriotes' indifference to their admission to the electoral franchise are very amusing, and the account of the monk marking out the lawn-tennis ground, and the humours of Metaphora the maid, are irresistibly funny. Mr. Mallock, on seeing, in Nicosia, six prisoners in confinement on a charge of sheep-stealing, remarks:—"This was just as it should be; it was a pastoral and picturesque offence." We are astonished that a past-master of English like Mr. Mallock should sneer at Scottie, his servant, for calling a tortoise what his master prefers to call a turtle. A turtle is a species of dove. "Turtle," says Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, "is a word used by sailors and gluttons for a water-tortoise." Mr. Mallock's soul is stirred by a pathetic yearning for the faith of the past, and a kind of despairing longing that it may still be the faith of the future. He saw at Famagusta a "flock of churches, most of them almost entire, standing in this solitude like a flock of scattered sheep."

> The sight [he says] affected me like a burst of devotional music, vibrating far off from the lost ages of faith, distinct and yet so faint that it made me hold my breath to hear it. . . . And yet, in spite of their melancholy, the suggestions of a place like this have a comfort for the mind in some of its moods deeper than any hope. To a man, whatever may be his creed, they bring images and promises of rest; whilst to one who has taken his creed from modern science, and has logic enough to understand it with scientific precision, their suggestions, whether of comfort or not, are suggestions of a profound truth—the burthen of the whole new Gospel, a burthen in every sense—that all effort and all achievement is a delusion; what unites us all at last to reality is not life but death.

Mrs. Carbutt's book is not a masterpiece of style, but neither is it didactic in its tone or pedantic in its mode of conveying instruction. It is simply gossipy and amusing, full of valuable hints, and imparting much useful knowledge. In the year 1888 she made a tour through Canada, Western United States, and Mexico, and her notes on these countries will be read with particular interest by those who intend to follow in her footsteps. It is the fashion in England to overpraise American hotels; but those at which Mrs. Carbutt alighted were by no means faultless. She says "the 'Windsor,' in New York, far surpasses any she knows in Europe for the comfort and elegance of the apartments, for the luxury of the table and the quick service"; but one universal weak point in this and other American hotels is the wash-

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* *In an Enchanted Island; or, a Winter's Retreat in Cyprus.* By W. H. Mallock, Author of "Is Life Worth Living?" &c. &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Five Months' Fine Weather in Canada, Western U. S., and Mexico. By Mrs. E. H. Carbutt. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Roof of France; or, the Causses of the Lozère. By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of "A Year in Western France" &c. &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

ing apparatus. It is not always feasible to secure a room with a bath in it, "and then the arrangement of the tiny basin with two taps over it is maddening. One keeps knocking one's head against the taps, and any incautious movement of the sponge catches the chain which holds the plug, and all the water disappears." The theory of hot water conveyed to every room is delightful, but it is seldom reduced to practice. At dinner everything came on together, "soup, meat, fish, potato, everything on its tiny dish in a circle round the one plate which is meant to serve for the one meal. Of course, things got cold." The European traveller sorely misses "the omniscient porter of Continental Europe, and the friendly landlord of English inns." The American landlord will discuss with his guests the state of the weather or the chances of the next Presidential election; but he refuses to converse on any subject connected with his business. He considers himself a gentleman.

As for the clerks at the hotel offices, they are proverbial for impertinence even in America. The following is a specimen of their manners. Our linen had returned from the laundress, and an important piece was missing, so my husband went to the office and asked the clerk to make inquiry. "You must have counted wrong," said the clerk; "nobody wants your things." This was in one of the best and oldest established hotels in the States.

Mrs. Carbutt could not sleep well in a Pullman car.

It has a peculiar smell, and is very like being in one's coffin. No wonder there is a smell about the bedding, for it is never aired. In the daytime these cars are delightful. . . . When Edward went to the Pullman car lavatory in the morning he found three railway men at their ablutions. They brushed their hair with the Pullman brush, and they used the Pullman soap and towels; the passengers had to wait until these men had finished.

At Chicago we are told that the dried blood of the slaughtered pigs is utilized and made into gentlemen's coat buttons. Mrs. Carbutt was amused in that city by the sight of an enthusiastic politician rushing about at election-time and thrusting into everybody's hands cards with a picture of the Democratic leaders and the inscription "Vote for Cleveland and Thurman, and buy your carpets at the City of Paris Store, 138 State Street." She tells us that even in Chicago "Protection does not always keep the wolf from the door," that there is misery quite equal to that described in *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*. *A propos* of Democrats, a cook at Ellensburgh told our author that gentlemen of that school of politics drank most, whilst Republicans ate most. We think that it was *Mr. Punch's* cook who made a similar remark on the propensities of High Church and Low Church clergymen at home. In California our author found the Republicans almost frantically joyous over the smartness of the trick played by "Mr. Murchison" on "Minister West." Colonel Brierley thought it was "the richest thing the party had struck," and that by it "the Democrats were struck silly all along the line." "Again and again" was Mrs. Carbutt told in California and in other parts of America that all "justice is sold" in the United States, that a rich man might do anything he liked, from murder downwards, "with impunity." Assertions of this kind made by citizens of the United States stagger the author's belief in Professor Bryce's Utopian pages, and make her think "his book is simply a pretty picture of what things ought to be; while the fact is that there is but one judge and one law—the almighty dollar." Mr. Bret Harte's ruffians and shooters at sight are sentimental and tender-hearted, with a yearning love for children, and an irresistible longing to sacrifice their lives for friends in a mine explosion or a railway cutting. Mrs. Carbutt tells us a tale of a murderer who had no alloy of softness. He entered a bar in a Californian town, saying that he had killed eleven men, and wanted to kill a twelfth to complete the number of the jury which should sit upon him in hell, whereupon he shot an inoffensive stranger whom he had previously treated to a drink. Then he stamped on his body and fired five shots into it. A Vigilance Committee gave a short shrift to the assassin. Our traveller tells us that "Squab" is American for a pigeon. Squab in the sense in which it is used in the United States is a good old English word, not yet obsolete in many parts of the kingdom. May the author be forgiven for her slighting mention of terrapin; but then she never ate them in the Baltimore Club. She speaks of the persimmon as a Japanese tree. It may have been originally imported from Japan, but it is as common and as acclimatized in the United States as the potato is in England. Did she never hear in her travels the common proverb that "The huckleberry is above the persimmon"? Divorces do not seem to be so easily granted in California as is generally supposed. She only saw one case in which divorce was granted for causes that would not have procured at least judicial separation in England. The Federalists and Confederates have not yet quite buried the hatchet. "Ireland and England," says our author, "are bosom cronies compared to the North and South." California does not appear to be the paradise that prospectuses of some emigration Companies call it. Work is infinitely harder than in England. Wages are nominally high, but a man has to do two days' work for a day and a half's pay.

South Carolina is a desolate region, except where great labour and costly artificial irrigation have brought out the qualities of the soil. Labour can do nothing there without capital, and it is a question if a life of mere manual labour at market gardening is well repaid by the very small measure of success that seems possible. . . . Whenever we heard of people making money, it was not by ranching, but by land speculations.

Of Mexico and its "merry courteous people" Mrs. Carbutt writes very eulogistically. In fact, the tone of her book, when writing of the scenery, the manners, and the institutions of the great Spanish-American Republic is much more genial and optimistic than her reflections on things and people as she found them in the United States. The general public will not, perhaps, be as intensely interested as the author seemingly expects it to be in knowing the particulars of an excellent dinner served to the travellers one Sunday at a Chicago hotel; or in learning that Mrs. Carbutt had often occasion to record that her meals were ill cooked and unappetizing.

Miss Betham Edwards may almost be called a professional writer of travels. She is removed poles asunder from the ideal of the traveller as conceived by the author of *In an Enchanted Island*. What that shadowy personage "seeks under foreign skies is neither profitable, nor useful, nor edifying information of any kind, but merely this—the stimulant of a new mental experience." Miss Edwards told a French farmer that "she sees all she can, and on her return to England writes a book for the amusement and instruction of others, which more than covers the expenses of her journey." In 1887 she explored the Lozère, which she considers the Cinderella of French provinces, destined ere long to be one of the richest. She thinks that the Causses may be regarded in the light of a discovery by the tourist world. Many Englishmen, perhaps most Englishmen, could not tell offhand where the Causses are:—

If the reader draws a perpendicular line from Mende to Lodève, and a vertical line from Millau to Florace, he will have a pretty good notion of the area occupied by the Causses, including that of the Larzac in Aveyron.

Miss Edwards was assured that she was the first English-speaking "lady" ever seen at Mende. In right of her priority she almost assumes to herself the privilege of proprietorship. She lectures her landlords at the hotels on the best mode of travelling across country; she cautions other tourists not to follow in her footsteps without carrying their own salt and pepper; she is never shy of addressing searching questions about their own affairs to the French farmers whom she visits, and who, as a rule, "answer all her questions with ease and intelligence." She is an enthusiastic advocate for peasant-proprietorship. She never leaves us in any doubt as to her views and sympathies on any subject. If she were allowed one book "as necessary to her existence," she would not choose the Bible, or *Shakspeare*, or *Boswell's Johnson*, or *Old Mortality*, or *Pickwick*, or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*. She would hesitate between Spinoza's *Ethics* and *Schiller's Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Mankind*. Her first business, "of course," was to visit the tomb of John Stuart Mill; after that, Petrarch's Vaucluse. "One other pilgrimage," she writes, "I would fain make, did not wide seas intervene. I should like to place a wreath on the tomb of another apostle of liberty, the dauntless self-immolating Colenso." The late M. Paul Bert seems also to have been one of the lady's favourite heroes. She hopes to breakfast some day on the Eiffel Tower, "there to fête the glorious Revolution, in the words of our great Fox, 'How much the greatest event that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!'" She loves some poets, and talks ecstatically of Shelley with his "pen dipped in iridescence and gold." Some of her observations are amusing and epigrammatic. How almost true it is that "in France the quality of the dinner is the first question of national importance after the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine"! Many of her descriptions of scenery and adventure, especially that of the "Cañon of the Tarn" and the "Shooting the Rapids" are written with the pen of a practised writer. We enjoy, too, the glimpses she gives us of the Rhône, "ce taureau furieux descendu des Alpes et qui court à la mer"; or, as it has been also called, "ce chemin qui court trop vite." Even in the eyes of Miss Edwards there is room for improvement in the moral and intellectual position of the French peasantry. But amelioration is easy:—"Give them a good dose of positive philosophy"; let the clergy marry, and let the schools be laicized. *Voilà tout*. If she had read her *Tristram Shandy*, perhaps Miss Edwards would not have been so much surprised to learn that St. Maxime was a woman.

The *Roof of France* is the work of a skilled writer and of an experienced traveller. It is a very commendable specimen of bookmaking. All that it lacks is spontaneity and a certain ease in its mode of imparting knowledge. We do not feel, after reading Miss Edwards's book, that we know as much of the Causses as we know of the Holy Land after reading *Eothen*.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

TO the versatile pen which lately gave us the remarkable short story of *Torquemada at the Stake* we owe a long story in which we are obliged to recognize the much-dreaded philosophical novel. It is philosophic, it is partly in letter and partly in dramatic form. But what would be insuperable obstacles to a writer of smaller calibre are merely difficulties to be overcome with apparent ease by the author of *La Incognita* and its sequel, *Realidad* (1). *La Incognita* is not the heroine of Señor Galdos's

(1) *La Incognita, Realidad.* By B. Perez Galdos. 2 vols. Madrid: Administracion de la Guirnalda, Calle de Fuencarral.

philosophical novel; it is that which is unknown to Manolo Infante in Madrid, the writer of letters to his friend Equis at Orbajosa, dating from November 1888 to February 1889. Its complement *Realidad*, a novel in dramatic form, to be enacted only on that stage which, said Victor Hugo, "every man carries in his brain," is the reply of Equis to Infante. "To the apparent truth, which is all I could tell you, you add the real, the inner truth, drawn from the innermost consciousness," wrote Infante to Equis on receiving the five days' drama, in which all the personages of his own letters are made to speak their every thought and analyse and explain the most hidden motives of their actions. *La Incognita* and *Realidad* are the objective and the subjective view of the same subject; to read the one without the other would be tantamount to reading the alternative pages of another book. Manolo Infante is a wealthy and independent young deputy, through whose eyes we see something of that Parliamentary society of which Señor Galdos is so silent a member. When he entered Parliament there were many who feared that the novelist would be absorbed in the politician, whose fears have long given way to disappointment; for, if the author of the *Episodios Nacionales* has been heard in the Spanish Chamber (as was whispered in the case of a memorable speech from the throne), it is not out of his own lips that he has either prevailed or been confounded. Yet neither novelist nor politician has lost his time. One has conquered a new field; the other has found a new dragon to slay. The letters of Manolo Infante touch with a light, firm hand on the seamy side of Spanish politics. There being nothing new under the sun, it cannot be said that the abuses, intrigues, or incongruities they reveal are wholly unexpected; but we could not wish for a better commentary than is furnished by their amiable cynicism on a state of things at once naïvely meridional and curiously indicative of the struggle that is waging between progress and tradition. His politics, however, form but a mere parenthesis in the presentation of the problem that preoccupies Manolo Infante. The Unknown! how to know it? Not by the light of Kant or Schopenhauer, although their influence may be detected amid the many factors that are absorbed by, without dominating, the author's complex and encyclopædic mind. *La Incognita* is the problem. *Realidad* is not its solution—for that is a product not easy to find in a world of thought, in which is neither end nor beginning; it is its further development, its patient and implacable analysis, a laying bare of the machinery that works the individual conscience, which Señor Galdos (who never fears to tackle two sides of the same burning question) chooses to pit against his almost ironical conception of the Universal Conscience. And as if to prove that we have indeed followed, through the mazes of this mental labyrinth, a pipe as irresistible as the one that piped to the children of Hamelin, leading them east of the sun and west of the moon, to regions neither they nor the modern novel-reader had gone out to explore, we emerge from it with portraits as indelible as that of Augusta Orosco, type of the Eternal Feminine, yet withal no mere abstraction, but very flesh and very blood, one of those women who live in fiction to make it seem truer and not less strange than truth; with her husband, saint, dreamer, mystic, and man of the world; with her lover, man of the world, dreamer, martyr, but no saint; with her father, the inimitable Cisneros, that "true branch of the genuine Castilian vine," platonically Radical, aristocratically autocratic, *vert-galant* and pietist, alternately cynic and enthusiast, of whom Manolo Infante shall limn the Velasquez-like picture:—

> My godfather is older than I expected to find him. But what fire of expression, what lynx eyes, what grace of diction, are his! His face is dark-skinned and clean-shaven, the upper lip almost black from the use of the razor, the nose sharp, short, and joined to the upper lip, as if to take possession of it; the jaw is firm and protruding, the eyes are full of life, under lashes so close that they look like two strips of black velvet; the head perfect in form, with cropped iron-grey hair, the profile recalling that of the celebrated Cardinal of his name, to whom he is perhaps related. He is hard and flexible as the climate of his native province, spare and dry as its soil; he has all the cunning of his race, a mixture of a sly dog and a magnanimous nobleman, with I know not what of the monk who carries pistols under his habit. . . . Figure to yourself those shaven warriors who looked like priests, those lords who looked like labourers in silk attire, those *comuneros*, with faces shrivelled by the sun and the frosts of old Castille; think of the Bishop of Acuña, of the Conde de Tendilla, of San Pedro de Alcantara, who ate but twice a week; combine them all, and you may say, "*Vamos*, I have got him!"

So much for the outer man. *La Incognita* would be worth reading were it only for the sake of following the twists and turns, the caprices, the surprises, the passions, the strength, and the weakness of the mind that is clothed in such characteristic form.

Coming from the author of so promising a novel as *La Regenta*, *Pipa* (2) and eight other short stories are disappointing. Pipa is the least amusing or sympathetic of street Arabs; yet (unless it be to provide Señor Leopoldo Alas with a pretext for a graphic account of a tavern orgie) that is hardly a reason for condemning him to drown and burn in a vat of lighted petroleum. And the orgie itself—although its squalor is redeemed by the narrator's power and by the glow of colour that is one of the charms of Spanish fiction—comes at a time when the Sevillian tavern episode of the *Hermana San Sulpicio* is too fresh in our minds not to compare unfavourably with that masterpiece of grim humour. We are not quite sure that such types as the Duchess and the Novelist of *Un Documento* entitle this sketch to its imposing title. They might have been more convincing had the writer, instead of choosing to see them through the spectacles of Balzac, trusted to his own habitually clear vision. *El Hombre de los Estrenos* ("The Innovator") is an amusing satire on a clique that is represented elsewhere by the *Théâtre Libre*; *Zurita*, a sly hit at the influence of German philosophy on the modern Spanish mind; and *Avecilla*, a genuine instance of national humour. But, taken all in all, the volume proves that "Clarin's" clearness of perception needs to be supplemented by a more potent imagination and a greater capacity for condensation to make of this eminent critic a successful *nouvelliste*.

La Morriña (3), to which its author is pleased to give the subtitle of *Historia Amorosa*, is a clever, dull, and morbid human document, bearing the same relation to a love-story as does a page of grammar to an epic. What the Señora Pardo-Bazan lacks in imagination is compensated by a remarkable power of observation. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that the hand to which we owe *Los Pazos de Ulloa*, that masterly picture of Galician life and landscape, should waste its energies on the analysis of the least interesting member of the most uninteresting household of the dullest street in Madrid. Nor can we divine why the omission of Doña Aurora de Pardiñas to sanction her son's love-affair with her housemaid should result in so tragic a consequence of a very commonplace disaster. The process-illustrations by Señor Cabrinetz, which adorn this superb edition of the author's least successful work, are remarkable for effects of light, boldness, and finish. We hardly wonder that there is no evidence of the artist's sense of beauty. He has been otherwise inspired by the ugly furniture of the room in which Doña Aurora held *tertulias*, measured iron-drops, and dispensed strengthening syrups and underdone viands to her son; by the hackney carriages which, thanks to him, will for ever stand before her door, and by the many (why so many?) household objects which have been so carefully catalogued by the author of *La Morriña*.

In *La Mujer Española*, a series of essays that are running through *La España Moderna* (4), the Señora Pardo-Bazan, in an article which is at once laudatory and apologetic, draws a bright picture of the woman of the Spanish aristocracy. After celebrating her virtues, her culture, and her attractions, the writer deprecates the gradual fading and blurring of the national type, which she attributes to the influence of English nurses, German governesses, and French fashions. But even more than the loss of the "poetic and voluptuous mantilla," she regrets the falling off in the attendance at bull-fights, due to the hyper-refinement of Spanish nerves, a contagion which is rapidly infecting the middle as well as the upper classes. In the same number Señores Canovas del Castillo, Juan Valera, and Palacio Valdés, contribute articles on politics, literature, and rhetoric. In the Foreign Section (the latest innovation of this enterprising and successful magazine) are translations from the works of Dostoiewsky, Schopenhauer, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Théophile Gautier.

The *Revista de Portugal* (5) issues its first half-yearly volume. These eight hundred well-printed pages comprise Senhor Ramalho Ortiago's "Social Picture of the Brazilian Revolution," Senhor Anthero de Quental's "Treatise on the Tendencies of Contemporary Philosophy," Senhor Theophilo Braga's "Studies on the Eighteenth Century," Monographs on the "Chivalry of Mediæval Portugal," by the Conde de Sabagosa and Senhor Christovao Ayres; "A Historical Study of the Sons of D. John I." and his fair-haired Lancastrian Queen; critical articles on French, Russian, American, and other exotic literature, verses, essays, and stories, signed Oliviera Martins, Luiz de Magalhaes, Bento Moreno, Fialho d'Almeida, etc.

WEST NOR'-WEST.

THE sailing-ship depicted on the cover of Mrs. Saxby's *West Nor'-West* (James Nisbet & Co.), and again as a frontispiece, is only emblematical. Mrs. Saxby crossed the Atlantic in an Allan Line steamer, and afterwards travelled by the Canadian and Pacific Railway to the Qu'appelle Valley, where her sons, we gather, have started a farm. Possibly a sketch-map would have been more useful to the class of readers for whom the book is meant than an emblematical cover and frontispiece; for the author writes with a thoroughly practical purpose. She is convinced that many of our superfluous young women might find a happy and comfortable home in Canada. Numbers of English girls emigrate "West Nor'-West"; but what the Dominion wants is, not young women of the servant-girl class, but a somewhat superior type; the kind who in England get, or try to get, situations as lady-helps, nursery governesses, telegraph clerks, or shop-girls. For a decently-educated girl who is not too refined to undertake domestic duties there are many excellent openings; and we quite agree with Mrs. Saxby when she regrets that England should be sending thousands of domestic servants to the

(2) *Pipa*. Por Clarin (Leopoldo Alas). Madrid: Librería de Fernando Fé.

(3) *La Morriña, Historia Amorosa*. Por Emilia Pardo-Bazan. Ilustracion de Cabrinetz. Barcelona: Sucesores de Ramirez y Cia.

(4) *La España Moderna, Revista Ibero-Americana*. J. Lazaro. Madrid: Serrano.

(5) *A Revista de Portugal*. Eça de Queiroz. Porto: Lugan & Genelioux.

colonies to fill positions far more suitable for a class of young persons who could be more easily dispensed with, and who have a much worse chance in the old country. Besides describing what she herself heard and saw in Canada, Mrs. Saxby also prints some letters from correspondents in British Columbia, one of whom enlarges on the curse of Chinese cheap labour, observing:—"It does truly seem to me that the infernal drug which we forced down the Chinaman's throat at the point of the bayonet is going to react against ourselves in a manner never even dreamed of." Shall we never get rid of the fallacy that it is Indian opium which has demoralized the Chinese? Colonel Mark Bell, on the road from Sinan-fu to Kashghar, found that the Indian drug everywhere cost about four times as much as the opium grown in the country.

THE CITY OF OXFORD.—VOL. II.*

OUR complaint as to the unwieldy size of the first volume of this edition of Anthony Wood's *City of Oxford* has not been without effect; Mr. Clark, who edits the work for the Oxford Historical Society, has been good enough to suppress—or rather, we hope, to hold over—a treatise on his author's materials in order to keep his present volume within reasonable compass. As it is, the volume is thicker than we could wish it; but it is not preposterous, nor, indeed, uncomely. It contains Wood's account of the churches and religious houses of the city, and is carefully edited, though a few more foot-notes might have been added with advantage. For example, Wood's note that the episcopal title "Roanensis" was taken from "a monastery called S. Audoenus de Roven, in Normandy," might well have elicited an editorial remark; and his reference to "Chronicon Thomæ Wyke, MS. Bibl. Cotton." should not have been left without an additional reference to the Rolls edition of the Chronicle. Wood begins with the Cathedral, next takes St. Mary's, the University church, and then the other parish churches, twenty-four in number, in alphabetical order. In his section on St. Aldate's he accepts the derivation of the name from Geoffrey of Monmouth's Eldad, Bishop of Gloucester; and in other places also has a good deal of legendary matter. A St. Andrew's Church of which he gives a notice probably never existed; he found this out later, and crossed out the paragraph relating to it. In St. George's Church, in the Castle, built by Robert of Oily, of which in the seventeenth century only "foot-prints and tokens" remained, used to be kept the saint's sword, and "great charge of wax-light alwaies burned before his image." The parish of St. John the Baptist, the Merton church, once contained, Wood believed, as many as eighteen halls; but when he wrote "our parish" consisted "but of seven houses except two Colledges and a Hall." He notes the monuments to his grandfather and four other members of his family, and he was himself buried there; for he was a parishioner as well as a Postmaster of the College, having been born in Portionists' or Postmaster's Hall. He records some particulars about the bells of Osney Abbey, which were said to have been the finest peal in England. The seven old bells of Abbot Leech were broken and recast before the Suppression, and a peal of eight was formed with new names:—

Mary and Jesus,
Meribus and Lucas,
New bell and Thomas,
Conger and Goldeston.

The name Conger seems worthy of notice, though the editor has passed it by without remark. It probably stands for St. Cungar, the legendary saint after whom Congresbury in Somerset was supposed to take its name. As the only church in England dedicated to St. Cungar is in Somerset—there are two or three in Wales—the name may perhaps indicate that the bells were cast in the West, possibly in Bristol or in the neighbourhood of that city. When Thomas became "Great Tom of Christchurch" it was baptized by Dr. Tresham, a canon of the church, and afterwards Vice-Chancellor, with the name of Mary, "for joy of Queen Marie's raigne." Of the monastic colleges St. Mary's, which belonged to the Austin Canons, was for a time the abode of Erasmus. After the Dissolution it was used as a hall for students, and then, having passed to the City, as a charity-school and workhouse, or bridewell, until it became the property of Brasenose College. Gloucester College, originally used only by the monks of St. Peter's Abbey, at Gloucester, and later by several other Benedictine houses, stood partly on the site of the present Worcester College; while Trinity represents Durham College, founded about 1290, and endowed by Bishop Hatfield. The history of the Oxford friaries is fully treated; the volume ends with notices of the hospitals and other smaller religious buildings of the city. It is furnished with an interesting map of Oxford—ecclesiastical and academical—in 1440, and with a reproduction of Wood's ground-plan of the Cathedral, showing the interments between 1639 and 1670.

* *Survey of the Antiquities of the City of Oxford composed in* 1661-6 *by Anthony Wood.* Edited by Andrew Clark, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, and Vicar of St. Michael's, Oxford. Vol. II. Churches and Religious Houses. Oxford: printed for the Oxford Historical Society. 1890.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE continued interest in Madame de Staël (1) shown by a certain class of literary and political persons, when compared with the obstinate and admitted refusal of even the "reading" public to read her works, has often attracted curious attention. In part, no doubt, it is, as cynics have said, the result of the lady's connexion with a strong and almost hereditary section of the French Academy; in part also of the curious way in which Corinne, though not strictly a Frenchwoman, exhibited French ideals of life and literature. M. Albert Sorel's is, we think, the best book—it is certainly the best book on a small scale—that we have seen on her. It is admirably written, with enough, but not too much, of such *pointes* as "L'adjectif est la mode et le caprice en littérature. Il fait la hardiesse du livre de demain, il fait le charme du livre d'aujourd'hui et le ridicule de celui d'hier," or the remark that Lord Nelvil's "grand manteau sombre et flottant" is "le pendant masculin du turban de Corinne." It exhibits a grasp of the subject as a whole which, if we may presume to say so, is seldom so rarely found as in criticism which contains such *pointes* as these, and which is therefore more absent in French criticism than in any other. It rates its subject, we think (and we shall in a moment endeavour briefly to show), too high; but it makes an admirable fight for her, and its competence, both literary and political (but especially political), is remarkable. If it only had not got the usual hideous portrait as a frontispiece! Poor Corinne herself somewhere talks of "the frivolous advantages of face and figure," the importance of which, she says, "les hommes ont voulu." Well, as an authority who knows them has just said, "Men are queer creatures." And we own that we have always a hard struggle to forget, not merely the hideous coiffure, but the stumpy, clumsy figure, the grenadier's arms and hands, the huge waist, the heavy chin, the mouth sensual, but with none of the charm that sensual mouths often have, of this dreadful caricature.

After all, however, Madeleine de Scudéry was described as "a she baboon dipped in ink," and yet she is a very interesting writer; nor do Mme. de Staël's claims rest or need to rest on the "frivolous advantages." If we could take as high a view of her as M. Sorel takes, we would forgive her even her turban, and take no notice of the private history, pitiful and yet ludicrous, which M. Sorel, by the way, treats with infinite dexterity, and yet with no want of truth. But we cannot take such a view; and, indeed, if we had space for such an effort of malice, we could produce chapter and verse from M. Sorel himself to show that it is very doubtful whether his intellect quite goes with his desires in the matter. He has the candour—the almost perfidious candour—to place a passage from Chateaubriand side by side with one from *Corinne*, and to admit that there is nothing in the mere "emotional thought" of the one which can compare with the "wonderful art," the "adorable harmony" of the other. Chateaubriand himself is rather out of fashion now, and no one in our generation is likely to miss the faults of his style. But the comparison with Mme. de Staël is only the more crushing to her because the two were subject to exactly the same influences, and show in their different ways exactly the same defects. M. Sorel, indeed, like all the Staëlists, would waive the question of form altogether, and stick to that of matter. Even here, however, we think that a very awkward rebutting case might be made out of his own admissions. This praise, surely, is rather damning; we should ourselves say no worse. "Elle comprend tout ce qui peut s'expliquer en causant dans un salon; elle voit tout ce qui se peut apercevoir en passant de sa berline où elle cause encore plus qu'elle n'observe." It is surely cold comfort either for Mme. de Staël or for French tragedy to say that the lady defends "on ne peut mieux" the style, adding that it is impossible to show better why this theatre "demeurera toujours impénétrable aux étrangers." If an advocate can only support the claims of literature, which ought to appeal to man as man, by declaring that it will never appeal to man except as Little Peddlingtonian, the literature must be very poor or the advocate very clumsy. Much the same is the case in regard to politics, on which M. Sorel is at once a greater authority and a more enthusiastic encomiast; but here it is less easy to give proofs shortly. Let us only say that M. Sorel's mistake seems to lie in a single word which he is very fond of using respecting his heroine—the word "virile." In our humble opinion, virile was exactly what Mme. de Staël was not, though she may have been viraginous. The famous Fichte story, which M. Sorel very fairly reproduces, gives her pretty completely. She had, perhaps, in the most eminent degree naturally that was ever known, and had stimulated by art to a higher degree still, the clever woman's knack of forming ideas, and not stupid ideas, about almost every subject, those which she could not understand being, in the well-known phrase, not worth understanding. But we do not think she had anything more, and we do think that the value of those ideas which she has has been very commonly and very considerably exaggerated.

M. Paul Déroulède, having sold a hundred and thirty editions of his *Chants du soldat* (exactly ten times as many as that number which the poor Ettrick Shepherd in his day declared no living bard ever had or ever could honestly sell), having been scarcely less successful with later volumes of poems and with plays, and having experienced (with vicissitudes) the joys of politics in

(1) *Les Grands Ecrivains Français—Madame de Staël.* Par Albert Sorel. Paris: Hachette.

the short but merry days of the *Brav' Général*, has now made an essay in the prose romance (2). The style is somewhat old-fashioned, but none the worse for that. A youthful Frenchman of the all-conquering kind discovers at Pisa a beautiful Marchesa Tita, of extreme youth, married to a marchese who has been a soldier of fortune, and is not to be trifled with. (M. Déroulède, by the way, gives the Marchese a touch or two of the *beau rôle* in more ways than one, expressly telling us that he had married Tita, after in vain representing to her the difference of their ages, and to save her from the cloister.) The husband discovers the matter in time, but spares both his wife and the lover on condition that she will break off all relations and accompany himself on a long voyage. The despairing lover and a kind of elder-sister brother of his hunt for them in vain; and at last, in Vienna, Jacques, the hero, experiences consolation at the hands of a Parisian-American circus damsel, whom he has known before. He kisses the girl at a window (a most reprehensible and dangerous practice), and a cry sounds from the square in front. What that cry was, and what it meant, and how everything ended unhappily, base is that reader who cannot find out and yet wishes to be told. The book, though it has an amateurish tone about it, is somehow not unpleasant.

The well-known *French Grammar* of De Fivas (Lockwood & Son) has, it would seem, reached a fifty-first edition. Nothing need be said more than that. We have received a third instalment of Mr. James Boïelle's selections from Macaulay for translation into French, containing this time the Essay on Clive (Williams & Norgate). It will no doubt be useful.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE poets of America in their own country occupy different positions from those assigned to them by popular estimation in England. The difference is not merely a matter of relation, but also of degree. Mr. John Bigelow's latest contribution to the "American Men of Letters" series—*William Cullen Bryant* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)—illustrates the truism afresh. In England Longfellow and Poe have long occupied the two first places, while Mr. Whittier and Bryant lag somewhat behind, for the present. There are those who profess to believe in a "Democratic era." They would efface these and all other poets from Homer's day and start with a clean slate and Mr. Walt Whitman. But little is said for the scheme, even in America, though the idea has engaged the too sympathetic pen of Mr. Symonds. Mr. Bigelow is not quite happy about Bryant's reputation in England. He cannot find the poet's name in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and thinks it strange that no place is found in its "Walhalla" for the author of "Thanatopsis." He ventures to think "Bryant's poetry has never touched a very sympathetic chord in England"; but he does not appear to suspect that the poetry may be at fault, not the people. Bryant was a one-poem poet; or a poet of two poems, at the best, if we take the much bepraised "Lines to a Water-Fowl" into account. Both poems were written in youth; "Thanatopsis," certainly a remarkable production, when the poet was barely eighteen. A story, by the way, is told of the late Matthew Arnold's admiration of the "Water-Fowl" stanzas, on the authority of Bryant's biographer, Mr. Parke Godwin. Matthew Arnold first heard of Bryant through Hartley Coleridge, when they were both lads. [*N.B.* Hartley was twenty-six when Matthew was born.] Coleridge visited the Arnolds one afternoon considerably excited, and exclaimed, "Matt, do you want to hear the best short poem in the English language?" "Faith, Hartley, I do," was Arnold's reply. He then read a poem, "To a Water-Fowl," in his best manner. And he was a good reader. As soon as he had done, he asked, "What do you think of that?" "I am not sure but you are right, Hartley; is that your father's?" "No," replied Hartley, "father has written nothing like that." Matt's question showed small promise of critical faculty, and from the reply it really looks as if this "shallow" Hartley were a wag. Mr. Bigelow tells us that Dana "choked a little" when he saw the dedication to Rogers of the first English edition of Bryant, though he had sufficient good sense to see that Washington Irving, who contrived the dedication, had done an excellent stroke of business for his friend. Rogers was not a great poet, as Mr. Bigelow truly remarks, but he was the most influential man of letters in London, and Irving's dedication was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to the unknown American poet. The conjunction was really appropriate. Both poets were early established in the faith and example of our Augustan poetry. Both are respectable poets of the didactic order, and to neither was it given to touch "sympathetic chords" in the heart of a nation. Bryant's limitations as a metrical artist are so conspicuous, it is amazing to note that he was urged by Dana to write a book on the laws of metre. His correctness, which Mr. Bigelow praises, is that of the school in which he was reared, a correctness of taste and of diction rather than of mere rhyming. Mr. Bigelow commends the "conscientious fidelity" of his rhymes, yet he was capable of perpetrating in one short poem such rhymes as "domes" and "glooms," "hall" and "crawl."

Mr. Robert C. Leslie's *Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words* (Chapman & Hall) treats of the art and archæology of ship and boat building in the days before steam, "the days of oak and hemp," and will be found by others than Mr. Ruskin, who warmly encouraged the author's work, to be "a most refreshing thing to take up," a book full of charm and interest from first to last. Mr. Leslie describes the build and rig of all kinds of vessels known to river or sea in the past, or that do fitly survive in the present. He traces the evolution or notes points of departure in the development of sails, masts, yards, bowsprit, rigging, keel, decks, and all other parts or appurtenances of ships' architecture. He shows the genuine artistic spirit when discoursing of this fascinating and inexhaustible subject, and has illustrated it, to the landsman's delight and instruction, with many admirable drawings. Here are depicted many curious fashions of sail or rigging, such as the Genoese carrack, the French bomb-ketch, the Algerine or Spanish war-galley, the old frigate with "lateen mizzen." And here also are the Arab dhow, the piratical Chinese junk, the rakish Baltimore clipper, and numerous examples of fishing and coasting craft, many of which do yet retain the beauty of their ancient prototypes, such as the Beer trawler, the Yorkshire billy-boy, the topsail Thames barge. It is impossible to tire of these "old sea wings and ways," and the contemplation of the beauty of these old marine forms. As to the old sea "words," Mr. Leslie's dictionary of sea terms is also illustrated both by drawings and by references to Smollett, Dana, Marryat, and other writers not unknown to the general. And, as has been pointed out, Mr. Leslie's book is not solely, or chiefly, good reading for the well equipped in nautical things.

Mr. Henry Morley's "Attempt towards a History of English Literature" may now be said to be rising above its foundations. The greater portion of the fifth volume of *English Writers* (Cassell & Co.) is devoted to the life and works of Chaucer, the labours of the various editors of the poet, the chief and minor poems, with a commentary of the descriptive kind, like an illustrative "argument," of all Chaucer's work, acknowledged or disputed. We may note, by the way, the extremely cautious position taken up by Professor Morley with regard to the authorship of "The Flower and the Leaf." He does not reject Chaucer's claim entirely, as Professor Skeat does; he merely finds that there is no conclusive evidence one way or the other. But he makes nothing of that internal spiritual evidence which is surely as worthy of consideration as internal evidence of the textual kind. We must distinguish, says Mr. Morley, between fact and opinion. "Poets have thought the poem worthy of him; that is opinion," he remarks. Now all poets reading the poem, and many critics of poetical gifts, have felt within themselves that none other than Chaucer was the author; that is fact. If not Chaucer, is it possible to conceive one among his contemporaries and successors, even to the beginning of the sixteenth century, as the author? The reference to the Order of the Garter, cited by Professor Skeat—

> Eke there be knightés old of the garter
> That in hir timé did right worthily—

Mr. Morley accepts as the "strongest argument" against Chaucer's claim. Would Chaucer, he asks, only forty years later than the institution of the Order refer to it as old? Well, why not? And, again, does he do so?

Mr. E. Stevenson's selection in the "Camelot" series, *Early Reviews of Great Writers* (1786-1852), is a reprint of some interest, though by no means so representative of the supposed "savagery" of the old days of reviewing, when the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* were young, as it might and should have been. The absurd review of the Poet Laureate from the *Westminster* is altogether superfluous. For the rest, it may surprise many good Wordsworthians and Shelleyans to find how much shrewd sense and true criticism these brutal old critics possessed. The most uncritical of these collected reviews is that on Coleridge's *Christabel* from the *Monthly*, wherein the poet is horribly "mismetred" by some dull, ignorant pedant, for whom metre was nothing but a matter of syllables.

In the "International Scientific Series" we have an *Introduction to Fresh-Water Algæ* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., Limited), by M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D., an excellent illustrated handbook to one of the most fascinating subjects of the microscopist's study. As the author's larger work, *British Fresh-Water Algæ*, is now unattainable, this *Introduction*, with its full descriptive catalogue of species and illustrative diagrams of genera, will no doubt be widely appreciated by students.

That "prevention is better than cure" is an excellent maxim, kept well in view by Dr. A. B. Griffiths in his practical handbook of agricultural science, *The Diseases of Crops, and their Remedies* (Bell & Sons). This little book, designed for farmers and students, cannot fail to prove useful. The diagrams are numerous and good; the description of fungoid diseases of grain, root, and other crops are clear and exact; and the remedial measures suggested comprise some old forms of prevention and the last new notions approved by science.

Mr. William Somerville's *Timbers, and How to Know them* (Edinburgh: Douglas) is a translation, or condensation, of Professor Robert Hartig's well-known work on the growth and structure of forest trees.

Selected "readings," appointed for every day in the year, are seldom satisfactory compilations. An exception, however, may fairly be claimed in *The Steps of the Sun* (Rivingtons), a pocket volume of prose readings selected by Agnes Mason.

(2) *Histoire d'amour.* Par Paul Déroulède. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Recent numbers of *Artistic Japan*, conducted by S. Bing (Sampson Low & Co.), abound in charming decorative and pictorial designs; landscapes by Hokusai and Hiroshigé, fascinating examples of the art of the inimitable Korin, studies of animals, birds, flowers by various masters, and a wonderful "Theatre interior," by Toyokuni, whose treatment of a crowd and command of the resources of facial expression are genuinely Hogarthian.

Figaro Illustré (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.) is an excellent number. The reproductions of paintings in colour are especially admirable. When shall we see such chromotypes as these replace the raw chromos of English illustrated papers?

The current issue of *Our Celebrities*, edited by Percy Notcutt (Sampson Low & Co.), contains three exceedingly fine examples of Mr. Walery's skill in the portraits of Professor Tyndall, Miss Hope Temple, and Mr. G. R. Sims.

We have also received a new edition of *National Sermons* by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan & Co.); *The Laurel Bush*, by the late Mrs. Craik, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *La Commedia di Dante Alighieri* (Rivingtons), a beautiful imprint by Messrs. T. & A. Constable, without annotation; Dante's treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*, translated, with notes, by A. G. Ferrers Howell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Church; or, What do Anglicans mean by "The Church"?* by J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. (St. Anselm's Society); *Monsignor*, by Mrs. Compton Reade (Arrowsmith); *The Doctor's Secret*, by Rita (F. V. White & Co.); *Palaver*, by B. (Leadenhall Press); *The Mysterious Stranger*, by C. H. Thorburn (Digby & Long); and *Stafford in Olden Time* (Stafford: J. & C. Mort), a series of illustrated articles, compiled by J. L. Cherry, reprinted from the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

ON *Friday* of last week the House of Lords passed through all its stages the Railways (Ireland) Bill, a measure which, though it had been introduced by Mr. BALFOUR with the approval, if not at the sole request, of the Irish members, had been the object of that Irish obstruction which prolonged Thursday night's sitting into Friday morning. When the House of Commons met again, later in the day, to go on with the Appropriation Bill, there was first the inevitable string of questions, and then the almost equally inevitable lament over the mismanagement by the Treasury Bench of the business of Supply. On this occasion it fell to Mr. JENNINGS to repeat all the charges commonly brought against Ministers as the Session draws to a close. The member for Stockport played his well-known part of candid friend with his accustomed spirit. He declared that all Treasury Benches, of both parties, are the natural enemies of the patriotic private member, who, for his part, is your only true economist of the time of the House and the money of the nation. These sentiments earned the applauding "Hear, hear" of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and the patronage of Mr. LABOUCHERE. It was natural that an Opposition which has the happiness to include five members who among them had made 732 speeches up to Friday night should applaud a Unionist member who rose to fix the responsibility of waste of time on the Ministry. When Mr. JENNINGS had ceased from adding to the waste he deplored, various members called attention to various things —to the neglect of our Indian Empire, the opium trade, and other equally new subjects. Mr. STAVELEY HILL's remarks on the unhappy deadlock in the Behring Seal Fishery negotiations were at least the words of a man who knew what he was talking about; and Mr. CHANNING's remarks on the Armenian question drew from Sir JAMES FERGUSSON one of those answers of his which would have secured the entire approval of the typical diplomatist of the old stamp. At last the Bill was read a second time—Mr. COURTNEY doing the SPEAKER's formal duties in order to save him from a summons to the House.

On *Saturday* the House of Commons met to read the Appropriation Bill for the third time, and did so, after Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had been crushed in an attempt to deliver a hundred-and-sixty-ninth speech on a personal question. His grievance was that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had the other day "exempted him from the category "of fools." The SPEAKER did not think this exemption amounted to a grievance, and, after Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had first been snubbed and then summarily silenced in further attempts to speak, the Appropriation Bill was passed through Committee.

On *Monday* a handful of members met to witness the formal winding up of the Session. Mr. JACKSON, speaking for the Leader of the House, announced that in the coming Session "HER MAJESTY's Government will propose a "shortened Address in answer to HER MAJESTY's gracious "Speech from the Throne." The change is known to have been recommended by the Front Opposition Bench, and it is rather fondly hoped that it will lead to a shortening of debate. Mr. SEXTON and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL were true to themselves to the last. Mr. SEXTON warned the IRISH SECRETARY that he would be responsible for all the consequences of the unhappily spreading potato blight if something was not done. Whether the something was to keep the blight off the potatoes or make good the loss of crops to the farmer at the public expense did not appear. He also inquired whether some relief could not be afforded to Mr. GILL, a patriot sent to languish in prison for fourteen days with hard labour and ordered to give security for his good behaviour. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had a last fling. He asked four questions which artfully concealed half a score, ranging from the Swazilander's prospect of becoming a judge to the right of public servants to take Directorships. At last the Appropriation Bill was read for the third time, and at 5.30 the Commons were summoned to hear themselves prorogued. The greater part of the Speech from the Throne was occupied with a recapitulation of the conventions entered into, or about to be entered into, with Germany, France, and Portugal, for the purpose of marking out the boundaries of the respective possessions and reserves allotted to these Powers and HER MAJESTY by common agreement. Then the still pending negotiations with France as to the Newfoundland, and with the United States as to the Behring Sea Fisheries, the Convention as to Swaziland, the Slave Trade Conference, and the establishment of Western Australia as a self-governing colony, were noticed. A very few words sufficed for the meagre legislative work of the last seven months—and so ended a very barren Session, which has coincided with not a little fruitful administrative work in the management of foreign affairs.

Speeches and Letters on Politics.

Even modern voracity in talking and hearing has not gone the length of causing a political speech to be delivered so soon after the blessed relief of Monday. Of political letters, too, there has been a suspension. Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. HERRIES continue to argue over the exact value of the Acts of 1783, which prepared the way for the recognition of the independence of the United States, considered as precedents for the Heligoland Act of this Session. Sir EDWARD REED has written a long letter to the *Times* of Wednesday—suggested by the Cardiff strike—on employers, Unions, agitators, the future, the nature of things, and Sir EDWARD REED.

Foreign Affairs.

The most conspicuous event in foreign politics which has taken place in the week has been the second visit of the German EMPEROR to Russia. He landed at Revel on Sunday, and has since been engaged in those reviews and public ceremonies of various kinds which are all the world knows about his doings. ——The Greek Œcumenical Patriarch, Mgr. DIONYSIUS, persists in resigning his throne because the granting of berats to the Bulgarian Bishops is contrary to the concessions made to the "orthodox" by "glorious Sultans," and in particular by the "wise and statesmanlike MAHOMET II., "the Conqueror."——The fourth anniversary of the accession of Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria has been celebrated at Widdin.——On Saturday the French solemnly unveiled a statue, erected at Abbeville, to the late Admiral COURBET —concerning whom it is now generally acknowledged that not only would he have been victorious at sea in a great naval war, but that he had in him the makings of a saviour of France. Yet, after all, Kiel, Spezzia, and Portsmouth are not Chinese ports.——There have been further reports of the murder of Christians by Turks in Crete, and of troubles among the Armenians. The stories of Turkish atrocities in Armenia are generally found, when examined, to resolve themselves into reports that the houses of Christians have been searched for arms, or that patriotic crowds have been provoked beyond endurance by orders from the police to move on. What remains, when the reports are discounted, are stories of disorder such as has never ceased in the neighbourhood of the Kurds.——While the Argentine Republic is simmering after the late outbreak at Buenos Ayres, either on its way to peace or only as preparation for renewed fighting, Monte Video is reported to be getting ready to follow the example of the city on the south side of the River Plate. The Uruguayans also have a civilian President, HERRERA, who is reported to be a politician of

much the same stamp as Dr. CELMAN. Uruguayan finances are, consequently, in disorder, the National Bank has been sacked by the depositors, and the soldiers are said to be only waiting to fix on Señor HERRERA's successor before pronouncing. The civilian population are said in the meantime to have come to the conclusion that the old plan of electing a military President by *pronunciamiento* was the better one.——M. CARNOT has made another official progress; this time, to open a new harbour at La Rochelle. ——At the very end of the week the terms of the Convention with Portugal have at length been made known in their main outlines. This treaty, which, it is to be hoped, will at last give us a map of Africa which may be considered definitive for a year or two, recognizes Portugal's right to extend considerably at the back of the West Coast of Africa, and in the east and centre takes nothing from her which she effectively possesses. But it puts a stop to such pretensions as those advanced by Major SERPA-PINTO. The superiority of England in the Shirè Highlands and Nyassaland is fully recognized, and complete freedom of navigation is secured on the Zambesi.

State Papers.

On Saturday was published a Blue Book giving the correspondence between Her Majesty's Government and that of the United States of America from 1886 down to this summer on the vexed question of the Behring Sea Seal Fishery. The despatches published show that Mr. BLAINE has from the first endeavoured to confuse the issues by combining two such different matters as the method adopted by the Canadian fishers, which he maintains to be *contra bonos mores*, and the right of the United States to exercise sovereign rights in Behring Sea beyond the limit of their territorial waters on the coast of Alaska. He also endeavours to argue that as the Canadians did not claim the right to fish till comparatively recently, they must be held to have tacitly conceded the claims of Russia now revived by the States. The Marquess of SALISBURY answers that Her Majesty's Government is quite prepared to join in a regulation of the Fishery, but cannot acknowledge either that the only method of regulating it is by surrender to the United States, or that the alleged inhumanity or wastefulness of the British Columbians could confer sovereign rights on the Americans, or that the absence of Canadians or British Columbians from Behring Sea, easily explained by known historical facts, can be held to be a recognition of the American claims. Tuesday's *Gazette* contained a very elaborate Order in Council, dated August 15 last, dealing with the Upper Division of the Civil Service. It embodies the result of the inquiries made by Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY's Royal Commission, and is full of regulations for examinations, promotion, pay, sick leave, and rank.

The Strike in South Wales.

The strike in South Wales has, as is usual with struggles of this kind, left little quarrels behind it. The most harmless of these is the dispute between Sir EDWARD REED and the *Times*. Sir EDWARD's delicate literary feeling for the niceties of form was offended because he was accused of holding up the grim head of democracy to terrify the Cardiff capitalist. He said the grim visage, which is, of course, quite another thing. Sir EDWARD REED also says he is proud of himself, which we can well believe. A much more serious kind of dispute is that between the signalmen, who find the arrangement made a fortnight ago not so much to their advantage as they had hoped. According to Mr. INSKIP, it bound them to do a minimum seventy-two hours a week. Their view is that they should only do sixty—five days of twelve hours each—and be paid for all beyond as overtime. It has been decided to go on for a month and work out a new arrangement, on the understanding that all done this month, over and above what will be done in future, is to be made good to the men.——Another strike at the Tilbury Dock was forced on last Tuesday by the "Labour Representatives"—to the regret, it is said, of many of the men—because the Dock officials would not consent to exclude two non-Union men. For the rest, strikes in progress or strikes threatened are reported all over the British world from Dublin to Melbourne.

Sport.

Last Saturday the match between the Universities Past and Present and the Australians, at Portsmouth, ended in a draw in favour of the colonists. The Cheltenham Week and numerous county matches have given us plenty of cricket. The Australians have been defeated for the second time this season by Notts.——On Sunday the American "back-swimmer," DAVIS DALTON, proved that he had not overrated his strength and endurance by swimming from Boulogne to Folkestone, where he arrived in a fainting condition, if his feat was indeed performed as reported, which, we observe, is denied. The denial is itself denied—the beginning, perhaps, of a sporting quarrel.——On Friday of last week the Royal Victoria Yacht Club started a discussion among yachtsmen by ordering the race for the Commodore's Prize, given by the Marquess of EXETER, to be sailed in a gale of wind. The *Lethe* was the winner among the three which alone took part in the contest, and there seems to be a very general agreement among yachtsmen that racers are not meant to go to sea in gales of wind.——The National Regatta for professional oarsmen, which has been largely promoted by the PRINCE OF WALES, began on Monday at Putney with more success than had been expected, and was continued through the rain of Tuesday. The performances of the professional oarsmen, and of one at least of the apprentices, JOSEPH GIBSON, appear to justify the hope that professional rowing in England, having got to its worst, is now promising to amend.——The most remarkable racing event of the week has been the defeat of Mr. LOWTHER's Cleator on Tuesday in the race for the Wynyard Plate at Stockton.

The Naval Manœuvres.

The return of Sir GEORGE TRYON to port on Monday, at the end of the ten days fixed as the limit of time for operations, brought the Naval Manœuvres to an end before most people were aware they had begun. Sir M. CULME-SEYMOUR, who commanded the "hostile" fleet, having the right to go along a strip of sea stretching to the Azores, and twenty-four hours' start, went away, and stayed away. As the sea is large, as ships leave no trace, as a fleet below the horizon line is completely hidden, as the time was short, he had no difficulty in escaping being spied in this naval game of hide-and-seek. Both squadrons have had a pleasant and, we hope, an improving cruise. The torpedo-boats have dashed about in the Channel with that briskness which comes of a knowledge that there were no shot in the cannon; but, on the whole, there has been much less theatrical show than on former occasions.

Miscellaneous.

The Lewes Assizes of this year should be famous in history. They have not a little extended the general knowledge of what remarkable lives are led and strange things done by what curious people. After the case of KNOWLES *v.* DUNCAN has come the case of PICKETT *v.* LYON. It was a case brought by a milliner to recover a lady's debt from her husband, he having previously endeavoured to recover the debt from another gentleman, the lady being his witness in both cases. The lady is respondent in a still pending divorce suit.——The publication of Dr. PETERS's narrative of his travels in Africa, during which he had the misfortune to be compelled to distribute an amazing quantity of cartridges on obstinate Africans who did not like to part with their cattle, may be classed as miscellaneous.——Cardinal NEWMAN was buried at the Oratory, Edgbaston, on Tuesday. ——A slight alarm has been created in London by an apparently ill-founded story of a case of Asiatic cholera in the Docks. The illness has not been fatal. Reports from abroad show that the cholera still exists in some of the least healthy countries round the Mediterranean.——The Maharajah DULEEP SINGH has expressed due repentance for his follies, and announced that he is no longer the sworn enemy of England.

Obituary.

Last Saturday there died near Carlisle one of the very small band of survivors of the navy of NELSON's time. Commander JOSEPH IRWIN had entered the navy in 1806, and had been thanked on the quarter-deck for good service done in the Peninsular War.——At the beginning of the week Lord Justice NAISH, who, having been Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1885, and again in Mr. GLADSTONE's brief administration of the following year, had been made Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, died at Ems.——Mr. CHARLES GIBBON, who died this week, was a novelist of talent and popularity.

Books, &c.

The termination of the visit of the Daly company to London is the most noteworthy artistic event of the week.——In the publishing trade the tide is at the lowest point of ebb.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE interest of a Queen's Speech which turns almost wholly upon foreign policy is a novel one, though we at least should have no objection if it were oftener presented to Englishmen. It would be difficult, however, often to get together such a collection of matters of first-rate, or all but first-rate importance, as that which the Speech of last Monday presented with its usual demureness, and without its frequent faults of style, to My Lords and Gentlemen. Some of the matters referred to were unfortunately still inchoate, or at least in unfinished stages. The agreement with Portugal, though once or twice confidently announced as having been signed, is merely spoken of as under discussion. The signature and details have since been announced from Lisbon; but there has been no official announcement in England. It would appear that Portugal has been very generously treated; but, except as regards the Amatonga district, as to which we reserve comment, the gain to England is considerable. The announcement that arbitration has been offered to the United States in the matter of the Behring Sea difficulties is not wholly satisfactory, for arbitrations have a remarkable habit of going against England. And though Englishmen as such are little affected by the preposterous claim of the United States (a claim which, as the recently-published Blue-book shows, is disallowed out of the very claimers' mouth, and amounts to the contention that a man can have a better title than he himself allowed to the person from whom he received it), the Canadians will be very angry if it is given against them, and not unjustly so. It may, however, be admitted that the question is different when Great Britain asserts a right to something which somebody else says is his, and when somebody else claims something which Great Britain says is hers. In the latter case arbitration should never be accepted for a moment; in the former it perhaps may, though we like it not even then. The fact is that arbitration is at best a foolish thing. By resorting to it two nations show that one does not care, or that both do not care, enough about the matter to fight. It is, therefore, not wholly unreasonable for the arbitrator to give it to the one that does care, or that evidently cares most. In another matter referred to in the Speech, and also unfinished, we fear, rather than hope, that arbitration is out of the question. The French claims in Newfoundland, however they may have been strained, are in substance and foundation undoubted, and the most favourable award would leave the germs of future trouble. It is only a question of what, if anything, France will take to relinquish them, and no arbitrator can settle that.

There remain the two completed and most considerable agreements with France and with Germany. The result of these is stated in the Speech with that absence of any attempt at adornment which used to be admired, but which seems now to be thought to imply an absence of merit or of confidence in it, or of both. Very respectable Gladstonians, almost in the same breath with which they reproachfully complain of the bad habit which anti-Gladstonians have of treating them as if they lacked reason or honesty, are found still to say that the agreement with France gives a great deal for a very little. The fact is that it gives little or nothing at all, and that what it secures to England is of the highest importance. Just as it was the fashion some weeks ago to talk as if the British flag were actually floating over vast tracts of Africa which were to be henceforward ceded to Germany, so more recently there has been a tendency to talk as if the Sahara between the line from Say to Lake Tchad, and those districts bordering on Algeria which were explored by the Flatters expedition, and others not much luckier or more productive, were English soil, which it were foul scorn that France or Germany or any prince of Europe should take to be his. In the same way the recognition of French control over the foreign relations of the Hovas, with express reservation of all pre-existing rights of British subjects in dealing with the souls or the goods of men, is spoken of as if it were a handing over of Ceylon or Jamaica to France. The truth is, that in this particular convention England has "given" absolutely nothing, and has provided, or will have provided, when the matter is fully carried out, against not only very possible, but very probable awkwardnesses. Probably not one in a hundred of the unfavourable critics of this Anglo-French Convention has the slightest idea of the wide advances which French expeditions, not merely travellers with "missions," but fully organized military expeditions, have made in this direction. They have, however, probably heard that the Laureate once wrote a poem on Timbuctoo, and perhaps they think that this fact establishes the other fact of a gross abandonment on Lord SALISBURY's part. It is rather a pity that they do not know a little more; for, as the delimitation is not yet concluded, criticism is by no means out of place by those who do know. We say by those who do know, and among them we are afraid that, if the reports were true (which, it seems, they are not), we could hardly have included Mr. STANLEY. Had he really comforted French interviewers by telling them that they have got the best of the bargain, it might have been merely answered, "Because you have been to the Nile and the "Congo, it does not follow that you are an authority on "the Niger." But his reputed words appear to have been vain breath of an interviewer who never interviewed. Nor should the French conclude that, because the Western Sahara has been resigned to them, as far as claims from us go, this amounts to an approval by England of the plans which certain of them, at any rate, avow as to Morocco. Both England and Spain have very strong reasons for objecting to any extension of Algeria westward of its present limits, and the recent Convention was in no way designed to further any such extension. It is also completely unknown as yet what boundary will be set by the Commission to the British and French spheres between Say and the Guinea Coast, a matter which the recent not too intelligible imbroglio between the French and the King of DAHOMEY makes of some interest. All these things can, and no doubt will, be settled amicably; but they all deserve settlement. It is distinctly desirable that not a rood of Africa should be left unassigned either to one or other of the civilized nations which have "claims," or, at any rate, to some semi-civilized authority of substance.

The less recent, but even more important, Anglo-German agreement has been completed by the delivery of Heligoland, and is beginning to be taken at home as a thing accomplished; but it still excites considerable interest in Africa itself. The Cape Parliament, it has been for some time known by telegraph, is not happy over it. The mails have now brought the full text of some of the speeches delivered at Cape Town. We have pointed out already what are the respective obligations of the colonies and the mother-country in such matters, and we need not repeat it further than to say that the management of their interests under Mr. GLADSTONE's Government gave the Cape colonists a very considerable claim to sympathy. But the real importance of the agreement, and of all such agreements, is well put in the QUEEN's Speech. They are even more valuable as avoiding causes of quarrel than as actually conferring acquisitions. They have not established any new doctrine, for that of *Hinterland* is merely a formulation of the barest and oldest common sense. Everybody has a right to the portion of ground which falls behind that which he has, provided he can get it and is not kicked out of it, as in the celebrated case of Mr. EASY's right to his share of the berth, provided also that nobody has claimed it before, and that nobody has established himself there while he, the *Vorderland* man, was sleeping, and provided that he does not, as on an occasion known to Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, forget or neglect to answer polite inquiries whether he wants it or not, and also provided a good many other things. As was pointed out here long ago in reference to that Portuguese claim which the Germans rather cleverly translated, the doctrine of *Hinterland* would give France to Russia in right of Kamschatka, and Kamschatka to France in right of Brittany and Aquitaine. But what the agreement has done is to set the example—an example followed already, and to be followed, we trust, more—of looking ahead in these matters, and endeavouring to avoid unnecessary causes of quarrel. It will, indeed, always be possible to make a quarrel; no arrangement can prevent that, any more than any cunning device can stop obstruction in the House of Commons. But the kind of quarrel which is not deliberate, but arises from small encroachments and small misunderstandings piled on each other, may be made very much less likely by foresight.

COACHING ACCIDENTS.

THE accident to a coach in the Lake district, by which a lady and a little girl unhappily lost their lives and several passengers were injured, appears to have been a strange as well as a very lamentable disaster. Tourists, we

fear, will be inclined for the most part to class this accident among those unforeseen calamities, such as Alpine accidents, railway collisions, and the like, that recur every holiday season. They are too soon forgotten, and with them the lessons they bring. On the other hand, the distressful cases of newspaper correspondents who are overcharged by innkeepers, or sufferers from the brutal cupidity of railway and steamboat Companies, are set forth week after week in the papers with dreary minuteness. The dangers of holiday travelling, besides being generally unforeseen, are always remote. The discomforts, besides being always present, are more or less real, and real they will remain, be the march of improvement what it may. The unreasonable or querulous tourist will never cease from his habit of grievance. To write to the papers is the first—probably the only—fruit of his holiday excursion. The fatal coaching accident near the Kirkstone pass demands some share of the consideration shown to the wailings of oppressed railway passengers. There are points connected with it that require elucidation and are of the highest interest to the travelling public. In all the picturesque districts of this country and at most seaside resorts there has been in recent years a great increase in the number of coaches, brakes, and other accommodating vehicles, for the conveyance of sightseers. Many of these, the majority perhaps, are run or owned by hotel-keepers frequently under contract with railway companies. Some of these "coaches" are decidedly not such as inspire confidence in the few who make either vehicles or horses their study. They are usually made to look smart enough in the eyes of tourists in general, who are supremely indifferent about the subject and intent only upon enjoyment. A little fresh paint soon puts a new face on a rickety coach. The "breaking up" of the wheel of the coach on the road between Windermere and Ulleswater is a singular circumstance, if the well-deserved reputation of the Lake coaches is considered. These coaches are as well horsed, and in all ways as good in equipment, as any that carry the tourist through England and Wales. And yet, it seems, that on the level road beyond the Kirkstone Pass towards Patterdale the near hind-wheel went to pieces, and the coach slowly turned over, with fatal results to two passengers and severe injuries to others. The descent from the pass had been made in the usual way, without any warnings of insecurity; and the four horses were going at a walk when the coach overturned. The breaking of the wheel caused the accident; and it is this breaking of the wheel that is so extraordinary. At the coroner's inquest it was deposed that the coaches were examined twice or thrice a week. The coach that broke down was examined on the Thursday before the accident, and no fault was found with the wheel that gave way, except "a little softness in one part of the "nave." Now, if a little softness in the nave of a wheel is not equivalent to absolute rottenness, it certainly implies a degree of unsoundness, which, if not itself dangerous, is not the less a defect. And the sequel shows that the wheel, compared with the other wheels, was defective. When it is admitted that the wheel was a little soft in the nave some days before the fatal journey, there is no need to look for other explanations of its breaking and the accident it caused. No other solution was offered at the inquest. And yet, in spite of this disquieting evidence the jury completely exonerated the proprietor of the coach from blame. The condition of the wheel, of course, may not have been reported to him. But if not, why not?

While this accident illustrates very forcibly the necessity of the most stringent supervision of tourists' coaches, another accident in the same district, reported the same day, reveals a new danger of the roads, not less alarming, though fortunately not so disastrous. The tearing away of the hind seat of the Ambleside coach, through collision with a telegraph pole, was a novel and painful experience for the five tourists who were thrown to the ground by the shock. It is wonderful, indeed, that they escaped as they did, with sprains and severe shaking. In this case the coach driver drew away to the roadside to avoid what is called a stone cast, which must be something almost as impregnable as a brewer's dray with a sleeping driver, respected by all on the road, even by the hansom cabmen. The writer in the *Times* who calls aloud for nice military roads, easy gradients, "zig-zags," and the like, does not recognize the security of our ancient ways, nor distinguish between perils of the high roads and perils of the by-ways. There are roads known to coaching tourists in Wales and North Somerset, where there is little chance of passing anything but the scenery. Some of the Dartmoor "roads," where the adventurous coach now travels, are extremely tortuous and narrow. They are not engineered, it is true, but they are free from all risk of "visions of sudden death," such as varied De Quincey's experiences of the glory of motion. The trees, such as there may be, are not yet converted into telegraph poles; and when once the coach has fairly entered on one of these ways, so neat is the fit, he must be a lean and active pedestrian who can pass it. To complain of the Patterdale road, in connexion with the recent accidents, is entirely superfluous. It is seldom, indeed, that a carriage accident is due to the road. The picturesque tourist will scarcely be grateful for the suggestion that our old turnpike roads should be reconstructed after an engineer's model. And should this be done, and we are called upon to bless our County Councils and each individual General Wade, there would be some mitigation of our joy in the increased rates, the growth of traffic, and the certain multiplication of perils from reckless drivers, collisions, runaway horses, traction engines, and the last novelty in cycling.

IRISH NATIONALISTS ON IRISH DISTRESS.

It is, we fear, almost certain that whatever turn the weather may take in the next few weeks the potato crop in certain districts of Ireland will be a bad one. That, as we make out, is about the worst that present appearances justify any one in saying. The failure of the yield, so far as the extent of that misfortune is concerned, may only be partial, and it may be limited in its area of distribution; but failure to some extent there will be, while if the weather continues unfavourable its proportions will of course become very serious. Still, the talk about "a potato famine" is, for the present, scarcely warranted, and ought not, in fact, to obtain a hearing anywhere except in places like the House of Commons, where there is no effective way of stopping it, and from persons like Mr. Balfour, who for their sins are officially bound to listen to it. All that the situation appears to call for at the moment is watchfulness, and the timely preparation of the means of meeting the distress if it should become acute. What is the Parnellite notion of the proper and patriotic course to pursue has been already explained to Parliament and the British public by Mr. Healy and his followers. Their idea is to keep the House of Commons sitting all night while they contest, line by line and word by word, the passage of a Bill for facilitating communication with those parts of Ireland in which the population is most likely to stand in need of relief. This, moreover, is not only the view of the Irish Parliamentary party, but of the leading Nationalist organ—the *Freeman's Journal* finding it "no wonder" that, in the late hours of the last night but two of the Session, "many Irish members revolted against "the imbecile policy of relieving a population threatened "with acute distress in this dilatory fashion"; that is to say, in a manner which commends itself to responsible officials experienced in administration, instead of one approved of by a critic of such unquestioned good faith as Mr. Healy. It is, however, a little rash of the Parnellite print to venture on such a remark as that "the Government, "while protesting a determination to give the people "assistance, will not remove the blocks in the pathway of "the promised help." The mental associations which are called up by this picture of a body of men professing anxiety to promote a humane work, yet "not removing"—or even setting up—"blocks in the pathway of the promised help," are not exactly felicitous associations for a Nationalist writer to suggest.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Mr. Davitt, in his letter to the *Freeman's Journal* on the subject of the "approaching distress," takes a widely different view of the Ministerial action in the matter from that adopted by the editor whom he addresses. "Fortunately," he remarks, "the Government stand pledged to carry on some railway "construction in some of the menaced counties. This will "insure work and the means of subsistence to many "who would otherwise be among the yet larger number "of men who will be foodless because of the failure "of the treacherous potato crop." It is a little difficult to reconcile this view of the operation of the Light Railways Bill with the opinions expressed about that shamefully obstructed measure by the Nationalist newspaper. In other respects, however, there is somewhat more of agreement between Mr. Davitt and the

Freeman. That is, they both concur in speaking of the impending scarcity in language which could scarcely need strengthening in order to apply it to the famine of 1846; and they have both equally strong opinions as to what should, or rather should not be done, to meet the emergency when it arises. Mr. DAVITT's suggestion with respect to the planting of winter-growing vegetables, cabbage, broccoli, and so forth, is, however, doubtfully received, as well it might be, by his commentator, who observes that he does not know whether "practical men will "sanction the proposal" that a vegetable crop available for spring use should be immediately planted, instead of the destroyed potatoes, and "invites correspondence on the "matter." But on one point, it is edifying to notice, they are in complete and absolute accord. Mr. DAVITT and the *Freeman* alike hold that no appeal for assistance should, in any circumstances, be made to the English public. "No doubt," says the former, "there will be a willingness on "all sides to aid in any effort which the people themselves "will put forth to meet the coming danger; but there is "no blinking the fact that benevolent people at home and "abroad"—we wonder whether England is "home" or "abroad" to Mr. DAVITT—"are sick and tired of support-"ing the innumerable appeals that are being periodically "made for the benefit of our agricultural population." Every one in America, continues Mr. DAVITT, here perhaps showing his hand a little, who is conversant with the real condition of things in Ireland in the distress of 1879–80 "knows that over 50,000,000*l.* of food was exported "from Ireland in those years to be converted into rent for "Irish landlordism, while, on the other hand, people "everywhere who hold no particular views on the Irish "land question ask themselves when is this begging for "Irish distress to cease"? And the *Freeman* abounds in the same sense, and with the same casually admitted explanations of its abundance. It observes with satisfaction that "Mr. DAVITT, like ourselves, is resolutely hostile to "the demoralizing system of giving public charity. As a "resource it is barely permissible; short of that it is little "less than a crime, so great," adds this stern economist, "is the radical injury that it inflicts upon the recipients "themselves." But, besides demoralizing the Irish tenant, it will—and here, perhaps, the stern economist has permitted the intrusion of certain not strictly economical considerations, it will incite him to demoralize himself yet further by paying his rent. Generous men in all parts of the world might well be disposed to give freely in aid of an impoverished and afflicted people; but they will not "take over "the responsibilities of Government," nor—and here is the point—"will they stuff the beggar's wallet when they "know that it will be seized by the landlord, in accordance "with the terms of the statute made and provided by "Mr. BALFOUR."

Such are the contributions of the principal Nationalist organ and one of the most popular of the Nationalist leaders to a question, of the urgency of which we will, for the sake of argument, accept their own assurance. Assuming, that is to say, that Ireland at large, and not merely a certain limited part of the country—for the *Freeman* affirms that "the potato blight is general," and, by implication, that the distress will be so likewise—is threatened with the dire calamity of famine, these are the counsels which the Nationalist leader and the Nationalist journal think it right to address their countrymen on the subject. The pinch of scarcity will be severe enough, and the prospect of it is certain enough, they hold, to make it advisable to broach impracticable proposals for making up the deficiency in the potato crop with green vegetables; and yet they can, in the same breath, protest against any appeal being made to the helpful humanity of the English people to come to the aid of the distressed population of Ireland. The Irish tenant is not to be kept alive if there appears to be any probability that the Irish landlord will indirectly derive profit; he is to perish of starvation (so says the comfortable agitator and the journalist not dependent on the potato crop) as a testimony against landlordism. This heroic advice would have at least the impressiveness of consistency if it went a little further, and if the Irish peasant were exhorted to look no more to public than to private English effort for his relief. But, unfortunately, it is but too evident that the same advisers who are striving to arrest the benevolent action of the English people show plainly enough that it is their intention to hold the English Government responsible for any shortcomings which may occur in dealing with Irish distress. Mr. BALFOUR has already been denounced by anticipation for declining, as his assailants say, to make timely provision for the impending crisis. "The people," he is severely reminded, "cannot be allowed to starve"; but he is, at the same time, told that his countrymen on this side of St. George's Channel are on no account to be permitted to assist the Government in the work of keeping them alive. If some of them should starve under these conditions, the *Freeman's Journal* and Mr. DAVITT will, of course, sincerely regret it; but, after all, the melancholy incident will have usefully served to show the impossibility of "governing "Ireland from Westminster," and to strengthen the argument for transferring its government to a Home Rule Parliament and Executive, who would, of course, be able to deal with Irish famines without having to appeal to English benevolence. Could there be a more striking or a more painful proof of the too-often demonstrated fact that the Irish peasant is a mere counter in the game of the Irish politician and agitator, and that they are as ready to gamble with his life as with his holding and his homestead to serve their own political ends?

AT NARVA.

THE brief and satisfactory reference to the European relations of this country in the QUEEN's Speech must, of course, be taken in connexion with the PRIME MINISTER's recent remarks on the same subject. The causes of danger which for so many years kept Europe in a state of anxiety still exist. Those causes, indeed, are connected with conditions of things which are unchanged, and which, as long as they in their turn exist, must threaten peace. Germany is still in possession of provinces which, in spite of gerund-grinders and chronicle-mongers, are French. France is still in a state of political cachexy which at once disables her from being actively formidable and disposes her to be querulous and unquiet. The Iberian Peninsula, owing partly to financial weakness, partly to other causes, is still unable to throw due weight into the balance, and any large part of Europe which is thus affected is, if only negatively, a cause of trouble. Italy has scarcely yet adjusted her strength to her ambitions. Between France and Germany there are two small States, objects of covetousness, if only by fits and starts, to their neighbours, and not strong enough to defend themselves. Austria is still a loosely knit bundle of nationalities, with a vast frontier vulnerable at almost every point, and with finances unequal to any strain. Germany herself (to come back to her), though immensely strong both by military preparation and by the absence of financial embarrassments, is in the position which must always be occupied by a Power with only one natural frontier out of four, with Powers more or less hostile, and each by itself a possible if not an actual match for her, on two sides, and with the third covered only by a friend of not many years' standing, who might relapse into the older status of enemy, and is as likely to require helping as to be able to give help in case of difficulty. The Balkan Peninsula presents the spectacle of a once Sovereign Power distinctly weaker than it was even ten years ago, and, therefore, still more provocative of greed on the part of others, with a crowd of hungry and petulant little States growling by turns at Turkey, which they wish to rob, and at each other for wishing to be the robbers. Last of all, there is Russia still in a dubious condition financially, still mined by anarchy and disaffection, but for that very reason still likely to seek to avert trouble at home by action abroad; still actuated by her undying designs on Constantinople, possessing perhaps the largest, if not the best arranged, military resources in the world; and at last in a position, as she never has been before, to strike at once in Europe and in Asia at her most probable enemies in each.

There is thus hardly any part of the Continent (except the Scandinavian kingdoms, which occupy a placid four-per-cents-at-something-over-par existence, with nothing to disturb it but academic politics and the theories of Dr. IBSEN) that could not at any moment provide almost by itself a sufficient cause for a European war. That such a war was till some year or eighteen months ago constantly feared, and is now rarely thought of, is, no doubt to a great extent, one of those accidents which politics share with the weather and the human body. The causes of disturbance are generally present, but at one time they make themselves actively felt, and at another they do not, the reasons

for the difference being chiefly suited for occupying a political Grandgousier. One of such reasons, however, has been brought into a little prominence by the visit of the German Emperor to the CZAR at Narva, which has been a godsend to journalists at the moment of the prorogation of Parliament by permitting them to refresh other people's and probably their own memories of CHARLES XII. and PETER the GREAT, and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and all the rest of it. Whether it be reasonable or whether it be unreasonable, there is no doubt that some months' experience of the young Emperor have had a very considerable anodyne influence on the European mind. It was contended, by no means without plausibility, that WILLIAM II. would burn to use, as other young monarchs have burned to use, the new and sharp instrument in his hands, and that his "full steam ahead" would lead him where full steam ahead too often does lead, among the rocks. During these last months he has, on the contrary, shown himself to be, indeed, somewhat incontinent of tongue and rather too anxious to have a finger in every pie, but a very amiable young person on the whole exceedingly fond of making the grand tour over and over again, delighted with moderate civilities, anxious to be on good terms with every one, and by no means too hard a customer to drive an honest bargain with. This agreeable aspect may change as suddenly and as completely as the disagreeable one changed; but the change has been effected for the benefit of the European a dience, and the European audience has been graciously pleased to be pleased with it. Again, the curious fit of sham or real bellicosity which was symbolized in France by the *Brav' Général* and his black horse has passed over—either because the general was not nearly so brave and the horse not nearly so black in reality as in the pictures, or because the opportunity of a really profitable business operation in the shape of the Exhibition appealed to that instinct which is really stronger in Frenchmen than anything else. With Germany and France both in a comparatively good temper it would be odd if Europe were much perturbed. The cynics who put down such perturbations as do occur twenty-five per cent. to real causes and seventy-five per cent. to stock-jobbing may, if they like, point to the fact that it has recently been the interest and the object of the chief wire-pullers in this kind to excite confidence rather than to disturb it. But the fact is the fact, whatever may be its cause; and for however long or short a time it may continue to be a fact.

None of these considerations, however, or only the last, concerns the third great Power upon which the peace of Europe chiefly depends, and in the case of which the dependence is much more upon the will or whim of one man than in the other two cases. The Emperor WILLIAM's host at Narva has, like the Emperor WILLIAM himself, rather improved his position in the esteem of Europe of late, having to a great extent shaken off the excessive precaution and seclusion which were, perhaps, a natural result of his father's terrible end, and having, with one great exception, shown an honourable desire to rule justly and deal fairly. That exception, however, still remains, and the inquiry into the PANITZA conspiracy, despite the restraints imposed on it, showed that there is no baseness to which the CZAR will not stoop, or, at any rate, which he will not connive at, when committed by his agents in the hope of taking vengeance on the audacious State which has dared, and dared successfully, to set Russia at defiance. The most recent events still show, in the line that Russia has taken as to the Macedonian bishops, and in the obvious countenance given to attempts to proselytize the Armenians as a preliminary to annexing them, that the designs of Russia on her Southern and Western neighbour are well alive and by no means even sleeping. It is not directly probable that such matters will form the subject of any practical conversation between the EMPERORS. The part marked out for Germany in regard to the Eastern question, not merely by Prince BISMARCK's practice, but by her own clear interest, is non-intervention as far as possible, and it is to the last degree improbable that the Emperor WILLIAM would encourage the CZAR either in designs on Bulgaria, which are incompatible with the safety of Germany's most necessary and closest ally, or in designs on Armenia, which would be hardly less offensive to another Power with which Germany is now on specially friendly terms. It is at least equally improbable that if the conversation turned on politics at all, the guest would care pointedly to discourage his host in any such attempt. In fact, the only possible relation between Germany and Russia is one of personal friendship tempered by political distrust. The personal friendship may keep the political distrust quiet, as far as active manifestation goes, but it can never extinguish it except to the manifest disadvantage, not to say the imminent peril, of Germany.

JACK SHEPPARD REVERSED.

JOSEPH DENNY, otherwise known as GEORGE ADOLPHUS GORDON, a coloured native of Barbadoes, appears to belong to that small class of discharged prisoners who, like him of Chillon, "regain their freedom with a sigh." The sigh of BONNIVARD was drawn from him by the fact that, in the course of his long imprisonment, "his very chains and "he grew friends." DENNY, on the other hand, grieved because he had left behind him a deadly enemy in the person of the warder, and was troubled by the thought that he had a long score against this official, which his liberation made it difficult for him to clear. So intolerable did this thought at last become, that he at length took the extraordinary, and, so far as we know, the unprecedented step of breaking into the Dartmoor Convict Prison, to which Chief Warder HARDY belonged, with the intention, as he candidly avowed, of murdering him. In the act of scaling the prison wall he accidentally put his foot upon a bell-wire, and set the bell ringing, a mishap which led to his being discovered and brought up before the Tavistock magistrates on a charge of what we suppose—though it certainly seems to be putting rather a severe strain on legal terminology—must be called prison-breaking. Before this tribunal DENNY had an opportunity of unbosoming himself with regard to the wrongs which he says he suffered at the hands of HARDY. His account of the causes of his alleged ill-usages was marked by an engaging simplicity. "He was put in irons only because he "was a man of colour and a plain speaker. In a con-"vict establishment," he said, "a prisoner who was a "plain speaker never got on"; and there are cynics, we may tell him, who affirm that this experience is not confined to convict establishments. "Only those got on who "allowed others to tread upon their necks." HARDY, he complains, was, during his second term of imprisonment, not only chief warder, but "governor, deputy-governor, "doctor, clergyman, and everything else." Whether this means that the chief warder dosed him and preached at him as well as ordered him floggings does not appear; but the floggings alone, some of which he magnanimously admitted to have been deserved, seem to have sufficed to fill DENNY with a desire for revenge, which has accompanied him since his discharge to America and the West Indies, and has finally carried him back again over the wall into Dartmoor Convict Prison.

We have no doubt that the gaol authorities will take all such notice of DENNY's accusation as they, with their special opportunities for judging may believe them to deserve. Speaking for ourselves we should accept any statements from such a quarter with extreme caution. The desperate determination which this man has shown in pursuing his vengeance is the only circumstance which is calculated to distinguish his charges against HARDY from those which probably nine-tenths of the irreclaimable class of convict would be prepared to make against any officer who properly maintained discipline. And DENNY's determination, after all, is quite easily explicable on another hypothesis than that of his having really received intolerable provocation. A very simple explanation would be that—to put the matter with at least as much delicacy as he deserves—he is "not quite right in his head." Indeed, the mere fact of his effecting a forcible entrance into a building for admission to which he has hitherto made no difficulty about qualifying himself in the regular way affords ground in itself for this suspicion; as, and still more emphatically, does the incident of his "killing a sheep "on the prison farm," and regaling himself on a mutton steak *au naturel*, in the sense in which that phrase was understood in the pre-Promethean era. This was a digression, and an unnecessary one, which appears opposed to the assumption of that absorbing thirst for revenge which the man ascribes to himself. It would, of course, leave us with a more picturesque impression of the affair to imagine the man of colour and plain speaker carrying his revengeful purpose with him to America and the West Indies and back again, and being at last "whipped by the Furies" to

a desperate attempt upon his enemy's life in his very stronghold. But it seems far more probable that the much less romantic explanation which we have suggested above is the true one.

BULLYING FROM BELOW.

ALTHOUGH there is a very decidedly comic aspect to the case of Messrs. SMITH and HEATH of Her Majesty's Customs, which has recently been made public, we do not propose to make much fun of it. It is very tragical mirth to the misguided and justly-punished offenders, and though "serve them right" must certainly be the verdict, they need not be very bitterly laughed at as well. The facts of their case have been industriously set forth by themselves and others, and though they object to Mr. DAWKINS's version of their interview with him, as Mr. GOSCHEN's private secretary, their own version is anything but definite and pretty certainly mistaken. Of the general facts of the case (dismissing such details as the question how far they were authorized by others to act as they did) there can be no doubt. An appointment, which is admitted to be a good appointment in itself, was objected to by Mr. HEATH on the strictest Trade-Union principles. Although this appointment in no way affected Mr. SMITH's department of the service, he backed Mr. HEATH, just as the Association of United Washerwomen, though alleging not a jot of grievance, "goes out" to back up the Charwomen's League, which is striking for a quart of porter instead of a pint at dinner. The worthies hectored their superiors in true BURNS-and-TILLETT style, and, though they did not exactly throw lime in Mr. DAWKINS's eyes, or bludgeon the intended surveyor, they suggested that they have votes in the constituency of a member of the Government, and that that member had better look out. Insubordination, combination, intimidation, and, to begin with, the assumption that the employed and not the employers are to dictate the terms and conditions of employment and emolument—these are the sacred principles of Trade-Unionism, and they are perfectly exemplified here. Unluckily, or rather for the public luckily, Mr. HEATH and Mr. SMITH did not remember the exceedingly wise advice to sit down and calculate whether they were able with ten thousand (or scarcely that) to meet Mr. GOSCHEN with twenty thousand (and something more). They have been defeated; they have been docked of their salaries; and they must know that public opinion would hardly have made much moan if they had been punished more severely still.

Keen, doubtless, are their pangs; but it must be keener to feel that others are getting pudding and almost praise for doing the very same thing in almost the same way. Sir EDWARD REED (who seems to be rapidly attaining the same position as a letter-writer of fatuity which is already held by Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL as a speaker of boredom) sings prose hymns to the Cardiff strikers, who got their way, as triumphant heroes and saints. On Thursday it was announced that the Tilbury dockers, who had struck on the most illegitimate of all grounds—the employment of non-Union men—had got their way, and that the Directors had turned out of work, not the evildoers, but men whose only crime was not belonging to a mischievous organization. The entire foreign commerce of Australia is said to be paralysed by a sailors' strike, and there are rumours of more at home. This is just what might be expected after the business at Cardiff. It is safe to say that in no case has a strike been successful when judgment and resolution have been shown by the employers either in private, in public, or in what may be called semi-public matters. Mr. LIVESEY (who has received a well-deserved testimonial this week) beat the gasmen; Mr. RAIKES beat the postmen; Sir EDWARD BRADFORD beat the police. No doubt the power of withholding pensions is a great weapon in the public employer's hands which the private employer lacks; and it is for this very reason that the Unions (wise in their generation, though obviously neglectful of their members' best interests) object to profit-sharing and all similar plans which involve deferred pay, and so give a hostage. But Mr. LIVESEY had not this weapon, and he won even in face of the demoralization created by the Dock Strike. And there can be very few trades so poor or so absolutely dependent upon skilled labour that similar conduct will not meet in their case with similar success. Meanwhile, it is at least satisfactory that in the public service sounder principles prevail in dealing with internal troubles than those which prevailed with Mr. MATTHEWS in dealing with the dockers. And so, to come back to Mr. HEATH and Mr. SMITH, these poor men may be left comparing themselves with those very dockers. Had they but unloaded, or refused to unload, the ships from which they collect custom (to paraphrase their colleague, CRABBE), they would have been praised by Cardinals and newspaper editors; rewarded, almost beatified. As it is, they are wigged by Goschenians and Gladstonians alike; stinted in their salaries, humbled in their pride of place and self-esteem. Alas that such inequalities should be in the best of all possible worlds!

MR. GLADSTONE "OUT OF MISCHIEF."

MR. GLADSTONE'S little afternoon lecture delivered the day before yesterday at the Hawarden Flower Show has of course been as appreciatively received by everybody as all such utterances of his invariably are. Their reception in this spirit is in no way remarkable. The admirers of the illustrious man are either genuinely gratified, or have to show the regulation delight at the marvellous energy, the astonishing elasticity, the many-sided, myriad-minded, tree-uprooting-and-pin-gathering elephanto-proboscine versatility on the part of the most miraculous statesman of any age or country which these performances suggest. Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents, on the other hand, have a double reason for welcoming his excursions into pastoral, agricultural, or generally industrial topics. In the first place, it is a relief to feel that they are taking up a speech of the "greatest living English-"man" in which he is not likely to have inflicted serious injury either upon his country or himself, and, in the second place, they are eagerly, perhaps weakly, anxious for an opportunity of paying a compliment to one of whom their habitual language is, and could not conscientiously be otherwise than, of an extremely uncomplimentary kind. It is a comfort to them to see Mr. GLADSTONE's name at the head of a column of reported oratory, and to feel confident that he cannot have been justifying agrarian spoliation, or inventing excuses for crimes of violence, or exhorting an Irish mob to "Re-"member" their doings at a place where they had beaten a constable into the condition of a cripple for life, and were at last fired upon by his comrades. This, in itself, would be reason enough for a candid and humane Unionist critic to rejoice when he finds that Mr. GLADSTONE has been discoursing at a flower show, and that it will be his to comment upon the great man's discourse in at any rate mild, if not invariably assentient, terms, and without any call to remind him for the hundredth time that it is not pretty in a statesman who has been nearly sixty years in Parliament, and has spent nearly half of them in office, to put himself at the head of an organized resistance to the execution of the law.

Naturally, we say, the day-by-day opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE is so glad of one of these oases of relief that he gets the utmost out of it in the way of rest and refreshment that he can. It would be some break in the monotony of his duties, some relaxation of their strain, to find only twaddle in the place of wickedness; but the critic makes the most of his opportunities by courteously assuming that a good deal of the twaddle is "homely common "sense." In this he will, of course, find himself supported by the admirer of Mr. GLADSTONE; who is always ready to assure him, for instance, as he was assured in the Gladstonian organ of yesterday, not only that the "policy of "jam" has been adopted with great advantage by many people—a point upon which many of those comparatively few people who have tried it at all entertain widely different opinions—but that the idea of growing fruit and vegetables when and where the conditions of the culture of cereals have become unfavourable was an entirely new and original idea specially communicated to the great man from above—like the Book of Mormon to JOE SMITH—and one which had never found its way before into the mind of any farmer in the United Kingdom. It is probable that Mr. GLADSTONE is himself of the opinion, and it is not surprising therefore that a good deal of his address at Hawarden the other day was about fruit-farming and its conditions. But that, of course, was not all. He has reminded us that milk and butter are articles "of the most enormous consequence "in the future, both to the food of the country, "to the health of the country, to the profit of the country," and as regards the former of the two articles (if we may

remind him of a point he has forgotten), to the successful combating of the infantile malady of "rickets." He has also recommended his readers to read a little book on "profitable rabbit-farming (laughter), price one shilling "(laughter), not a very exorbitant demand (laughter)," and he reminds us, in language well worthy of the immortal Mr. Barlow, that the satisfaction of making profit out of rabbits would be a feeling "akin to the merriment" with which the reference to so novel an industry was received. It all hovers perilously on the verge of twaddle, but when the reflection at the head of this article crosses our minds we have hardly the heart to say so.

HOW LEARNING IS MOST EXCELLENT.

AMONG the silly subjects of the silly season it would be odd if the silliest of all did not find a place. And, accordingly, our old friend Education has had her feet set in a large room. There is the quarrel whether doctors should learn Latin. There is the bitter cry of a School Board member because, owing to painters not finishing in time (as if painters ever did finish in time!), the poor little wretches whom the London School Board crams are having an extra week in the streets, where, if they learn little good, they will hardly waste their time more than in climbing the treadmill of Standards. Most agreeable of all, we think, is "Another Anxious Father," whose letter appears in the *Times* of Wednesday, headed "German and French "*v.* Greek at Oxford and Cambridge." Let no one fear that we are going to fight that battle on its apparent terms; we are not so cruel. But we do not know that the view of education entertained by the average British parent has ever been more naïvely and delightfully put than by this representative of the class. The "Father" complains that a large number of German and French books are recommended for study to candidates for honours; but that not one single Greek book is so recommended. What injustice, argues he, to give subjects at matriculation which will not enable the candidate to read the hundred and sixty-two volumes, and to recommend the hundred and sixty-two volumes when they won't help at matriculation! (Perhaps, by the way, he would like to improve on mediæval plans, and have all text-books written in Latin *and* Greek.) He has a nephew who "seeks a scholarship and a first class in "history," a still more delightful expression. Another nephew wishes to obtain a first class in physics, and to do so he must read a large French book of which there is no English translation. He "worked hard, too hard, at school," but he "could not learn French as well as Greek." (It must have been a most extraordinary school, or he a most extraordinary boy, if he could not learn Greek enough to pass the Oxford matriculation, and French enough to read a science book.) Another still (the man seems to be made of nephews) wants to go to a German University to study chemistry, and must waste time in learning German. A son is going to the Bar, and seeks University honours in jurisprudence. He "speaks, reads, and writes "German and French like a German or French boy," and "is now learning Latin, English, mathematics, English "history, and geography [a most well-educated infant!], "but they avail nothing for matriculation at Oxford." He "must lose a year in learning a smattering of Greek." So "Another Anxious Father."

Now, what pleases us most in this is the implied, the obvious, but the exquisitely unconscious exposure of the Anxious Father's view of education. The whole thing is, to him, a sort of elaborately arranged athletic meeting, with little "pots" to hunt at the beginning, bigger in the middle, and biggest at the end. You enter for the Matriculation Nursery Stakes; that entry should qualify you for the Scholarship Quadriennial Cup, that, in turn, for the First Class Challenge Plate, this, again, for the Professional Purse. It is (as his young barbarians would say, if they have not some new American equivalent) a "beastly sell" if the entries are arranged so that the competitor finds himself disqualified at any point. That the subjects of education are chosen, with whatever mistakes and inconsistencies of intention, for their educational value; that a scholarship and a first class are not ends in themselves or mere means to hand a man on to a lucrative professional practice, but that the one is a help to study, and the other a seal set by the University on study which has been effected, are things which never dawn on the Anxious Father. He is most amiably ready to set his boys to anything that will pay; he seems not even to object to Greek from that point of view. But he insists on having, to speak figuratively, his half-franc entrance taken out in "consum-"mations"; and, if it is not, he thinks himself abominably treated. Heaven knows we are not enthusiastic admirers of the modern innovators in our Universities; but, as a rule, they do honestly proceed on the University idea, on the theory that the study of liberal arts is the purpose for which Universities exist. To them enters the British father, and says, "I want a first class for my boy, that it "may be of use to him; you prescribe books for that first "class; they don't pay in your matriculation, and your "matriculation doesn't pay in regard to them. Oh men "unjust and unnatural!"

MACHREHANISH.

THE student who when asked to construe *Hor. Lib. iii. xxx.* confidently began, "I have eaten a monument harder than brass," was met by the rejoinder of the examining professor, "that his digestion was too good for their college fare," and was incontinently plucked; but the original discoverer of Machrehanish as a golf-links should by all justice have a monument erected to him, proof against the appetite of time and hungry students, for a more absolutely perfect natural links it is well-nigh impossible to conceive. Some twenty years ago, indeed, the writer heard the praises of this green set forth by one who, if not the original discoverer, was certainly one of the very first to play there; but he was as one preaching in the wilderness, and his words passed by as the viewless winds, and were no more thought of, at least then; but now it is different, and the name of the place, though rather a jawbreaker, is fairly well known, and deserves to be better known still. In point of inaccessibility it certainly holds its own, not to say more than its own, with the best of them, for this is an apparently invariable attribute of all really good links. Situated at the west side, and nearly at the south end of Kintyre, the usual "approach" is by boat from Greenock to Campbeltown, though perhaps the best way of all is to embark at Fairlie Pier. From here we are taken past Bute, round the north end of the Isle of Arran, through Kilbrennan Sound; coasting along past Loch Ranza, we catch a momentary glimpse of Goat Fell, recently the scene of a terrible tragedy. Crossing and recrossing between Kintyre and Arran, the primitive methods of landing and embarking goods and passengers will prove a source of amusement, and especially is this the case when horses or live stock have to be landed at Blackwaterfoot or Machrie Bay in Arran. Boats corresponding to the number of horses to be landed arrive alongside the steamer; a rope with several yards of slack is put round each horse's muzzle, the attendant ghillie gets into his boat's stern, rope in hand, and the boat sheers off; when clear, the unfortunate and terror-stricken horse is hustled over the steamer's side, disappears from view in the depths of the sea, rises anon to the surface, when the ghillie begins to haul his end of the rope, and in the end the horse, after a swim of several hundred yards astern of the small boat, gets to shore apparently unharmed; though if a splint happens to appear a few days subsequently, probably no one will have the least idea how it could have got there. At last, after some five hours or so, Campbeltown is reached, the next point being to get to Machrehanish, five and a half miles distant. For this purpose a "machine" will be requisitioned: pending its arrival the pilgrim may probably have his expectations raised by being told that "it is a *lovely* road," and will accordingly prepare to feast his eyes upon the beauties of nature thus prospectively displayed. A Barmecide feast, indeed, for from his subsequent experience he will deduce the fact that this was merely "English as she is spoke" in Kintyre; "hyperbolical exornation" indeed, for of the beauties of nature by this route, if we except some remarkably fine crops of ragweed, none are discernible; and the "loveliness" of the road is found to consist merely in the adaptability of its surface to speedy and comfortable transit. Passing the little mining village of Drumlemble (the only coal-mine in Argyllshire) we reach Machrehanish; a dozen houses together, and a few outlying farms, where quarters may be obtained if the Pans Hotel is full; yet it is so far in touch with civilization as to boast a telegraph wire of its own, and a daily post. An alternative way of reaching the place is to drive down from Tarbert, nearly the whole length of the peninsula, some thirty-five miles or so; and this time it may be said, without fear of being misunderstood by English readers, that the drive really *is* a lovely one. An extensive and beautiful view awaits us at our journey's end. In a north to north-westerly direction lie the island of Gigha and the island of Jura, with its four dome-shaped hills at equal distances. "Now as touching these monticles," as Sir Dugald Dalgetty has it, they are known to the chartographer as the Paps of Jura, and, being a leading feature in the landscape, at once attract attention. Southward of these appears Islay, where excellent whisky is produced. The two islands are separated by the Sound of Islay; but they overlap, as it were, and it is difficult to see where the one stops and the other begins. Then, rather to the south of west, Rathlin Island and the coast of Ireland, about Ballycastle and the Giant's Cause-

way, appear; and it is not unlikely that the whole may be seen under the fascinating conditions of most glorious sunsets, rich in every imaginable tint of vesper beauty. To visit the Links will be our first care, seeing that we have come with that end in view. Nor shall we have roamed over them very long without endorsing to the full the remark of Tom Morris when laying them out, to the effect that Providence assuredly designed that part of the country as a special earthly Paradise for golfers. The turf in its nature is an improvement on that of Westward Ho! which it somewhat resembles; wild thyme and similar herbs luxuriate; it is altogether of a firmer texture than that of the North Devon green, and not liable, as that is, to disintegration by sand-storms. Its elasticity is surprising, as may be seen by holding a club and letting the head fall and rebound; consequently, walking is a pleasure—this, too, though the course is exceedingly undulating, and at first sight seemingly but ill adapted to the requirements of the weight-carrying and plethoric pedestrian. The recuperative power of the turf, also, is wonderful; an "iron-skelp" heals almost of itself, without doctor's aid, in a very short time. No need, either, for artificial teeing-grounds; natural ones are all there ready, and in abundance; for every ball is teed, wherever it is. And, as for putting-greens, one might put a hole down almost anywhere at haphazard, and little else would be necessary. Bunkers abound, and are of the most orthodox description. The sand in them is light, though some there are wherein stones in plenty lie; needless to say, these must be avoided like the plague. Owing to the general configuration of the ground a ball will not roll much. In driving, therefore, a fairly good carry is necessary; and, once the putting-greens are reached, on all and singular of them, the ball holds its line with undeviating truth, there being no humps and irregularities to beguile it from the path of rectitude. Rabbits there are, but they appear to be tolerably innocuous, so far as the golfing-course is concerned; whilst of the horses and live-stock generally the same remark may be made. On leaving the Club to tee for the first hole we cross the Campbeltown road up on to a table-land, bounded by rocks and the beach a few yards to the left, on the right by the road aforesaid, and in front by a fence, into which the half-topped ball is sometimes driven, and rebounds to a considerable distance behind the striker. An angle of the beach projecting inland has to be carried obliquely, as well as a slimy and offensive ditch, which will in some measure recompense the Westward Ho! player for his absence from home if he happens ever to get into it. These difficulties surmounted, a brassey shot, which must be steered clear of ragweed on the left, puts us in position for a pitch to the hole, which is well guarded by bunkers. The proper number is five, and it is a good hole; but the second is even better. A tee-shot straight down the course, if a long one, will enable the hole to be reached in two; but here the second shot is the thing. First of all, a broad burn, Machrehanish Water, has to be crossed; but, curiously enough, one is allowed to tee instead of dropping if one gets in. Secondly, a precipitous bluff, with a bunker in it and a sandy road; some thirty yards over this lies the hole, on an undulating and beautiful putting-green. Thus, if the second is not well lofted, it is apt to get jammed up against the steep foot of the bluff, leaving a difficult third. Four is good here. The third hole is tame, a drive and a short pitch; whilst the fourth is a drive and a cleek, and is a goodish four, considering the country to be crossed. Hence we drive our tee shot on to some beautiful billowy slopes, reminding one of Atlantic rollers arrested in mid-career by some Michael Scott, when "Him listed his magic wand to wave," transformed thereby into yielding and elastic sward. The hole is in a sort of punch-bowl, the hither side of which is an abrupt and almost perpendicular descent: a four is thus easy. The next hole is good and sporting; a bunker of terrible mien confronts us when we have walked fifty or sixty yards to the tee; its slopes are garnished with bents of forbidding aspect, and twenty yards further on is another bunker which the striker does not see. To the highest peak of the one he does see is about a hundred yards; so a carry of a hundred and forty will land him clear of everything, and a blind shot to the hole with cleek or iron will have to avoid further difficulties. The tee shot to the seventh must carry a face in which a bunker lies concealed ready to trap a badly-hit one; an exceptionally good drive would reach a deep and stony bunker; but this would be rather unlucky. A good, firm iron shot over uneven ground will enable a four to be recorded. The two last holes are two drives, and one and a long put or short approach respectively, and are negotiable in eight or nine. We are now halfway round; and if the sum total is forty or under—though this figure is not difficult of attainment by a good player—he will in all probability be quite satisfied with it. Homeward bound, the first hole is long, flat, and uninteresting, its chief difficulty lying in the fact that the monotonous level of the approach deceives the eye in its judgment of distance; three fair shots will be on the green, and in five or six we shall hole out. A drive and a characteristically blind iron shot on to a rather foggy and dull putting-green follow, and prepare us for another pretty long hole, represented by two drives and an iron. The first of these must clear a precipitous bunkery face about forty yards from the tee, whilst the last of the series, over a small ravine on to a table, is very apt to be short, as the distance here again is very deceptive. The thirteenth hole might with advantage be better arranged, for a bunker which it is no advantage to carry crosses the whole line of fire, at such a distance as will catch a good shot; it is therefore advisable to take a short club at the tee, and subsequently a short iron pitch will get us on the green. The fourteenth hole is a somewhat commonplace four, its chief difficulty, as usual, lying in the blindness of the approach; but its successor, known as Rorke's Drift, is as good a hole as can be found on the green. For three-quarters of its length the direct line is over a succession of deep trenchlike bunkers; on the left of the line, awaiting a drawn ball, is country compared to which Sheôl is as a happy hunting-ground; a ball slightly heeled is caught by a further bunker on the right; but a sweetly hit one will just get on to a beautiful little table, and reward us with a three. For those whose capabilities are below first-class, a safe, if unambitious line, lies to the right; all classes are thus satisfied. whilst the good player can reap enormous advantage from his skill. The sixteenth is a return journey over Machrehanish Water, the teeing-ground being on the top of the bluff already mentioned as guarding the third hole; a four is easily obtained. The seventeenth rejoices in the curious name of Trodigal, and is rather uninteresting, being two drives and an iron over level country. The last hole, with an adverse wind, is a sporting one; on a calm day it is but an iron shot from below up on to the table whereon the tee to the first hole is situated; the road on the left, the high face surmounted by a fence, and the sea-beach on the right constitute the hazards; a three is the proper number. Thus, thirty-seven to thirty-eight may be considered first-class for the return, whilst for the whole journey anything under eighty may be fairly regarded as a performance of exceptional merit; the record at present stands at seventy-six. To one looking at the green as a whole, or, rather, at the present arrangement of it, one or two points for criticism are likely to suggest themselves. One is the enormous preponderance of blind approach shots; at each of the first seven holes, indeed, this may be, and usually is, the case, whilst the same remark applies to three or four holes in the last half-round. A slight rearrangement here and there might do much to obviate this inconvenience. Again, at many holes there is no incentive to drive really well, as this is understood at St. Andrews; a half-and-half sort of ball and a really good one are often equally efficacious; thus a first-class score is far more easy of attainment than at the green just mentioned. This is the more to be regretted as Machrehanish is capable of almost unlimited extension. But you will be loth to quit this little place, and after a short sojourn you will lay aside your clubs with regret, tempered, perhaps, by the resolve to revisit the scene on some not far distant occasion.

SOME ST. LEGER FAVOURITES.

OF the many hundreds, if not thousands, of people who have bets on the St. Leger, it is more than probable that a large proportion know little or nothing about the appearances of the horses likely to start for it. We express no opinion as to whether they will be much better informed after reading the descriptions about to be offered to them; for horse-flesh is a matter on which few people agree, and the following remarks are offered in all humility to those who may care to read them, and without guarantee that they include the winner.

The Duke of Portland's Memoir is a brown filly standing about 15 hands 3 inches in height. She is a beautiful specimen of a medium-sized racehorse of high class. Her head is neat and blood-like and well set on to a perfectly shaped neck. Her shoulders are very sloping and as well placed as the most fastidious could desire. Her quarters are sufficiently let down, and her hind-legs are well under her. She has a fair amount of bone and power; but she is not of what racing-men are fond of calling "the massive type." Her owner's St. Serf, who is by the same sire, St. Simon, is a very different-looking horse. He is probably about 16 hands and a half high, with great length. Like Memoir he is a dark brown, with a good head, neck, and shoulders. In the loins he is rather too slack; but his quarters are good. His hocks are just a little too much bent and a trifle too far behind his body. He also has the fault commonly known as "showing too much daylight." For all that, he is a great striding horse, with very true action, immense reach, and indomitable pluck. In the spring he was a mere raw, unfurnished baby, and we have never known a colt make more rapid improvement.

Sir James Miller's Sainfoin, the winner of the Derby, scarcely has the appearance of a first-class representative of that race. His action when he is fairly extended is very true and his movement very easy and free. He is a nice, long, low chestnut colt by Springfield, standing about 15 hands and a half, without great power or much depth of rib, and he is, perhaps, a little short in the neck. It is a very great change, again, to turn from the winner of the Derby to Surefoot, the winner of the Two Thousand, who is a great, massive, rather "stallion-like" bay colt by Wisdom, standing about 16 hands and an inch. For a horse with such a fine frame he looked barely strong enough below the knee; but his legs have thus far proved sufficiently substantial to carry him. He is a horse with terrific speed and an exceedingly excitable temperament. His staying powers are still open to question. Baron de Rothschild's Hermit colt, Heaume, is a very nice, lengthy chestnut, about sixteen hands high. At first sight he looks slightly hollow in the back, an appearance which is caused by his quarters being set on rather high; for, in reality, his back is by

no means weak. His stamina and gameness were proved when he won a race in France after having been nearly knocked down by another horse. A windgall on one of his joints has caused his trainer considerable anxiety.

We will now turn to Porter's stable. As a specimen of a beautiful thoroughbred horse, whether for the saddling-paddock, the show-ring, the Park, the hunting-field, or the stud-farm, it would be difficult to improve upon the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, who is a rich dark bay colt, about 15 hands 3 inches in height, and quite a duke among horses. He is so well balanced and "coupled," to use a horsey phrase, and he has such power in proportion to his frame, that it is impossible to look at him without longing to ride him. Nevertheless, when one regards him exclusively as a racing machine, just a shadow of a doubt crosses one's mind as to whether he seems the most likely, of all the St. Leger favourites, to win that race. Although we are almost entirely confining ourselves to noticing appearances on this occasion, we will observe, for the benefit of any one who may have forgotten the breeding of Blue Green's sire, Cœruleus, that he was by Beadsman out of a mare by Stockwell, grandam by Touchstone. Beside Blue Green, the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, a bay colt by Bend Or out of Lizzie Agnes, that ran third for the Derby, is rather a common looking bay horse, especially when one remembers his aristocratic parentage. In the same stable is Mr. Gretton's Gonsalvo, a hardy looking well-made bay colt by Fernandez, with a great deal of muscle, and standing, on short legs, something like 15 hands and a half. A fourth St. Leger candidate, in Porter's stable, is Mr. W. Low's bay colt, Right Away, an own brother to Veracity, but a better-looking horse. He is rather small, being under 15-2; but he has plenty of length, and his well let-down muscular quarters give him immense propelling power in his gallop. An unfortunate bruise on one of his heels prevented his running for the Derby, and he had a long rest before being put into training for the St. Leger.

The very antipodes of Right Away is Mr. J. Houldsworth's Alloway, a great, big bay colt by Springfield out of Lady Morgan. His height is about 16 hands and a half, and he has great length, principally in his back, where there is a trifle too much of it. He is a sound and honest horse, but his massive frame is almost on the borderland of "coachiness." His owner possesses another St. Leger candidate, by the same sire, in Ponza, a dark bay or brown filly that ran third for the Oaks. She stands about 15 hands and 3 inches, and she is a racehorse from head to heel, with immensely muscular quarters; she has yet to show, however, that she can stay over a mile and three-quarters. Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday is a bay colt by Hagioscope. He is probably about half an inch under 16 hands, with plenty of power, and good shape; but, if anything, he may be a little wanting in length. He is a grand stayer, and he seems to revel in heavy ground. Being rather lazy, he has not appeared to win his races quite so easily as may have been actually the case. Oddfellow is a bay horse, about 16 hands in height; a very lengthy colt with great substance, but rather too long a back, and there seems to be a want of activity and sharpness in his movements.

LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE IRISH UNION.

I.

IT is easy to imagine a break or chasm in modern history by which future critics would be able to prove, to their own satisfaction, that there were at least two or three statesmen who bore the name of Cornwallis. The general officer who surrendered to the Americans at York Town could never have been the Governor-General who conducted two campaigns against Tippoo Sultan and who carried out the Perpetual Revenue Settlement of Bengal and Behar. It is also quite certain that the Lord-Lieutenant who helped Pitt and Castlereagh to carry out the Irish Union was a very different person from the man who failed in America and left the conquest of Seringapatam to be effected by Lord Wellesley. More advanced critics would show good grounds for thinking that the Lord Cornwallis who had talked with Napoleon I. and had negotiated the Peace of Amiens with his brother Joseph, was a third person of the same name. He could have evidently no connexion whatever with the Governor-General of India and the Viceroy of Ireland, if they were one and the same; and so on. But, apart from any hypothetical break of historic continuity, it is tolerably certain that the action and influence of the Marquess of Cornwallis in Ireland have not recently been estimated at their proper value. And we may do some service by showing that the Union was mainly brought about, not by the blackguardism of one Minister or the unscrupulous methods of the Chief Secretary, but by the efforts of a statesman who, trained to arms and action in the field, showed a real talent for civil administration, reformed and purified the Civil Service of India and, to use Macaulay's language about Lord Metcalfe, afterwards reconciled contending factions to each other and the mother-country.

In the beginning of June 1798 Lord Cornwallis, at the earnest request of Pitt, accepted the double office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Commander-in-Chief. The state of that country was then truly alarming and dangerous. Ten years before, in 1788, nearly all the regular troops had been withdrawn and their places had been taken by some forty thousand Volunteers. Their officers, rejecting Royal commissions, were chosen by their own privates, and they very soon turned their attention from military duties to politics. They began by forming a Convention and tried to intimidate the Irish Parliament, and when the Convention sank into contempt and insignificance it was succeeded by the Society of United Irishmen. Their ostensible object was Parliamentary reform; their real aim was separation. An Executive Council managed the affairs of the Society, distributed seditious pamphlets, tampered with officers and privates, bribed witnesses, intimidated juries, and paid for the defence of prisoners. A set of men calling themselves Defenders perpetrated terrible outrages in Roscommon and in five other counties. This was followed on the part of Government by the passing of an Insurrection Act, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and the formation of Yeomanry corps. Then came the ineffective expedition which sailed from Brest with a French army under Hoche and Grouchy. A second design of invasion was frustrated by the naval victory of Camperdown. Outrages, however, were still perpetrated. General Lake made a search for arms which were discovered in abundance. A partial rising in Ulster was easily put down, and this was succeeded by the outbreak of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the capture of Wexford, Goree, and Carlow by the rebels, who were eventually defeated and dispersed. This, briefly, was the state of affairs when Cornwallis, armed with very extensive powers, and authorized to grant an amnesty, arrived at Dublin Castle on the 20th of June, 1798. For the next three years his life was one of unceasing anxiety and toil. A most complete, accurate, and detailed account of his Viceroyalty is to be found in the Cornwallis Correspondence, in three volumes, edited by Mr. Charles Ross and published just thirty-one years ago. They fully bear out the estimation in which Cornwallis was held in India for administrative ability, purity and directness of aim, and union of conciliation with firmness. In his many private and confidential communications with Pitt, Dundas, and the Duke of Portland, and his more unrestrained letters to his old friend and subordinate General Ross, there is no record of which posterity should be ashamed. He spares neither party, but deals equal measure to loyalist and rebel. He never lost his self-command. One of his first orders was to forbid the infliction of any punishment, under any pretence whatever, not authorized by a general officer and a regular court-martial. Convinced that the number of rebels slain in battle had been greatly exaggerated, he at once authorizes officers in the different districts to offer an amnesty to the "deluded wretches who were wandering about, and were committing still greater cruelties than they were suffering themselves." At the same time, he was for excluding from any general pardon such persons as had been guilty of cool and deliberate murder, and for banishing the leaders for a long term of years or for their lives. On the other hand, he met with great difficulties owing to the "ferocity of our troops," and the heated language of the principal people, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker Foster, and Lord Castlereagh, "a very uncommon young man, of talents, temper, and judgment, suited to the highest station." As for some members of Parliament, "the words Papists and Jesuits were ever in their mouths, and by their unaccountable policy they would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcilable rebellion." This censure is somewhat balanced by his opinion that the real cause of the mischief was a "deep-laid conspiracy to revolutionize Ireland on the principles of France, formed by men who had no thought of religion but to destroy it, and who wanted to introduce that most dreadful of all evils, a Jacobite Revolution." Events during that summer moved in quick and startling succession, and, anxious as was the Lord-Lieutenant for a general pacification, he was constantly thwarted by the outrages on one side, or the increase of bitter and revengeful feelings on the other. As he wrote to Ross, "my conduct has got me abused by both sides, as might naturally be expected, being too coercive or too lenient." At one time his own officers were very injudicious. At another the rebels proposed terms to which it was impossible to listen. A certain General Wilford, without due authority, opened negotiations with rebel leaders in Kildare and Wicklow when they were in arms; but this weak act met with prompt condemnation, both from Cornwallis and Castlereagh. The rebel leaders were, as might have been foreseen, insolent in their proposals, and the proclamation of pardon was not intended to apply to them. However, His Excellency was quite willing to give them twenty-four hours to surrender, and submit without any stipulation. A more extraordinary proposal came about the same period from certain State prisoners, who offered to acknowledge their offences and submit to perpetual banishment, provided the lives of three prominent offenders were spared. It is significant of the height to which party spirit had then risen that both the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary were rather inclined to favour this proposal; but the objections of others, including the Chief Justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Attorney and the Solicitor-General, and others, were so strong that it had to be refused. The Viceroy was sensible of the "danger of taking a step, without some legal or political support, that would irritate almost to madness the well-affected part of the kingdom." The life of Oliver Bond, one of the three, was, however, eventually spared. There seems no reason to doubt that leniency on the part of the State would have exasperated the Yeomanry, the Militia, and the Fencibles. "They had," writes Cornwallis, "saved the country. But they were

like the Loyalists in America, and, in return for the feeble outrages, burnings, and murders still kept up by the rebels, took the lead in rapine and murder." Even the conversation at the Viceroy's dinner-table always turned on hanging and shooting, though the host did all he could to prevent it. Still, there is ample evidence to show that the policy of Cornwallis was both humane in theory and effective in result. Troops had been sent into Wicklow, where a considerable body of rebels were threatening death and destruction to all who availed themselves of the amnesty. In this case the troops did not loot. The officers paid for all supplies. The inhabitants returned to their work and got in their harvest, and in the space of one month the county, which seemed like a desert, presented a quiet and settled appearance. This was towards the end of August; but, unluckily, the spirit of disaffection was kept alive by the prospect of more assistance from France. General Humbert landed in Killala Bay with eleven hundred men, who were eventually either captured or killed. There was, however, an action near Castlebar, when the Galway Volunteers and the Kilkenny and Longford Militia deliberately ran away. It was on this occasion that Lord Ormonde, finding oaths and threats of no avail, ran two of the cowards through the body. Cornwallis took the field in person, and, in concert with General Lake, very soon compelled the French army to surrender. Humbert, the commander, accounted for his failure by the mutinous conduct of his men. Their only hope of success was to march on Dublin or to do something very rash and silly; and in that they completely succeeded. Cornwallis for his part found it necessary to proclaim by a general order that any soldiers caught in the act of robbery or with plundered goods in their possession would be tried and, if convicted, at once executed.

To all these trials of temper and to the difficulty of drawing the precise line between just retribution and unwise clemency was added the fear of another expedition from Brest. Harry Dundas became alarmed for the safety of India and wanted Cornwallis to spare troops for the East. Yet with a hostile fleet ready to descend again on the Irish coast, and with something like civil war raging in Wexford and Mayo, the Viceroy began to turn his attention to the fundamental question of satisfying the Catholics, conciliating the people, and effecting the Union. That the name of Henry Grattan about this time was removed from the roll of Privy Councillors was a small matter that does not seem to have caused much excitement. The Chancellor and Mr. Elliot, the Under-Secretary of State, were sent over to England, furnished with the opinions of the Viceroy, and prepared to discuss the whole question with Pitt and his colleagues. The Chancellor had a thorough conviction that, unless the Union could be effected, the actual connexion between the two countries would not long subsist. But Cornwallis warned Pitt that from the prejudices and various interests of people a considerable opposition might be expected in the Irish Parliament in whatever shape the Union were presented. By the middle of November a plan had, by the Duke of Portland, been sketched as follows:—The two kingdoms to be united, and the succession to the Crown to be as fixed by the existing law. The British Parliament to be unchanged. The Irish portion of it to be settled by an Irish Act, and the Irish peers to have the same privileges as the Scotch. The continuance of the Irish Church establishment to be a fundamental article of the Union. The Courts of Justice were to remain, with a final appeal to the House of Lords. Ireland was to have a Privy Council or a Committee of the Privy Council. There were other articles, commercial and financial, and the office of Lord-Lieutenant was to remain, but without being mentioned in the Act. Cornwallis's opinion on the obstacles to the Union are too detailed to be quoted, but he only anticipates the language of some modern politicians in saying that, while not sanguine that any measure would have "an immediate effect on the minds of the people," he was looking out for means to make Ireland "a source of strength and power, instead of a useless and almost intolerable burden to Great Britain." In November Castlereagh recorded his own opinion that the question of the Union was but partially understood; that there was no evidence of prepossession in its favour or of indignant resistance to it; that the Irish Bar was strong against it; that opposition was to be expected from the citizens of Dublin; that the leading Roman Catholics would consider any transfer of power from their opponents as a boon; that both Protestants and Catholics in Cork and Limerick seemed quite alive to the commercial benefits of the Union; that a regulation of tithes would have a very good effect; and that some additional provision for the clergy, connecting the Church more closely with the Crown, would disarm opposition in clerical quarters, if not secure support.

The result of a court-martial held about a month before the above opinion was formed is another instance of the violence of party feeling. A body of Yeomanry entered a cabin occupied by a woman and her son—Dogherty. One of the Yeomanry named Collaghan, after twice snapping his piece at the young man, deliberately shot him dead as he lay on the floor with a broken arm, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of his mother. A court-martial, of which a peer was president, and the other members were a major and three captains of the 5th Dragoons, an officer of the Fermanagh Militia, and one of the 18th, acquitted Collaghan on the ground of his loyalty, and in consideration of the fact that the murdered man, though now provided with a protection order, "had once been a rebel." To this verdict of acquittal there was appended a finding that the prisoner "did shoot and kill Thomas Dogherty, but without malicious or wilful intention of murder." Cornwallis when in India had had similar experience of a shameful acquittal of an officer who had shot a native. He disbanded the court and dismissed Collaghan from the militia. An opinion prevailed generally at that time that any man suspected of being a rebel might be put to death without the formality of a trial. Not long after this a lieutenant who had committed a very similar crime was also acquitted. It is satisfactory to note that this officer was dismissed the service, and that a regiment which had become distinguished for insubordination and sedition was actually disbanded. It was towards the close of the year that Wolfe Tone, left for execution by the sentence of a court-martial, cut his throat in prison and died in a few days afterwards.

Much confidential correspondence now passed on the main outlines of the Union between the Duke of Portland and the Viceroy. Towards the close of the year Cornwallis was able to report that the majority of the Irish Bar had determined that any deliberation on political measures would be criminal. This was followed by a suggestion that in the future constitution of the Parliament of the Union the number of Irish members should not exceed one hundred. The Scotch precedent was to be followed, and a preference given to the representatives of counties and of great commercial towns over close boroughs. Each county was to return one member; places returning two members were to lose one. As the value of borough property would be depreciated, a hint was thrown out that private interests might be secured or satisfied without "the embarrassing principle of avowed compensation." It must be remarked, however, that for all this, compensation of a very solid kind was eventually given to the patrons of close boroughs. Other very perplexing questions were constantly arising from a conflict between the jurisdiction of the Courts of King's Bench and the Courts Martial. Writs of habeas corpus were moved for in the regular Courts on behalf of prisoners confined by the command of general officers. It is clear, however, that the ordinary Courts of law could not have tried a prisoner with the despatch necessary in a time of rebellion, and that juries could not have been trusted to convict on the clearest evidence. But every sentence of a military Court was always submitted to the Viceroy for confirmation. He mitigated penalties wherever it was possible or prudent. Between the landing of the French and the second month of 1799, 380 persons had been tried by courts martial; 131 capitally sentenced, and 90 executed. Yet this result was stigmatized by many persons in England and in Ireland as a ruinous system of lenity; and Cornwallis in a letter to his son, Lord Brome, declares that, though urged to use far stronger measures, he cannot be brought to think that flogging and free quarters would prove good opiates. To General Harris, who was then in India preparing for the final campaign against Tippoo, he writes that his own difficulties in that distant country had been trifling compared with what was now imposed on him; and so the first year of a memorable Irish Administration came to an end.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE weather continues very unfavourable to our farmers. It is too late now to expect a good harvest, but even yet a favourable change might give us a fair one. At the beginning of June the promise was better than for very many years past, but before the month ended apprehension began to take the place of the hopes previously entertained. July deepened the anxiety, and although August has been better than July, there has been too much rain and too much wind. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the weather has varied very much according to the locality. In some districts there were complaints of drought, while in others the corn crops were lodged, and the pastures were sodden. Naturally, therefore, the crops differ much in different parts of the country, and it is not easy consequently to estimate the probable results of the harvest. It may safely be said, however, that, late as it is, if there were to be a few weeks of hot, dry sunshine, the condition would be so greatly improved that the harvest would turn out a better one than it is now very generally expected to be. On the other hand, if there is no improvement, the condition of the grain will leave much to be desired. According to the reports that have been collected by some of our agricultural contemporaries, it would appear that wheat is not very much under the average. Barley and oats are slightly over average; so are potatoes and beans; but peas and roots are somewhat under average, and hay is very much under the average. Roughly, it may be said that the hay crop is little more than four-fifths of an average yield: but even that statement represents the matter somewhat better than it really is; for there can be little doubt that very much of the hay crop has been spoilt. According to the reports, too, as already stated, potatoes are a little over an average; but then it appears to be certain that the crop is diseased very widely. The large number of correspondents who testify to this leaves no doubt upon the point. Even the cereal crops have been twisted and laid by the rains, and in some places have been partially threshed by the high winds. It is possible, therefore, that the reports even as to the cereal crops are better than the event will prove them to be. On the other hand, there is no room for doubt that,

if the weather were to change for the better, and were to continue favourable for four or five weeks, some of the damage done might be repaired, and at all events the condition in which the crops would be gathered in would be immensely improved. At the present time the grain cannot dry and harden properly; and if the weather, therefore, continues wet, a large proportion of it will not be fit for milling purposes without admixture with foreign growths.

The year, then, which only two months ago promised so well, is likely to prove an unkindly one for our farmers. Their difficulties will be increased, because the cost of harvesting will be greater than usual in consequence of the extent to which the crops have been laid and twisted. On the other hand, they will in all probability obtain better prices in the new agricultural year than for several years past. According to the general estimate, the wheat yield of the United Kingdom will be somewhat under nine millions of bushels, and, allowing for the seed required, there will not be, at the very outside, more than eight millions of quarters available for consumption. As the annual consumption at present is about twenty-seven millions of quarters, we shall need from abroad nineteen millions of quarters. According to the best estimates that can be formed at present, the Continental production will but barely equal the Continental consumption, and thus Europe will need to buy from the other parts of the world about nineteen millions of quarters. It seems clear that this quantity cannot be obtained without a considerable rise in the price. The Indian yield this year is smaller than usual, and the American yield is decidedly smaller. Moreover, the world has been drawing upon its old supplies during the past twelve months, and consequently it seems reasonable to assume that the stock of old wheat at present existing is smaller than usual at this time of the year. If that be so, it seems reasonably certain that the price of wheat will be higher during the new agricultural year than it has been for a long time past. No doubt, too, the rise in the price of silver will check exports from India—assuming always that the rise in silver is maintained; and it may be, too, that the rise in silver will check exports from the United States, as the new silver legislation may possibly, at all events, inflate prices in America. It is probable, then, that the smaller wheat crop this year will be worth to the farmers more money than the better crop of last year, perhaps, even, may be worth more than the comparatively large crop of 1887. Against this is to be borne in mind—firstly, the greater cost of harvesting; and, secondly, the danger that, if the weather does not soon improve very markedly, the condition of the wheat will in many cases render it unfit for milling, unless when mixed with foreign grain. And what is true of wheat is true generally of the cereal crops; but there is nothing to make up for the damage that has been done to hay and for the disease in the potato crop.

If the weather does not improve, and in consequence much wheat is unfit for milling purposes, we shall have to import in the new agricultural year even more than the nineteen million quarters usually estimated. And as it is reasonably certain that the price will be higher than it has been for several years past, we shall have to pay a much larger sum for our imports than we have had recently. It follows that it will be more difficult for us to attract gold from abroad in the autumn should we require to do so, and that it will be easier for foreigners to take gold from us. Yet the Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount to 4 per cent. It had stood at 5 per cent. for only three weeks, and during that time it had attracted a very large amount of gold. Probably the Directors felt that the control of the market had escaped from them, and that it was useless to keep up their rate. Their reserve is now very large, over 14¼ millions, being 43¾ per cent. of the liabilities. Before they made the change the rate in the open market had fallen to 3½ per cent.; but the joint-stock and private banks immediately lowered the interest they allow on deposits to 2½ per cent., and the open market rate fell to about 3⅛ per cent. It will in all probability go lower, and then the danger is that gold will be withdrawn from the Bank in large amounts and sent abroad. It is said that before long half a million sterling will be withdrawn for Spain, and there is always the danger that considerable amounts may be sent to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. But, if there are large withdrawals, it is questionable whether a return to 5 per cent. would bring gold.

There has been a very sharp rise in the price of silver this week. On Friday evening of last week the price closed at 52*d.* per ounce. On the following day there was an advance of ⅝*d.* per ounce, and on Monday another advance of 1⅜*d.* per ounce, making a rise of no less than 2*d.* per ounce in two days, or not far short of 4 per cent. On Tuesday there was again a rise at one time, a small amount having been bought for India at 54½*d.* per ounce; but the price finally closed as on Monday evening. On Thursday there was again a rise to 54¼*d.* per ounce. The cause of this active movement was the readiness with which the United States' Treasury raised the price at which it bought. It began under the new Act only on Wednesday of last week. It invited tenders again on the following Friday, and on Tuesday of this week. On the three days it bought altogether a little over 1¼ million ounces, and at constantly rising quotations. The price given on Wednesday of last week has not been stated; but on Friday it paid $1·15 per ounce, and on Tuesday of this week it paid $1·16 and $1·18. On Wednesday it paid as much as $1·20¼ per ounce. If, therefore, speculators can keep up the price the Government will be obliged to follow, and week after week we shall see a further advance. As a matter of course, the rise in silver has been accompanied by a very active speculation in all silver securities, and a corresponding advance in price. Rupee-paper, more particularly, has been very largely dealt in at advancing quotations. There has also been a good deal doing in Mexican railway stocks and shares, as well as in the shares and bonds of the South Austrian Railway Company.

Outside of the market for silver and silver securities there has been less doing this week than last week. Mainly this is the result of the news from Montevideo. The second edition of the *Times* on Tuesday contained a telegram from the Buenos Ayres correspondent of that paper predicting a revolution unless there was a speedy and complete change in the policy of the administration. As the condition of Uruguay is known to be very bad it is only too probable that the prediction will be fulfilled. The Government has borrowed recklessly at home and abroad, has cooked its accounts, and is believed to have been guilty of gross corruption. The fall, however, has not been as great as might have been expected, being only about six points. The Argentine market was not much affected, only a slight decline having occurred, yet there was a visible decrease in confidence, and operators were less willing to increase their risks than before, for if there should be a revolution in Montevideo it is impossible to foresee how it may affect the Argentine Republic. In the American market there was some disposition at the end of last week to speculate somewhat more actively than of late; but the sudden rise in the value of money and the strikes have checked the inclination. The Secretary of the Treasury, it would appear, has been accumulating money, as he is unable to estimate what the demands upon him will be. The expenditure of the new year will be larger than that of last year, and it is yet uncertain whether the Tariff Bill will be passed. If it is, it will cut down the revenue. Therefore, he has not up to the present been buying bonds as freely as was expected. The late large exports of gold from New York to London have at the same time drawn heavily upon the New York market, and now a drain from New York to the West and South to move the crops has set in. Therefore loanable capital has become very scarce, and rates have risen excessively, 15 and 20 per cent. being paid in many cases, and in a few instances as much as 30 and 40 per cent. for loans upon Stock Exchange securities; indeed 200 per cent. is said to have been charged at one time on Thursday. It is probable, however, that the stringency will end as quickly as it began, for the Secretary of the Treasury has announced his readiness to redeem at once Four-and-a-Half per cents. of the nominal value of fifteen millions of dollars. The announcement has somewhat restored courage to the market, but there will be no activity while the stringency continues. In home railway stocks there has been more doing than of late, and prices generally have advanced. The other departments have been firm without very much activity, and it is hardly probable that there will be a marked revival of speculation until the holiday season is drawing to a close. Then, if trade continues as good as it is at present, and if the money market is fairly easy, there will probably be a spurt of great activity. Investment business has not hitherto been as large as usual at this season. The more cautious investors have preferred to leave their money on deposit while getting 3½ per cent. for it, in the anticipation that by-and-by they would be able to buy more cheaply. If the money market continues easy, and if matters settle down in the River Plate countries, it will no doubt increase, but any revival of apprehension will again check it.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT GLOUCESTER.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the Archæological Institute paid their first visit to the historic city of Gloucester. The Institute was then in the vigour of its early youth, and the lapse of a generation has necessarily deprived it of the services of some distinguished men; but the recent meeting has been by no means deficient in lectures and papers, and, best of all, in descriptive perambulations, of a very high order of excellence. Even if "they attained not to the first three," the introductory addresses of Dr. Freshfield, Professor Middleton, and Dean Spence, the presidents respectively of the sections of Antiquities, Architecture, and History, were each in their line of singular merit, and characterized by a brightness and, while never wholly losing the thread of their subject, by a happy discursiveness which secured the attention and kept up the interest of their hearers. The inaugural address of Sir John Dorrington, the local president of the meeting, was a model of what such addresses should be. He gave a rapid sketch of the history and archæology of the county, dwelling briefly on its architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic, and at greater length on the traces of the Roman occupation, occurring with such great profusion on the hill-sides of the county, and expressing his conviction that many so-called Roman villas were really the homes of the British provincials, who during the four hundred years of Roman rule had become educated in all the knowledge and refinement Rome could give them. If we had to lament the loss of the late Mr. C. H. Hartshorne, the Institute enjoyed the services of his hardly less distinguished son, Mr. Albert Hartshorne, "claro patre dignus," at Tewkesbury—that majestic church, so wondrously

like its sister abbey of Gloucester in the low columns and lofty clerestory of the choir, and the inordinately tall and huge cylinders of the nave, reducing the clerestory to a minimum and "almost shouldering the triforium out of being," that we cannot resist the conclusion that they must have been in building at the same time and under the same influence. The only thing to be desired here (besides the absence of drenching thunder showers) was that Mr. Hartshorne, after the manner of Professor Willis, wisely adopted by Professor Middleton in his description of the Cathedral, should have supplemented his lecture by a perambulation of the church, calling attention to the several points of which he had already spoken.

The great feature, however, of the meeting, which had no parallel thirty years back, and which of itself is sufficient to stamp on it an enduring character, was the walk round Roman Gloucester, with the brilliant oral lecture—"He was a busy man," he said, "and had no time to prepare a paper"—of Mr. John Bellows, the Quaker printer of Gloucester, whose capital little *French and English Dictionary for the Pocket* is a model of compactness and correctness. The same lucidity and completeness characterized his remarks on the buried Roman city, which, as he walked from place to place, he raised from its grave and made instinct with life. The fragments of the rubbish heap so opportunely discovered just outside his printing-office, in the cellars of which a fine length of the Roman wall has been unearthed, to the uninstructed eye mere bits of bone and broken pottery, when cleaned, arranged, and classified, one bit elucidating another, furnished him with materials for reproducing the domestic life of the Romans in vivid fashion. Mr. Bellows's description of his discovery, embedded in a lump of clay, of the boiled egg with the yolk running down the side, the pot it was boiled in, and the spoon to eat it with, will not easily be forgotten.

Though Roman Gloucester claimed the chief attention of the archæologists, mediæval Gloucester was not neglected. The ancient churches—not many, nor of any surpassing interest—were visited, together with the picturesque half-timbered houses, some with richly carved barge-boards, which line the streets; and the "New Inn," with its open galleries, to which Sir John Dorrington had called attention, built by John Twyning, a monk of the abbey somewhere in the first half of the fifteenth century, to accommodate the pilgrims to the shrine of that very strange saint, Edward II., to whose "cultus" the choir and transepts owe their marvellous network of tracery and their groined roofs, was viewed with much interest. Nor were the two friaries overlooked. Of the Grey Friars only the church remains, now converted partly into a warehouse and partly into dwelling-houses, once a fine Perpendicular building with a nave and north aisle of equal height. At the Black Friars the remains are much more extensive, including the church—here, also, converted into a dwelling-house—and the cloister court, with large portions of the conventual buildings—the refectory, with a fine triplet at the south end, and finely moulded doorway and remains of the lavatory, abnormally placed on the west side, and what has been thought to be the dormitory on the south side, but which from a survey taken at the Dissolution appears to have been the library, and on the east side, its proper place, a small fragment of the true dormitory, adjoining the church, with the entrance to the chapter-house below. It is a most curious building and demands fuller examination.

The excursions were many and varied. The Saxon church at Deerhurst, with the recently discovered Odda's chapel, to which, and not, as was formerly supposed, to the church, the famous dated inscription of dedication preserved in the Ashmolean museum refers, reached by a somewhat tedious voyage up the Severn, formed an excellent "ante-past" to Tewkesbury on the Wednesday. On Friday the Cotswolds were surmounted in drenching rain to descend upon the long grey-stone little town of Winchcombe, with the memories of its destroyed abbey, once, it is said, a rival to Gloucester, and its late but stately church, where the Puritan arrangement of the chancel, with a table in the centre and seats with rails round the three sides still existing at Deerhurst, has recently, unhappily, given place to the more usual, but far less interesting, altar rails. Then some of the party, careless of the deep, wet grass, trudged through fields to the Roman villa at Spoonley, while the more cautious inspected the marvellous museum of curiosities at the restored castle of Sudeley, with its memories of Katherine Parr, who died here in child-bed after a short period of wedded happiness, and the beautiful monument erected by the late Mr. Dent to her, in the richly furnished chapel raised by him from its ruins. When we add that other excursions took the archæologists to the Roman villas of Woodchester and Chedworth, to the churches of Northleach, Withington, and Painswick, Berkeley Castle and church, and to the Abbots manor-house at Prinknash, with its chapel restored not only to beauty but to regular use by Mr. Dyer Edwards, and its magnificent view of the vale of Gloucester, with the cathedral tower, "a pharos to all parts about," as Leland says, rising in the middle, it will be allowed that, though necessarily much that was worth seeing was left unseen, an honest, and not altogether unsuccessful attempt was made to embrace as many and as varied objects of antiquarian interest in the county of Gloucester as the time allowed.

INDIAN FINANCE.

LITTLE fault can be found with those members of Parliament who consider it possible to spend an autumn evening more agreeably than in listening to Sir John Gorst's annual exposition of the finances of India, and the remarkably foolish and irrelevant criticisms which that exposition invariably provokes. On the other hand, Mr. Bradlaugh and his associates are right in asserting their determination to understand the subject, and in denouncing any arrangements of the Government or the India Office which they imagine to be hostile to this virtuous resolve. Nor, it must be admitted, are the Indian finances, except in the most summary and simplified outline, altogether easy to understand. The Government of India, it has often been observed, besides being a great tax-gatherer, is one of the greatest landlords in the world, one of the greatest manufacturers, a great exporter and importer, a great money-lender, a great banker, and an enormous speculator in industrial undertakings. As it is obliged to show the results of all these diverse operations, as they affect itself and the Provincial Governments, who share its profit and loss, in a rough balance-sheet, the effect is apt to be bewildering to an untutored eye; and Mr. Bradlaugh's impatience at the short time allowed to him for mastering the accounts is sufficiently intelligible. None the less, Englishmen who aspire to political life ought to understand the financial position of the Indian Government, for experience has shown that it is not impossible for Parliamentary partisanship to take advantage of the generally prevailing ignorance for tactical purposes, and that, thanks to the rashness which ignorance engenders, measures vitally affecting the interests of India may be discussed without any of the disputants in the least understanding the real position of the case. The "Explanatory Memorandum," with which it has now become the fashion to supplement the Secretary of State's statement in Parliament, offers great facilities for an intelligent survey of the whole position; and we propose to draw attention to some of the main facts which it establishes, but which, until they are disentangled from their complicated surroundings, are apt to be overlooked or misunderstood. We shall make use throughout of the symbol Rx., which has been adopted by the Indian Government, with a view to increased lucidity, to denote a group of ten rupees, and which bears the same relation to 1*l.* as a rupee does to two shillings.

The first point to be noticed is the extraordinary strength of the financial position of the Indian Government as regards its capital account. The Secretary of State submits yearly a statement of assets and liabilities, precisely such as would be prepared for a trading or industrial Company, showing on the one hand the indebtedness of the Government, on the other its principal productive assets—namely, railways, canals, and loans at interest to native States and public bodies. The following is a summary of the statement, in round numbers, as it stood on March 31, 1890; rupee and pound sterling are shown in separate columns:—

Assets (in millions).	Rx.	£	Liabilities (in millions).	Rx.	£
Railways	$65\frac{3}{4}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	Debt	117	98
Canals.....	27				
Loans	8				
Cash balance	$14\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Deduct assets.....	$115\frac{1}{4}$	$61\frac{1}{4}$
	$115\frac{1}{4}$	$61\frac{1}{4}$	Uncovered debt...	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$36\frac{3}{4}$

In other words, the whole of the national debt is covered, except $1\frac{3}{4}$ millions of Rx. and $36\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. For all the rest the Government has solid assets of the most valuable character to show—public works, which already earn a handsome dividend on their capital outlay, and are, and will be, an ever-increasing source of profit, alike to the Government and the inhabitants of the country. Moreover, as regards that portion of the rupee debt which is not represented by railways and irrigation, it may be said during the current year to have disappeared; the interest entry, instead of being a payment which Government has to make, is a payment which Government has to receive. "The singular and interesting fact which this statement reveals," observes the Financial Minister, in his Budget speech of April last, "is that there is now an actual net receipt on account of the ordinary rupee debt. In other words, the interest on the investments held on account of Government and on the advances made to public bodies and others by Government, exceeds the interest payable on that portion of the rupee debt which is not actually represented by railways and irrigation works."

The real indebtedness of India, accordingly, is represented by the uncovered balance, $36\frac{3}{4}$ millions, of its sterling debt—a sum much less than one year's net revenue, and against which, if the case for the Government were to be fairly stated, might be set all the public buildings, roads, jails, telegraphs, churches, hospitals, forts and other military works, which have been called into existence within the last fifty years, all of which are national property, but of which no account is taken in the official balance-sheet. Against it, too, must be set the cost of suppressing the Mutiny, and a century of order within, and immunity from violence from without, such as India had never known before, and of which she is making such excellent use in the development of her resources and the accumulation of wealth. Whatever other accusation may be brought against the British Raj, it cannot, at any rate, be denied that the administrators of the country have managed its finances with prudence and success, and that the

loans, which India now raises on such easy terms, have been wisely and profitably employed.

Another topic worthy of attention is the incidence of taxation. No matter requires to be more sedulously watched, for the general level of an Eastern population is very low, and a slight tightening of the tax-gatherer's screw might cause widespread distress. The Indian Government never loses sight of this fact for an instant. The official statistics attest its care; for we find that the aggregate taxation, apart from land-revenue—which is of the nature of a rent—falls at the average rate of 1 rupee 2 annas 2 pies per head of the population, and that, even if land revenue be included, the incidence is only 2rs. 4a. per head—not an extravagant charge, surely, for an administration as effective and as conducive to the accumulation of wealth as that which now prevails in every portion of British India.

Coming to a less agreeable subject, we find in the Memorandum and Sir John Gorst's speech ample evidence of the excessive uncertainty which besets Indian finance, and which, as Indian financiers have so often complained, renders their position, at the best of times, one of extreme anxiety. Each of the three years with which the Memorandum deals utterly upsets all calculations that had been formed about it. The year 1888-9 started with a deficit of three-quarters of a million, which transformed itself into a surplus before its account has closed. The year 1889-90 began with a surplus of Rx. 106,000. By August this had grown to more than half a million; in the revised estimate at the close of the year the surplus was taken at Rx. 1,809,000, and we now find that the real surplus proves to be Rx. 3,600,000, and can be reduced to the more modest figure of Rx. 2,600,000 only by the ingenious expedient of spiriting away some Rx. 900,000 by postponing the payment of Rx. 490,000 due to the Imperial from the Local Governments, and devoting almost as large a sum to the reduction of debt under the heading of "Famine Relief and Insurance." Even this does not show the whole of the improvement, for Sir John Gorst tells us that besides the Rx. 3,600,000 by which Imperial revenue improved, the Local Governments were better by three-quarters of a million, so that the entire gain during the year was 4½ millions.

The present year, however, has exhibited the most startling vicissitudes of all. It began gloomily with a small balance of Rx. 270,000. It went on worse, for opium and railways disappointed expectations, and, but for the lucky accident of the rehabilitation of silver, the financial position would be worse by half a million than the framers of the Budget expected. The rise of silver, however, has carried all before it, has swept away the deficit and left the Government, as matters now stand, or rather as they stood last week, with a probable balance of nearly two millions. If exchange continues at an average of 1*s.* 7*d.* to the close of the year the result will be achieved; if it rises 1*d.* above that ratio the Government will be richer by nearly a million. If it reaches, as now seems not inconceivable, a ratio of 1*s.* 9*d.*, there will be another million. If it falls—and a fall cannot be said to be beyond the range of possibility—there will be a corresponding loss. With every pulse of the New York money market the hopes of Indian financiers rise and sink. The Indian Exchequer is at the mercy of the American silver ring. So long as they can keep up the "boom," all is well at Calcutta. If and when they collapse, the dark day of deficit will dawn. Nor is silver the only ground of uncertainty, for opium is a variable crop, the opium market is capricious, and the receipts of any year are difficult to predict. In 1889-90 opium was better than the estimates by a million; in 1890 it is expected to be worse by about the same amount. It remains, moreover, to be seen what effect the rise in silver will have on the Indian export trade and the railway earnings. The loss in this last respect already amounts to Rx. 300,000, and it may easily become much more. In the background always is looming the dreadful possibility of famine and the scarcely less dreadful possibility of war. This latter contingency is less likely now than it was five years ago; for the North-West Frontier bristles with armaments, Quetta is well-nigh impregnable, and, now that the Khojak is pierced, we have a firm grip on Candahar. But, with all these elements of uncertainty, no sane person, we imagine, can fail to see that the moment for remission of taxation has not arrived, and that, grateful as such measures are to a benevolent Administration, the Government of India must for the present hold its hand, and apply the windfall which Fortune has sent to the safe though inglorious process of storing up a reserve fund against the day of trouble, when expenditure will be inevitable and money difficult to find.

PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.

THE holiday season is the most appropriate time to call attention to the cruel, wasteful, and injurious destruction of sea-birds by tourists and amateur sportsmen at and near our seaside resorts, and to obtain sympathetic support to the efforts which are being made to put a stop to it. The details of the shameful butcheries which take place every year at the breeding places of sea-gulls on the Yorkshire coast and elsewhere have been so often told that it is unnecessary to repeat them here; but the need and the means for putting an end to them cannot be too often repeated, especially as destruction is chiefly the work of inland dwellers and casual visitors to the seaside, who are ignorant of the habits and uses of the beautiful birds they persecute. There is the more reason for calling attention to the subject just now, as a new agent for securing their protection has been found in the County Councils, one of which has recently exercised its functions in this direction. The object of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, when they were passed, was to prevent the destruction of certain birds (nearly all our wild birds, except birds of prey, the crow tribe, and the sparrow) during the breeding season, when they are not fit for food, and are most easily shot or taken; and it was thought that this object would be attained by making the close time extend from March 1st to August 1st. But, in case this period proved insufficient, powers were given to the Home Secretary, on the recommendation of the county magistrates, to extend the period by an Order in Council. Thus it is obvious that the Acts are sufficiently elastic for the protection of all useful or ornamental birds, and successive Home Secretaries have extended the close time in many parts of the country. These extensions have chiefly referred to the period of the shooting or taking of wildfowl; but in the Isle of Man sea-birds have been protected all the year round, much to the satisfaction of the fishermen and other inhabitants. With such examples before us, it ought not to be difficult to obtain Orders in Council for the protection of sea-birds on other parts of our coasts; but hitherto it has been found difficult to interest the county magistrates in such matters or to bring any pressure to bear on them, and we may fairly hope that the County Councils, to whom this duty appears to have been transferred, may prove more amenable to the wishes and petitions of their constituents. The County Council for Middlesex has recently obtained, through the Home Secretary, an Order in Council to extend the close time for all protected birds for two additional months—namely, February and August; and in this county the close time for wild birds now corresponds with the close time for partridges under the Game Laws. It was stated at the recent annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that this extension of the close season was obtained by the influence of Lord Salisbury; so that bird lovers and protectors have sympathetic local authorities in the new County Councils, and also a friend at court in the person of the Prime Minister. The county of Middlesex, in which district much destruction of bird-life is caused by the London bird-catchers, deserves much credit for setting the example; and if that example (of including February and August in the close time for birds) were adopted by other local authorities throughout the country, bird-protectors would have little grounds left for complaints. We have already advocated this extension of the Acts in these columns for the reason that many birds begin to pair in February, which makes them an easy prey to the bird-catchers, and because at this time of the year the stock is at its lowest from the natural destruction of the preceding winter months. On the other hand, in August many birds have not completed their nesting and got off their young. This is especially the case with sea-fowl which are late breeders, and the period is still further postponed by the taking of the earlier eggs for food by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the breeding places.

It will probably be many years before public opinion in the rest of our islands will be abreast of that of the fishermen of the Isle of Man, and our sea-birds will be protected all the year round. When it is, it will be desirable to add many other birds to the list, such as the swallow, nightingale, and cuckoo, and the rest of our insect-eating migratory birds. It is difficult, indeed, to understand why some of our favourite native birds, such as the robin and hedge-sparrow, which are perfectly harmless to the farmer and gardener, and are not used for food in this country, should be exposed to destruction at any part of the year. The inane fashion of wearing birds'-skins for ornament has nearly died out, and the occupation of the Societies for putting it down by moral suasion has gone; but the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which concerns itself with the more practical duties of enforcing the law, will be increased very materially by the new departure, and the Society deserves, and should receive, the support and assistance of all serious bird-preservers. It is most desirable that the London bird-catchers should be made acquainted with the extension of the close time in Middlesex through the coming month of August; but the anomalous condition that while they may not invade the northern suburbs with their nests and traps, and yet may go with impunity to the woods and commons of Kent and Surrey on the side of the river, which indeed are their chief hunting-grounds for young birds, should not be allowed to continue, and we trust that the inhabitants and County Councils of these and the other home counties will lose no time in following the lead of those of the county of Middlesex. The County Council of London, with such a distinguished naturalist as Sir John Lubbock as its Chairman, might fairly be expected to take the extreme step of obtaining entire protection all the year round for all birds within its boundaries, including the sparrow and wood-pigeon, which are such popular favourites in the parks, but which are not included in the schedule of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

IN spite of the outrageous course adopted a few years ago in lopping off five batteries of Horse Artillery, the increased necessity for the support of field guns owing to the great development that has taken place in modern fire is steadily forcing itself on public attention. The more that has been said and written about the effect of the new smokeless powder on the Continent and the introduction of the magazine rifle, the greater seems the tendency to attach value to artillery fire. This appears but natural. Artillery is the only arm which acts by fire alone, and, therefore, every invention that has the effect of increasing the results of fire must accentuate its importance. The more destructive infantry fire becomes the more hopeless will it be for infantry to attempt to carry a position in its teeth, and, however devoted the assault, an opponent unshaken by artillery can bring such an annihilating fire to bear that the advance must eventually be checked at a point where it cannot any longer proceed without assistance. So far, therefore, from the improvement in the foot soldier's equipment rendering him independent of the guns, it will have a precisely opposite effect, and in the future they will be more indispensable to success than ever. It is a matter, therefore, for congratulation that great attention is now being paid to the subject of artillery practice, and that the essential qualifications of a battery are coming in for the notice they deserve. Ten years ago if an inspecting officer found the parade appearance satisfactory, if movements were executed smartly and with precision, and appointments were clean and well put on, few questions were asked as to the performances of the guns at the butts. Many smart officers even looked on their armament as rather an encumbrance than otherwise, and "but for these vile guns," some reflected with sorrow, there would be little to distinguish Horse Artillery from cavalry. Practice reports are nowadays treated with more respect, and the capacity to hit is felt to be the true measure of a battery's worth. More it is true remains to be done even now. Still greater stress should be laid on the value of good shooting and greater credit given for excellent performances at the ranges. The ideal state of things will be arrived at when batteries are inspected at practice, and when quickness in picking up the range will receive more praise than rapidity in getting off a round or in movement during drill. We must not, however, hope for too much all at once, but accept what has been given with that gratitude which springs from a lively sense of favours to come. An instance of the new notions that prevail is evinced in a recent order, which directs that for the future captains of Artillery must pass an examination in range-finding, in addition to the other subjects they have to master before they are considered qualified for promotion.

This is an excellent regulation, in so far as it emphasizes the importance of range-finding, and compels officers to pay attention to it. Whether, however, it will be of any practical value, or bear fruit in better performances in this branch of artillery science in the field, is a matter on which there will be much divergence of opinion. When the average officer is compelled to qualify in any more or less scientific branch of his profession, he probably takes the subject up in a somewhat perfunctory manner for a few weeks, attains a certain superficial proficiency which enables him to cope with the examination, and then puts it aside, and thinks no more of it till perhaps some day in the course of his service he finds himself again obliged to look it up. If in this way he one day wishes to takes a range, he usually would be almost as unskilful as an absolute novice, and the results he would arrive at would be frequently misleading and therefore worse than useless. It is this very method of teaching the use of the range-finder and cast-iron system of utilizing it that has raised a prejudice against the instrument, and caused the results obtained by its aid to be so often disappointing. The majority of practical men prefer to range their guns without its assistance, and contend that they can do so, by a system of trial shots, more accurately and more rapidly. The Germans altogether disbelieve in it, and so do the majority of Continental nations. Yet those who have studied its use, and are accustomed to handle it daily, will seldom make any important errors, and will in a few minutes accurately determine the distances of any prominent objects in view.

The reason of this discrepancy in results obtained is not far to seek. The range-finder is an instrument which easily gets out of adjustment, and requires great knowledge and practice from him who would handle it with success. Unless a man have it in his hand almost daily, he will not possess the delicacy of touch or clearness of vision which is essential, and will miss those niceties which make the difference between incapacity and efficiency. A regulation may declare that every man must know how to find a range, but cannot prevent nine-tenths of mankind from doing so incorrectly. It can no more enact that officers shall find ranges with accuracy than it can make them play billiards or racquets as they ought to be played, even though it may compel them to learn the rules of the game. The necessary sharpness of eyesight is not given to every man, nor the idiosyncracy that causes him to turn his whole attention to the matter. It has been recognized that it is better in place of trying to make every sergeant in charge of a gun responsible for its laying, to put only those to that important duty who have evinced natural talent for the task. The French, who have special men told off as *pointeurs*, have set us a good example here, and we have at length adopted their system. Now, if specialists are desirable for this purpose, they are ten times more desirable for range-finding. Indeed, it is not too much to say that none except experts can really be relied upon to find ranges quickly, and at the same time accurately, in the field. It is a different matter in cases where time is not a factor in the problem. A man may then have opportunity to fumble and make mistakes, and correct or verify his previous results. Thus the ranges of objects near fortresses or field-works, or defensive positions occupied for some time, can easily enough be determined; but so could they be in many cases without range-finders at all. The real value of such an instrument is to pick up the distance of a hostile force approaching you on the field of battle, when minutes are precious, when the light is perhaps none of the best, and when smoke threatens every moment to obscure vision. At such times range-finding becomes elevated to the position of a fine art, demanding the utmost nicety, and considerable judgment and resource. No one will then give trustworthy information who is not an enthusiast at his work, and who has not studied it with the attention and patience of an expert; and no one, therefore, should be selected at haphazard for the task. In a similar manner, no general would take the first officer he came across to sketch the ground he means to-morrow to fight on, although every officer will have obtained a certificate in the requisite knowledge, and will theoretically be qualified for the duty. There will always be a certain number of men of special proficiency with every force to perform such work, or it will become the business of the staff to see that they are forthcoming; and such men, happy combinations of artist and soldier, will supply with little effort such intelligible and instructive sketches as could never be hoped for from the perfunctory efforts of less gifted comrades. A man who finds ranges well will, in nine cases out of ten, have made the subject his hobby, will think of little else, and will usually also be possessed of some special physical advantages. Such men should be noted and kept for nothing but this duty; and care taken that with every body of troops detached on service a certain number should be posted. But to make every artillery officer a range-finder is as impossible as to make him a poet. Range-finding in these days of quick firing and machine guns will doubtless play an important part in artillery matters; but there are other points which must also claim attention. The observation of the results of fire is always extremely difficult, and requires a practised eye. The same men should be constantly utilized for this duty, and one of them told off to assist the commanding officer when the guns are in action, just as a practised signalman on board a man-of-war can often help the captain to read signals which he himself can hardly see. The importance of laying is obvious, and the advantage of employing specialists has here, as we have said already, been recognized; but the necessity for fire discipline, and the complete control of the fire of a battery in the hands of its commanding officer, has not yet been sufficiently insisted on.

Before, too, we can hope for really great achievement from our gunners we must manage to give them better fuzes, and to improve the manufacture of their ammunition. A country which boasts of its mechanical proficiency should not be baffled by problems such as these, which can be solved by the skill of the mechanic; yet hitherto we have certainly not succeeded in equipping our artillery as efficiently as we should. It is becoming a question, also, whether it will not in future be best to lay the guns by means of clinometers. In the course of an engagement the line of hostile guns which usually forms the objective soon becomes obscured by smoke, and laying by means of sight is often but a farce. When the range has previously been determined, much could be done against such a broad target by means of the clinometer, and greater uniformity in giving the required elevation would moreover be arrived at. We have in a previous article referred to the disappointing results obtained from the 12-pr.-Shrapnel, and raised the question as to whether the extremely high velocity we strive for in our field-guns is worth the candle. Such are some of the salient points that demand attention, and render the artillery problem a complicated one; but the mere fact of this frequent discussion is a healthy sign, and holds out promises of future improvement.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

Dr. Juenemann has compounded a fluid which, in his opinion, is destined entirely to revolutionize modern warfare, and put a stop to the horrible carnage with which wars are at present inevitably conducted. His plan is to burst a shell containing this fluid, which, on liberation, is converted into a gas, under the effect of which every living being within a considerable space becomes unconscious, and remains so for two or three hours.—*Daily Paper.*

I.

NEAR the nineteenth century's closing
(All the world in peace reposing)
Suddenly the rumour ran,
"War's grim horrors, felt too often,
Good Juenemann will soften"
(Please pronounce "You-any-man").

"Now he's made the thing a study
War will cease from being bloody,
And will only cause a smell.
Blessings, then, on modern science
And its last humane appliance,
The Narcotic Vapour Shell.

"Boom of gun and rifle's rattle
Shall no more be heard in battle
Once the Doctor's shell has burst;
All the interest will be focussed
On the question who are hocussed
By their adversaries first.

"Softly these will sink to slumber,
While their weapons, useless lumber,
At their feet abandoned lie,
Which secured and piled, the others
Will approach their sleeping brothers,
And restoratives apply.

"'Waken, brethren, foes no longer,'
Stronger thus, and ever stronger,
Will arise the friendly shout.
'Ended ere we'd well begun it,
Is the fight; our shell has won it;
Now be yours the shelling out.'

"Blessings, then, on modern science
For its last humane appliance,
And on him who framed the plan.
War's no more a brutal *battue*."
So they raised a stately statue
To the good Juenemann.

II.

Years rolled on and times grew milder,
All the primitive and wilder
Human passions sank to rest;
And the public admiration
For the Doctor's innovation
Was less heartily expressed.

Men began to view with coldness
One who with such callous boldness
Could an army drug by stealth,
Careless, his designs pursuing,
How much harm he might be doing
To that army's future health.

"How could he," in accents fretful
Murmured they, "be thus forgetful,
Wrapped in his unscrupulous art,
That the rifle or the sabre
May be borne by men who labour
With affections of the heart?

"Some perchance may not recover,
All of them are bound to suffer
In the body or the mind,
More or less, from that reaction
Which narcotic stupefaction
Almost always leaves behind."

So the local papers trounced him,
Crowds assembled and denounced him,
Till they made their victim flinch,
Smashed his windows, broke his image,
Mobbed him in an ugly scrimmage,
Threatened him with Justice Lynch.

Then the conscience-stricken Doctor,
Doubtful whether to be shocked or
Furious at his altered plight,
Making but a weak contention
For his devilish invention,
Gave it up and took to flight.

Fled beyond his country's border,
Entered a monastic order
For his life's remaining span;
And, from all his fellows parted,
Lingered on, a broken-hearted,
Penitent Juenemann.

REVIEWS.

THE EARLY BIOGRAPHERS OF DANTE.*

IT is pleasant to find that an endowment answers its purpose. Certainly Dr. Barlow's foundation of a lectureship on Dante has succeeded admirably in inducing Dr. Moore to put together the results of his long study of Dante, and to enrich English literature with the fruits of ripe scholarship. The little volume before us contains a criticism of the materials for Dante's life, so far as they are embodied in the biographies which are referred to as the earliest authorities. The English reader who wishes to form his own opinion on the matter has all available information put before him in an intelligible shape. Most books that originate in lectures suffer from the fragmentary mode of treatment and the false proportion which arise from the limits of time to which a lecturer is subject. But these defects are not obvious in Dr. Moore's volume, and the need of being clear has saved him from running into small details of tempting criticism. He has contented himself with a plain and straightforward account of Dante's biographers, and has discussed their claims to credibility.

Dr. Moore has the humility of a scholar, and does not profess that his book contains much that is original. It may be true that some one or another has said somewhere or another most of the things which Dr. Moore has said. But as a critical survey of the whole mass of materials Dr. Moore's volume certainly fills a vacant space in Dante literature, and has the advantage of being free from prepossessions. It is entirely free from the desire to make a reputation by destroying the reputation of others; and it does not aim at producing a false appearance of originality by an ingenious use of purely destructive criticism. Dr. Moore is quite content to accept Boccaccio as a witness of the highest order, and has submitted to careful examination the two books which bear Boccaccio's name, the *Vita* and the *Compendio*. The most valuable and most novel part of Dr. Moore's book is his discussion of the relation between these two works. His conclusion is that the *Vita* only was written by Boccaccio himself, and that the *Compendio* was an abbreviation made by some later hand. His reasons for this conclusion appear to us to be convincing, and they rest upon homely common sense, frequently enlivened by humour. The following remark, for instance, is excellent: "If abbreviation were the motive, it surely does not follow, when any document—a sermon, for instance, or a lecture—is too long, that the only person conscious of this, or desiring to curtail it, is the author himself."

After vindicating for Boccaccio's *Vita* its true position, Dr. Moore vindicates its author from the attack of some modern critics who declare that Boccaccio has "written a poem or a romance, not a history." It is surely a very superficial view of Boccaccio, and indicates an entire ignorance of his time, to see in him only the author of the *Decameron*. Certainly Boccaccio's contemporaries did not regard him as a mere novelist; nor is there any reason for supposing that because a man could write stories he wrote everything else in a story-telling vein. Dr. Moore might have strengthened his argument by reference to Boccaccio's letters, and by noticing the apologetic language in which Boccaccio in later life spoke of the work which has made him famous. The *Decameron* was, in truth, merely an episode in Boccaccio's literary career. It is surprising to note how many men are known to fame by the productions which they themselves thought least of.

It is needless to follow Dr. Moore through his criticisms of Villani, Leonardo Bruni, Manetti, and Filelfo. In every case he considers their relation to Boccaccio and the materials which they could command. Boccaccio is the only writer who can claim to speak with the authority of one who had spoken with those who had talked with Dante. The others only corrected his details or gleaned subsequent traditions. The most interesting part of Dr. Moore's book to the majority of his readers will doubtless be the chapter in which he sums up the "Characteristics of Dante" that may be gathered from his early biographers. Boccaccio's description of his appearance corresponds exactly with the death-mask. A slow and dignified gait, a grave and thoughtful expression, a punctilious neatness in dress, taciturnity, broken only by keen retorts, are characteristics ascribed to him by all writers. But the qualities of his heart and soul are to be found in Dante's own writings, and the records of the biographers only contain judgments drawn from their own reading of what Dante wrote. Boccaccio's statement that Dante was "alto e disdegnoso molto" has passed into a commonplace; and perhaps Dr. Moore has taken overmuch pains to determine the limits within which this judgment is to be accepted. The quality which Boccaccio is describing is that which Aristotle described long ago, μεγάλων ἀξιῶν ἑαυτὸν ἄξιος ὤν. It is a quality especially abhorrent from the English temperament, in which a sense of duty is accompanied by personal reserve which excludes an artistic view of individual life and its relations to its surroundings. But it was this view of the individual life which prevailed in Italy and rendered possible the movement of the Renaissance. Dante was in this, as in other things, a precursor of a new age; he analysed his position towards the world, and expressed the results of his analysis in a consciousness of personal worth. The moral value of such a consciousness will differ with individuals. It is not in itself exclusive of humility, which arises from an estimate of self, not in relation to the actual world, but in relation to our ideal. It may degenerate into insolence, as it did in many of the Italian princes of the fifteenth century; or it may become a form of literary affectation, as it did in many of the Elizabethan sonneteers who assured their mistresses of immortality in their now forgotten verses. But in the case of Dante it was merely the expression of confidence that he had risen above the fleeting forms of transitory things to a grasp upon eternal principles, that he was not at the mercy of current ideas or vulgar ambitions, but pursued a fixed purpose and was master of himself. To him had come the message:—"Te sopra te corono e mitrio;" he was his own priest and king.

We need not follow Dr. Moore into other questions relating to Dante's personal character. We agree with him that Boccaccio's charge of licentiousness may have arisen from a too literal interpretation of Dante's feelings of humiliation before Beatrice in the thirtieth canto of the *Purgatorio*. Dante admits, and it is an

* *Dante and his Early Biographers.* By Edward Moore, D.D. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

important part of the record of his soul's pilgrimage, that there was a period of his life in which the ideal of youth was obscured by the temptations of the world. But Dante's language expresses inward feeling rather than outward fact, and is not to be taken literally. However valuable Dante's biographers may be, they must be interpreted by our conception of Dante himself as gathered from his own lips. He does not attempt to conceal his own failings, but tells us of the growth of a character which is real and consistent.

One source of interest which attaches to any piece of critical work is the light that it throws on criticism in general. Dr. Moore is fully conscious how much he has gained from the study of the existing materials of Dante's life. He says, with truth and cogency:—

> We may, indeed, feel thankful that the comparatively recent date of Dante, and his connection with some stubbornly attested historical facts, has hitherto saved the poet himself from being evaporated into a myth (as has sometimes been the fate of Beatrice Portinari, who is not similarly protected by history): otherwise we can scarcely doubt that the perverse ingenuity of modern, and especially German, criticism would have disposed of him long ago.

He points out that not a line of Dante's handwriting exists; that his name *Dante*, or *Durante*, means *the giver*, or *the much-enduring*, and *Alighieri* means *the winged one*. His poem contains many small inconsistencies and anachronisms; there are many unexpected omissions of events and persons. There are also differences in language in different cantos of the work. There is an ample field for criticism to assert that Dante never existed, and that his poem was the production of many hands. We are only saved from controversy on the point by the accident that Dante lived in a city which enjoyed the dubious advantage of a constitution which provided perilous employment for all its chief citizens. Unhappily for Dante, and, it may be added, for his possible critics, he was Prior of Florence, and was involved in practical politics, which have their record elsewhere than in his poems. But it is worth while reflecting on the ways of criticism in spinning its web round victims who did not happen to combine literature with politics. For a proper appreciation of the value of the critical method, it is necessary to collect negative instances, and consider what might have been done but for untoward circumstances.

On one point we do not find ourselves in agreement with Dr. Moore. He quotes Dante's description of his change from earth to heaven—"from human to divine, from time to eternity, from Florence to a people just and sane"—as an instance of a satirical climax for which he finds a parallel in Heine. The passage seems rather to be an example of the intense personality of Dante, which gives reality to the whole of the *Divina Commedia*. The book does not deal with man in the abstract, but centres round the individual Dante, who carries with him into the unseen world his own life and character, with its loves and hates, its personal and political aspirations; in fact, all its actual surroundings. To him Florence was the particular instance of "things human" which he had left, and it was no stroke of literary art, but the simple expression of the actual fact, which led to the seemingly abrupt contrast of his new and his old surroundings.

Once only do we find Dr. Moore slipping. On p. 89 he places at Ravenna, and on p. 127 at Verona, the story of the two old women who saw in Dante's crisped beard and dark colour the signs of the smoke of the infernal regions which he had visited.

NOVELS.*

THERE is a promise of fun in the very title of *The Man with a Secret*, Mr. Fergus Hume's latest production. It would seem to be a very subtle and well-timed skit upon the extravagant and ludicrous "Penny Dreadful" class of novel which—in the present decadent state of literary taste—is disputing the palm with the "barbaric" style of romance. Mr. Hume has handled his travesty with so light a touch that it is highly probable that at least one reader in ten will be caught in the booby-trap which has been waggishly set for him, and will solemnly plod through the three volumes of this light-hearted extravaganza under the impression that he is reading a seriously written novel. The most elementary humourist cannot fail to perceive, however, as soon as he has read a few pages, that the "man with a secret" is the author himself—and that the secret in question is simply that the apparently gruesome tale is really only a wild boyish freak on the part of Mr. Fergus Hume. In his satirical vein he selects for his *dramatis personæ* all the characters with which sensational miscellanies have made us familiar. He gives us the beautiful-natured self-sacrificing girl—a lively caricature, of course, of the delightful heroines of some of Mr. Besant's novels who have for years been humbly copied in penny weeklies—who bends forward in a graceful "poise," and who refuses—in Gilbertian mock heroics—to release the young hero from his engagement to her as soon as she discovers he is heir to a large property. He describes the hero with a "tall, lithe figure," "decidedly handsome, with an olive complexion," &c. He grotesquely presents to us the impossibly extravagant imitation of a Dickens character—with which the hack-writer frequently endeavours ineffectually to enliven his stories—whom he calls Miss Cassandra Challoner, or "Miss Cassy," whom he first introduces with a tea-cosy on her head, and otherwise makes duly unnatural and tedious. He has also the mysterious Wilkie Collins nurse—"in a slate-coloured dress, with an expressionless white face, and smooth black hair drawn back over her finely-shaped head . . . a strangely mournful face it was, as if the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen across it, and would never be lifted"—who, naturally, in a burlesque novel, turns out to have been seduced by the villain, and to be by him the mother of the hero, and so forth, and who is happily named Patience Allerby. There is the muscular Christian rector, who freely quotes from Valpy's Delectus "*Eheu fugaces!*" "You can hardly call him '*integer vitæ*,'" "*Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ*," and similar classical platitudes by the yard; the patient blind girl who plays the organ in church; the good-hearted but weak-minded doctor with a tendency to drink, who, against his will, assists the villain; and, finally, the villain himself, with an everlasting cigarette. "It was a curious face upon which shone the red sunlight, being long and narrow, with lantern jaws, and a thin, hawk-like nose. Threadlike black eyebrows in a straight line above piercing dark eyes, and a scanty black moustache twisted jauntily at the ends over tightly-closed lips. Curly hair, the colour of ebony, worn longer than usual, and touched at the temples with grey, appeared from under his soft wideawake, around which was twisted a blue handkerchief with white spots. A livid cadaverous-looking face, with the haggard expression of one who had led a fast life; nevertheless, it appeared full of animation and nervous energy." All of which (with the exception of the coloured handkerchief round the hat, which is perhaps a little exaggerated) is very just and well-moderated chaff at the conventional absurdities of the "Shilling Shocker" (as it is sometimes called). We do not know why the author omits the detective (with a weakness for flowers, or birds, or mathematics) and the foreign accomplice and the mad-doctor; but we venture to hope that Mr. Hume, with a chuckle up his sleeve, is only reserving these for some future satire. He has a sly dig at the pitfalls into which the hasty writer is apt to fall in his account of a midnight drive, where he describes "tall trees on either side, some gaudy with the yellow and red of their autumnal foliage," despite the fact that the scenery is "grey and colourless under the pale light of the moon"; and also the night, "so still, so silent," although the trees are "tossing their leafless branches in the chill wind," and the "keen wind" is "whistling shrilly" in the ears of his traveller. However, we would venture to suggest that the next time Mr. Hume paints one of these fantastic caricatures he should work more with the broad brush and less with the camel's-hair pencil, for many of his minute shadings will escape the eye of the casual spectator. His villain, though, could hardly be improved on. His name is "Basil Beaumont." He is a cynic, so of course he is made to ejaculate such sounds as "Bah!" "Humph!" and "Ouf!" and also to dabble in mythology and philosophy, to speak of the "Great God Circumstance," and (more familiarly, for has he not a natural son?) of "Dan Cupid." This, really, is scarcely burlesque; it is almost an unexaggerated reproduction of a shilling novelette scoundrel. In his scenes with the woman he has wronged he naturally addresses her always in full as "Patience Allerby," and she him as "Basil Beaumont," or else as "Man—Man!" This gentleman has one delightful repartee to the blind girl:—"'I only came to tell you,' she says, 'that you will never see him again—never!' 'Neither will you,' he returned brutally. The poor girl burst into tears at the unmanly taunt." But the following paragraph, which transcends the most brilliant efforts of such masters of the art of burlesque as Mr. Burnand and Mr. Bret Harte, tells most of the plot of Mr. Hume's exuberantly satirical *escapade*. The hero, through having in his possession a certain paper and a ring, has unexpectedly come into a large fortune on the death of the Old Squire, and, being puzzled by this fact, he naturally, according to the laws of extravaganza, consults the villain:—

> "I can explain that very easily," replied Beaumont, taking some papers out of his breast coat pocket. "When I came down here a few months ago, I heard of the Squire's madness regarding his re-incarnation, and by means of a hypnotic sleep I found out from his own lips that he intended to leave all his property to a fictitious son, who was to be himself in a new body. Being under my control in the hypnotic state, he showed me where the paper and ring were hidden. I took them from their hiding-place, and filled up the paper with your name and that of Fanny Blake. I then enclosed the ring and paper in an envelope which the Squire had directed to you, re-sealed it, and, getting the keys of his desk, placed them therein, where they were found. You understand?"

Mr. Fergus Hume is evidently a very observant and pitiless

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* *The Man with a Secret.* A Novel. By Fergus Hume, Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Madame Midas," "The Piccadilly Puzzle," "Miss Mephistopheles," &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Ida: an Adventure in Morocco. By Mabel Collins. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Toxar. A Romance. By the Author of "Thoth." 1 vol. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

The Scudamores. A Novel. By F. C. Philips, Author of "As in a Looking Glass," and C. J. Wills, Author of "A Pit Town Coronet"; Joint Authors of "The Fatal Phryne" and "Sybil Ross's Marriage." 2 vols. London: Gardner & Co. 1890.

An Unwilling Wife. A Tale of the Indian Mutiny. By Alice Clifton, Author of "Claude Branca's Promise." London: Remington & Co. 1890.

Madame Leroux. By Frances Eleanor Trollope, Author of "That Unfortunate Marriage," "Black Spirits and White," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

satirist. This trenchant travesty of his should prove the death-blow to the class of novel it so closely burlesques.

There is a good deal of interesting and picturesque description in Miss Mabel Collins's *Ida*, notably that of the heroine's ride from Tangier to Tetuan, and of the Sultan's procession into that town; but the story is unpleasant. It deals with the susceptibility of a young English wife—who boasts that she is "not religious"—to the attentions of a kind of Moorish courier. Miss Collins aggravates the objection to her choice of subject by her vivid style. We trust she will soon give us an opportunity to bestow upon her work less qualified praise. By the way, why do Messrs. Ward & Downey disfigure the cover of *Ida* with such a hideous picture, representing some kind of monstrosity with a wounded head?

It is fortunate that the title-page of *Toxar* is fortified by the guarantee contained in the words "by the author of *Thoth*," or the casual reader might be scared away by the classical period and language in which the novel is written. It is a good book of its kind, and it is high praise of its author's skill to say that, with all its faults of pedantry and precision, it is a book which can be read. The prologue is ingeniously written—that is to say, although it professes to be a description by "Zenophilos, the celebrated philosopher and physician," of a somewhat ponderous conversation between himself and his pupils, it is far less tedious than one would anticipate. The two following chapters—that is to say, the first two chapters of the book—are really excellent. The description of the desecration of the tomb of the founder of the city by Antinous—who is a kind of B.C. Guy Livingstone—and of the manner in which he shifts the blame of the act upon the "chief ruler" his enemy—much as the A.D. Guy Livingstone would have done—is as good as possible and deserving of all praise; but afterwards, as soon as the author has introduced a certain unhumorous slave, who is described, and who describes himself *ad nauseam*, as the "Man of Means," the author becomes apparently hypnotized by Mr. Rider Haggard, whom we prefer in himself and original. The two final chapters and the needless epilogue (an outcome of the oppressive sense of neatness and balance to which we previously made allusion) are the weakest part of the book, as the opening chapters are the best.

When an amateur author presents to the public a "first attempt" which is flimsy, spun-out, and commonplace, one is inclined to "discharge him with a caution." But the case is altered when the work in question is produced by such experienced and skilful craftsmen as Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. C. J. Wills. In the first volume of *The Scudamores* they show workmanship in the manner in which they manipulate the trivial material out of which they have elected to make their story. But, having displayed this small exhibition of dexterity for the sake of their reputation, they vamp the rest of their work with masses of padding. Chapters which have apparently no bearing whatever on the plot are forced in in order to swell a novelette into a novel. A character—absolutely purposeless as far as the story is concerned—is introduced, for instance; a Mr. Woffles, an impossible actor, clean-shaved, with a mysterious purple-black moustache, and a curly chestnut wig:—

> He had on a brown velvet coat, a coloured vest, a huge watch-chain of mosaic gold, and a pair of nether garments of a black and white check, upon which one could easily have played a game of chess. He wore straps, and very shiny boots.

He comes to visit the lady of his heart, and the following is a specimen of the humorous dialogue which is put into his mouth:—

> "'Tis she!" suddenly cried Mr. Woffles, striking an attitude and flinging his hat upon the sofa; "'tis she I love. Oh, let me clasp thee to my manly chest! Oh, come and nestle there, my little dove, in safety and in happiness; for many happy days are yet in store for Ben Bolt and the bright-eyed lass that loves him!"
>
> "Law! Mr. Woffles, you take one all aback," cried Polly. "And how did you come here, Mr. Woffles?"
>
> "Lady, I flew upon the wings of love! Mary, me cheild, who is this stranger here?"
>
> And then Mr. Woffles inserted what he called an "aside" in a sort of loud, husky whisper, which seemed to come from the back of his head, "That Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not!"
>
> "I had better introduce you, I suppose," said Polly, "or you will be tearing each other's eyes out. I need hardly tell you, Mr. Scudamore," she continued, "that this is the celebrated Mr. Woffles."
>
> "'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock," cried Woffles.

And so on for several pages. We venture with due deference to state that men who can do, and have done, such able work as Messrs. Philips and Wills have no right to foist such indifferent stuff as this upon the public.

An Unwilling Wife is considerably above the average of new novels in theme, style, and characterization. The incident on which the whole story hinges is, it is true, rather improbable; but improbability is, after all, a very venial fault in a story, if, indeed, it be a fault at all. The scene is laid in the North-West Provinces of India in the spring of 1857. A young officer named Dennis Carey is riding to Canapore, and stops for a night at a little military station called Morfussabad, where he is welcomed by the officer in command, Major Berners (a name familiar to amateur actors through the medium of that popular farce, *Cut Off With a Shilling*). Almost at the same moment the Major's daughter, Isabel, arrives unexpectedly from Europe. It is essential that she should at once be sent on to Canapore, as mutiny is hourly expected at Morfussabad. The only available escort is Captain Carey; but even in a matter of life and death her old martinet of a father will not permit Miss Berners to travel with a young unmarried officer to whom she has only just been introduced. Carey is starting immediately with his escort, he is most anxious to take charge of her, and all would be well "if it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette," as Mr. W. S. Gilbert has expressed it. The gallant young captain suggests the only arrangement which will satisfy the Major's sense of propriety—he proposes instant matrimony. A missionary is found in the village who that afternoon marries Isabel—much against her will—to Dennis Carey, and the young couple immediately start through the jungle for Canapore. After this incident—the like of which, we venture to think, can have been by no means an everyday occurrence even so long ago as in 1857—the story runs on naturally enough. The husband and wife are extremely unhappy together—or rather apart—for they stay with different hosts in Canapore. Each expects the other to be the first to make friendly overtures, and the result is prolonged sulkiness on both sides. Captain Carey leads various *sorties* and relief expeditions (in the course of one of which a pretty little romance occurs, which, we trust, has never reached Isabel's ears), and performs a number of deeds of extraordinary valour. The estrangement between the two is very naturally described, but lasts a little too long for the comfort even of the reader. They are at last reconciled, and it is a pity that the author did not dwell at much greater length on the reconciliation, for it is a very pleasant relief to the tone of unhappiness which pervades the story. Perhaps the best piece of descriptive writing in the book is the account of the siege by natives of the Residency at Dubblepore, and especially of the breakfast presided over by Ellice Rivers, the daughter of the late resident colonel. The author describes with extraordinary vividness the disorder of the room, and the cheerful matter-of-fact conversation of the officers, who do their best to entertain her and make things as pleasant as possible for her, although the attack on the Residency by overwhelming numbers of Sepoys has already begun. A Mrs. Robertson—the vulgar but fairly amiable wife of a major at Canapore—and her daughters are described with lightness and humour.

It is almost a pity that Mrs. Trollope has quite so fluent a pen. It runs just as easily and pleasantly whether she has anything to say or whether she has not. Her last book reads as though—on being approached by Messrs. Bentley—she had said to herself, *not* "What story have I to tell and how shall I tell it?" but "Let me see—three volumes—say 180,000 words—6,000 words a day—that will take me just a month." The result—*Madame Leroux*, a novel in three volumes (which might just as well have been in one, or in four, or in forty), has no serious faults. It meanders along in an agreeable, conventional manner. It is, in fact, just the book to suit that vast sect of elderly gentlewomen at the seaside who wish to read from morning till night, but who would consider it heretical to acquire a new idea, and immodest to experience an emotion. And to this extent it will usefully fill a gap—if there still be one—in the shelves of the circulating library. But Mrs. Trollope has so many of the higher qualities of a novelist—besides being past-mistress of the mechanical part of her work—that we wish she would aim higher, and give us a story *without* the well-endowed girl of high family devoted to her penniless companion, who, on the other hand, is snubbed by her little friend's haughty relations, who goes through adversity, and finally marries honest Dick Avon of Avonthorpe. We have become rather tired, too, of the querulous old nobleman with light blue eyes and a taste for book-collecting, who fancies himself an invalid and who has to die before the third volume; and of the scheming, hypocritical country attorney and the comic village grocer. But Zephany is an original character, fairly well portrayed, an observant Oriental, a teacher of languages with a good heart and powerful will; and so is Adolphus Hawkins, a promoter of bogus Companies, who conceals a kindly nature under a fraudulent exterior; Professor Tudway Didear, an advertising dentist, who starves and otherwise ill-treats a number of young girl secretaries, is also amusingly sketched. Mme. Leroux herself—though conventional to the extent of being the irresistibly fascinating woman without a heart—is an ambitious character for an author to endeavour to describe in such a manner as to carry conviction. We are glad to gather that Mrs. Trollope is a good deal more familiar with life in the stately country houses of England than with existence in the shifty, orderless society which she endeavours to describe as reigned over of an evening by Mme. Leroux; we hasten to add, however, that there is nothing in this or any other part of the book to raise a blush on the cheek even of a spinster of fifty.

CLIVE.*

OF the two distinguished contributors to the series of "English Men of Action" who have had the hardihood to double upon Macaulay's two famous Indian essays, Sir Charles Wilson has, we think, had a harder task than Sir Alfred Lyall to do brilliantly; but he has had one easier to do "after a sort," as Captain Costlett served the King. Although it is a less dis-

* *English Men of Action—Clive.* By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. London: Macmillan & Co.

tinguished effort of intellectual gymnastics than the "Warren Hastings," the "Clive" is, on the whole, the best of Macaulay's performances in its own line. It was written when the influence of India was freshest on the writer's mind and its subject gave the best possible occasion to his flood of sparkling rhetoric. Moreover, he had little prejudice to overcome, and, therefore, no occasion to exhibit that astonishing, if not wholly admirable, faculty of misrepresentation which causes a friendly difference in the estimate formed of him as an historian by some persons who do not greatly differ in their estimate of him as a man of letters. Clive, if he was anything, was in English politics a Whig; Hastings, if he was anything, was in English politics a Tory—that is to say, a man who was born wicked and had made himself wickeder. Further, there are no "problems" in Clive's life to require, as the Nuncomar, the Impey, the Begum, and all the other problems in Hastings' life require, the exercise of the judge's skill as distinguished from the skill of the advocate. In the one dubious act in his career there may be said to be nothing dubious at all. The forging, or the instructions to forge, Admiral Watson's name to the "red Treaty" need hardly be argued about. The one argument, if it is to be called such, that has ever, so far as we know, been advanced for Clive, the argument that it was necessary to meet Orientals with Oriental weapons, is upset at once, from the lowest no less than from the highest side, by the unanswerable contention that Clive threw away the strongest of all weapons that an Englishman has in such conflicts, the belief that his word will be kept. A paradoxer of the extremest type might, indeed, contend that it must have been so unpleasant to Clive to do what he did that the unpleasantness washed out his sin; but this would not suit English taste. Generally speaking, the life of the conqueror of Plassey is all plain sailing; and in plain sailing Macaulay is very bad to beat. Even independently of his gift of writing, he seems to us to have had some advantages over Sir Charles, who does not, for instance, appear to appreciate, as Macaulay did, the humour of that ingenious Oriental who defended himself from Meer Jaffier's charge of disrespect to Clive by declaring that he never got up in the morning without making three low bows to Clive's jackass. And he shares too decidedly the view of some regular soldiers as to Clive's military achievements. The following passage is a little grudging:—

> In this, the first period of his career, Clive had shown that he possessed, in its fullest extent, that most striking of all human qualities—true valour. He had rendered himself conspicuous by volunteering for all services of danger, and by exhibiting in them a rare combination of daring courage, sound judgment, quickness of apprehension, and readiness of resource. To personal danger he was absolutely indifferent; for death he had a lofty contempt; in sudden emergencies his presence of mind was remarkable; his heroic spirit rose superior to the depressing influences of disease; when hostilities were imminent the gloom that overshadowed his life disappeared; the din of battle, the smell of powder, steadied his nerves and cleared his head, and the excitement of action served but to increase the activity of his mind. *Born with an undoubted genius for war, he never received that training which would have made him a great general. He was no consummate master of the art of war like Marlborough, Napoleon, or Wellington. There is little trace of skilful combination in his plans, and on some occasions he appears to have neglected the most obvious military precautions. To seek the enemy and, on finding him, to attack with headlong valour seems to have been his guiding principle, and his successes were due rather to his personal intrepidity, and to his power of inspiring large masses of men with confidence, than to studied plans or dexterous manœuvres.* His influence over natives was unbounded; and he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities requisite in a successful leader of native troops. No man more fully understood their character, or more completely won their confidence. His insensibility to danger and his reckless courage exerted such magic influence over their minds that they were ready to follow him in the most desperate enterprises. His men believed that wherever he went glory and victory followed; throughout India he was known as Sabat Jung (Daring in War); and it may be said of him, as it was of Napoleon, that his presence on the field of battle was equivalent to forty thousand men.

Now George II. was a martinet trained in the strictest school of Marlborough; and yet he made no mistake about Clive. It may surely be contended that to "seek the enemy and attack with headlong valour" was exactly, *in the circumstances*, the course to pursue; and we have yet to learn that the greatest of commanders can do better than suit his course to his circumstances. Again, there was something more than the "qualities requisite to lead natives" in the man who made a victorious force, against great odds and European enemies, out of the gang of English runaways and gaol-sweepings who followed Clive to attack Covilam and Chingleput. The great defence of Arcot may be technically ruled out, because, as Black Agnes and Lady Derby, besides others, have shown, to stand a siege requires more fortitude than science. But, if Clive showed little trace of combination, may not that be in part because he generally overthrew the enemy on the first plan? And did not the operations against the Dutch show combination?

Moreover, odious as is the *argumentum ad hominem*, we cannot help remembering that poor creature in this matter. Clive "neglected the most obvious military precautions," he "did not indulge in studied plans and dexterous manœuvres," he was "not a great general." *Soit*: let us bow to the expert. But Clive won Plassey, he held Arcot, he made head against Dupleix and Dupleix's generals, he checkmated the Dutch, he founded the English Empire in India. Let us grant that so fertile is England in great men that any one of our generals nowadays would have done the same. May not the unruly mind, on the other hand, ask what Clive would have done at Maiwand, at Majuba, nay, if we may have that audacity, at Metemneh? There were present on all three of these occasions, in command, soldiers who had had that thing which Clive unfortunately lacked, a regular military education. Can we conceive Clive going into action or concluding action in any manner at all resembling that which is commemorated by an exceedingly large lion in the public gardens of the Forbury at Reading? Can we conceive Clive going wool-gathering up a hill perpendicular after posting reserves most mathematically on the route, but without giving orders what to do, without himself knowing what he in his turn was going to do when he got to his destination? And when he got to that destination, keeping his men to be potted at by sharpshooters without attempting retaliation, and without even providing the ghost of cover by rampart, shelter-trench, or so much as a row of biscuit-tins and water-bottles? Can we, still more, conceive Clive succeeding to the command after a victory harder fought than any of his own, knowing that on every second turned not merely the life of a great Englishman, but the honour of England, and yet pausing to arrange combinations, study plans, and concoct manœuvres while the precious hours were slipping away? Surely on that occasion some one might justly have exclaimed: "Oh, for one hour of Clive," or of any one who, as we are told Clive did, thought of nothing but seeking the enemy and attacking with headlong valour. But these matters are *cinis dolosus*, and we need not tread longer on them. Perhaps a still more legitimate cause of quarrel with Sir Charles may be found in the fact that he has neglected to produce in detail the results of the study which he has no doubt given even to Orme, much more to lesser chroniclers, scandalous and other, in regard to Clive. His account is slightly more detailed than Macaulay's, from whom he quotes occasionally and borrows freely, and on one or two points (such as Forde's very remarkable exploits in the Deccan) he has dwelt on matters which are well worth dwelling on, but which Macaulay has omitted altogether. But the deeds of those worthies who founded our Indian Empire are so unaccountably and disgracefully ignored by the average Englishman, that not only was there room for the supplying of these things, but the supply of them was imperatively required. We should say that the chief fault of his book is that he has been too much under the bondage of his brilliant predecessor, that he has rather filled in the outline of the Essay with a few extra details, most of them relating to the last melancholy years of Clive's life, than arranged *de novo*, from original and secondary authorities, a solid, if brief, history of his hero's exploits as a man of action. It is no doubt discouraging and unsatisfactory to have such a *devancier* as Macaulay, but by far the most satisfactory way of being even with him for his impertinence in coming before is to follow him as little as possible. In the other case we have mentioned, that of Warren Hastings, it is indeed impossible not so to follow, because prejudice and misrepresentation have to be fought at every turn. With Clive this is not so, and it should be possible, with the sources of information now at command, to take a tolerably independent line. We do not say that Sir Charles is parasitic, but he seems (in the words of the excellent joke quoted above) to have made his three low bows a little too regularly every morning.

Sir Charles has, however, given a straightforward and intelligible account of Clive's life, and one free from all obtrusions of self, bumptiousnesses of style, and other besetting sins of the present day. He has quoted judiciously, and not excessively, from Clive's own nervous letters. And so we wish his book, though it might have been much better, a wide circulation, for few stories are at once more stimulating and more full of warning. Had certain persons of our time—it is unnecessary to name them—been supreme in field and council then, there had been no British Indian Empire. To rule the folk at home justly and to fly straight at the throat of the enemy abroad—that is pretty nearly the whole duty of public man. And Clive did it.

HISTORY OF ART IN SCOTLAND.*

MR. BRYDALL has written what is, on the whole, a good book, though its title is not properly descriptive of its contents. Art is never a local thing, and certainly never has any continuous local history. It flourishes most strongly here at one time, there at another. Flanders, Italy, Spain, France, Holland, all have their turn at riding on the crest of the wave. Moreover, one art leads at one time and another at another. At one moment Gothic architecture may be culminating in the Île de France; if so, then the Île de France is for the time the leading art-centre of all countries within its possible range. The scene presently changes; architecture declines, and painting becomes the leading art, with its centre of greatest power in Flanders or Florence, as the case may be.

The only possible History of Art, therefore, must be free from all bondage both of locality and of material. It is impossible to write either a history of any one art or a history of all the arts in any one country. The only thing that can be written is a history of the succession of the culminating arts, without regard to the place where each culminated in its turn. Art in Scotland was first a part of Celtic art, and must then be treated as a chapter in the history of Celtic art. Next Norman art took possession of the country, and was in its turn succeeded by

* *History of Art in Scotland.* By Robert Brydall. London: Blackwood & Son.

French and English feudal art. Later still, when painting arose, it was merely as a branch of the Flemish School. Similarly, the centre of the Classical revival has to be sought elsewhere. In this respect Scotland is not different from any other country.

Mr. Brydall, therefore, has been unable to write a History of Art in Scotland. He has, however, written a very good book about works of art existing, or known to have existed, in Scotland; and he has collected together a great deal of valuable information about Scottish artists of all dates. So large an amount of material of these kinds has not been brought together before. The volume in which it is contained possesses, therefore, a permanent value as a book of reference, besides being full of interest for the intelligent reader. A similar book about arts and artists in England is one of the needs which no one has yet attempted to supply.

The most ancient existing remains of art in Scotland are the rudely-carved stones and crosses, which seem to have been made since the earliest Christian period. Doubtless, in pre-Christian days the setting up of stones, either as religious emblems or monuments of the dead, was common in Scotland. Instead of overthrowing, the Christian missionaries wisely consecrated, them and left them standing. In the popular mind they still retained their heathen properties of banishing demons, protecting against wild beasts, and the like.

Of Celtic architecture but little can be expected to remain. Prior to the eighth century there was nothing but wooden architecture. About the tenth century round towers begin to appear. A little church at Abernethy and a tower at Brechin are both of about this period, and they possess certain rude sculptures to which very early dates are assigned. The beginnings of Norman influence are seen in the beautiful twelfth-century church at Dalmeny; and from King David's time onwards the Celtic style may be said to have ceased, and been replaced by the Norman or Ecclesiastic style.

The leading Celtic art, however, was never architecture or sculpture, but metal-work, and of this many valuable specimens remain. Up to the present time the relation between the Celtic and Norse styles has not been made plain, and it may hereafter be shown that, not Ireland, but the coast of the Baltic, was the real centre of this style. The Norse influence was, of course, very powerful in Scotland; Mr. Brydall has not taken sufficient account of it.

In the thirteenth and following centuries what there was of Scotch art went through the same changes and developments as the arts of other West-European countries—only with this qualification, that, whereas England lagged behind the Continent, Scotland lagged behind England. The art of illumination was practised with some success, and a certain amount of employment was found for both local and foreign architectural sculptors on the chief ecclesiastical and royal buildings of the period. The only art, however, which seems to have taken root amongst the people was that of wood-carving, good examples of which, of a distinctly national character, are found at all dates and in many widely-sundered localities.

It is worthy of remark that Aberdeen seems to have been for several centuries the most artistic town in Scotland. The so-called portrait of William the Lion, preserved in Trinity Hall, and the portrait of Bishop Elphinston, in King's College, are the two earliest existing Scotch pictures, though the painters of them may not have been Scotchmen. Aberdeen stood in close commercial relation with the Northern Continental ports, and especially with Bruges. Hence the less successful Flemish artists may have been tempted now and again to come over and try their fortune in the Scotch city. A good many Flemish pictures may well enough have been exported to Scotland by this route; but the majority of them have long ago been destroyed. The most famous existing Flemish pictures in Scotland are the wings of the altar-piece formerly in Trinity Church, Edinburgh, and now, after many wanderings preserved at Holyrood. They contain portraits of James III. and James IV., and were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition, where they attracted much attention. They have been ascribed at haphazard to Hugo van der Goes, and to his school and period they certainly belong, though the name of the painter may never be discovered. Another Flemish portrait of James IV. is known by a copy of Mytens's copy of it.

Throughout the sixteenth century it is clear that there was a growing taste for art among some of the Scotch nobility. This was due as much to Flemish as to French influence. It is to be regretted that Mr. Brydall has not made more use of Mr. George Scharf's excellent letters to the *Times* on the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. The Stuart Exhibition, too, would have afforded him some valuable materials, of which he does not seem to have made the use that might have been expected.

The Reformation was accompanied in Scotland by a more thorough destruction of mediæval works of art than in any other country. It was only by miracle that anything escaped. Year after year and decade after decade this destruction was carefully continued. Such letters as the following were circulated by authority:—

> Traist friendis, after maist hearty commendacioun, we pray you faill not to pass incontinent to the kirk of ——, and tak doun the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the kirk-zayrd, and burn thaym oppinly. And siclyke cast doun the alteris and purge the kirk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye. And this ye faill not to do, as ye will do us singular empleseur; and so committis you to the protection of God.

It was alongside of this ruthless destruction of all things mediæval that the beginnings of a really native art were arising. The demand that had to be satisfied was for portrait-painters. At first foreigners had still to be fetched over to do the work that was wanted. The first Court painter was appointed by James VI. in the person of the Fleming, Arnold Bronkhorst. He is recorded to have been paid sixty-four pounds (probably Scots) for painting three portraits, and was besides given a hundred merks "as ane gratitude for his repairing to this country."

A real native Scotch painter of some ability was at last born at Aberdeen in the year 1587. This was the well-known George Jamesone. He was the son of an architect, and received his education at Antwerp, in the Rubens's studio. In 1620 he returned to Aberdeen, but soon moved on to Edinburgh, where he painted numerous portraits, amongst others one of Charles I., which has, unfortunately, disappeared. He died at Edinburgh in 1644. From this time forward the supply of portrait-painters never ceased in Scotland. John Scougal was the best of them in the last half of the seventeenth century. He was succeeded by Sir John Medina, the son of a Spaniard, born in Brussels, and who only settled in Edinburgh after practising for a time in London. He was one of several foreigners to whom Scotland gave employment. On the other hand, not a few Scots found recognition as painters abroad, but none of them can be considered as belonging to any "Scotch school." John Smibert, born at Edinburgh in 1684, was one of these. He began as a house-painter, moved up to London, and took to coach-painting, then worked his way to Italy, where he learnt the higher branches of his art. He was one of the band of enthusiasts who, along with Dean Berkeley, were shipped off to the Bermudas in the year 1728 to found a sort of college, in which the children of the natives were to be taught "Christian duties, civil knowledge, and the fine arts." The scheme of course came to nothing, and so Smibert settled for a couple of years at Newport, in Rhode Island, where he painted a picture of Berkeley and his family, now preserved at Yale College, and believed to be the first figure-picture painted in the New World.

In the eighteenth century the founding of Academies was being continually attempted both in England and Scotland. The Academy of St. Luke was started at Edinburgh in 1729, and lasted for a short time; young Allan Ramsay, the son of the poet, was one of the members. He afterwards grew to be a good portrait-painter. In 1752 two patriotic printers of Glasgow, named Foulis, made a plucky but unsuccessful attempt to found an Academy there, and out of this school came David Allen, the forerunner of Wilkie. The Society for the Encouragement of Arts was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the first Government art school, the Board of Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, was opened in 1760. This Academy, after a long and on the whole serviceable existence, was eventually engulfed in the South Kensington organization. The Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland formed in 1819 was the first body that organized regular exhibitions. Finally in 1826 the meeting was held which resulted in the formation of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The remainder of Mr. Brydall's book consists of short biographies of artists of the last hundred years. The author has gathered a great many facts together, and formed a useful and interesting compendium. The whole book is fuller of anecdotes of artists and patrons than of criticism; but the work is clearly the result of honest research, and as such deserves to be received with gratitude and no little respect.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

EVERYTHING from the pen of the late Dr. Fothergill is pleasant reading, as well as being full of thought and suggestion. He was a man of remarkably sympathetic nature, and this quality had probably no small share in rendering his writings attractive. A dozen short chapters form the book under consideration. Each is a little essay in which some aspect of the town-dweller's life is contrasted with that of the countryman's—very much to the disadvantage of the former. In the introductory chapter various habits and customs of civilized life are mentioned which tend to physical degeneration, but the influence of which is not confined to towns. The author appears to regard as chief among these the prevalence of excessive tea-drinking and the almost exclusive use of white bread. The second chapter treats of the "Town Immigrant," and points out that, for the most part, it is those having quick brains and weak muscles who come to towns where, from the kind of work most plentiful, the former tell more than the latter. The iniquitous and disease-bearing faults of jerry-building are fully exposed in the remarks on town houses. The surroundings of such houses as compared with those in a village are discussed in the fourth chapter, and the advantage which the country resident has in his freedom from the noises and smells caused by the neighbours, which are frequently such a nuisance in cities. Dr. Fothergill

* *The Town Dweller.* By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

How to Treat the Sick without Medicine. By James C. Jackson, M.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison.

A Handbook for the Nursing of Sick Children. By Catherine Jane Wood. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

unsparingly condemns the air of large towns, and probably with regard to manufacturing places he is justified in so doing; but we have certainly somewhere read that the analysis of a specimen of air taken from the centre of Hyde Park, on a *clear* day, was not far behind one taken from a mountain top in point of purity; it is, however, unfortunately true that at certain times of the year days free from fog are the exception in London. The sixth chapter is headed "The water he drinks," and not very much is said in disparagement of it. It might have been truthfully stated that it is much better in quality than that used in many a country village, and that diphtheria and typhoid are more common in proportion to the population in the country than in towns. The seventh and eighth chapters on food and beverages will well repay a careful perusal. The great bulk of the work done in large towns is performed within doors, and consequently of a less healthy character than agricultural labour. With regard to amusements, it is notorious that the cities are the headquarters of athleticism; witness the crowd of rowing-boats on the Thames every Saturday and Sunday in summer; the cricket on every open space, however small; the assemblages of riflemen for drill and shooting; the football matches and paper-chases in winter, whatever the weather may be. We admit with some sorrow that the poorest section of the community is, for the most part, unable to participate in these sports, and applaud to the echo the efforts of those self-sacrificing men and women who spend their lives in endeavouring to put these, among other good things, within the reach of Lazarus. There can be no doubt that, as the author states, the tendency of town-life is to develop the nervous, at the expense of the muscular and nutritive, systems; yet, looking to results, we cannot think that the bright, and usually polite, town boy compares badly with the dull, bucolic youth, although the latter may have a better digestion; nor the intelligent artisan with the heavy ploughman—whose ideal heaven is "beer and skittles." The last chapter is on the progeny of town dwellers. It may be granted that town is not so healthful a residence for children as the country, and more particularly the seaside; but a walk through Kensington Gardens during the daylight hours would be sufficient to demonstrate to the observant that, if children are well fed and cared for, they may be full of health and vigour in London. In spite of all that may be said of the disadvantages under which town dwellers labour, the fact remains that the rate of mortality in London, and many of the large provincial towns, is not only low, but diminishes year by year, in spite of their increase in size. We may also mention that pulmonary consumption claims fewer victims among the poor of London than it does in many agricultural districts.

We know not what Dr. Jackson's professional reputation may be in the United States, but his book conveys to us the impression of being an elaborate puff of the establishment for invalids over which he presides. The author states in his opening chapter that, with reference to the opinions on the treatment of diseases which he holds, he is in a very large minority. After learning what these opinions are, we have no hesitation in hoping that, for the sake of suffering humanity, the minority may become smaller. In publishing this book the author has placed himself on the horns of a dilemma; for, if it be written for the public, he has entered into numerous details totally unsuitable for lay reading; and if, on the other hand, it be intended for the medical profession, the circulation which it obtains will be but small. A very considerable portion of it is occupied by accounts of marvellous cures said to have been effected by himself, similar in character to those with which we are too familiar in advertisements. The genuineness of Dr. Jackson's statements as to his "cures" may be judged by his assertion that, of seventy-five cases of epilepsy which have come under his care, he has *cured* seventy-five per cent. without the aid of drugs; that he has never had any difficulty in breaking up typhus or typhoid fever by *psycho-hygienic* treatment, and that his grandmother was cured of cancer of the stomach by careful diet. His assurance amounts to impertinence when he says, on p. 145:—"I think that not more than one person in ten pronounced by physicians to have heart disease ever has it." The value of his own diagnostic powers may be gauged by his belief that the distinction between typhus and typhoid is as follows:—"In the one case the disease is of a severer or more intensified type than in the other"—and by the fact that, in describing diabetes, he omits all mention of the presence of sugar. In spite of a somewhat limited knowledge of morbid conditions, Dr. Jackson does not hesitate to predict that, "as the psycho-hygienic treatment comes to be understood, death from diseases of any and every kind will become steadily less frequent, until at length persons who have excepted (!) and followed this philosophy of living will know nothing about sickness. They will live from birth, to death by old age, without aches or pains."

A Handbook for the Nursing of Sick Children is written by one who not only understands but loves her work. Considering how little is known by the average mother as to the proper method of nursing her children when sick, we do not think the excuse in the introductory chapter for placing this valuable little work in the hands of the public necessary. We are especially pleased with the following paragraph on p. 25:—"Education, in the highest sense of the word, is the furnishing the child with the weapons for this fight (the struggle between the higher and the lower nature) and teaching him how to use them; it is not cramming the head with knowledge, but the guiding and leading of the whole nature along the right road, and this education begins with birth." Also with this among the general rules for nursing sick children:—"But there is one thing most essential—that the child must be dealt with truthfully; if it is going to be hurt, tell it so; if it has nasty medicine to take, do not make believe that it is nice, and that you like it; the child will find out the deceit and never believe you afterwards; but let it learn to trust your word, and you may do anything with it." The more technical chapters, on the care of children suffering from special diseases, are very good, and enter fully into details without being too diffuse. The last chapter contains many excellent recipes for the food of children both in sickness and health.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

OLD age usually softens asperities, and inclines men to distrust opinions which they have found to run counter to the sense of the better part of their fellow-creatures. With Mr. Martineau it is not so, and readers of his new volume, *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, pained as they may be to measure the increased width of the gulf that divides them from one so philosophical and so devout, will yet rejoice to see that he can hit harder than ever. The book falls into two parts. The first repeats Mr. Martineau's familiar argument in defence of Theism, based on the necessity of the Moral Law and the supremacy of Intuitive Conscience. The only question that the orthodox reader will feel disposed to raise on this section is, in what sense the conscience is supreme—whether it is to be regarded as the absolutely enlightened judge, or as capable of development, and as waiting for guidance. In other words, Is it above God, or below Him? Mr. Martineau will appear to many people to take the first of these alternatives, and place human reason at least on a level with its Creator, if not in the position of a superior. This is not an unfair conclusion from the second part of the book, which is an attack upon Christianity, as that term is understood by most of its professors. Where, asks Mr. Martineau, is Authority to be found, if not in Conscience alone? Two answers are possible. The Roman Catholic points to the Church, the Protestant to the Bible. Mr. Martineau then proceeds to discuss these two positions separately. The Roman Church claims to

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* *The Seat of Authority in Religion.* By James Martineau. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

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The Way Out of Agnosticism. By F. E. Abbot, Ph.D, late Instructor in Philosophy in Harvard Univ. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Broad Lines; or, the True Theosophy. By S. H. Keir Moilliet. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

possess four Notes—those of Unity, Sanctity, Universality, and Apostolicity. It does not possess them. The Protestant maintains that the Lord's Divinity is established by the New Testament. It is not established. Mr. Martineau attacks the New Testament from the old-fashioned, and in Germany almost abandoned, ground of the antagonism between "Petrinism" and "Paulinism," and urges that the Founder of Christianity was a mere man, and not a faultless man, who never claimed to be anything else, but by the tiresome obstinacy of His first disciples was invested with the attributes of Messiah, by St. Paul was identified with the Second Adam, and by the school of St. John, or what we call St. John, was transfigured into the Word. Polished, scholarly, and original as is the criticism in this part, it is hardly that of an expert. The conclusion arrived at manifestly rests upon *à priori* judgments of philosophy and ethics. It is here that we come upon a certain harshness and austerity of tone that contrast unfavourably with what Mr. Martineau has elsewhere written, and will strike many readers as superhuman in their audacity. Take the first point. The Church (it is surely unfair to imply the Roman Church alone) claims the note of sanctity. This is really the crucial question. Does the Church, or does it not, produce a type of character different from, and better than, that fostered by any system of philosophy whatever? Mr. Martineau denies the fact, because Borgia was Pope and saints are not immaculate; denies, also, the possibility of the fact, because the history of Christianity is "a dismal stream of horrors" based upon doctrines which, like the Incarnation and the Atonement, are essentially immoral. Compare this with what Mr. Martineau wrote in earlier days:—"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age. . . . In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Taylor, Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold." Nowadays Mr. Martineau finds that Christianity "leaves theological thought upon so low a plane that minds of a high level must sink to touch it"; but his earlier experience might surely teach him that the spring cannot be so polluted if the stream is so refreshing. As to the audacity which we have ventured to lay to the author's charge, one passage will suffice. "No audience in Palestine would listen for a moment to 'a carpenter's son' who gave himself out as 'the only begotten son of God,' just come down from heaven and charged with words that give eternal life. And they would be right. For a being divine enough really to be 'a second God' would be the last to think or say it, and would leave the sacred place at the disposal of others' veneration." Who told Mr. Martineau this? We have here, in fact, the argument of the whole second part of the book. It takes the form of a dilemma. Either "the Carpenter's Son" claimed to be Divine, or He did not. If He did not, *cadit quæstio*? if He did, He was wrong. Whatever view we take of the particular Divinity in question, it is clear that we have here Conscience perched at the apex of all things, and looking down on its betters through the wrong end of the telescope.

Among the English Nonconformist communities the Congregationalists appear to be honourably distinguished by their zeal for doctrinal theology. In the last few years we have been indebted to members of this body for three valuable works on the subject of the Atonement. Dr. Cave differs from Dr. Dale and Dr. Simon in his method, which professes to be, and as far as possible is, strictly Biblical and inductive. In this revised edition of his *Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice* (first published in 1877) he begins by a careful and detailed analysis of the usages, terminology, and significance of the sacrificial ritual in patriarchal, Mosaic, and post-Mosaic times, and concludes by applying the results so obtained to the Christian idea of sacrifice, with special reference to Redemption and the Eucharist. The Biblical part of the work, especially that which touches the Old Testament, is admirably done. Some readers will complain that no use is made of criticism, or of analogies afforded by heathen Semitic cults. But the omission, in so well-equipped and thoughtful a writer, is clearly deliberate; and, by taking the Bible as it is, and nothing but the Bible, for his field of survey, Dr. Cave is able to give a clear account of the Hebrew ritual, without wasting time on speculations that lead nowhere in particular. Great praise is also due to the exposition of the New Testament doctrine of Redemption, which is very thorough and instructive. The only part of the book that will strike those who are acquainted with the subject as falling below the high level of the rest is the "Critical Review of Theories of the Atonement." Dr. Cave manifests a certain impatience of school theories, and starts under the entirely wrong impression that they are mere *à priori* hypotheses, as opposed to inductive generalizations from the language of Scripture. No doubt the latter are the essential foundation. The theory comes in afterwards; its function is to explain Scripture teaching as far as may be, and, by bringing it into relation to metaphysical and ethical ideas, to meet those difficulties of the understanding which, if not raised by believers, will certainly be pressed by unbelievers. Neglect of these rather obvious considerations leads Dr. Cave to criticize Dr. Dale in a fashion that is really quite futile. Again, Dr. Cave's classification of theories of the Atonement into Godward, Manward, and Satanward does not commend itself. Many of the Fathers held that by the Passion man was ransomed from the power of the Evil One; but this was their way of explaining the single word "ransom" or "redemption"; and the idea—which, after all, is not absurd, though it has been absurdly treated—forms merely a subordinate ramification in any theory, properly so called. Aquinas maintained it; but it would be ridiculous to class the Thomist view as "Satanward." Nor are the several critical estimates as instructive as they should be. Anselm is treated in a very shallow fashion. Duns Scotus, who denied satisfaction and saw nothing in the Redemption but Merit, that is, Love, ought not to have been charged with laying stress on "legal ideas." Indeed, as all theories may be divided into Thomist or Scotist, all theories, at any rate, that have any objective element at all, Dr. Cave ought either to have devoted much more consideration to Duns and Aquinas, or to have omitted his historical review altogether. Dr. Bushnell's proposition, again, that the Passion is the transcendental instance of a great moral law, that of vicarious suffering through sympathy, whatever may be the other aberrations of its author, contains a very important germ of truth, and should not be so hastily dismissed. But, really, it is impossible to say anything worth saying about post-Reformation theories of the Atonement without an investigation of those modern ideas about Law, Sin, Punishment, and so on, by which theological speculation on this subject has been biassed during the last century and a half. In particular, the nature of the Divine penalties on sin as such (not as crime or as folly) calls for a much more accurate definition than it has ever yet received. Such a definition would at once expose the vagueness and unmeaningness of much that has been written on the Atonement in later times. But these strictures, which have been perhaps unduly developed, apply to one section only in Dr. Cave's praiseworthy book, the one section in which he is on ground that he has not yet made his own. The work, as a whole, is one that calls for, and will repay, attentive study.

In *Veni Creator* Mr. Moule invites his readers to approach, "not a great battle of arguments, but a series of quiet meditations upon the Person and the Work of the Lord the Spirit." In tone, language, and method the book represents the traditions of the Evangelical school; it is noticeable that the word sacrament does not appear, nor is the unity of the brotherhood—surely a grave point—insisted upon. It is perhaps owing to this last omission that, though as a record of personal experience the book is deep and attractive, there is a certain want of diffusive warmth and energy.

Mr. Tweddell's *Soul in Conflict* is a series of plain, practical, rather prosy, addresses on religious needs and duties. The contents of the book hardly correspond to the "intensity" of the title. The author slays no dragons, nor does he teach others how to slay them. A better title would have been *Souls in Harness*.

A little volume of sermons by Archdeacon Farrar, *Truths to Live by*, deals with some main elements in the theology of St. John and St. Paul. "Simple pastoral sermons," they are called in the preface; but the reader should not be deterred by this description. The only difference between Archdeacon Farrar in full dress and in undress is that in the first case he quotes Maimonides and Avicenna more or less incorrectly, and in the second he tells his congregation that he could do so if he valued a cheap reputation for learning.

Heavenly Teachings in Earthly Proverbs is a series of little preachings upon the wise old maxims of homespun philosophy. Some of the proverbs are taken from Poor Richard's wallet—Safe Bind, Safe Find, and so on. But wherever men live there are shrewd reflections upon life, and Miss Douglas comes upon pearls in unexpected places. For instance, West Africa offers an excellent piece of advice:—"When a rascal says he will give you a coat, hear his name." Now, if this maxim is really found in the Oji tongue, it is little short of inspired; for neither the figure, which is a coat, nor the thing signified, which is apparently the prospectus of a limited Company, can have been familiar to the actual experience of Ashantees. Miss Douglas draws plenty of instruction from her quaint texts in a graceful, unaffected way.

If Mr. Robert Vaughan will accept a piece of friendly advice, he will leave "scientists" and their vortices of ether alone, and stick to things that tend to edification. Every dutiful clergyman can help in building up the waste places of Zion; but not every one is the skilled engineer who can plan the defences. Such a sermon as that on Spirit in Matter, with its "abstruse reasoning" about stones that think, serves no purpose but to bewilder those that are bewildered enough already. With the whole Bible for his text and South Shields for his application, Mr. Vaughan need never suffer for lack of matter; and, if he will only avoid the snares of profundity and originality, he has clearly the capacity for very useful service.

Old-fashioned, middle-aged folks will be a little startled at hearing of a Roman exposition of the Seven Sacraments dated from "the Catholic Church, Oxford," and written by a priest of the Society of Jesus. Father Humphrey's *One Mediator* is a clear, popular, and systematic treatise, and may be read not only by his own people, but by those of our own who desire to answer, not merely to resist, Rome. How great is the controversial advantage which the Romanist derives from steady adherence to system, to the well-grounded logical methods of the past! However small the individual mind, there are great minds in reserve behind him. The English clergyman is too often like the farmer's

wife who sets down her bottle of home-made gooseberry with a little air of triumph, as if to say, "A poor thing, sir, but my own manufacture." He will neither study his opponent's case nor be guided by the authority—that is, the formulated experience—of his own Church. He fights for his own hand, and hence, though sometimes an adroit *franc-tireur*, is too often a very bad soldier.

The new volume of the Expositor's Bible is the *Gospel of St. Matthew*. Dr. Gibson has contented himself with telling the story of the Gospel with just so much comment and expansion as is necessary to bring out its spiritual significance. The treatment is simple, judicious, and lucid. The remarks upon the Parables are particularly good. Dr. Gibson makes no importunate display of learning. Perhaps his self-restraint is a little too severe; for instance, he might have given his readers more information about the details of the Paschal Feast than he has thought necessary. But on such a subject it is better to err on the side of modesty. The volume is one of the best of the motley series in which it appears.

The *Memoir and Sermons of Professor Elmslie* is a good specimen of biographical work, and gives an attractive and well-drawn account of a very estimable man. Elmslie was minister of a Presbyterian chapel at Willesden, and Hebrew Professor at the London Presbyterian College, and wrote for the magazines besides. He died young. He enjoyed a considerable pulpit reputation, and his sermons are well worth reading. They are fresh and straightforward, and convey the impression of an able, manly, and sympathetic mind.

Two useful reprints are Poole's *Life and Times of St. Cyprian*, and the first half of St. Augustine's *City of God*, the English translation by "J. H.," first published in 1610. Poole's style and mode of treatment are those of the eighteenth century. It is difficult to believe that his book is only fifty years old. But in its archaic fashion it gives a sound, scholarly, and readable account of the great African martyr.

Mr. Homersham Cox's little book entitled *Is the Church of England Protestant?* has reached a third edition, and may be read with profit by those who still think it possible to "put down Ritualism" by vexatious litigation.

An interesting, but too slight and sketchy, account of a dying cause will be found in *Quaker Strongholds*. The author dwells upon the doctrine of the "inner light," but does not explain how this highly explosive belief is kept under working control. This is the point we want to know about. The belief in personal inspiration is common to all Christians; but, while the Church regulates it by authority and discipline, the Quaker professes to give it free play, yet in practice manages to control it very effectually. Had Miss Stephen entered fairly upon this singular discrepance between the theory and the working of Quakerism, and shown the exact nature of the unavowed but powerful brake which has kept Quakerism from flying altogether to pieces, she would have produced a book much more instructive to her readers, though much less acceptable to her friends.

An anonymous volume, *Practical Reflections on the Psalms*, gives the whole Psalter with a brief meditation on each verse in succession. The commentary bears the notes of purity and intelligence, and its devotional merit more than atones for the cumbrousness of the plan. *Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth*, is the ill-chosen title of a narrative of the Saviour's life for children. The work is not badly executed, but it is too long and too elaborate for little people. *The Gospel History*, by the Rev. C. C. James, is a harmony, combining in one continuous narrative the testimony of the four Evangelists. We have received also *Summer Sundays in a Strathmore Parish*, sermons by Dr. McPherson; *Sunday Afternoons in the Chapel for the Blind*, addresses on the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. T. W. M. Lund; *The Conversion of England*, a dramatic poem on the planting of Christianity in Bernicia and Deira; *Revelation and the Bible*, by the Rev. W. D. Thomson; *God in His World*, by an anonymous writer; *The Kingdom of Christ*, a plea for mission work, by A. B. Tucker; *The Way out of Agnosticism*, by Dr. F. E. Abbot, and *Broad Lines*, by S. H. K. Moilliet.

ST. ALBANS RECORDS.*

ALTHOUGH there is not much that is of general interest in these records, the book, like all books of its kind, is in parts profitable reading, and Mr. Gibbs has done well to reprint his excerpts from the local newspaper in which they originally appeared. His work begins with the charter of incorporation granted to the town by Edward VI., which vested the government in a Council consisting of the mayor and the principal burgesses. With them there appears to have been associated a body of twenty-four assistants, who were not, however, recognized by charter until the reign of Charles I. The court-books of the borough are preserved from 1586, and the Minutes are presented here, for the most part, in modern spelling and in a condensed form. Many of them relate to such matters as the admission of freemen, the apprenticing of children, and the granting of wine licences. Some, however, are worth noticing, and among them are those which record the preparations for the defence of the country in 1588; fifteen "corsletts" were provided by the town, one by each of the four trading Companies, and the rest by private persons, besides "quallevers," muskets, bills, and bows, and with these the town, of course, furnished men trained to use them. Several entries illustrate the methods adopted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for dealing with pauperism. A Dutchman, named Anthony Moner, undertook, in 1589, to teach the poor to comb wool and spin, and this, and other like schemes, seem to have been approved from time to time by the Corporation. As in other places, constant efforts were made to prevent the settlement of persons who might become burdensome to the town, and a townsman who gave a stranger lodging for longer than six days was, in 1647, made liable to a fine of 2*s.* a day. The only notice which we have discovered of the Civil War is a message from the Parliament referring to the imprisonment of the Royalist steward of the borough, and recommending a stranger as his successor. By the charter forced on the borough by James II., the Corporation became an aristocratic and Tory body; five of the aldermen were knights, and the new high steward, appointed to succeed Sir Harbottle Grimston, was Viscount Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, who was then living at Holywell House, on the estate of his wife's family. The next mayor was Henry Guy, of Tring, who had for some years been Secretary of the Treasury; he was non-resident, and appointed an alderman to act as his deputy. The new charter was annulled in 1690, and we hear no more of knights and non-resident mayors and aldermen. A sign that the change caused some bitter feelings in St. Albans, as was indeed the case in many other boroughs, may be discerned in an entry of 1703. Seabrooke, the mayor of 1687, seems, for some reason or other, not to have given up the corporation plate, and the then mayor, having procured a mandamus from the Queen's Bench, went to his house to serve it upon him. Whereupon Seabrooke's son was "guilty of a gross crime and fault and a breach of his good behaviour in telling the Mayor that it was like his wit and honesty, with other scandalous and opprobrious speeches." Among some miscellaneous papers printed at the end of the volume is a letter from Garter King of Arms in Elizabeth's reign, settling a dispute which had arisen in consequence of the claim of Mistress Ffrowick, the wife of the Steward, to take precedence of the Mayor's wife, "vulgarly called the Mayoress." Mistress Ffrowick received a snub, and so, too, did her husband, for "fulfilling the private humor of his wife, to give example for others to doo the like, to the breeding of Disorder, breatche of peace, and confusion in a well-ordered government."

* *The Corporation Records of St. Albans; with Lists of Mayors, High Stewards, &c.* By A. E. Gibbs, F.L.S. St. Albans: Gibbs & Bamforth. 1890.

LOCAL RECORDS.*

DURING the last few years the work of printing and illustrating local records has been taken in hand with praiseworthy energy. It is work which, as the volumes before us testify, can scarcely in any case fail to be fruitful. Each of these three volumes has a distinct character, and while each is a good specimen of the class to which it belongs, they are by no means of equal value. In one we have a collection of materials for the history of a country town of no very great importance, present or historical; in another, a series of county records, together with the comments of a local antiquary of first-rate ability; while the third volume contains the documents relating to a critical period in the history of one of the most famous of our cathedral churches. Mr. Humphreys's *Materials for the History of Wellington* shows how much there is that is worth knowing in the past of many small English towns. During the middle ages the manor belonged to the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and it was included in the estates which Bishop Barlow resigned into the hands of Edward VI. for the benefit of the Duke of Somerset; it now belongs to the Duke of Wellington, having been bought by the great Duke with part of the money voted by Parliament for the purchase of an estate to be held by him in consideration of his eminent services. Notices are given of a good many persons of more or less distinction, who were, in one way or another, connected with the town, and among them of Sir John Popham, the Chief Justice; of Edward Clarke, of Chipley, the friend of Locke; of John Salkeld, the "Royal Convert," one of the vicars of the parish, who ascribed his conversion to Protestantism to the arguments of James I., and of the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, who was a native of the place. In 1640 the town was the scene of a mutiny of some troops raised in Devonshire. While marching through Somerset they halted for a Sunday at Wellington, and finding that their commanding officer, Lieutenant Eure, did not go to church, fell upon him and murdered him, believing that he was a "Papist." The siege of Wellington House, which had been built by Sir John Popham, was an event

* *Materials for the History of the Town of Wellington, co. Somerset.* Collected and arranged by Arthur L. Humphreys. London: Henry Gray. Wellington: Tozer & Gregory. 1889.

Somerset Record Society. Vol. III. *Kirby's Quest for Somerset, Nomina Villarum for Somerset, &c.* By F. H. Dickinson, F.S.A., &c. Printed for Subscribers only. 1889.

Hampshire Record Society. Vol. I. *Documents relating to the Foundation of the Chapter of Winchester, A.D. 1541–1547.* Edited by G. W. Kitchin, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester, and F. T. Madge, M.A., Librarian and Sacrist of Winchester Cathedral. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Winchester: Warren & Son. 1889.

of some importance, for Sir Richard Grenville was so seriously wounded there that his command was transferred to Sir John Berkeley. A minute description is given of the church, which is a good specimen of the local Perpendicular style, with some earlier portions, and this is followed by a list of vicars, with some biographical notes. Wellington was one of the clothing towns of Somerset, and "until about a quarter of a century ago weaving was very largely carried on in the cottages round and about the town, each man being his own master." The woollen manufacture still flourishes there under modern conditions, and the writer assures us that the "high standard of quality maintained in the factories has given to the Wellington goods a really world-wide reputation." Some documents printed in the Appendix relate to a curious plot made in 1664 by "divers lusty rogues" belonging to the town to rob the Exchequer at Taunton, where money was kept for the payment of troops. The volume contains a large number of extracts from parochial records of various kinds, and seems to have been put together with much care.

Some extremely obscure points in county history, the identification of manors, the formation of parishes, the place of the tything as an area for national taxation, and the comparative wealth and importance of neighbouring towns and districts, are illustrated in the new volume of the Somerset Record Society, which has been edited, with an admirable Preface, by Mr. F. H. Dickinson. The volume begins with a transcript of *Kirby's Quest*, as far as it relates to Somerset. This document consists of "Rolls of fees according to inquests made in Somerset and Dorset"—both counties were then under one sheriff—before John de Kerkebie, Treasurer of Edward I., and others, about 1285. Besides this record we have the portion of the *Nomina Villarum* which concerns the county, extracted from Sir Francis Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs*, vol. ii., and collated with Harleian MS., 6281, of the sixteenth century, and the Exchequer Lay Subsidies Roll of 1327, a most interesting and valuable document, which throws a flood of light on the condition of the county at the date of its compilation, on family history, and on fiscal arrangements. The "Proportion Roll" previous to 1818 and an extract from the Census of 1841 complete the materials which elucidate the local divisions of Somerset.

The Hampshire Record Society has made a good start with a volume jointly edited by the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. F. T. Madge, which contains eleven documents relating to the establishment of a dean and canons in place of the monastic chapter of St. Swithun's. A general idea of the state of the monastery at the time of its suppression may be gathered from the Computus Roll of 1536–7, with which the volume opens. It is evident that the revenues of the house had decreased considerably, and certain customary "curialities"—such as the allowances to students at Oxford and to the boys at the school—were not paid, owing, it is stated, to the sums demanded as "First fruits to my lord the King." The number of brethren probably did not exceed thirty. Bishop Gardiner, who was no great lover of monks, was not displeased at the prospect of seeing a "more learned body at St. Swithun's, composed of canons likely to be helpful to him." Nor were the prior and monks hostile to the proposed change, for Cromwell's agent reported that he found them "very conformable"; and, as was usually the case, the new Chapter was mainly formed out of the existing convent, the prior, Kingsmill, being created dean, and several of the monks receiving prebends or being made peticanons. In the Letters Patent of 1541 by which the Chapter was established the King declared that he was moved by a desire to promote education, the relief of the poor, and the repair of roads and bridges. He gave the Dean and Chapter almost all the estates formerly held by the monks, and by the statutes of 1544 provided that a certain portion of them should be charged with the maintenance of twelve poor scholars at the two Universities. This arrangement soon came to an end; for, by a deed of the following year, which has been discovered by the Dean, the Chapter surrendered these estates to the Crown. It is scarcely likely that this surrender was a purely voluntary act; the manors brought in about 161*l.* a year, and of this fully 60*l.* would have accrued to the Chapter after making provision for the twelve scholars. The volume, which is full of matters of interest, and is well edited, ends with the two sets of Injunctions of Edward VI., the one specially drawn up for Winchester, and the other given to the Deans and Chapters of all Cathedral churches. The Council of the Society is, we think, making a serious mistake in giving translations of the documents which it prints. If it persists in this plan, it will curtail its power of doing really important work without gaining any compensating advantage; for members of a Record Society may surely be expected to be able to understand Latin. Against glossaries and explanatory notes of all kinds we have nothing to say, provided that they are likely to be useful—many of the words in the Dean's glossary, such as Præbendarius, Præcentor, Privilegium, Realis, Redditus, and the like, surely needed no explanation—but to give full, or nearly full, translations of perfectly simple Latin documents is merely a waste of space which should be filled with valuable matter.

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

THERE is *Addison on Torts* and *Pollock on Torts*, and now there is added to these Clerk and Lindsell on Torts. All three form substantial volumes, and the last is between the other two in bulk. It is a leisurely, learned, and reasonably well-written treatise; it begins with an "Introductory Chapter" calculated to give students a fair preliminary notion of its subject-matter; it may be nearly as useful as the current edition of Addison in the capacity of a practitioner's collection of authorities; and it is greatly inferior to Sir Frederick Pollock's work in system, in originality, and in scientific exposition. The index looks a bad one, being constructed on the vicious principle of few headings and many sub-headings. The table of cases, on the other hand, is extremely voluminous, and a great many references are given to each case. Whether this method is worth the labour it involves is open to question; but it is undoubtedly often convenient to persons using the book. The last chapter is on Injunction as a remedy for tort, and, though a short one, seems to be good as far as it goes. The discussion of vexed topics in such questions as Negligence, Defamation, and Trespass, though well enough done, is not especially remarkable for any new light which it throws upon those topics.

Half the men who submit themselves to examination in law—perhaps rather more—supplement their perusal of text-books by taking notes, partly in order to fortify, and partly in order subsequently to restore, their memory of what they have read. In the main, each man must take his notes in the way that seems good to him; but nevertheless it is often useful to a student to be made acquainted with somebody else's fashion of taking notes. To print what might be, for anything that appears, the note-book actually compiled by an industrious and intelligent student during a particular course of reading, without any amplification or comment, is not a common device; but it has been adapted to the case of International Law by Mr. W. P. Pain, with a rather droll result. Each page is in three columns. The third contains a brief note of some event—the publication of a code of "laws," the appearance of a book, the making of a treaty, the occurrence of some episode in a war, or the like, with references to text-books. The second contains the date. The first contains an exceedingly cryptic letter, which is discovered on reference to the "Explanation of the Analysis," to "refer the subject to" something. Thus Nc means Contraband, and Wn means Naval Capture. The events are in chronological order, the earliest date given being that of the appointment of the Amphictyonic Council, 1496 B.C., and the last the departure of Lord Sackville from Washington, 1888 A.D. The text-books referred to are Grotius, Halleck, Kent, Vattel, Wheaton, and half a dozen others of less eminence. Supposing this had been an actual student's note-book, one would surmise that it had probably been very useful to the student who made it, and in whose mind each note was a convenient *memoria technica* to what he had read. For other students it might be of use, and then again, as Uncle Remus said, it might not.

Mr. Brett seeks rather to supplant than to edit Blackstone by the production of *Commentaries* in two not very large volumes.

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* *The Law of Torts.* By J. F. Clerk, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and W. H. B. Lindsell, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sweet & Maxwell.

Chronology and Analysis of International Law. By Wm. Percy Pain, LL.B. (Lond.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Digby & Long.

Commentaries on the Present Laws of England. By Thomas Brett, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, LL.B. (Lond.), Author of "Leading Cases in Modern Equity" &c. London: William Clowes & Son. 1890.

A Magisterial and Police Guide. By Henry C. Greenwood, Stipendiary Magistrate for the District of the Staffordshire Potteries, and Temple Chevallier Martin, Chief Clerk to the Magistrates at the Lambeth Police Court. Third edition. By Temple Chevallier Martin. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1890.

A Treatise on the Law of Contracts. By Joseph Chitty, Jun., Esq. Twelfth edition. By J. M. Lely, Esq., M.A., Editor of "Woodfall's Law of Landlord and Tenant" &c., and Nevill Geary, Esq., M.A., Author of "Law of Theatres and Music-Halls." London: Sweet & Maxwell. 1890.

The Patentee's Manual: a Treatise on the Law and Practice of Patents for Inventions. By James Johnson, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and J. Henry Johnson, Solicitor, Assoc.Inst.C.E. Sixth edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.: Stevens & Sons. 1890.

Inventions, and How to Patent Them: a Practical Guide to Patentees. By T. Eustace Smith, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple. Third edition. London: Whitaker & Co. 1890.

The Principles of Equity. By Edmund H. T. Snell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Ninth edition. By Archibald Brown, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Principles of the Criminal Law. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L. Fifth edition. By Aviet Agabeg, LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Elements of Roman Law Summarized. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L. Second edition, revised. London: Stevens & Haynes.

Wilson's Legal Handy Books:—How to Appeal against your Rates. By Andrew Douglas Lawrie, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I O Us.* By James Walter Smith, LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Water and Gas.* By C. E. Stewart, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. *The Investment of Trust Funds.* By R. Denny Urlin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Master and Servant, Employer and Employed.* By James Walter Smith, LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Effingham Wilson & Co.

Every Man's Own Lawyer. By a Barrister. Twenty-seventh edition London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

He arranges the law in thirteen books, the topics being taken in the following order:—1. Real Property; 2. Personal Property; 3. Contract; 4. Tort; 5. Equity; 6. Practice; 7. Evidence; 8. Bankruptcy; 9. Probate; 10. Divorce; 11. Admiralty; 12. Ecclesiastical Law; 13. Criminal Law and Procedure. This is a heavy bill of fare; and it follows that, as the book is a short one, no particular course can be elaborately served. The entire learning of County Courts, for instance, occupies four pages in the part about Practice, and the mutual relations of master and servant are left out altogether. The arrangement does not appear to us to be preferable to Blackstone's, and in general the book is almost as much too short to be a satisfactory set of "Commentaries" as it is too long to be a convenient student's crib. At the same time, it has been carefully written, and, as far as a cursory examination can show, although it omits a great deal which would have been useful, it does not seem to contain anything absolutely pernicious.

In the third edition of Messrs. Greenwood and Martin's book on the judicial duties of magistrates Mr. Martin has adhered to the plan of the work, the appropriate statutes constituting the text, and the comment being printed in the form of footnotes. As the book is now in its third edition, magistrates and their clerks are presumably in a position to judge whether it is better or worse than any of the several other books fulfilling the same general purpose. Novices might be puzzled at reading in consecutive paragraphs diametrically opposite statements of the law as to whether the Rule in the nature of a Mandamus calling upon justices to show cause why they should not act as required is applicable generally, or only where the justices require protection from liability, which they might incur by proceeding. As a matter of practice, whatever may be the authority of R. *v.* Percy, cited in the second of the paragraphs in question, such orders are granted and made absolute every day in cases where there is no question of liability at all. In Section 12 of the Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1887, it would have been well to refer to Bourne *v.* Netherseal Colliery Company, which was decided under the corresponding section of the repealed Act of 1872, especially as the question involved, which is one of the greatest importance, is now being raised again under the present Act.

With "the pride that apes humility" Messrs. Lely and Geary describe *Addison on Contracts* as "this well-known work," and they state in their preface the interesting circumstance that the second edition was published in 1834, and the eleventh in 1881, all the editions, from the third to the eleventh inclusive, having been prepared by Mr. J. A. Russell, lately judge of the Manchester County Court. This edition is the twelfth, and the editors claim for it that it has been largely altered in accordance with the requirements of nine years of legislation, and of the advancing science of legal authorship. Instead of a few very long chapters, the work now consists of a large number, each of comparatively reasonable length. A long and careful chapter, entitled "Contracts with Married Women," is, of course, substantially new, as the preceding edition had the misfortune to be published shortly before the revolution in this part of the law effected by the Married Women's Property Act, 1882. The editors specify in their preface eight "points of contract law as seeming to require remedial legislation." One of these is, that the common clause in the applications for shares in new Companies, wherein the applicant agrees to waive his right to further information than may have been offered to him as to contracts entered into by the promoters, is of doubtful validity, instead of being, as it ought to be, indisputably void. This is a contention only to be met by the assertion that the Companies' Acts have gone as far as is possible for the protection of the greedy shareholder, and that it is not desirable to try to go further. The next objection to the existing law is less tenable. It is urged that the principle laid down in Peek *v.* Derry by the House of Lords ought to be reversed, and that where the directors have deceived the shareholder by misstatements of fact, honestly, but without reasonable grounds, believed by them (the directors) to be true, they (the directors) ought to be liable in an action of deceit. We are not sure that this is quite a fair statement of the decision in Peek *v.* Derry, but if it is, it is not apparent why directors who are not dishonest should be compelled to ensure the accuracy of their statements, or why shareholders who know who the directors are, and who have offered to them the honest opinions of the directors, should be entitled to any further legislative protection. The shareholders in any case trust the business capacity of the directors. Why should they not also be left to trust their capacity for making an accurate statement of facts—a thing many men cannot do with the best will in the world? With the last of Messrs. Lely and Geary's recommendations we are in hearty accord, in so far as they desire that the preposterous evasion of the Gaming Acts effected by the majority of the Court of Appeal in Read *v.* Anderson should be overruled. Only that could be done quite as well by the House of Lords as by statute, if only some one would take a Turf "Commission" or Stock Exchange gambling case to the House of Lords before it is too late by reason of long acquiescence in the decision. The volume seems to have been carefully prepared, and the cases cited have the dates of their decision appended—a practice the increase of which we are glad to observe.

Mr. James Johnson and Mr. J. Henry Johnson publish the sixth edition of their *Patentee's Manual* with considerable enlargement and revision. The Appendix contains a large collection of statutes, rules, and forms, and the International Convention of 1883 to which this country adhered, and also short accounts of the patent laws of twenty-seven British Colonies and Possessions, and forty foreign countries. The authors express the modest hope that, besides being useful to patentees, for whose benefit it was originally written, the volume "may deserve the notice of the legal profession," and although there are a great many books on the subject, it seems probable that this hope will be amply fulfilled.

Mr. T. Eustace Smith addresses himself especially to the poor patentee, and the poor patentee seems to like it, as the book is now in a third edition. He speaks of his "alphabetical index" as if there had not been one before, which seems curious. The book is not badly arranged, and authorities are cited for the legal propositions it contains. Whether it is an easy matter for an inventor to patent his invention all by himself without further professional aid than he can get from a book of this sort is a question which depends a good deal on the character of the inventor; but if he is painstaking and intelligent, the book will at least be useful in suggesting to him the kind of points on which to take further advice.

The ninth edition of Snell's *Principles of Equity* is, like the eighth, the work of Mr. Archibald Brown. From its appearance, after so short an interval, we conclude that this useful book continues practically to "hold the field" as the elementary work on Equity with which the present generation of practitioners of that noble science are accustomed to begin their labours.

It does not follow, however, that a book much used by students is a good one. The third edition of Mr. Harris's *Principles of the Criminal Law* is published by Mr. Agabeg, and its principal recommendation is that there is no other elementary book covering just the same ground. The tabular list of indictable offences and their punishments at the end of the book may be useful, and might be more so if it were practicable to arrange it more or less in alphabetical order.

Messrs. Stevens & Haynes also publish a second edition of Mr. Harris's little book on the Elements of Roman Law. It consists of the substance of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian arranged in note-book form. Students about to be examined in the subject may find it useful.

We have also received a parcel of the little books published at low prices under the title of "Wilson's Legal Handy Books." They comprise, *How to Appeal against your Rates* (second edition), *The Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I O Us* (which is said to be in its 55th thousand, so that elementary information on the subject would seem to be popular), *Water and Gas, The Investment of Trust Funds,* and *Master and Servant.* These little books are not all equally good, some of them being, indeed, as scrappy and untrustworthy as one naturally expects a law book in popular form and at a popular price to be; but others are much better done, and the success of the series probably indicates its utility. The volumes on rates and taxes are among the best, and we have before now had occasion to make their merits known.

We welcome another edition, the twenty-seventh, of *Every Man's Own Lawyer.* May its advice to the guileless layman who will not heed the voice of warning long continue to swell the fee-books of the deserving poor!

In a recent notice of Mr. Thomas Burn's book upon *The Principles of the Law of Negligence* we observed that the subject of evidence of negligence was "not substantively" treated of. It would have been more accurate to add the words *eo nomine,* as Mr. Burn has pointed out to us that the subject is dealt with in a short chapter entitled "Onus of Proof." As these words are well understood to have a different meaning from "evidence of negligence," and as they are particularly important with regard to the law of contributory negligence, a more correct designation of the chapter—the beginning of which is about onus of proof, and is not about evidence of negligence—would have been less likely to mislead. Mr. Burn also complains that his book was stated to contain only one reference, and that upon an incidental point, to the case of Slattery *v.* Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company. The statement was exactly accurate, although some other references to the case are concealed in another part of the table of cases, Mr. Burn having strictly followed the bad old method of the days before the Judicature Acts, whereby in a case where the defendant appealed its title was reversed in the House of Lords, and the appellant was treated as plaintiff.

THE MOUND OF THE JEWESS.*

It may be doubted whether the Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund have been well advised in printing together the two essays of which this volume consists. They have forced us to contrast the work of M. Naville, a Swiss gentleman whom they employ in their excavations, with that of Mr. Griffith, one of the now happily numerous band of young Englishmen who are making a study of Egyptology. The contrast commences on the title-page, which is of considerable length, and, so to speak, double-barrelled. First we are told that the volume contains a treatise on "The Mound of the Jew and the City of Onias. Belbeis, Samanhood, Abusir, Tukh el Karmus. 1887. By Edouard Naville." The second title runs as follows:—"The Antiquities of Tel el Yahudieh, and mis-

* *Egypt Exploration Fund.* Extra Volume for 1888-9. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1890.

cellaneous work in Lower Egypt during the years 1887–1888. By F. Ll. Griffith." There is much in these two titles to provoke inquiry. Why does M. Naville write the Mound of the Jew, and Mr. Griffith, Tel el Yahudieh, which cannot possibly be translated "Mound of the Jew"? One might at first sight suppose that the two names refer to two different places, and this surmise would in one sense be correct. There is in Egypt a place called Tel el Yahud, the Mound of the Jew. But a moment's examination shows that M. Naville does not write about Tel el Yahud, but about the same place which Mr. Griffith, no doubt correctly, calls Tel el Yahudieh, a name which can only be translated Mound of the Jewess. Of the other Tel we read that it is about twelve miles away, three miles south-west of Belbês—so Mr. Griffith writes a name which M. Naville gives as "Belbeis," neither form being absolutely correct—on the edge of the desert. Here Mr. Griffith found some Roman traces and a few coins. As for the Mound of the Jewess, he was told, he says, by the Arabs, that an old Jewess used to live on it. This is possible enough; but it upsets the charming theory which would make it the city of Onias, a theory which, apparently, M. Naville accepts. But Mr. Griffith thinks that, though the city of Onias cannot have been far off, it was not at Tel el Yahudieh. "According to Josephus, it had been deserted for some time when Ptolemy Philometor, about the year 160 B.C., gave it to the Jews, in order that they might build a temple there, and so be induced to pay less reverence to that at Jerusalem, which was in the territory of his enemy Antiochus." Certainly, Mr. Griffith and M. Naville found Jewish graves in the neighbourhood of this Tel, and Mr. Griffith thinks it possible that a synagogue existed on the mound. There are no remnants of it in existence now, and nothing has ever been found within the very well-defined limits of the later or Roman city to connect it with a Jewish occupation. The interest of the question involved is of course bound up in that of the Septuagint translation, and it is remarkable that the Jewish tombs have Greek inscriptions in memory of individuals who bore such distinctly Hebrew names as Eleazar, or Micah, or Nathan. Altogether, it is not possible to say that much fresh light has been thrown on the matter. We know just as much, or as little, as we knew twenty years ago as to the identity of the place mentioned by Josephus. Mr. Griffith found a few burnt bones and what may have been traces of sacrificial rites; but all too scanty and too obscure to support any decided views.

The philological question enters into the essays of both gentlemen. Mr. Griffith seems to know more Arabic, but M. Naville is able to quote Hebrew. The ancient Egyptian name of the place seems to have been "Per Ra," the place of the sun; and, in M. Naville's opinion, this answers well to a passage in Isaiah (xix. 18), in which the Jews in Egypt are spoken of as inhabiting a place called "the city of Destruction." But in the Revised Version there is a marginal reading which puts "the Sun" for "destruction." There is much plausibility in the view that the city afterwards called after Onias, Onion, is here meant. But this does not end the matter, even if we accept it as proved; because Dr. Brugsch is of opinion, not so much that Tel el Yahudieh was Onion, but that it was On—that is, Heliopolis. The confusion among all these rival authorities, among whom Josephus must be included, is baffling to the ordinary mind. On the whole, we cannot feel satisfied that M. Naville has made out his case. On the other hand, Mr. Griffith, while more cautious, is also more vague; and the only certainty we carry away is that Jews abounded in this part of Egypt in the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, and that the site of their headquarters and temple has yet to be identified.

A considerable part of an interesting volume is taken up with other places, and the tables of contents, plates, and plans leave nothing to be desired. Curiously enough, the question as to the Hebrew word "Kharam," devoted to destruction, and the other reading "Kharas," the sun, turns on the similarity of the Hebrew letters Mem and Samech, and M. Naville's printer has confounded them; as the copier of the passage from Isaiah mentioned above seems, in all probability, to have done.

VOYAGES ON GERMAN RIVERS.*

THE tone of Mr. Macdonell's book is genial, gentlemanlike, and scholarly; it gives the impression of the very healthiest kind of English University companionship. There is no priggishness, and yet there is manifest intelligent interest in all that is historical and antiquarian. But we cannot but smile a little at the vehemence of the actions which it chronicles, at the truly English distressfulness of the manner of taking amusement. As we turn over Mr. Macdonell's sincere and modest pages, we constantly say to ourselves, Where did the pleasure, the enjoyment, at any rate the repose come in? Mr. Macdonell describes the manner in which he and various other Oxford men have in successive years "done" the rivers of Germany. He is so genuine, so unaffected, that he gives us nothing that he did not actually experience. Hence, in reading his volume from end to end, we receive no single impression of living nature on the bosoms of these remote streams. There is no observation of bird, or fish, or insect; no notes, however casual and amateurish, of the botany of the banks or the atmospheric conditions of the sky. These excellent persons were in infinitely too great a hurry to get through their labour to notice anything leisurely and philosophically. To beat the record, where record there was none, seems to have been their only object.

Lest we seem unsympathetic, we will describe one of their feats. Consider it, ye watery gods, from the point of view of holiday enjoyment! They desired—there were three of them—to descend the Weser, from Münden to the sea, in a strong oak skiff. The distance was 232 miles; a fortnight would have been hardly, a week certainly not too much to occupy in such an expedition; they pride themselves on having done it in four days. The record of the feat reads in this manner:—"A steady row from 10.30 A.M. to 9.15 P.M. was only interrupted by a brief lunch and a short sail"; "the next eight hours were spent in a strenuous struggle with a gale blowing steadily on the fore-quarter or beam, and raising quite a sea"; "one of the crew was now almost a corpse, while the Professor complained of being completely worn away"; "it was already seven in the evening before a start was made, and 105 miles remained to be accomplished before nightfall on the following day." But a sustained passage shall speak for itself, and shall paint the Capuan luxury, the refined laziness, of this agreeable summer holiday:—

> The performance of forty-one miles during the night, though not bad under ordinary circumstances, did not contribute to raise the spirits of the jaded trio; for had they not still the prospect of sixty-four miles more of unremitting toil before their labours were over? That such a distance, formidable enough after a good night's rest, could be accomplished by nightfall, seemed all but hopeless, even with a favourable wind . . . [but] the wind, which was increasing in strength, would be their enemy for the rest of the voyage. The general trend here taken by the Weser towards the north by north-west for about forty miles was just sufficient to render the wind worse than useless for sailing purposes. But the cup of their misery was not yet full. Heavy showers began to fall, and continued till evening, keeping the crew drenched to the skin all the time. In addition to this, Stroke at least had his feet immersed in bilge-water.

At last, more dead than alive, they got to Bremen, and the mighty feat had been accomplished within the four days. These young Englishmen did it for their own amusement. Let any one try to make somebody in Armenia or in Siberia do the same against his will, and Europe will ring with shrieks of indignation. But thus do the English perversely understand pleasure.

Every man to his taste, however; and there are worse tastes than this; yea, hardly shall a man be good for much who has not had it at some time in his life. So merely remarking, as within parentheses, that until the *Fontaine de Jouvence* be discovered we beg to be excused from making camping voyages in this style ourselves, we have nothing but praise, within its proper limits, for Mr. Macdonell's book. It is the first in which the subject of boating expeditions in Germany has been treated on broad lines. The author, having navigated nearly two thousand miles of German river, has no serious rival in experience. His book describes all the German rivers which any one would think of boating upon, except the Oder, which would probably be found excessively dreary and uninteresting, and the Lahn, which we rather wonder that Mr. Macdonell has never explored. The author's excellent maps and his careful description of the course will render *Camping Voyages on German Rivers* a guide-book indispensable to future boatmen; while in an appendix are given tables of distances, lists of obstructions, and other practical details. A large general map of the river-system of Germany, and a comprehensive index, add to the usefulness of a book which it is a pleasure to commend.

The rivers which attract Mr. Macdonell's attention in detail are, in succession, the Werra, the Weser, the Neckar, the Rhine, the Moselle, the Main, the Moldau, the Elbe, and the Danube. Of these the Werra is doubtless that which is the least known by name to Englishmen. It is the most important of the affluents of the Weser, and comes down from the Thüringer Wald, past Meiningen and close to Eisenach, and joins the Weser at Münden. This was, it seems to us, one of the jolliest of all the voyages described in this book; it was not without its perils and adventures, but it was more gay, and not taken so very seriously as some of its successors.

Of the Moselle our author gives a very attractive account; but, although he quotes Horace, who, it is believed, never visited those parts, he does not mention the poet with whose memory this river is indissolubly connected. Yet Mr. Macdonell's descriptions do but bear out with close exactitude the features observed fifteen hundred years ago by Ausonius. The modern tourist's notes of the peaceable character of the Moselle, of its smooth and silent course, of its remarkable freedom from obstructions, recall, almost in their very words, the address of the poet:—

> Tu placidis prælapsus aquis, nec murmura venti
> Ulla, nec occulti pateris luctamina saxi.
> Non superante vado rapidos reparare meatus
> Cogeris, exstantes medio non æquore terras
> Interceptus habes.

Apparently the Germans, sluggish as they are apt to be in taking advantage of their own water-courses, know and value the Moselle, "ut celeres feriant vada concita remi," and the English party found themselves accompanied by the advertisement of a *Rudersportliqueur*, which was vaunted as specially fitted to rouse the flagging spirits of oarsmen on the Moselle. Mr. Macdonell makes what appears to us an excellent suggestion, that a boating

* *Camping Voyages on German Rivers.* By Arthur A. Macdonell. With Frontispiece and twenty Maps. London: Edward Stanford.

trip to Germany might well be limited to this river alone, being combined with a series of delightful little walking-tours up its side-valleys. For mere rowing, however, the author gives the preference to the Main, which he regards as being, for the 270 miles below Lichtenfels, one of the best rivers in Europe. Its riparians are beginning to appreciate these advantages, for "not only has Würzburg its rowing clubs, but even Schweinfurt and Hassfurt, besides some of the other towns, have one each; to say nothing of Frankfort, which has for several years been the centre of the German boating world." But it appears from another portion of this volume that German enterprise has nowhere gone so far as the possession of eights, although the author has occasionally seen six oars.

It was, no doubt, partly on account of the excessive violence of the exercise taken that the partakers in the voyages here described suffered so frequently from persistent sleeplessness, but it would be interesting to know whether the sunken positions which they chose for camping in had not something to do with it. The crew were no novices at the art of boating, and who they were, though not said in so many names by Mr. Macdonell, will easily be divined by boating men. The Captain was "the most famous oar Oxford had known for many years," and "besides having been President of the University Boat-club, he was one of the most distinguished representatives of All England in the football field." The First Officer is no less easy to distinguish. The height of three of the crew, who all belonged to one college, averaged six feet two inches; the Captain was tallest, though all were divine, and their physical advantages, we learn without surprise, "impressed the inhabitants of the river valleys rather deeply." We had marked some amusing episodes for quotation, but space fails us. We must refer the reader to the entertaining sketch of that seaport of Bohemia, Aussig; to the shipwreck on the White Main; to the magnificent "bluff" of the Captain when he snapped his oar in public at Worms, and to many other pleasant pages. We wish that these friends would not take their pleasures with so prosaic a vehemence, but they appreciated the wines and the society they met with, and we are sure that they are charming companions. We will close our review of *Camping Voyages on German Rivers* with one anecdote, which is pleasing:—

> Rinteln, the seat of a university in former days, was known to the Interpreter [it is thus that Mr. Macdonell invariably speaks of himself] from a visit during the summer vacation some years previously. The landlord, who was a great gossip, rattled off, in answer to interrogatories, a vast amount of information about the leading inhabitants. The fate of a large and well-known family of daughters he reeled off with great volubility, winding up with the remark *Anna, die dicke, ist noch zu haben* (Anna, the fat one, is still eligible).

INGRATITUDE.*

AN eccentric and formerly notorious person once held, or at all events acted upon, the opinion that excessive solicitude for the well-being of the children of the poor was a good excuse for committing a breach of morality and of the laws of this realm. Miss Amy Whinyates seems to consider that the benevolent design of furnishing children of a more favoured class with the literary materials of "juvenile theatricals," which are not only agreeable, but "serve to develop the elocutionary talents and graces of deportment, besides being a great aid to the memory," will cover one of the most serious instances of want of literary consideration in which one English writer has recently indulged in at the expense of another.

The first of Miss Whinyates's plays for children, and the only one in any way worth noticing, is called *Prince Bulbo*. The *dramatis personæ* are the King and Queen of Paflagonia, Giglio, Bulbo, Gruffanuff, Angelica, Rosalba called Betsinda, Hedzoff, Glumboso (who has nothing to say), and the Fairy Blackstick. The main features of the plot are the transfer of affections in consequence of the changes in possession which befall the rose and the ring, the knocking down of the King by Giglio, the design of Hedzoff to behead Bulbo in consequence, the overthrow of the King by Giglio, the marriages of Bulbo and Giglio to Angelica and Rosalba respectively—the latter being identified by her shoe—the attempt of Gruffanuff to enforce her fraudulent claim to the hand of Giglio, and its frustration by the timely resuscitation of her long-lost husband. The lines, which are nearly all in verse—not very blank—are sometimes like this:—"This hand has taught him single stick, and many a clever fencing trick; A Prince more brave and gentle I ne'er met—Our Royal King I hope to see him yet." At other times they are like this:—"GIGLIO. I'll have your life! BULBO (*drawing his sword*). I'll run you through! GIGLIO (*drawing his*). I'll cut your throat! BULBO. I'll blow your brains out! GIGLIO. I'll knock your head off! BULBO. I'll send a friend to you in the morning. GIGLIO. I'll send a bullet through you in the afternoon." The reader may see nothing much in this. Nor is there, excepting that "really any one would take it—any one that did not know it"—to be, as two of the three other "plays" are, the original and unaided composition, plot, lines, and names, lock, stock, and barrel, of Miss Amy Whinyates. It is true that an obscure paragraph, printed on a fly-leaf under the word "Costumes," says that "*these may be taken from the clever drawings of the Fairy Tale; but it is recommended that Blackstick wear a witch's dress.*" But only the most careful and experienced eye can detect the legend, printed in small type, at the foot of a florid design opposite the frontispiece, whereby it appears that "*Prince Bulbo; or, the Rose and the Ring*, a Play for Young Actors, by Amy Whinyates," is "Dramatized from the Fairy Tale of the late William Makepeace Thackeray."

* *Plays for Young Actors and Home Performance.* By Amy Whinyates. Series the Third, consisting of "Prince Bulbo," "Gabrielle," "Aladdin," and "Little Bluebell." Illustrated by John Proctor and Arthur Hitchcock. London: Dean & Son.

DOGS.*

OUR *Friend the Dog* is a work whose popularity is proved by its having reached its fifth edition. The author, as most people are already aware, is a genuine dog-lover, and those who are like-minded with him will find a mass of dog-lore embedded in this book among a large amount of less readable matter, such as the rules of the Kennel Club and kindred institutions. The anecdotes are few, and of the usual kind. The real value of the book lies in its useful hints on the management of our favourites in health and disease, in travelling and on the exhibition bench. A dog at a railway-station without its owner to look after it is generally a piteous sight, and we fear that no amount of hampers and labels will avail it much if the officials persist in treating it merely as an inconveniently-shaped package. However, Dr. Stables tells us how to do all that can be done for a dog who must be sent on a journey alone; but his lot can never be a happy one till the whole system of the transit of dogs by railway is radically reformed. Some of his wrongs are beyond the reach of legislation, and can only be remedied by rendering those who have to deal with dogs on railways less indifferent to the sufferings of the animals entrusted to their charge; but something is undoubtedly gained by stating publicly the ill-treatment to which unprotected dogs are liable on railways, of which a large section of the public—even of the dog-loving public—has no idea. We cordially agree with Dr. Stables in his abhorrence of the noisome den known as a "dog boot," in which some Companies insist on dogs being placed, which "horrid prison," besides being exposed to a piercing draught when the train is in motion, is also "so loathsome a place that no clean-skinned dog can remain an hour in it without the chance of catching some vile skin disease."

There are many other valuable suggestions in Dr. Stables's book, especially in his attempt to alleviate the misery of watch-dogs kept on a chain. Few unprofessional dog-fanciers know "the right way to wash a dog," which is here set forth, and we are glad to see the old superstition of putting a piece of roll-brimstone into a dog's water exposed; for, indeed, a piece of any yellow stone would produce as much—or as little—result. There are many sensible remarks, too, on feeding, cleanliness, and exercise; but we cannot agree with the author when he declares muzzles to be cruel, and prints a gushing letter from the lady known as "Ouida" on the subject. Her remark that "she has never seen any dog bite anybody in any street, in any town, in any road, in any country," does not dispose of the question of rabies. Many crimes are committed without "Ouida" seeing them. We think that, if either she or Dr. Stables had ever seen a case of hydrophobia in a human patient, they would be more tolerant of the muzzle—which when properly constructed need not be cruel—as an attempt to protect mankind from the risk of such terrible suffering. Neither can we agree with his proposal to revive the old dog-cart, which some of our readers may be old enough to remember. His own anecdote (p. 349) shows how the unfortunate animals used to be treated in this country, and the system as nowadays practised in Belgium and Holland is, we think, more of a warning than an example.

Perhaps the most useful part of Dr. Stables's useful book, apart from the advice to exhibitors, is the number of simple prescriptions and clear directions as to the proper treatment of dogs when diseased. Many people in the country have no confidence in the bleeding and physicking of the local "vet.," and yet cannot send many miles for a doctor, who would probably feel insulted at being asked to prescribe for a dog. They have the misery of seeing their dog gradually getting more and more "out of condition," and being helpless to relieve him. In most cases careful watching of the animal's symptoms, and comparison with the directions for various diseases given in this and similar books, will tell all that need be known by way of diagnosis. The suggestion that a homœopathic practitioner should, if possible, be employed is, if we understand it rightly, merely a protest against the enormous doses of powerful drugs with which ignorant "vets.," and not they alone, are wont to drench their unhappy patients, with whom, as with human beings, "little and often" is the only way by which medicine can be made to produce any useful effect. The illustrations are very numerous and good, and there is a short clear account of the distinctive "points" of every breed of dog known to "dog-men." One anecdote in conclusion:—

> "Why don't you give up keeping sheep, and stick to breeding dogs?"

* *Our Friend the Dog: a complete practical Guide to all that is known about every breed of Dog in the World.* By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N., Author of "Ladies' Dogs," "The Dog Owners' Kennel Companion and Referee," &c. Fifth edition, greatly enlarged and revised, with a new chapter on Basset Hounds by Everett Millais. London: Dean & Son.

asked a Cockney of a Scotch farmer from whom he had just purchased a collie puppy for the modest sum of twenty guineas.

"Well, ye see, sir," replied the farmer, "we mightna aye fall in wi' fools to buy them."

A TOUR IN A PHAETON.*

IN certain moods, and after a course of the ordinary book of travel, Mr. Hissey's driving jaunts may raise, or at least soothe, the dejected spirits. This time eastward is Mr. Hissey's way, from London to Cromer, by way of Ipswich and Yarmouth, returning through Thetford and Bury St. Edmunds. As of old, the intrepid traveller found no barrenness between Dan and Beersheba. He pours deserved contempt on the blind makers of guide-books who find Essex as "flat as a pancake," Suffolk a tame land given over to farmers, and nothing but "Broads" in Norfolk. Once again, and almost on every page of his cheerful book, Mr. Hissey is a fervid witness to the poetic truth—

> 'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
> Of all beyond itself.

But if the routes are new, the traveller's aims and equipment are unchanged. From the box-seat of the phaeton, behind a pair of useful cobs, confident in the possession of "patent rubber brakes," five pounds worth of loose silver, *Paterson's Roads*, and the indispensable horn—surely a thing not to laugh to scorn—Mr. Hissey kept a keen look out for old farmsteads, village churches, wayside monuments and ancestral halls, "bosomed high in tufted trees." The blast of that dread horn, always "carried for use" by Mr. Hissey, who objects to bawl at the top of his voice, must yet linger in the ears of obstructive waggoners, gatemen at level crossings, ostlers grim, and jolly landlords. Truly a merry time had our phaetoneer, hunting after derelict parish clerks, searching for church keys, inspecting mouldering halls, interviewing rural folk, sketching various "beauty spots," and partaking of the convivial joys of a market ordinary, or commercial Saturday dinner. "Oh! the charm of those quaint and comfortable hostels, when they have been simply maintained, neither restored nor yet allowed to go to decay; wayside pictures they!" Almost past count are these objects of Mr. Hissey's eloquence. We are agog for the start at the mere recital of such signs as the "White Hart" at Witham; the "Red Lion" at Colchester, which made the traveller regret his chance lodgment at the less picturesque "Cups"; the "Bell" at Thetford; that perfect flower of the family, the "Rose and Crown," at Sudbury; the "White Horse" at Ipswich, where Mr. Pickwick encountered the lady with "yellow curl-papers"; and the "Angel" at Bury, where Sam Weller was "took in" by Job Trotter, and relics of Mr. Pickwick are piously preserved. "Is this not the very hotel," asked Mr. Hissey of the landlord, in the bar of the ancient "Angel," "in which the famous Mr. Pickwick is supposed to have stayed?" "Supposed!" replied the landlord, indignantly; "this, sir, is the inn where he stopped. I've the very carving knife and fork that that gentleman used when he was here; ivory-mounted they are; they go with the hotel, and were handed to me when I took it." This agreeable story may be capped by another, which is less satisfactory to the romantic instinct of our traveller. In the chancel of Bramfield Church is an altar-tomb of "wonderful beauty and rare merit," as Mr. Hissey rightly observes, in pure white marble, the recumbent figures of a lady and infant, with a knight in armour kneeling above them. The request for the true history of this beautiful sculpture drew from the guide a pathetic yet too brief narrative, which was transferred to the author's note-book on the spot:—"He went to the wars; she thought him dead; she fretted herself to death; he was not killed, but returned home to find his wife and baby (that she had given birth to in his absence) dead; he died of grief two years after." The susceptible tourist naturally wanted to know "who the 'he' was" in this tragic story—which survives, by the way, in many other places in England—but there was nothing to be learned except that "we allus calls him he."

Too often was the enthusiasm of Mr. Hissey damped by the stupidity or unseasonable humour of the "natives." At Reepham, while clerk-hunting for the church keys, the pertinacious visitor inquired for the clerk at one cottage, after many other ventures, and was told by a woman, "He don't live here; but I've the key of the Primitive Methodist Chapel, if you would like to look over that"—a pretty offer to make to a gentleman learned in archaic lore, church history, architecture, old monuments, haunted houses, moated granges, and "past-time inns"! "Past-time inns" is an excellent conceit, by the way, and better, far better, than "past-time mansions," of whose ghostly legends Mr. Hissey speaks with warm approval, as providing ghosts of the good old style, "none of your paltry invisible spectres that rap upon and turn tables for money." To a gentleman of such excellent sentiments, fresh from invoking ancient memories in abbeys and baronial halls of East Anglia, this invitation to view a P.M. chapel was the unkindest cut of all. On the whole, however, Mr. Hissey had the best of good fortune on his tour, and saw more venerable churches, inns, and halls, and copied more inscriptions than we can possibly enumerate. His enjoyment of what he saw is contagious. It is only natural to respond to the pleasurable emotions of a voyager so ingenuous and unconventional. Whether you are the stranger presumably addressed in the animated rhapsodies of Mr. Hissey, or whether you know the ground as well as he, the effect is all the same, as you accompany the genial chronicler in his journey from Layer Marney to Faulkbourne, through Constable's county to Hadleigh, to Ipswich and Seckford Hall, over heaths in "windmill land" to Bungay, by Beccles and Yarmouth to the "Broads," till you hail the North Sea at Cromer. With such smooth going and cheerful company we are almost persuaded to join "the driving schism," as Shelley oddly terms it, and take to the road, emulative of Mr. Hissey. It were not easy, perhaps, to cover a thousand miles, as that experienced driver did in Scotland, making an average of twenty miles a day, and bring home your cobs sound and fresh enough to shy at the first London omnibus. It is hard to close this recreative volume, with its attractive illustrations, and utter the protest it suggests. But, really, if Mr. Hissey will too successfully demonstrate the delights of his driving tour, he will bring about the innovations he most dreads. His example will be followed, till the roads are alive once more, and the air rings with the music of the horn. Then shall he see the monster he fearfully figures in imagination on the summit of the Laindon Hills, the enormous hotel with all the newest scientific improvements, and the delightful "past-time inns" on the roadside will be developed out of knowledge. We will not dwell on the appalling outlook. Let Mr. Hissey ponder, and in his topography particularize less in the future. Our appeal, we know, places him in an awkward dilemma. But he can still go on the road, and write his impressions, without luring the speculative builder or inciting any kind of wicked improvements, if he deals delicately with his favourite "beauty spots," and forbears now and then to give local habitation and name.

* *A Tour in a Phaeton.* By James John Hissey. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

TWO RUSSIAN GRAMMARS.*

STUDENTS of the Russian language cannot now complain of any lack of facilities for acquiring it. Lately we had occasion to notice Mr. Morfill's excellent Russian Grammar; now we call attention to these two books, the one complementary to the other, which certainly seem to be fairly exhaustive of that language's structural peculiarities. The author's method combines the old-fashioned system of linguistic study, which was purely theoretical, with the more practical rules which Ollendorff first brought into vogue.

The close union of theory with practice; that is the principle worked out in these pages. Each book is subdivided into "lessons," which enunciate a rule of grammar and enforce it by adding a small stock of words, which the student is supposed to master, and then employ, by translating a short passage into English from the Russian and *vice versâ*. To the smaller work are appended lists of useful words occurring in every-day life, and a few simple conversational phrases. In glancing at these one is struck with the similarity of some of the most simple words to our own, proving the common Aryan origin of the two speeches. Take, for instance, the section "Parts of the Body." *Bróvi*, the eyebrows; *stchéki*, the cheeks; *noss*, the nose; *baradá*, the beard; and *spiná*, the back, serve as hints that no philologist should be ignorant of Russian, which constitutes a bond of union between the other Aryan tongues.

The larger work is executed on a more ambitious scale, and endeavours are made to introduce the learner to Russian literature by means of extracts for translation taken from the best authors, with conversations on the same; while a running commentary in English is appended giving its history. Thence we come to the more practical sections, which profess to satisfy the wants of the traveller, the merchant, and the military or naval officer. These are unusually full and satisfactory, as is also that which deals with correspondence in Russian. A good point in the book is a chapter on "Roots," which shows how from one of these over a hundred words may be derived. When once a perception of this truth has dawned upon the mind, progress in learning Russian gains much in rapidity. Then only is it seen that there is a connexion between Russian and English, if different in degree, the same in kind, as that which unites the latter with the Teutonic languages.

There is but one part of the book which is meagre and unsatisfactory. The instructions regarding the position of the tonic accent and its shiftings in declension are decidedly jejune. This is a common defect in Russian grammars, as we have before had occasion to point out. Some set of rules is wanted by which we can determine how such names, for example, as Shouváloff, Románoff, and others which one hears almost daily mispronounced, are to be accented. We are aware that it is said to be impossible to frame them, but against this assumption we must earnestly protest. Reiff's Grammar, for one, contains an efficient code of instructions on the subject. It is exceedingly hard to master them, we admit, but the whole subject bristles with difficulties. The question is whether a way exists, however troublesome, of surmounting them otherwise than by a prolonged residence in Russia.

* *Elementary Russian Grammar.* By Pietro Motti. With Key. London: David Nutt. 1890.
Russian Conversation Grammar. By Pietro Motti. With Key. London: David Nutt. 1890.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.*

AN Encyclopædia which is issued "expressly as a Supplement" to another Encyclopædia must always be, we are afraid, an unsatisfactory kind of book. It might even be described as a contradiction in terms, as if a man should say, "This is an Encyclopædia which is not encyclopædic." If, like Appleton's, it was purely American, it might be complete in its own field; but the *Americana* is neither exhaustively nor purely American. It confessedly omits some American things which are fully dealt with in the *Britannica*, and it includes not a little which by no stretch of language can be called American. What, for instance, had Nélaton the surgeon or has Miss Amelia B. Edwards to do with the New World more than thousands who have lived or live in the Old? The notice of this amiable lady novelist appears the more superfluous because the *Americana* has not found space to give any notice of Jonathan Edwards. The younger of that name is indeed noticed; but the author of the "Careful and Strict Inquiry" is absent—perhaps because he has been mentioned in the *Britannica*. This is, of course, a reason of a kind; but it is one which reduces the *Americana* to a lamentable position of inferiority. The fact is that these four volumes are of very limited use unless the *Britannica* is at hand to supply omissions. But who will want to possess an Encyclopædia which is incomplete unless its empty places can be filled from the score and odd volumes of another? We take it that the *Americana* was begun without (and naturally, perhaps, without) a due foresight of the care which the *Britannica* would take in dealing with American subjects in the middle and later part of its course, and further of the extent to which it would put those subjects into American hands with an eye to copyright. Hence the editors have found it necessary to skip a good deal, and make it up with padding.

Still, though we do not think that this Encyclopædia could stand by itself even for an American, it would, as its editors claim, be useful as a supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on American subjects. It is by no manner of means complete even in that respect. Thus we find no mention of Henry Morgan the Buccaneer, though there are ample notices of Mr. Henry and Mr. John Morley—much less amusing people. This may seem to persons of austere mind a small omission; but even they will agree with us that the absence of any notice of the Jesuit Missions of Paraguay, though there is an article on Missions mostly of an excruciatingly Protestant character, and another on the Roman Catholic Church in America, shows a want. But one ceases to be surprised at the omission when no article on Paraguay is discovered after due search, though "Parnell" is honoured in heading and column. Perhaps we have said enough to show that we cannot discover on what system these volumes were compiled, or whether they were built on any except one of a rather catchpenny order. Still, we repeat it, these volumes have good pickings in them. They contain for one thing papers on American political parties which would hardly be found in a European Encyclopædia. Whoever wishes to know what a Federal was, or a Democrat is, will find guidance here. The Englishman who wishes to know what a Whig became in the New World will have the truth expounded him by Mr. Frederick G. Mather, of Albany, N.Y. (By the way, there is no article on Cotton Mather, but there is one on Mr. Gerald Massey.) Then there are some subjects which one rather enjoys seeing handled by an American writer. Such are Slavery, which is dealt with by Mr. A. J. Willard, late Chief Justice of South Carolina, and Negro, which falls to Colonel G. W. Williams, Mass. These two articles, we may observe, tumble across one another. They are both accounts of negro slavery in America. Of the two, Colonel Williams is to be preferred, as being the more completely American. We notice with real pleasure that the Colonel endeavours in a quiet way to take it for granted that the introduction of negro slavery into America was all the doing of the abandoned Britisher—who, by the way, must have had something to do with introducing G. W. Williams to the sphere in which he writes articles in encyclopædias. He ends with a sentence on which we should like to hear the candid opinion of a Virginian or Georgian. "Within two centuries," it runs, "the black race will have merged into a composite American nationality, and the legends of its wrongs will have been wrought into a literature that will thrill the heart of the civilized world with passionate grief." We seem to have heard prophecies of another kind of late from Richmond, Va., where they know the negro, and like him better, too, than he is liked "at the North," in spite of rhetoric. The late Chief Justice of South Carolina is more sane on this theme, and has even an inkling of the truth that an institution which is of immense antiquity and of once universal prevalence, which has been found to be not only compatible with, but a means of producing, civilizations of a high order, was not a mere malignant invention of the Britisher to vex high-toned and whole-souled gentlemen from Massachusetts. Again, there are legal articles in these four volumes which ought, we should think, to be interesting both to business men who have dealings with America and to English lawyers. The theological articles, we notice, claim to be more orthodox than those of the *Britannica*, and not less learned. That the boast is fully justified we will not undertake to say; but we do notice a commendable tendency to get impatient with the modern practice of cutting the Old Testament into patterns with one's critical scissors, and assigning the bits to various persons and times, at random, and by such illumination as is conferred by Renan and water.

* *Encyclopædia Americana: a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature, prepared by the most eminent American authorities, treating of American biographies of eminent living men, and supplying valuable information not contained in the "Britannica," and issued expressly as a Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."* 4 vols. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULES BORELLI'S *Ethiopie Méridionale* (1) is one of those exceedingly handsome books of travel which are produced by the aid of "missions" from the French Government, and which it is to be hoped repay the French taxpayer for the outlay that directly or indirectly they cost him. The book would be more comfortable to read if it had been two moderate-sized octavos instead of one mighty quarto, and the plan of transcribing short journal entries for each day or most days, instead of fusing them into a connected narrative with the days left out, on which nothing worth speaking of happened, is far from succulent. It cannot be said that M. Borelli, though an ardent patriot, came to any very cheerful results in his more than three years' sojourn (1885 to 1888) in Southern Abyssinia and its adjacent countries. "Barren! barren! beggars all!" is, on the whole, his verdict. He fears that the much-prized French port of Obock will never be any good except as a coaling-station; he had come to the conclusion, even before King John died, and the Italians monopolized Menelek, that the King of Shoa did not want to have anything to do with the French. He was, and is, indeed, sure that fiendish arts were used by perfidious Albion to keep him out; whereas, on his own showing, English agents rather went out of their way to be kind to him. We should very much like to see what would have happened if an English authority at Aden had done to the cavasses (if that convenient term may be used) furnished to a French traveller what the French Commandant at Obock, by M. Borelli's account, did to similar officials furnished to M. Borelli by an English agent—had, that is to say, stripped them of their uniforms, and sent them back. The whole press of Paris would have been one geyser for a week at least. There are, however, two points in M. Borelli's book which deserve the most hearty and unstinted acknowledgment. The measurement and profiles of the ground traversed are of wonderful minuteness, and should be of great use to any one who wants a survey of this part of Africa. But they are surpassed in general interest by the extraordinary multitude of excellent engravings of anthropological types taken from photographs which must have been not less excellent. These range from the extremest negroid physiognomy to a most singular phase almost identical with the type familiar on Egyptian monuments, and no doubt Ethiopian in the proper sense. We do not remember to have ever seen a more remarkable collection.

M. Edouard Cadol has used for his *André Laroche* (2) the rather well-worn theme of a treacherous friend—or rather acquaintance—slaying, or attempting to slay, a confiding companion and usurping his identity. Of this, as of other "old tricks," it can be said that they are only "always good" when they are very distinctly and freshly handled, which is hardly the case here. The heroine is uninteresting, the hero something of a prig, and the villain, though better than the hero, not enticing. M. de Castillane's *Destruction* (3) is better conceived than executed, but here the theme is much fresher. The hero, Francis du Clauzel, has been brought up, if not in any strict morality, in the purest principles of monarchism and religion, by his uncle, a Vendean squire, and he is sent to his aunt at Paris to be "finished." He is finished, in more senses than one. He finds Royalists hobnobbing with Bonapartists and Boulangists (for, though the scene is laid ten years back, it is clear what the author is thinking of), priests coquetting with atheism, great artists making their art a matter of money, great men of letters turning everything into *blague*, and all worshipping the golden calf in its ugliest forms. He falls in love with an elderly married adventuress, gets his name put on the direction of bogus companies, and ends in a madhouse, his uncle having died, ruined and heart-broken, before him. The satire is severe and not unjust, but it is somewhat too heavy a weapon for M. de Castillane's arms.

In *Fleur de jade* (4), a collection of *nouvelles exotiques*, Mlle. Lydie Paschkoff takes us far afield. We begin by hearing how the Comte de Ville-Sombre, who served the Flowery Land because his country would not give him a king to serve, perished, with his dog of chase, Tom, and his beloved Flower of Jade, a Celestial damsel of high degree, in that singular bombardment of Foochow, which the French have persuaded themselves was heroic. We hear of Afghans, of Russians, of the rather dubious manners (we fear not inaccurately reported) of European colonies in the East, of divers others "exotic" things. The tales are nearly all well told, and the author appears to have a curious

(1) *Ethiopie Méridionale.* Par Jules Borelli. Paris: Quantin.

(2) *André Laroche.* Par E. Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Destruction.* Par le Marquis de Castillane. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Fleur de jade.* Par Lydie Paschkoff. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

cosmopolitan impartiality; for she gives, as far as we can make out, the *beau rôle* to no nation in particular. But the short story requires, even more than the long, a certain finishing touch of grace, a special point of interest, which Mlle. Paschkoff has not yet quite learnt to give.

M. Henri Gaullieur's *Maud Dexter* was a rather clever story of American life, and of his *Daniel Cummings* (5) not much less may be said. M. Gaullieur really knows his Yankees, though it may be observed that he is a praiser of times past in respect of them. His heroine, Ella, is exogamous, as becomes a damsel of her nation, but her successful lover, the Hungarian Attila Kirany, is better than at least some of his companions in fortune and fiction.

There are few novels published now in France of a quainter fashion and with a more distinct *goût du terroir* than M. Charles d'Héricault's (6). This great merit, and the other merit, that as all good Frenchmen should do, and as too few do, he hates the Republic, freethought, modernity, and all the other pestilent *blague* which makes his country the prey of pettifoggers and windbags and speculators, have not always been able to make up to us for some artistic deficiencies. These deficiencies, however, show very little, and the merits very well in *Le roman d'un propriétaire*, a really capital book of its kind.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Art Ballad; Loewe and Schubert, by Albert B. Bach (Blackwood & Sons), is not merely fair to outward view, as many volumes be, but a book that treats of the neglected ballad compositions of Loewe—a subject extremely interesting to lovers of music and poetry—with considerable skill and the fervour that becomes a disciple and preacher. Mr. Bach is an enthusiast on the subject of Loewe's ballads. He declares that, whether as speaker, singer, or writer, he will not cease to work for him. Lecturing on the subject in Edinburgh, he did not omit to appeal to the gratitude and patriotism of his audience by reminding them of Loewe's admirable settings to old Scotch ballads. He is about to publish for English singers a selection from Loewe, and is determined to do all in his power to popularize the composer's name in the drawing-room and at concerts. We only trust he may be successful. If he can somewhat abate the rule of the fatuous drawing-room ballad of the day, and replace it by the ballads of Loewe, not forgetting the songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Reichardt, and other masters, he will have done much for art. At the moment we can recall one singer only—Mr. Henschel—who has attempted to introduce Loewe's name in London concert programmes. In this direction Mr. Bach may achieve much both by example and teaching. We do not for one moment believe that the average concert audience prefers the mere sing-song and twaddle of the popular ballad of the day to the lyrics of Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, Rückert, and other poets set to the music of Schubert or Loewe. To popularize such work, however, for home consumption is another matter. It requires an artist to interpret it. The accompaniment, too, is often exceedingly difficult, and even in concert-rooms the accompanyist is frequently the least satisfactory of all the performers engaged. The average amateur cannot find a ballad too easy for his capacity; hence the popularity of the "drawing-room ballad." Even should musical education become much more sound and general than it now is, the obstacle would remain. Nothing short of a Heaven-sent increase and diffusion of musical gifts could make the art ballad, to use Mr. Bach's rather inexpressive term, as it is exemplified by Loewe's very dramatic setting of Herder's translation "Edward," or the "Erlking," or Freiligrath's "Moorish Prince," a pure, intelligible joy to the British drawing-room. Most people are of Goethe's mind as to the musical setting of lyrical poetry; he preferred Zelter's setting of his songs, because that composer put as little music to them as was possible. This style of simplicity was not Loewe's. His "Erlking," which Mr. Bach ranks above Schubert's, is certainly what most singers would call "trying." Not the least striking of the "musical illustrations" cited in Mr. Bach's study of Loewe's life and writings are those from "Der Fischer," which reveal very effectively the different styles of the two composers. Mr. Bach is of the Wagnerian persuasion. He prefers Loewe's more elaborate and "modern" treatment of Goethe's ballad to Schubert's exquisite and essentially lyrical setting. Schubert's is "a charming song, but no ballad," he remarks, and is "based on the simplest principle of song-form." Yet, surely, that principle is best suited to a simple and primitive poetic form like the ballad. Despite, however, a little excess of zeal in the cause, Mr. Bach's book should do much to enlighten and interest the musical, and may, we trust, remedy the present neglect of Loewe's ballads.

From the explorer's point of view, books of travel speedily become ancient in these days, yet with the change they assume, if good to read at all, a fresh attraction to all who like such books, be they as old as Mandeville. He is sincerely to be pitied who cannot enjoy voyaging again, and yet again, with Bruce, or Mungo Park, or Dr. Shaw, through a continent that is fast losing its mysterious darkness. Like those odd pictorial maps of old geographers, such books acquire mellowness without losing their original strangeness, and are good to take up with again, after the last new thing in discovery. Of these must be accounted Dr. Barth's *Travels in Northern and Central Africa* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), a reprint of one half of which is added to the "Minerva Library." Three-and-thirty years is no great age, perhaps, yet it invests a book of travel with a respectable antiquity. Barth's journey through Tripoli to Central Africa is full of instruction and entertainment. He had a fine feeling for the remote, the unknown, the mysterious. He visited places as strange as Masár, "deep in the wilderness of woe"; the kingdoms of Bornu, Fezzán "the home of the Berbers," and a hundred other attractive lands. Altogether, his is one of the most inspiring of records.

Great African Travellers (Routledge) is a compilation by W. H. G. Kingston and C. R. Low, who have drawn upon the works of Bruce, Mungo Park, Barth, Denham and Clapperton, Captain Burton, Speke and Grant, Livingstone, and Mr. H. M. Stanley. A portrait of "the greatest of African travellers" serves as frontispiece, and numerous woodcuts adorn the volume. On the gorgeous cover the greatest of African travellers is again depicted, with a spy-glass, on a peak overlooking Lake Victoria, or Albert N'yanza.

Passion the Plaything, by R. Murray Gilchrist (Heinemann), is a romance written in the most tropical style conceivable. The heroine has two lovers, the one poor and a poet whom she loves and rejects in favour of his rich and landed rival. The poet has presented her with his dead mother's jewels. She is described seated in her luxurious country house, weeping bitterly as she swings a necklace of amethysts between herself and the fire until "the gems scintillated so that they soon dried her eyes with their concentrated glitter." But hers was not the common example of jewels the consolation of fair ladies. There is a touching meeting between the faithless creature and her first love, the result of which is that she commits suicide in circumstances of the most romantic and imposing kind. Despite its extravagance, the story is not wanting in imaginative power.

Mr. Seyton Crewe's *Nemesis* (Eden, Remington, & Co.) deals with a theme that requires imaginative treatment and fails entirely for the want of it. Only an Elizabethan dramatist could be expected to dignify and make sweet and wholesome the subject of Mr. Crewe's "moral story." As it is, Mr. Crewe succeeds in writing a vulgar, repulsive, and incredible tale of what purports to be modern life.

City and Suburban, by Florence Warden (White & Co.), is not a bad specimen of current shilling sensational fiction. There is one point, however, connected with a marvellous wine-cellar, the scene of a well-devised mystery, which rather tries our credulity. It cannot be believed that the owner of a secret cellar of the choicest wines should forget and abandon them to the next tenant of the house.

Among the contents—good and varied, as usual—of the ninth part of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, from *Blackwood*, are Colonel Henry Smith's pleasant "Reminiscences of a Ross-shire Forest," appropriate to the season, and the anonymous and curious recollections of travel in China entitled "Six Weeks in a Tower."

A light descriptive hand and some shrewd touches of character are revealed in a series of sketches, *My Curates*, by a Rector (Skeffington & Son).

The new volume of the "Camelot" series is a newly revised reprint of Chase's translation of the *Ethics* of Aristotle (Walter Scott), with G. H. Lewes's essay by way of introduction.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Rather at Sea* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.) is a reprint from *Punch*, with the original illustrations, of "On Board the *Araminta*," and other "holiday cruises" and yachting logs, now congenially combined in a handsome volume.

The continued popularity of lawn-tennis is well illustrated in the current issue, the eighth "annual," of *The "Field" Lawn-Tennis Calendar*, edited by B. C. Evelegh (Horace Cox).

Among new editions we have received *The Civil Service History of England*, by F. A. White, revised and enlarged by H. A. Dobson (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *The Squatter's Dream*, by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillan & Co.); *A York and a Lancaster Rose*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.); and *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, by Maarten Maartens (Eden, Remington, & Co.)

We have also received *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, a letter to Dr. James Andrew by Sir H. W. Acland (Frowde); *The Calendar for the Session* 1890-91 of University College, Bristol (Arrowsmith); *Brief Sketches of C.M.S. Missions*, by Emily Headland, Part I. (Nisbet & Co.); *Paul and Virginia*, "Routledge's Pocket Library" edition; *The Stockbroker's Handbook*, by E. E. Kennedy, fourth edition (Effingham Wilson); Mr. Edmund Owen's "Lettsomian Lectures," 1890, *Selected Subjects in connection with the Surgery of Infancy and Childhood* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); *Problems of Life*, by A. Winter (Hodges); *The Electrical Engineers' Pocket-Book*, by H. R. Kempe, an illustrated handbook of formulæ, tables, technical terms, &c., and other useful information (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *A Primer of Book-Keeping*, by J. Thornton (Macmillan & Co.); *Tate's Modern Cambist*, a manual of foreign exchanges, &c., by Hermann Schmidt, twenty-second edition (Effingham Wilson); *University Extension; Has it a Future?* by Messrs. H. J. Mackinder and Michael E. Sadler (Frowde); Mr. E. Stanford's *Catalogue of Naval and Military Books*, and *The Statistical Year-Book of Canada* for 1889 (Ottawa: Chamberlin).

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(5) *Daniel Cummings.* Par H. Gaullieur. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Le roman d'un propriétaire.* Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Perrin.

Our attention has been called to the fact that there is an index in Bemrose's *Paris Guide*, noticed last week in the *Saturday Review*. It was overlooked owing to its unusual position—at the beginning instead of the end of the book.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE GALLERIES will be CLOSED on the EVENINGS of Monday, August 25, to Thursday, September 4, inclusive.

British Museum, August 19, 1890. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, *Principal Librarian.*

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SESSION 1890-91.
FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

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THE SESSION will begin TUESDAY, October 7, 1890.

OUNDLE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. NEXT TERM begins September 19. An Examination for several Scholarships will be held on December 16, 17, and 18, 1890.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTHAM, at 4 P.M.

The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as *bonâ fide* first-year students during the current year.

2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.

3. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £90, open to all students who have entered the school during the current year, and who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B. since October 1889.

4. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £65, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—

The William Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £40 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £32; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £32; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £18; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £10 10s. each; the Brodie Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clarke's Prize.

All Hospital appointments, including the two House Physicianships and two House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.

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For further information apply personally, or by letter, to

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ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

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TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and £60 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 26, 27, and 29, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

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Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, *Dean.*
G. H. MAKINS, *Vice-Dean.*

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on October 1st. Introductory Address by Dr. T. COLCOTT FOX, at 4 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £80 and £40, and one of £20 for Dental Students on Examination, September 23 and 24.

There are also numerous Prizes.

FEES.—100 guineas in one sum on entrance, or £110 in two payments, or £120 in five payments. Special fees for partial and Dental Students.

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October 1.—Little Wonder, Canterbury and Herne Bay, Twenty Horses.
October 8.—Telegraph, London and Hertford, Forty Horses.
October 15.—Champion, Margate and Canterbury, Twenty Horses.
October 15.—Meteor, Folkestone and Canterbury, Twenty Horses.

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CHRONICLE.

THE end of the week in which Parliament is prorogued is usually the most holiday time of the holiday season; and this has seldom been more the case than on the present occasion. On Saturday last, with the exception of a fatal accident at the Waltham Powder Factory, hardly a single matter of even slight importance either in domestic or in foreign intelligence was reported in the newspapers; and an enormous outburst of correspondence on trivial matters, and of long articles obviously kept for sunny, not rainy, days, apprised the wary newspaper-reader of the state of affairs. The accumulation of two days' news which Sunday causes somewhat relieved this dearth of incident on Monday; but, on the whole, it may be said that the English world had very little history at the end of last week, and so perhaps was happy.

Foreign Affairs.

The conclusion of the German EMPEROR's visit to the CZAR drew some comment at the beginning of the week, and reports from the Zambezi showed that the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement had been concluded none too soon. The full text of the Agreement was published on Tuesday, and turns out to be even more favourable to England than the not altogether accurate abstracts of it implied; but on this we dilate elsewhere. ——It had been announced earlier that Lord SALISBURY had once more "smiling put the question by" in reply to the singularly foolish, and almost unintelligible, persistence of the Porte in the Egyptian matter. As the SULTAN must be perfectly well aware that, whether Great Britain retires or not, Turkey will never be accorded by other Powers one inch of advance of influence in Egypt, and as such rights as she at present possesses are much safer with Englishmen at Cairo than with any one else, this kind of pestering passes comprehension, though it is harmless enough.——Dr. PETERS has come home, and is, it seems, pronounced "not unworthy of a copy of the sword of "CHARLEMAGNE," which he received some time ago. "Under what circumstances is a man not unworthy of a "copy of the sword of CHARLEMAGNE?" would be a capital examination question of the modern kind. But we certainly have no intention of doing any despite to Dr. PETERS. As we have pointed out more than once before, he has done, or attempted to do, yeoman's service to his own country, and happy is the man of whom as much can be said.——The railway which starts from Mombassa, and which is being constructed by the British East African Company with hopes of reaching the Victoria Nyanza at any rate, and perhaps the Nile, was "inaugurated" on Wednesday. These projects are always in the highest degree uncertain, but every good luck shall be wished to this one, even if railways, and railways in tropical countries especially, may not seem to the wisher the best of all possible things.——It was announced, but has fortunately been contradicted, that the SULTAN had put a premium on treason and disorder by pardoning the culprits in the unprovoked riot at Koum Kapou.——On Tuesday the town of Tokay was burnt, thereby giving opportunity to the hard-pressed to talk about its wine. This wine has not been more famous than the extreme difficulty (unless a man happens to be a personal friend of someone high in K.K. quarters) of being sure that it is genuine. Perhaps no one would care to drink even genuine Tokay every day, while even before the days of the phylloxera few people could have had the chance of doing so. But as a "ladies' wine" it has no equal.——Some political interest has been attached to the recent excursion of an English lady with her husband over the passes of the Hindu Koosh, as illustrating the comparative ease with which the barrier can be passed. As a matter of fact, however, all well informed military and political students have long given up the idea of an automatic barrier, and pains have been taken for some time past to arrange something firmer than peaks and passes in order to exclude inconvenient visitors. Indeed, mountain barriers are at best weak guards. There is no country in Europe which appears more exposed by sea and more guarded by land than Italy; there is none that has been so often invaded with success, and the invasion has been almost always from the land side.

The Naval Manœuvres.

On Tuesday the first intelligence was heard from Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR's fleet, the cruiser *Arethusa* arriving at Plymouth with despatches, and being followed by the other ships a day or two later. Less interest has been shown in the Manœuvres this year, in the way of newspaper comment and correspondence, than usual, but some kind friends of England abroad are comforting themselves by the supposition that they have "proved" the possibility of keeping out of the way of an English fleet while destroying English commerce. Perhaps this is rather a rash generalization from Sir GEORGE TRYON's not exhaustive or exhausting efforts.

Home Politics.

English politicians have hardly stirred themselves up to much action or talking yet, but a demonstration was held on Sunday at Limerick by that pair of brothers, Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN, with the usual denunciation of Bishop O'DWYER, between whom and Mr. DILLON a pretty combat has gone on since. The Bishop has, among other things, made the observation that Mr. DILLON's aim is nothing less than to bring into public odium all who are not subservient to the present Nationalist leaders. Of course, it is neither more nor less than that. And as subservience to popular leaders, be their name what it may, is the only political principle left to a considerable English political party, the organs of that party naturally say and think that Dr. O'DWYER is a very bad man indeed.

Letters.

As has been already noticed, correspondence has helped to fill the empty columns of the newspapers; but as yet their readers have been mercifully spared the special bore in that kind "which "does not bless them each September" (if we may slightly alter PRAED), and which will too surely make its appearance as usual in that fated month. Sir EDWARD REED has contributed another very pleasant letter to the *Times*, a letter deliciously quivering with admiration of Sir EDWARD REED, dilating on that excellent thing the "persuasion" of blacklegs (our ancestors used "convince" in the same agreeable ambiguity), and ending by majestically "commending to "the good taste" of some Cardiff constituent "that modest "respect for one's representative [to wit, Sir EDWARD "REED] which can seldom fail to be a graceful tribute to "the constituents and fellow townsmen who have elected "him."——Mr. GLADSTONE's letter-bag has also been fertile, yielding, among other things, a dignified, though too mild, rebuke to some impertinent fool who had asked him why he did not go to Cardinal NEWMAN's funeral, another in which the "great old man" says that the onions of Hawarden "might challenge competition over a wide area," and a note on a new religious novel intended to crush, conclude, and quell another work of the same kind that surely might have been left to the merciful operations of time.——Cardinal MANNING's precedence, that old favourite with persons incontinent of pen, has led downwards to a discussion of the silly vanity which makes some Nonconformist ministers of the same denomination call themselves "rectors" of "parishes."——A triangular duel with very long letters has been fought between the Dean of

St. Asaph, a person named Baithache, and Mr. Osborne Morgan on the subject of Welsh tithes, the Dean exposing that most dishonest of all agitations for the *n*th time; Mr. Baithache ingenuously admitting that his clients, the embezzling farmers, know quite well that they themselves do not pay tithe, but detain it because they do not like the purposes on which it is spent by its owners; and Mr. Osborne Morgan almost as ingenuously corroborating the admission.——Mr. F. Seeber, who writes as an Argentinian (if that is the right word), has made a temperate defence of his country's solvency and prospects; while various letters which are now dropping in by the mails show the inconveniences of revolution as felt by those who are not to the manner born.——Mr. Cavendish Bentinck and the authorities of St. Paul's have once more agreed to have a battle on the subject of the decoration of the interior of that Cathedral.——A protest, which might be sensible if there were any means of giving effect to it, has been raised against the hideous "sky-signs," the imaginer of which would have been, in the days of the good Haroun-al-Raschid, promptly strung up to the tallest of them.

"F. O." The fourth report of the Civil Service Commission has been issued, dealing with the Foreign Office and the whole diplomatic and consular system abroad. It contains some interesting facts and some important recommendations, and may be worth returning to.

Labour Quarrels. The eminent Mr. John Burns was very busy last Sunday making three different speeches, or rather one speech in three different places to divers trade unions, imparting to his hearers the terrible news (which, we fear, is too good to be true) of a capitalist union, with eighty million pounds at its abominable bankers', and a determination to crush labour, and pacifically boasting that any association which tried to organize protection for blacklegs would "have its hair lifted."——The strikes in America (where, by the way, a good old rough-and-tumble fight has taken place on the polished floor of the House of Representatives) seem not to be making way; but those in Australia (where "labour" has nearly reached the paradise hoped for by Mr. John Burns) are very serious, and the whole seaboard traffic is reported as stopped.

The Waterloo Memorial. On Tuesday the Duke of Cambridge unveiled at Brussels a Waterloo monument which has been constructed by English subscriptions and designed by a sculptor with the name, famous of old time and very Belgian, of Count Jacques de Lalaing. For, as an ingenious Frenchman observed but a day or two ago, the English are so eccentric that they commemorate their defeats; and, indeed, it is as good a test as another to decide whether an Englishman has his heart set and his head screwed on in the right places, to find out whether he is proud of Waterloo or not.

Sport. Another yacht race, which was not child's play, took place at the Dorset Yacht Club Regatta last Saturday, in which four boats sailed three times from Weymouth round the Shambles in a heavy sea, the schooner *Amphitrite* winning. The usual course of regattas follows that of empire at this time of year, and two more days of tribulation for heavily-sparred racing machines followed in Torbay on Monday and Tuesday. Here the new cutter, *Iverna*, proved herself a really staunch boat in heavy weather, and had much the better of her smooth-water victress, the *Thistle*.——The Cheltenham week ended by the Australians beating Gloucestershire, while Yorkshire got the better of Surrey at the Oval, and Hampshire of Sussex at Brighton. Cricket at the beginning of this week was much hampered by bad weather. The match which was expected with most interest, that between England and Australia at Manchester, could not even be begun on either of the three days assigned to it, and no match of importance was completed. Amends were to some extent made on Thursday, when the second division of matches, including the beginning of the "Scarborough week" and the return match between Surrey and Kent at the Oval, opened well in fine weather.——At York on Tuesday Mr. Lowther's good two-year-old, Cleator, was in luck again for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. On Wednesday Mr. Charlton's Silver Spur, a light weight, won the Ebor Handicap against such formidable opponents as Philomel and Tyrant, while Lord Hartington's Curfew, a purchase just before the race, secured the Ebor St. Leger. On Thursday Mr. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday won the Great Yorkshire Stakes easily from a very small field.

Accidents. Another bad boating accident has followed the many recently reported, four lives having been lost from the capsizing of a Deal galley on her way to the Goodwin Sands on Monday with five excursionists and two men as crew. There does not seem to have here been any fault in the boat, the crew, or the passengers, and such accidents will happen from time to time. The fact, however, has not unnaturally drawn fresh attention to the Ilfracombe disaster of last week, where, as in too many recent calamities at the same place, it can hardly be said that the accident was an accident as far as any precautions taken by the authorities to secure competent management and suitable craft go. It is a perpetual miracle to all who go down to the Thames in boats that some hundreds of people are not drowned every holiday, and the sea is far more dangerous than the Thames.——A serious collision, the first of any importance during the holiday season, occurred on Thursday at Milngavie, on the North British Railway. More than thirty persons were injured, though none fatally. The accident naturally happened on a single line—a thing which, unless under very exceptional circumstances indeed, ought not now to be tolerated in Great Britain.

Miscellaneous. An exceedingly unnecessary inquest was held last Monday on the exhumed body of a certain Mr. Hart, who happened to meet with a fatal accident at a house to which unwholesome attention has recently been called by the lower kind of journalism.——On Tuesday last the Sanitary Congress met at Brighton; and the resignation of the Bishop of Worcester, one of the oldest prelates in the English Church, who has held his bishopric for nearly thirty years, was announced.——At a very successful Horse Show held by the Royal Dublin Society, Mr. Balfour, it seems, has won several prizes for sheep. This saddens and puzzles the Nationalists. They are not angry, to do them justice; they only faintly suggest favouritism. But "any man less likely to take an interest "in the breeding of lambs than the present Chief Secre-"tary" they cannot imagine. If it had been asps, now, or basilisks, or mantichoras, or a choice pen of that interesting beast the catoblepas (which, meaning in the Greek tongue "one that looks down," is peculiarly suitable to a supercilious tyrant), or a strain of man-eating horses! If it had even been goats! But sheep! that Mr. Balfour should take an interest in sheep!——The Speaker, addressing his constituents at Leamington on Wednesday, referred to a report that the Commonwealth mace, the original "bauble," is to be found at Kingston, and said that he had caused inquiries to be made about it. The result will not be uninteresting, though we have an indistinct remembrance of this Kingston story having been started before.

Obituary. Mr. Cope, R.A., who died towards the end of last week, but whose death then escaped notice, was a painter better known a generation ago than recently; for he had, unlike some of his colleagues, the wisdom not to obtrude what Dryden unkindly called, in Jonson's case, "dotages" on the public. He was better as a draughtsman than as a painter, and as a painter better in mural work than on canvas; while his skill with the etching-needle might, perhaps, have found more occupation with advantage.

Books, &c. A new (the fifth) edition of Messrs. Johnston's *Handy Royal Atlas* (Edinburgh and London: W. & A. K. Johnston), certainly one of the handiest and best of its kind, has appeared. We shall hope to notice it more fully presently, but we can give it no better testimony than the fact that, though it was published before the announcement of the terms of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement, we went through it with the official text, and found hardly a single point or name missing.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

THE sudden prevalence, not so much of strikes, which, as a matter of fact, have been going on all through the year, as of talk about strikes, is manifestly due in no small degree to the dearth of other matter to talk about. It has the silly season to itself this year, and Sir E. J. Reed supplies, not inadequately, the place of the gigantic gooseberry and the sea serpent. The member for Cardiff is an improvement on these somewhat worn-out themes. Not even the sea serpent, though he was capable of much, had done

anything for a long time so amusing as Sir E. J. Reed's letter of the 23rd. "The literary restraint," with which he criticizes Mr. Beynon-Harris is more gigantic than the most gigantic gooseberry. The termination of his letter is a convincing answer to the critics who have accused Mr. S. Gilbert of exceeding the bounds of comic probability in some of the confessions of vanity or other human follies which he puts into the mouths of his puppets. In language worthy of Pooh-Bah alone Sir E. J. Reed accuses Mr. Beynon-Harris of forgetting the "reverence due to me." But Sir E. J. Reed has not all the folly to himself. The agitators are contributing their ample shares. There is a race between these persons at present—or rather there always has been a race, but during the prevailing absence of other matters to attract attention more than usual is seen of it. It is a very old story that Agitator A must not allow himself to be outbid by Agitator B. When, therefore, B declares that, unless poverty is swept away on the Surrey side, he will "kick up a row," Agitator A must at once come forward with assurances that the sight of suffering at Limehouse gives him a flinty-hearted desire to confiscate the property of landlords in Wiltshire. A conflict of cheapjacks of this kind is no new thing. Whosoever has memory for reading older than the papers of last week will remember many such auctions as the particular one which has been going on of late between Agitators A, B, and C, whose distinguished names need not be specified. They, with their ever increasingly blatant rhetoric, their constantly more magnificent promises, the digs in the back they give one another, and the art they occasionally show in tripping one another up, make a not bad study in demagogy.

But all is not talk in the strike mania. Very far from it. There is a very obstinate determination among workmen at present, not in one country, but all over the English-speaking world, and to some extent among other peoples, to enjoy more and to work less. To attain that object they are organizing everywhere, and are everywhere prepared to use force without measure or scruple. The very sandwich men, and the girls in rabbit-dressing factories, are forming unions. Dublin, as is very natural in the capital of a country which has always abounded in "societies," and is accustomed to their terrorism, has just supplied an admirable example of what the methods of these unions may be expected to be. In that city the Alliance Gas Company has had an experience which is exactly the reverse of the South Metropolitan's here in London. It has fallen completely under the control of its employés, who are members of a union. A firm of coal merchants in the city, Messrs. McCormick, has just beaten a strike of its own, and for that victory it is banished by the employés of the gas works. They will not allow it to obtain coke. The directors are helpless, and the law apparently supplies no remedy, or, if it does, there is nobody with the power or the courage to set the law in motion. What the Alliance Gas men have done in Dublin, unions are either doing or propose to do from St. Louis to Melbourne. It is a truism to say that they will never attain to all they are aiming at, but they will try hard, and it is for many reasons extremely probable that they may do a great deal of mischief before they are taught by experience or are beaten. Unless there is a very marked change of spirit in their opponents, they will have a very easy victory for a time, and, in a sense, they will deserve it. Whatever faults the unions have, and they are many, this must be said for them, that during the last two years they have, as a rule, shown much more clearly than the employers that they knew what they wanted, and how to get it. Moreover, they have shown a readiness to stand by one another, which may be, and indeed is, inspired consciously or unconsciously by selfish motives, but is, at any rate, more sagacious and more respectable than the utter want of spirit too commonly shown by the employers. Indeed, it will be as well for their own credit if the capitalists as a class abstain from taunting their enemy with selfish views. It would be very hard for any union to show a meaner spirit than was shown by the shipowners of London during the Dock Strike. Another cause which will materially help the unions is the kind of tacit agreement by which their orators are left in possession of the field. The "Labour and Wages Question," to use a clumsy phrase for want of a better, has now been a very prominent one for two good years, at least. During that time infinite mischievous nonsense has been talked to the working class with little answer except in quarters where it is not heard by them. Everybody knows how much Socialism and how much passion which will certainly have its effect on politics have been mixed up in the struggle; and yet, with the exception of one speech from Mr. Smith and the resistance offered to the Eight Hours Bill by Mr. Bradlaugh, the politicians have uniformly abstained from speech on the whole question. It may be that argument would be thrown away; but, while that is possible, it is certain that the most effectual of all ways of incurring defeat is to run away without a fight. The melancholy probability is that the political gentlemen are waiting to see what the Trades-Unions amount to in voting power before deciding on which side of the fence it will be safer to come down.

The time has passed when the system of isolated resistance to this movement among the workmen can serve. The employers must recognize what is called in modern revolutionary cant the "solidarity" of their interests. Among the workmen this general interest is recognized—sometimes foolishly enough, as in the case of the recent fiasco of a strike on the Tyne, which was begun hastily, out of sympathy with the Danish sailors, and then dropped when it was found that shipowners at Copenhagen were not to be coerced by strikes against shippers in English ports. A mere folly of this kind is itself, however, a sign of the sincerity with which many workmen do believe in the identity of their interests, irrespective of class and nation. A more serious instance is almost certain to be given by the London dockers, to whom the Australian labourers of the same class have applied for help in the present strike in New South Wales and Victoria. The voluntary tax of a shilling a week to which the Englishmen are said to be about to subject themselves, in order to repay the help they received in the strike of last year, may not be paid long or paid at all without the application of a good deal of pressure. But something will be collected, and that something will go to the support of the Australian strike. The employers must prepare to follow the example or resign themselves to be beaten in detail. If they only show a little foresight, resolution, and power of self-sacrifice, there is absolutely no reason why they should not make a stand with success. The workmen are by no means so unanimous as it pleases their leaders to assert. The dissensions which have arisen in the North between the shipjoiners and the shipwrights show that the interests of different classes of workmen do frequently clash. The letter of "Anglo-Australian" in the *Times* shows how very easily the Union may earn the hostility of a minority of men in the trade, quite large enough to destroy it, if these are only properly supported by the employers. It has never been found impossible to secure outside help when it has been properly paid and protected. Of course, the occasion must be well chosen and carefully prepared for. There must be no mere refusal of money when the state of the market is in favour of the men, and no treason to one another among the employers. The capitalists must understand that the longer resistance is delayed the more completely will the unions be organized, the more universally will the men be driven or tempted into them, and the stronger will be the hold of the demagogues on their followers. The prospect is not a pleasant one, but it cannot be cured by refusal to face it. That politicians of the respectable stamp have ignored it so long is only one proof more of the moral cowardice of this generation—and also of its unwisdom. For it is obvious that the fanatics will always be against the "respectable men," and equally so that the adventurers on the other side will use that fanaticism. What, then, is to be gained by shirking a conflict with the fanatic, and by leaving the field open to the adventurer?

THE "KNIGHT" AND THE BISHOP.

It is generally admitted that Mr. Dillon possesses all the necessary virtues of the patriot—all the virtues without which no patriotic gentleman's moral treasury is complete—together with some special and peculiar attractions of his own to boot. He is all that Mr. Parnell is, his more ardent admirers think, and all that Mr. O'Brien is; but besides this he is something that Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Parnell are not. He is as disinterested and devoted as either, and as to his truthfulness—well, truthfulness, to paraphrase a recent excellent saying, "is not the word for

"it." But, further, he is as ardent and fervid and impassioned, and all the rest of it, as Mr. PARNELL is cold and calculating; and whereas people do not commonly prefix the enthusiastic adjective "chivalrous" to the otherwise honoured name of "WILLIAM O'BRIEN," it is understood that the quality of "chivalry" and the name of JOHNDILLON are indissolubly, if somewhat mysteriously, associated. He does not show it like the admirable WILLIAM by daring the fate of imprisonment and a diet of ham-sandwiches; a distinction between him and his brother patriot which, indeed, has attracted the attention of Bishop O'DWYER. Nor does he take the removable magistracy, figuratively speaking, by the beard, as others use, or sport on platforms, like Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, with the tangles of the Royal Irish Constabulary's hair. His chivalry, in fact, does not lead him towards *voies de fait*, but still, in his own way, he is chivalrous—oh, so chivalrous!—and when it is a question of collecting the bhoys at the gates of a bishop's palace, and getting up as big a hoot against its episcopal occupant as the lungs of the assembled crowd—a little disappointing in the size of its local contingent—can raise, then, indeed, there is no one to equal Mr. DILLON. He had Mr. O'BRIEN with him the other day on the occasion of this knightly laying of his lance in rest; but he did not really want him. Mr. DILLON made much the longer speech of the two last Sunday, and he therein so completely pulverized the prelate that he found it necessary to deliver another speech of two newspaper columns and a half at Clonmel a couple of days afterwards in reply to a letter addressed by Dr. O'DWYER to the *Freeman's Journal*. And even if this should cause some people to suspect that the attempt of the Irish BAYARD to intimidate a bishop by mobbing him, so to speak, in his cathedral city has not had quite the success anticipated for it, that does not affect the chivalry of the proceeding. Even a varray parfitt gentil knight may be occasionally unhorsed; but the perfection of his gentleness is not thereby impaired.

Chivalrous, however, as Mr. DILLON is, there is one person more chivalrous still, and that is Mr. DILLON'S reporter. This *preux chevalier* is, indeed, too chivalrous; for no sooner does Mr. DILLON rise to his feet in the House of Commons than the knight to whom we refer becomes a knight-errant indeed. He dashes off into all sorts of heroic utterances, and delivers any number of daring defiances of men and facts; and all apparently under the delusion that it is Mr. DILLON, and not he himself, who is their author. Whether it is the contagion of Mr. DILLON'S chivalry which produces this hallucination or not—whether it is that the reporter's pencil is irresistibly impelled to the stenography of the burning words which start to his lips at the mere contemplation of Mr. DILLON on his legs—we cannot say; but certain it is that he has forgotten himself in this way some dozen times already, and that he again lost his head the other night in the House of Commons when the object of his admiration was talking about the POPE and the PERSICO Mission. It seemed so natural to him to expect that Mr. DILLON in the full flow of his impassioned protest against the cruelty of forbidding the Irish tenant to plunder his landlord would speak with but scant respect even of the Head of his Church as responsible for this heartless prohibition that he must needs report him as having actually spoken in this sense. And so next morning the reporter, or rather the reporters—the word is generic and includes every professional transcriber of speeches, whatever his politics, and whoever his employer—had circulated throughout the country an account of Mr. DILLON'S utterances, which is for the thirteenth time inaccurate, and which he has now had to make the subject of his thirteenth correction. Tiresome as the constantly recurring necessity must be to him, it is perfectly easy, on the hypothesis above stated, to explain its recurrence; and it is painful, therefore, to find Bishop O'DWYER still quoting these untrustworthy scribes, and even reminding the *Freeman's Journal* of the short letter of his which it published some time ago, and in which was set out the *Freeman's* own report of Mr. DILLON'S words and that of *Hansard* side by side. This causes Mr. DILLON to say plaintively in his last speech—the one of two columns and a half—addressed to the slaying of his slain adversary, that "the Bishop of "LIMERICK, having absolved me of personal dishonesty, now "calls me a liar, because he says I did insult the sovereign "Pontiff." As candid logicians we feel bound to admit that this reasoning does look as if it might be thrown into the form of a quite unassailable syllogism; but we console ourselves by reflecting that even the utmost perfection of logical form is consistent with complete absence of material accuracy in any proposition.

It is, moreover, a pity that Mr. DILLON'S eye should have been caught by this particular passage in the Bishop's letter, and that his quick sense of personal honour should have made him retort upon Dr. O'DWYER with that most crushing of all retorts:—"If you are right, on this "matter, JOHNDILLON must be a liar; which is absurd—"if 'absurd' is the word for it"—to the neglect of another point which, if of lower personal interest, is of distinctly higher controversial value. True, he did not leave Dr. O'DWYER'S question with reference to the sense in which he uses O'CONNELL'S famous phrase entirely unnoticed; but, unfortunately, his answer leaves off abruptly just as he was approaching the most interesting of all the Bishop's interrogatories. "The legend planted pro-"minently," he says, on one of their banners reads, "Our "religion from Rome, our politics from home," and that sentiment has been the burden of Mr. DILLON'S speech in the House of Commons and of Mr. O'BRIEN'S equally scandalous speech at Manchester. "May I ask," continues the inquisitive prelate, "what do they mean by religion? "Are the Ten Commandments included in it? May Rome "inform them authoritatively whether certain actions are "violations of the Commandments as being against justice "and charity? If not, then they mean, whatever they say, "not only our politics, but our religion from home." It is really most tantalizing to find that Mr. DILLON—only, of course, by some unaccountable oversight, for he is far too chivalrous to have shirked it intentionally—has left this question entirely unanswered. For the sake of his case, it is extremely to be regretted that he should have done so, because there are a good many people who think that the Bishop's interrogatory goes to the very root of the whole matter in dispute; that, in fact, there is really not much use in Mr. DILLON pursuing the argument until he has answered it, and that, unless he is prepared to answer it by saying that obedience to the Ten Commandments is not among the legitimate prescriptions of a religious instructor, there will be little use in his resuming the argument. All that it has occurred to him to say on the subject is that what he means by "religion from Rome and politics from home" is "what "O'CONNELL meant when he used precisely the same ex-"pression." Even if O'CONNELL himself meant to exclude the Decalogue from the category of religion, Mr. DILLON'S answer would be scarcely a satisfactory one; but, judging from the indignation with which the Liberator once rebuked the predatory proposals of one of his followers, we strongly suspect that Mr. DILLON does not mean what O'CONNELL meant by the phrase, if it is to be used to smuggle the Plan of Campaign out of the jurisdiction of ethics into the Alsatia of politics. But the question is not whether there is or is not political precedent for excluding the Decalogue from the religion which they take from Rome, but whether they do in fact exclude it or not. And the controversy should be declared closed on the side of Mr. DILLON'S opponents until a plain and straightforward answer to that question can be dragged from this chivalrously reluctant witness.

We cannot part from the controversy without a word of commiseration for Archbishop WALSH, who has written to protest against the "dragging of his name into a dispute "with which, in any of its aspects, political, personal, or "otherwise controversial, he has nothing whatever to do." We can quite understand the Archbishop's annoyance. It cannot but be very disagreeable to a prelate—nay, even to an honourable layman—to find himself continually appealed to to repeat his approval of the conduct of a debtor who defrauds his creditor. But its special unpleasantness is surely due, not so much to the reason which he gives in his letter, as to its exact opposite. Is it not rather because he *has* "something to do" with the controversy—not, indeed, in its political and personal, but still in an "other-"wise controversial" aspect—to wit, in its relation to the controversy whether Irish Catholic prelates should or should not co-operate in enforcing the spiritual injunctions of the Head of their Church—that the Archbishop, having the "something to do," and seeing another prelate manfully doing it, while he himself neglects it, feels so particularly uncomfortable?

AS YOU LIKE IT IN *BLACKWOOD.*

WHEN there is heard the voice of dissent or detraction from an all but unanimous verdict, it is but natural that the voice, though it be only a cry in the wilderness, should attract attention through its very singularity. There is something of the nature of a challenge put forth in the September number of *Blackwood* by an anonymous writer on Mr. DALY's recent revival of *As You Like It* at the Lyceum. "*As You Like It* à l'Américaine" is the title of the *Blackwood* article, though perfect frankness might have suggested the substitution of "ROSALIND" for the play-title, as it is the avowed disagreement of Miss ADA REHAN's interpretation of the part of ROSALIND with the writer's conception of the character that inspires the article. It is generally an ill thing and ungracious to quarrel with unanimous verdicts, and in the present instance we can discover no ground whatever to justify the setting aside or reconsideration of the one given in this case. It is admitted by the *Blackwood* critic that Miss REHAN's ROSALIND was pronounced by the "critics of the journals," with scarcely an exception, to be "indeed perfection"; and now, as a critic of the magazines, he is constrained to say he finds it indeed faulty. We must all submit to correction—the public, the critics, and, most of all, the brilliant actress herself. We have been under a spell, it seems, and had forgotten the dramatist in the fascination of the individual interpreter. In the grand old style of *Maga* Miss REHAN is commanded to mend her ways. She is to get back—not to gallipots, indeed—but to nature, and the *variorum* Shakspeare, and study, and the ROSALIND of past stage example. There is an air of professional candour about this advice that actors only can appreciate to the full. It is as the voice of some veteran ORLANDO or TOUCHSTONE who minds him of the brave days when the text of SHAKSPEARE was respected on the stage and none but the ROSALIND of "our impression" was possible. For, it seems, this is the true source of the *Blackwood* critic's carping, this the inspiration of the solemn address to managers and the public to reform their tastes, and of the still more solemn warning to other actresses to avoid the errors of Miss REHAN. Her ROSALIND jars sorely, we are told, with the impression of ROSALIND which the *Blackwood* critic takes from SHAKSPEARE. Hence it must be wrong. As to the fascination, we must be all "translated" in some mystical fashion; for it is clearly the opinion of our singular critic we ought not to be charmed by Miss REHAN's ROSALIND, and if we continue under the fascination we are in very parlous case. Such is the judgment of *Blackwood*. When a writer expresses dissent from current criticism in terms so sweeping, and, it might be said, so rapacious, we might reasonably expect some more tangible basis for antagonism than an "impression," even though the impression be taken direct from SHAKSPEARE. The student who receives his impression of the dramatist through much reading, assisted by the labours of commentators and the annals of the stage, has a very erroneous idea of the perfect freedom of the actor's art who would make of that impression an infallible measure of the actor's achievement. Such impressions or conceptions must necessarily vary considerably. There have been distinguished critics who have confessed that their preconceptions or impressions of the interpretation of Shakspearian characters have been greatly modified after seeing actors of the first rank on the boards in such parts. When there has been unanimity among the critics, or what practically amounts to it, there has always been some difference of opinion on minor points; yet who recalls the solitary voice that decried the JULIET of Miss O'NEILL, the RICHARD of KEAN, the WERNER of MACREADY, or GARRICK's HAMLET? Miss REHAN's *Blackwood* critic may enjoy a melancholy and solitary distinction to-day; but after that comes the great oblivion.

There is no doubt, however, that Miss REHAN's ROSALIND has disagreed very badly with her critic. From first to last her rendering of the part arouses nothing but displeasure. "At the very outset," her first entrance is nothing but vicious and disrespectful to the text, for no better reason than that Miss REHAN is vivacious, whereas her critic would have her be sad. That ROSALIND is supposed to show more mirth than she is mistress of is sufficient justification of Miss REHAN's light-hearted demeanour. But the point, like others raised by the writer, is one upon which opinion may differ and yet leave untouched the vital truth and beauty of the actress's interpretation of the character. Nothing, indeed, that is urged with so much vehemence on matters of deportment, no conjectures as to the behaviour that is proper to an ideal princess in the Forest of Arden, will in the least persuade us that the fascination of Miss REHAN's ROSALIND is not the natural effect of an artistic interpretation of the character. They are in fact details that, take them how we may, do not affect the actress's rendering in any vital part. For example, it is said that ROSALIND risks discovery by leaning her head on ORLANDO's shoulder as they sit together on the "antique "roots" of an oak, and looking "up into his eyes like a "love-sick girl." With singular gravity the critic asks, "Was this the way he would have had his 'right "'ROSALIND' demean herself?" Now the question is—not how ORLANDO would have ROSALIND behave, but how ROSALIND should play the part of GANYMEDE, and very convincing is Miss REHAN's solution of the problem. The *Blackwood* critic, however, can find nothing but matter for fault-finding of a petty and often inscrutable kind in the whole performance. Considering how painful it is to suffer from an outraged "impression," it is really magnanimous in the writer to acknowledge the skill Mr. DALY has shown in his production of the play, the excellent acting of Mr. JOHN DREW in the wrestling scene, and the merits of Mr. CLARKE's delivery of the speech of JAQUES, "All the world's "a stage." From one point of view, this latest testimony to the powers of Mr. DALY's company of comedians is by no means insignificant. Memorable must the occasion be accounted that called it forth, and the single voice of detraction as substantial a tribute to excellence as the general praise of public and critics.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE AGREEMENT.

TO the annoyance of map-makers, the exact details of the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement have necessitated a fresh adjustment of plates (or at least of colouring) almost before these useful practitioners had recovered from the agreement with Germany, and while they were, we may presume, still struggling to incorporate that with France. The work has not been done negligently, and the official details are even more favourable to England than the general summaries put forward last week. Particular attention may be called to the wise proviso by which Portugal is bound, even in the case of the regions which have been assigned to her, to part with nothing that England is at all likely to want without England's consent. There may, indeed, be two opinions about the cession, even under this proviso, of that horn of Amatongaland (not the whole of it, as was erroneously reported) which bounds Delagoa Bay. But access from that quarter to the interior has for some time ceased to be highly valued by the best authorities on African affairs, who now seem to "set up their rest" rather on the Kosi route to the south, and that to Pungwé Bay—as to which special agreement is made—on the north. The *pretium affectionis* which Portugal set upon Zumbo has been gracefully recognized by awarding her a circle twenty miles in diameter round that place, and she has a strip of the Zambesi shore below it. A very fair Hinterland is allowed her up to Lake Nyassa, Lake Shirwa, the Ruo, and Tete, on the east; and a still larger one, subject to arrangements which she may make with Germany, at the back of the West coast, to the junction of the Zambesi with the Kabompo and the Congo State. She thus has accorded to her the great country commonly called Lunda on the maps with its marches southwards to the German sphere, while a rather ingenious arrangement of cross rights of way prevents the eastern and western parts of the Portuguese and the northern and southern parts of the British sphere from being cut off from each other. On the other hand, the entire country between Lake Nyassa, the Kabompo, the Congo State, and the Zambesi—that is to say, some seven degrees of latitude by ten of longitude (intruded upon, it is true, a little by the unwise inclusion of MSIRI's Country in the Congo State; but that is remediable) falls to England. The Portuguese claims in Nyassaland and on the Shiré are definitely abandoned, as likewise those on Matabele and Mashona Land, and the right of way up the Zambesi is finally recognized, while specially careful and elaborate arrangements are made for securing access to the coast at more points than one.

It is doubtful whether, without unmerciful bullying of the weak, a better settlement could have been obtained, and it is satisfactory to see that reasonable Portuguese opinion

does not seem to be at all dissatisfied with it, though the Opposition newspapers of course rave. Probably (for mankind is after all but childkind) nothing has tended more to reconcile the Portuguese to the loss of that mighty province of Zumbo, which sublimely ignored all that England had done in virtue of what Portugal had claimed, than the concession of Zumbo itself, with its ten-mile radius, to the flag of the Most Faithful King. The new boundaries are a very little complicated, and the new kind of Portuguese half-breed explorer (of whom a dispassionate French observer gave a very unfavourable picture not long ago) may plead some difficulty in distinguishing them. But that will soon pass, especially if a pretty sharp example is made of the first person who follows the example of the magnanimous major who is now reposing at Lisbon, and the humorous lieutenant who is in some little trouble at Quilimane. British commerce and British missionary enterprise have as large a field as they can reasonably desire; and even the patriotism travestied of Mr. RHODES and Sir THOMAS UPINGTON can hardly pretend that the interests of the Cape have been neglected. On the other hand, such revival of energy as has recently exhibited itself in Portuguese colonization has room and verge enough, at the very least, to occupy it for a century or so to come. Last and best, this agreement completes the English road from Capetown to Cairo. There is not an inch of ground between the waters of Simon's Bay and those of the Nile which is not either British or subject to the covenanted easement of a right of way. And it will be Englishmen's fault if any other Power save England gets any hold of the Nile.

CARDINAL MANNING'S PRECEDENCE.

THE precedence or quasi-precedence accorded to Cardinal MANNING by the PRINCE OF WALES, by London's LORD MAYOR, and, if we remember aright, by the Bishop of LONDON (at the time of the dock strike), is still a subject of discussion. Questions were asked about it in the House of Commons some weeks ago; and to this day letters in which the question is debated *pro* and *con* frequently appear in the newspapers. The most remarkable thing about these letters is the extreme timidity of the complainants. It is not an unimportant matter; to Roman Catholics, and especially to the priesthood in all its degrees, it is a very important one. Neither is there much dubiety about it. Certainly and plainly, Cardinal MANNING has no good title to the rank which he has been allowed to take on various occasions, and which his co-religionists now affect to regard as a settled thing. Nevertheless, those who object to the insidious claims set up on behalf of the Cardinal go about the business with as much tenderness as if they were afraid to call white white and black black. And that, no doubt, is the actual state of the case. There were times when Roman Catholics suffered sore persecution in this country. That they were not always and absolutely guiltless, that a good deal of criminal conspiracy existed amongst them, is almost forgotten; and, besides, we do not think so harshly of criminal conspirators nowadays. What is remembered is the persecution; and the shame of it is so well kept up by the Spirit of Liberalism and the descendants of the sufferers that no one but an out-and-out "Protestant" dares to murmur a word of remonstrance against any kind of "Catholic" misdoing. Gentle inquiry and cooing expostulation are as much as most can venture. To speak a strong word straight out on such a matter as this of Cardinal MANNING's "precedence" would at once evoke a storm of indignant rebuke from a thousand throats, all screaming, like "F. W." in Thursday's *Times*, about "fanning the flame of bigotry," "stirring up the "dying ashes of religious hatred," and so forth. The certainty that a little plain speaking would raise an uproar of this kind—in other words, the fear of all-conquering cant—has reduced protest against the advancement of a Papal prelate above every other Christian dignitary in England to the mildest terms. Not that this result of a somewhat ignoble apprehension is to be regretted. There is quite enough of disturbance in the "social fabric" without exciting an agitation which, if it once reached a certain point, would probably be rushed to extremes. As long as letter-writers and leader-writers maintain on this subject their present gentleness of tone there can be no excuse for asserting that what is really intended is a revival of religious persecution.

At the same time, however, the rights and decencies of the case must not be given up. In accents soft and low, enough should be said to acquaint Nonconformist English princes of foreign creation that it may be discreet to narrow pretensions which must be denied whenever they are formally stated. Whatever claims to distinction Cardinal MANNING may have as a wise, pious, single-minded man are never likely to pass unacknowledged, as the profound respect in which Dr. NEWMAN was held by Englishmen of every denomination testifies. Nor will the consideration due to his rank in his own Church be refused. But he cannot be quite unaware that the precedence now claimed for him, and especially the claim to go before the bishops of the Anglican Church, is an offensive usurpation. It has been already said in good time that the precedence we are now discussing is no mere matter of conventional usage, but part and parcel of the law of England. Cardinal MANNING attained his highest point of precedence when he became Archdeacon in the English Church. His appointment as Archbishop and Cardinal by the Vatican advances him not a step beyond the place he abandoned to become a Roman Catholic priest; and this is so clearly undeniable that his present pretensions must rest upon an assumption of superiority as representative in England of the only true Church. To be sure, it has been argued that when his name was written immediately after that of the PRINCE OF WALES and before Lord SALISBURY'S, on the appointment of the Housing of the Poor Commission, Cardinal MANNING received a kind of patent of precedence. But that error has been explained. It was an error of courtesy. The PRINCE OF WALES thought it would be civil to place the Cardinal's name high up in the list, and civil it was. But obviously there could have been no intention of formally ranking the Cardinal Archbishop of WESTMINSTER after the Heir to the Throne for ever after; and to strain a courtesy so far beyond its scope as the Cardinal's friends would do is more than graceless. It is hardly discreet, for one thing. It forces on the most reluctant mind all that has been said of the sleepless encroachments of the Romish priesthood, and the danger of trusting them to take no more than their full share of freedom.

Possibly it may be thought that Cardinal MANNING has another title to advancement on the roll of precedence; namely, his activity and influence as a politician. He certainly has been very busy in that calling for some time past, both as a supporter of the Irish agitation and as a friend of the friends of Mr. BURNS and Mr. TILLETT. A little while since we had occasion to remark upon a singularly ingenious and meaning letter addressed to Mr. O'BRIEN, in which the Cardinal's sympathy with the Nationalist cause palpitated through every line; while there was not a single word of rebuke or sorrow for the atrocious cruelties of "the most profoundly Christian and "the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the "earth." This letter, however, with its joyful anticipation of "the day of restitution, when the people of Ireland will "be re-admitted to the possession of their own soil," was only an occasional expression of the Cardinal's activity in politics so far as Ireland is concerned; though whether he has done much for the cause of Irish independence may be doubted, spite of the fact that his example has naturally been followed by nearly the whole of the Roman Catholic priests, most of whom are Irishmen. But whether his influence in this field of politics has been great or small, its exertion cannot be approved; as, indeed, it certainly is not by most English Roman Catholics themselves. There is a feeling amongst them that the bishops and princes of their Church had better abstain from interference in party politics; and their disquietude is none the less conscious because, in siding with the Irish bishops who countenance the League conspiracies, Cardinal MANNING appears to be somewhat evasive of the doctrine of his Church and the wishes of the POPE.

But, whatever the feeling of English Roman Catholics, other Englishmen certainly dislike the intervention of every sort of priest in the politics of the day; and indeed they have some right to resent it when the question is whether the people of one portion of the United Kingdom shall separate from the rest, get rid of the "English garrison," and regain "possession of their own soil." So far, then, Cardinal MANNING's political activity does not recommend him to exceptional advancement as a Prince of the Church. Mr. GLADSTONE himself would hardly argue that it does. Is Dr. MANNING more worthy of approval when he sheds upon Democratic Socialism the smiles of a Cardinal Archbishop? Does he not again go astray as a meddler in affairs which

the priest is expected to keep out of in this country? Would he be tolerated as such in even a Roman Catholic, or partly Roman Catholic, country, supposing it to be infected with social revolution, as the German Empire is? His Eminence may say, perhaps, that he does not smile upon Democratic Socialism; the undeniable truth is, however, that he is hailed by all the strikers and social revolutionists in the kingdom as their most distinguished friend and sympathizer. He is their "Grand old MANNING"; his name is heard in every Hyde Park mob as one who from his high and holy place blesses the popular movements which we need not describe. Now this, it seems to us, is even more objectionable than the precedence claims of which so much has been heard; and perhaps there is no real intolerance, nothing in the nature of mere Protestantism, in saying so.

NEWS OF THE "BAUBLE."

MUCH interest undoubtedly attaches to the "rumour" which, as the SPEAKER told his constituents the other day, is going about to the effect that there is at Kingston, in Jamaica, "a mace which purports to be our 'bauble' "itself, or a copy of it." There will be little difficulty in determining, on the latter supposition, whether it is a true copy or not, since the Commonwealth mace is known to have differed pretty conspicuously from its predecessor, and a description of it, which should be sufficient for purposes of identification, has been preserved. It was ornamented "with flowers, instead of the cross and ball, at the top, and "with the arms of England and Ireland, instead of the late "King's." The mace in use during the reign of CHARLES I. disappeared, as the SPEAKER says, "when the King met "his death on the scaffold, and no one knew what had "become of that ancient symbol of authority." It has been conjectured that it was sold in 1649 with the Crown plate; but the fact that its fate has never been positively ascertained does, of course, render the obscurity which surrounds the later history of its successor somewhat less remarkable. Meanwhile, however, there is little reason to doubt that disappearance meant destruction in the former case, for none but a Royalist in those iconoclastic days would have preserved the Royal mace. If any such person had done so, he would proudly have produced it at the Restoration, when for lack of it a new one had to be made; and the presumption in favour of identifying *non apparentia* with *non existentia* is strong, therefore, in the latter case also. If the relic in Jamaica is a "copy," it is hardly likely to possess the value and authority of a contemporary imitation; while its claim to be the genuine article itself is one which, on the very face of the matter, must be regarded with considerable suspicion.

In the first place, the notorious circumstances under which the Commonwealth mace disappeared from public life were much more unfavourable than were those attending the compulsory retirement of its predecessor to the chance of its preservation. When last seen it was in distinctly unfriendly hands. It does not seem to be quite certain who actually removed it from its place on the table. WEST, in his well-known picture, represents HARRISON in the act of doing so; but, according to the account followed by CARLYLE, "My LORD GENERAL, lifting the sacred mace "itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it "'away!' and gave it to a musketeer." If that is really what happened, the "bauble" surely has been long past praying for? The musketeer is not likely to have been a collector, and, unless he was, the mace would as likely as not have been broken up for the value of its materials. By far the most serious difficulty, however, in the whole case is that of supposing that, if the symbol escaped destruction at all, its existence in the possession of the fortunate person in whose hands it ultimately passed, and by whose descendants it would assuredly have been preserved as a most interesting and precious heirloom, should have remained a secret for nearly two centuries and a half. No doubt there are plenty of recorded cases in which objects of great historic or artistic value have undergone temporary loss of their identity, so to speak, and have had, after a more or less considerable lapse of time, to be, as it were, rediscovered. But a mace is assuredly a most unlikely article to experience such a fortune. One can hardly conceive it kicking about for a few generations in a lumber-room, like some neglected picture by a great master, or in a muniment-chest, like some priceless historical manuscript. Languid, indeed, would be the curiosity which was not aroused by the spectacle of Speaker LENTHALL'S "bauble" in such a plight as that, and we are accordingly asked to believe that this relic has remained for considerably over two hundred years in the possession of a series of owners who, or some of whom, could hardly fail to have known what it was, and who yet were sufficiently indifferent to the fact of their ownership of it, to keep its existence concealed from the world. The possessor, therefore, of the article about which Mr. PEEL has been making inquiries through the Colonial Office will be expected to furnish a satisfactory history of it, and in particular to account for the inordinately long eclipse which its identity has undergone before it will be worth the while of the nation to acquire it, or a copy of it, as suggested by the SPEAKER. At present it must be confessed it looks as if the explanation, when it comes, may read a little too much like a missing chapter from the works of that veracious chronicler, ALEXANDRE DUMAS. The four heroes of the immortal romance returned to France before the expulsion of the Rump Parliament, and do not reappear in history until one of them brings about the Restoration. Otherwise, it might well turn out that it was a French, and not an English "musketeer" to whom CROMWELL handed the bauble—no other, in fact, than the Sieur D'ARTAGNAN in disguise.

ARMENIA.

IT would seem that certain powers that be, not difficult to identify, have decided that there are disturbances in Armenia, and the order has been given at Tiflis to "make it so." Something may be set down to the dead season; but this is not very comforting, for the very same season has been constantly selected for the same purpose, and often with disastrous consequences. For some days past the rumours of fearful sufferings inflicted on Christians, of the Turkish soldiers sent to repress the Kurds making common cause with them, of outrages and abductions and murders, and what not, have come thick and fast, sometimes from the great lie-forge in the Georgian capital, where credulous or cheerfully uncritical correspondents are supplied wholesale and retail with punctuality and despatch, sometimes from other places. They are, as usual, impossible to authenticate or disprove at once; and by the time any contradiction reaches the West they have done their duty and fresh ones are ready. Nor is it by any means improbable that there is, as usual in such cases, a certain dose of truth to strengthen the falsehoods. Neither we nor any other reasonable critics of the situation have ever contended that Turkish rule is what it should be; and the riots at Erzeroum, at Constantinople, and elsewhere, seem to show that, either "goaded by oppression," as the atrocity-mongering phrase has it, or "instigated by Russia," as the mere Russophobe would have it, or both, as common sense will, perhaps, prefer to think, the Armenians are less disposed to "take it lying down" than they were. We cannot blame them as far as resistance to the Kurds goes; but for their conduct at Erzeroum there was little justification, for that at Constantinople none at all. It would have been a most unfortunate thing if the SULTAN had, as was for a time reported, pardoned the assailants of Mgr. ASCHIKIAN. As usual, however, Turkish maladroitness has given a handle to the enemy. Months after he ought to have been soundly punished, MOUSSA BEY was banished to Mecca. This is not, as has been pretended, an illusory punishment, for there are few things that an Oriental likes less than such deportation, and the change from the Kurdish highlands to a stifling Arabian town could hardly be agreeable to any one. But, either by connivance or fatuity or sheer easy-going, the authorities omitted to keep any watch on MOUSSA, and he has disappeared. The disappearance is, of course (and small blame to them in this particular instance), used by the enemies of the Porte as an argument to prove the hopelessness of expecting justice from it. Meanwhile it has long been well known that Russia could, if she dared, at any moment invade and occupy the vilayets of Erzeroum and Van, where there is no Turkish force able to oppose the troops which she has ready on the frontier. Russian staff officers, being ingenuously questioned on the subject by atrocity-mongers, reply that Russia would not commit violence for worlds, but that, no doubt, she could, if she would; and that they really cannot see a way out of the difficulty except that the

country should be ceded to her, which, of course, would save all trouble.

It is not so much probable as certain that, twelve years ago, had it not been for the faint-heartedness of some Englishmen, the unpatriotic partisanship of others, and, we fear, the ignorance of nearly all, an English protectorate—real, but designated by what the French call an "ano-"dyne" name—might have taken Turkey in hand along the Armenian and Kurdish frontier, with the greatest possible benefit to everybody concerned except Russia. But the favourable opportunity was lost, and will not recur till more stormy times than the present. It is, however, much to be regretted that our Foreign Office does not do what it has an implied, if not an expressed, treaty right to do, and despatch a responsible person to survey the whole disturbed district, and make a thorough report on what is actually going on. It is worth while to remember the curious and very interesting fashion in which Cretan atrocities fell in the political stock market after the report of Consul BILIOTTI. The atrocity-mongers raged and stormed at the Consul, as they would do at any one in such a case. But they knew that the public had for the time ceased to pay any attention to them, and they, in turn, ceased to talk. We have had, no doubt, consular reports from Armenia; but we have not recently had a thorough perambulation of the whole district by a trustworthy person. This once obtained, it ought to be by no means difficult to get matters improved as far as they are really bad. No revelation of actual misrule or connivance could be much more mischievous than the reports which are now being manufactured at Tiflis; while the exposure of some of these reports, which would certainly follow a thorough inquiry, would be invaluable. Lord SALISBURY has done so much good of late in quenching and dispersing embers of quarrel in divers places that he may just as well add this also to his merit.

CORONERS AND MYSTERIES.

THE story of the inquest on the body of Mr. HART is admirably adapted to confirm the many persons in whose opinion the Coroner and his jury form between them that institution which, of all others, calls most pressingly for abolition. The belief is common, and that among people who are by no means generally in favour of the abolition of anything which has a history. But the truth is that the history of the Coroner and his jury has for many years past been that of a piece of machinery which has outlived its uses, and has begun to be employed for objects which were never contemplated. It has been made of late, not a merely preliminary court of inquiry, but a species of gratuitous booth for the display of horrors. The most is made of what comes to it legitimately, and when there is a deficiency in the supply there is a distinct tendency to make the want good by industry.

Unless there had been some influence of this kind at work, unconsciously of course, in the mind of Mr. Coroner CARTTAR, it is not at all likely that anything would have been heard of the inquest on Mr. HART, late of 442 New Cross Road, S.E. Mr. HART fell down the area steps of a friend whose house he had just been visiting, and died of the shock. The evidence of his friends, and even of his own family, made it very clear that his habits were of a kind to render him liable to falls and also very ill able to bear them. He had fallen and hurt himself before. Dr. TOWNSEND, the friend whose house Mr. HART had been visiting when he had his fatal accident, had attended him medically, and knew the state of his health. Another doctor was called in, and, when Mr. HART died, was asked to give a certificate of the cause of death. This medical man, Dr. MOORE, seems, we admit, to hold very strong opinions as to the limits of the freedom enjoyed by the faculty in wording certificates of death. He gave, as the cause of Mr. HART's, syncope, which is a very wide term; and stated that he did not consider himself bound to notice the fall as the immediate cause of death, since he thought the general state of the man's health explanation enough of his sudden end. If this doctrine were generally acted on by doctors, it might lead to some curious results. It might, for instance, be held to justify a doctor in ignoring the fact that the fatal end of a chronic disease had been hastened by a dose of arsenic. As a matter of fact, what Dr. MOORE doubtless meant was that in so clear a case as this he saw no need to insist on facts which were necessarily painful and were not essential. Mr. HART's brother—himself a medical man—was certainly satisfied, and there was, in fact, no reason why anything further should have been heard of the matter. Nothing further would have been heard if the district had not enjoyed the possession of a most alert Coroner, and if it had not also lately revelled in a "mystery" which just served to whet its appetite for more. Another mystery was promptly made out of the not at all mysterious death of Mr. HART. Without the justification of a demand from any person authorized to make it, without waiting for an order from the HOME SECRETARY, Mr. CARTTAR caused the body to be exhumed, and proceeded to hold an inquest on it. He summoned Dr. HART to identify the body, and, in fact, did all things with the utmost gravity. When Dr. HART very naturally declined to look at his brother's body, which was unrecognizable, and of which nobody doubted the identity, the Coroner did what he might perfectly well have done from the first—he took the word of the undertaker. Then the entirely superfluous inquiry went on, and came to its unnecessary conclusion. Except on the grounds specified above—namely, the desire of the neighbourhood for another mystery, and the readiness of the Coroner to gratify the wish, it is impossible to see why the inquest was ever held. When complaint was made to Mr. CARTTAR that he had been unnecessarily busy in exhuming the body, he replied that he had a right to do so without waiting for an order from the HOME SECRETARY. The answer was characteristic. Mr. CARTTAR did not say that there was any substantial reason for doing what he did, he only said he had the right. We had imagined that the duty of the Coroner was to act on the request of the peace officer, and on that only, but the point need not be argued. If the Coroner has the power to order the exhumation of a body, he has it in the sense in which the Judges have the power to commit any one who appears before them with his hair parted down the middle, for contempt. They may do it if they are fools enough. The Coroner may take to ordering the exhumation of bodies right and left whenever he thinks that he would like to get up a noisy case, or that the mob would like another mystery. Only, if he acts in this fashion, he will soon convert a large majority to the belief which is already held by a very competent minority—the belief, namely, that the Coroner and his jury, having long been superfluous and at times scandalous, are fast becoming an intolerable, fussy, self-assertive nuisance.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

MOST of the things which are to be said about the Naval Manœuvres of this year have been said. The moral of the whole of them was given here last week, and the details of Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR's cruise, which have been published since, have nothing in them to modify our judgment. The two squadrons have kept the sea at places remote from one another. Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, with sword drawn, has waited for Sir GEORGE TRYON. Sir GEORGE, longing to be at them, has waited for Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR. The quotation here adapted is not new, but is so particularly apposite that it cannot be resisted. These distinguished officers were, we think, perfectly in the right in sticking to their posts of observation. When Fleet 1 is ordered to catch Fleet 2 but does not know where it has gone, and when Fleet 2 is ordered to avoid Fleet 1 and does know where it is likely to be found, when they have a goodish cantle of the Atlantic to disport in, and the time fixed for the game is ten days, how should they find one another? How many days did it take NELSON to find VILLENEUVE under not dissimilar conditions, and would he ever have found him if the Frenchman had not been first driven into a port, and then driven out of it by taunts from NAPOLEON? No wonder nothing happened, and that the starved correspondent was driven to write about the desolate headland and the mighty waste of waters. He has tried to make something out of the discovery that on a perfectly fine day it is possible to transfer coal from one ship to another at sea. There has been not a little of the most delightful Mrs. NICKLEBY talk about strategy and such high matters, but, on the whole, the desolate headland and the waste of waters have had the best of it.

The consolation is that our friends, the French, have done no better. They, too, have collected a great fleet for manœuvres, and nothing remarkable has happened. It is a

detail which is worth noting, if only for the fun of blowing a little pepper into the eyes of the croaker, that, although the French collected their whole available Mediterranean and Channel force—the fleets *du Levant et du Ponant*, as they would have once said—they did not amount to so considerable a force as that collected under Admirals TRYON and CULME-SEYMOUR. In the meantime our Mediterranean Squadron, a stronger one than either Fleet A or Fleet B, was manœuvring by itself undiminished. As for accidents to machinery, the French had as many of them as we had; and one of their cruisers went ashore into the bargain, under not very creditable circumstances. On the whole, then, we would not appear to be so severely outnumbered as the croaker believes, and in the matter of accidents what is sauce for the goose is, as before, sauce for the gander. But we learn further from the criticisms of an anonymous and manifestly exasperated French naval man published in the *Débats* that the manœuvres have been as childish as ours ever were, and much more childish than ours have been this year, when mere "tomfoolery" has been pretty well avoided. The French fleet went to sea in the morning and went back to port at night. The Admiral signalled that the ships might anchor as they pleased, which, as the critic remarks, was a way of manœuvring convenient for the Admiral and the Captain of the Fleet. It was not equally pleasant for the commanders of the ships, particularly the small ones, but Admiral DUPERRÉ was not disturbed by that. Then the different tactical problems were worked out in the most artless fashion. Torpedo-boats were ordered to get under weigh at 7.30 and to make their attack before eleven, so that all the big ships knew just when they were coming. Then it was thought well to work out this problem—a squadron has escaped from the Mediterranean before the declaration of war, it is making for the Channel, how can it be stopped? The working out of the problem was of this kind:—One squadron remained at Cherbourg, while the other went to Douarnenez Bay, near Brest, a favourite anchorage of the English fleets in the blockading times. The fleet at Douarnenez Bay represents the squadron escaped from the Mediterranean. Everybody in the other fleet knows where it has gone and when it is going to start. It does start at the appointed time, and comes round Ushant. The squadron from Cherbourg comes to meet it, and they fall plump on one another, which, as the exasperated naval officer remarks, is a very foolish business. He seems to be a somewhat snappish person, and he quite frankly says he thinks Admiral DU PETIT THOUARS should have been in Admiral DUPERRÉ's place, which diminishes the value of his criticism; still, when all allowances are made, it does not appear that the French were better employed than ourselves.

"RECTOR OF THIS PARISH."

THE controversy—if controversy it can be called where, as we have shown elsewhere, there is really nothing to be said on one side of the case—about Cardinal MANNING's precedence, has branched off into a curious little collateral dispute with reference to the position in the country, not of Roman Catholic prelates, but of the lower Roman Catholic clergy. First an "English "Clergyman" and then another correspondent of the *Times* signing himself "Anglo-Catholicus," wrote to point out that on the monument recently erected to the memory of the PRINCE IMPERIAL at Chislehurst, the Roman priest in the neighbourhood has been described as the "rector of the parish" To this "Anglo-Catholicus" most strongly objects. "In this land of freedom," he says, "a man may call himself what he likes, so long as he is content with the mere assumption of a title. But the rector of a parish is a person well known to the laws of England; he is instituted by a legal process, and is only removable by a legal tribunal; and this is equally true of "Diocesan Bishops and of the Suffragans whose title and "position are secured to them by legal enactment." The "but" with which the second of the above-quoted sentences commences does not very clearly display its adversative force; and, indeed, "Anglo-Catholicus's" reason for objecting to what he objects to in the second sentence is a little difficult to distinguish from his reason for tolerating what he professes himself willing to tolerate. One would think that, as the Roman Catholic so-called "rector" of Chislehurst is not a person well known, or known at all, to the laws of England, and as none of the legal attributes of the rectorial status attach to him, he is a typical instance of a person who is, and must necessarily be, "content with the "mere assumption of a title."

Our thanks are, however, due to "Anglo-Catholicus" for having elicited two letters in reply, one from Monsignor GODDARD himself, and the other from a correspondent signing himself a "Missionary Priest," the combined effect of which is to establish "Anglo-Catholicus's" case for him more effectually than he succeeded in performing that feat for himself. "The parish," says the former of these replicants, "is an ecclesiastical, not a civil delimitation," which is one of those technically correct statements which the "historical" method has brought into fashion, and which serve so conveniently to darken counsel for a disputant in difficulties. "The State," he goes on, "has "found it convenient to make use of such divisions "for civil purposes, but it has no power over the "spiritual authority and jurisdiction bestowed on the "*parochus* by the Church." Further, "when 'Anglo-"'Catholicus' reminds your readers that the Protestant "rector is instituted to his office by a legal process, "and is only removable by a legal process, he is either "betraying his pure Erastianism or he is confounding the "spiritual and civil authority of a real parish priest." In fine, M. GODDARD asserts that these authorities are "totally "distinct"—which, of course, is not the question, but rather to which of the two authorities the name should follow if they are divided—"and while making no claim "to any civil position in the parish," he "claims to the full "all the spiritual power and jurisdiction." Every one who has ever ventured into it must know what a delightfully limitless sea of controversy we are here invited to plunge into. It is fortunate that we are able to avoid it by the assistance of a "Missionary Priest," who points out with sadness that M. GODDARD is mistaken, and that if he will look again at the "Official Act" appointing him, he will find that there is no mention of his "parish" at all. He does not want to take the "great tithes" of course, but he does want his parish recognised by name; indeed, its recognition is absolutely necessary to his argument, but there stands the fact, we are told. It has never been recognised by his ecclesiastical superior at all.

ALEPPO TO SKANDEROON.

WE are here in the region of Baedeker, and it behoves the travelling Briton to tread warily in the footsteps of his crimson-clad guide, philosopher, and friend, and to have before his eyes the wholesome dread of the omniscient critic with his ready reminder of "guide-book information." Nevertheless, the fairly intelligent and educated traveller may at least be thankful to the exact and patient industry of his handy cicerone which will spare him the labour of much delving among the buried and forgotten lore of musty tomes in many languages, living or dead. Should some guileless writer cull a few flowers of information from this ready and tempting source to garnish the dish, let not the gentle reader re-echo the unkind sneer to which we have already referred as the dread of the loquacious traveller. For, after all, there is no art in telling a tale which every one may read for himself. The great secret is, not in blurting out with a bold unreserve all the information with which you are crammed, but in the delicate reticence which hints at the secret stores of knowledge you could reveal to your admiring audience if only you would.

So let us see what of interest Aleppo may have for the inquiring mind, which, indeed, is not small, nor quite exhausted in the exhaustive pages of Baedeker, either to him whose eye is not satisfied with seeing (in which category we do not reckon ourselves), nor to him whose inward eye is turned on the changing and varied and abiding impressions which outward scenes of travel leave within his breast—to which select and initiated circle we claim to belong. Three hundred years ago, in the days when travel unclosed the guarded gates of a new world of mystery and unknown perils, an adventurous citizen of London, Master John Newbery, "and six or seven other honest merchants," set sail for the Levant. Making his way to Aleppo with divers of his partners in the venture, Master Newbery seems to have found that city exactly to his liking, and next to his own country the fittest in the world for an honest English merchant. Writing to Master Leonard Poore, of London, he says:—"If it should be my chance to remain in any place out of England, I would choose this before all others that I know. The place is healthful and pleasant and the gains very good; and no doubt the profit will be hereafter better." A year later, writing in great tribulation to the same correspondent from Goa, he gives us a hint of the kind of traffic he had found so profitable. Having made his adventurous journey overland by way of Baghdad and Batia to the Persian Gulf, the Portuguese laid hold of him at Ormuz and put him into prison for a heretic and a spy, whence he only emerged greatly despoiled

by the rapacious governor. "At my being in Aleppo," he says, "I bought a fountain of silver gilt, six knives, six spoons, and one fork trimmed with coral, for twenty-five sequins, which the Captain of Ormuz did take (among other things), and paid for the same twenty pardaos," paying about thirty pounds for the "fork," which had cost Master Newbery about seven. But, on the other hand, the Governor had of his prisoner "five emeralds set in gold, and paid for the same a hundred pardaos," getting (at his own valuation, no doubt) the jewelry at about 150*l.*, for which the unlucky merchant had paid something like 1,000*l.*, reckoning the money at its present value. It is sad to think that the adventurous Englishman never returned to his own country. He set out from Lahore to go into Persia, and was apparently never again heard of. One only of his company survived the perils and privations of eight years' wanderings in the unknown East to return to his native land, "where," says Master Ralph Fitch, "by God's assistance, I safely arrived the 29th of April, 1591." He had travelled from the furthest East by way of the Persian Gulf, passing through Basta, Baghdad, Mosul, Mardir, Urfa, Biradjik, Aleppo, and so on to Europe. Following in his footsteps one may well be proud of the dauntless spirit of the "honest English merchant," the worthy pioneer of a race of "adventurers" who, in pursuit of peaceful commerce, made an empire.

Having had this distant glimpse of Aleppo in the pages of Hakluyt, our wandering Englishman will be prepared to look with kindly eyes on a nearer view of the modern Haleb. Indeed, it will be his own fault if he does not carry away as pleasant an impression of its polite and friendly inhabitants and their well-built city of solid stone as Master Newbery himself. "Being in Aleppo, and finding good company," he says, which is, doubtless, his rendering from personal experience of the old Arabic jingle, *Al Halebi Chalabi*—"Your Aleppo man is a gentleman." What pleasant times the members of the old English "factory" must have had all through that seventeenth century which saw them prospering, trafficking, living, eating, or sleeping, and enjoying themselves in the leisurely Oriental fashion, away from the turmoil and stir and stress and struggle of Europe, driving all men, and especially Englishmen, into mad throes of patriotism, of unrest, of hate, of unquenchable craving for perilous adventure! But between England and the further East the ship that ploughs in every sea was destined to oust the ship of the desert. The flag of England now waves officially above the abode of a salaried Consul, but the free merchants of England have long since wound up the affairs of the famous old factory of Aleppo, and departed. A few wealthy German merchants and a host of French priests now represent Europe among the Aleppine "Chalabis." But we go far afield. In the shady courtyard of the native house where dwell an obliging host and gracious hostess, and a dark-eyed Christian maid to fill the soothing narghilah; where the murmuring fountain plays with a drowsy monotony, sweet and low, the contented traveller may dream or dally over hazy and half-reviving memories. The walls of Aleppo surround him; its lofty citadel, its domes and minarets, rise above him; there are the natives of it ready to minister to his comfort. The history of it, its sights, and all its driest details, are they not recorded in the pages of Baedeker, where he who runs not may read? and are there not happier moments for the traveller even than those spent in endless sight-seeing? But let us linger a moment. Here is the Arab poet, the best companion for him who goes forth wherever the Arabic language is spoken. He has a memory and a memento of Aleppo which may be worth recalling. Beræa, founded where Aleppo now stands by Seleucus Nicator, some three centuries later, fell into the hands of the Arabs. About the middle of the tenth century Seif-ud-Dowlah Ali Ibn Hamdāni al Adawiyi was the Amir of Haleb. It was in his time that the Emperors Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces sacked the town, and found in the Amir's palace without the walls fourteen hundred mules and three hundred bags of silver and gold. When the Greeks had departed with their loot, Seif-ud-Dowlah returned to his capital. It must have been before this reverse that the Arab poet addressed to the Arab chief those famous odes of the grossest flattery so sweet to all his tribe, of which this is a specimen (he fares on a journey with Seif-ud-Dowlah in a pouring rain):—

Each day when I see thee good luck meets mine eyes, new wonders to greet with a glad surprise.
Flashing lightning a sword with thy sword dost thou bind, this deluge pours on thee to mate with its kind.
The earth shall be parched when these clouds pass away, its vesture of verdure shall fade and decay:
But from thee ne'er shall pass thy blessings like dew, nor the showers of thy bounty e'er cease to renew!
In thy treading the night-clouds and dawn-clouds wait, as when happy lover with lover doth mate.
Bounty from thee would fain learn her part, but all vainly she strives to gain thy sweet art!

There is a whole series of them, mostly winding up with the kind of delicate hint conveyed in the above specimen, which is the briefest in the collection.

The traveller who has crossed the Mesopotamian deserts will probably be in no hurry to tear himself away from the charms, almost forgotten, of civilization, good-fellowship, and comfort—if he knows how to gain access to such pleasant quarters as those to which we have already referred. If the turmoil and bustle and variegated display of Oriental bazaars have lost their charms for him; if grim streets, mysterious archways, the graceful fantasies of Moorish architecture cannot tempt him forth into the heat and glare and dust and burden of the toilsome day, the balmy air of evening will probably bring him a soothing solace beneath the shady trees outside the walls, where the chairs of the open-air café are ranged by the still waters of the old canal. It is here that the mercantile community of Aleppo is wont to gather in the evenings and perfume the ambient air with ceaseless clouds from the bubbling tube. But Haleb is only another halting-place, pleasanter than most, and, until the blue waters of the Mediterranean are gained, the journey is yet unaccomplished. The traveller may sell at Aleppo his horses and mules and desert equipment for what they will fetch. It is melancholy to part with the noble Arab mare, your faithful companion through years, it may be, of wanderings on her own native deserts. And the faithful fellows who have followed your footsteps and shared your toils, and lightened for you the burden of travel, may take their reluctant farewell and depart with blessings and bakhshish to their distant homes. A nondescript vehicle may be hired, and the driver undertakes to charioteer you within three days over the pass of the Pylæ Syriæ to Skanderoon.

It is yet early morning, and the minarets and orchards of Aleppo fade in the distance behind. The three hardy little ponies harnessed abreast with ropes and tags of leather get the rickety vehicle over the ground at a rate of about eight miles an hour. Three hours of a good road and the driver ceases to ply his whip, and pulls up at a tent which some enterprising Halebis have pitched on the green sward by way of a temporary café for the refreshment of such travellers as can afford to dispense a few piastres. Then follow three hours more of wide, sweeping valleys rising to easy declivities, broad, waving fields of yellow wheat falling under the sickle. And then comes the usual miserable khan, filthy, swarming with vermin, an eyesore on that lovely landscape by the banks of the river Afrin, the ancient Arceuthus, all aglow with rose-red oleanders. To the left, lower down the river, where it flows towards the Lake of Antioch, is a lofty tel, the site of ancient Gindarus—"fitting haunt of thieves," says Strabo. Next day the road sweeps down the limestone ridge which extends to the distant valley of the Upper Orontes, past the warm sulphur springs of Al Hammām, where a speculative Jew has erected a roadside shanty and retails (among other things) bottled beer at half-a-crown a bottle. Who buys it in that drink-forsworn Moslem country? We are soon down in the hollow of the low-lying Plain of Antioch, named by the Arabs Al Amk, or "The Deep." Bounding the plain on the further side rises the rocky chain of Mons Amanus, towards the foot of which we make our way, skirting the marshes on either hand. Artificial mounds rise up here and there out of the monotonous level. Somewhere in this plain the legions of Aurelian overthrew the army of a brave woman, Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whose Arab general, Zabdas, was no match for the Pannonian soldier. The battlefield of Imma settled the fate of the distant city of the Desert and of its heroic Queen, and linked the names of Rome and Palmyra to this desolate waste of morass, across which the traveller hastens, only anxious to be at the end of it, more impressed, perhaps, by its solitude and immensity than by the associations which recall a remote past. At the foot of the mountains is the village of Diarbekirli, where a khan offers slightly better accommodation than that of yesterday. The weary traveller will be fortunate if the noisy crowds of native traffickers and caravaners assembling with their beasts do not avail to rob him of his well-earned repose.

At sunrise the much-enduring ponies, with the lash behind them, make their best speed over the stretch of level that yet remains before entering the steep ascent over the pass, beyond which is the fever-stricken coast-plain of Skanderoon. Then up through a narrow gorge, and we gain the cooler air and lovely scenery of the mountain slopes and upland valleys, thinly clad with the dark verdure of evergreen oaks and Aleppo pines. A driving mist, wet and chilly, is apt to descend upon these hills. What a change, where crag and peak loom obscure and vast through the rolling mountain mist, to the traveller fresh from the burning glow of the desert plains! Two hours from the start the summit of the pass is gained, 1,600 feet above the level of the blue sea beyond. Behind, far away to the left, the Lake of Antioch faintly glitters along the margin of the low-lying plain, named of the Arabs Bahr-ul-Abyadth, or the White Sea. The road to Antioch from Aleppo passes by the further shore on the east, and comes down to the Orontes at the Iron Bridge famous in story. Antioch itself is hidden from view behind the slopes of Amanus, where they descend southwards to the deep valley of the Orontes. Let him who in weariness and painfulness has passed the silent wastes of untrodden desert, marching through toilsome hours of lonely and fearsome night, languishing under the burden of the scorching day, his infrequent snatches of untimely rest rudely broken, his spirit growing to the sickly hue of the unrelieved, unmeasured desolation around him—let such a one not stay to ask why he should turn aside his footsteps hastening to their bourne of secure rest and release from toil, to look upon a deeper desolation than that of the desert, which wanton strife and misrule and the hand of man has brought to the walls of Antioch. Doubtless the memory of Antiochidæ and Seleucidæ, the more hallowed relics of apostles and champions of the Christian faith, of Paul and Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, the mention of the name that is the glory of Christendom, and the story of Crusader and Saracen, will never cease to make Antioch of much interest to all men, to men of the Christian faith especially. But the wretched town of to-day, standing in

the midst of its fertile and beautiful plain, will hardly tempt the traveller in sight of his journey's end. The rush of memory and of associations, sacred and profane, will remind him at many a future time that his feet have trodden its boundaries, and that his eyes have looked upon the land; although he passed unregretfully by its dreary heaps of ruins, nor stayed to pry and philosophize upon the grave of its long-buried glory.

So we pass on, and then, at last—Thalassa! Away down beneath our feet the blue Mediterranean rises up to meet the blue sky, and here the Orient ends; for wherever a good ship may ride imperious and imperial West claims the waters as her own. The road makes a rapid descent into the heart of the narrow ravine, where nestles the lovely village of Beytan, its terraced houses clinging to the steep sides of the rock, embowered among vines and fruit-trees. In this rocky gorge, some sixty years ago, Ibrahim Pasha inflicted his last crushing defeat upon the Turk which won Syria for Mohammed Ali. A lovely spot is this old Roman station of Pictanus. Yet how can we linger when the very ship lies down there at our feet, moored against the white wharves of Skanderoon, which is to give us rest after weariness, ease after toil? A good road, hewn in the slaty rock, winds steeply downwards between gorge and precipice; and the driver, sure of his team, dashes at headlong speed down the steep. Skanderoon, low-lying on the shore at the foot of the encircling slopes of green, is plainly in view. The glorious bay sparkles and ripples with a deeper blue than ever shone in the azure skies. A little distance to the north of the town, where a spur of Amanus descends to the shore, leaving a rocky, narrow passage between mountain and sea, are the famous Gates of Cilicia, and in the widening plain beyond is the battlefield of Issus. Arrian will tell us how Alexander passed the gates which opened to him the conquest of Asia.

It is yet morning when we clatter through the streets of Skanderoon. Let us hasten with all speed, in this steaming, fever-haunted sea-board town of the Turks, of no interest and small repute, to get done with the required formalities with vice-consul, and idle, beggarly, grasping Custom-house officials, and get on board the goodly steamer of the *Messageries Maritimes*, already flying her Blue Peter at the topmast head. Soon, steaming merrily across the bay, we may look back (perhaps not without regret) on the mountain path that brought safely to its end (God being good) a journey whose pleasant memories will revive and live when its toils and dangers are forgotten.

ULTRA-CREPIDARIUS.

IF the collector of first editions requires an instance from which to justify the faith which is in him against those who cry out that bibliography is naught, Leigh Hunt is a good example to his hand. This active and often admirable writer, during a busy professional life, issued a long series of works in prose and verse which are of every variety of commonness and scarcity, but which have never been, and probably never will be, reprinted as a whole. Yet not to possess the works of Leigh Hunt is to be ill-equipped for the minute study of literary history at the beginning of the century. The original 1816 edition of *Rimini*, for instance, is of a desperate rarity, yet not to be able to refer to it in the grotesqueness of this its earliest form is to miss a most curious proof of the crude taste of the young school out of which Shelley and Keats were to arise. The scarcest of all Leigh Hunt's poetical pamphlets, but by no means the least interesting, is that whose title stands at the head of this article. Of *Ultra-crepidarius*, which was "printed for John Hunt" in 1823, it is believed that not half a dozen copies are in existence, and it has never been reprinted. It is a rarity, then, to which the most austere despiser of first editions may allow a special interest.

From internal evidence we find that *Ultra-crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford*, was sent to press in the summer of 1823, from Maiano, soon after the break-up of Hunt's household in Genoa, and Byron's departure for Greece. The poem is the "stick" which had been recently mentioned in the third number of the *Liberal*:—

> Have I, these five years, spared the dog a stick,
> Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick?

It had been written in 1818, in consequence of the famous review in the *Quarterly* of Keats's *Endymion*, a fact which the biographers of Keats do not seem to have observed. Why did he not immediately print it? Perhaps because to have done so would have been worse than useless in the then condition of public taste and temper. What led Hunt to break through his intention of suppressing the poem it might be difficult to discover. At all events, in the summer of 1823 he suddenly sent it home for publication; whether it was actually published is doubtful, it was probably only circulated in private to a handful of sympathetic Tory-hating friends.

Ultra-crepidarius is written in the same anapæstic measure as *The Feast of the Poets*, but is somewhat longer. As a satire on William Gifford it possesses the disadvantage of coming too late in the day to be of any service to anybody. At the close of 1823 Gifford, in failing health, was resigning the editorial chair of the *Quarterly*, which he had made so formidable, and was retiring into private life, to die in 1826. It probably explains, however, what has always seemed a little difficult to comprehend, the extreme personal bitterness with which Gifford, at the close of his career, regarded Hunt, for the slayer of the Della Cruscans was not the man to tolerate being treated as though he were a Della Cruscan himself. However small the circulation of *Ultra-crepidarius* may have been, care was no doubt taken that the editor of the *Quarterly Review* should receive one copy at his private address, and Leigh Hunt returned from Italy in time for that odd incident to take place at the Roxburgh sale, when Barron Field called his attention to the fact that "a little man, with a warped frame, and a countenance between the querulous and the angry, was gazing at me with all his might." Hunt tells this story in the *Autobiography*, from which, however, he omits all allusion to his satire.

The latter opens with the statement that—

> 'Tis now about fifty or sixty years since
> (The date of a charming old boy of a Prince).

Mercury was in a state of rare fidget from the discovery that he had lost one of his precious winged shoes, and had in consequence dawdled away a whole week in company with Venus, not having dreamed that it was that crafty goddess herself, who, wishing for a pair like them, had sent one of Mercury's shoes down to Ashburton for a pattern. Venus confesses her peccadillo, and offers to descend to the Devonshire borough with her lover, and see what can have become of the ethereal shoe. As they reach the ground, they meet with an ill-favoured boot of leather, which confesses that it has ill-treated the delicate slipper of Mercury. This boot, of course, is Gifford, who had been a shoemaker's apprentice in Ashburton. Mercury curses this unsightly object, and part of his malediction may here be quoted:—

> I hear someone say "Murrain take him, the ape!"
> And so Murrain shall, in a bookseller's shape;
> An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,
> Who'd fain be a coxcomb, and calls himself *Murray*.
> Adorn thou his door, like the sign of the Shoe,
> For court-understrappers to congregate to;
> For *Southey* to come, in his dearth of invention,
> And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension;
> For *Croker* to lurk with his spider-like limb in,
> And stock his lean bag with waylaying the women;
> And Jove only knows for what creature beside
> To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,
> And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights,
> In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights;
> Be these the court-critics and vamp a Review.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And finally, thou, my old soul of the tritical,
> Noting, translating, high slavish, hot critical,
> Quarterly-scutcheon'd, great heir to each dunce,
> Be Tibbald, Cook, Arnall, and Dennis at once.

At the end, Mercury dooms the ugly boot to take the semblance of a man, and the satire closes with its painful metamorphosis into Gifford. The poem is not without cleverness, but it is chiefly remarkable for a savage tone which is not, we think, repeated elsewhere throughout the writings of Hunt. The allusions to Gifford's relations, nearly half a century earlier, to that Earl Grosvenor who first rescued him from poverty, the well-deserved scorn of his intolerable sneers at Perdita Robinson's crutches, the indications of the satirist's acquaintance with the private life of his victim, all these must have stung the editor of the *Quarterly* to the quick, and are very little in Hunt's usual manner, though he had examples for them in Peter Pindar and others. At the close is printed an extremely vigorous onslaught of Hazlitt's upon Gifford, which is better known than the poem which it illustrates. In itself, in its preface, and in its notes alike, this very rare pamphlet presents us with a genuine curiosity of literature.

LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE IRISH UNION.

II.

EARLY in 1799 the question of the Union had passed from the Council and the Cabinet to the Irish House of Commons. It is characteristic of Irishmen that the Speaker was regarded as the great champion of the Opposition. It was attempted to be argued in the House of Lords that a Legislative Union was altogether *extra vires*, but this was rejected, and the general sense of their Lordships was favourable to the proposal. In the Lower House there was a violent debate, lasting from 4 P.M. on one day to 1 P.M. the next, on the question whether members ought to surrender "their free, resident, and independent Legislature as established in 1782." On a second division the Ministry had a majority of one vote. More than seventy members, friends of certain peers in opposition, were purposely absent, but the result compelled Cornwallis to inform the Duke of Portland that he saw no chance of carrying this measure in the present Session. More and still more violent and inflammatory debates followed, and in the end a paragraph about the Union was expunged from the Address. Cornwallis reviewed the whole subject in a letter to the Duke of Portland, clear in its facts and thoroughly well reasoned, but too long to quote, except for one pregnant sentence. "The evils proposed to be cured by an Union are religious divisions, the defective nature of the Imperial connexion, and commercial inequalities." A regulation about tithes, and some arrangements in favour of the Catholic and Dissenting clergy, were

also considered in the same letter. It must be admitted that the turn of events was not then favourable to Pitt. In a letter to Ross, Cornwallis says:—"For myself I see no prospect of deliverance, but feel that I am doomed to work the remainder of my life, and to sacrifice the little reputation which the too partial opinion of the world has allowed me in this wretched country, where nothing can prosper." Pitt, however, was not going to yield. He was resolved to have a good debate in the English Parliament. He urged Cornwallis to dismiss from their offices those who had opposed the Bill, including the son of the Speaker. And he thought he could convince "the British Parliament that Ireland was dependent on us for every benefit she now enjoys." Meanwhile, the signs of Irish dissatisfaction were shown in the familiar and usual way. In Connaught cattle and sheep were houghed. In Antrim the houses of Loyalists were entered forcibly and their arms were carried away. Mails were intercepted, travellers were robbed, roads were infested with "banditti." Country squires barricaded their houses and begged for a garrison of English Militia or Scotch Fencibles. A stringent Bill was introduced in the Irish Parliament and passed with some slight opposition. It enabled the Lord-Lieutenant to have prisoners tried by martial-law, whether courts-martial were sitting or not. They might be assembled as the Lord-Lieutenant chose, and no regular court of law could question any of their proceedings. The serious aspect of affairs at this time is relieved by a complaint from Lord Clare, the Chancellor of the University, that his Bill to enable the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College to marry, had not been well received by the Duke of Portland, "who could not know anything on the subject." Just at this time, when the Duke was all for strong measures, Cornwallis for a judicious mixture of lenity and force, and Dundas thought that Ireland was a country in which it would be impossible for any civilized being to live, and when, in fact, the political outlook was dark and gloomy, it suddenly began to clear. At the end of March Cornwallis could report that the Irish Session was over; and although the United Irishmen were more organized than ever and more bent on "Separation," the feeling of the Loyalists was changing in favour of the Union. The Lord-Lieutenant had nearly 20,000 troops on whom to rely for resisting French invasion and putting down local discontent. He had also proposed improvements in the whole scheme. He thought of compensating borough proprietors, retaining two seats in the counties, and conciliating some fifty barristers who were members of the Lower House. But all this would, he stated, require an expenditure of 1,500,000*l.*

All through the summer the Lord-Lieutenant was subject to occasional fits of despondency, which he rarely betrayed except to his most intimate correspondents. He told Lord Donoughmore that in his county there was no necessity for martial law, as the magistrates and the gentry were averse to it. He informed Dundas that out of the Militia Regiment of King's County some six hundred men were quite ready to go to the Channel Islands, where they were really wanted. But at the same time he made a requisition for ten thousand stand of arms. He wrote to his own brother, the Bishop of Lichfield, that "this wretched country remained in the same state as regarded disaffection, hatred to England and, with more reason, dislike of landlords." He saw no hopes of obtaining any credit for himself, or rendering any essential service to his country. He sincerely repented that he had not gone back to Bengal, as he might have done. Then there was a renewed scare about a French fleet that was to sail from Brest, and evade the vigilance of Lord Bridport; and a foolish peer who commanded a regiment of Fencible Light Dragoons, caused considerable trouble by an address which he printed and circulated to his men, inciting them to insubordination. He had, of course, to resign his commission at once. These troubles were aggravated by the political jobbery of the country, and by the conduct of the leaders of the Opposition, "who know and eagerly pursue their own little dirty interests, although they are so blind as not to see that they must be overwhelmed in the general wreck, have art enough to instil their own narrow and wicked sentiments into the most thoughtless and selfish members; and, in the hopes of gaining 300*l.* or 400*l.* at a distant period, they will hazard as many thousands which they at present possess." He hated himself for engaging in such dirty work, but was "supported only by the reflection that, without a Union, the British Empire must be dissolved."

By the middle of the summer things improved. The supporters of the Union in the Irish House of Commons had increased from 149 to 165. The mass of the people, Cornwallis wrote to Ross, "do not care one farthing about the Union, and equally hate Government and the Opposition." But there were factious persons in every county who were violent against it. In a happy moment, the Lord-Lieutenant bethought himself of making a tour in the provinces to gauge the feeling of the country. Doubtless his Indian reminiscences and his visit to the province of Benares had taught him the value of a tour of inspection. The summer was wet and cold, but the reception which he experienced "made up for the severity of the elements." The High Sheriff of Tipperary saw his way to a public meeting to consider the Union, and in Kilkenny two addresses were presented expressive of an earnest desire for this measure and approving warmly of the whole Administration. On his return to Dublin in August an awkward incident occurred. The Lord-Lieutenant had dispensed with his aide-de-camp and was returning on foot to the Castle, when he was challenged by the sentry on duty. No countersign being given, the soldier fired and only just missed his mark. It was strongly suspected that the man, who was a United Irishman, knew perfectly well what he was about. After this the Staff would never allow Cornwallis to go anywhere unattended, lest, it might have been said, he should quench the light of Israel. His opinion of the success of the tour in conciliating opponents and confirming halting friends and supporters is thus stated to General Ross:—"My reception gives the lie completely to the nonsense that has been talked by the foolish absentees about my conduct, and which has been too much attended to by very great personages on your side of the water. Conscious of the policy as well as of the rectitude of my conduct, I can laugh at the accusations and the accusers; but I must look serious when I see this country abandoned to its own weakness in order to make up brigades for the amusement of young princes and of foolish and inexperienced generals." In September, to the same correspondent, he says that the country was getting quieter; but the reduction in the forces and the movements of the combined fleets, French and Spanish, encouraged the disaffected, and kept alive an evil spirit to which the violence of the Loyalists added fuel.

At this time the Duke of Portland made a proposal which must have sounded very odd even in those days, and which to our notions is simply amazing. The army of the Duke of York had been withdrawn from Holland, and it was in contemplation to distribute the returning forces between Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. As, however, there was an intention of providing for the defence of Guernsey and Jersey by Russian troops, Cornwallis was asked whether he would prefer for Ireland 5,000 Cossacks and Muscovites. On this proposal Cornwallis put his foot down at once. He had a natural partiality for his own troops. Russian soldiers would be told that they were occupying a country in a state of rebellion, and their operations would be directed by indiscreet magistrates. A scene of indiscriminate plunder would ensue, and our enemies would clamour "that the Union was to be forced on the kingdom by the terror and bayonets of barbarians." We could scarcely equal this in our day by the bare notion of pacifying Ireland by bringing over a regiment of Sikhs or irregular cavalry composed of Pathans. It is almost superfluous to say that from this date we hear no more about Russian help.

A tour in the Northern counties proved still more auspicious and reassuring than the previous visit to the South. Dundalk sent in two encouraging addresses, one of which was presented by a priest and several Roman Catholics. Belfast got up a public dinner and a ball, at which the strongest assurances were given of loyalty and favour to the Union. More addresses poured in from Antrim, Coleraine, Newtown Limavaddy, and other places. At Londonderry there was a grand illumination. Corporations and leading inhabitants expressed the same favourable sentiments in a decided fashion. Even Monaghan, where the opposition was powerful, followed in the same line. And in the Speaker's own town of Drogheda there was a partial leaning to the Union. The Speaker, it has been shown, was the champion of the opposition. Napper Tandy, a well-known rebel, is characterized in this part of the Correspondence, as a "contemptible fellow about whom no person cared the least." The harvest this year was a failure, and with some trouble Cornwallis obtained several thousand sacks of flour from England, forbade the exportation of corn and potatoes from Ireland, and prohibited the making of cakes, rolls, and muffins. But the "violence of our loyal friends," as usual, required a very firm hand, and vile informers were sources of danger and perplexity. Cornwallis urged on the Ministry the propriety of allowing Roman Catholic peers to vote for their own representatives in the Upper House. The number of such peers was small, but the principle was great. He returns to the charge three or four times without entangling the Government in more promises or engagements. By the end of December 1799 Cornwallis could contemplate a renewal of debates with the assurance of 180 supporters in the Lower House. There remained 120, of whom 85 were "decidedly hostile," and 35 doubtful. Some of the latter were friends of two well-known peers, and another peer had assumed "the inconvenient character of a hesitating, doubtful friend." It is satisfactory to find that in the beginning of the year (1800) matters had been "made up" with this gentleman who was worse than an open foe. Castlereagh, on his part, had not been idle. Men of light and leading had been consulted about the Articles of the Union. In January the Irish House met. One member, as might have been anticipated, made a furious speech, recapitulating the injuries sustained by Ireland for 600 years, was all for crushing "the coiled snake before it made its leap," scorned "petty Scotch and English politicians," and represented a "puny miner as blasting the work of giants." Castlereagh replied in a manly speech, and was followed by a discreet, wise, and sensible oration from David Latouche, a descendant of an old French Protestant who had been driven from France by the bad policy of Lewis XIV., and had fought at the Battle of the Boyne. After a debate of eighteen hours an amendment to the Address, for the independence of the Irish Parliament, was defeated by 138 to 96 votes. And the temper of the House, in spite of inflammatory speeches by Grattan and others, had "very much altered for the better," while the conduct of the partisan Speaker was "perfectly correct," and the town was quiet. The sheriffs of Dublin were still in opposition, and they carried up addresses to the Speaker, joining his name with that of

Grattan, on "a green breast-ribbon, as friends of the people." So the difficulties were by no means at an end. Castlereagh talks of a "wicked handbill calling on the Yeomanry to rise in arms and save the country"; "will 6,000 Irishmen, with arms in their hands, tamely stand by and see the Constitution of their country destroyed?" &c. &c. The Chief Secretary also mentions a curious "Consular edict" that had fallen into his hands. It seems to have been approved by 38 county members, and it recommended petitions to Parliament expressive of the real sense of the freeholders of the kingdom. Cornwallis termed it an extraordinary production, and was somewhat harassed by county meetings, fiery barristers, and a general ferment in Dublin. The popular "feeling was further excited by the industrious circulation of reports that, with the abolition of the Irish Parliament," Irish law would be at an end, and all leases would be broken. "The gentlemen were for a Union, because they could relet their estates at advanced rents." In February Lord Downshire, whose influence in the north it was scarcely possible to exaggerate, was removed from his command as colonel of the Down Militia, and struck out of the Privy Council, for circulating to his officers and privates a petition against the Crown. It is characteristic of the country that the soldiers were ignorant of the exact purport of the document, and some thought it a petition in favour of the measure. In the same month, in a very full House of 300 members, on a debate on a message from the Crown, Government obtained a majority of 43. It was less than Castlereagh expected, and he attributed the falling off to intimidation and bribes. Seven members had gone over to the Opposition. The debate in the Upper House was more satisfactory and resulted in a majority of 49. It would have been singular if these speeches, recriminations, right-handed defections, and left-handed fallings off had not produced at least one affair of honour. Corry, the Chancellor, after making a fine speech was challenged by Grattan. The Chancellor was wounded in the arm at the first exchange of shots. The proceedings, just as in some of Lever's novels, were witnessed by an immense mob. Had Grattan fallen, Corry, in all probability, "would not have left the ground alive." Happily, at a second exchange of shots, no further harm was done. The Sheriff was present, but not officially, and no doubt thoroughly enjoyed the fun. We reserve for a final article an account of Cornwallis's ultimate triumph, in spite of proclamations, protests, and pistols.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England may have information which is not accessible to the rest of the world, fully justifying their action last week in reducing their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent., but to outsiders that action appears of very doubtful expediency. It is true that in five or six weeks they had obtained from abroad and chiefly from New York about three millions sterling in gold. Therefore their stock of gold is larger now than it has been since 1885 at the same time of the year, and so, of course, is their reserve. But the argument, though plausible, does not really count for much. In every year since 1885 experience has proved that the Bank of England had not a sufficient reserve at the close of the summer, that it was endeavouring to maintain its position without the proper means of doing so, and that consequently it threw all business into confusion towards the close of the year. More particularly this was made manifest in the autumn of last year and the year before. It is also said in defence of the action they have taken that the Directors had lost control of the outside market, that in fact, while their rate was nominally 5 per cent., the rate in the outside market was only about 3½ per cent., and that it was useless to continue so anomalous a state of things; but that argument has just as little weight as the former. The outside market is not well supplied with funds. That has been proved abundantly this week by the fact that it has had to borrow once more from the Bank of England. If the Directors, then, thought it desirable to hold control of the market, they could have got it. They need only have borrowed freely in the outside market. They would thereby have reduced the surplus funds, which were pressing down rates, and they would very speedily have been able to make their own rate effective. The real question, then, is whether the Directors acted wisely in allowing the control of the market to slip away from them, and that depends very largely upon whether they have reason to believe that there will not be a large foreign demand for gold by-and-by. In the City it is almost universally believed that the influence of the great financial houses alone prevents the Argentine Government from withdrawing about 1½ millions sterling. As the great houses have succeeded in preventing the withdrawals so far, they may be able to succeed altogether, and the Directors of the Bank of England may be aware of this; but as the public do not know whether the gold will be taken or not, the action of the Directors has made them uneasy rather than reassured them, for it is clear that gold is more likely to go when rates of interest and discount are low than when they are high. Besides, there occur every year numerous withdrawals of a miscellaneous kind for South Africa, Portugal, Egypt, India, and other countries, and no doubt some, or all, of these will have to be met this year, as in past years. Above all, it is to be recollected that trade is just now exceedingly good, and still is improving. Always at the end of the summer and throughout the autumn there is an outflow of coin and notes from London to the provinces, to Ireland and Scotland; and the outflow is likely to be unusually large this year because of the goodness of trade and the high prices and wages. But, if there is a large outflow to the internal circulation, and a considerable drain to foreign countries, the reserve of the Bank of England will soon be reduced so much that the Directors will once more have to put up their rate, and possibly may have to put it up more than once. But it clearly is injurious to business to raise and lower rates frequently, since it renders impossible all calculations respecting the future.

Of course, even if there are large foreign withdrawals, and a considerable outflow to the internal circulation, it may be possible to obtain as much gold as may be required in New York. It cannot be got elsewhere. Certainly it cannot be got either from the Bank of France or from the Imperial Bank of Germany. Only a little can be got from the smaller Continental countries; and, though it is possible that the Imperial Bank of Russia might accommodate some of the great houses, as it did last year and the year before, that is not the kind of resource that ought to be relied on. The real question is, if the Bank of England needs more gold, can it get it in New York? At the present time there is a quite unexpected monetary stringency in New York. One day last week borrowers for the Stock Exchange had to pay at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for loans, and a commission of ½ per cent. per day, coming up very nearly to the rate of 200 per cent. per annum. That was no doubt a very exceptional case; but from 20 to 40 per cent. has been reported again and again, and, therefore, we must not reckon too confidently on obtaining what gold we need in New York. No doubt it is probable that the present stringency is merely temporary. It is due to the fact, firstly, that so much gold has been sent from New York to London; secondly, to the fact that the West and South are drawing upon New York for money to move the crops; and, thirdly, to the fact that the Treasury has accumulated more money than it has paid out since February. The Treasury can put an end to the stringency at any moment by paying enough of money out, and Mr. Windom is evidently willing to do so, for he has announced that he will buy 20 million dollars of Four and a Half Per Cents. at 104½—that is to say, the bonds which are redeemable exactly twelve months hence he is willing to redeem at once at par, prepaying the year's interest that still runs upon them. It seems probable, therefore, that money enough will be paid out of the Treasury to put an end to the stringency, and if so, by-and-by, under the influence of the new Silver Act, rates ought to become easy in New York. It may then be possible to obtain all the gold which is required. But we must not forget that the bankers of New York are entirely opposed to the silver legislation; that they dread very much that its consequence will be the driving of gold out of circulation, and if much more gold is taken it is quite possible that they may become thoroughly alarmed, and that therefore there may be a fresh period of stringency in New York, rendering it impossible to withdraw the gold we may require.

The price of silver, which on Saturday last was 54¼*d.* per ounce, fell on Monday to 54*d.*, and on Tuesday to 53¾*d.* per ounce. The market in London for the time being is entirely controlled by the great speculators in New York, and they find their operations made more difficult no doubt by the monetary stringency that has overtaken them. It is evident that they must have bought immense quantities. In the early part of last year the price of the metal was a fraction under 42*d.* per ounce, and, as already stated, a week ago it was as high as 54¼*d.* per ounce. There has been a rise, therefore, of nearly 12½*d.* per ounce, or roughly about 30 per cent., and this rise, it is to be recollected, has been brought about while the American purchases are still small. The new Act came into effect only on the 13th of this month, and up to Monday evening last the purchases amounted to no more than 2,533,000 ounces. It is clear, therefore, that the rise must be the result almost altogether of speculative purchases. No doubt there has been a good deal of speculation in Europe and in India, but the speculation has been led and has been largest in the United States. It is natural that speculators who have to hold large amounts purchased by means of borrowed money should find it necessary to slacken their operations when the rate of interest went up to from 20 to 40 per cent. in New York. Probably, too, the speculators have been somewhat disappointed by the reported decision of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy during August only a proportion of the 4½ millions of ounces which are to be bought every month, and next month begin buying upon the full scale. The Secretary, however, has increased his purchases, and the value of money in New York has fallen, and in consequence there was a recovery in the price of silver on Thursday to 54⅛*d.* per ounce. The decline early in the week caused a temporary fall in Rupee-paper, which was, however, quickly followed by a recovery. On Thursday, indeed, the price of the Four and a Half per Cents. went up to 90½. Other silver securities have continued to rise during the week, especially Mexican railway stocks, speculation in which is stimulated, not only by the rise in silver, but also by the conclusion of a contract between the Mexican Government and Messrs. Bleichroder, of Berlin, for bringing out a loan of six millions sterling to redeem the subsidies due to the several Mexican railway Companies. The loan is to be brought out in Berlin, Amsterdam, and London—in the latter by Messrs. Antony Gibbs & Sons. It is to bear 6 per

cent. interest. The issue price is expected to be 94 or 95, and the loan is secured on 12 per cent. of the Customs revenues.

The reduction in the Bank-rate has not led to as much increase in speculation upon the Stock Exchange as might have been expected. Indeed, operators appear to have been more discouraged than encouraged by the change. At all events, the stock markets were more active for two or three days before it was made than they have been since. Perhaps this is partly due to the Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Tuesday. Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at 4 per cent., and in some cases loans were made as low as $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Within the Stock Exchange, too, carrying-over rates were lower, from which it follows that, in spite of the increased activity of the last fortnight, there has not been a very great increase in the accounts open for the rise. There has, however, been an increase, and in some cases a considerable one. The most active speculation for some time past has been in silver securities, such as Rupee-paper, South Austrian railway securities, and the stocks, bonds, and shares of Mexican railway Companies. In some home railway stocks, too, there has been a considerable advance, chiefly in the Deferred Stocks of the Brighton, South-Eastern, Sheffield, and North British Companies, and in Caledonian. The buying of these has, of course, been speculative. But all home railway stocks are in fairly good demand. The reduction of the rate allowed upon deposits makes many investors desirous of obtaining more for their money than they can get by leaving it with their bankers. Besides, trade is so exceedingly prosperous that observers are beginning to hope that, though the working expenses are increasing, yet the Companies may be able to pay better dividends than at the end of last year. There is no doubt that trade is wonderfully good. Even shipbuilding is more active than it was, and new orders are being placed in spite of the complaints of the lowness of freights. If, then, the value of money does not rise soon, and if nothing untoward happens in the River Plate countries, it is probable that there will be before long a further rise in home railway stocks. The American department has been depressed by the unexpected and severe stringency in the New York money market and by the labour disputes which are very general, and at one time threatened to involve most of the Companies. There was a recovery on Tuesday when representatives of the employés decided not to order a general strike. But on Wednesday there was another decline on less favourable news. On Thursday, again, there was some recovery. In International Securities there has been little movement, but South African gold and land shares have fallen back into the old stagnation. Nobody doubts that the goldfields are rich, but everyone now recognizes that they cannot be worked profitably until the cost of transport is greatly reduced. In the meantime the management of the Companies is being improved, and measures are being taken to prepare the way for a recovery by-and-bye. The news from the Argentine Republic and Uruguay continues far from reassuring, but yet it has not been this week of a nature to cause serious alarm. Some of the new Argentine Ministers have resigned, but for what cause is not accurately known, and a movement is on foot in Buenos Ayres to compel the resignation of the Minister of War and the Minister of the Interior. There are also rumours that the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres will be unable to pay the interest upon the Cedulas issued by it exceeding in amount 300 millions of dollars. Yet it is proposed to authorize it to issue another series of Cedulas amounting to 10 millions of dollars. Of course the mortgagors are not in a position to pay the interest and sinking fund they have stipulated to pay, and if not the bank has no means out of which to pay them. Default would affect large numbers of European investors, and apprehension on the point would naturally tend to restrict business in all departments.

A GERMAN PRODIGAL SON.

HERR HEINRICH GEEHL, who has been describing the slavish condition of "Free England" in a letter to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, seems to be a German who left his fatherland partly for his country's good and partly for his own. He represents himself as the victim of the German Press-laws. For "a small literary indiscretion" he was condemned to pay a fine. Whether he paid it or left it unpaid does not appear. The infliction of such a stigma upon a man of letters moved him to flee to the country in which, as he says, "my great prophet had wandered, the prince of poets, to the freest land of Europe." He sighed after the land of Shakespeare and the paradise of journalists. "The English journalists are not only allowed to think freely, as we are, but they are allowed also to write freely. This freedom of the Press had long inspired me with a powerful reverence for free England." So Herr Geehl shook the German dust from his feet, and paying, or leaving unpaid, the fine imposed upon him by the Bismarckian Pressgesetz, he became one of those prodigal adventurers of whom Bismarck once said, "Der Deutsche in der Fremde hat keine Interesse mehr für mich."

Poor Herr Geehl, like the prodigal in Holy Writ, found in the far-off country husks and bondage instead of the freedom which he had promised himself. At the present, to judge from the date of his letter, he is in London. But his first experiences of English slavery seem to have been learned in Wales. Perhaps it was his reverence for his "prophet, the prince of poets," which moved him to go straight from Dover to the country of Fluellen; or perhaps it was a feeling that the Welsh, "die celtischen Ureinwohner Brittaniens," were less Teutonic, and so less akin to Bismarck than the English. The Welsh names of places troubled him. "The name of one little railway station in the island of Anglesey is so long," says he, "that the train is again in motion before the guard has finished calling out the name." This Teutonic Mark-Twainism may incline Berlin readers who are familiar with the comic American tourist to doubt the veracity of the social descriptions in Herr Geehl's "Im freien England." Welsh villages may have long names, and England may nevertheless be as free as the prodigal child of the German pictured her. But all disillusion as to English liberty was scattered from the very moment that he first beheld in Wales an English lord.

"I saw him first," says Herr Geehl, "in a little town famous for its cathedral." The expatriated newspaper-man had been studying the history of the cathedral in the "Kirchenbuch." We wish that he had given more detail about this "Church-book." Is it in print or manuscript? It contains an odd legend about a dean who was deeply in debt at the "Wirthshaus," and whose prodigious account for wine and beer, "chalked" up by the landlord, was presented to "the bishop of the little diocese." It was the habit of the dean to pay his drinking debts with the property of the cathedral and the benefactions left for the poor. This "dean" must have been one of the Commissioners appointed by the Rump Parliament, under its "Act for the better Propagation of the Gospel in Wales." As Herr Geehl "came out of the cathedral, and walked along the steep High Street, with its horrible corn-tormenting pavement," says he, "I saw a negligently-elegantly dressed gentleman coming towards me. He kept in the middle of the road: a huge dog followed him. All the people stood stock still; the men lifted their hats, and bowed reverently; the women courtseyed. They seemed as if they could not make sufficient signs of their respect. When the lord had passed by, the people thronged behind him, and some of them humbly lifted the tails of his coat and pressed them with their lips. I could scarcely trust my own eyes," says the Correspondent of the Berlin daily newspaper. "Was I really in free England? Or had I wandered again into Poland, where I had too often seen similar manifestations of hound-like submissiveness?"

The lord took all this servility as a matter of course, merely acknowledging it at intervals by a curt, patronizing nod of the head. At last, probably for the first time in his life, the lord came into close contact with a German free man. "When he came up to me, and saw that I did not lift my hat to him, he fixed on me a stare of wonder. He was plainly astounded that anybody in that district could dare to let him pass by without a reverent greeting." But Herr Geehl had not done with the lord. As he stood in the street, and watched the figure of the retreating aristocrat, he suddenly felt a touch upon his shoulder. He turned, and saw a policeman. Herr Geehl, as a victim of the press-laws of a freer country than England, had doubtless some acquaintance with the police. But the German police are not "police of manners" in the same sense as the English police of Wales. "Do you not know Mylord?" said the policeman. "What Mylord?" asked Herr Geehl. "That gentleman," answered the policeman, "who has just passed by. You have not saluted him." The free spirit of the expatriated German was aroused. "'Are you a police officer?' I sharply demanded of him, 'and is it your business to see that everybody salutes Mylord? Go to Mylord, and ask him why he did not salute me; then go and mind your own business." The "verblüffte" Welsh-English policeman, who for the first time in his life had been confronted by a free German man, was too confounded to arrest Herr Geehl. The victim of the German Press-laws imagines that if he had possessed less presence of mind and power of stage-oratory he would have been lodged in a Welsh gaol, and the Berliner would have lost his precious information about the slavery of "free England."

After Herr Geehl had thus confounded the aristocracy and the police of England in a Welsh street, he was inspired by the magnificent thought of bearding the lordly lion in his own den. "A short walk," he writes, "brought me to the gate of the park." There he learned that nobody was allowed to enter the park unless he had provided himself with a ticket of admission, and that such a ticket could only be obtained at the "herrschaftliche Rentei in B." He "had no mind to go all the way back to the town." So he began to "parlamentiren" with the keeper of the gate. The man spoke of "the rigorous proscriptions of Mylord," of his "own expulsion from office," of "impossibilities," and much more. But all his opposition vanished "when I showed him my card and pressed half-a-crown into his hand." "I hope," said the keeper, "Mylord will not meet you. And remember," he added, "that you must not attempt to go into the castle." Herr Geehl proudly observes, "Nevertheless, Mylord did meet me, and I did get into his castle." Mylord had already arrived at the park, not on foot, but driving a four-horse carriage. As soon as he spied the free German intruder, he stopped his "vierspännige," and demanded in a loud voice, "Have you procured a ticket of admission?" "No." "How did you manage to get in without a ticket?" "The gate-keeper admitted me upon showing my visiting card, and declaring to him that I, as a foreigner, was not acquainted with the regulations."

There must have been a power in the tone with which this speech was uttered which it is not easy to detect in the speech itself. The fierce English Mylord became in a moment as gentle as

a lamb. It was perhaps the first time in his life, outside his own lordly circle, that he had been boldly addressed as an equal. "May I beg the favour of your card?" said he to the daring Geehl. "I gave Mylord my visiting card. He bowed himself politely, and asked me if I would make the circuit of the park in his company." The bold Geehl accepted the personal conductorship of Mylord. "And thus I saw," says he, "not only the park, but also the mansion and the small but valuable picture-gallery of old and new masters. So extremely friendly was Mylord that he accompanied me as far as his park gates."

As Mylord and Herr Geehl were walking toward the gates they were met by a park-keeper, who held by the collar a poor wretch in ragged clothes and worn-out boots. "Whom have we here?" asked Mylord. "I found this man," replied the servant, "sleeping under a tree near the little gate." "In the park?" "Yes, Mylord." "Put him for three days in the hole" ("ins Loch") said Mylord in a nonchalant tone; then, turning to me, he took leave of me in the most courteous manner.

Herr Geehl suspects that the readers of the Berlin newspaper will doubt the possibility of such a summary administration of justice or injustice in modern free England. But it is easily explained. Herr Geehl has studied English law as well as the "Church-book" of a Welsh cathedral. "Mylord was a justice of the peace, a judge in his own cause." The two things are one and the same. "The rogue had been sleeping in his park; hence he had the right to send him for three days," and here Herr Geehl uses English instead of German, for the sake of greater exactness, "*in the holl!*" What a scandal such an autocratic administration of justice would have made, exclaims the German newspaper-man, "if it had happened in Russia! But here, and to a citizen of free England!"

Herr Geehl walked back to his inn, he tells us, in a meditative mood. Like the other prodigal, he began to think in the far country of the liberty and delights of the fatherland which he had forsaken on account of its mild press-laws:—"I thanked Heaven," says he, "that I was not born a free Englishman, and that I could enter my inn with a whole coat on my back. I also had been in Mylord's park without his leave, like that poor wretch. If I had been a free Englishman, Mylord would have stuck me also in the holl, and not a cock in England would have dared to crow over it!"

This was not the only experience of English slavery which Herr Geehl was to make in Wales during that day. It was about ten o'clock at night when he returned to his inn. He sat down, and ordered a bottle of "würzige Bass'chen Ale." He had just filled a glass, and raised it to his lips, when the loud cry resounded throughout the entire building, "Time, gentlemen, time!" What did it mean? He looked up, and saw the "Hausknecht" standing in the doorway. Behind Boots, a few paces distant, stood a policeman. The police "Sperrstunde," or closing hour of free England, had struck. "All the guests immediately hurried the contents of their glasses down their throats. The Boots again shouted, 'Time, gentlemen, time!' The landlord extinguished all the lamps." Herr Geehl drank the one glassful of ale which he had poured out; but, as he was in free England, and it was past ten o'clock at night, he had not liberty to empty his bottle. The last sound which he heard before falling to sleep was the chorus of the English national song. The guests who had been thrust out of the inn were wandering slowly along the seashore, and as they wandered they sang, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves! Britons never, never, never will be slaves!" The German prodigal son knew not whether to laugh or weep at the irony of the situation. All the night long his dreams were haunted by two exclamations, that of the English Mylord and the English Boots at the inn, "Put him in the holl!" "Time, gentlemen, time!" He was still in London at the date of his letter. But we cannot hope to keep this precious man of letters long among us. "In spite of the sea-air," says he, "somehow or other I find that I cannot breathe freely in free England."

RACING.

IF one thing had been wanting to increase the interest in the St. Leger, it was a "coming outsider." At Redcar and Stockton an outsider "came" in Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday, who won his third and fourth successive victories at those meetings, and advanced from 66 to 1 to 20 to 1 in the betting. On the other hand, on the last day of the Stockton meeting, Memoir, at that time the first favourite, met with a mishap at exercise. The Lichfield meeting was chiefly remarkable for the unpleasant circumstance of some rascal tampering with the scales, a piece of lead having been fastened to the bottom of the weight-holder, evidently with the object of disqualifying the winner for one of the races. Another disagreeable matter has been a rumour of the existence of a "Ring" among a certain clique of jockeys. It is to be hoped that the report may be totally devoid of foundation; but, true or untrue, it has had the effect of putting the authorities on the alert.

At York, it was a question whether Mr. Lowther's Cleator would win the Prince of Wales's Stakes, after his moderate display at Stockton, where he ran the best horse, at the weights, for the Wynyard Plate, but only third, with odds laid on him. It was all that he could now do to beat Avignon by a neck; yet, considering the weight he was carrying and the heavy state of the ground, he ran well, although some pounds below first-class form.

The Ebor Handicap showed how undervalued Tyrant had been early in the season; for in the handicap for the Chester Cup, Houndsditch was made to give him 20 lbs., whereas Tyrant was now handicapped to give Houndsditch 15 lbs. Long before this, however, an even greater change had had to be made in Tyrant's relative weights with Theosophist, who was handicapped on no less than 37 lbs. better terms with him in the end of June than in the beginning of May. The heavily-weighted horses were all beaten for the Ebor Handicap by Mr. J. Charlton's Silver Spur, a pretty little bay filly by Chippendale out of a Fripponier mare, grandam by Marsyas out of Seclusion. She was receiving 34 lbs. from both Tyrant and Philomel. What is called in France "l'outsider" for the St. Leger—that is to say, Queen's Birthday—continued his victorious career by winning the Great Yorkshire Stakes on Thursday, beating the ugly-hocked Ornatus and the handsome Ponza.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—CHAMELEONS.

THE chameleon is one of nature's strangest productions; it belongs to the great order of lizards, an order which is divided into a large number of families, and comprises many hundreds of species, which exhibit a great variety of form and structure, none of them, however, showing such a degree of specialization as the chameleon. Its curious uncanny appearance, to say nothing of its power of changing colour—which, be it observed, is not, as is generally supposed, peculiar to itself, but is possessed, though not in so marked a degree, by other species of lizards—have made it an object of interest and wonder to mankind from the earliest times, and all sorts of fabulous stories have been told of it, some of them having a foundation in fact, but the majority, as is usual in such cases, being nothing but the purest invention. The chameleons have by no means a large range, the greater number of species being natives of Africa and Madagascar—the latter country alone possessing more than twenty species—though one or two are found in Asia Minor, India, and Ceylon.

Among the many amusing and interesting accounts of these animals which are to be found scattered up and down the literature of natural history, certainly neither the least amusing nor interesting is "The Anatomical Description of a Camelion," to be found in certain *Memoirs for a Natural History of Animals*, containing the anatomical description of several creatures dissected by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, done into English by a Fellow of the R.S., and published by order of the Council of the Royal Society in 1701. A work which, though probably little known, appears to have held its own for many years as the great authority on the subject with which it treats, as we find Dr. Brookes in 1763 boldly plagiarizing it. The writer had evidently carefully observed a chameleon, which he tells us was an "Ægyptian one, which is the greatest of all," both in life and by dissection after death, the result of his observations being that he wrote an extremely interesting treatise containing much excellent matter. Many of his remarks and deductions, however, are very quaint, and of these alone, rather than of his facts, we propose to treat. As a preface, he says that "there is scarce any Animal more Famous than the Camelion, its admirable Properties have ever been the subject as well of Natural as Moral Philosophy. The changing of its Colour, and the particular manner of feeding which is attributed to it, have in all Ages given great Admiration and Exercise to those that do apply themselves to the Knowledge of Nature. And those Wonders which Naturalists have related of this inconsiderable Animal have made it to be the most Famous Symbole used in Rhetorick and Ethicks, to represent the base compliance of Courtiers and Flatterers, and the Vanity wherewith simple and light Minds do feed themselves. Its very name in Tertullian is the subject of a Serious Meditation upon False-glory, and he proposes it as the Example of the Impudence of Cheats and Boasters." After this diatribe our author proceeds to deal with the animal's name in the following quaint manner:—"It is not known truly why the Greeks have bestowed so fine a Name upon so vile and ugly a Beast by calling it the Little-Lyon, or Dwarf-Lyon according to Isidore's Etymology. Gesner says that it somewhat resembles the Lyon, without mentioning wherein. Panarolus would have it the Tail, which is crooked at the end, as he says, like the Lyons: But the Truth is, that neither the Camelion nor the Lyon have a crooked Tail. . . . Licetus thinks that this name was given it, because as the Lyon Hunts and devours other Animals, so the Camelion catches Flies; by the same reason that a little Worm which hunts and takes Ants, as Albertus has described, is called Formicaleon." The following is his amusing account of the animal and its habits:—"The Camelion is of the kinde of four-footed Beasts, which do lay eggs, as the Crocodile and Lizard, which it sufficiently resembles, save that its Head and Back is not flat, like the Lizard's, who has likewise much shorter leggs, with which it crawls very fast along the ground; whereas the Camelion has longer leggs, and goes easily only upon Trees, where it delights it self much more than on the ground; because, that as it is sayd it fears the serpents, from which it cannot secure it selfe by flight, and that from thence it spies them, watching the opportunity when they do pass, or sleep under him, to kill them with his Foam which he lets fall upon them." Its "foam," however, does not appear as its only weapon against "serpents"; for our author, after

correctly describing the animal's teeth, which he says "to us appeared not at all serviceable to it in eating; because that it swallowed the Flyes and other insects which it catched, without chewing them," adds, "Ælian says that it defends it self against the Serpent, by the help of a great Stick which it takes in its Mouth; and its probable that its Teeth may serve to hold it fast; but it is to be understood that it holds it cross-wise, to hinder the Serpent from swallowing him up, as it usually do's Frogs and Lizards whole: For there is no possibility of explaining this place of Ælian as Gesner and Aldrovandus do, who think that the Camelion makes use of this Stick as of a Buckler or Sword, wherewith it defends it self against the Serpent, as a Fencer would do; for it is not nimble enough for that." Of its method of progression we are told—"Its pace was slower than that of a Tortoise, and seemed very Ridiculous, in that its Leggs being not short, and incumbered like those of the Tortoise, but very loos and free, it carried them with a kind of gravity which seemed affected, because needless. Wherefore Tertullian saith that one would think that the Camelion rather made as if it would walk than that it really did. Some do think that this Gate is a Mark of the Timerousness, which is said to be very extream in this Animal. But because it is certain that Fear, when it is not great enough wholly to take away Motion, adds great Strength to that of the Leggs; into which it is believed that it makes all the Heat and Vigour, which has left the Heart to descend. It is much more probable that this slowness is the effect of a great Precaution, which makes it to Act circumspectly." Of the ultimate fate of the chameleon in question we are told nothing directly; but no doubt it fell a victim to science, as we know that "after it was dead" it was most carefully dissected, and drawings of its skeleton and viscera have been handed down to us. That no part of it was wasted we gather from the concluding sentences of the treatise, which are as follows:—"As for the Knowledge of the incredible Virtues which the Superstition of the ancients hath attributed to the Camelion and of which Pliny saith that Democritus hath writt a whole Book, they are so Extravagant in the Judgment even of Pliny that we referr our selves to his opinion thereof. And without trying whether we could raise Tempests with its Head, or gain Law-suits with its Tongue, or stop Rivers with its Tail, and do the other Miracles which it is said Democritus hath left in Writeing: we were contented to make those experiments which seemed to have some probabilitie, being founded on Sympathie and Antipathy, such as is that which Solinus Reports to be so great between the Crow and the Camelion, that it dyes immediately after having Eaten of its Flesh. The truth is that a Crow peckt several times with its Bill on our Camelion, when it was set to it Dead; and we gave it several Parts of it to eat, and even the Heart it self, which it swallowed without any harm."

Chameleons of one species or another can generally be seen in the Reptile-house at the Zoo, it being a rare event for the Society to be without one—at the present time they have no less than eight. But they attract but little attention from visitors, and indeed are not very interesting looking animals, as they sit stolidly on the plants provided for them in their cases, generally without moving. They cannot be kept constantly supplied with insects for food, and, speaking from a somewhat intimate knowledge of the habits of these animals in confinement, there is nothing in the world will induce a chameleon to take even the slightest apparent interest in its surroundings unless it be the sight of what it considers a toothsome insect. Nevertheless, they are by no means uninteresting animals, and when allowed to wander at large and forage for themselves in a greenhouse they are a constant source of amusement. The chameleon's method of taking its prey is very curious, being effected by shooting out an enormously long wormlike tongue, the end of which is clubbed, and covered with a viscid secretion, to which the insects stick, and are thus drawn into its mouth. The actual projection of the tongue is made with marvellous rapidity, but, before striking, the animal very slowly opens its mouth, with all the appearance of taking a most deliberate aim. Its eyes are most noticeable; they are very large, but with the exception of an extremely small opening in the centre are covered with skin; they are also entirely independent of one another, with the result that occasionally the creature is looking forward over its nose with one eye, while with the other it is intently watching something directly behind it. And, finally, its far-famed power of changing colour—which, as we have said, is also enjoyed by other lizards—is perhaps the most noticeable of the creature's many peculiarities. It is "partly dependent on the degree in which the lungs are filled with air and different layers of chromatophores (cells in the skin in which the colouring pigment is deposited) are pressed towards the outer surface of the skin." It appears to be produced partly at the will of the animal and partly by an "involuntary habit which enables its tints to correspond with the natural substances on which it is placed."

Chameleons can generally be obtained in London during the summer months; but the trade appears to be a very fluctuating one, as sometimes they are scarce, and therefore expensive, while at others they may be bought in many of the "bird-shops," their price at such time being about 2*s.* 6*d.* a-piece. They are by no means difficult to keep while the weather remains warm; but we imagine that few of them survive a winter in this country.

A NICHT WI' BURNS.

'ERE! 'i! Mr. Burns, 'arf a minit! we want cher! 'ere, guv'nor, I say!
'Old 'ard! we got summat to arst yer: yer broom ain't a waitin' to-day,
Like it used ter be, this time larst cheer, when us chaps wouldn't 'low yer to walk,
So p'raps yer'll make shift fur to spare us the time fur a bit of a talk.

Well, yer see, Mr. Burns, it's like this, it's alonger this pal o' mine 'ere,
'Im as tried to get work at the docks when we struck for the tanner larst cheer,
Which he got himself pretty nigh bashed—Wot? "A blackleg?" Well, yuss, if yer like;
Though, as 'e ses, it seemed jolly 'ard fur to down on him, just as the strike
Come and giv' him the chanst of a job, as fur months 'e'd bin 'untin' in vain,
And to put the pore bloke and his missus and kids on the parish again.

'Ows'ever, that's over, and Bill—well, 'e didn't know wot to be at;
'E was sick o' be'n guyed for a blackleg, and chivied and 'ooted, and that,
So 'e come to me Toosday and ses, ses he, "Joey, old son, it's like this,
You're a jinin' the Union, I've 'eerd: so, as you ain't done nothin' amiss,
And as they wouldn't look at old Bill, I expecs, you might take me in tow
And arst 'em to cross out the chalks up agin me a twel'm'nth ago.
Pitch it strong to 'em 'ow I begs parding and never won't do it no more,
And p'raps I may find myself then, 'long o' you, the right side of the door."
Well, I promised pore Bill as I'd try; and we went to the horfice right hoff,
Where a cove with a pen in 'is 'and—not a docker, a reggylar toff—
Sat a cyph'rin' at figgers alone by 'isself, and when me and my mate
Was shown in, "Very sorry," ses he, "very sorry, my men, you're too late.
You 'ad ought to have jined us," he ses, "when the Union fust was perposed,
But you've come" (quite stand-offish and 'igh) "when the books 'as been finerly closed."
Well o' course I don't take it from 'im, so I've come to you straight, for to find
Whether thisher is *your* little game, and all as ain't prev'ously jined
Is to kick their 'eels out in the cold by *your* horders, or whether in spite
Of that there Jack-in-horfice—wot's that? Ho! indeed, sir, "The Seckytry's right?
"The docks 'as too long bin the refuge of criminals, loafers, and tramps,
Who 'ave dragged down the docker ——." Ho, yuss! Ho, of course! we are 'orrible scamps,
So we wos when we turned out on strike without ever a bit or a sup,
That was all of it draggin' down dockers and none of it draggin' 'em up;
But *I* done some trampin' for you, Mr. Burns, wot you seems to forget—
Some trampin' you found jolly 'andy just then—through the cold and the wet.
Ar! and more of the sort, too, was done by a many pore tramps as I know,
With a good 'eavy flag over'ead, and a nice hempty belly below.
Wot's that? "If there ain't enough work for as many as stands at the gates,
Let the dockers as can't get a job take their 'ook and then dror on the rates"?
'Ear! 'Ear! Mr. Burns—that's the talk! to be sure, it's a little bit noo,
But I'm bothered if N-rw-d hisself could have pitched it much better nor you,
On'y, see'n that afore I went out, I a'd allers the chice of the "'Ouse,"
To turn a bloke over to that arter all seems a bit of a chouse,
And if that's 'ow you "orgynize" labour, and this is the way as it works,
That the orgynized gits the kick-out, and the orgynist collars the perks,
Well—you *may* be the skilled ingineer, Mr. Burns, as y'ere stated to be,
But be 'anged if I arst yer to do any more ingineerin' fur me!

REVIEWS.

CRIMINAL LITERATURE.*

AMONG the more recent growths which have been fostered by the modern notion that there must be a science of everything, and that nothing that cannot present itself as a science can claim a hearing at all, what is variously called criminology or criminal anthropology is not the least interesting, though we do not know that our interest in it is exactly that of its professors. It is very new; and, though it has had ardent disciples already, it is in its quiddity very much a sprout of the brain of one man—Professor Lombroso, of Turin. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who published not long ago a very amusing book on *The New Spirit*, ingenuously states that he wrote, or rather compiled (for he is quite modest and frank about the matter), this book because he found that nobody else in England knew or cared anything about the subject. And it is certainly to the credit of such remains of national sanity as we may possess that it is so. Criminal anthropology may, like many of the new sciences, be divided into two parts—one which is sensible, which is not particularly scientific, and which is as old as the hills; one which is brand-new, which is scientific *quand même*, and which is chiefly nonsense. That the criminal, and especially the habitual criminal, very often, if not always, exhibits certain types, not merely of general character, but of physical conformation, and especially of physiognomy, has certainly been noticed ever since men noticed anything. The old theory of the "temperaments," the proverbs and jokes about different "complexions," even such universal phrases as "a villainous countenance," all show this. Further, it is equally unnecessary to insist that certain classes of crime have a direct and immediate connexion with physical peculiarities. All this is certain enough, harmless enough, and, except as a theme for the indulgence of not altogether healthy curiosity, useless enough. For the human intelligence—which in the race is not inconsiderable if very frequently indiscernible in individuals—found itself early confronted with this little difficulty. You often, though not always, find the criminal to be possessed of certain physical characteristics. But the provoking possessor of the certain physical characteristics by no means always or often turns out a criminal. Only if he would be good enough to do so, could criminal anthropology be of any practical use; and even if the law were different, the turning of it to any practical purpose would still be nearly impossible. Are you to lay by the heels as a matter of precaution everybody who has the physical conformation as an enemy of society *in potentia*? Are you to get at this physical conformation as early as possible, and chuck the unlucky infants who exhibit it into some kind of *barathrum*? Or are you merely to use it as an extenuating circumstance in the application of your other blessed word and science "Penology"?

Modern science blinks the earlier and greater of these difficulties; but for the most part accepts the last, and says boldly that you are. Indeed, such interest as has been excited in criminology is very mainly connected with that perverse sympathy for crime which accompanies and distinguishes the New Spirit. Mr. Havelock Ellis's book, especially supplemented by the little pamphlet which we have classed with it, will be found a very fairly executed and decidedly interesting summary both of the statistics which have been accumulated on the subject, and of the theories which have been based on them. The chief fault to be found with it is an occasional divergence into that "tumtedy," which seems to be inseparable from a certain class of scientific investigation, and which for our part, notwithstanding or because of the airs of wisdom and virtue which it gives itself, is considerably more offensive than tumtedy pure and simple. It is, for instance, absolutely impossible to believe that any scientific value can attach to examination of the devices with which criminals tattoo themselves, or of the elegant *graffiti* with which they adorn walls and books. But, as may readily be believed, both subjects present plenty of attraction to certain tastes, and, after all, the results of the study probably have as much scientific value as the rest of it.

For convenience of examination we may divide the subject into three parts—the data, the method of ascertaining them, and the deductions from them, as to the best way of dealing with criminals. For the statistics, which are rapidly becoming an end-in-themselves, so that the modern scientific man can well understand the state of mind of his older literary brother, who was independent of revolutions, because he had got so many score of irregular verbs fully conjugated in his trunk, we cannot do better than give, with an omission or two which can be very readily filled in, a scheme printed by Dr. MacDonald. It is the work of the great Lombroso himself, as noted by Signori Benelli and "Tom Rubini, his brother":—

Generalities: Name, age, country, profession, civil state.

1. *Anthropometrical examination*: Development of skeleton, stature, development of muscular system, weight. Color: of skin, hair, iris, uniformly colored, double coloration, peripheral and central, non-uniformly colored, color predominant, color not predominant, beard. Piliferous system. Tatooing. Craniometry: face, height, bizygomatic diameter, facial type, facial index; nose: profile, dimensions, direction, anomalies; teeth: form, dimensions, anomalies; eyes; neck; thorax; lungs; heart; . . . disfigurements.

2. *Examination of sensibility*: Touch: electric current, left hand, right hand, tongue; aesthesiometer of Weber: right hand, left hand, tongue. Pain: "algomètre" of Lombroso: left and right hands, tongue. Sensibility: muscular, topographic, thermic, meteorological, magnetic, metallic, hypnotic, hypnotic credulity, visual, acoustic, olfactive, gustative, chromatic. . . . Anomalies.

3. *Examination of motility*: Voluntary movements: gait, speech, language, writing; reflexes; muscular force; dynamometry; manual skill; anomalies.

4. *Examination of vegetative functions*: Circulation, respiration, thermogeny; digestion; secretions: saliva, urine, sweat.

5. *Psychical examination*: Perception (illusions): ideation (hallucinations); reasoning; will (impulsion); memory; intelligence; works, writings; slang; conscience; sentiments: affective, moral, religious; passions; instincts; sleep; moral sense; habitual expression of physiognomy; psychometry; anomalies.

6. *Anamnestic examination*: Family, parents; state of family; daughters, sons; age of parents; history, diseases, crimes of parents. Precedents: education, instruction, intellectual development, political, diseases, traumatic accidents, crimes, habitual character, occupation preferred. Latest information: last crimes, cause of crime, repentance, admissions, nervous diseases and mental anomalies (inter-current); inquiries.

To this, French investigators have recently added what may be called an hypnotic course, some of the proceedings of which deserve the strongest reprobation, as they amount to a positive incitement to criminal or vicious action. Even as above, however, the intelligent reader will not have much difficulty in discovering the value of the tables. Enormous as are already the collections of tabulated results, rational inferences from them are for the most part impossible. You can found nothing on a difference, say, of ·03 on an average of zygomatic distances in fifty prostitutes and fifty honest women; and he would be bold even for a man of science who had much hope in a tabulation of gait, speech, language, and writing. As for divisions Five and Six, it is manifest that the source of information must be constantly tainted by the defects of the criminal himself. Truthfulness is not exactly the most prominent observed characteristic of the class; and there are few circumstances in which a man even not naturally untruthful is more likely to indulge imagination than when undergoing such an examination. The amiable prison chaplains (one celebrated instance will be in every one's mind) in England, the doubtless equally amiable doctors abroad, who collect these precious testimonies and found on them the inference, say, that burglaries are habitually concocted at a particular music-hall, or that such and such a tattoo mark means so-and-so, constantly forget this, though we must own that they occasionally have glimmerings. "There is some dissimulation on the part of the subject," says Professor Angelo Zuccarelli, of Naples, plaintively, on one occasion. We should think so; and the impossibility of allowing satisfactorily for this dissimulation seems to vitiate the "psychical" and "anamnestic" examinations altogether.

It may be admitted, however, that this does not apply to the mere measurements, and so forth. But here the other part of our examination comes in. How is society to profit by all this in dealing with the criminal? Dr. MacDonald, whose business is merely to give a *compte rendu* (which he does very well) of recent books, has nothing, of course, to do with this; Mr. Havelock Ellis has. He attempts it with an odd mixture of shrewdness as to the fads of yesterday and simplicity as to those of to-day. He confesses with great candour that the delusion of a few years ago as to education diminishing crime *was* a delusion and nothing else. On the other hand, he is quite as superior in dealing with the "antiquated notion" of retribution as any educationist of the fifties was in dealing with those who remarked that a thief who can spell is just as thievish as a thief who can't, and more dangerous. At the same time, though Mr. Ellis says serenely "we cannot punish a monstrosity for acting according to its monstrous nature," and is evidently inclined to believe that, when once the zygomatic distance and the illegality are connected, you have only got to plead benefit of zygomatic distance, his notions are restored to comparative sanity by the consideration of what he calls the "anti-social character of criminality," the "rising flood of criminality" which, he cheerfully admits, is to him a spur to "that great task of social organization to which" &c. We all know that *kyrielle*, and need not trouble ourselves further about it.

For ourselves we are old-fashioned in most things, and in few more old-fashioned than in this. A certain amount of this criminal anthropology has, it has been admitted, the interest of curiosity. It may in exceedingly rare cases (the advantages of which, however, would, we think, be balanced by the extreme probability of making mistakes and by the hurtful effect of inquiry on the subject) conduce here and there to preventive treatment. But to society at large it can do little good, and it must do the harm of creating or fostering the idea that crime is a matter of course. Although the possibility of reforming criminals (which is, however, unnecessary in the occasional cases and rather hopeless in the confirmed) should never be neglected, it appears to us to be only the secondary business of the criminal legislator. Prevention, again, though also his business, can be best secured by a judicious concentration of his faculties on his main business—that of retribution. It is the business of the legislator to adjust to crime—that is to say, the transgression of artificial laws—the same sort of compensatory reaction which exists in nature. If you eat sour apples your interior will ache automatically. It is the business of the legislator to see that, if the apples are somebody else's, an

* *The Criminal.* By Havelock Ellis. "Contemporary Science Series." London: Walter Scott.

Recent Criminological Literature. By A. MacDonald, Ph.D. Reprinted from *The American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. III. No. 2. 1890.

additional ache or inconvenience of some sort is superadded to make the compensation square. This theory is called barbarous by faddists, unscientific by sciolists; but it is, in fact, the perfection of civilization and science. "That the doer shall suffer" is the most universal law of the universe; and man has only got to carry it out where it does not already exist. The whip and the gallows are the best punishments, because they are short, sharp, effective, and inexpensive; the prison is the worst, because it is very troublesome, very expensive, and very ineffective. When you drop the whip and pull down the gallows you either lose your hold on the criminal altogether, or you fall into the inconsequence of an admirable Yankee prison-warder and reformer quoted by Dr. MacDonald. "The whip takes away the convict's manhood"; so "we raise the man off his feet a little, which makes him yield." Poor Captain Annesley of the *Icarus*! Wise Warden Brush of U.S.A.! It is always good to end a painful subject with a laugh; and, as this theory of "manhood" is distinctly well suited to produce that cheerful sound, let us end with it by all means.

STORIES.*

HIGHWAYS and High Seas is an unmistakable story-book, with gilt edges to the leaves, and a picture on the cover of a ferocious highwayman reining in his fiery courser, and aiming his long-barrelled pistol at nothing in a thoroughly orthodox attitude. It is, therefore, clearly intended for the young. It is hard to judge of the tastes of another generation, because other generations are certainly original and apparently capricious in many of their likes and dislikes, but if an opinion may be hazarded, it is that the young will like Mr. Frankfort Moore's volume. If they like brisk narration, unflagging incidents, a wholesome spirit, and the flogging of villains, they will like it. The story proper begins by MM. Cyril Harley, *père et fils*, walking along a country-road, and the elder Cyril relating to the younger how, twenty years before, he had had occasion to horsewhip a Mr. Hargrove in the Mall. Before the anecdote was two hours told they come upon another Mr. Hargrove, in the capacity of a highwayman about to shoot a nice little girl for refusing to give up her mother's jewels. Him, therefore, Mr. Harley, senior, flogged in the most terrific manner. He only stopped when to continue in the young lady's presence would have been indelicate, because the highwayman's clothes would not have held out longer. His son, who tells the story, describes the event in a truly filial spirit. "I could have watched it," he says, "for another hour. I could not help feeling it was a great pity that, as he was getting on so well, he should by untoward circumstances be compelled to stop." At the end of the story the same unhappy Hargrove incurs the just wrath of a sea-captain, who in his turn got the upper hand of him, and revenged himself "in a way that made the flogging my father had given him long ago [it was less than a month] seem mere trifling with his feelings. The tune that those rope's-ends sang I shall never forget. It was quite a melody in its way. . . . I was so fascinated by the sight of that beating I did not notice, &c." It must be owned that in the meanwhile the unwilling specimen of so much flagellatory skill had done all he could to deserve his fate. He must have committed almost as many capital crimes, according to the then laws of England, as he received whacks from his virtuous enemies, and they included some forms of piracy which are capital still. If the boys of to-day grow up a little over-bloodthirsty in good causes, and a little over-prompt to look after themselves in the sharp and single-minded fashion predominant in Mr. Moore's lively pages, it will be a not very deplorable incident in a very desirable reaction. "Ballyseedy" is not a good title for an incidental Irish peer, as it is actually the name of the home of one branch of a well-known family.

The hero of *Shayning Castle* was a sort of Paul Melnotte the other way on. Heir, as he knew, to an earldom and suitable entailed estates, he disguised himself as a French valet, in order to make acquaintance with his own father by serving him in that capacity. The story is nicely told, and rather amusing in a quiet way, when allowance is made for the occasional intrusions of piety, very much out of place, which are a necessary condition of story-books published by the Religious Tract Society. In this particular case the intrusions are more disagreeable than is necessary or even usual, because the piety is very little indeed better than "Salvation Army" cant. To talk about a young man brought up at Eton and Cambridge, and never having professed any religion but that of the Church of England, considering, at the especial solicitations of a French cook, how it would answer "if he took the decisive step and became a Christian man," is rather disgusting, but not more so than several of Mrs. Davis's reminders that the design of the publishers is moral as well as commercial. There is a vastly diverting passage where the heroine, walking along a quiet Devonshire road, was only saved by the timely appearance of the hero from a horrid death beneath the fangs of an angry tiger which jumped upon her out of a hedge. The author suggests that it was a common tiger out of a travelling show; but, as may be seen from the frontispiece, it was quite forty feet long, and must have been rather a curiosity. Perhaps Devonshire air has this effect on tigers.

Thorndyke Manor is a mild and amiable story. On the one hand, it is not abruptly or offensively pious; on the other, it does not arouse any very keen sentiment in the reader. It is impossible to feel much interest in the lackadaisical Kentish squire who cultivated his mind and read his book, and on his rare visits to London sat in coffee-houses, and chatted on friendly terms with Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope, and Dean Swift. One has no serious apprehension that his villanous steward, Hiram Peckover, will succeed in his machinations to have his master wrongfully convicted of treason, and beheaded, though innocent; and the main reason of this feeling of security is that one would care very little if such were actually Henry Thorndyke's fate. The village idiot, who ultimately brings the wretched steward to grief, makes a poor figure, and the comic conspirators are abject. Most people with nothing else to read would eventually read this story, and perhaps be faintly pleased. It could not possibly do any one any harm, and might even do good in a case of persistent insomnia.

The "rough times" of which Miss Palgrave's story treats were smuggling times, and were about seventy years ago. The heroine, Felicity Hardiston, who, by the way, is a rather well conceived and executed character, had two lovers. One was brilliant, agreeable, and not to be trusted; the other was meek, trustworthy, and tiresome. Naturally the poor girl was rather distracted. Her father occasionally got into trouble through taking too much to drink, and eventually the crisis of the story brought them all together, and their several fates duly befell them. Of its kind the story is rather good. It is one of those in which religious tags are required. Miss Palgrave does not cant, but she has not been quite equal to the task of weaving the tags into the fabric of the story so as to make them look as if they came there by nature. The illustrator seems to have been offended by the homely virtues of the less shining lover, and he has taken a horrid revenge.

The two stories which "Leslie Keith" publishes under the title of the second of them, *Ralph Ellison's Opportunity*, are simply rather long and worldly tracts, bound like a story-book. The other is called *East and West*. The East is Whitechapel and the West Mayfair. A proud and selfish lady went out of family pride to visit poor relations, one of whom was a "poet," and had come from Scotland to London to starve. The poet died, and the lady, after spending her long vacation in the East-End, became humble, unselfish, and a first-rate district visitor or "worker," as the more meddlesome sort of the people who are never happy except when they are minding somebody else's business nowadays prefer to call it. So she married a doctor. Ralph Ellison was something between the ordinary Dissenting minister of fiction (the virtuous one) and Silas Marner. His experiences at last taught him to forgive his neighbours and love his enemies. The man who married the heroine makes his first appearance in these words:—"Until, upon a day, she took her husband's name, and became for the rest of her life Josephine Verney." Thirteen lines later the story concludes, but not before we have learnt that Verney, like the bridegroom in *East and West*, was a doctor.

"Unimpugnable," 'tis an awful word! Our rude forefathers probably never heard of it. Yet it is perhaps the most remarkable thing about *John Winter*. Because dull stories are not infrequent, nor stories about nobody but prigs and bores, nor stories in miserably slip-slop English, nor stories crammed with the most odious cant. It is not new to publish a story-book containing appallingly bad illustrations, nor quite new even to scatter them far from the pages they are supposed to face; and though a picture intended to face p. 318, and facing p. 306, and having in the background a perfectly delightful "greyhound of the Ocean," about to carry off the heroine to a leper settlement in the South Pacific, is unquestionably the worst we have ever seen in a story-book, yet its preeminence is rather in degree than in kind. But "unimpugnable," we think, is new.

Light and Shadow is like a second-rate nightmare—not a brilliant nightmare, when the mind invents horrors too ingenious to be subsequently remembered, but a nightmare at once repulsive and stupid. It is about a man called Driscoll, who fell in love, married the beloved object, quarrelled with her, made friends with a young man, found that the young man had seduced his wife—or *vice versâ*—went mad, raved for a long time, and poisoned himself. It may be disputed whether Driscoll's reflections, and Mr. Garnett's accounts of them, are more disagreeable when he is supposed to be mad or when he is by way of being comparatively sane.

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* *Highways and High Seas: Cyril Harley's Adventures on Both.* By F. Frankfort Moore, Author of "Under Hatches" &c. With Original Illustrations by Alfred Pearse. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Shayning Castle. By Ellen Louisa Davis, Author of "Brook and River" &c. London: Religious Tract Society.

Thorndyke Manor: a Tale of Jacobite Times. By Mary C. Rowsell, Author of "Traitor or Patriot?" With Illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

In Charge: a Story of Rough Times. By Mary E. Palgrave, Author of "Under the Blue Flag" &c. With Illustrations. London: National Society's Depository.

Ralph Ellison's Opportunity; and East and West. By Leslie Keith, Author of "The Chilcotes." London: Religious Tract Society.

John Winter: a Story of Harvests. By Edward Garrett, Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life" &c. London: Partridge & Co.

Light and Shadow. A Novel. By Edward Garnett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

HISTORY OF DULWICH COLLEGE.*

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG'S *History of Dulwich College* will impress the modern reader as a survival from a bygone period of topographical literature. It fills two handsome quarto volumes, containing in all more than a thousand pages; it is well printed, with a margin such as book-lovers desire; the illustrations are good, plentiful, and interesting; and the index is ample and satisfactory. Not only in size, but in other matters, Mr. Young has cherished the best traditions of the craft. The best workmen have not always the advantage of good material; but the historian of Dulwich College has had in the muniments of the institution rich quarries from which to draw.

Dulwich is not mentioned in Domesday Book; but in 967 the "village in the valley"—for so the name is interpreted—was granted by King Edgar to one of his Thanes, and in 1127 it became the property of the Priory of Bermondsey, and remained so until the Reformation, when the manor was purchased by Thomas Calton, whose son Sir Francis sold it to Edward Alleyn, the actor, for 5,000*l.* The wits of the time did not like this incursion of the actor into the preserves of the country gentlemen:—

> With mouthing words that better wits have framed
> They purchase lands, and now esquires are made.

Alleyn was probably much more concerned about a possible flaw in his title-deeds than at the uncharitable sarcasms of those who had been less successful in the struggle for life. Although he became lord of the manor of Dulwich in 1606, it was not until 1613 that he began to reside there, and in the same year began the building of the College. What moved him to this foundation is absolutely unknown, and this total want of information led to the Puritan fable that the apparition of "a real devil" amongst the mimic demons on the stage had frightened him into this method of expiation. The "College of God's Gift in Dulwich" was to consist of a master, a warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars. The churchwardens of St. Saviour's, Southwark, who had nomination of two brethren and a sister, actually break out into verse as they contemplate the liberality of their wealthy neighbour. For warning, not for encouragement, let us quote this, it may be hoped, unique specimen of the muse turned churchwarden:—

> As god did moue your mind to build
> A howse for many poore
> To liue by weekly almes that you
> Allott them of your store.
>
> God grant they may be thanckfull still,
> While aged years giue space
> To Founder's care and friends report
> That brought them to this place.

Thankful they might all be, but some were wanting in other essential qualities. John Muggleton was expelled for "drunkenness and contrackt of mariag," and a year later Sarah Shepherd departed to marry this bibulous but faithful swain. Alleyn had not only difficulties in organizing his charity, but had to look ahead and provide against its collapse on his death. He had to encounter the opposition of Bacon, who was not favourable to exceptions of the Statute of Mortmain. "I like well," he wrote to Buckingham, "that Alleyn playeth the last act of his life so well; but if his Majesty give way thus to amortize, his tenures of the Court of Wards will decay which I had well hoped should improve." The King had refused consent to the similar endowment of lectures at Oxford and Cambridge, "foundations of singular honour to his Majesty, and of which there is great want; *wheras hospitals abound and beggars abound never a whit less.*" The royal licence was obtained in 1619. Alleyn had troubles and difficulties whilst his great scheme was in process of formation. His servant and kinswoman Anne Alleyn made a secret match with the "preacher" Harrison, some of whose pedantic letters are here printed. One of Harrison's excuses for the clandestine wedding is that his future wife "was under the name of yor seruant I know no other, and it would have been thought vnfitt in my poore Judgmt y^t a minister's wife should have served tables, especially the wife of one (be it spoken without Arrogance) y^t hath taken ye degree of a M^r of Artes." Then another poor sister had to be "expulsed for ungodly and unquiet life." Alleyn's wife died 28 July, 1623, and in December of the same year he paid his dead wife the compliment of a second marriage. He himself died in 1626, and only two months before his death signed the statutes and ordinances for the government of the College. The beneficiaries were all to be single and to lose their position on marriage. The Master and Warden were to be of the Founder's blood and surname, or, failing that, of his surname only. In elections the principle of the Lot was to have effect. When the candidates had been reduced to two they had each, the elder one taking precedence, to draw a roll of paper from a bag, and the one whose paper was blank was rejected, and the one whose paper bore the words "God's-guift" was appointed to the coveted position. There were elaborate oaths to be taken by the various officers; elaborate directions as to the dietary; and detailed prescriptions for the management of the charity; but, although the founder tried to foresee all the possible contingencies of the future, his statutes were in the main disregarded or became a source of strife and litigation. The details given by Mr. Young supply most curious information as to the inner workings of an English brotherhood and sisterhood of the common life. These glimpses are more often amusing than edifying. In 1636 the Preacher called the Warden a hypocrite, cozener, and liar; reviled the magistrate who was called in to arbitrate; spoke scandalous words of the Archbishop of York; took the schoolboys to the alehouse for a drinking bout, and challenged John Alleyn to fight! Some of the sisters were also unruly members. Squabbles, quarrels, and difficulties of all kinds presented themselves in interminable succession. John Alleyn in 1680 was strongly suspected of being secretly married to Mrs. Nye, a daughter of Dr. Peter Chamberlen. Mr. Young prints a characteristic letter from this eccentric worthy (p. 175), who was then eighty years old, and drawing to the close of a life which gained variety from science (he is one of those to whom the invention of the midwifery forceps is attributed), theology (he was one of the founders of the Seventh Day Baptists), and quarrels with other members of the medical profession who did not behave with the respect he thought due to his position as physician to the King. In spite of Chamberlen's disclaimer, there was some doubt as to the relations between his daughter and Dr. Allen. Mr. Young gives particulars of each election, and of the varying circumstance of the finances of the College. A careful study of these pages is not likely to encourage imitators of Edward Alleyn; for the College, never a conspicuous success, failed to adapt itself to the needs of the time, and in 1857 was dissolved by an Act of Parliament, which was acquiesced in by the collegians, who, whilst not opposed to reform, were hopeless of reform from within. Mr. Young sums up in these words, the last sentence of which is perhaps an essay in the Art of Taking Things for Granted:—

> Thus quietly disappeared the old Foundation of Edward Alleyn; an institution which he had raised with such care, and hedged about with so many regulations, in the hope, as he so often says, that it would last "for ever." This hope might not have been disappointed had the Master, Warden, and Fellows, especially in later times, realized the necessity to reform themselves from within; but, with the exception of the miserable Grammar School built under pressure in 1842, nothing of the sort was attempted. Yet, many of the Corporation were able and zealous men, willing to do their duty, had they not been hampered by the *vis inertiæ* of their older colleagues, who invented customs in order to give themselves as much leisure as possible. As an example may be cited the absurd method of changing week by week the teachers of the scholars, a plan which, no doubt, gave the schoolmaster and usher or second and third Fellows plenty of holidays, but certainly was so obvious a departure from their plain duty, that at last the former scholars raised their voices loudly against the whole system, and largely helped to hasten the change which now took place. Enforced celibacy also caused the younger men to look upon their places in the College as mere stepping-stones to something better, and so induced a more ready acquiescence in the lazy habits of the place. But it may be fairly asserted that if the pious Founder could come to life again now, his kind heart would rejoice greatly to see the present schools and playing-fields at Dulwich, with their thousand or more boys enjoying the fruits of his bounty, even though his statutes and ordinances are set at naught.—P. 426.

Mr. Young describes the localities of Dulwich and the College buildings, and gives an engraving of the Gerontocomium, or 'Toude mannen Huys, at Amsterdam, from which Alleyn is thought to have derived his plan. The Picture-gallery appears to have been added after his death, although he was to some extent a patron of art. By the bequests of William Cartwright and of Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, who, after the founder, was the most munificent benefactor of the charity, the Dulwich Gallery became a really important collection. Mr. Young prints the Acts of Parliament by which the Alleyn College and the Picture-gallery were reorganized, but does not enter upon the history of the reformed corporation.

The second volume of Mr. Young's book is of even greater interest to the literary antiquary, for it contains a full and excellent life of Alleyn, and an accurate printing of his Diary, free from those notorious conditions which vitiate Mr. J. P. Collier's work. Mr. G. F. Warner's excellent "Catalogue of the Dulwich MSS." has already made known the extent to which modern falsification has been applied to the Alleyn papers. Since then some additional MSS. have turned up, and it may be hoped that an appendix to Mr. Warner's book will appear. Mr. Young prints (p. 341) a letter from Mr. Warner which contains, at greater length than in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the evidence against Collier—something, indeed, very like a precise demonstration of the method by which the interesting Shakspearian items were originally foisted into Alleyn's "Diary." A chapter is devoted to the *notabilia* of the books and MSS. in the Dulwich Library. Amongst these are some broadsides and proclamations of the reign of James I. One of these refers to the "Royal African Company." Mr. F. B. Bickley contributes a chapter on the Dulwich Court Rolls, which extend, with some breaks, from 1333 to 1880; some of the early names are very curious, as Juliana Kachevache, which may be an instance of a family name taken from a locality, for the Kekewich family are said to come from a Cheshire place of the same name, or it may possibly be an allusion to that mythical beast, Chichevache, which made a lean pasture by feeding upon good women. John Godsendhimus is a Cheshire importation; and such designations as Bugbeard, Pyebaker, Langswete are to be found. The offences dealt with by the Court Leet jury were

* *The History of Dulwich College down to the passing of the Act of Parliament dissolving the original Corporation, 28th August, 1857; with a Life of the founder, Edward Alleyn, and an accurate transcript of his Diary, 1617–1622; to which is added notices of the Lives and Writings of some of the Masters and Fellows, together with notes of local peculiarities and associations.* By William Young, one of the Governors of the College. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Printed for the Author. London: T. B. Bumpus.

varied if not important, one delinquent being fined, in 1576, for the heinous crime of wearing a hat upon the Lord's Day—a proceeding contrary to the statute 13 Eliz. cap. xix. The officers of the manor were the seneschal, the bailiff, the constable, the aleconner, and the headboroughs or borsholders, who were the chief of the frankpledge.

Dulwich has not sheltered any men of genius, but Mr. Young has made the most of the biographical material at his command. The Rev. James Hume, M.A., who was schoolmaster from 1706 to 1730, had good business faculty, by which the College profited. His MS. journal of a trip to France, in 1714, contains some curious reading. At Rouen, he says, "all the Prisoners that were in the court of the prison were at work, some spinning, some carding, some knitting stockings, &c. And when we tossd over some bread amongst them it was pleasant to see them drop their wooden shoes to be the more expedite for scrambling." He notes a conversation with the Judge of Torigny, who had for reading, by the way, a French translation of the *Reflections on Learning* of Thomas Baker, the Socius Ejectus. He seriously told Hume that English sectaries, called Multiplicants, followed their assembly for worship by promiscuous lovemaking, the signal for which was the extinguishing of a candle. Hume very properly referred him to Tertullian and Minucius Felix, who had to reply to the same charge when it was brought against the early Christians. Of another Fellow of Dulwich, the Rev. Ozias Thurston Linley, we are told that he studied Plato in Greek on Mondays and Thursdays, gave Tuesday and Friday to the *Principia*, and to Hartley "On Man"; devoted Wednesdays to the works of Samuel Clarke, and on Saturdays struggled with Jonathan Edwards on the "Freedom of the Will." He was more of a musician than a theologian, and when appointed organist to the College, consigned his stock of manuscript sermons to the useful function of fire-lighters. The most notable name, however, on the list of Dulwich College is that of the "Holland House John Allen," as he was called, who was Warden from 1811 to 1820, and Master from 1820 to 1843. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and was a member of the Speculative Society when Walter Scott was its secretary. Another assembly which he joined was that of the Associated Friends of the People, whose proceedings were regarded with unfriendly eyes by the Government of the day. Allen was recommended to Lord and Lady Holland as a medical attendant, and accompanied them on the Continent from 1802 to 1805, and went with them to Spain in 1808. Both before and after his election to Dulwich his real home was Holland House, where he had a definite or indefinite position as a recognized member of the family circle. He was a man of considerable powers, who extorted the warm admiration of critics so difficult and of standpoints so varied as those of Macaulay, Byron, and Brougham, but who might be more harshly judged by those who, unlike all three, were not prepared to excuse anything to a Whig. Mr. Young's notice of this remarkable, if not admirable, person is the fullest that has appeared, and is enriched with extracts from his letters, which contain alike Court scandal and political speculation. Thus, there is an allusion to the connexion of the Princess Amelia and General Fitzroy (p. 400); "The Regent's illness was the consequence of a brutal intoxication" (p. 405); George IV. when in Scotland "was very much bored by Sir Walter's long stories" (p. 412); Brougham arrived at the York Musical Festival "at the moment they were going to perform the *Messiah*, on which Sydney said to some one, 'There's Brougham, come to appear on the other side'" (p. 412). Allen contributed forty-one articles to the *Edinburgh Review*. After the quaint figure of the Founder of God's Gift, the puritanical play-actor Alleyn, with his evident desire to make the "best of both worlds," there is certainly no more curious character in the annals of Dulwich than "Lady Holland's Atheist," as John Allen was frequently called.

Mr. Young has done his work well; his book is unusual alike in size and in arrangement; but it is unusual, also, in the variety of its interest and information, and in the clear and scholarly fashion in which it is presented.

A GUIDE TO HINDUSTANI.*

THE "long-recognized want" alluded to in the Preface which this vocabulary is intended to meet is not a want felt by the cold-weather migrant to India, who looks for something in the shape of an Oriental Ollendorff to enable him to call for a buggy and to summon a cooly from the bazaar. Indeed, we should be surprised to hear of an itinerant member of Parliament on the scent for a job or a ready-made grievance who should wish to express in correct and polished Urdu that a cavalry sword was blunt, a sentry had lost his pouch-box, or that the medical scalpels were inefficient and dirty. This little work is intended to help military and medical men to pass tiresome and inevitable examinations, and especially to make officers competent to interpret the proceedings of a court-martial. As a natural consequence, several of the colloquial sentences are departmental and peculiar. There is, however, a limited stock of general phrases, and some specimens of petitions and letters in the written characters will afford good practice, as they extend from writing almost as good as print to the rapid *shikast*, or "broken" hand, in which all the diacritical points are purposely omitted. The Urdu language to many an Indian Resident is not unlike what French is to an untravelled Englishman. To pick up and have at ready command five hundred or a thousand words, to master the declensions, the ordinary tenses of the verb, the active and passive voices, and the construction of simple sentences, is not a task of herculean magnitude. But to speak Urdu with precision, grace, ease, and fluency is by no means a common accomplishment. Amongst officers in staff employ, and in the ranks of civilians who have served most of their time in the Delhi division, Rohilcund, or the Doab of Hindustan, there are to be found, naturally, some very ripe and sound scholars, men who can import into their conversation more of Arabic and Persian nouns and adjectives when they address a Nawab or a Moulavi than they would if they were talking to a Thakur and a Rajput, and who are equally at home with the jargon of the law courts and with the rustic dialect of the Jat or the Goojur. But it is quite as common to hear men who have been some years in India speaking very awkward and ungrammatical Urdu as it is to miss the true Parisian accent in an Englishman over the *carte* at a French restaurant. And this deficiency is enhanced by the very origin, composition, and structure of the language itself. The range of Urdu composition is in one sense very wide. There is a striking difference in the style and diction of the *Bagh-o-Bahar* and the *Khrad Afroz* compared with the *Ikhwani-Ussafa*. The Dekhani form of Hindustani is detestable. The rough Hindi dialect—the *thenth* Hindi, as it is termed—would be less intelligible to a Mussulman purist from Lucknow than to an Englishman who had been revising and altering Revenue settlements for three consecutive cold seasons. The language of some seventeen millions of Mahommedans inhabiting Eastern and Central Bengal is Bengali, though they have a very third-rate Urdu literature of their own written in the Persian character, and quoted as if it were Farsi, or the language of Iran itself. On the other hand, a well-educated and well-mannered Mussulman from the Madressa, at Calcutta, or from Haidarubad, in the Deccan, will write and converse in a style very little, if at all inferior, to that employed by his co-religionist at Delhi.

Dr. Ranking's little work has the merit of conciseness and portability, and the selections at the end of the historical and the colloquial style are well chosen. The type is much inferior to the type of Mr. Platt's *Grammar*, of the same language, published in 1874. For some reason, while manuscripts in the Persian character written on gilt paper are of exquisite beauty and high price, the art of cutting Oriental type at some of the presses in India has not been on a par with the scholarship shown in editing Oriental works. Presses provided for the College of Fort William, in the beginning of this century, when it had not been shorn of the grand proportions assigned to it by Wellesley, were often conspicuous for villanous paper and wretched type. Dr. Ranking's Urdu type, if he will forgive the remark, is rather mean, and there are occasional blunders and omissions in the points. And surely it ought not to be the practice of a court-martial to designate any Sepoy arraigned on any charge as a *Kaidi*? That term in all other courts is reserved for a prisoner after sentence has been passed, and probably fetters imposed. The usual designation of an unconvicted prisoner at the bar before any other judicial tribunal is *Asami*. Nor, to be critical in the grammar and idiom, do we exactly make out why, after giving several of the nouns and pronouns, both in the Roman and Oriental characters, and thus facilitating the task of the beginner, the compiler, when he comes to the verbs, entirely drops the Oriental type. Further we could wish that Dr. Ranking had given a more detailed account of the use and construction of that curious little particle *ne*, which so often puzzles students, and which is such a test of proficiency that, in order to avoid mistakes, Hindus who have learned Urdu as a second language generally dispense with it altogether. Dr. Ranking's explanation of the use of this term is not very clear. Mr. Platts, in his comprehensive and erudite Grammar, is more perspicuous and to the point. He writes that, instead of saying directly that "The king killed a tigress," the Urdu form is to say that "By [*ne*] the king a tigress was killed." But the learner must not imagine that this gratifying result is obtained by employing the passive voice. No! it is reached by introducing the above little syllable *ne*, and making the tigress the subject or nominative, and the verb to agree with it. Practically the verb is still active and transitive, and yet the turn of the sentence is just the same as if the passive voice had been used. Some grammarians insist that this *ne* is merely the tag end of the Instrumental case of the Sanskrit. Mr. Platts is of opinion that it comes into Hindi from the Prakrit. In any view it is one of those constructions which nothing but constant practice can enable a scholar to master. The *Hindustani Manual* of the late Duncan Forbes, in many respects an excellent production, fails to explain the matter. All that can really be affirmed is that the action of *ne* between the agent and the object and on the verb retains the active voice and yet gives it the effect of the passive. But how exactly this is effected is as perplexing to many an Englishman as the correct use of "shall" and "will" is to the French. Dr. Ranking's work comes very seasonably to remind us that, multi-

* *Talim-l-Zaban-l-Urdu: a Guide to Hindustani.* Specially designed for the use of Officers and Men serving in India. With Reference to the Requirements of the Government of India, as laid down in Clause 129, India Army Circular of August 1888. By G. S. A. Ranking, B.A., M.D., Cantab (Surgeon-Major Bengal Medical Service), Author of "Elements of Arabic and Persian Prosody," and "Hidayat-ul-Hukuma." Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.; London: W. Thacker & Co.

form as are the dialects and the distinct languages of India, there is hardly a province where, on some occasion or other, the Anglo-Indian will not have to speak in Urdu, and that in ordinary intercourse with educated natives acquainted therewith; and that he is more likely to command attention and ensure respect if he knows how to employ this polite form of *Ap*, and the formal and precative, instead of the downright and direct imperative, mood.

FARM ANNUALS.*

THE pair of farm pocket-books which Mr. James Long has provided for the agriculturist are more likely to improve his mind than his coat-tails. Measuring six inches by four, and weighing together about a pound and a quarter, they will give a decidedly substantial appearance to the farmer who puts one of them into each of his pockets; but whether carried about or kept at home, as books of reference as well as books for memoranda, we think they will be found useful, although we do not go so far as to say that we consider them perfect of their kind. In both volumes there is a Calendar containing the names and dates of shows instead of those of religious festivals, and in each the bulk of the volume consists of ruled paper for memoranda; but the compiler has given detailed descriptions of the various breeds in one of them and not in the other. Why this should be we are at a loss to understand. It seems to us, again, that tables of weights and measures would have been quite as useful in an annual on dairy-farming as in one on poultry and pigeon keeping. We should have thought, too, that a list of diseases and of medicines to be kept in stock would have been as valuable for cattle as for fowls, and why one annual should have an index and the other should have none is to us a deep mystery. We should be interested to learn in what respect a list of the "Money of the Principal Countries" (about two dozen), "with the English equivalents," is more necessary to the rearer of chickens than to the rearer of cows. One of the chief points to be considered in compiling a pocket-book ought to be economy of space, and it seems to us a mistake to occupy many pages of one for dairy-farmers with lists of foreign dairy schools and "foreign dairy scientists and experts." It was quite as unnecessary to give the names of all the members of the committees of the principal Poultry clubs in the poulterers' annual. A farmer would probably prefer a few "ready-reckoners" to a statement of the total acreage under all kinds of crops in eleven European countries and the United States of America, or lists of the "Pioneers in American Dairying," and the varying "Laws relative to Margarine" in something like forty different American States and countries. We fail to see how the poultry-fancier will be the better able to rear his chickens by knowing that the Quintal Métrique equals 220·4 lbs., that the Russian Desiatine is equivalent to 2·7 Imperial gallons, or that the Chinese Chcih measures 1·175 of our feet. Who, again, will be able to make his hens lay better by bearing in mind that the Japanese Yen is worth 4*s.* 2*d.*, or by carrying in his pocket the all-important statistic that there are 154,323·48800 grains in a Myriagramme? Even in the English tables there is much that is scarcely relevant to handbooks of this kind. For instance, the information that a ton of Thames ballast will average 20 cubic feet, and that a cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,210 lbs. does not seem to have much to do with cocks and hens.

Although we consider these useful pocket-books open to a certain amount of criticism, we are very far from intending to scoff at them. They have evidently cost their compiler considerable trouble, and in his preface to the hundred and thirty-five pages of information at the beginning of the *Dairy Annual* he acknowledges his indebtedness to about thirty authors. The comparisons of the milk of various breeds of cows are interesting; so also are those of milk with beef. It is shown that a quart of milk contains more solids than a pound of lean beef, and it is stated "that three pints of milk are equivalent to a pound of beef; but that beef constituents are less properly proportioned [*sic*], they are more difficult to digest, and there is a loss in cooking." Some useful calculations are given with respect to the cost of cows, and the return they ought to make in milk, butter, or cheese; which, as might be expected, vary according to the particular breed and the milking powers of the individual. It seems that an average shorthorn cow costs almost 17*l.* a year in keep and labour, and that she should produce from 19*l.* to 20*l.* worth of milk or butter, or from 22*l.* to 23*l.* worth of cheese. Exceptionally fine milkers will make a return up to 28*l.* or 29*l.* by milk and butter, and as much as 32*l.* by cheese. Comparisons of the milk of various animals appear to show that there is most fat in the milk of the elephant and the dog, most water in that of the hippopotamus, most albumen and casein in those of the dog and the cat, most sugar in that of our own species, most salt in that of the pig, and, curiously enough, that the milk of the cow is not pre-eminent in any special constituent. It was comparatively lately that M. Pasteur discovered the "lactic ferment," or what Cohn calls the *bacillus subtilis*, without which we should have no cheese. "Its germs are in the air, and when they fall into a suitable medium they give birth to the bacillus which causes butyric fermentation." The lactoscope, the lactometer, the lacto-butyrometer, and the creamometer are very fully dealt with; but we are told very little about churns, and next to nothing about the cream-separators now so popular. We may add that although the book tells us a great deal about milk, it says very little about cows. The "golden rules for a butter-making dairy" are, upon the whole, both concise and excellent. We are inclined, however, to consider them a little too sweeping in saying that "grains" should never be given to milking cows in winter; for many experienced dairymen will agree with us that a small quantity of old grains may be given with advantage for a short time, by way of variety. Then we should have advised linseed rather than decorticated cake, as the latter, although exceedingly fattening, is apt to give a peculiar flavour to butter. In the list of nineteen British cheeses there are names which will not be familiar to everybody. Colwich cheese is comparatively little known; Liberton and Slipcote are not very common, nor is Caerphilly an everyday luxury. Under the heading of French cheeses thirty-seven names are mentioned; and under that of "other foreign cheeses" twenty-seven, including the Italian Rubiole, which is made from the milk of sheep. Details are given of the manufactures of Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire, and cream cheeses. The analysis of various cheeses shows that Stilton is not so very much richer than other cheeses as may be generally supposed. A fresh Stilton contains sometimes 37·18 of fat, and an average Stilton 35·39, against the 35·30 of Derby and the 33·68 of a six months Cheddar. A Gorgonzola should have a proportion of 43·46 of fat, a Swiss Bachstein about the same proportion as a fresh Stilton, and a cream cheese from 58 to 63.

The directions for the cultivation of crops are much to the point, and are written in the short and abrupt style best suited for a pocket-book. As an example, we may quote the following directions for growing maize:—"Time of planting, May 25 to June 10. Seed, 1 to 2 bushels per acre. Thick planting produces better food. Hoeing should proceed when the plant is up. At this time the maize must be watched, *or the crows will have it all.*" Other details in the same style come before and after the few lines which we have extracted. Very practical, again, is the remark, *à propos* of Prickly Comfrey—"A useful plant to fill up odd corners." The list of "Plants Dangerous to Cattle or Affecting the Milk" will be convenient for the farmer to carry in his pocket. Garlics would obviously appear to be undesirable food for butter-producing cows; but it may surprise some people to find the pretty Wood Anemone in this black list. Although under its name of Common Meadow Saffron that beautiful flower may not appear injurious to cows, it has a different sound when we speak of it as Colchicum. The graceful ivy is another offender, and, as might be expected, "wild onions impart both taste and smell." The tables of rations for cows and horses should be found useful, as also should the statements of the amount of work that a pair of horses ought to be able to accomplish per day on various soils. The analysis of foods, if a little too scientific for some farmers, should prove invaluable to others. The rules for ascertaining the ages of cattle by their teeth would have been better illustrated. One of the most practical tables in the book is that of "Seeds Sown per Acre," which gives the number of bushels or pounds, with the width the rows should be apart, of nineteen kinds of crops; and next to this comes a very handy little table for estimating the quantity of ground, in spaces of various sizes, such as "60 ft. by 726 ft. = 1 acre," "440 ft. by 99 ft. = 1 acre," "5 yards by 968 yards = 1 acre," "80 yards by 60½ yards = 1 acre," and so on. The tables by Dr. E. Wolff, "For the calculation of the exhaustion and the enrichment of the soil (per 1,000)" are important; so also are those of the "Average Composition of Manures." But how is it that no calving table is given? And why are not the dates printed on the weekly Labour Account? Why, again, in the Record of Breeding Cows are the spaces for the dates of service so wide, and those for the names of the cows so narrow. Lastly, why is there no place for a pencil in this otherwise complete pocket-book.

Chiefly for reasons already given, we think that Mr. Long's *Poultry and Pigeon Annual* has some advantages over his *Dairy Annual.* The points of some thirty or forty different breeds will be very valuable to breeders and purchasers, both in their own yards and at poultry shows. Indeed, the annual is well worth buying for the sake of these alone. Mr. Long, however, is not infallible. For instance, in describing Silkies as "fairly good on the table," he ought to have mentioned that their skins are black and that there are dark and evil-looking markings in their legs. In reading the comparisons of the eggs of different breeds, it may surprise some people to find that the eggs of game-fowl weigh more than those of Cochins. In 1888 more eggs were imported into Great Britain from Germany than from France; but while the imports of game and poultry from France were worth 198,721*l.*, those from Germany were only worth 28,581*l.* It seems that in the course of the same year, while we spent altogether 403,537*l.* on imported poultry and game, we laid out more than double that amount on imports of ornamental feathers. Those who are under the impression that the spring-mattress has completely exterminated the feather-bed will be surprised to see how many thousand pounds' worth of feathers are still imported for bedmaking; but it is probable that the greater proportion of these feathers is used for pillows, rather than for feather-beds in the stricter sense of the word.

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* *The Dairy Annual.* A Reference Book for Dairy-farmers and Dairymen. By James Long. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

The Poultry and Pigeon Annual. A Notebook for Breeders and Exhibitors. By James Long. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

We think that many readers will pause and reflect over the table headed "Digestion." Nothing, it appears, is so quickly digested as a whipped egg, which only demands 1h. 30m. Boiled milk and raw eggs come next, with 2h. each. It will be news to many people that, whereas roast beef and roast mutton take 3h. in digestion, boiled chickens require 4h. and roast ducks an equal time. On the other hand, "fricassed" (*sic*) chickens are disposed of in 2h. 45m. The most quickly digested of all flesh meats seems to be boiled turkey, at 2h. 25m., and next to that roast turkey and broiled lamb, at five minutes more. A soft-boiled egg takes as long as roast beef, and a fried or a hard-boiled egg half an hour longer; but the glories of longevity in the digestive process rest with "Pork, roasted, 5h. 15m." So much for the end and object of the products of the Dairy Farm and the Poultry Yard.

A NEW COLONIAL YEAR-BOOK.*

THE Colonial Year-Book, 1890, which is a handsome volume of some 750 pages, is the first issue of what is intended and will no doubt prove to be a new annual publication containing the latest and fullest information as to every colony in the British Empire as well as all things connected with the colonies viewed collectively. The issue from the press of a new work on such a scale dealing exclusively with colonial matters is a sign of the times, marking not only the actual growth of the colonies in importance, but the growing recognition of that fact in England and the larger space filled by our Colonial Empire in the public mind. The *raison-d'être* of the book (for "book" it is) is to be collected from the Preface, which points out that the mutual dependence of England and her colonies grows daily more intimate and absolute; and that, in a trans-oceanic realm more than eight million square miles in extent, with an increasing population looking homeward for the supply of manufactured goods in exchange for raw materials, there exist vital interests of importance to the commercial community. With these facts in view, the commercial aspect of each colony is carefully reviewed up to date; and the growth of trade, the directions in which English enterprise and capital may be most advantageously brought to bear, and the opportunities offered by sparsely-populated lands to the capitalist, the emigrant, or the engineer, are matters all carefully and suggestively dealt with. Climate, soil, minerals, agriculture, and industries are fully referred to; and there is added the ordinary information required by business men as to banks, insurance Companies, steam, postal, and telegraphic communication, and the like.

But, besides fulfilling these useful functions as a desk companion or book of reference, the new publication aims also at being in some sort a history both of each colony and of our colonial empire as a whole. In furtherance of the latter portion of this scheme, Professor Seeley has written an Introduction containing a *résumé* of his well-known historical views on this subject as set forth in his *Expansion of England*. Special comment upon these remarks is therefore unnecessary; but it is worth while perhaps, with reference to the strong plea for organized Imperial defence in Sir Charles Dilke's *Problems of Greater Britain*, to recall a few words of Professor Seeley's:—

> Does any danger (he says) threaten our communications? Could any enemy sever the vital connexion? Perhaps long security has caused us to be too little awake to this possibility. . . . What we have to defend is not the *country*, but the *realm*. It is not so much invasion that we have to dread; it is rather some stroke that might damage that vital, sensitive network that covers the ocean, making one economic organism of the whole realm.

With the historical account of the individual colonies we have no fault to find; but the moral effect aimed at in making the book also convey a collective idea of the colonial empire is sadly marred by the plan of arrangement chosen. The various colonies are placed throughout the whole body of the work in alphabetical order, so that Hong Kong jostles Jamaica, and Queensland is found cheek by jowl with St. Kitts. This arrangement may be useful for a mere handy book for rapid reference, but it is unquestionably a blemish in the present case, and especially from the point of view just referred to. We trust that in future years Mr. Trendell will see his way to adopt the more scientific and historical plan of geographical grouping.

In addition to the main contents of the book, there is collected, in the form of an appendix, all necessary information concerning institutions in London and elsewhere specially concerned with colonial affairs, such as the Royal Colonial Institute, the Imperial Institute, the Imperial Federation League, the Emigrants' Information Office, and others. The volume is supplied with useful maps; and it is not overburdened with advertisements, though we should take exception to one or two such "standing where they ought not," between different sections of the letterpress, and must emphatically condemn a coil, representing somebody's cables, that, morally speaking, disfigures the reverse of the cover. Evidence that the matter of the book has been carefully brought up to date is afforded by the fact that one of the recipients of this New Year's batch of honours is duly dubbed knight. And, so far as we have been able to test it, the information given is for the most part accurate and trustworthy; as, being almost (not quite, as the Preface claims) entirely derived from official sources, it ought to be—so far, that is, as the official sources themselves are to be believed; but, as many an emigrant has found out, the statements of "official" handbooks are not always remarkable for a prosaic adherence to hard fact. One or two pieces of information, however, so trustworthy an official source as the *Postal Guide* would have supplied. Under the head, for instance, of postage rates to Victoria (and other Australian colonies) no mention is made of the fourpenny "all-sea route" introduced in the beginning of 1889; while, with reference to South African mails, mention is made of the supplementary quick mail to the Cape *viâ* Lisbon; but no mention made of the rate, which is sixpence, so that the reader is left to suppose that the rate of fourpence, which alone is given, is applicable to all routes. Omissions and errors of this kind will doubtless be corrected after this first year of publication.

* *The Colonial Year-Book for* 1890. By A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G. With Introduction by J. R. Seeley, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

A MANUAL OF ANATOMY.*

THE skilful and conscientious surgeon who has brought forward this work has done his duty to the student, the rising and the advanced practitioner, be he physician or surgeon—for our author clearly challenges criticism from both sides of the profession. Desirous of leaving some permanent record of his twelve years' professorship of anatomy at his school, Mr. Owen most certainly gives us a record which must be of great interest and assistance to all. We are pleased to see that he consents to trespass on the domains of that monopolizing creature the "specialist." There is no doubt but that "specialism" is the curse of the medical profession, little that it is the curse of others. Of course the ground has been already covered, especially in what we have hitherto called surgical anatomy; but its entire range has, perhaps, not been treated from the senior student's point of view—a man who, having quitted the dissecting-room, is in need of a volume which shall supply him with such anatomical information, free of wearying detail, as is essential for his successful and intelligent work in the medical and surgical wards, and in the special departments of his hospital.

Possibly the illustrations might be more original; but the work is highly creditable to its author, and a valuable addition to our somewhat overstocked and ever-increasing collection of books on anatomy.

CHRONICLE OF ROBERT OF TORIGNI.†

"THOUGH many Continental editions of the Chronicle of Robert of Torigni, abbot of Mont-Saint-Michel"—also known as Robertus de Monte—"have been published," there was nevertheless room for an English edition. The Chronicle exists in numerous MSS., among which the English copies are not the least important, though they "have been practically neglected by the Continental editors." It remained for the present editor to make a thorough collation of these English MSS., together with a further examination of the Vatican MS., "a much more complete analysis of the sources of the writer's information, a more thorough restoration of the true chronology, and a correction of errors as to English matters which the most learned foreigner is sure to make." It is interesting to learn that one of the English copies, now in the British Museum, once formed part of the collection of the scholar-soldier, Lord William Howard, Warden of the Scottish Marches. The principal MS., however, is, as might be expected, that which belonged to Mont-Saint-Michel, and which is now in the public library of Avranches. This, as Mr. Howlett contends, supporting the view which has already been taken by the French editor M. Delisle, is not, as the German editor Dr. Bethmann supposes, wholly the author's autograph; but it contains passages in Robert's own hand, and received his own corrections and additions. Mr. Howlett seems to have spared no pains to do justice to his subject; and his account of the MSS., though necessarily technical, is of more than usual interest.

The date of Robert of Torigni's birth is nowhere stated; but Mr. Howlett suggests "perhaps 1110," on the strength of a calculation made on the assumption that Robert was "quidam scholaris clericus" who, in some verses inserted in his Chronicle under the year 1132, is said to have been healed of sickness by a vision of the Virgin. He had become a monk of Bec in 1128, and, according to Mr. Howlett's reckoning, received deacon's orders three or four years after taking the cowl. It was at Bec that a brother historian, Henry of Huntingdon, saw him in 1139, and was shown by him a book, *De regibus Britonum*—in fact, Geoffrey of Monmouth's too famous compilation of mythic lore and pseudo-history. This we learn from Henry of

* *A Manual of Anatomy for Senior Students.* By Edmund Owen, M.B., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital, Lecturer on Surgery, &c.

† *Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I.*—Vol. IV. *The Chronicle of Robert of Torigni, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Michael-in-Peril-of-the-Sea.* Edited by Richard Howlett, F.S.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

Huntingdon's *Epistola ad Warinum*, or rather, if we do not misunderstand, from a passage interpolated by Robert himself in that letter. In 1154 he was "claustral prior" of Bec, as we know from his own description of himself when narrating how he was unanimously elected abbot of the great monastery of Mont-Saint-Michel. In 1157 he visited England, where his abbey had many possessions (including the Cornish Saint Michael's Mount); and on his return he appeared before King Henry II., at Mortain, to complain of having been compelled to pay to the King's officers at Southampton *pontagium*, or bridge-toll, for his horses. His complaint obtained a favourable hearing, for the King not only granted a charter freeing the property of the abbey from such tolls in the future, but ordered his officers at Southampton to pay back the pontage they had taken. About Michaelmas in the next year—an appropriate season—the King himself, having occasion to be at Avranches in order to receive the submission of Conan of Britanny, visited the neighbouring Mount of the Archangel.

Inde venit rex ad Montem Sancti Michaelis, et audita missa ad majus altare, comedit in refectorio monachorum cum baronibus suis. Quod ut faceret, vix abbas Robertus multis precibus extorsit ab eo.

As Mr. Howlett remarks:—

We may perhaps feel a touch of sympathy with the king's evident unwillingness to go. A grant of land or of a privilege of some kind was, as Henry knew, the inevitable result of such a visit, and surely enough, in the abbot's parlour, after dinner, a parchment transferred certain churches at Pontorson to St. Michael-in-Peril-of-the-Sea. There are records in the Cartulary and elsewhere which show that this act was not pleasing to the bishop of Avranches; but this may have added a relish to the grant.

Nevertheless Henry—perhaps because he had got off at the Bishop's cost rather than at his own—bore no malice towards his entertainers, for only a few weeks later he came again with Louis of France. "Though we hear of no gifts, it is not improbable that the new royal pilgrim gave the gold and silver which renewed so gloriously the shrine of St. Aubert shortly after." In 1161 Abbot Robert stood as one of the many sponsors to Henry's infant daughter—"carissima domina mea et filiola in baptismate," he calls her twenty years later, with an evident interest and pride in her. Altogether he seems to have been high in Royal favour, and to have had considerable power of getting what he wanted from the King—his second visit to England in 1175 being marked by his obtaining a confirmation of all previous and future gifts to his church. Robert was not ungrateful, or regardless of his Sovereign's historical credit. Being an honest man, he tells no positive falsehoods in his Chronicle; but he has a delicate and gingerly way of touching the sore points in his Royal patron's history. A borrowed quatrain upon the year in which "ruit ense Thomas," mentioning no actor and imputing blame to no one, is his nearest approach to a direct notice of the murder of the English Primate. But, as the editor observes, "our abbot never sins otherwise than by suppression"; and his Chronicle, though not of the highest order of mediæval history, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the times, and especially of Henry II.'s relations with Continental Europe. Omitting preliminary matter of no great historical value, it may be said to begin with the death of Rufus in 1100, and it is carried down to the Christmastide of 1159. The editor has appended many interesting documents from the cartulary of the abbey and other sources.

Robert of Torigni died in June 1186, and was buried under the nave of his own church. A stone with two small incised crosses marks the grave where he and his successor Martin rest beneath the open sky; for that part of the nave which sheltered them perished in 1776.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.*

FAULTS of arrangement have done much to injure this book, which we should otherwise have greeted with a warm welcome. It is intended to be the first of a set, apparently, of three volumes "designed to illustrate the progress of our three great self-governing groups of colonies in North America, South Africa, and Australasia," written with the accuracy and fulness of knowledge to be expected of books published under the supervision of the Educational Committee of the Royal Colonial Institute, of handy size and shape, and got up with the completeness generally to be found in the works issued by the Clarendon Press at Oxford. In this case the delegates of the Press have made a mistake in allowing the insertion of a double-folding paper map in the midst of the pages; it is sure to get torn in use, and is so thick when folded that it prevents the volume from closing properly. The chief mistake of the author, the Rev. W. P. Greswell, is that, though professing to write the history of Canada as a British colony, he has devoted half his space to events which took place before it came under British rule; he has written a short history of the country, and has therefore been obliged to compress unduly the part which it was his special duty to exhibit. He has given us chapters on the early explorers, Norse, English, and French, on the work of Champlain and the Jesuit missionaries, on the colony of New France, and on the war which was crowned by the taking of Quebec and concluded by the Treaty of Paris. Against the matter contained in these and other chapters on the early history we have nothing to say; they are accurate and, in spite of their attempting more than it is possible to accomplish satisfactorily within such narrow limits, fairly animated. Some passages in this part of the book are indeed much to be commended, and among these we would single out the examination of the causes which led the English to neglect the colonization of the St. Lawrence Valley after the French abandoned it in the sixteenth century, and the short account of the native races of North America. Our complaint is that the space accorded to the history before 1758, or thereabout, is at once too short and too long—too short for the pleasure, or even the full profit, of the reader, and too long for an introduction to a history of the English colony of the size of Mr. Greswell's volume. The chapter which follows the story of Wolfe's victory is virtually filled with the causes of the dispute between Great Britain and her American colonies, and is therefore out of place here. Besides, it presents a rather one-sided view of the question; for it takes no count of the advantages which the colonies enjoyed under the old system, of the commerce open to them, the protection their merchantmen had from the British flag, or the cheap rates at which the people were able to purchase Continental goods. Nor is this the only place where Mr. Greswell has imported extraneous matter into his narrative; his notices of Raleigh's Virginia expeditions, of the foundation of the New England colonies, of Sir Bartle Frere's policy at the Cape, of Captain Bligh's inefficiency as Governor of New South Wales, and of Lord Carnarvon's "South Africa Act," though none of them are of any great length, are flaws in the construction of his work, and, along with other short digressions, help to rob the main subject of the book of the space which it fairly demands.

When Mr. Greswell gets to the history of Canada as a British colony, he has to crowd what he has to say into a small number of pages; and, being somewhat weak as regards method, he does not make up for the brevity of his narrative by clear and orderly handling. Although in his chapter on the colonial policy of England between 1763 and 1783 he finds room to speak of the Kaffir war of 1879, and to quote Coleridge on Liberty and Burke on American discontent, he makes no mention of the Quebec Act of 1774, and we hear nothing about it until the next chapter, which professes to trace the development of Canada between 1783 and 1809. There it is described so briefly that the fact that it established the English criminal law is wholly left out, and is to be found only in an appendix to the volume. While much, as we have already observed, is said about the American colonies, not a line is given to Arnold's invasion of Canada, and even the name of Sir Guy Carleton is not so much as mentioned, save once when the reader is told that Lord Dorchester presided over certain Committees on Canada, without a word of explanation as to his connexion with the country. The leading events of the war of 1812-14 are well told. We are always pleased to be reminded of how Broke took the *Chesapeake*, though we think that in this place a notice of the fight at Châteauguay would have been even more to the purpose. After carefully noting the causes of dissatisfaction among the French Canadians which led to the rebellion of Papineau, and the splutter of revolt at Toronto, Mr. Greswell passes to Lord Durham's Report without relating any particulars of his administration, not even the extraordinary folly of which he was guilty in sentencing unconvicted rebels to transportation. In Canada Lord Durham is remembered with gratitude; for his Report led to the union of the two provinces, and scarcely less directly to the constitutional liberty which has followed the Act of 1841. For a time the full development of responsible government was delayed; "the will of the Governor, and behind him the Legislative Council appointed by the Governor, and the Council of England itself, might still strongly sway Canadian politics." In 1856, however, the Legislative Council ceased to be appointed by the Crown, and became an elective body. Mr. Greswell's arrangement continues faulty in his later chapters; a short record of events after the Union Act includes a notice of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860. In the next chapter we are invited to consider the "Constitutional Question," and again find ourselves reading about Lord Durham and Mr. Poulett Thompson (Lord Sydenham), and finally work back to Sir John Colborne. Some information is, of course, given as to the grounds of the French claim on the coasts of Newfoundland; but the causes which render an adjustment of the dispute between the colonists and the French peculiarly difficult are not touched. The confederation of the sister colonies under the British flag, completed by the admission of Prince Edward Island, is a political phenomenon of a striking kind, which, as is remarked here, may lead to wide-reaching consequences. Mr. Greswell is an enthusiast in the cause of Imperial Federation, and uses some fine words to recommend the idea, though he does not, at least in this book, offer any very definite scheme to our consideration. His suggestion of a union of Colonial Councils with Her Majesty's Privy Council seems to imply a forgetfulness of the present constitutional position of the Privy Council. The picture of "an Amphictyonic Council Chamber at the central shrine at Westminster"—surely not in the Abbey—may be attractive to some people, and if preliminaries could be arranged the Council, Amphictyonic or otherwise, would perhaps work smoothly enough until a serious difference of opinion arose between the representatives of the mother-country and of the colonies, or between the representatives of the several

* *History of the Dominion of Canada.* By the Rev. William Parr Greswell, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.C.I. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

colonies themselves. Mr. Greswell adds an Appendix of Notes, one of them containing a useful analysis of the principal Acts and documents relating to the development of the Canadian constitution. His volume is liberally supplied with maps.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

MR. WARREN'S *Table and Formula Book* (Longmans) contains—we quote from the title-page—in addition to the usual tables, an account of some physical and electrical units now in use among scientific men, important formulæ in algebra, mensuration, and trigonometry, together with valuable information on transactions in exchange and commerce. Little fault can be found with the amount of information given in this handy little book, but objection may certainly be taken to the way in which it is arranged. There is, to be sure, a table of contents, which prevents a reader from going utterly astray; but in a book of reference facility of consultation is, after accuracy of statement, the most necessary requirement. One or two slips may be noted for correction in a subsequent edition. Among English coins formerly used the moidore is mentioned—the moidore was a Portuguese coin. In the table of French money the 5-franc piece is called a silver Napoleon, and the 20-franc piece a Napoleon. The name Napoleon applied to these coins during the French Empire has now quite gone out of use, and when a special name is given to the 20-franc piece it is called a Louis. In the account of the metric system the accents are omitted from all the names except the *stère*, and the accent on this word should be the grave instead of the acute. Surely the statement, on p. 115, that a day's journey = 48 Roman miles = 0·30 English miles requires some rectification. The sections devoted to algebraic facts and formulæ, and to trigonometry, might be considerably shortened by judicious omissions.

The *Arithmetic for Beginners* (Macmillan), by Mr. J. Brooksmith and Mr. E. J. Brooksmith, is designed to lead up to the study of the former writer's *Arithmetic in Theory and Practice*. If that, however, had been the only object kept in view, the book need not have been so complete. As it is, it will be found to be a serviceable manual for junior classes in schools, and for pupils preparing for the ordinary professional examinations in arithmetic, where a knowledge of theory is not much demanded. In the matter of arrangement, it may be noted that the chapter on square and cube root comes immediately after decimal fractions and before the compound rules. Would it not be advantageous to transfer to the beginning of this chapter the section on involution which follows division? Pupils would thus be led to see that the extraction of roots is the operation inverse to involution, just as addition and subtraction, multiplication and division, are direct and inverse operations. The methods of working questions in compound multiplication are somewhat old-fashioned, and the advice given (Ex. 1, on p. 78) is of dubious wisdom. The utility of questions about the hands of a clock is solely examinational, and so is that of most of the questions where recurring decimals are involved. The metric system might have been more simply and fully expounded, and space could have been secured for such an exposition by curtailing or omitting what is called "Practice," most of which is only a clumsy way of doing compound multiplication. The metric units of surface and volume have been inadvertently interchanged.

The New Arithmetic (Heath & Co., Boston), edited by Mr. Seymour Eaton, is stated on the cover to be by 300 authors. What that may mean exactly is hard to guess, but it probably will serve its purpose as a catchpenny title. As a manual on the elements of a department of science this book has few merits. It seems to be compiled principally for clerks in shops and offices.

First Mathematical Course (Blackie & Son) is adapted to the requirements of the examinations of the Science and Art Department, and is divided into three parts—arithmetic, algebra, geometry. Examples and short explanations are given over the whole course of school arithmetic; the algebra extends to simultaneous equations of the first degree, and the geometry consists of the first book of Euclid. There are a few examination papers at the end. Two serious mistakes occur on p. 56, where a litre is defined to be a vessel (shape not specified) whose edge measures one-tenth of a metre, and a gram is said to equal the weight of distilled water (temperature not specified) contained in a vessel (as before) the edge of which is one-hundredth of a metre.

Practical Plane and Solid Geometry (Burns & Oates), by Mr. John Carroll, which has now reached an eleventh edition, is one of the best and cheapest manuals on this subject. The section on plane geometry consists of thirty-five lessons, each containing several different problems, which are all worked by the application of the same principles. The enunciations of the problems with directions for their solution occupy the left-hand pages, the illustrative figures are on the right. The exercises in solid geometry, if not so numerous, are well selected. Lessons on areas, orthographic projection, and graphic arithmetic have been added to make the book a complete course of elementary geometry for science and art students.

Professor H. J. Spooner's *Practical Plane and Solid Geometry* (Cassell & Co.) is a fairly good collection of problems arranged to meet the requirements of the syllabus issued by the Science and Art Department. It contains a chapter on graphic arithmetic, and numerous exercises for solution by the student are scattered through the book. Seeing that this is a third edition, it might be expected that the mistakes, printer's or otherwise, in technical names and etymologies would by this time have been corrected. Several are here noted for subsequent rectification:—Hyperboles should be hyperbolas; frustrum, frustum; lotus rectum, latus rectum; eights, eighths. In explanation of vertical there is given Latin vorto, to turn; of oblique, Latin obliquas; of scalene, Greek scalenous; of dihedral, Greek di, two, and hedron, a side; of nonagon, Latin nonus, nine; of perimeter, Greek peri, around, and meter, that which measures. The two historical notes regarding Pythagoras and Archimedes should be omitted; the first is inexact, and the second misleading.

Systematic treatises on graphical statics exist in French, German, and Italian; but though there are important memoirs on the subject in English, no great English treatise has yet appeared. To supply the want felt by physicists and engineering students who do not read foreign languages with facility, Professor T. H. Beare has translated the two treatises of Cremona on the *Graphical Calculus and Reciprocal Figures in Graphical Statics* (Clarendon Press). The reputation of the great Italian geometer is a sufficient guarantee of two things—first, that the treatment of his subject will be thorough, and, second, that the contributions made by others to this branch of science will not be ignored by him, but will receive due acknowledgment. Professor Beare has done his work well, and not a word of fault can be found with his translation.

Of Mr. F. W. Newman's *Elliptic Integrals* (Macmillan & Bowes) it is not easy to give an account. It would seem that he has been more or less occupied with this subject for about forty years, but his researches have been independent of, and uninfluenced by, those of contemporary mathematicians. Hence one feels in the same position with respect to the notation and nomenclature which Mr. Newman uses as he himself does towards those of others. In a preliminary notice Mr. Newman says:—"Years ago I found that to compare Mr. Russell's equations in the British Association with my own was similar to translating from a new language."

SNAP.*

THE special gift of writing books for boys is a rare one, and Mr. Phillips-Wolley is to be highly congratulated on his possession of it. *Snap* is an admirable boys' book, interesting and invigorating throughout. The moral is such an admirable one that we should be sorry if any one were to search out any evidence to upset it—namely, that if a boy is a really good cricketer he is absolutely certain to vanquish every obstacle he may encounter in life, to resist every temptation, and, finally, to crown himself and those he loves with health, happiness, and prosperity. The story is always sufficiently improbable to be interesting, and never sufficiently extravagant to be unconvincing. The first chapter is a bright and exciting description of a cricket-match, in which "Snap," the hero, wins the game against a strong eleven at a moment when such a result seems hopeless. Subsequently the lad emigrates; and after, of course, thrashing an insolent American, becomes a Cowboy. He has a fight with a madman who is trying to kill a child; he shoots a black bear and numberless geese, widgeon, and shoveller, pochard, pintail, and wood-duck; he escapes in a blood-thrilling manner from an express train which tears across a trestle-bridge on which he is in pursuit of a vagrant cow; he is pursued by a mountain lion, which he slays as it crouches for its final leap at him. He is joined by two old schoolfellows, and together they fight three grizzlies and kill two of them. They almost lose their lives in a storm; they have an encounter with Indians; and they at last secure and make their escape in a derelict balloon. This final incident is the only one with which we have any fault to find. It is so improbable that a party of desperate cowboys, surrounded by Redskins and face to face with death, should chance to find a balloon with a dead German professor in it, hooked on to the top of the mountain up which they have been driven by their foe, and that they should succeed in boarding her and in sailing off in her (after reverently dropping the deceased pundit over a precipice), that we feel it would not have been introduced had it not been absolutely true; in fact, we will go so far as to say that we are convinced that Mr. Phillips-Wolley has himself more than once gone through this identical experience. But we feel that it would have been more in harmony with the uncivilized tone of the rest of the narrative if Mr. Phillips-Wolley, even at the sacrifice of history, had contrived to save Snap and his friends by means more familiar to those of us who are not travellers. Also, it would have been a sounder exposition of the moral of the story if the wealth which finally came to Snap, and which enabled him to buy back his friends' family estate, had been more directly the fruit of his labour than the result of a lucky "find" amongst the effects of

* *Snap: a Legend of the Lone Mountain.* By C. Phillips-Wolley, Author of "Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus" &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. New York: 15 East 16th Street.

the ill-fated Herr Professor. There is about the author's style a bracing simplicity and unpretentious vividness which is generally a characteristic of the writing of those who have been much in direct intercourse with nature. The following paragraph describes the pursuit of Snap by the lion.

The silence and lifelessness of a North American forest in winter is very impressive. The snow which covers the ground is lighter than swan's-down, drier than sand. It falls unheard, it gives place to the foot without a sound. The birds are gone, or if not gone, have hidden. The bear has made him a bed in some hollow tree or cave, and sleeps silently in the silent wood. The squirrel chatters no longer; he, too, has retired to his little granary in some hollow trunk. The rabbit and the weazel are still restlessly wandering about as usual, but both have changed their coats, and assumed a white covering to match the snows amongst which they live. Almost everything sleeps; trees in their robes of snow, the bear in his cave, the streams in their bonds of ice; even the winds are still. Nothing stirs. . . . As the boy faced about, the great reddish brute paused for a moment, crouching, its belly almost on the snow, for the last rush; its ears flattened back, its yellow eyes ablaze with murder, and its white fangs gleaming in the starlight. But a foe in the open can always be tackled and fought outright, and the flash of the good Winchester was redder than the anger in the wild beast's eyes, and the sharp clear ring of the little rifle was a more unerring presage of death than even the scream of the mountain lion.

Snap is a book which should please every one and delight boys. It should come as a boon and a blessing to fathers, uncles, and god-parents who lack originality with regard to their choice of gifts.

THE STORY OF DENMARK.*

THE author of this volume labours under the disadvantage of having written it before making up her mind for what sort of audience it was intended. She fluctuates between an air of arid philosophy and a manner suited to an infant school. We strongly object to having this sort of thing served up to us on the platter of a history of Denmark:—

Peat tells us much, and oysters more. Listen to the talk of this aged shell, as we sit upon the beach which now girds Jutland round. He is *very* old, and his voice is cracked, but you can understand him quite well if you try. "Once," he says, "I was a deep-sea oyster. I was not one of your inland oysters, I was an ocean oyster, I was. This place was quite different when they ate me. I became different too, but you can see what I *was*. I was a real Atlantic oyster, and no mistake." You see, poor thing, he repeats himself a good deal.

He does, indeed, and so does Mrs. Sidgwick, who is for ever picking up the lost thread of her argument with "Bluetooth killed Gold Harald, I said in Chapter I.," or "Do you remember how wicked Abel tried to fight the Marshmen?" or "What has this making of the ground got to do with history?" There is no sign that the volume, or the series to which it belongs, is intended for elementary reading. Infants, indeed, have other things to do than follow the intrigues of Valdemar Seir and Valdemar Atterdag, and we must therefore conclude this triviality of style to be native to Mrs. Sidgwick. We must confess that we cannot regard it as a happy historical manner. "Tacitus, the clever Roman," is not a critical expression, and as for "Here we go gathering nuts in May, said Germany" (in 1848), Mrs. Sidgwick may say what she likes; nothing shall persuade us that she did not mean to be amusing.

Nor can we fairly give much more praise to the matter than the manner. In dealing with Danish history Mrs. Sidgwick takes, as it appears to us, a fatally near-sighted estimate of the relative importance of events. She treats Denmark as if she looked at it only from a British point of view. She gives, for instance, eight pages to a description of the so-called battle of Copenhagen, that picturesque episode of the 21st of March, 1801, but to the incidents which led up to the Declaration of Norwegian Independence, and to the wars of 1813 and 1814, which were of inestimable historical and political importance, she devotes exactly six vague lines. A glance at Allen, or even at Fabricius, would have enabled her to fill out this poor statement to respectable limits. But we cannot persuade ourselves that Mrs. Sidgwick has made any use of native materials. She quotes a Frenchman, M. Roger, with acceptance, but her description of the reigns of the Valdemars shows no sign of her ever having heard of the writings of Frederik Hammerich, nor her allusions to the Danish navy any knowledge of the popular and useful volumes of Tuxen. Yet an historian of Denmark should surely be acquainted with what the Danes themselves have written about their history. A reading of Vaupell's *Kampen for Sönderjylland* might have enabled the author of *The Story of Denmark* to give an intelligible account of the war of 1848. But we are not sure that any amount of study would give her the power of spinning, quietly and steadily, the thread of progressive historical narrative. We are glad, however, to close with a word of praise for the accuracy of the proper names in this book, which show a careful and competent revision, although *Odinse* is an affected and *Kronenborg* an incorrect spelling, and although Mrs. Sidgwick can never make up her mind whether Slesvig or Slesvick is the preferable form, and so uses each by turns. In the heroic period she acknowledges the help of Mr. York Powell.

Singularly enough, Mrs. Sidgwick would almost seem to think that no history of Denmark exists. She says, in her lively manner, "Denmark, how hast thou deserved to be so neglected of history-writers, great and small?" As a matter of fact, Denmark has not been neglected at all. Her native historians are numerous, and several of them are admirable. Norway and Germany have added to the stores of historical information, and in Sweden side-lights have been supplied by Fryxell and a group of patient investigators. Those who read French will find all they want in the excellent volumes of M. E. Beauvois, founded upon Allen. In English, to mention only a comparatively recent work, we have Miss Otté's *Scandinavian History*, not a perfect compilation, but one from which Mrs. Sidgwick might learn much. She need not be in so great a hurry to pity poor history-abandoned Denmark.

* *The Story of Denmark.* By Charlotte S. Sidgwick. London: Rivingtons.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

TO any one who takes an interest in criticism as criticism—that is to say, who does not regard it as an occasion for letting off fireworks or for wiping off old scores—few books could be more interesting than the work by M. Ferdinand Brunetière (1) on the evolution of the critical art from the Renaissance to our time, which forms the first volume of the lectures given, or to be given, by the author to the École Normale Supérieure during this year and next. It would be very easy to pick holes in M. Brunetière's treatment, and still more easy to quarrel with individual utterances of his. We doubt, for instance, whether there is much more unity in his own handling of French criticism than in other books which he reproaches. We cannot find a *vera causa* in his plea, that if Racine and Molière "n'ont pas toujours atteint cette profondeur de pensée que nous trouvons dans un Shakspeare ou dans un Goethe [this by the way is an odd pair to drive in a curricle, but never mind], vous trouverez que la faute est à l'influence des salons et des femmes." That "will not doe." No living salon, no living woman could choke back the wind of the spirit if it were there, and if it could, so much the worse for the Racines and the Molières. It is odd, too, to find M. Brunetière saying that you can see at once that Racine knew Greek and Latin, Corneille only Latin. In one sense, no doubt, you can—that is to say, Racine's master is Euripides, and Corneille's Seneca. But in another Corneille is infinitely more Greek and less Latin than Racine. A critic should, perhaps, not say "Je n'aime guère Diderot," for overwhelm Diderot deep as you may (and Heaven knows he gives occasion enough!) with reproaches and denunciations, he has a John Barleycorn-like habit of getting up again and "sair surprising you all" as a critic. Although M. Brunetière's erudition is whole leagues above the erudition of a Jules Janin or a Jules Lemaître, we cannot help thinking that he has not assimilated English and German, Italian and Spanish, that he "loves them little," just as he loves Diderot. Although he has much softened his ancient wrath against Old French literature, he shows remnants of the old man in such speeches as that "rien ne ressemble à une épopée comme une autre épopée, à la *Chanson de Roland* comme la *Chanson d'Aliscans*." M. Brunetière is here confounding two things. Nothing is, in fact, more difficult than to distinguish the personality of the author of one *chanson de geste* from the personality of another, for the simple reason that that personality never appears. But *Roland* is not in the least like *Aliscans* as a work; and we venture to doubt whether M. Brunetière has read both through in the original. He does not say that he has. Enough of this. Repentance is, no doubt, a theological virtue, but we are inclined to think it something of an artistic defect. *Pecca fortiter*, provided you also virtuously energize strongly, is good art, if bad morality. The virtues of M. Brunetière are very conspicuous in this book, which begins with an introduction containing an admirable, and much-needed, distinction between the non-existent "science" and the existent "method" of criticism, and a still more admirable insistence on the necessity of comparison of authors and literatures. Then it takes up the Pléiade critics, goes on to the Malherbe and Balzac period, makes a stout fight for M. Brunetière's beloved Boileau, discusses eighteenth-century criticism, and takes up valiant though discriminating cudgels for La Harpe; enlarges, as we could have anticipated, rather complaisantly on Villemain, a spiritual ancestor of M. Brunetière's; does justice, in one sense, to Sainte-Beuve, and justice in another to M. Taine, with a passing note on M. Scherer. We wish M. Brunetière could have spared the line or two which we have not noticed for that admirable critic, M. Montégut, but he could not do everything. The great merit of the book, agree or disagree as we may with its individual judgments, is the masterly manner in which it holds the line between the jargon of scientific criticism and the æsthetic pottering of too much criticism that is not scientific. We may sometimes think that a still wider knowledge of other literatures would have saved M. Brunetière from some errors. We can never, as we can so often and too often say, that he speaks of that of which he does speak without wide, without reasoned, without digested reading. "Quite a pleasure to meet a scientific gen'lman!" said the poacher to Launcelot Smith in *Yeast*. There is nothing more rare than this pleasure, it is rarest of all, when the "gen'lmen" call themselves scientific, in the case of the critic. For our part, while we are ready to meet M. Brunetière on foot or on horseback, with pistol or sword, stripped to the shirt or

(1) *L'évolution des genres dans l'histoire de la littérature.* Tome i. Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Hachette.

with armour, on divers critical points, we have nothing but admiration for his method and his competence in it.

There is a certain perverse pleasure in putting next to M. Brunetière's book two such books as "Le dernier de Richard O'Monroy," and M. Maurice Beaubourg's *Contes pour les assassins* (2). The former is less unworthy of the ingenious author than the last of his productions that we noticed; but it has much of the fault of his later work. It gives foolish people not altogether foolish cause to blaspheme when they find that Mr. O'Monroy's notion of the way a great lady would address her lover is "my handsome adored male." Vice does not lose much of its grossness there. As for M. Beaubourg, his friend Maurice Barrès has provided him with a preface, in which he vindicates with perhaps unnecessary warmth (for who deniges of it, M. Barrès, who deniges of it?) the *droit à l'ironie*, and in one sentence gives a really masterly sketch of the career of a French man of letters. He is, it seems, successively "bafoué amicalement dans les journaux, loué par le *Figaro*, inséré dans la *Revue des deux mondes*, blackboulé à l'Académie," after which "il mourra définitivement conspué par les jeunes gens de lettres qui surgiront dans trente-cinq ans et de qui le moi sera différent de son propre moi." As for the book itself, M. Beaubourg would appear on the one side to have inspired himself from, or to have curiously hit it off with, the *Essay on Murder*; on the other, to have entertained the by no means illaudable purpose of satirizing the Beylists and other foolish folk of the day. His first *conte*, though rather long, and quite unnecessarily defiled by mere *spurcities*—dirt of the kind that is not amusing, not even immoral, but purely nasty—is really funny, and promises very well. Another, *Célestin Gardanne*, would be good if it were not a little overdone. Some others are of the old extravaganza style. We must wait to see how much fire M. Beaubourg has in his inside; but he would certainly seem to have some.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"THE wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" surpasses, it appears, the dreams of the most imaginative of poets. *The Industrial Competition of Asia*, by Claremont Daniell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is a far-reaching review of Indian trade and finance, in the course of which the author directs attention, not for the first time, to the enormous amount of gold existing in India, as bullion, or otherwise useless for commercial purposes. This unemployed gold is estimated by Mr. Daniell at the value of 270 millions, and is increasing at the rate of three millions annually. If it were not for the remarkable prosperity of India, "the extraordinary cost," as Mr. Daniell well observes, "of procuring gold to discharge the obligations of the Government of India in England could not have been met out of the taxation of the people." It is very questionable finance, he argues, for the Government to neglect the gold within its reach, and buy gold abroad at a fancy price in silver in order to discharge its gold debt. Mr. Daniell would remonetize gold in India. He proposes the adoption of a gold coin equivalent to the English and Australian sovereign, and would authorize the coinage of the hoarded gold in the country, silver still remaining a legal tender, the gold money to be a legal tender in the discharge of debts to Government or of debts to individuals that exceed five thousand rupees. At present the hoarded gold, in whatever form it be, is not available for realization by the owner, except at considerable loss at the hands of the goldsmiths and others. If coined, it would circulate freely, and would prove a beneficial reform, Mr. Daniell urges, by reducing the enormous cost which the country is now put to in the purchase of English gold. The effect upon the price of silver is a question considered very fully and from various aspects by the writer, though the most recent events have perhaps interfered a little with him. He recognizes the probability that people who have long hoarded gold are not likely all at once to abandon the habit; yet he has no doubt whatever but that the gold would be brought liberally to the Mint, and that his scheme must prove beneficial to Indian taxpayers. That it does not appear to involve risk of any sort is certainly a merit in Mr. Daniell's economic proposal.

The fifth chapter of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll's "second appeal for our seamen"—*Cattle Ships* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—is issued, at the point of urgency, to incite all and sundry to petition in favour of the "Merchant Shipping Act Amendment (No. 2) Bill." Apart from the horrors of cattle-ships, and the loss of life entailed by them to seamen and cattle, Mr. Plimsoll's opening argument against the importation of live cattle might be deemed conclusive by those to whom his appeal is addressed. Curiously enough, much more is made of the humane plea than of the argument that the practice is superfluous. Mr. Plimsoll, after diligent inquiries in Smithfield and Deptford, finds there is no superiority in the meat of imported live cattle compared with refrigerated meat, and that no one benefits by the importation of live cattle except the middleman, who makes an illegitimate profit at the expense of the English producer or grazier. Here is a hint of fraud. The middlemen, says Mr. Plimsoll, or those who send over these American live supplies, persuade us to "put our trademark upon them, to the great cost of our people," and the meat passes as "best Scotch" or "English-fed" beef. Now, if a profit be made, call it illegitimate or not, there must be a show of superiority in the meat thus fraudulently sold, and there will be no lack of people ready to make the profit. But Mr. Plimsoll declares there is no difference between the dead meat imported and that of the live cattle. The former may be stored six months and be none the worse for it; yet it cannot be sold as English meat. Why, then, import live cattle? asks Mr. Plimsoll. The answer, coming from the market, seems perfectly clear on his own showing. There is a profit to be made from the practice, and if it is made in the way he suggests it speaks volumes for the astuteness of the English producer and the English buyer that it should be done. For, says Mr. Plimsoll, ingenuously enough, "I have not seen in America the fat pastures of Scotland or England," and even if those fat pastures existed, the horrors of the Atlantic passage must be accounted a terrible set-off to their virtue. What well-conditioned beast could survive the voyage in a typical cattle-pen? Yet there is the profit. No wonder is it Mr. Plimsoll exclaims, "Oh! dense John Bull!"

Elementary Schools: How to Increase their Utility (Percival & Co.) is a little book that should be read by all who are interested in Board School education or may be anxious about its future. The volume comprises six lectures, by more or less eminent hands, delivered in the board room of the London School Board within the last eighteen months, upon such important subjects as science, music, physical culture and recreation, mechanics, hand and eye training, and evenings of amusement. These lectures represent, for the most part, the aspirations of those advanced "educationists" who regard proficiency in the three R's as a "narrow and short-sighted view of elementary education," to quote Mr. William Bousfield's preface. Some there be who will misread the title "How to increase the rates," but it is for them, quite as much as for the sympathetic, that such lectures as Professor Villiers Stanford's, and that of Mr. George Ricks, on "Hand and Eye Training," should prove useful and suggestive. Mr. Ricks writes soberly and with a keen eye to practical issues on the subject of manual training in Board Schools. A like discretion is scarcely the mark of all the lectures. On the subject of physical culture, which may mean anything in the world of athletics, Colonel Onslow is a trifle in the clouds. He asks indignantly why the Education Act of 1870 provided military drill for boys? "They are not all going to be soldiers," he remarks. He forgets the encouragement the drill offers to the rest. Still more strange is his disbelief in the physical benefits of drill.

The Schoolmaster and the Law, by Mr. James Williams, assisted by Mr. Edward Markwick (Bell & Sons), a manual intended chiefly for private schoolmasters, treats of the relative legal positions of the schoolmaster and the public, the schoolmaster and his assistant, or his rival who attempts to "compete" with him unfairly, the contract between master and parent, the married woman as teacher, the infant as teacher, and other interesting topics. Whether it be the outraged parent who would "have the law" of the master, or the master who would have the parent on a point of contract, this lucid and really interesting handbook will assist them much in the light of old and recent legal decisions. Numerous cases are cited, and they are all clearly put and relevant.

Among recent volumes of verse Mr. A. Johnson-Brown's *Rejected of Men* (Sampson Low & Co.) deserves notice for the dignified treatment by the author of certain passages from the Gospels in blank verse that is skilfully modulated. *The Odes of Horace*, by Mr. J. Leigh S. Hatton (Seeley & Co.) are translations of various degrees of merit. Some show a fluent literalness, others are decidedly bald renderings, and all through the book the choice of metres that are either unhappy or absolutely misrepresenting is a matter that arrests us with wonderment. The version, for example, of "O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro" recalls a common measure of some popular hymnal:—

> O clearer far than crystal!
> O worthy sweetest wine!
> O fountain of Bandusia!
> That garlands should entwine!

Verses and Thoughts, by Florence Severne (Spottiswoode & Co.) is a volume of tuneful short poems, the verse of which is generally smooth and correct, and the thoughts of the poet not too deep for average human sympathy. In ten cantos of jingling stanzas—*The Girdle of the World* (Authors' Co-operative Co.)—does "Ralph" commemorate a voyage round the world, the "voyage of Mr. Mucklemouth," and makes a start, making the reader start, with:—

> It was with the P. and O.
> That I booked myself to go
> In their good ship the *Victoria* hight;
> To go round and see the world,
> With my gallant sails unfurled,
> And to witness how it twirled
> In its flight.

Not only does the poet appropriate the ship, and speak of his gallant sails, but he takes the whole globe to his arms before he gets back with a fine air of patronage.

Rowing at Westminster (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) is an interesting memorial volume, extracted from the "waterledgers" of the school from 1813 to 1883, and illustrated by some pretty etchings by Mr. Herbert Marshall. The record preserves the names of the various crews and those of their opponents, with

(2) *La grande fête.* Par Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(3) *Contes pour les assassins.* Par Maurice Beaubourg. Paris: Perrin.

a complete list of "heads of the water," whether Queen's Scholars or Town boys.

The Rajah and the Rosebud, by William Sime (Bristol: Arrowsmith), is a story well suited to the tastes of the adventurous and romantic. It tells of the fatal love of an Indian prince for a charming English girl, who certainly ought to have been united to the amiable despot. As it is, he kills himself for her sake, and she is left in the end, unmarried, and living for self.

Dr. Alfred Schofield's *Health at Home Tracts* (Religious Tract Society) is a little book of brief practical hints on cooking, diet, the care of children, nursing the sick, clothing, and such common ailments as afflict most people.

From Messrs. John Walker & Co. we have an excellent *Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of Latin Quotations*; a compact compilation, with an appendix on the Roman Calendar and Roman money.

We have also received the twenty-first volume of the *Proceedings* of the Royal Colonial Institute, 1889-90; the fourth volume of *Miscellanies*, by Professor F. W. Newman (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *A First Aryan Reader*, edited by G. A. Schrumpf (Nutt); *Essays, Essay Writing, and Paraphrasing*, by C. J. Dawson (Hughes & Co.); *The Story of the Gadsbys*, by Rudyard Kipling, No. 2 of the "Indian Railway Library" (Sampson Low & Co.); *In Safe Hands*, by M. H. Howell (Warne & Co.); *Within an Ace*, by Mark Eastwood, fifth edition (Digby & Long); *Ondar the Just*, by S. S. Woodall (Nisbet & Co.); *Tales of the Black Forest*, selections from Auerbach, with notes by A. H. Fox-Strangways (Longmans & Co.); *Poems*, by M. G. Budden (Digby & Long); *Elementary Arithmetic*, by Charles Pendlebury and W. S. Beard (Bell & Sons); *The Lord's Prayer in the Languages of Africa* (Gilbert & Rivington); and *Igdrasil*, the Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild, edited by William Markwick and Kineton Parkes (George Allen).

We learn that Miss Whinyates's *Prince Bulbo*, noticed last week in the *Saturday Review* under the heading *Ingratitude*, was dramatized from *The Rose and the Ring* and published with full permission from the proper quarters. It clearly was not Miss Whinyates's fault that the acknowledgment was printed "most [obscurely] and courageously." But in acknowledging this we must renew our implied protest against the suggestion that Fairy Blackstick—*grande dame s'il en fût*—should wear "a witch's dress."

Our attention has been called to a long letter in The Academy *of August 23, in which Mr. Thomas Arnold complains bitterly of a review of his Rolls volume,* "The Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey," *in* The Saturday Review *of July 26. As Mr. Arnold says that he complains as he does because* "The Saturday Review *does not admit correspondence" the guileless reader might be under the impression that Mr. Arnold had made his plaint direct, and had been rebuffed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold has neither done nor suffered anything of the sort.* The Saturday Review, *for very good reasons, does not publish letters; but it has never neglected a well-founded complaint of misrepresentation in matters of fact. The author of the review complained of is at present out of England; when we have had the opportunity of consulting him on the subject, Mr. Arnold shall, though his method of questioning be somewhat indirect, not fail of his answer.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

Advertisements *intended for the* Saturday Review *should be addressed to the* Manager *of the* Advertisement Department *at the* Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, London. *A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.*

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at The International News Company's Offices, 83 & 85 Duane Street, New York, and at *Messrs.* Damrell & Upham's, 283 *Washington Street, Boston, Mass.*

The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or $7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. William Boyce, *at the Office,* 38 *Southampton Street, Strand, or to* Mr. B. F. Stevens, *American Agency,* 4 *Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.*

Copies of the Saturday Review *Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

Contents of No. 1,818, August 30, 1890:

Chronicle.
The Strike Epidemic. The "Knight" and the Bishop.
"As You Like It" in "Blackwood"
The Anglo-Portuguese Agreement. Cardinal Manning's Precedence
News of the "Bauble." Armenia
Coroners and Mysteries. Naval Manœuvres.
"Rector of this Parish."

Aleppo to Skanderoon.
Ultra-crepidarius. Lord Cornwallis and the Irish Union—II.
Money Matters. A German Prodigal Son.
Racing. Notes from the Zoo—Chameleons.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FREE POPULAR CONCERTS and ENTERTAINMENTS Daily.
GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY by Messrs. C. T. BROCK & CO. every Thursday.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING-ROOM and NEWSPAPER-ROOM will be CLOSED from Monday, September 1, to Thursday, September 4, inclusive.
British Museum, August 26, 1890. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, *Principal Librarian.*

YACHTING CRUISE ROUND the UNITED KINGDOM.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their Steamship "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on September 6, and from Leith on September 8, for a Three Weeks' Cruise, visiting Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Gairloch (Ross), Oban, the Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (for Killarney), Queenstown, and Plymouth. The "GARONNE" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
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For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

VIRGINIA DEBT.—NOTICE is hereby given by the BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE that, a majority of the whole of the Securities representing the State Debt having been now deposited with Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., London, and with the other Depositaries in the United States, NO FURTHER SECURITIES WILL BE RECEIVED by said Depositaries AFTER SEPTEMBER 15 next, otherwise than subject to such penalty and conditions as the Committee may decide.
Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co. are now prepared to issue their Engraved Certificates for Securities already deposited in exchange for the (temporary) Deposit Certificates.

FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, September 23, 1890, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASE for a term of Eighty Years a PLOT of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate at the corner of Little Swan Alley and Copthall Avenue with Public-house Licence attached.
Further particulars, with Conditions and printed Forms of Proposal, may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.
The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.
Persons tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, and the party whose offer is accepted will be required to execute an Agreement and Bond at the same time.
Proposals must be sealed up, endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before One o'clock on the said day of treaty.
Sewers Office, Guildhall: August, 1890. HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

EDUCATIONAL.

THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1890-91.
FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

The NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, September 30, 1890.
A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days and hours, fees, scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. Cornish, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d.; by post, 8d.
Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, at the College.
R. S. HEATH, *Principal.*
GEO. H. MORLEY, *Secretary.*

ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE,
Incorporated by Royal Charter.

WINTER SESSION, 1890-91.

The WINTER SESSIONAL COURSE of INSTRUCTION will commence on Wednesday, October 1. The Chair will be taken by Gen. Sir F. FITZWYGRAM, Bart., M.P., and the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS delivered by Professor PRITCHARD, at One P.M.

Lectures, Clinical and Pathological Demonstrations, and General Instruction are given on the Comparative Pathology and Diseases of the Horse and other Domestic Animals, including Epizoötics, Parasites, and Parasitic Affections; also on Bacteriology, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Histology, Chemistry (General and Practical), Materia Medica, Toxicology, Botany, Therapeutics, and Pharmacy, Hospital Practice, Obstetrics, Operative Surgery, the Principles and Practice of Shoeing, &c.

Students are required to attend Three Complete Sessional Courses of Instruction before being eligible for examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The College Entrance Fee of Sixty Guineas, payable as a whole or in the following proportions: Twenty Guineas on entry, Twenty Guineas at the end of the first period of Study, and Twenty Guineas at the end of the second period of Study, confers the right of attendance on all the Lectures and Collegiate Instruction during the prescribed Terms of Study.

The Matriculation Examination will be held at the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 24 and 25, at Ten A.M. Candidates must attend on Tuesday, 23rd, for the purpose of paying the fees.

A Scholarship of £25 per annum, tenable for two years, dating from October 1890, will be awarded at the close of the Summer Term of 1891; and an additional Scholarship of the same amount in each succeeding year.

Medals and Certificates of Merit are awarded in addition to the Coleman Prize Medals and Certificates.

Class Prizes are given in each division of the Student's studies.

Certificates of Distinction are likewise conferred on Students who pass a superior examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

A Prospectus containing the Rules and Regulations of the College, and copies of the Matriculation Examination Papers set last Session, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

RICHARD A. N. POWYS,
August 1890. *Secretary.*

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For Prospectus, with particulars of Farm and Dairy, Courses of Instruction, Scholarships, Diplomas, &c., apply to the PRINCIPAL.
THE SESSION will begin TUESDAY, October 7, 1890.

OUNDLE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.
NEXT TERM begins September 19. An Examination for several Scholarships will be held on December 16, 17, and 18, 1890.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1.

The Hospital, which is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, contains nearly 800 beds, all in constant use. There are wards for Accidents, Surgical and Medical cases, Diseases of Women and Children, and Ophthalmic cases. Special departments for Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Skin and Teeth, and for Cancer, Tumours, Diseases of the Bladder, Piles, and Fistula. Number of in-patients last year, 9,105; out-patients, 109,839; accidents, 11,400.

Surgical operations daily.

APPOINTMENTS—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons, &c. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolis. The Metropolitan, District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to
Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, *Warden.*

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on October 1st. Introductory Address by Dr. T. COLCOTT FOX, at 4 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £80 and £40, and one of £20 for Dental Students on Examination, September 23 and 24.

There are also numerous Prizes.

FEES.—100 guineas in one sum on entrance, or £110 in two payments, or £120 in five payments. Special fees for partial and Dental Students.

The Hospital has a service of over 200 beds, and the usual special departments.
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ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTTOM, at 4 P.M.

A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.
The NEXT TERM opens on Monday, September 8.
I. MECHANICAL COURSE. II. CIVIL ENGINEERING DIVISION.
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Special Department for Electrical, Marine, &c.
Prospectus of the undersigned, in the Library, Crystal Palace.
F. K. J. SHENTON, F.R.Hist.S.
Superintendent Educational Department.

COLSTON'S GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, BRISTOL.—A HEAD-MISTRESS is required for this ENDOWED SCHOOL (intended for Girls of the Middle Class), which will be Opened in January, 1891. The election will be held in September or October. Minimum Salary, £200. Age from twenty-five to thirty-five. No residence. For further particulars, apply to GEORGE H. POPE, Merchants' Hall, Bristol.

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Scholarships are awarded to Undergraduates of the College in the various subjects studied in the University. Special superintendence is provided for the study of Medicine, Law, and Modern Languages.
The Entrance Examination for the Michaelmas Term will be held on October 8.
The fee for board, lodging, and tuition is £25 for each of the three University terms. For further information apply to the MASTER.

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The NEXT SESSION will commence on Wednesday, September 17. The Institution is in affiliation with some of the largest Electricity Supply Companies, into whose works and stations the Students are drafted.
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THE

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OF

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CHRONICLE.

Home Affairs.

THE week began in the profound tranquillity which is proper to the early days of September. Before its end, however, the political battle, which ceases now for ever shorter intervals, was resumed by the Marquess of HARTINGTON, who addressed the Liberal-Unionist Federation of Yorkshire at York on Wednesday, in a speech which we have discussed elsewhere. The Association season was opened on the same day at Leeds by Sir FREDERICK ABEL, who addressed to the British Association a speech which was a survey of scientific work of late years. The Congress then proceeded to discuss science in general, with particular reference to what chemistry has done for the beneficent purpose of at once making war more destructive, and, by making it less personal, of depriving it of much of its old picturesqueness, and of its value as a training in heroism.——A Pharmaceutical Congress, which met at the same time in the same town, and was also addressed by Sir F. ABEL, has discussed the misdeeds of the makers of patent medicines, who not only poison the lieges, but interfere with the authorized practitioner.——The Eisteddfod has held its meeting at Bangor, in which bards from Wales have been visited by a bardess and Queen from Roumania.

State Publications.

At the end of last week, on Friday, was published the Report of Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh and Mr. COURTENAY BOYLE, the Commissioners appointed by the Board of Trade to investigate the question of railway rates. It contains their decisions of recommendations for the settlement of a dispute in which one party (the Companies) wishes to make all the profit it can, and the other (the traders) is inclined to share the view expressed in a delightfully frank letter from Berwick, the writer of which does not "care a d——" whether the Companies make a profit or not, and candidly expresses his belief that he ought to be provided with a cheap carrier at the public expense.

Foreign Affairs.

In foreign affairs, the most lively, if not the most important, event has been the continued publication of revelations by those former agents of General BOULANGER who now find nothing better to do with their knowledge than to make copy of it. Substantially what these voices, which began in the *Figaro*, but are beginning to be heard from an ever-increasing number of prints, have to tell us is that the General proposed to use the Royalists with the intention of throwing them over; that the Royalist leaders thought they could use General BOULANGER; that both laid artful schemes which could not be avowed, and that the Royalist leaders could not persuade their followers to run as they wished. There are also many details as to the dreams of candidates for the Presidency, and the real reasons for the choice of M. CARNOT, which, though obviously touched with malice, are not less obviously substantially true. The Third Republic reached its twentieth year this week, the only Government of France which has done so for a century, and it can only claim to have succeeded by making believe a good deal. This has been, to some extent, varied by a discussion of the question whether the King of ITALY did not come to Spezzia to meet the French Squadron because he was prevented by the brutal insolence of Germany, or whether the true cause was the unresting perfidy of England. While the French were debating these weighty questions with the owl-like solemnity common with certain French journalists when they are not smirking or spitting, Admiral HOSKINS, with one squadron of the British Mediterranean fleet, was spending the week at Toulon accepting and returning the hospitality of those very French officers who should have gone to Spezzia. There is a desperate plot at the back of it all, no doubt.——The Queen-Regent of SPAIN has christened at Bilbao an armoured cruiser called the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, built by Messrs. PALMER in works erected by them for the Spanish Government. The spectators, we are told, said "How well the English do these "things!" which is pleasant for us. It is not equally pleasant that Englishmen should find it continually more convenient to do these things abroad.——A Guatemalan General has been killed in the cabin of an American passenger steamer in the harbour of San José while resisting arrest by the Guatemalan authorities—an event which may start a dispute on a question of international law. The family has decided that the United States Government is responsible, and the Minister of the Republic has been compelled to take refuge behind a law book (WHEATON, we hope) against the avenging revolver of Señorita BARRUNDIA, the daughter of the unfortunate politician. The first event has roused a considerable amount of feeling in the United States, where there is a party which would be not unwilling to find a pretext for establishing a protectorate in Central America.——The armies of the Continent are busy manœuvring under the eye of the Sovereign—excepting the exception—the Germans near Kiel, in combination with the fleet, the Russians on the Austrian frontier, the Austrians in their remnant of Silesia, the French in various districts from Bordeaux to Lille. The last are experimenting with smokeless powder and new formations.——Suffering by fire in Hungary has been followed by suffering from water. The heavy rains have produced floods in various parts of the Austrian dominions, especially in the valleys of the Moldau and the Danube.——In Turkey a species of truce has been arranged by word of mouth between the SULTAN and the Armenian Patriarch, the SULTAN making one of the endless series of Turkish promises of reform, the Patriarch promising to keep his countrymen quiet. They again are, it seems, promising to murder him if the Porte does not do something substantial.——In America there has been a revival of speculation as to the possibility of forming a Zollverein between Canada and the United States. In the States the MCKINLEY Bill gets very slowly nearer becoming law, and has already frightened the French Protectionists into an inclination to reconsider the policy of excluding American pork.

Trade-Union Congress and Strikes.

On Monday the Trade-Union Congress met at Liverpool. It is the largest which has yet been seen, so large that one of the speakers rather ominously observed that it showed Trade-Unionism to be at its flood. He apparently forgot that flood is followed by ebb. The Congress began by a vote of sympathy with the strikers in New South Wales and Victoria, moved by the most Socialistic of the delegates. Then, after an austere protest by Mr. QUELCH, the meeting decided, by a large majority, to adjourn, in order to enjoy a water frolic and tea on the invitation of the Mayor of LIVERPOOL. On Tuesday the Congress got to work, after a somewhat flowery speech from Mr. MATKIN, which, however, contained the rather tell-tale confession that, as the Unions could not secure a universal eight hours' day in good times, it was hopeless to expect they could do so in bad. Mr. MATKIN drew the deduction that the State could enforce what, on his own showing, was incompatible with the natural conditions of industry. The work consisted of an angry debate, plentifully flavoured by personalities and interruptions, on a proposal to censure the Parliamentary Committee for not sufficiently exerting itself to carry the Eight Hours' Bill. Mr. BROADHURST had to defend himself and the Committee from attacks of a nearly riotous kind, and the censure was finally rejected by a substantial majority—258 to 92. On Wednesday the Trade-Union Congress was employed in voting on a variety of motions—that Government

should be urged to insert in all contracts a clause insisting on the payment of the highest rate of wages; that more inspectors should be appointed, and that some of them should be women; that certificates of competence should be insisted on for various classes of workmen. The proceedings were as riotous as those of the day before, and did, as a matter of fact, generally resolve themselves into a trial of lung power and obstinacy between the old Trades-Unionists and the new Socialistic spokesmen of the labourers. Scotch delegates were heard shouting that they would be listened to; Liverpool men clamoured that they were silenced on their own hearth; and Mr. JOHN BURNS had to be summarily suppressed in an effort to save fifty speeches by talking during the time allotted for fifty speakers. On Thursday the Congress voted—by 193 to 155—that Parliament should be moved to pass an Eight Hours' Bill. The motion was opposed on economic grounds, and the success with which it was carried must be accepted as proof that the Socialistic party in the Congress is far stronger than the voting of the first day seemed to indicate. The motion was supported by its advocates avowedly on the ground that an eight hours' day could not be secured without the employment of force in some form. In the meantime, the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria are stationing artillery and fortifying wharves against the persons with whom the Congress expressed sympathy, and employers are banding themselves in resistance to their demands. The shipowners at home have formed a Shipping Union, which is understood to be resolved to oppose the combination of workmen by a combination of employers.

Miscellaneous.

As is most befitting to the season, the game of writing of letters to the papers is in full swing. The mace has supplied one subject, and Mr. ST. JOHN HOPE has taken the opportunity to show that the "bauble" is not at Kingston, but is monarchically clothed, and in its right mind, doing duty in the House of Commons, and has been honourably employed in this way since 1660.——Trial by jury has given solicitors, counsel, and County Court judges a chance of once more showing the awe-struck layman how completely the doctors can disagree on elementary points.——Messrs. HUDSON Bros. have ended the correspondence of sky signs, and have also set an excellent example (followed by others) by taking their own down from Ludgate Hill.——The military doctors are still explaining why they find it an annoyance not to be captains and colonels.——It was inevitable that the Naval Manœuvres should bring the naval critic to the fore in the papers; but, on the whole, there has been less said on the subject than might have been expected—and that little is, to be frank, singularly barren of substantial meaning.——The Dean of St. ASAPH's and others have continued, in answer to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, to demonstrate exactly how much morality and religion there is in the Welsh agitation against tithes.

Sport.

The week has closed a cricket season not distinguished by play of a sensational kind, though several individual players have done brilliantly. The position of county elevens has depended on their possession of effective bowlers. LOHMANN and SHARPE have saved Surrey, and the timely appearance of WOOF did more for Gloucester than the batting of the GRACES. Surrey remains at the head of the somewhat mysteriously composed list of first-class cricketing counties, and Sussex is still at the bottom, amid the pretty generally expressed surprise that after its play of late years it should be even there. On Wednesday the Australians defeated an eleven of the North at Leeds—their third victory in succession. The Scarborough festival has shown some fair cricket.——The fine weather has allowed of not a little yacht-racing, in the West, of the kind which does not put the owner to inconvenience. It has resolved itself largely into a trial of the merits of the *Iverna*, the *Thistle*, and the *Yarana* in light winds.——The Derby Meeting has afforded some good racing.——Although we ought, perhaps, to have classed it with the British Association or the Pharmaceutical as scientific, yet custom, if not reason, justifies us in putting the International Chess Congress, at Manchester, down under the head of Sport. It has afforded some interesting play—if play it can be called in which there is no element of chance—and, up to the present, Dr. TARRASCH is left at the head of the masters, and Mr. D. M. MILLS has won the Amateur Cup.——The Braemar meeting is in full swing, and has been, according to custom, honoured by the presence of the QUEEN.

Political Speeches, &c.

The speech-making of the recess began on Saturday, Lord DERBY and Sir HENRY JAMES speaking at Bury, and Lord HARTINGTON at Barrow. All three avoided politics, confining themselves to business or agriculture, and Lord DERBY touched, in his carefully-balanced style, on the rampant "labour disputes" of the day. This last subject was largely dealt with on Thursday at the Cutlers' Feast by Lord WOLSELEY and Lord CROSS. Lord WOLSELEY had previously repeated one of his favourite confessions of faith in all the latest military fads.——Several correspondents, of whom ROMANUS (*Times*, 30 August) is the most copious and not least convincing, have driven home the moral to be drawn from Mr. DILLON's attack on Dr. O'DWYER. The moral, namely, that, according to the Parnellite view, when thieving is called political, it thereby ceases to be a question of morals.

Obituary.

Two Scotchmen of distinction have died within the week. Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN, who died on Monday at Baden-Baden, was a London physician who had been the pupil and assistant of Sir JAMES SIMPSON. He had a share in introducing the use of chloroform in surgery. He was one of the many Scotchmen whose full merit was first recognized in England. The authorities at St. Bartholomew's gave him the Chair of Midwifery when his own countrymen had passed him over. Dr. DAVID DUFF, D.D., who died in Rothesay, was Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board, a preacher and teacher of some mark among the United Presbyterians.——General HODGSON was the last of a family of soldiers whose services cover the larger half of the whole period during which the army has existed as a permanent force. General NUTTALL, of the Indian army, was known by services in the last Afghan War.——Later in the week was announced the death of Miss MARIANNE NORTH—one of the NORTHS—a lady who, enjoying the possession of private means, and combining scientific tastes and considerable artistic skill, devoted all three through long series of years to the study and pictorial exposition of botany. In a series of journeys all over the world, she executed the gallery of studies which now stands, and it is to be hoped will long stand, at Kew.——The death of M. CHATRIAN at what, according to the standard of our times, is the moderate age of sixty-four, has followed close on the undignified quarrel which ended his long-standing partnership with M. ERCKMANN. The stories written by the "firm" since 1853 have gained the greatest popularity of its kind in Europe. This popularity was, perhaps, due less to the intrinsic interest of the stories as stories—though that is often considerable—than to the sometimes pathetic and sometimes comic contrast they present throughout between the heroism of old wars, which the authors loved to describe, and the timid, selfish, distinctly gluttonous, but withal good-hearted and sentimental, type of Frenchman whom they took as their hero.

Books, &c.

The coma of the publishing trade leaves us nothing more remarkable to chronicle than a reprint of Cardinal NEWMAN's *Apologia* and *Callista* (Messrs. LONGMANS). A medallion in terra-cotta of the Cardinal has been executed by Mr. STIFF of Birmingham—not, we think, so good a portrait as the admirable photograph we noticed some weeks ago.

THE TRADE-UNION CONGRESS.

IT is recorded that a visitor in an outspoken English family observed confidentially, "At first, you know, "I really wondered whether it would be a case of CAIN "and ABEL from the things you said to each other, but "now I see they don't count." Something of the same wonder, passing or not into the same complacency, has been often felt and sometimes expressed by foreigners at the manners of English parties and classes; and there might be new occasion for it in the history of the Trade-Union Congress at Liverpool. If there is any place where it might be thought that Trade Unions would not be welcome it is the Mersey seaport. It is not very many months since they tried to ruin, and did actually hamper very seriously, its staple—if not its sole—industry, and it may be questioned whether even London is quite so deeply interested as Liverpool in the system of commerce which, if the newer kind of Trade Union, at least, may be taken on its own words and showing, is shortly to perish from the

face of the earth. Its productions, though, of course, not inconsiderable, and, if the alkali and other industries of the neighbourhood are thrown in, positively large, are nothing to its distribution, and distribution is, as at present arranged, the very citadel and central spider's web of the abominable capitalist. If the newer kind of Trade-Unionist had his way, it is very difficult to see how Liverpool could exist. His close guilds, without which there is to be starvation or bludgeoning, and within which no one is to be admitted beyond a certain number; his fixed hours of working; his principle of at once catching at every margin of profit, and saying "Mine," like the ghostly visitor in DICKENS's story, are simply fatal to the principles which have made Liverpool what it is. And when the delegates were hospitably entertained on an Atlantic liner, it is odd if there was not some member of the company wide awake enough to say to himself, "These good persons "exist for no other definable purpose than to make this "costly profit-earning machine useless at a given moment."

Hitherto, however, in England, though we are not anxious to enter for the Optimist Stakes, we may acknowledge that things have rarely been quite so black as they paint themselves. To indulge in less ancient metaphor, every Unionist is most certainly not Mr. JOHN BURNS; while Mr. JOHN BURNS, if the bees of fuss and adulation were got out of his respectable bonnet, and he could be dispossessed of his naïvely expressed idea that he ought to be allowed to speak *ad libitum* because "one speech of his will save "fifty from others," might be a decent person enough. It is something that barely some score and a half delegates, among nearly five hundred, had the virtue to back up Citizen QUELCH, the tyrant-queller, in his noble and, we must own, quite consistent protest about accepting the hospitality of the capitalists. There is some humanizing virtue in your Congress, as eyewitnesses even of the "bold, bad" and defunct original, of Social Science called, can bear testimony. It is, as a rule, tolerably good at QUELCH-squelching—an art which is specially and almost purely a social art, and so proper to Congresses. It has hitherto been our English experience, and in the days of the International an experience wider than merely English, that this kind of social instinct does permeate even meetings of this kind to some extent, and that the Continental term of *raison sociale* has a meaning far different from that assigned to it by the dictionaries. The great principle of finding the level applies here as in so many other places, and the cock of the small walk finds that he is by no means the cock of the large. Which discovery, though exceedingly painful to the individual, is almost invariably salutary to the community. At the same time it will not do to be too hopeful. The squabbles which took place on Tuesday between the belligerent Mr. BURNS and persons in general, between Mr. BROADHURST and those who, in appearance blaming his administration, cannot in reality stomach those dreadful shares in BRUNNER & Company, and so forth, ought not to be cast up against the Congress too eagerly. Similar things have happened in the halls of capital itself before now, especially at railway shareholders' meetings. Still, it must be admitted that this nearest approach to the Parliament of Man, as distinguished from the Parliament of the Classes, has been a little robustious in its ways. "Order," "Chair," "hooting," "bosh," "confusion," punctuate the reports merrily. One delegate "hurled" something in another delegate's "teeth as a foul lie." Another talked about another's "noble carcass." "None of your Old Bailey "tactics here," quoth Mr. BURNS. And we blush to say that Mr. HOLME, of Burnley, emulating the blackest practices of the effete tyranny of the past, actually wished to exclude the press—to quench the blessed light of the heaven-sent reporter.

Moreover, the vote in favour of an Eight Hours' Bill, though expected and not very decisive, is not an encouraging vote, and the President's speech is by no means an encouraging document. It is, of course, easy to say that a man in such a position speaks only for himself, and that there is a distinct temptation—to which much better educated and more responsible persons than the Presidents of Trade-Union Congresses have succumbed—to tall talk. But Mr. MATKIN's words were apparently received with warm approval by his hearers; and, if they may be taken as representing the ideal for which a majority of working-men are consciously striving, why, then the outlook for the world is rather a bad one. We need not dwell much on individual points of Mr. MATKIN's speech. From his opinion that mine royalties are a gross iniquity, we may conclude that it is also a gross iniquity that shoemakers have to buy the leather they work up. His talk about a "regenerated Parliament" is not, perhaps, emptier or foolisher than that of many of his betters. His notion that ignorance, vice, and folly are "bred of class govern-"ment" is a pleasant fancy to be softly laughed over rather than rudely denounced. The distribution of that which is not "Labour" into "the politicians who coquetted with "them, the capitalists who feared them, and the philan-"thropists who patronized them," need only be noted in passing as a tell-tale of the temper of at least the speaker, if not of those for whom and to whom he spoke. But the really important thing is Mr. MATKIN's general conception of what he calls "Labour," and of the "future," which he says is "for Labour." Once more, we may dismiss from the argument, though it is not an unimportant consideration, the exact value of a world where apparently everybody is to be a well-to-do artisan, with good food and comfortable leisure, and nobody anything better. It is more germane to the matter to ask Mr. MATKIN and his mates politely how this paradise, whether it be paradisaical or not, is going to be kept up. Where are the wages going to come from? Who is going to buy the wares produced? To listen to this Trade-Union talk, it would seem possible to eat up your capitalist, your landlord, your *rentier*, your well-to-do professional man, and yet to have him in all these varieties just the same. The accumulated margin of profit which makes the fund whence all these persons provide, on the one hand, materials, plant, and all the conditions of production; and, on the other hand, demand for commodities, is to be abolished by its distribution in greater and greater proportion among Labour, yet it is to be still there, not only to be distributed among Labour, but to keep Labour going to receive it. It would be an excellent good deed if some President of a Trade-Union Congress would come down from his altitudes and just show us how these things are to come about, when nobody has any interest in inventing because the profits of his invention will go to Labour, when nobody has either any capital to invest or any means of practising that thrift which, as we were told the other day, is "bosh." It may be, indeed, that, when everybody has three meals a day and a six-roomed house, and nobody any more, Labour will, as they say some insects do, keep up an order of capitalists on purpose to squeeze them. The action of the Dockers seems to show that it will be very ready also to keep another order of helots below it, who, we presume, are to be labour with a small "l." If this is the secret, Labour will have to be very careful not to let the capitalists and the helots get too strong for it, lest they overcome; or too weak, lest they suffice not for its needs. In short, the problems before Labour in that future which belongs to it, and in which it is to reap all the fruit after carefully cutting down all the fruit-trees, seem to the prophetic but unprejudiced eye likely to be rather complicated and very interesting—much more complicated, but not much less interesting than those which await the proverbial gentleman who sits on a branch and saws merrily away at it. It is really unkind, not to say unwise, of Labour not to pay a little more attention to them at these its gatherings, instead of alternately indulging in Hallelujahs and bearfights.

HOW I FOUND NEWMAN.

By A. S. SILLY.

(Reprinted by permission from the *Tri-weekly Magazine*.)

IT was a morning in August, and I was taking a ride. Nature wore the aspect in which I most dearly love to see her. She resembled a gigantic looking-glass. I gazed into it with inexpressible rapture, while a haughty smile played upon my handsome face. But all this time the reader is waiting anxiously to hear why I was riding in August—a practice not common among the lovers of the horse. I will disappoint his eager expectation no longer. I was going to call on Lady P——. I glided into her drawing-room with easy grace, and with well-bred nonchalance inquired how the world wagged with her. My exquisite sense of humour makes me a delightful companion, and her Ladyship is accustomed to smile at my witty sallies. This morning, though I was quite as brilliant as usual, she did not smile. She held up her forefinger, and in a hushed whisper asked, "Have you not heard?"

I became slightly austere, and visited Lady P—— with a vapid frown. "Surely you must remember—you cannot "have forgotten anything so important—that I never read "a newspaper, like common people, in the morning? In-"deed," I added, musingly, "a man of original mind who "subscribes to R——KE's Agency need not read the papers "at all." I was annoyed to observe that Lady P—— was not listening. "There's a great spirit gone," she said. "The good Cardinal ——." My manner suddenly changed. Badinage gave way to business. "Madam," said I, with a half-conscious reminiscence of Dr. JOHNSON, "I must ask "you to be more specific. This is no time for trifling. If "it is HOWARD, I must communicate instantly with the "Duke of NORFOLK. If it is MANNING, I must leave you "immediately, or that fellow S——D will forestall me." "I said the *good* Cardinal," she replied rather drily. A deep sense of relief fell upon my soul. I sank back into my chair, murmuring, "Good old JOHN HENRY. *Felix* "*opportunitate mortis tuæ.* Your letters are duly docketed. "Your memoir only needs an introduction. The September "magazines will not be out for another fortnight. I wonder "whether K——ES or H——S would offer me the better "terms." I had quite forgotten my hostess, who was looking at me rather oddly out of the corners of her eyes. As I rose to take my leave (there was no question of luncheon), my quick eye caught the words "Memorial "verses" upon a sheet of notepaper. "This haste," I thought to myself, "is hardly decent." I said nothing, however; but, overcome with emotion, hurried from the room, and leapt lightly into the saddle.

I rode along the sea-shore—this is an essential detail—and pondered over my departed friend. I was reflected in the Ocean. SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed like me. But none of these things could move me now. "There's a great spirit gone." These brilliant and original words of my talented neighbour came into my mind. "There's a tag for you, SILLY, my boy," quoth I. I fell, not into the sea, but into a reverie, from which I was awakened by the sight of a brown envelope, which seemed to have fluttered insensibly from Heaven. It was a telegram from my esteemed employer, the editor of the *Tri-weekly Magazine*, reminding me that, in the highly improbable event of my dear and venerated friend predeceasing me, I had promised that a tribute from my hand should adorn the pages of that periodical. I felt at first as if I could not keep my promise. But I am a man of my word, and this weakness was of short duration. "Down, beating "heart!" I said; "back, rising tears! the hour of self-"advertisement has come."

The first time I saw that remarkable man the Birmingham Oratory was under repair. The workmen were probably Protestants. They had left numerous holes and laid many traps for the unwary. But the great Apologist, nothing daunted, threaded his way among all these pitfalls with the agility of a rope-dancer. "Keep your eye on me, Mr. SILLY," he exclaimed, "and I'll pull you through." I have never forgotten that saying, and I have acted on it more than once. I took rooms as near as possible to the Oratory. I made myself as agreeable as I could, and nobody can be more agreeable than I can. One day, after watching assiduously and incessantly for the *mollia tempora fandi* (the reader will by this time have perceived that I am a consummate Latinist), I suggested that Catholic truth might be served if I published, with my name on the title-page, some extracts from his voluminous writings. The old man, *quasi numine quodam percitus*, approved of the idea. He begged that I would make the selections myself, merely stipulating that he should add to, or subtract from, them as he thought fit. When I returned from this interview, I felt, like BOSWELL, "exalted in piety." I understood that NEWMAN had been raised up to bring my name before the public, and, prostrate in humble self-admiration, I sank upon the ground.

It was not merely that I had, so to speak, got into the bill. My *Elegant Fragments of an Eminent Christian* brought me into frequent correspondence with the E. C. Of course I could not forfeit my character as a man of fashion by going to London in August. But I sent for these letters, and, as they were not marked "private," I shall, according to the usages which prevail among gentlemen, print them without the smallest scruple. Do not, however, let me be misunderstood. I shall not print indiscriminately—only those which refer to me and my concerns will be given. Thus shall I best consult the wishes of my dear master on the one hand, and the interests of the whole community on the other.

My dear Mr. SILLY,—I can have no objection to your putting a photograph of me at the beginning of the book, provided that you do not put one of yourself at the end. Although I was never vain, and have outlived what little vanity I had, I could not bear the thought of my old and faded features being contrasted with your bright and blooming visage.

Perhaps you will allow me to suggest that my poor words shall be left to stand or fall by themselves, and that there should be as little as possible in the way of introduction, or explanatory footnote. It is not that I undervalue your truly admirable style, or that I do not feel how much better you could say the thing than I myself could. Indeed, it is just because I feel my own inferiority that I beg you to spare me a juxtaposition which would be painful to my feelings.

I may, perhaps, take this opportunity of saying that I cannot understand what some critics mean by attributing irony to the Cardinal. I never detected the slightest trace of that very disagreeable quality in his correspondence with me. Having profited by much intercourse with him, and acquired some share of his pure, beautiful, and idiomatic English, I may appropriately here observe that his nature struck me as puissant and fecund. The writer who should say "powerful" and "fertile" would prove that NEWMAN had for him lived in vain.

I need hardly say that whenever the Cardinal entered the portals of aristocratic society he encountered me. I am the friend of the nobility and gentry; the darling—some say the spoiled darling—of the great. Certain it is that dukes compete with the inferior nobility for the privilege of entertaining me at their little dinners. But it was not Dr. NEWMAN's habit upon those occasions to take much notice of me. To claim his undivided attention, I repaired to Birmingham. Having read in the *Apology* that he was fond of solitary walks, I assured him that I shared his taste, and offered to accompany him in his rambles. He never declined the offer. He was the soul of politeness.

But I am in danger of forgetting myself, which is far from my intention. I began to write in 1875. [Biographical dictionaries please copy.]

April 1, 1876.

My dear Mr. SILLY,—You must let me tell you how much I think of the last work you were good enough to send me. [*The Pope in Evolution.* 6 vols. BURNS & STOATS.] It is full of wit, and wisdom, and eloquence, and learning. I have assigned the various volumes as penances to the Fathers for venial transgressions, with the best possible results. Would you excuse the freedom of an old man if I were to suggest that to assume the point you have to prove sometimes weakens the force of your arguments—not, of course, with Catholics, but with Protestants, and with those who are still walking in darkness? *Totus mundus ambulat in tenebris.*

The last present but one I had the joy of receiving from you [*Judas the First Jacobin.* Publishers as before] is, though wonderfully clever, perhaps a little one-sided. Will you pardon me for speaking the truth in love, and telling you plainly that a few more books of this kind would make me a Jacobin myself? But I am old and feeble. Younger minds will doubtless be led to very different conclusions.

The reader will like to know where I was when I received this radiant and comforting epistle. I was at Margate, and I must not forget to add that the morning was fine, the tea weak but tasty, and the shrimps as fresh as could be expected in the circumstances.

Here I pause to remark that I highly disapprove of Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. I am sorry to give an old man pain, and I am aware of all the terrible consequences to which my censure will inevitably expose him. But no one shall ever say that A. S. SILLY shrank from his duty. The pamphlet, in striking contrast with my own works, was sophistical and bombastic, and it *never once mentioned me or my Elegant Fragments.* But, indeed, it would be wrong for me to conceal my conviction that all modern politicians, except the Duke of NORFOLK and Lord DENBIGH, are poor creatures. They are beneath me. I despise them. They are obviously unacquainted with my philosophical works. They are *in maligno positi.* They forget, when they scatter broadcast their worthless political publications, the prophetic words of VIRGIL—*Manibus date lilia plenis!*

April 1, 1877.

My dear SILLY,—Once more, on this anniversary of our Church, and indeed of our common humanity, your name rises to my lips, and your ripe wisdom to my—shall I say imagination? How wonderfully clever and amusing your last article was [I cannot recollect which article he meant. It might be any of mine]. Perhaps I might find it less convincing if I had not said it all before myself—but all in how inferior a manner. You are a far abler controversialist than I am, although from some accidental and unaccountable circumstance the public seem imperfectly to apprehend the fact.

My task is for the present completed. I should not have undertaken it if the daily and weekly press had contained adequate notices of the Cardinal, or if I had not felt that the civilized world expected a communication from me. If there is a quality which I detest and abhor, it is the rampant and vulgar egoism that cannot be repressed by the humbling influence of departed genius and the solemn associations of the grave. The reader will observe that I have kept my own miserable personality almost entirely out of these modest reminiscences, and will be pleased to learn that the *Elegant Fragments* has just reached the twentieth or thirtieth edition—I really forget which.

LORD DERBY ON THE COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK.

IT is certainly easier at the present time to say hopeful things, without any painful signs of effort, about our commercial, and even our agricultural, prospects than it was a few years ago; as, indeed, might have been certainly inferred from the mere fact that Lord DERBY can bring himself to say such things at all. His speech at the dedication of the public playground the other day at Bury was singularly cheery for him; and, like other undemonstrative, not to say somewhat frigid, persons, he may enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that, when he does speak words of encouragement, they have a much more encouraging effect than the words of those more effusive orators whom we possess in so much greater abundance. It would be hardly correct or fair, perhaps, to include Lord DERBY's fellow-guest of the evening, Sir HENRY JAMES, in this category; but the speech which he contributed to the entertainment and instruction of his civic hosts at the Bury Town Hall was assuredly rather suggestive of the contrast above referred to. We can, at any rate, hardly fancy any desponding constituent of Sir HENRY JAMES's deriving much solid reassurance from a speech in which he was invited to regard it as "certain that, within "the next few years, the policy of America will be "one of open ports and free markets to our industries "compared with what it has been in the last few "years." It must rather shake that weak brother's faith in Sir HENRY's other certainties to know that the mathematical "expectation" of them would be expressed by the same formula as the probability of the United States being converted from Protectionism to Free-trade "within the next "few years." So that when, for instance, his representative assures him that the signs of the advent of happier times for the commerce and industries of this country are "distinct and clear," he must feel a little doubtful whether the sanguine orator's ideas of distinctness and clearness can possibly coincide with his own.

Nor is it altogether impossible that certain of Sir HENRY JAMES's previous remarks about the duty of the State with respect to the promotion of the comforts and amusements of the people may have been listened to with a little dismay by a colleague who, at one time at any rate, used to hold old-fashioned views about the extent to which Government can wisely attempt to play the part of a sort of wealthy and amiable maiden aunt to a population of thirty millions. Lord DERBY, however, had already had his say, and had, therefore, no opportunity, even if he had felt the inclination, to protest. His own speech, we need hardly say, though abundantly cheerful in tone, was full of his usual reservations—to the extent, sometimes, of producing that effect of "see-saw" which has led some hostile critics to aver that Lord DERBY has never committed himself (perhaps in deference to the well-known sporting axiom that no bet is a good one till it is hedged) to any positive categorical statement on any subject whatever. He thinks, for instance, that Bury has made "reasonable progress," and he hopes it will continue. "But in speaking about future im-"provement a word of caution has to be added," and that is, that we "must not go too fast." There is a real danger in the accumulation of local debts, which has been going on in England at a great rate. But, after all, the state of things here in this respect is not so bad as it is in Italy and France; and, moreover, our towns cannot in any case go on growing at the rate of the last half-century. "There must be a "limit somewhere, and in time we shall reach it." Meanwhile the improvement which seems to be most imperatively called for is that of "lessening, as far as is possible without "discouraging industry, the annoyance of smoke and "vapour." We cannot do so much in that direction as some unreasonable people expect, because "we shall never "make the air of East Lancashire like that of the Scotch "or Welsh towns." Still, we can do something to effect the consumption of smoke, and to bring back in a great measure to these districts "the natural beauty which once "characterized them." That, however, will cost money; but then, again, it will not cost much money, because, &c. And so forth, and so forth.

On our industrial prospects Lord DERBY speaks, it is true, with a little more directness and decision; but still, to adopt his own style, with not much more. There is acuteness and force in the inquiry why, "If foreigners are strong "enough to fight us" in neutral markets, "they entrench "themselves up to the eyes in protective tariffs, and "refuse to face us in open competition on their own "soil?" The question, however, does not go entirely to the root of the matter; since what our industry has chiefly to fear is, not the competition of the foreigner in the neutral market, but the possibility that, by the continual heightening of protective tariffs by one nation after another, there will be few or no neutral markets left to us. It is this apprehension, we think, that produces the feeling of despondency which Lord DERBY thinks may be merely a reaction "from the foolish brag-"ging and swaggering which used to be too much our "national characteristic"—hardly an adequate explanation, it seems to us, considering that the "bragging and swagger-"ing" aforesaid, so far as it was a national habit at all, has been balanced from time immemorial by an at least equally common and persistent trick of self-depreciation. Lord DERBY, however, cannot be said to sum up the situation in terms of extravagant optimism; or rather, we should say, his forecast, to the extent to which it is optimistic, assumes so large and doubtfully attainable a series of antecedent conditions as to deprive it of any very exhilarating effect. "Provided," he says, "we keep at peace "—which is a good deal, though not entirely, in our own "hands—provided we go on lessening our debt as we are "doing now, and so provide for lightening taxation in the "future; provided we do not quarrel too desperately "among ourselves, and so drive away business and capital "to other countries, I see no reason why any foreign "nation should go ahead of us." Perhaps we may be trusted to keep the peace, if not to reduce the National Debt; but whether we shall, or shall not, drive away business and capital to other countries by our desperate quarrels among ourselves is the very question the uncertainty of which is at the bottom of all the anxiety as to our industrial future that has ever found its way into any but an unduly despondent mind.

This naturally leads us to Lord DERBY's observations on the struggle between capital and labour, where again he deals rather in encouraging generalities than in definite indications of hopeful signs. The struggle in question was never keener, he admits, than it is at the present time, "and, so far as we can see," he adds, "it is not likely soon "to cease; but there are limits within which it must of "necessity be confined, unless indeed it becomes a question "of passion, and not of calculation. It cannot be to the "interest of Trade-Unions to drive trade away, and their "leaders know as well as any one else that high prices "mean diminished consumption, and that labour made "artificially dear in one place will be swamped by cheaper "labour in another." To say that it cannot be to the interest of Trade-Unions to drive trade away is a proposition akin to that more venerable axiom that "the interests of "labour and capital are identical." There is a sense in which the truth of both is undeniable; but of each, unfortunately, it must be added that that is also the sense in which it is most difficult to get the machine-men of the Trade-Unions to recognize its force. As to the consideration that labour made artificially dear in one place will be

swamped by cheaper labour in another, Mr. BURNS, Lord DERBY should be aware, is under the impression that the new Unionism has devised a highly practical mode of dealing with that difficulty. The latter description of labour is simply not to be allowed, according to his plan, to "swamp" the former. The labourers who propose to provide it are to be warned off as blacklegs, and the "capitalist"—or, in other words, the community—is to be called upon to support them. This plan cannot, of course, succeed if Parliament and the Executive discharge what Lord DERBY rightly calls their "plain and manifest duty"—that of keeping the ring clear, and taking care that the freedom of the individual workman is respected. But this duty, we regret to say, has not always been efficiently discharged, and the danger is that, so long as the representatives of the new Unionism believe that they can count upon its neglect or its imperfect fulfilment, they are not likely to acknowledge the cogency of Lord DERBY's reasoning. The argument that the price of labour tends to a uniform level is convincing only on the assumption that the supply of labour is practically unlimited; and this, again, presupposes that the labourer is free to offer his labour to whom he will. And the whole energies of the new Unionism are evidently being directed to the associated and interdependent objects of artificially limiting the supply of Unionist labour and forcibly restricting the liberty of the non-Unionist labourers.

THE ART OF INTERVIEWING.

IT is not recorded (so far as we remember) that any of the persons whom JUVENAL immortalized as, when there was no other means of turning a penny, entering into contracts for a certain branch of the public service, wrote a treatise *de arte conducendi*—the particular article. But their business required, and no doubt furnished them with, less brass than the business in which Mr. FRANK BURR, the author of an article on "The Art of Interviewing" in *Lippincott's Magazine* for September, remarks with honest pride that he has spent some thirty years of his life. It is human to wonder at Mr. BURR, but not philosophical. For, if he had been susceptible of the weakness called shame, he certainly could not have adopted—at least could not have persevered in—his interesting vocation. Still the interviewer is, take him all round, perhaps the most wonderful of GOD's creatures—a remark which he will probably take as a compliment. Of almost all vices and crimes, a wise man will be very careful, bearing the experience of HAZAEL in his mind, how he says, "Is thy "servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But the temptation of interviewing escapes the most careful search. A common informer, perhaps, persuades himself that he is an important limb of the law. A spy has mystery, danger, and the chance of great deeds to spirit him through his dirty work. A hangman *may* have read the *Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*, and besides there is a sort of ghastly element of sport in his proceedings—he undeniably "kills" something. The tribe of Mrs. QUICKLY and Sir PANDARUS of Troy, though not highly thought of by the world, have always pleaded good nature as their excuse. Except the mere gaining of money (of which, as his qualifications are indifferently applicable to many worthy lines of business, he could probably obtain as much in creditable ways), and, perhaps, a touch of the mania for seeing notable people, it is difficult to imagine any excuse for the interviewer. He knows himself to be the object, not merely of loathing, but of the intensest scorn to every tolerably self-respecting victim of his. He must be very frequently bored to death by his own business, which is as silly as it is vulgar. If he has a greater contempt for anybody than for himself and those who suffer him, it must be for those who read his rubbish. He knows that no one but a fool will ever tell him anything new or worth knowing, and that except by the merest accident a fool has nothing new or worth knowing to tell. Perhaps there is a faint excitement in wondering whether he will be actually kicked downstairs or not; and one, a little stronger, in trying, by impudence or cajolery, to soften a reluctant victim (though in such cases *magis probatum est* by interviewers to write the interview out of their own heads). Charity and ingenuity combined can see no other attraction.

Naturally, Mr. BURR is not in this mind. He records, with a mild wonderment, that somebody "never was quite "reconciled" to being interviewed. He has a guess at the inventor of his art—one J. B. MCCULLOUGH, he thinks—though for our part we do not know why J. B. MCCULLOUGH should have this precedence above the "common damned," the Mr. EAVESDROPS of many years and centuries before J. B. MCCULLOUGH arose to be a nuisance. The temper of the artist has so simulated itself in Mr. BURR that he requires some one to grumble at, and that person is naturally the editor, who spoils the work of good interviewers. He has reminiscences of "the brilliant HENRY WATTERSON," of MURAT HALSTEAD, who did some "great work" in "this pleasant and efficient method" (of getting Vanity into communication with Folly through the medium of Falsehood), of W. F. G. SHANKS, of course of the inevitable Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who has of late seemed to be elected by a certain kind of journalist to the position of bore general to the universe. He supplies a short list of the plant, outfit, and equipment of the interviewer, in which, however, the triple-brazen phylactery is not mentioned, nor any kind of guard for another part of the person which, we should have thought, would have required some protection in order to give real confidence to the practitioner in this art. He gives numerous anecdotes and examples of his exploits therein perpetrated on victims, ranging from JEFFERSON DAVIS to ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, of whom the best thing that we ever heard is that he will write the interview down for you while you wait. It is possible that the humour of this *reductio ad absurdum* strikes ROBERT G. INGERSOLL; it evidently escapes FRANK A. BURR altogether. But then an interviewer could hardly have humour, unless it were of a more than Swiftian inhumanity, or he would go and hang himself in order that he might be glad of it afterwards. Mr. FRANK A. BURR is not in the least Swiftian. It would even appear that, after thirty years of interviewing, he has no contempt for the interviewed, and that is perhaps the most wonderful wonder of wonders in his whole miraculous personality. It supplies, dimly, distantly, and indistinctly, but it still supplies, a glimpse of the reason why he has apparently no contempt for himself.

TITHE-STEALING.

THE morality of the anti-tithe agitation in Wales has been vigorously discussed for some days past in one of the morning papers. We hope the controversy may last for some days longer, and more particularly that a greater number of persons like Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and Mr. CLEMENT BAITHACHE (unless BAILHACHE he more willingly hears) will address the public. For these gentlemen are amongst the most religious and authoritative exponents of the movement. They know its ins and its outs. If it is to be explained on any just ground, these are the men to reveal its justice and make plain its morality; or if, trying their hardest, they can do neither the one thing nor the other, so conspicuous a failure should have a summary effect on doubting minds. Let us, then, have more letters from more OSBORNE MORGANS and CLEMENT BAITHACHES. So far the defenders of tithe-retaining have done greater service to the cause of truth and enlightenment than their opponents; and we observe with deep regret that they seem to be fainting on the way. Does Mr. BAITHACHE know how much he contributed to popular knowledge when, in his letter in reply to Dean OWEN, he made so frank a display of the sectarian spite that animates most of the Welsh preachers against the payment of tithe? Will he not continue his revelations of that poor spirit of hatred to the Church, the vulgar jealousy which is so large an element in the whole matter and so necessary to be understood? We pray him to do so, for the truth's sake, and to do it with all the smartness of his most appropriate style. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, too, should reconsider his determination to retire from the controversy. The letters which he has already written to the *Times* are indeed enough to prove, to all who needed such evidence, that the keenest advocate of the anti-tithe conspiracy can make nothing better of it than a combination to refuse the payment of just debt, from motives in which self-deceit, personal greed, sectarian prejudice, sectarian malice, and party intrigue are mixed in varying proportions, without a particle of respect for private obligation or public law. But we are not content that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN should retire from the controversy till he has gone once more through the round of his expositions and apologies. Taken

generally, the public mind is a door which does not open till it has been well knocked at; the refusal to pay tithe is associated with a vast body of doctrine similarly inspired; and if Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN cannot be persuaded any other way to repeat his defence of "the tithe war" in Wales, a fund might be raised to pay him handsomely for loss of time in bringing home his arguments to the popular conscience.

Besides, his latest essay remains unfinished. He ought not to retire from the controversy till he has answered one or two questions plainly put to him before he dropped his pen. The promoters of the Welsh "tithe war" assert that payment of tithe to its legal owners is denied because it is in truth national property, and ought to be applied to national purposes alone. Even those who have a particular repugnance to passing on any money for the use of a Church to which they do not belong justify their refusal to pay tithe on the ground that it is national property. Challenged to remark that nevertheless the patriotic and delicately conscientious Welsh farmer puts the money into his own pocket, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN admits that "such "cases may occur, for human nature is human nature; but," he adds, "I believe they are the exception, not the rule." Then what *is* done with the cash, which in some instances is withheld from Anglican parsons who are known to live in a state of semi-starvation accordingly, in others from the support of charities and schools? The question has been put to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN; let him answer it. If tithe is national property, should not the scrupulous farmers who so regard it place it in fund for national use? Do they? Has the Anti-Tithe League, or the South Wales Liberal Federation, or any such body, ever suggested the funding of tithe for public purposes? If so, what success did the suggestion meet? If not, why not? And is it not a fact that, while no man asserts that tithepayers have a right to the tithe, they do pocket it "as a rule" whenever it is kept back from its lawful owner? A true and straightforward reply to these questions from Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN would be invaluable. Mr. BAITHACHE need not be asked to answer them. We know the tenour of his views by the statement that, in his opinion, "the morality of the agitation is merely "of academic interest."

And what is meant by "national uses" for the money which at present is unlawfully withheld from its owners? We are not left in doubt on that point. No one is at liberty to suppose that reduction of the National Debt is included in the patriotic design of the pocketers of tithes. The suggestion is that, if, instead of being asked to pay what is due to "a Church of whose doctrines they disapprove," the Radical and Nonconformist farmers of Wales could be assured that the money would be employed in providing intermediary education locally, "tithes would be as easily "collected as the highway rate." That is to say, if, instead of putting cash that is positively not theirs to their own little banking accounts, they might use it directly to pay for the education of their sons, these good farming folk would have no objection to the arrangement. And this is advanced as proof that no robbery is intended by "the tithe war," nor even the least selfishness implied! The facts are that when there was some agricultural distress in Wales (and there was never so much distress there as in other parts of the United Kingdom), the farmers sought relief in a reduction of tithe payments. It was largely obtained—sometimes from men far poorer than those who demanded the reduction. Then arose conscientious scruples, precisely as respectable as would be the scruples of a Manchester merchant who declined to honour bills made payable to any cotton-growing votary of Hindooism his creditor. These scruples were fostered by political as well as religious or denominational rancour, and hardened by the love of gain. Hence a conspiracy with these objects to recommend it: Firstly, the immediate pleasure of impoverishing the servants of a Christian Church much hated for its particular forms of worship, and more for a dignity which could neither be imitated nor destroyed. Secondly, the hope of procuring the disestablishment and disendowment of that Church; the one because it would possibly be degraded thereby, the other because the endowments might be put to the sort of national purpose already described. Thirdly, the interception of so much money provisionally under the delightful pretext of good works. Fourthly, the hope that an organized refusal to pay tithe might be followed by an equally successful conspiracy (on the Irish model, perhaps) for the reduction of rents; an extension of operations already more than whispered. Fifthly, the enjoyment of a notion that the nationality principle was being vindicated, and the strange, wild pleasure of the Celt in defying law. Told in plain terms, this is the story of "the tithe war" in Wales; if we add thereto the callousness of the warriors to the suffering they inflict, and the hypocrisy of the "conscien-"tious scruple," as illustrated by the fact that it generally vanishes if the titheowner will agree to share "the national "property" with the farmer by reducing his claim to the point required. Mr. BAITHACHE may opine that "the "morality of the tithe agitation is merely academic"; Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN may hold that since the agitation is national it must be righteous; in truth, it is detestable. But as for the morality, we suppose it must be left to its own cure; the legality is another thing. That is the business of the State; and till some better means of dealing with an organized system of robbery can be found (it deserves no milder name), its victims should be firmly protected by the forces of the law: which include, first, the police, and then the soldiery; like those who were so quietly and successfully employed in Denbighshire the other day.

COUNTY CRICKET.

THE cricket season of the eight counties rated as first class has proved exceptionally interesting—a result largely due to the typical English weather this summer, which has been constant only to constant change. It has been what meteorologists would call, when all its elements are summed up, "average" weather. And for this very reason it has played havoc among many batting averages. If it has not been absolutely a batsman's year, it cannot be called a bowler's year, such as 1888 and other persistently wet seasons. There have been many large scores, and a goodly proportion of the victories have been of the most decisive character. But, owing to the general and fairly continuous alternation of sunshine and rain, the wickets have been so variable—so consistently variable—that the season has tested the capacities of batsmen to the uttermost. There are plenty of good bats, as they are popularly accounted, whose reputations are entirely founded upon their achievements in dry seasons, when true, fast wickets are the rule. The far smaller number of men who can play the best bowling on any kind of wicket, wet, dry, or drying, share, with the bowlers and wicket-keepers, the honours of the year. County cricket cannot be played without bowlers. This is the moral of the past season. To those who do not look to results, and analyse them, the moral may appear a mere truism. But with the keener competition of the counties in these times the popular ideal in matters of cricket—big scoring and a dry hot summer—is slowly losing its charm. To play cricket, such as is implied by county cricket, without a sufficiency of good bowling is to court disaster. This is shown quite as forcibly by the counties that head the list as by those that occupy the lower position. Those counties that could command their full bowling strength throughout the season, like Surrey and Lancashire, are to the front. Those counties that are weak in bowling, like Middlesex and Sussex, and those that could utilize their best bowling only during a portion of the season, compose the tail of the counties. The fortune of Gloucestershire, a strong batting team, offers a striking illustration to point the moral. Playing without WOOF, their best bowler, during the first half of the season, this county eleven lost six matches out of seven, and wonderful were the lamentations of prophets and reporters over what was considered their ill-luck. When WOOF joined his county, the Gloucestershire men gained a succession of brilliant victories, and WOOF's average shows clearly to whom those victories are mainly due. Sussex, again, might possibly have been found at the bottom of the list if ARTHUR HIDE had taken his place in the eleven; yet, if that bowler had played for his county, instead of teaching the young idea at Marlborough how to break and shoot, the position of Sussex must have been relatively improved. It is highly improbable that with ARTHUR HIDE Sussex would have suffered their unprecedented number of single-innings defeats this season. The absence of Mr. NEPEAN from the Middlesex eleven during the greater portion of the season was undoubtedly a source of serious weakness to the county. In the few matches he played his bowling was extremely effective, and with the bat he more than fulfilled the promise of last year. But it is full time that the metro-

politan county found some LOHMANN or SHARPE, having proved again and again the little worth of the strength of a strong batting team without bowlers. Mr. WEBBE, indeed, showed his old hitting powers and firm defence. But Mr. WEBBE is one of the few amateurs who can play any bowling on any wicket.

The bowling of the successful counties is not less significant of the lesson of the season. The averages of LOHMANN and SHARPE, of PEEL and WAINWRIGHT, of ATTEWELL and BARNES, of WATSON, MOLD, and BRIGGS, of MARTIN and WRIGHT, and of WOOF need not be cited to adorn the tale. Such figures are eloquent in themselves, and need no figurative commentary. In county batting the strong battalions are not confined to the two leading counties, though it is a pretty good indication of steady scoring to find seven of the Surrey men, and no fewer than nine of the Lancashire men, each with an average above twenty. Then Kent has seven thus placed, Notts five, Gloucester five, and Yorkshire four. Individual scores of over a hundred amount to seventeen, and are credited to each of the eight counties. One of the most striking features of this season's batting is the position of Nottingham. That county occupies the fifth place only; yet SHREWSBURY and GUNN batted with extraordinary success, the average of the former being virtually the highest of the county season, and that of GUNN is bettered only by ABEL, Dr. W. G. GRACE, and Mr. CRANSTON. Mr. PATTERSON's average is, of course, slightly superior to SHREWSBURY's; but the Kent captain played only eight innings, while the Nottingham player scored over a thousand runs for twenty-four. Considering the exacting conditions in which cricket has been played this summer, it is highly satisfactory to find so large a number of batsmen with averages of over twenty out of a fair average of innings played. LOHMANN's place in Surrey batting, next after ABEL and a trifle above Mr. W. W. READ, is a very notable fact. The wicket-keeping has been exceptionally good—superior, in fact, to that of any recent year both in quality and consistency of play. SHERWIN, WOOD, HUNTER, and the rest of the old hands, were all in excellent form, and among new aspirants Mr. A. F. CLARKE deserves mention with these veterans. It would be interesting, by the way, to have the exploits of wicket-keepers tabulated, with averages of catches and stumpings calculated by the innings for the whole season. Wicket-keepers, like batsmen, have good cause for self-reliance. They are in a better position than the bowler, who loses not a few wickets through misses in the field, and their averages are entirely of their own making. Their skill ought certainly to be duly chronicled in tables of averages, and preserved for the study and encouragement of enthusiasts in the future. The new system by which precedence among the counties is determined is generally acknowledged to work with perfect fairness; yet it is somewhat surprising to hear, from certain adherents of the counties called "second class," premature demands for a reclassifying of the cricketing counties. These well-meaning persons, who think that Sussex should be replaced by Somerset in the first class, appear to forget the severe test to which Sussex has been subjected this season. They forget, also, that some county must take the lowest place in the division. Those counties—and Sussex not least among them—that are now considered first class have proved their titles by many years' cricket of the first order. It is the soundest policy in the authorities to be wary of any rash admission to the foremost rank. The new rule will give Somerset, two years hence, the opportunity to meet Sussex or Middlesex, or whatever county may rank lowest in the first division, and if the Western county fall not away from the brilliant form of this season, the prize may well be won. Many things may happen before that season arrives. Hampshire or Warwickshire may then be the favourite for the coveted position. On the whole, the regulations that now hold appear to be such as best stimulate a spirited emulation among the minor counties.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE article in this month's *Fortnightly Review* signed by Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY and the other Newfoundland delegates is a moderate and careful statement of the colonial case. Some old-fashioned persons, indeed, may doubt whether official envoys from a colony to England, who admit that the Colonial Office still has their appeal under consideration, can with complete decency carry the matter *ad populum*. But this is very old-fashioned indeed. Decency has followed Justice long ago, and we are only to be too thankful when we meet anybody who does his indecency in a tolerably decent way. Allowing Sir WILLIAM and his colleagues the benefit of the new fashion, we can, as we have said, praise them without allowance for the way in which they have availed themselves of the license they take. There is nothing here of the absurd and offensive bluster which at one moment assumes that the Newfoundlanders are "heirs" to the benefits and not to the burdens of their inheritance, and at another threatens secession to a Government which, if there were no other obstacle to its taking over the island, could only take it over subject to exactly the same easements which affect it now. The inconveniences which the shortsightedness of our ancestors and the unexpected development of things have brought about are set forth without heat and without exaggeration, and every instructed Englishman knows that they are not small. A good case is, we think, made out against the *modus vivendi*, and stress, but not too much stress, is laid on a part of the French contention, which is better suited to put an Englishman's back up than any other. We do not think, and Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY and his colleagues do not explicitly affirm, that any responsible French official has ever officially based the French rights on an imaginary survival of sovereignty after territorial dominion has ceased. That it has been done unofficially or informally by officials appears to be clear, and it need hardly be said that, if the claim were ever put forward officially, it would be, not only a gross provocation, but a valuable weapon in English hands. For French sovereignty in Newfoundland, if it ever existed, which is dubious, has been extinguished by the very instruments on which the French claims rest; and, if it must be invoked to justify the construction recently put on those claims, that construction falls to the ground without more ado.

While, however, the Newfoundland statement brings the almost intolerable hardship of the servitude which is imposed on one-third of the Newfoundland coast line, and makes it absolutely useless for fishing, mining, lumbering, or farming, more vividly before Englishmen; while it exposes the encroachments of interpretation which have been made by Frenchmen and allowed by English Governments, it also, as any fair statement must do, shows the extraordinary difficulty of the case. Whether the French right to fish is an exclusive or only a concurrent right is one of the points now at litigation, and probably no Englishman or Frenchman is a safe judge of the matter. The mere wording of the treaties is consistent with either contention, or, rather, excludes neither. But what is quite certain is that the French have a right to fish and a right to use the shore for purposes of curing fish conceded to them explicitly and as fully as possible by these documents. On that there can be no dispute at all; and, further, it is to be noted that, as a consequence of this unlucky wording, the French are as evidently entitled, if not to exclude the Newfoundlanders, to insist upon exercising their own admission in a way which makes the whole coast and the whole sea adjacent useless to Newfoundland. We do not think that the treaties authorize the French to catch lobsters, which are not "fish" in their sense. We are certain that they do not authorize them to "can," which is not "drying," or to build stationary factories with iron boilers, which are assuredly not "stages made of boards and "huts usual and necessary for drying." We think that a Newfoundlander may under the treaties fish for anything in these waters, and build, dig up, or cut down anything on these shores. But, unfortunately, we think, or rather we are sure, that, if while he is fishing a Frenchman comes and says, "I want to shoot my nets there, and I have a treaty "right to do so; be good enough to up killick," the Frenchman's claim is indisputable; and that, if when the Newfoundlander has built a factory, manured and dug a seashore field, or opened a mine, the Frenchman comes and says, "I wish to build stages of boards and huts usual for drying "fish on that ground; be good enough to pull down or fill "up, as the case may be, whatever prevents my doing it," he is strictly within his right. We cannot put any other interpretation on the words as honest men with some practice in weighing what words mean. And this is what makes the French claims, even if they be rejected as France now makes them, just as onerous and irksome to Newfoundland as if they were admitted in the sense of the fiercest French Chauvinist. This also it is without doubt which has induced English Governments to temporize.

At the same time it is equally obvious that there is no difficulty in meeting this unpleasant ROLAND with a churlish OLIVER, which would reduce the French rights to things nearly, if not quite, as practically valueless as the present rights of the Newfoundlanders. And we cannot help thinking quite seriously that the procedure of PORTIA is the only game in this matter. As has been shown, the main inconvenience of the French rights is the non-natural manner in which they are urged. There is plenty of cod in the sea for both parties, and the hundreds of miles of the "French shore" would, if an intelligent give-and-take were the law, instead of a game of rival dogs-in-the-manger, provide the amplest drying-grounds for the French, while leaving free scope to the Newfoundlanders. But if the French will stand on the letter, so should we. Lobsters are not fish in the meaning of the treaty; and if they were, the capture of them would be perfectly unprofitable, if the subsequent process were limited to drying on stages of boards. Salmon weirs are not such structures as are described by the treaty. A French man-of-war's boat's crew, reinforced by marines, cannot be said to be "resorting to the island" in a manner "necessary for the catching and drying of fish." There is not the very slightest justification, in any diplomatic instrument whatever, for "seizing and confiscating instruments "of fishing belonging to foreigners"—*i.e.* Newfoundlanders. There is as little right on the French part to even the slightest inland margin beyond what is universally recognized as the shore for drying purposes—that is to say, a biscuit throw at most beyond high-water mark. The hoisting of the French flag anywhere (which certainly was done a few years ago, though there is a conflict of testimony as to whether it has been done recently) is not only not authorized by the treaties, but goes in the very teeth of them. In short, if the French claims were limited to the letter with as much rigour as the letter of them is insisted on by France, it is pretty clear that they would not be worth exercising.

We should be the last to recommend or approve this kind of action, except as a matter of necessity. The French rights, such as they are, are undoubted, and we should be glad to see the value of the undoubted part of them liberally estimated by an impartial authority, and the amount, in malt or in meal, tendered to France. We should be prepared to see the valuation heightened by consideration of that "nursery for French seamen" the existence of which is denied, by the fact that the exceedingly pious French nation is happier when it eats its stock fish to think that it has not been caught by Protestant hands, by allowance for the last remnant of French America, and so forth. We should admit that some of the cost ought to fall on the mother-country, as well as some on the colonists. We should grant that, if France refuses composition, we cannot (short of going to war with her) denounce or terminate the agreements. But if *à Gascon Gascon et demi* is a good proverb, it will fully justify us out of French mouths in meeting a refusal to surrender a vexatious and valueless right for good consideration with the strictest letter of the bond. If there is one single particular in the huts and stages which deviates from what was usual in 1713, let them be pulled down; if Frenchmen on shore indulge, out of compliment to England, in that national sport of ours a *rallye-papier*, thereby remaining longer than the "time necessary for "fishing and drying fish," let them be politely sent on board. There is older authority in their own tongue for it than the *Merchant of Venice*, and the officer who, most courteously of course, performs any of these duties has only got to remark "Ceci n'est pas dans mon rollet" to justify himself to a lettered Frenchman. We may not believe that, if an English Government put the matter firmly to a French Government, there would be any necessity for these unpleasantnesses. But if there is, they ought to be resorted to without hesitation. We shall be absolutely within our rights, and we can leave the French to theirs—if they like them.

LORD HARTINGTON AT YORK.

LORD HARTINGTON, who for a long time enjoyed the politic good word of the Gladstonians, seems now to have altogether lost it. Their uneasiness at the damage which he does them has, no doubt, got the better of their anxiety not to offend that overwhelming majority of their fellow-countrymen, not actively interested in politics, who sincerely respect the leader of the Liberal-Unionists, and who might, it was feared, be scandalized by violence of attack upon him into definite adhesion to his political party. Mr. GLADSTONE's followers in the press and on the platform appear instinctively to have felt at the beginning of the Home Rule dispute that to fall foul of Lord HARTINGTON in any abusive fashion simply "would not do," his reputation in the country being such and so established that any cause which had to support itself by maligning him would certainly be looked upon with distrust, if not distaste. For some time past, however, it has been quite clear that the continued maintenance of this forbearing attitude was becoming impossible to them. Lord HARTINGTON has of late been personally made the object of a good deal of venomous writing on the part of Gladstonians; and his political record has been handled with a freedom which culminated the other day in the extremely humorous reference to him in the *Daily News*—only conceive the very phrases in the mouth of a day-by-day eulogist of Mr. GLADSTONE!—as a politician who has "turned his coat "and changed his colours." The growing irritation which has so transformed the attitude of his opponents will not be allayed by the speech which he has just made at York, and in which he has said plainer and more downright things about the Parliamentary conduct of his late revered leader, and of Mr. GLADSTONE's lieutenants on the Front Opposition Bench, than he has perhaps ever before uttered.

At the same time—and this is perhaps the secret of the blind rage in which Lord HARTINGTON's address to the Liberal-Unionist Federation seems to have thrown some of his Gladstonian and Parnellite critics—it is a little difficult to resent effectively the most damaging of Lord HARTINGTON's criticisms, for the simple reason that this is based upon the indiscreet admissions of his opponents themselves. It is undoubtedly "the game," as Lord HARTINGTON thinks, to "rub into" the public mind that for the first time the deputy-leader of the Opposition has openly confessed to the practice of Obstruction. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, of course, thought that it was safe to make this avowal with its accompanying "explanation"; but therein he was mistaken, and the public were the gainers by a new illustration of that most valuable truth that absolute loss of conscience is to a politician like the loss of tactile sensibility to a conjurer, and largely reduces his capacity to deceive. When the member for Derby admitted that the Opposition had practised Obstruction, and pleaded that they had only done so on two questions—that of "Coercion" and that of licence-purchase—he forgot that this plea, even if available at all, could only be so on the assumption that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's hostility to the policy of the Government on the two questions referred to was honest; and to forget the necessity for the fulfilment of this condition and precedent was, for reasons into which we need not now enter, a fatal slip of memory. It is enough to recall the fact, of which Lord HARTINGTON, perhaps superfluously, reminded his hearers, that the Opposition leaders have been "Coercionists" themselves, and are pledged up to the eyes to the policy of compensating publicans for the extinction of their licences; so that, to believe that their righteous repugnance for these two policies is now so strong as to justify them to their own minds in bringing public business to a standstill for the purpose of demonstrating is—well, is a feat of faith which it would be difficult for the public to perform on far easier subjects than the two right honourable members for Mid-Lothian and Derby. The spectacle of these two distinguished persons reluctantly reducing Parliamentary government to an absurdity, and with the profoundest pain doing their best to degrade and destroy the House of Commons, because the imperious claims of moral and political duty inexorably forbade them to allow Mr. BALFOUR to administer and Mr. GOSCHEN to legislate on the principles which they have themselves advocated in one case and acted upon in the other—this spectacle is one which only does not seem incredible to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT because, fortunately for the country, he has lost all sense of the element of moral credibility or incredibility on his own action as it presents itself to the view of others.

ITALY AND ENGLAND.

IT is generally necessary to the salvation of journalists during what we call, with British want of feeling, the silly season, while Frenchmen more delicately, but suggestively, call it the "season of waters," to start a political

hare as well as others. This year, in sheer despair perhaps, the beater has started Italy. Germany is, for the moment, content with what *Mr. Punch* pleasantly calls playing at soldiers; Russia apparently ditto. Even Turkey, in the old and wide sense, does not provide a very good subject. France is engaged in investigating the history of old, old matters—some eighteen months old. So recourse is had to Italy, the occasion being partly the old grudge between Frenchmen and Italians, partly the grumbling of some not very wise Italian newspapers against Signor CRISPI. With rather bad manners, gossip has dragged King HUMBERT personally into the matter, and rejoiced to tell how he would not meet the French fleet at Spezzia, and how he is very angry with the English for having taken too much Africa and given him too little. So odd is the world, especially that part of it which lives about the Western Mediterranean and calls itself the Latin race, that it is quite humanly and ordinarily possible that the warmth of the reception which the English fleet has just met with at Toulon is partly due to these rumours. It may be doubted whether there is any nation in Europe which the French dislike more than their South-Eastern neighbours. They do not hate them with a sort of respect mingled with the hatred—which is their attitude towards another nation that shall be nameless. They are not afraid of them, yet longing to wrest lost things from them—which is their attitude towards yet another. But they heartily dislike them as parvenus among nations, as victims of the shabby Nice and Savoy business, as rivals for Mediterranean power, as rivals in common business.

It is not surprising that the Italians should return this feeling, especially as they too are in the condition of remembering that their own behaviour in 1870 exemplified rather the business abilities than the chivalry of the very chivalrous and very business-like house which now reigns over them. But that they should be out of temper with England is more surprising, and, except in the case of the more unreflecting of them, more improbable. In the partition of Africa they have done very well, and they have had particular reason to thank England for it. If they have fixed on not the most grateful or profitable part of the continent, it was their own choice. They were permitted to occupy, it may almost be said that they were presented by England with the best port on the Red Sea. They were allowed to establish a protectorate over a country against which England, alone of European nations, has ever carried on successful military operations, and where, not so many years ago, we spent a vast amount of money. Still more recently they have had the Somali coast relinquished to their efforts as a borderland to Abyssinia and the Galla country. True, "Aromatics," as the maps still, in this prosaic age, poetically describe the productions of this angle of Africa, may be things out of which it is difficult to make very much; the land may be very "light"; the people—as their latest explorer, M. BORELLI, confesses—may be uncommonly difficult to deal with. But, after all, Italy chose to be heir of PRESTER JOHN and SOLOMON, and England, with quite remarkable amiability, consented, and more than consented, to her being served heir to those great monarchs. If the inventory of the heritage is unsatisfactory, it is not our fault. But we certainly ought not to permit Italy to mend her luck by encroaching on the Nile territories in the manner which some hot-headed Italians are now recommending. Kassala, in particular, is part of that Egyptian Irredenta from which it behoves England politely, but firmly, to say "Hands off" to other nations. It may not suit us just now (though, speaking personally, we should prefer that it did) to reopen the Suakim-Berber road, or to reestablish the connexion, *viâ* Khartoum, between Egypt and the Lakes. But both things will have to be done some day, and we cannot have them interfered with. The Italians have quite room and verge enough in Abyssinia proper and the great country stretching down to the Juba, without attempting to extend in this direction, and we shall, unless much more certain intelligence is received to the contrary, decline to believe that they are contemplating anything so foolish, whatever French journalists in the pursuance of a grudge, or Italian Colonialmenschen with the fame of Dr. PETERS inciting them to emulation, may choose to say.

"LADIES PRESENT!"

SINCE Mr. SILAS WEGG evaded the explanation of an historical difficulty for Mr. BOFFIN on the plea that "ladies were present," we do not remember to have met with any such singular views of propriety and of the respect due to the opposite sex as those which appear to be held by Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. It seems from the brief but thrilling account given in the newspapers of the incident which revealed these views, that "a process-server entered "a first-class carriage in which Mr. O'BRIEN, M.P., Mrs. "O'BRIEN, and Mr. DILLON, M.P., were about to return to "Dublin, and," such was the diabolical subtlety of his nature, "remained silent until the train was reaching "Templemore, when he handed Mr. O'BRIEN a letter, and "requested him to read it. Mr. O'BRIEN," such was the contrasted innocence of *his* nature, "suspecting his object, "declined to receive it, and said that it was a piece of gross "misconduct to have acted so in the presence of a lady, as "those who sent him knew very well where to find him." Mr. O'BRIEN also threatened to ascertain whether the process-server had not been guilty of the minor indelicacy of travelling in a first-class carriage with a ticket of a lower denomination. The process-server, after offering, it is said, to show his ticket, which, as it ultimately turned out to be a third-class one, was a distinctly chivalrous offer on his part, then formally demanded payment from Mr. O'BRIEN of 1,600*l.*, "on the part of the Marquess of SALISBURY." To this Mr. O'BRIEN is reported to have replied, "I am not "sure that it is not my duty to hand you over to the police "for an impudent attempt at highway robbery—you, a "perfect stranger, for attempting to accost me in this "manner." The train having arrived at the platform, the man disappeared, and the railway officials, having, at Mr. O'BRIEN's request, followed him, returned with the tidings that he had only a third-class ticket, but added that they were not in a position to prosecute him, as they had not themselves caught him in a first-class carriage. Whether there was any by-law directed against the offence of process-serving before ladies Mr. O'BRIEN seems to have omitted to inquire.

His subsequent observations, too, leave us somewhat in doubt as to what, on second thoughts, he regarded as the true subject-matter of his complaint. He said that it was worthy of Lord SALISBURY's action in the matter to have used the carriage of the railway Company for this offensive purpose, without even paying for his agent's ticket; but it is difficult to consider that was so much the grievance of Mr. O'BRIEN as of the railway Company. And, in any case, it was unintentional; for there is no reason to suppose that the mulcting of the Company of the difference between a first and a third class ticket was any part of an organized plan of campaign against them. There remains, of course, the outrage put upon Mr. O'BRIEN by an attempt being made, "in the presence of a lady," to compel him to pay his debts; but even upon this, again, we do not find Mr. O'BRIEN insisting very strongly. Nor does he seem any longer to doubt whether it was or was not his duty to hand over the process-server to the police for the offence of "attempting to commit highway robbery without previous introduction." He is now "sure," it seems, that it was *not* his duty to adopt this course; and he may take it from us—though it is not without diffidence that we presume to instruct an Irish agrarian agitator on a question of "robbery"—that he has come to the right conclusion on this point, at any rate. So that really the sum of the whole matter seems to be that Mr. O'BRIEN, having lost the game in which he compelled Lord SALISBURY to join him, does not like the process of paying. It is not at all an unusual frame of mind in a loser—and especially in a loser of Mr. O'BRIEN's temperament—but, as he would most certainly have got his costs and damages out of the defendant if he had won, he must not be surprised if his unwillingness to "table his losings" excites more amusement than sympathy.

"IN AN ETHIOP'S EAR."

A RICH jewel of a book is *Le Parfaict Ioaillier*, printed at Lyons in 1644; and its lustre is of several kinds. Imprimis, it was published by the house of the celebrated centenarian, Jean-Antoine Huguetan, who was also a notable Huguenot, and made the round of the European courts and exchanges, including London, settling at length in Holland, where he became as full of

guilders as of years, and was ennobled as Count Guldensteen. Then its author, Anselm van Boot, of Bruges, whom the French edition calls Boece de Boot, and the Latin edition Boetius, was head leech to the Emperor Rudolph II.; and its reviser and re-editor was Adrian Toll, M.D., of Leyden. The book had been written in Latin (as *Historia gemmarum et lapidum*) at Prague at least some forty years earlier.

If Van Boot believed himself in wit a man, he was almost at all times in simplicity a child. For example, he has a tale, as interminable as the wonderful barber's, of a turquoise which he avers protected him in accidents, taking the damages itself; and it all comes to this—that when he was riding into Bohemia from Padua, where he took his doctor's degrees, his horse fell on him, and broke nothing worse than his turquoise ring. Another time he was lifting out of a river a burden heavy beyond his strength (whether fish or other deponent saith not) by the aid of a long perch, when he again broke nothing but his turquoise ring, and a short rib. The guardian forces of the stone (which were near about those of a modern accident policy) he thereupon attributed to "an occult agent—that is, to spirits, good and bad." "The very noble town of Brugk is my most renowned country," he says more than once; he was also some time with "an illustrious baron" (not further specified) at Kniphausen, in East Frisia; and he pompously quotes "the most noble gentleman N. Dummane, herald of the order of the Golden Fleece, whose ancestors were allied many years ago with our family, and thus much my cousin."

Did gaudy man, Ethiop or other, originally load himself with jewels for mere brawness, or had he a host of ulterior motives, chiefly magical, to avert evil or to lure fortune? This question might be argued, as well as another, by the contentious. If the male ætite, or eagle-stone, for example, brings increase of love and riches, and makes him who indues it not alone agreeable to everybody, but vincible by nobody, who would call the man who wore it a fop? Who would not carry about him the alectorian stone, which, held in the mouth, ensures the mastery of the event, appeases thirst, and quells the ardours of the heart? But it is rare, being scantily engendered in the stomach of now and then a decrepit cock or capon, and its price is "as much as you may judge the buyer to covet the stone." Why don't we all hang loadstones about our necks? They were once sovereign against spasms and nervousness, drew venom from a wound and aches from the head, banished fear, and made the wearer eloquent. Is the Blarney stone magnetic as well as out of reach? The white calamite of Elba beats the loadstone hollow; for, if the skin be well rubbed with it, and then stabbed with the cold and pointed steel, the wound immediately closes up as if the place had never been tickled. Cardan (*Of Subtlety*, bk. vii.) absolutely said he saw those who did this, but doubted whether they employed magic or no.

The most intemperate temperance man now at large could make no objection to that alectorian already described, or to that other very hard and rust-coloured Eastern stone, the dionysias (as it is wrote sarcastic), which, pounded in water, gives it the taste of wine, and yet hath no force to inebriate. The bigoted teetotaller might, however, think it unfair competition to use the punicus from the Ætolian isles, which, taken in strong drink, makes drunkenness impossible. The "Perfect Jeweller," as in duty bound, has gems to suit all classes. The yellow lactea, for example, would be invaluable to that industrial who first gave its name to Simpson; put into any liquid—say water—it presently turns it to a milky whiteness. The transition to the thief is here easy, and his best accomplice is the ever-wonderful loadstone on a hot coal, which by its smell—or so one Marbodæus said—clears out all who might be in his way; but the ætite is fatal to him, for its powder mixed in his bread sticks in his throat, and so detects him. This should be carefully distinguished from the devil's bread—a stone which exactly resembles a loaf and is found near "Rotavilla, in Sweden." And this, again, is not the stone of which Van Boot himself sometimes "gave a scruple," in the form of breakfast, to a certain girl; for that was the azul or cyanos, of which also are made the famous pills to purge melancholy that D'Urfey plagiarized. For these, which operate "marvellous well," we hold the recipe; but wild horses shall not drag it from us, further than to say that there is diacatholicon intill't. It is also hereby disclosed, for the benefit of whom it may concern, that the chrysolite-coloured filatere aways with the melancholic passions, banishes vain fears, puts on gaiety, and comforts the heart. What more can mortal man desire? On the other hand, never keep a natural magnet in your mouth, or you will become a black-livered lunatic. And never by any chance give the wrong person to drink of six grains of the said loadstone, with serpent's suet and nettle-juice; else will you drive him or her to flee away from hearth and native land a raving, roving maniac.

The amateur who has to perform the well-known old stage trick of wallowing in December's snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat will find his most useful properties to be the black and ponderous and red-striped apsyctos, which once put in the fire keeps red-hot for a week—or else indeed it is the asyctos, or, once again, Albertus Magnus his absinthe. The other stone he will require is the hail-shaped, diamond-hard chalazias, which rests cold as the very hailstone's self in the heart of the furnace, and is miscalled by barbarian writers (upon whom be peace!) the gelosia.

As to some of the minor disagreeables of what would be an otherwise too excellent world, a stiff neck at once yields to the petroleum which the sufferer may express for himself from the common agate. Those who already have motes, or often run the danger of dust in the eyes, couldn't do better than have with them a few polished sapphires (as the Dover servant-maids used to call the Ordnance Survey). Let them be globular, and of the size of peas; roll them well about in the eyes, and dust or midges or such small deer will be at once drawn out. Then as to those flies and what not that are not in the eye; the patent remedy is the stone which forms the toad's skull, for snails, slugs, wasps, spiders, and mice can't abide it, and it is a sovereign remedy for all their poisons. When your jeweller happens to be out of toad-stones, he may kindly supply you instead with a red and resplendent epistite or ephristite, which will not alone keep off the cockroaches and all other venomous insects, but will also—*foi de gentilhomme!*—banish fogs, and so lift a huge weight from off London and its County Council. One cannot so confidently recommend the blackish galachides, garatides, or (as Albertus Magnus, long ago, would have it) the gerachides, for the only test of its genuineness yet known is somewhat tedious. You must first well anoint your whole body all over with honey, and then holding the g., or g., or g. in the hand, betake yourself to a sunny glade where swarms of flies and bluebottles do buzz; and then if the gerachides—to give Albert the majority—be a true one, the flies will not perch on the honey; if it be not, they most infallibly will. Should you be so rarely fortunate as ever to happen on the genuine stone, you will be well repaid for your pains, for it not alone makes its wearer amiable and agreeable to every one, but, if he puts it in his mouth, will endow him with a true and equitable judgment in all things, and disclose to him the secret thoughts of others.

Nightmares are not confined to the impenitent supper, and are not incurable even by him if he will but sniff at a common agate, drink a broth made of "the belemnite of the shops," or wear a fire-coloured aspilates, taken from the nest of an arabesque bird, and wrapped in a camel-skin. But let him, of all things, 'ware the Ziazaa (of that ilk), which conceals in its multi-coloured zebraëd form whole wildernesses of far worser demons than Mara of the night-hours, baneful form of affright. But you may scatheless parley with a demon, and make him answer too, and put him to flight too, by the silent aid of the mountain-landscaped jasper or star-stone. At a pinch even the emerald will oust him—this it is lawful for Christian man to believe—he finds the odour of the agate antipathetic also; but the sabalis-stone, when put to the nostrils of the possessed, straight brings him out thereat for good and aye. Contrariwise, to call the spirits from the vasty deep there is nothing like your precious anachite; and that, indeed, is its only use whatever. If you are not a Mahatma, and should want to prophesy before you know, you had better rinse the mouth with honey, and then place on the tongue a chelonia-stone—which is nought but the eye of an Indian tortoise—and will cause you to predict the future during one whole natural day, when the moon is full or in conjunction.

Verily, as Van Boot simply reflects, we find out nowadays many things unknown to our predecessors. For him coal was still lithanthrax, and the weapons of the Stone age, which he roughly figured accurately enough, were still the ceraunia of the ancient ages, "the arrows," that is the bolts, of the thunder. "If any one then wished to combat this commonly held opinion, or deny his assent thereto, he would appear mad." Some daring lunatics, however, there were (perhaps including Van Boot of an odd while) who believed them iron weapons changed to stone by lapse of age. They were good lightning-conductors, of course, and soporifics, and they ensured victory in battle, because, though Van Boot knew it not, they were the weapons of the gods.

It is passing strange to find Dr. Schliemann's now celebrated "whorls" figured and described in this old treatise as the brontia and ombria of old. The brontia fell with the thunder, and the ombria in tempest and rain without thunder; otherwise they were identical, and had all the properties of the toadstone, the belemnite, and the serpent's egg; parrying the thunder, and neutralizing poison. This serpent's egg, he says, is what the Bohemians about him at Prague called the duchanek or spirit-stone, and held celebrate above everything for power against enchantments. "But," said Van Boot, with a penetration nothing short of astounding in him, "the Bohemians greatly deceive themselves, for it is the Flemish women's spinning-weight (*peson*) which they put on the spindle." There is pleasure in winnowing this one unexpected grain of solid wheat out of the whole mountain range of chaff. Van Boot figures another serpent's egg which he said seemed to have an affinity with the brontia and ombria; and it certainly is also like a ball Dr. Schliemann gives in *Ilios*; but it is very much more like a fossil sea-urchin, and so must be handled with caution, concluding sagely with this perfect jeweller that "the vulgar, ignoring the causes of things, often believe the causes of any effect which happens to be other than they are."

Of course he knew not of the word jade; but he describes the famous stone as jasper. The red he himself staunched blood with (by using it in a tourniquet!), and it dissipates the tumult and inconstancy of thought; but for this last you must grave a scorpion on it at that same hour Dan Sol doth enter Scorpio. Another word for a variety of jade was clearly heliotrope, also called pras or mother-o'-pras. Of course, too, nephrite was the medical name of the jade which had no red in it.

One word of caution at parting (slavishly copied from Van Boot). "Lest any one should say that we have omitted to men-

tion precious stones of which other writers have treated, we have judged it right here to describe many of them, as we could. Natheless are you to wit that whether all these stones be in the world, or no, it is not yet certain; seeing that they are unknown."

TWO INDIAN LIBEL CASES.

THE papers lately received from India contain reports of two libel cases recently tried in the Presidency of Bombay, which throw a vivid light on the infinite benefit of having a free press in an Oriental land. About a year ago there was published in the slums of Bombay a paper called *Bhownuggur Exposure Gazette*, which contained gross charges against the ruler of Bhownuggur, his two councillors, and chief medical officer. The paper was widely circulated. No doubt the libellers calculated that they could libel an Indian prince with impunity, because he would think it beneath his dignity in any way to countenance the machinery of an English law court being put into motion. But the Maharaja of Bhownuggur has proved himself to be a man endowed both with sense and courage. The result has been that two of the culprits, though it is believed that they are the tools of more important men, have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by a judge of the High Court in Bombay. His Lordship, in passing sentence, said:—"It is almost impossible to conceive any libel of a more atrocious character than the libels you have published on the three gentlemen. You have published them without the slightest shadow of justification or foundation. You have called evidence which I cannot characterize as other than perjured evidence in support of your allegations, and when the prosecutors said on oath that your allegations were entirely unfounded, you still persisted in alleging that they were true." The jury, who gave their verdict without leaving the box, stated, "We don't believe a word of the evidence given against the Maharaja." The judge added, "Nobody in the world could believe that evidence." One of the culprits has had a further sentence of two years' imprisonment passed upon him by a native magistrate at Ahmedabad for the publication of another series of foul libels in one of those vernacular sheets which live on libel and sedition, and which abound in India. "Unhappily," said the native magistrate, "there are in this city certain wretched and trashy papers whose editors would publish anything for hire." But, unhappily also, Ahmedabad is not the only city in India of which this can be said. Throughout the length and breadth of the Empire there are published wretched rags which live by libel, sedition, and blackmail. An Oriental prince is a timid creature, and he pays handsomely to be praised, and more handsomely not to be slandered. Native officials are weak, and rather than the most exaggerated libel should reach the ears of their superiors they are willing to contribute a large sum towards the paper. Revenge is an old vice of the Oriental, and in modern days it takes the form of libelling your enemy. Native officials complain loudly of this new instrument of torture, and ask when the authorities are going to have the courage to destroy it. It is an open secret that the matter has for the past five years received the best attention of Government. Officials in all parts of India are convinced that the stability of the Empire must be slowly undermined if men are permitted with impunity to propagate sedition and slander among the masses. The question of the hour is, not whether it is wise for a foreign Government to curtail the liberty of speech, but whether a man who buys a fount of type and propagates slander and sedition should not be treated as a common criminal instead of a high priest of liberty. It is commonly argued that the circulation of these papers is too small to do any grave injury; but it must be remembered that the influence of a native paper is not gauged by its registered circulation. A single paper is read out to a group of peasants, and is passed from hand to hand. The ryot is continually told that he is living under the sway of a cruel, rapacious Government, and all his poverty and misery is due to his rulers. Every act of Government is misrepresented. Officials, high and low, are daily slandered. Lord Dufferin was stigmatized by an offensive native epithet, which means a common thief. A writer in a leading Anglo-vernacular paper not very long ago told his countrymen that, "like the elephant, English Governments have two different sets of teeth, one for showing and the other for chewing, and, therefore, utterances of English officials are regarded with suspicion." The writer, after informing the people that it is no sin to revolt, proceeded to inform them that "the neck of the country is burdened by the foreign yoke. The fountain of its happiness is being dried by the heat of foreign oppression, its sources of maintenance have been shut by the artful and selfish taxation of its foreign rulers." Quotations of a similar nature might be multiplied to any extent. It may seem impossible to an Englishman that puerile stuff of this nature could do any harm; but the dissemination of such pernicious nonsense among the ignorant masses of India must work mischief. It poisons the minds of the people against their rulers; and Lord Lawrence declared that we would lose India the moment the agricultural population became our foes. If the English Government is to continue to win willing allegiance, it must, in the minds of the common people, personify an idea or institution placed beyond the range of slanderous discussion.

The rank growth of seditious and libellous papers in India, in recent years, is in a great measure due to what was meant to be a wise and beneficent act on the part of Government. In order to keep touch with public opinion, and to be acquainted with what was said in the vernacular press, native officials were appointed in each province of the Empire to edit a report, which contains translations of all the garbage of that press. The acute Brahmin at once realized the power that Government placed in his hands. A libel published in an obscure paper might be treated with contempt, but the victim and the libeller both know that its importance is enhanced by the libel being brought to the notice of Government and the victim being put to the shame and annoyance of being asked to explain the matter. Not very long ago an obscure paper accused a subordinate judge of corruption. On inquiry being made into the subject by the local High Court, the editor stated that he had no evidence to support his charge; but he had heard it rumoured, and he knew if he mentioned it in his paper Government would take notice of it. The report is regarded as confidential; but the libellers, as a rule, manage to become acquainted with its contents, while the unfortunate victims are ignorant that, week after week, the minds of the authorities are being poisoned against them by baseless slanders. The European official is strong enough to bear the nuisance, but the native official lives in abject terror of being called upon for an explanation. It is, no doubt, useful that Government should be acquainted with what is said about its servants; but the method of acquiring the information might be more diplomatic. A Committee should be appointed to investigate the whole matter. A change should also be made in the wording of the Penal Code, which would make it more easy to punish the propagation of sedition. The Government must be prepared to run the risk of incurring odium in their attempt to crush the viper press. It is, however, certain that natives of position and responsibility will approve of their action. They are the chief sufferers from the low papers which now abound. They know that the doctrines which are now preached, if put into action by a peasantry quiet but easily inflamed, must lead to Coercive Acts, and put an end to all constitutional progress. The leading vernacular and Anglo-vernacular papers will put together a few platitudes gathered chiefly from Milton's famous tract, but they will not be sorry if their disreputable brethren are suppressed. For they are aware that their action casts a slur on the whole vernacular press of India. The vermin of that press have grown bold since the Press Act was abolished, because they regard that abolition as a sign that public opinion in England is in favour of liberty of the press, though liberty may spell license. They think that the fate of the Press Act will make the Government of India afraid again to grapple with the difficulty. But it is sincerely to be hoped that they will soon discover their error. It is the bounden duty of Government to protect their native officials from being blackmailed by ruffians as ruthless as the freebooters that robbed their forefathers. It is the bounden duty of Government to prevent a thrifty and law-abiding peasantry from becoming the prey of the political agitator.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE rise in silver is attended by some consequences which have not yet received the attention they deserve. People generally anticipate that the issue of the new silver notes will inflate the American currency, and will, therefore, raise all prices, while the advance in silver itself will so improve the finances of silver-using countries and industrial Companies in those countries that the result must be a great stimulus to business of all kinds. But they fail to observe, or they ignore the fact, that the rise in silver has been brought about to a large extent by speculation. From the beginning of the year the rise had amounted just before the new American Act came into force to about 20 per cent.—that is to say, an advance of 20 per cent. took place while the American Government was buying no more than it had been buying for twelve years previously, and while there was no other new demand except speculation. And it is clear that the speculation must have been on an immense scale which could have so much raised the price of an article produced in such large quantities all over the world. No doubt the general expectation that the Silver Bill would pass had a considerable influence. It led many users of silver to buy sooner than they otherwise would have done, so as to escape the anticipated advance. That might account for a rise of 5 per cent., or perhaps somewhat more; but it clearly cannot account for a rise of 20 per cent. That must have been mainly the effect of a vast speculation, and such a speculation at any moment may have grave consequences. It might be continued successfully for an indefinite time if silver were produced only by a few great Companies. The Companies might combine together to restrict the output and keep up the price. But notoriously silver is produced in very many countries, and under the most varying conditions. In some mines the silver is the chief ore; in others it is a subordinate product, either gold, or lead, or copper, or some other ore, being that for the extraction of which the mine was originally opened. The existence of silver in it enables the owners to sell the other ore at a lower price than they otherwise could, and as silver rises the ability to sell the other ore at continually falling

prices increases. Therefore it seems clear that the rise in the price of silver must immensely stimulate production in those mines where silver is only one of the ores extracted.

Take, for example, the Australian lead-mines. They are rich in silver compared with most other lead-mines, though not as rich as the principal American. Roughly, the proportion of silver in the Australian mines is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 per cent.; whereas in English lead-mines the proportion of silver is only about $\frac{3}{100}$ of 1 per cent.—that is to say, the Australian lead-mines contain about twenty-five times more silver than the English in the same quantity of ore. Even when silver was low the Australian mines had a great advantage over the English; but now that silver has risen so greatly the advantage is immensely increased. Obviously the owners of the Australian mines can afford to sell their lead at a price very greatly lower than the owners of English mines can, the profit on the silver more than compensating them. And it is evident, therefore, that the rise in silver must stimulate the owners of those mines, to increase as much as possible their output, so as to drive competitors out of the lead market. What is true of those lead-mines is true equally of all other mines in which silver is found with other ores. Even, then, if we were to assume that the owners of mines in which silver is the principal ingredient could combine to restrict the output and keep up the price, it would evidently be contrary to the interests of those mines in which silver is a minor ingredient to join in the combination. It seems clear, therefore, that the result of the rise must be to increase, before very long, the production of silver. The speculators hope, no doubt, that before that time comes they will have sold what they now hold to the American Government. They may be able to do so if the principal silver-mines combine to restrict production. But if they do not, if the production is not restricted, and if the metal is freely offered for sale, it is difficult to see how the speculators can escape loss. In any event, whether they succeed or fail in their attempt to corner the market by means of the American Government, they are exposed to serious danger. The return of stringency in the money market, if it lasted long, might make it impossible for them to borrow the money necessary to continue their operations. And the revival of political apprehension in Europe would be an even more formidable matter. In all probability it would not merely have an effect upon the money market, but it would tend also to send down the price of silver. Whether the danger will be escaped depends, firstly, upon whether the chief mine-owners are willing to combine for the support of the market, and, secondly, upon how much the speculators have been obliged to buy to send up the price as they have done. Upon the latter point, of course, no information exists, and only the wildest guess can be hazarded. All that can be said with certainty is, that the speculation must have been large to have produced so marked a result. It is quite true that the American Government is bound by law to buy about half the present production of the world; but, as we have been pointing out above, the production of the world is likely to be largely augmented. If the augmentation is rapid and the speculators have had to buy largely, it will be difficult for them to close their operations without loss, and the difficulty will be very greatly increased if the rise in price should lead to a decrease in consumption other than the American—if, for example, it should cause India to buy less than she lately has been doing, and should also induce a smaller demand for the arts.

During the first three days of this week there was a steady fall in the value of money, the rate of interest being as low as from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent., and the rate of discount ranging between $3\frac{1}{4}$ and $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. Upon the Continent generally the money markets have been growing easier for a considerable time. The Paris market in particular is very easy. The Bank of France holds about $53\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling in gold, and about $50\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling in silver, together over 103 millions sterling. Naturally, therefore, the market is very confident regarding the future. And on Saturday of last week the Government paid off about $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling of Treasury Bills. The transfer of so large a sum from the Treasury to the market sent down rates, and it is said that several of the principal Paris banks have, in consequence, been buying bills in London on a large scale. In Berlin, too, the money market is much easier than it was at this time last year; and, although the stock of gold held by the Imperial Bank has decreased about two millions sterling since the middle of July, it is generally expected that no serious stringency will occur this year, as speculation is greatly reduced. In New York, again, the probability seems decidedly now that ease will prevail. The Secretary of the Treasury, having redeemed 20 millions of dollars of Four and a Half per Cents. during the past few weeks, has offered this week to redeem a similar amount, and upon the same terms—that is, paying off the principal at par, and anticipating the interest of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. by twelve months. The bonds seem to be coming in in large amounts, and the expectation is general that the whole will be offered for redemption. If so, in the course of a few weeks over eight millions sterling will be transferred from the Treasury to the market. Besides this there will be the issue of over a million sterling every month in payment for silver under the new Act. It seems reasonable, therefore, to assume that money will soon become abundant and cheap in New York. Therefore, bankers and billbrokers in London argue that the tendency here also must be downwards. On Thursday, however, there was some recovery in rates, as the market had to repay to the Bank of England the money borrowed on the previous Thursday, and yesterday about a million sterling fell due upon the Indian loan. It is possible that the India Council may lend out the latter sum; but it is thought more likely that it will be borrowed by the Bank of England; and, if so, the withdrawal of such considerable sums from the market is likely to raise rates quickly. The ultimate course of the market, however, will chiefly depend upon whether gold is sent in large amounts to the River Plate countries. Shipments are being made in moderate amounts at present; but, if one may judge of the future from the past, very large withdrawals are not probable.

There has been a general rise of prices in the Stock Exchange during the week, yet the business doing has not much increased. Owing to the great cheapness of money upon the Continent, and the preparations being made for new issues of various kinds, more particularly for the great French funding loan of over thirty millions sterling, the Continental Bourses are becoming decidedly more active than they were. In Paris, French Three per Cent. Rentes are higher than they have ever been, and there are confident predictions that they will rise still more. International securities are also being largely dealt in, and so are Suez Canal shares, copper shares, and diamond shares. There is also a good deal of business doing in London in copper and diamond shares, and in several other inter-Bourse securities. But the home railway market is hardly as active as it was last week. The traffic returns of the several Companies continue to show surprisingly large increases, proving that trade is still growing in all parts of the country. Yet the prices of railway stocks have been hardly maintained; there has been, indeed, a considerable fall in some of the stocks, more particularly in the Deferred Stock of the Brighton Company. In Silver Securities there was also early in the week a decline. Mexican railway stocks, for instance, fell in a single day about 5*l.*, and though part of the fall was afterwards recovered, there has been another fall, and quotations are lower than they were at the end of last week. Those stocks, however, were driven up excessively by speculation, not merely because of the rise in silver, but because also of the early redemption by the Mexican Government of the subvention due to the Company. It is now, however, recognized that the benefit accruing from the redemption to the Company has been greatly exaggerated. Four and a half per Cent. Rupee paper at one time was over 92, and afterwards fell to a little over 91. It has since been fluctuating between the two extremes; but, as silver seems again rising, the probability is that there will be a further advance. The American department is neglected, and business is smaller than it has been for a long time. In the beginning of the week there seemed to be an inclination among operators in London to put up prices; but, on the resumption of business in New York, after Monday's holiday, the movement there was downward rather than upward, which entirely disheartened operators in London. Upon the whole, the markets are very steady, but they are very largely under the control of speculators, the public not dealing to any considerable extent.

Mr. Steenstrand, the Liverpool cotton-broker who created so great a sensation last year by his attempt to corner the cotton market, has been made bankrupt this week. It will be recollected that at the beginning of last year he bought immense quantities of cotton for future delivery—especially he bought very largely for September delivery. He calculated that the crop would be smaller than the demand, and that he would in consequence be able to sell at a very great profit. The manufacturers, however, worked short time both in July and in September, and the result was that Mr. Steenstrand's calculations were largely disappointed. It is said, however, that he realized by the operations a profit of about 80,000*l.* This year he repeated the same tactics, but the manufacturers supplied themselves more liberally than last year, and the crop proved to be larger than he had anticipated. There has in consequence been a sharp fall during the past few weeks, resulting, it is said, in a loss to Mr. Steenstrand of over 200,000*l.*, and he has been obliged to compromise with his creditors.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

BUT that the unexpected commonly happens, it would be safe to prophesy that the present meeting of the British Association at Leeds, under the presidency of Sir F. Abel, will be of an uneventful character. Still the brilliancy of a meeting is not always a measure of its real value to science; and the members, at any rate, will find that the neighbourhood of Leeds is interesting in several respects, and the town itself, though it is black and not comely, has great attractions for all connected with scientific industries.

Three separate threads are commonly combined in the textile fabric of a Presidential Address to the British Association. These are—laudation of the locality, the progress of science in general, and the President's speciality. Remarks on the first should observe the rule for a lady's allowance of punch, viz., sweet and strong, but limited in quantity. In this Address that rule has been forgotten, and so the introductory part is somewhat prolix. In the present state of science it is becoming more and more difficult to give due prominence to each of the other topics, and a president finds himself compelled to make choice between them; that is, to restrict himself either to a general sketch of

scientific progress, or to a more detailed account of his own line of research.

Sir F. Abel has evidently felt this difficulty, and has endeavoured to steer a middle course. Yet, we think, his Address would have been really improved if he had boldly determined to limit its scope. By touching upon several subjects—all, as might be expected, connected with the practical applications of scientific principles—he has doubtless appealed to a larger number in his audience; but the result is an Address which, though curtailed in delivery, ran to a length which some at least of the audience found trying.

The more general section of the Address is practically limited to two subjects. Of these one is the applications of electricity to telegraphic and telephonic purposes, to lighting, to locomotion, and to the welding of metals; the other (suggested to some extent by the last-named topic) is the properties of alloys. Sir F. Abel's clear summary of recent investigations on the latter subject is not the least interesting portion of his Address; for few things in nature are so startling and apparently anomalous as the effects which are produced on the physical properties of certain metals by small quantities of sundry other metals. One example may suffice to indicate the interest and the importance of recent researches in this direction:—"The existence [of manganese] in steel of proportions ranging from 0·1 up to about 2·75 per cent. improves its strength and malleability; it becomes brittle if that limit is exceeded, the extreme of brittleness being obtained with between 4 and 5 per cent. of manganese; if, however, the percentage is increased to not less than 7 and up to 20, alloys of remarkable strength and toughness are obtained. Even if the proportion of manganese is as high as 20 per cent. in a steel containing 2 per cent. of carbon, it can be forged; whereas it is very difficult to forge a steel of ordinary composition containing as much as 2·75 of carbon. Another remarkable peculiarity of the high manganese-steel is its behaviour when quenched in water. Instead of the heated metal being hardened and rendered brittle by the sudden cooling, like carbon-steel, its tensile strength and its toughness are increased; so that water-quenching is really a toughening process, as applied to the manganese-alloy; and an interesting feature connected with this is, that, the colder the bath into which the highly-heated metal is plunged, the tougher is the product." The presence of small quantities of chromium in steel increases its hardness, tenacity, and closeness of structure to a remarkable degree, rendering it invaluable in the manufacture of projectiles, but diminishes its welding properties, which are increased by manganese. The latter affects the magnetic properties of iron, which the former does not. The effects also of copper, aluminium, tungsten, and nickel as alloys of steel are very remarkable, and are giving rise to results of great practical value.

A full half of Sir F. Abel's address is devoted to the science of explosives, in which he is so high an authority. But he reminds us, almost plaintively, that he has not spent his whole life in devising the most effectual methods of destroying his fellow creatures, for he has had "opportunities of rendering some slight public service in directions contrasting with one of the main functions of his career," by endeavouring to diminish the dangers of explosion to which particular classes of the community are exposed. His countrymen, however, are not likely to require him to follow the example of a certain mediæval bishop, who, after building a castle —in which work he took delight—always founded a monastery as a set-off, thus satisfying his episcopal conscience. We are not living in millennial times, and if England is to be safe she must not only keep her powder dry, but take care that the explosive is at least as good as any possessed by her neighbours.

Sir F. Abel's lucid sketch of the progress of the science of explosives since the date of the last meeting in Leeds, 1858, that is, very soon after the close of the Crimean War, forms the most interesting portion of his address, and would have sufficed for the whole. The difficulties which are encountered in the manufacture of explosives, especially for use in war, are considerable, and sometimes almost contradictory in their nature. A chief object is that the charge should possess the greatest possible ballistic properties; but this is not all. Some powders, very valuable in other respects, rapidly absorb moisture, or are injuriously affected by warmth. Some are found to explode too readily, and so may "hoist the engineer on his own petard"; some rapidly wear away the inside of the gun, and injure it as an arm of precision. Again, when quickness of fire is important, the less smoke the better. In the case of heavy artillery the explosion of the charge should be comparatively gradual, but at the same time uniform. The latter is found to be better secured in black powder "by the thorough blending or mixing together of different products of manufacture, presenting some variations in regard to size, density, hardness, or other features, than by aiming at an approach to identity in the characters of the individual grains or masses." To avoid injuring the weapon by erosion a powder is needed which shall furnish on explosion the largest amount of gaseous products with the least development of heat. Absence of smoke is the result of complete combustion of the materials constituting the powder, one condition of which is fineness of division. If, however, a comparatively large amount of water vapour is produced by the explosion, the smoke so rapidly disperses as not to be any serious inconvenience. This result has been obtained by the use of a powder, which contains a rather higher proportion of saltpetre than an ordinary powder and a very slightly-burned charcoal. On its explosion, the finely-divided potassium salts, forming the bulk of the smoke, are speedily absorbed by the large proportion of water vapour in which they are distributed. Ammonium-nitrate powders are found to possess excellent ballistic properties, and to produce but little smoke; but are injuriously affected by rapidly absorbing water from very damp air, and so are only suited for a dry climate.

For a smokeless powder recourse must be had to one of the nitro-compounds represented by gun-cotton, since their explosive products "consist exclusively of gases and of water vapour"; while in the case of gunpowder "over 50 per cent. are not gaseous even at high temperatures." But with these the worker is at once confronted by other and most serious difficulties. Chief among them is that of regulating the rapidity of burning when the material is compressed in the form of a charge, it being found that "some slight unforeseen variation in its compactness or in the amount and disposition of the air-spaces in the mass would develop very violent action." This, however, has been to a considerable extent overcome by reducing the fibres to a pulp, which afterwards is either converted into grains or formed into larger masses. Powder in which nitro-glycerine is an important constituent is almost perfectly smokeless, and develops a very high energy; but this, like various kinds of nitro-cellulose powder, quickly wears away the barrel of the weapon, in consequence both of the great heat generated and of the cleanness of the discharge. It seems clear from Sir F. Abel's remarks that in the present state of knowledge each advantage has its associated drawback, so that an explosive which is the best possible for warfare under one set of conditions may be unsuitable under another set. For instance, the extent to which the comparatively sensitive nitro-compounds (from which smokeless powders must be manufactured) can be used "in our ships or in our tropical possessions may have to be limited by the practicability of fulfilling certain special conditions essential to storage without danger or possible deterioration."

The best kind of explosive for shells, torpedoes, and mines does not appear to be, as yet, fully ascertained, those which are the most powerful being generally the most unsafe to the employer. For the second and third purpose wet gun-cotton seems to be, on the whole, the best; while for shells it is doubtful whether this material, or picric acid, or the comparatively slow explosive gunpowder, is really preferable under the conditions of actual warfare. Sir F. Abel refers to the much-vaunted explosive mélinite, the secret of which has been well kept by the French Government; but evidently does not feel much anxiety on this score. Indeed, it is satisfactory to notice that his remarks on military explosives are uttered in a tone of quiet confidence, as if he thought that in regard to these we were about as well off as our neighbours in Europe.

These questions of offence and defence are followed by some remarks on explosions in mines and on the growth of the petroleum industry; the latter, though interesting, being rather a digression; and the Address concludes with references to technical education and to the Imperial Institute. Both, we suppose, were under the circumstances inevitable; but we seem to have heard very much about them lately.

UNKNOWN ITALY.

It may seem almost incredible that there should be an interesting and picturesque part of Italy not only unknown to Cook and his tourists, but unknown to the majority of Italians. An excursion made lately by some members of the Italian Alpine Club through the province of Ascoli Piceno in the Marches, and their appreciative remarks, have led to the publication of a guide-book by the grateful inhabitants, who were delighted to find their country thought worthy of inspection. This book treats the subject quite exhaustively. The geography, history, botany, the legends and the poetry, the manners and the customs, prevalent in this most picturesque and unique region are discussed at length; and a perusal of the work would, we venture to suggest, prove more entertaining to the lover of Italy than the nine hundred and ninety-ninth guide to Florence, Rome, or Naples, with which he has probably been favoured. If it should inspire him with a wish to see the country described, we think that he will be repaid for his trouble, especially as the trouble need not be excessive. The Adriatic is just as accessible as the Mediterranean, and the Apennines easier to ascend than the Alps. Hotels, it is true, are not, simply because there have been no tourists to call them into existence; but our traveller would find many houses open to him, and a glimpse into the interiors of these primitive palaces might repay him for the old-world rudeness of the accommodation.

The scenery, in some respects, surpasses that of the Alps. The Apennines have, at all events in this part, as much apparent height, for they rise sheer from the level of the sea, and the olives and festooned vines which adorn their base form, to some tastes, a lovelier decoration than the sombre and monotonous pine-woods which girdle the Alps. The "Gran Sasso" is just beyond the limits of our province; but this contains Vettore and Monte Sibilla of the mystic cave, with its mysterious hieroglyphics, traced, as the legend runs, by the Sibyl of the Apennines. Here you may walk in snow and pluck the edelweiss, and listen, besides, to weird legends, told by your guide, as such legends should be told

with unswerving faith. Another peculiar and picturesque feature of the Marches are the miniature cities situated on the summit of each hill, with their fortified surrounding wall, through an arch in which you get a glimpse of the upward-sloping, stone-paved street. Our guide-book is ready with the blood-stained annals of each separate little town that was bandied about in the distracted middle ages between Guelph and Ghibelline.

The sojourn on Monte Monaco, upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, is particularly recommended as wanting only an hotel to equal any of the most famous resorts in Switzerland. If a few adventurous travellers were to fling themselves —not into any gulf—but simply into the outstretched arms of the inhabitants, the certain result would be an hotel, which, if not quite so luxurious as those in Switzerland, would be far less extortionate. The very attractive town of Ascoli (the ancient Asculum) is situated on the banks of the Trento. The legend runs that it was founded by the Sabines whilst celebrating their sacred springtime. They wandered on, following the flight of the "picchio," or woodpecker, the bird sacred to Mars, and settled in this fertile country, being enchanted with the site. They were long to mix with or ally themselves to the Romans, and Sabine traditions, fables, rites, and customs survive here to a remarkable extent. The woodpecker, from which the Picentines derive their name, is still a bird held sacred, and the object of solemn rites. A town of almost equal interest and the rival from remote times of Ascoli is Fermo (the ancient Firmum), situated on a lonely hill overlooking the sea.

Bathing in the Adriatic is particularly pleasant, and at Porto San Giugi and Porto di Fermo there is an excellent bathing establishment where Roman families do occasionally pass their "villeggiatura." San Benedetto del Trento is a still more frequented resort by Italians; no English or American tourist is ever seen in these most healthy, economical, and delightful bathing places. Along the coast, where the express to Brindisi passes once a week, you feel yourself more or less within the pale of civilization; but in the interior of the province, amongst the fertile valleys which divide the mountains, you find Arcadian simplicity and primitiveness. The character of these mountaineers differs from that of other inhabitants of the peninsula. They are laborious, sober, strong, and mild, not warlike, except in defence, yet when on their mettle amongst the best soldiers that Italy can count. The present writer has lived some thirteen years amongst them, and can say with one of their own poets:—

Ma un' altra terra io so, dove dai monti
Nascono i monti e a mezzo del roccioso
Dorso il nevato sasso più gigante
Leva Apennino.

Where mountains born of mountains rise,
Another land I know;
Great Apennine a giant bears,
There—midst eternal snow.

The whole poem, which is inserted in the guide-book, is too long to quote here. It gives a very pleasing and graphic picture of these "Sabine folk mild in their vigour," living in the same primitive way as of old, and cultivating their fertile country according to traditions bequeathed to them from remote antiquity, but worshipping the true God where once they worshipped heathen divinities. The young men are shown leading their splendid oxen, and the young girls, whose large eyes flash beneath the shadow of the basket poised on their heads, pursuing their silent way along by the ancient ivy-covered walls to the fair, where the lowing of innumerable herds greets them from afar, and where the mothers sit shrouded in red shawls, their hands on their knees, guarding the flocks. It is the description of one who knows and loves this land and this people, and would have others know and love them too. The prompt appearance of the carefully-elaborated volume before us on the first sign of encouragement shows how strong is the desire to be known and appreciated, and we see no reason why such a very natural and justifiable desire should not be gratified, except that tourists are painfully like sheep, and very fond of their beaten tracks. The more they are beaten the more they appear to like them.

LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE IRISH UNION.

III.

BETWEEN February and June 1800 both the Irish Houses of Parliament were fully occupied with long and important debates. There were discussions on the security of the Church, on the commercial articles, on the public debt, on the manufactures of glass and iron, on cotton, on the right of the Crown to create an unlimited number of Irish peers, on the retention of some boroughs and the disfranchisement of others, and on divers other immaterial points. Slowly but surely the tide rose in favour of the Union. The sittings in the Lower House were never suspended before midnight, and were occasionally protracted till noon the next day. Once the Opposition snatched a small majority when the Speaker had left the chair. Twenty-six petitions were presented from Dublin and other large towns against the Union, and seventy-four in its favour. Of the latter, nineteen came from the freeholders of counties. In certain measured trials of strength the Opposition were defeated by 157 votes to 110 and by 155 to 107. A return of the incomes of large landed proprietors, which may have been suggested by recollections of the estates of the Zamindars of Bengal, showed that the supporters of Government had a total annual income of more than a million, while that of the opponents only amounted to 358,000*l.* Cornwallis got over a coolness which had arisen between the Castle and a family of importance in the North of Ireland, by asking the head of it to dinner; and, as he put it to Ross, he "cultivated some of the most loyal and respectable anti-Unionists with success." The Roman Catholic peers were conspicuous "for their loyalty, their attachment to the King and Constitution, and their love of British connexion." Castlereagh answered Grattan and other speakers with singular promptitude, coolness, and logic. The fiery patriot declared that the Union was slavery, and that the people would rise to recover their liberties. Castlereagh denounced this as "prophetic treason," and his friends had some difficulty in preventing a duel between him and Grattan. In another speech the Secretary scouted the notion that the united Parliament would ever repeal the Union. "This," he added, "was an event so improbable that, if the permanence of the Union were to rest on such a contingency, he could wish it no greater security." At length, in the first week of June, when one speaker had denounced "the villany of Government" and another had argued against the Union from the Book of Daniel and the Revelation, the Bill was reported on in Committee, read a third time, and sent up to the Lords. The comment of Cornwallis on the result is, that "though the country could not be saved without the Union, you must not take it for granted that it will be saved with it." There was, however, no agitation in town or country. On the 2nd of August the Lord-Lieutenant reported that he had "notified the Royal Assent to the measure, and that it passed without a murmur in Dublin and without the smallest appearance of discontent and uneasiness." Still, it was thought prudent not to fire a salute or to make any noisy demonstration. There were no public rejoicings in London, as the outlook abroad was not very favourable; and, as a matter of history, the Union took effect on January 1st, 1801, when at last a salute was fired. About the middle of August the Lord-Lieutenant went in procession from the Castle to St. Patrick's Cathedral. The crowd was immense, orderly, and cheerful. Some of the sightseers cried out "That's he!" and often added, "God bless him!" "These," he writes, "are not unpleasant circumstances to a man who has governed a country for two years by martial law." As some set-off to this manifestation of a healthy public feeling at the capital, there were reports of plots and conspiracies, which Cornwallis sedulously discouraged, as he knew that the principal object of the authors of such rumours was to furnish excuses for their own violence in repression.

The Union, as most people are aware, was not effected by oratory alone. Promises of rewards and honours had been given, and they had to be redeemed. A good deal of correspondence of an animated and controversial character passed between the Duke of Portland and the Lord-Lieutenant. The former was disposed to limit the creation and promotion of peers. Cornwallis, backed by Castlereagh, replied in a manly and dignified letter, pointing out that this refusal placed him in a distressing situation; that, relying on what he terms "*carte blanche*," he had passed his word to certain gentlemen; and that he must either be thought to have usurped a power which he did not possess, or would be charged with a deliberate breach of faith. He wound up by requesting the King's permission to retire from a station which he could not any longer hold with honour to himself or advantage to the public service. Of course the Duke of Portland had to give in. The King himself was so satisfied with his Viceroy that he said confidentially to more than one high personage, "If Lord Cornwallis asks me for a Dukedom, I shall certainly give it him." But the ex-Governor-General and Viceroy wanted nothing for himself. He wished faith to be kept with the waverers whom he had conciliated and with the friends who had been severely tried. On six Irish peers English peerages were bestowed; nineteen were promoted to Viscounties and Marquisates. There were twenty-two new creations, and other Peers besides were created or promoted, but for services unconnected with the Union. Then came something more substantial than coronets. No less than eighty boroughs were disfranchised, and they had all been in the hands of borough proprietors. One peer commanded seven seats; another had six; eight more had four apiece; and the remainder were in the hands of one or more individuals. A full and correct list of these proprietors and of the sums paid to each is given in the Cornwallis correspondence. The largest sum received by any one patron was 52,000*l.* One peer got 45,000*l.* The smallest compensation was 200*l.*; but nineteen sums of 7,500*l.* were handed over to as many proprietors, and there were other lump payments of 13,000*l.* and 14,000*l.* In three boroughs the influence of bishops preponderated; and in the case of a fourth, known as Swords, where there was no patron, the sum of 15,000*l.* was vested in the hands of trustees to be laid out in schools and in other works for the general benefit of the place. The whole sum spent in this way amounted to 1,260,000*l.* Other disbursements were made to Loyalists or persons who had given secret and valuable information, but they amounted only to 1,500*l.*; and 1,000*l.* was assigned yearly as pensions. Some severe moralists may think all this very shocking; but it must be recollected in judging of these recompenses that in those days Parliamentary influence was looked on as a species of property. The question was not how the mass of the people could be represented, but how government was to be carried on. The power

exercised by certain great families in the disposal of particular seats, and in elections generally, was enormous, and was not likely to be surrendered without some equivalent. It is remarkable, too, that all this money was disbursed to secure a political end by a Viceroy whose dispensation of patronage in India had been singularly disinterested and pure. Ten years before this time Cornwallis had been repeatedly pressed by peers and Royal personages to provide for some friend or protégé sent out to Calcutta on pure speculation by appointments in the Civil Service of Bengal and Behar. The line between the writer, factor, or senior merchant, and the interloper, as he was uncourteously termed, had not been fixed with precision. Cornwallis refused to send one young man as judge to Benares, and to employ another as clerk in the Secretariat, when their sole qualifications were that they came out with recommendatory letters from country neighbours and friends. He selected his nominees for their worth, and he further reformed and purified the whole Civil Service of India, raising its members above temptation by ample pay, and creating in them a spirit of integrity, a high standard of honour, and sincere devotion to the State. But the nomination to an Irish close borough had a recognized market value, and had to be paid for, if surrendered, like any other article. Perhaps in that millennium of political purity to which we are evidently hastening it may be thought "blackguardly" at some future day to nurse a borough by rebuilding churches, putting up painted windows, and presenting to the Mayor and Corporation a People's Park of ten acres in extent.

Another more serious question was left unsettled. It was the Catholic Emancipation. Difficulties in India about revenue and the army had been trifling, Cornwallis often said, in comparison with those experienced in Ireland. Writing to Ross in the month of October, after the Bill had become law, he says:—"Those things which, if now liberally granted, might make the Irish a loyal people, will be of little avail when they are extorted on a future day." Castlereagh sent the Ministry a pamphlet of several hundred pages, written with much ability, and exhaustive of the whole subject; and it is quite certain that most of the Ministers held very strong views in favour of the removal of all Catholic disabilities. From a confidential memorandum found in Pitt's private papers, it is clear that this Minister wished to resign unless the Catholic claims were conceded, and that in this intention he was followed by Lords Grenville, Spencer, and Camden, and by Windham and Harry Dundas. Cornwallis, when aware of their opinions, thought it necessary to circulate a confidential paper to the principal Catholics in different parts of Ireland, and employed Lord Fingall and Dr. Tracy, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, as mediums of communication. The purport of the memorandum, put shortly, was that the Roman Catholics had been very loyal and well-behaved; that, although no distinct promises or pledges had been given by the Ministry or the Viceroy, the Catholics had some reason to expect a favourable consideration of their claims; that this had now to be postponed; that any undue exhibition of violence or disloyalty would give occasion for the opponents of emancipation to misinterpret their principles or resist their claims; that they must hope for a growing feeling in their favour; and that, in short, it couldn't be helped. The real excuse—and by no means a weak one—was the King's illness. Dundas recorded his opinion that in the event of a Regency or the King's recovery "the question must sleep." His Majesty had had a severe relapse in the month of March, and was ill for ten days; and so, as is notorious, a measure to which the most eminent politicians of the day had committed themselves was postponed for a generation. On the one hand, Cornwallis thought that any person who reopened the subject would be accused of wishing to kill or distract the King, and on the other, he was clearly of opinion that Catholic Emancipation was the one additional measure necessary to make the Union a complete and permanent success.

Lord Hardwicke had been appointed successor to Cornwallis, and he landed at Kingstown about the end of May 1801. After the passing of the Union Cornwallis had enjoyed on the whole a fairly quiet time. He was warned by the Duke of Portland about a threat of rebellion in Wexford and of a conspiracy in Limerick, but he had no difficulty in showing that these reports circulated in England were gross exaggerations. One of the last claimants on his patronage was the celebrated Sir Boyle Roche, who seems to have been much aggrieved by the failure of a comfortable little plan of his own, whereby he would have exchanged posts with a certain Mr. Crosbie. It would, he urged very neatly, have been convenient to both, "as he, who desires to live in England, would have been accommodated with a sinecure place, and I, who intend to be a resident in Dublin, should be very happy in his situation as Commissioner of Stamps." But alas! Cornwallis did not see his way to any job of the sort, nor would he interfere with the arrangements of Lord Hardwicke. On May 28th Cornwallis landed at Holyhead, and he found the roads and the weather so bad that he did not attempt to reach Town in two days, as by the rate of posting he might otherwise have done. One of his last letters expressed his sorrow on leaving a people who had shown him every mark of gratitude and affection; and he went down to Culford, glad to be released from office, to enjoy a little rest, the society of his son and daughter-in-law, and some very good partridge shooting in September.

It has been the object of these papers to show the successive steps by which the Union was effected, and mainly by Cornwallis, and to give, as far as space would allow, the *ipsissima verba* of the Viceroy at each particular crisis or difficulty. Comparisons and contrasts with our own times have been sedulously avoided. But they are often so obvious that he who runs may make them. There are the same outrages with which we are unhappily familiar in our own generation; the same sham patriotism and the same unreasoning hate; the same necessity for coercion, in the shape of law; and the same happy effects which are certain to follow when the administration is in the hands of a firm and equitable statesman.

Cornwallis's titles to our respect and gratitude rest on splendid public services both in Europe and Asia. It was something to have effected the Peace of Amiens, even though its benefits were of short duration. It was a great thing to have promulgated a code of land laws in India which, with some defects and omissions, have stood the test of a century. It was, perhaps, a greater feat to have commenced a reign of order and law in a land of Oriental despots and slaves, and to have purified and reformed the whole English administration in India. But it may be doubted whether, after all, the Irish Union, binding together two islands that can never be separated without mutual loss and national disaster, was not the most arduous, the most necessary, if not the most successful, work in the long public life of Cornwallis.

THE OPEN ST. LEGER.

BETTING is, of course, a very wicked thing; but it is the only medium through which we can contrast the open character of the approaching St. Leger with those of the last few years. We are going to speak exclusively of the betting a week or so before the races, and not at the starts. On Wednesday last, no less than seven favourites were backed at 10 to 1 or less; about the same period before the race in 1884—a remarkably open St. Leger—only five were backed within that margin; in 1887, four; in 1888, three; in 1885 and 1889, two; and in 1886 (Ormonde's year), only one. This is the first time during seven years that as much as 5 to 1 has been laid against the first favourite a week before the race, and in three of those years odds were laid upon, instead of against the favourite, as much as 7 to 1 having been laid in one instance. A bookmaker who made a St. Leger book about a week beforehand during each of the past half-dozen years would have lost more or less heavily on four, been about quits on one, and won moderately on another of them. Ormonde's would have been his worst race, Melton's his worst but one; next to that would have come Donovan's, and after Donovan's Kilwarlin's. On Seabreeze he would not have lost; but he scarcely would have won anything, and his only good race would have been The Lambkin's. If he had made a book early this week, and "got round"—we have been assuming this, by the way, in each instance—he would be certain not to lose, and he might win a good deal; and this, perhaps more than anything else, shows with what confidence a good many of the favourites have been backed on the present occasion. It is worth noticing that, whereas only 3 to 1 was laid on the field for the St. Leger on the Friday at Ascot, 5 to 1 was laid on it on Wednesday last. Five different horses have held the proud position of first favourite during the last six weeks, and on the 8th of July four were quoted at 6 to 1 each, it being almost impossible to say which of them was the first favourite. One of them was Oddfellow, against whom 40 to 1 was laid a week ago. In any case, this cannot fail to be a remunerative St. Leger to bookmakers who have been betting on the race since the Derby; for seven horses have been backed at 100 to 15 or less, to say nothing of several others which have been backed at very moderate odds in the course of the summer, including Queen's Birthday, who came to a short price at the end of last week, as if on purpose to enrich the professional bettingmen.

Those who are interested in foreign politics may learn a good deal by reading the reports from the Stock Exchange, even if every penny of their capital is invested in land; and men who are interested in racing may learn much from the betting quotations, although they may never give or take odds, or avail themselves of the familiar offer, "The field a pony!"

We may take this opportunity of noticing one or two of the races of this week at Derby. For the Breeder's St. Leger, Morion, who had shown some of the best three-year-old form of the year, had far more difficulty in beating Ponza than had been found by Queen's Birthday in beating her for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Both the length of the course and the pace at which the race was run, however, were much more suited to Ponza at Derby than at York. The famous two-year-old, Bumptious, was not disgraced by being beaten a length when giving a stone to Gone Coon for the Champion Breeder's Foal Stakes; nevertheless, his friends had fully expected him to win. He was indirectly glorified on the following day, when Inverness, to whom he had given 2 lbs. and a beating by a length at Epsom, beat a field of eighteen for the Devonshire Nursery Handicap, giving from 30 lbs. downwards to his opponents.

BEMBRIDGE.

ALL golf-links are hard of access, but in few are the perils of the approach enhanced, as at Bembridge, by chances of a watery grave. The Isle of Wight being an island, the golfer might hope his woes would be over when he set foot on the *terra firma* of Ryde. So far is this from being the case, that between the Bembridge golfer's nightly bed and daily bunker yawns, more or less widely, a gulf of the sea. The width of the yawning depends on the tide. At low tide you might drive a ball across; at full tide it is further than a golf ball ever went in dreams, that is, some five times wider. The shorter the sea-voyage, the longer the trudge over sea-sand and sludge—and *vice versâ*. The whole business is not much more than half a mile, but much misery may be fitted into half a mile when waves run high. There are alternatives—to go by train to St. Helen's, the next station to Bembridge on the line to Ryde, and thence walk; or to walk all the way. Each alternative costs money; either there is the ferry to be paid, or the train, or, as a pedestrian vexation, a toll-gate. Most golfers, in view of the fatigues of many bunkers, will prefer the chances of *mal-de-mer*.

It is only fair to say, as a set-off to these gruesome terrors—it is really only rough enough for about a week in all in the year to prevent the ferry-boats plying—that the Bembridge golfer's daily bunker and nightly bed are alike excellent of their kind. The presiding spirit of the "Spithead Hotel," and Strickland, the tutelary genius of the coffee-room, are beneficent deities. They know what the golfer is—his needs, his hunger, and his thirst. And the links in their quality are excellent—one could not wish it better—but of quantity they have, alas! too little. You walk up from your ferry-boat over a hundred yards or so of bent, and but for the nature of the soil, which is convincing, could hardly believe yourself on a golf-links. For you are not surrounded, deafened, fallen upon and rent, like a carcase in the talons of birds of prey, by a screaming set of urchins, each considering himself providentially designated as the carrier of your clubs. Beveridge, the resident professional, keeps boys "on the rank," like cabs or porters at a London railway-station. If you are the tenth golfer to cross the roaring main from the "Spithead Hotel," boy number 10 will be assigned to you as inevitably as if by a law of nature. This is a blessing. Like all mundane blessings, it is not an unmixed one—you are not able to have the same boy each day. But in this, too, there are compensations. Your new boy does not know you by heart, like the inside of his own pocket—with all your weaknesses of mind, temper, and putting—as your long-service boy does. For all he may know, you might be Mr. John Ball, junior, and as such you may comport yourself until the first tee-shot.

The club-house is not magnificent, but comfortable and substantial—more than adequate for purposes of lunch and whisky. Club-rooms of greater glory are attached to the transpontine "Spithead Hotel." Almost from the door of the lunch-and-whisky club-house you strike your first tee-shot. It is not impossible—for it has been done, though it is difficult—to pull your ball from this tee into the harbour, where there is sea at high tide, and mud of unfathomed depth, and animal and vegetable jetsam, when the tide is out. It is easy to find trouble without going so far to seek it. There is a road—where on Bembridge golf-links is there not this road?—into which a poor drive may land you. Had you to drive—not in the technical golfing sense—upon it, you would say it was "no road." No spirit of Macadam dwells upon it. It is a track, sandy, rutty, stony—altogether impossibly objectionable—cleft by wheels and horses. It is as all-embracing in its ubiquity as that great serpent which the Norsemen conceived to encircle the world, with its tail in its mouth, like a whiting. But supposing for the present you have escaped the coils of its very plain unvarnished tail, you will be within a drive or long cleek shot of the green, which is no easy one to lie upon. On the left is the harbour, to right and beyond are whins and ruggedness; but if you do find safety, you are rewarded, for the green is a beauty.

Then you tee on the edge of whins, and with a good carry-over again find yourself within peril of this ubiquitous road. The snaky thing is not satisfied, as a good serpent should be, with the vexations of its own vertebræ, but throws off occasional offshoots, in a Y-shaped manner, which aggravate things. They are side-tracks, leading the traveller upon them no-whither, but the golfer to perdition, and that speedily. But if you get a lie among the coils, which a fairly true shot will always give you, you will be within an iron shot of the hole, to which the left corner of "the Big Bunker" lends a painful interest. The Bembridge golfer talks bigly and very proudly of this big, big bunker, with big, big B's, because all things are relative, and Bembridge links are very small, though very good, and this, to all intents and purposes, is "our only" bunker. And now we say good-bye for a while to the serpent, and tee near the edge of the big, big bunker, and with a fairly-carrying ball may be well over it. But there is an alternative of sneaking round by the right, which sneaking method is no bad one, for the lies are good; and in either case an iron may take the ball up on the green. The fourth hole is "the long hole"—two drives and an iron-shot at the end of them, if things go well. But things may very easily go wrong. The tee-shot must steer to the left of the big bunker, yet not too much so; for there is broken trouble on the right, and again the inevitable road becomes a danger. The hole is beside the harbour, or an offshoot thereof which is called the reservoir, and is without the animal and vegetable jetsam This is the hazard upon the left, and on the right are whins and broken ground.

On the way to the fifth hole are whins to be carried from the tee, which will cause much loss—as of strokes, ball, and temper—if any topping goes on. But the hole is short, so that a full drive will often land comfortably in the ditch and hedge, fencing the course beyond the green. To the left, again, is a less cruel ditch; but except when the hole is at its fullest length, a cleek-shot may lay the ball on the green, and the hole be taken in an easy three. The sixth hole brings you again among the horrid sinuosities of the road. It is near the end of your tee-shot, and the wind will have something to say about the wisdom of playing for over or short. If the first drive be a good one, and lie safe, a second good one may carry you home over the right edge of the big bunker on to a green with vexatious hummocks round about. There is a great chance that your second drive may be interfered with by hitting some one coming to the fourth hole, to your mutual disadvantage. But no one minds this much at Bembridge. You have to get acclimatized to gutta-percha in the air. Luckily the golf-ball does not kill at anything over a hundred yards, or the Bembridge links would be all tombstones.

Hitherto you—the master of boy number 10—have been driving backwards and forwards into the faces of the masters of all previous and subsequent boys. But now you go away at a new tangent and for the seventh hole play across all the other lines of fire. It is full of incident. Here, too, the road indulges in some new offshoots—the trail of the serpent is over it all—and as you skirmish across the plain to your ball, which may lie just short of a little shallow sandy bunker before the hole, the fun of a battle-field is dull compared to it. Sharpshooters cry "Fore!" at you from five points of the compass at once. An old Scottish caddie here gave out the great dictum, "Eh, it's no gowf at a'—it's just war!" Clearly there was no soul of chivalry or adventure in this poor man. With the drive and iron pitch over the shallow bunker this seventh hole should be a four—though there are fearful places and palings just beyond, where you may play any number—and always on the right the harbour. From the seventh hole you plunge again into the thick of the battle, and with a drive—which has to be carefully laid down to avoid the ubiquitous serpent—and an iron shot, deftly played to escape whins on the right, whins on the left, and lie on a lovely putting-green in the middle, you should do this hole again in four. Then home, for the ninth—the last—hole, with two good drives, avoiding again, as with the fear of death, the embraces of that "old serpent," and you come to the club-house, the lunch, the whisky, and Beveridge, who tells you that 40 is a real good score.

Eighty-three is the lowest record for a club competition, done by T. S. Henry in 1886. Anything under 40 is excellent for one round, and since it is harder to do two good things than one, anything under 80 is yet more excellent for the two.

Though Bembridge is so very small that the lines of the nine holes have to be laid out on the plan of some of the more complicated figures of the cat's cradle, yet the bunkers, the green, the whins, everything about it, even that old serpent, are of first-class golfing quality. When there are not too many people there, there can be no more perfect or enjoyable test of golf. But when the green is crowded, Heaven have mercy on the golfer, for "it's no gowf at a'—it's just war!"

Being in the Isle of Wight, the climate, even in winter, is balmy. Snow never, one may say, interferes.

The Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club, to give it its full title, was instituted in 1882. It owes much of its success and favour to the exertions of the late Captain Eaton, R.N., who conferred upon it many benefits and a set of rules peculiar to itself. They are excellent rules, but a doubtful boon. Many of those who write to the *Field* about the need of "uniformity" in golf rules are Bembridgites. Now, but for the Bembridge rules the uniformity would be almost perfect. Wherefore the Bembridgite is found in the proud position of being in a minority composed of one.

THE PASSING OF THE AGED PSYCHOPATH.

[In Russia, where obscure and imaginary mental ailments are, for all legal and most practical purposes, confounded with insanity of behaviour, the word *psychopath*, meaning a person who enjoys all the rights of a sane man and many of the privileges of a lunatic, though coined but a few years ago, is most extensively used by all classes of society. So many persons now describe themselves as *psychopaths* that it no longer confers upon them the least distinction.—M. LANIN, in the *Fortnightly Review*.]

COME hither, little Vladimir,
And listen and take heed;
I've sent for you that you may hear
Your grandsire's dying rede.

I ever sought distinction's niche
Throughout my life, and you,
My Vladimir Ivánovitch,
Must be distinguished too.

Then take not up, O grandson mine,
Or dread my ghostly wrath,
So common and so cheap a line
As that of psychopath.

For you must shun the vulgar herd;
And nowadays, my lad,
To name yourself by such a word
Would stamp you as a cad.

Far otherwise it was with me,
Thank Heaven! when I was young,
And my well-marked psychopathy
Employed the public tongue.

When, as a child, in childish play
I chanced to break a limb,
And got my tutor sent away
By charging it on him,

All deemed my case with interest fraught,
Whom thus, ere yet a youth,
A nervous system highly-wrought,
Forbade to speak the truth.

In like emotion, too, they joined
When, in my boyhood's spring,
I irresponsibly purloined
My father's diamond ring.

Then as my morbid instincts throve
And paralysed my will,
Men's curiosity inwove
A stronger feeling still.

And awe and wonder were complete
When, with no purposed aim,
I was impelled to counterfeit
My uncle's honoured name.

Why dwell upon the homicides
And criminal assaults
For which psychopathy provides
Excuse as venial faults?

Suffice it that a case so rare
Through mouths of mortals ran,
Till I was reckoned everywhere
A most distinguished man.

But now, alas! the psychopath
Is everywhere on view—
Ah, boy, avert my ghostly wrath,
And shun that common crew!

Ascribe your thefts to simple greed,
Plead hatred when you slay,
Account for every wicked deed
In the old-fashioned way.

To shame these imitative times
The novel sight present
Of one who perpetrates his crimes
With criminal intent.

And ever this distinction proud
To psychopaths oppose,
That you, unlike that vulgar crowd,
Could help it if you chose.

REVIEWS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.*

A VERY great man once demeaned himself to write "the printer is a beast" in consequence of the misdoing, or perhaps the oversight, of a member of that long-suffering corporation. Sir Frederick Pollock might have occasion to write as much of his publishers or his binders, who have put on the forefront and back of this little book *History of the Science of Politics*. Hardly even the Abbé Sieyès would have undertaken to tell the science of politics in a hundred and twenty pages, and, of many men, Sir Frederick is perhaps the last to make any such pretension. But the title-page sets things right; and we are rather glad of the accident because it gives us an excellent text.

For how many people are there who, if they think at all about the matter, which may be doubted, as far as any proper meaning of the word "think" goes, think that as much history of the science of politics as anybody needs may be achieved, not merely in a hundred and twenty pages, but in the single newspaper page which contains one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches? How many are there who, when they find Sir Frederick Pollock referring to Aristotle on all occasions, will dismiss him as a *perruque*, ignorant of County Councils and the march of intellect? How many who are sure that old world politics have little or nothing to do with new world politicians, and who honestly believe, as far (to distinguish once more) as such a word as belief can be mentioned in connexion with their crude imaginings, that the French Revolution, or the Reform Bill of 1832, or the Reform Bill of 1885, or this, or that, or the other, really in some measure introduced a new heaven and a new earth in matters political?

The contents of the book are those of four lectures first delivered eight years ago at the Royal Institution, then printed in the *Fortnightly Review*, and since pirated in America. The intelligent pirate in a celebrated passage razed one of the Ten Commandments; but it is not reported that he published a cheap edition of it without paying royalty to the Queen's printers or the Universities. Had he done so, he would have been more in accord with his distinguished and humorous descendant. For the science of politics which Sir Frederick teaches is mortal, perhaps more mortal than the teacher himself would at first acknowledge, to the Rights of Man and the theory of the modern Republic. We must not be understood or misunderstood as wishing to intimate that our author takes a side in politics. He is beautifully impartial on the whole; and if he anywhere deserts perfect impartiality, it is rather on what is vaguely called the popular side. For instance, he speaks quite unkindly of divine right as a sentimental fiction. Now the main fault which others find with divine right is that it is so desperately practical and even opportunist. The end of all politics is to get government to go on smoothly; and if you can only get divine right believed (it is, on the face of it, much less hard to swallow than the right of the majority) your Government "marches" without the slightest difficulty. But even some of its partisans admit that divine right is only suited for very clever people or abject fools, and that the *quantum* of glimmering intelligence which most persons possess cannot away with it.

This, however, is a digression. Sir Frederick's own views of politics count for very little in this sketch. It is, indeed, obvious that while his reason is (on the terms of independence, of course, on which a reasonable man's reason is "with" anything) with Aristotle and Bodin, and Hobbes and Burke, his sentiment sometimes deflects him in the Liberal direction; but this matters exceedingly little. The importance of his book is that it brings the most shamefully and shamelessly becharlataned of sciences back to book, back to reason, back to history. There are many things, no doubt, which go to make the perfect politician. He is nearly as rare and complex as the perfect beauty. But still he has two main and very simple characteristics. He must know human nature and (chiefly that he may know human nature) he must know history. Indeed, if he really knows history he can hardly fail to know human nature, which never changes, and which merely unfolds fresh aspects of its own perennial identity in the long chronicles of the past. The fatal error of nearly all our modern politicians is that, whether or no they expressly declare their belief that ancient history is an old almanac, they behave as if it was. National Liberal Federation and Primrose League alike, though the one denies what the other only forgets, ignore history.

The book being itself rather a survey than an argument, it is hardly to be noticed otherwise (except by general commendations of its value) than by somewhat detached remarks on the author's successive appreciations. To obtain the full benefit from it it should be read carefully, and then the authors referred to should be read one by one. It is excessively rare to find such a survey—one so free, not merely from "flings," but from undue expressions of personal opinion. The Spartans and Austin are perhaps the only subjects on which Sir Frederick avows (and even here it should be noticed that he avows) a certain amount of prejudice. As for the Spartans, the "rhetoricians and second-hand scholars" to whom Sir Frederick refers with deserved scorn have, no doubt, much to answer for. Let us only plead in mitigation (since Sir Frederick is sceptical even as to their fighting powers) that, after all, the Spartans, with the betting at least ten to one against them at the beginning, did win the very tough and long struggle called the Peloponnesian war. Their discomfiture by Iphicrates's peltasts, to which he refers, was, after all, not more discreditable than the discomfiture of the old Terzias at Rocroy by Condé's troops. However, this is not politics. As for Austin, his manner is, no doubt, as bad as Sir Frederick thinks it, and we personally have no sort of kinship of political opinion with him. But, to judge from our experience, he has a singular *clarifying* effect on the political intelligence, especially in youth; and this is a great thing in a matter where the worst danger is muddlement. No scholar, nor any philosopher, nor any competent politician, will quarrel with Sir Frederick's general maxim of "back to Aristotle," or with his respective valuation of Plato and Aristotle in this particular subject. He is, by the way, rather hard on Xenophon; but then Xenophon was fond of the Spartans; and it may be admitted that, though an exceedingly pretty leader of troops, and perhaps a better writer at his best than Sir Frederick is willing to allow, he had not a political head. All unfavourable criticism of Plato on the score of politics is at once summed up, and summed up unanswerably, by the rather unkind, but strictly just, remark that "a balloon is a very fine thing if you are not anxious to go anywhere in particular." We think, indeed, and we do not know that Sir Frederick would differ with us, that the politician will be very much the better for having

* *Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics.* By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested the *Politicus*, and the *Republic*, and the *Laws*. But he certainly will not find in them, as he will find in that matchless book the *Politics*, the result of a clear and just thought working upon an immense ascertained collection of political facts. And the page in which it is here pointed out how Aristotle slays beforehand the social contract in any and every of its possible forms should be learnt by heart by any ingenuous youth who wants to study politics with advantage. For, in truth, this social-contract fallacy, or rather the fallacy which lies behind the social contract, is the root of a vast deal of mischievous and luxuriant weed-growth much more recent in date even than Rousseau. There is, perhaps, some bated breath in Sir Frederick's justification of Aristotle's justification of slavery. Why not acknowledge boldly that slavery of a kind—call it what you will and regulate it as you like—is a necessary condition of political society? We should not, as our author does, endorse as "well said" Professor Bryce's remark that the middle ages were "essentially unpolitical"; indeed, we should nearly as willingly say that they were essentially unarchitectural. But for the special purpose of this book—that is to say, the history of the conscious discussion of political principles—the remark has a working truth, no doubt. To pass to Renaissance times, we cannot too much commend the remarks on Bodin, the general ignorance of whom in England is astonishing. The criticism of Hobbes and of Locke is also very good, though, perhaps, Sir Frederick, with Locke, relies too much on the undoubted fact as against Hobbes that, if government is sufficiently intolerable to a sufficiently large number of the governed, they will rebel, whether you inculcate on them the irrevocable compact of the divine right of kings or (we may add) the sacredness of a majority. No doubt they will. No doubt this is an ultimate fact, and one of the few ultimate facts in the case. But it may be questioned whether it may not and should not be kept in the background, as an inevitable corrective if the worst comes to the worst, rather than paraded as a first principle of Constitutions. So again, we are a little at issue with Sir Frederick on the question whether political power in the last resort is with the majority of the House of Commons. There are instances not merely in remote, but in very recent, history where an undoubted majority of the House of Commons has been, in fact, as much unable to exercise its apparent power as the Crown is to exercise its right of veto. On the other hand, we have read with great pleasure Sir Frederick's remarks on Montesquieu, a writer most unjustly depreciated not merely in England, but (despite M. Sorel's capital little book, which is justly praised here) in France likewise. The treatment of Rousseau may be anticipated. But we are not sure that the view of Burke here given is quite the correct one. Sir Frederick seems to us a little to ignore the fact that Burke was, in effect, a Tory who came into public life at a time when there was no real Tory party, who cast in his lot with the Whigs, and served them faithfully for many years, and who at last exhausted the powers of a great intellect and a supreme gift of eloquence in trying to find Whig arguments for Tory principles. And, lastly, with all our respect for Mr. Huxley, we cannot share Sir Frederick's affection for the phrase that government is "the corporate reason of the community." For Corporate Reason is to us a term which conveys little more meaning than General Reason did to Peacock's amatorious peasant in *Melincourt*.

These scattered comments are, no doubt, something unmethodical. But, as we have hinted, they afford almost the only possible means of commenting on the book at all in detail. And it is far too good a book as it is for mere vague encomium. It not only gives an excellent and a most "informing" view of the subject; but its whole gist and tenor from beginning to end is the inculcation of the one and only sound principle of politics, that the thing which hath been shall be, that the lessons of the past must be the axioms of the future. This is the cardinal doctrine of politics, which if he keep faithfully, a man is on the way to political salvation; which if he neglect, he is on the way to that pit of political perdition to which unluckily too many Englishmen are being cheered and lured on by their leaders to-day.

NOVELS.*

We do not know whether *The Dead Man's Gift* is Mr. Herbert Compton's first attempt in fiction, or whether he has published others. If it is his first, it does him great credit. It is refreshingly old-fashioned, without either descending to the level of shilling melodrama or introducing seas of gore. One would certainly infer from it that Mr. Compton had never read—or, having read, had refused to mark, learn, or digest inwardly—the masterpieces of "analysis." The hero, Denis Durand, is all that the hero of a straightforward eventful romance should be, with the addition that, instead of being a stick—the besetting temptation of such gentry—he has a delightful simplicity of character and readiness to be imposed upon, which at once ensures his getting into the most desperate scrapes, and maintains the interest of the reader as to what providential occurrence it will be that will pull him out again, and how he will ultimately succeed in bringing the perfectly suitable and rather attractive heroine in triumph to the hymeneal altar. Denis was a tea-planter on the slopes of the Himalayas, and was young, strong, handsome, and industrious. Accordingly he planted, gathered, and manufactured his tea, and made friends, and lost some of them, and made enemies, and fell in love with a particularly unsophisticated little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, who managed her father's household by the light of nature. She violently reciprocated his affection: and, as regarded their mutual sentiment, nothing went amiss. But Denis became the prey of a crafty and very entertaining villain, and ruin came upon him, and fate persecuted him in the most relentless and edifying manner, until he made his fortune out of what appeared to be the last, and almost the worst, of his catastrophes. During all of which time his adventures were continuous and exciting, and are capitally related by Mr. Compton, who is a decidedly humorous and agreeable writer. Sentimental he is, of course, and a little too much addicted to the use of italics, but he shares each of these weaknesses with Mr. Charles Reade, whose less didactic and pleasanter style of narrative he not unfrequently recalls. Moreover, the story contains an admirable Parsee shopkeeper and a first-rate dog. They both save Denis's life, the dog in particular, by a display of intelligence, to increase which would have been to surpass the bounds set to canine wisdom by the actual condition of the universe. As it is, however, those bounds are not surpassed, and "Shot" is one of the best characters in the book. In more than one place Mr. Compton is successfully pathetic, and altogether the book is an excellent piece of light reading.

Youma is another rather good (though very short) story, with a scene comparatively new in British fiction. This is Martinique, in the middle of the present century, immediately before the emancipation of the slaves. The author's strong point is the extreme vividness of his account of plantation life as regards both the natural features of the landscape and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Of story, strictly so called, there is, indeed, hardly any; but no one who knows nothing of the French West Indies can read *Youma* without feeling that he has added to his stock of literary experience. The book ends in a servile rebellion, and the story in brutal massacre of all the characters except one of secondary importance, the gloom of this more than Shakspearean holocaust being relieved only by the heroic self-devotion of Youma, the heroine, who was a slave and a child's nurse, and who showed the invincible fidelity which many native servants were to show to their European masters and masters' children on the other side of the world some ten years later. There is a good deal of negro-French jargon here and there in the book, some translated and some not, but all fairly intelligible, and reading as if it were a pretty kind of *patois*.

A man who has the courage to state in plain print on his title-page that his work is "a religious novel" deserves the applause of the discriminating on this account, if on no other. No less is dared and done by Mr. Joseph Hocking. Jabez Easterbrook was an ideally good, wise, strong, active, and intelligent Methodist preacher. He loved the daughter of his elder, or principal church-member, or something of that sort, and she was a haughty, advanced, strong-minded, immensely clever, and gloriously beautiful young atheist named Margaret. She rather opened his eyes by telling him his religion was all nonsense, and that if he studied the works of Comte, Darwin, Huxley, and Frederic Harrison he would find it out. He had never heard of any of these persons before; but immediately spent a year—or that part of it which he could spare from knocking down drunken navvies and converting them into Young Men's Christian teetotalers—in reading their books, whereby he became a better Christian than ever. But he preached against fixed creeds—they all do—and said that Solomon was an indifferent philosopher, owing to his having been a wicked old man who unduly indulged himself in the number of his wives. So they kicked him out of his ministry. About this time Margaret, having gradually fallen in love with Jabez (in spite of his name), became as good a Christian as he was—or better. She announced the event to the members of her family by informing them over the breakfast-table that she had "found Christ" in her room the evening before, and Mr. Hocking is of opinion that words are not equal to the description of "the joy that was felt at Heathertown Grange that morning." So she arranged to marry Jabez, and he set up in a neighbouring town as a Dissenters' Robert Elsmere, with a meeting-house, chess-and-draught-room, swimming-bath, gymnasium, and all the other requisites for making the lives of men and women brighter and better in the most approved modern style. It goes without saying that the homely manners and total ignorance of the educated parts of the world shown by Jabez and his friends are described with such minuteness as to be amusing when taken in very small quantities, intolerable when read for an hour together, and probably in substance true to the life. The most exciting passages occur when the whole party takes a trip to Windermere. Jabez is nearly drowned in an awful storm that arises upon that dangerous water, and is only saved by the circumstance that when the raging billows overwhelm his frail craft, and he himself is "swept onward" by "a monstrous wave," he is able to put down a toe, and has the satisfaction of feeling

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* *The Dead Man's Gift: a Tea-planter's Romance.* By Herbert Compton. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

Youma: the Story of a West Indian Slave. By Lafcadio Hearn, Author of "Two Years in the French West Indies," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Jabez Easterbrook: a Religious Novel. By Joseph Hocking, Author of "Elrad the Hic," &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

"firm soil beneath his feet." A few days later they are all caught by a storm on Helvellyn, and Margaret is saved only by the courage and good fortune of Jabez. On both occasions the natives, knowing their lakes and their mountains, display the utmost cowardice, and refuse to go anywhere to help any one. When Jabez was out in the storm Margaret offered 10*l.* to any boatman who would put out in search of him, and offered it in vain. Several of Jabez's sermons are given in summary, and his appearance before the Committee which dismissed him for heterodoxy is fully reported, especially his arguments, which were particularly disingenuous. The volume is dedicated to Mrs. Hocking, whom the author describes in his dedication as "my severest critic." Unhappy man!

MILITARY CAREER OF JOHN SHIPP.*

THE "Adventure Series" is more completely justified of its children by John Shipp than by either of the volumes which have gone before these Memoirs. It deserved reprinting better than either the *Adventures of a Younger Son* or *Robert Drury's Journal*. Intrinsically it is not, perhaps, a better or more interesting book than either; but, though it may appear paradoxical, we are not sure that worth and interest are always the best reasons for reprinting a book. When a work is well known by reputation to all who are likely to read it, when it is easily accessible by them, there is no particular reason why it should be brought out in a new edition. But there are books which, though deserving to be known, are not known, or, though known of, are not easily come at. And these it is which should be reprinted. Shipp's Memoirs cannot well have become inaccessible. They went through three editions between 1829 and 1843, and many copies must survive, more or less battered and illegible, but not difficult to find. Yet the book had fallen out of sight more completely than was just, and Mr. Fisher Unwin has been well advised in bringing it to light again. The editor, Mr. Manners Chichester, has done the work of introduction at sufficient length and with as much detail as was needed—that is, he has produced the evidence required to set at rest the doubts of any reader who wants to be assured that there was a "veritable John Shipp," and he has reprinted from Tegg's edition of 1843 the supplement which accounts for his later years. One is glad to learn from it that Shipp died in tolerable circumstances—young, indeed, and just when he seemed to be at the beginning of more prosperous years—but still not in the want which might so well have been the end of such a career as his. The illustrations are very appropriate, being mostly somewhat wooden pictures of soldiers, white and black, in old-fashioned uniforms. There is a delightful frontispiece, containing the portrait of John Shipp himself—wearing a shako of the most imposing proportions, and pointing with a very crooked sabre at a gloomy fortress, presumably Bhurtpore. It gives Shipp a distinctly bibulous appearance—most unjustly, we hasten to add—and has decidedly the look of a character portrait of the popular actor Mr. So-and-So in his favourite part of Captain ——.

In this respect, also, the portrait is unfair, for Shipp's fighting was no play-acting. A man who was twice promoted from the ranks, once by Lord Lake and then by Lord Hastings, must have seen real service. That all Shipp has to tell is Wahrheit, and no part of it Dichtung, it would be rash to assert. But we think that the Wahrheit is in the fighting and the Dichtung in the padding. When Shipp wrote he knew, or was told, he had to please a public which liked sentiment, and expected piety, so he gave them specimens of both. It is easy enough to detect where it comes in. Thus we have no doubt that when he was a very young soldier at the Cape he deserted with a girl, and was ignominiously haled back by the provost-marshal. That is a very credible adventure; but when Shipp describes the lovely Sabrina who led him into such unmilitary conduct as a kind of Bartolozzi young woman in the flesh, and insists on the poetry of the story, the reader knows that he is being served with the Dichtung and not the Wahrheit. This adventure, we may add, doth greatly smack of an incident in the life of Mr. Rattlin the Reefer, whose real biographer some excellent judges hold to have been Captain Marryat. Then, again, the praying of Shipp is suspicious. We would not hint a doubt that Shipp did pray, nor even dissent from the doctrine that he prayeth best who fighteth best, but the manner is dubious. He is always going into secret places, for which indeed there is good authority, and there finding repentant soldiers bewailing their sins, who commonly are killed in the next action. Now this ought not to happen more than once. Besides, bits of style keep cropping up. We are told, in the course of the attack on Fort Hattrass, how the pensive moon hid behind the black cloud, and how the "feathered tribe, that were wont in those warm nights of summer to melodize the breezes, retired far into the distant woods, there to tune their notes of sorrow. Mortal language," he goes on, "cannot array such a scene in its garb of blackest woe." Then we drop to the matter of fact remark that "some carcasses were thrown." Shipp was conscious plainly that he must be poetical, and like a right-minded young man he took the stock literary fine language of his time. This does not affect the essential truth of his story, and the less because there is little or no trace of this self-consciousness when he is talking of his military life. This—much the greater part of his book—is simple and excellent.

The story he has to tell is worth telling, and he himself worth knowing. To have been twice promoted from the ranks is of itself a kind of unique distinction. Shipp started in life as a workhouse boy at Saxmundham, just at the beginning of the great Revolutionary war. He tells in an eminently readable way how some wandering Sergeant Kite, with a recruiting party, gave him the scarlet fever at a very early age. How early it is not easy to say with confidence, since his statements as to his age do not agree with the parish register of Saxmundham, but probably at about twelve. The British army would not have him at those tender years, and he was left to play at soldiers for two or three years longer, which he did, to the neglect of his duty to his master, a farmer, to whom he had been hired by the parish. The farmer did not spare the rod; but it was to no purpose. Shipp would be a soldier, and at last he had his chance. In 1797 the Government decided to complete three weak regiments by enlisting boys of from ten to sixteen. It is curious to be reminded that we have actually put in practice the suggestion that we should train boys for the army which is sometimes made to-day. The regiment was the 22nd, and Shipp served in it as boy and man till he won a commission in 1805 by leading three successive forlorn-hopes at the siege of Bhurtpore. That event ought to console the scientific soldier when he is exasperated by being told that the great thing in war is to go at them. Lord Lake went at Bhurtpore, and little good he got by it. He could not batter down gigantic mud walls with six-pounders, and in successive storms he sent his men to useless slaughter, and was compelled at last to raise the siege, though he impressed the enemy so far that they agreed to a compromise in our favour politically. Shipp led three of the four storms, and was knocked about in all of them. Lake gave him first a pair of colours in the 65th, and then a lieutenant's commission in the 76th. With this regiment Shipp returned to England, witnessing a brush between one of the men-of-war of the convoy and a French 64 off Mauritius, which ended in the escape of the Frenchman. At home Shipp came to financial grief. "To say the truth," he remarks at a later period, "I do not know any class of people more deserving of money, or who can spend it in a more gentlemanlike manner, than soldiers." Poor Shipp spent his money in so gentlemanlike a manner that he was soon compelled to sell out to find the wherewithal to pay his debts. Then, with cheerful philosophy, he decided to rise again as he had risen before, and enlisted in the 24th Dragoons. With this regiment he returned to India, after a miserable passage under a martinet. He was soon made sergeant, then sergeant-major, and before long was promoted ensign in the 87th Foot. This career we note was, if nothing else, an answer to Napier's famous dictum that the British soldier fought in the cold shade of the aristocracy. Here was a British soldier who twice won a commission by the time he was thirty. With the 87th Shipp saw fighting in abundance in the war against Nepaul, in the storm of Fort Hattrass, where he was first man in, and then as baggage-master of the left wing of the army which crushed those pests of India the Pindarees. At last came peace, and peace, as before, was ruinous to Shipp. He entered into some mysterious transactions about a horse with his colonel, and then, thinking himself ill-treated, plunged into a pamphleteering war with his superior, which ended in a court-martial and dismissal from the service. The dismissal was commuted into leave to retire, and Shipp came back to England to try his fortune. His memoirs were published to make a little money, and did prove moderately profitable. After a time old military friends helped him to the command of the night watch at Liverpool, where he proved an excellent police-officer. Finally, just before his death in 1833, he was elected to the mastership of the Liverpool Workhouse. Either half of his military career is interesting, but the second is the better. His single combat with the Ghoorka Sirdar, at Muckwanpore, was a pretty piece of fighting. Shipp describes with some humour how the Ghoorka's two shields—one hanging from the girdle, the other on the left arm—puzzled him; how he feinted at his enemy's toes, and then caught him under the chin, nearly cutting his head off, despatching him at a blow, as Lockhart's Scotch gentleman did the French major. There is considerable frankness in his account of the promptitude he showed, in the sack of Hattrass, in seizing a fine Persian horse, which he sold to the King of Oude, at Lucknow, for 2,000 rupees, thereby escaping the disappointment which fell on those who were compelled to wait for the distribution of the prize-money. On the great question of loot Shipp was thoroughly orthodox, and had the true sailor and soldier hatred of a prize agent. A great deal of human nature, too, may be found in the contrast between his dislike of flogging in the army (he had been sentenced to 999 lashes for desertion in Africa, but the penalty was not enforced), and his frank confession that, when he was baggage-master in the army formed to crush the Pindarees, he used the whip freely to make the camp-followers do their work. Mesty himself was not more candid. The man was obviously a thorough soldier. To questions of politics he was as utterly indifferent as Pierre himself. He left them to his superiors, and only cared for the bloody part of Indian life. He knew so little that he talks of a Brahmin soliciting alms in the name of "Ala." To such refinement as the difference between a Brahmin and a Mahometan

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* *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment.* Written by Himself. A new Illustrated edition. With an Introduction by H. Manners Chichester. "Adventure Series." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

he was indifferent. They were all black heathens together, buried in superstition, worshipping stocks and stones. Yet what he could see of the natives he draws well. His rajahs and their fighting-men, the mob of camp-followers, and the ruffianly Pindarees, are vivaciously alive. Like many other brave men, he ingeniously confesses that the prospect of great danger disturbed him, and only claims that when in the midst of it his spirits rose to the occasion. He acknowledges that before going on the storming parties at Bhurtpore he prayed a good deal, and was conscious of nervousness. Like many other soldiers—and the best of them—he has an utter horror of the squalid miseries of war, and, in particular, of the suffering it entails on women and children. Yet he was a soldier to the marrow of his bones—a soldier, but not a bit of a general. Of strategy he neither knew nor cared aught. Again and again he stops to insist on the need for strict discipline, absolute obedience to orders, and a sharp look-out—to whatever, in fact, is the sphere of the subaltern and common soldier. Beyond it he does not look. Perhaps he was not, on that account, the less a good specimen of the men who drove the French from Spain and completed the conquest of India. That Shipp may fairly be said to have been, in spite of a certain "faconde," which we are apt to think more un-English than it possibly is. It is to Shipp's honour that he never disputed the justice of his sentence, and (strange praise for an Anglo-Indian) did not pose as a man with a grievance.

OLD YORKSHIRE.*

MR. WILLIAM SMITH, in his preface, quotes some words from the review which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of the previous volume. We shall not retract anything then said as to the value of the work of the local antiquary or of the interest of *Old Yorkshire*; but it is the duty of the critic to warn as well as to praise, and we think that Mr. Smith will frankly acknowledge that some of his contributors have failed to deal adequately with the subjects they have undertaken. What can be the use of a biography of Dr. John Fisher which does not cover three pages and does not give a single reference? He is a worthy of whom Yorkshire may rightly be proud, not only as a founder of St. John's College, Cambridge, but for the unflinching courage with which he opposed Henry VIII. If Mr. Smith wishes to see how the Life of the learned and pious Bishop of Rochester should be written, both for brevity and accuracy, he may with advantage consult the excellent notice contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography* by W. J. Bass Mullinger. The recent "beatification" of Fisher by the Church of Rome, and the still more recent controversy about some part of his actions, in which Mr. Gladstone has been engaged, have given a fresh interest to the story of his career, and make one regret all the more that a perfunctory notice should be all that appears about him in *Old Yorkshire*. The volume opens with some pleasant gossip about Giggleswick and its worthies. Dr. Robert Collyer, who in his Transatlantic abode retains a fond affection for the old home, sends from New York some interesting transcripts from one of the privately printed books of the eccentric antiquary John Croft, S.A.S. The editor contributes a useful list of Yorkshire artists. Although this includes some whose claims to pictorial fame are not great, we miss the name of William Rushworth, the story of whose life is inscribed upon a gravestone in Brighouse churchyard, where the careless passer-by may read above a pious, but not poetical, verse these words:—"To the memory of William Rushworth, Artist, Brighouse, who departed this life September 29th, 1872, in the 32nd year of his age. When an infant he was found on a place called Rushworth Moor, and his parents, having never been discovered, the friends who took charge of him agreed to name him after the place where he was picked up." Luckier than many deserted babes was this little waif, who fell into the hands of kindly Yorkshire friends instead of being sent to the workhouse. An artist connected with the county, though not a native of it, was George Stubbs, the author of the "Anatomy of the Horse," etched from his own drawings. It was at Leeds that he learned from a house-painter the somewhat primitive art of etching on copper coins with sewing needles fixed in skewers. He painted racers—another link of sympathy with the county whose inhabitants are characteristically "horsey," and was, perhaps, the first English artist who produced pictures of animals as they really are. A good account of him was written by the late Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, and Mr. Smith should remember him in some future volume. Mr. Ross's sketch of the family of Savile, in its legitimate and illegitimate branches, is interesting, and shows that more might be done to make genealogy popular. Mr. Alexander Paterson contributes a scholarly notice of Yorkshire journalism in the eighteenth century, which is illustrated by some facsimiles of early newspapers. The sketch of Professor (why "Professor"?) John Curwen shows, in a minor degree, the same vices we have already named in relation to the account of Bishop Fisher. Curwen was an interesting and a useful man, who has contributed much to the advancement of a knowledge and love of music amongst the masses of the English people. Mr. Taylor writes of him appreciatingly, but entirely omits to give a reference to the *Memorials of John Curwen*, published in 1882. It is needless to go further into details. *Old Yorkshire* contains many views, portraits, and pictures, and much pleasant gossip. It can hardly be taken up without interest or laid down without profit; but its usefulness will be greatly increased if the editor will steadily insist upon a high standard, and impress upon all his contributors that no book of history or archæology—even popular archæology—is complete without ample and precise references to the best sources of further information.

* *Old Yorkshire.* Edited by William Smith, F.S.A.S. London: Longmans & Co.

THE STORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS.*

MR. G. B. BARTON has compiled a valuable history of the mother-colony of all the Australian colonies. When New South Wales achieved its centennial birthday, the local Government wisely determined to celebrate the occasion by preparing at the public cost the story of its years of humiliation and ultimate triumph over unexampled difficulties, and retained the services of Mr. Barton to construct the story. A remarkable and wonderful story it is, and to be commended to the notice of readers who take pride in the exploits of their countrymen. Of the 600 pages which make up this first volume, there is not a single page that does not contain something of deep human interest—something new, ofttimes startling, and always instructive, in the social and political history of England during the century which has just closed. The work comes opportunely. It will confirm all true-hearted Englishmen in the belief that the integrity of this Empire cannot be imperilled either by lukewarm statesmen or adventurous politicians; it will not fail to rouse the indifferent and the timid, for it invests our Australian possessions with a new charm. It is hardly necessary to remind readers of the unexampled difficulties which the authorities had to contend with in establishing the convict colony of Botany Bay. The unhappy beings who first formed that penal settlement were not only grossly ignorant of the commonest industrial arts, to say nothing of the A B C, but they were also steeped in wickedness and hardened in all the cardinal sins. Who can help exclaiming with Lord Bacon, "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men with whom to plant"? if for no other reason than that such beings are liable to starvation in a new, unsettled country, having no wholesome wit, nor sufficient moral energy to cultivate the soil or grow the commonest foods; "gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks, and bakers" are the men to plant with, and to be carefully selected. The selection, however, for our first Australian colony was left in the hands of the gaolers, who picked out the men and women they wished to get rid of. It is essential to a right understanding of what as a nation we did a hundred years ago in planting our first Australian colonies with convicts—and with convicts such as our laws then made—some of whom, we may be tolerably sure, were more sinned against than sinning; while it is probable that many innocent persons were transported; and perhaps the great majority of the guilty were not criminals of the deepest dye. We are not to wonder, therefore, that many of the early convicts subsequently rose to social distinction, and not a few to opulence and power.

How the most important lands discovered by Captain Cook came to be turned into penal settlements may be read in Mr. Barton's pages. It has been thought by some that the Imperial Government were moved to the formation of a great colony in what was then known as New Holland for the purpose of providing new homes for the faithful Royalists who suffered so many indignities at the hands of the rebels of North America during and after the War of Independence; while others, again, have imagined that in sending convicts to Botany Bay the British were simply throwing dust in the eyes of the French to keep them from seeing the real motive of the British occupation of Australia. Mr. Barton sweeps away these surmises, and shows indubitably that the cause of planting ourselves as we did on the flower-besprent land of Botany Bay was the hideous and horrible condition of our gaols.

In brief, Mr. Barton by his *History of New South Wales* has laid the foundation for a new history of England, in which will be set forth how the progress of the mother-country has been coexistent with the growth of her colonies, and how the permanent greatness of both is interdependent on each other. There is as great a difference between the England of to-day and the England of 1790 as there is between the time when elemental forces were at work in constructing the materials of Australia's future wealth and greatness. The traveller who looks down from the summit of Mount Gambier upon the dark-blue waters of the lake below, sheltered from rude winds by terraced walls on which the grass grows as smooth and green as on an English lawn, may find it hard to realize the fact that he stands on the edge of a volcano, and that the scene of silent beauty on which he gazes was once a scene of raging fire. Equally hard to realize is the fact that only a single century separates us from the time when

* *History of New South Wales from the Records.* By G. B. Barton, of the Middle Temple. Vol. I.—*Governor Phillip*, 1783–1789. By Authority. Sydney: the Government Printer; London: Trübner & Co.

every British settler in Australia, from its Governor down to the poorest wretch who was languishing in irons, was expecting to be starved to death through the non-arrival of the periodical provision ships from home.

WALLACE.*

NO one will greatly blame a Scotchman for sometimes allowing his national enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment when writing a Life of William Wallace. It is likely enough that the Rev. Charles Rogers would handle any other historical subject in a critical spirit; the names of Wallace and Edward are too much for his equanimity. His first volume was mainly devoted to genealogical and biographical notices of persons of every rank of life who have borne the name of Wallace; his present volume records the deeds of the hero himself. Both are in all respects beautifully got up, and present evidences of careful work. The story of Wallace's career, which is now before us, is, indeed, somewhat injured by the minute treatment accorded to collateral details; we lose sight of the patriot for many pages, and when he reappears he does so incidentally. Of course this is in one sense the most appropriate mode of writing about him. As far as history is concerned, he comes suddenly before us in 1297, fills a large place in the affairs of his country until his overthrow at Falkirk in the next year, and then virtually disappears until immediately before his capture and execution. Not even Dr. Rogers's industry has been able to discover more than one or two notices of him, of a kind which an historian will accept, during this last period. He certainly was in France for some time, and he was back in Scotland towards the end of 1302, living an outlaw's life "in mores and mareis," Langtoft says, and supporting himself and his followers by the only means possible to a broken man. Romance, of course, supplies a mass of incidents, but Dr. Rogers has wisely been chary of using them. At the same time his method of dealing with purely romantic stories does not wholly satisfy us; he knows that Blind Harry the Minstrel is not worth quoting as far as historical value is concerned, that his assertions need not be considered unless they are more or less corroborated by some trustworthy authority. Yet he cannot put him altogether aside, nor does he give, as he might well have done, a treatise in an appendix on the Wallace of romance, and keep his narrative free from everything unhistorical. When he wants one of the Minstrel's stories to fill a gap he inserts it, and, though he does not ask his readers to accept it as an undoubted fact, he gravely discusses its character; a certain particular, he says, must be untrue, while another may very likely have happened, though he knows that there is not one tittle of historical evidence for any part of the story. Such discussions are rather puerile, and are certainly out of place in a narrative. Nor will some of Dr. Rogers's remarks on the credibility of contemporary chroniclers commend themselves to his readers. Why, they will ask, are they on his *ipse dixit* to believe that Walter of Hemingburgh's narrative of the pillaging of Hexham Priory by the Scots is "evidently fictitious," or that Langtoft's assertion that Wallace was taken "through treason of Jack Short his man" is "probably fictitious"? If Dr. Rogers will look up the account of Hexham, in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, he will see that Hemingburgh's narrative is confirmed—though it needs no confirmation—by a charter granted by Edward I., on account of the destruction of the charters and muniments of the convent by the Scots in 1297, while he himself records the payment of sixty marks to a servingman who acted as spy on Wallace.

Dr. Rogers's first chapter on the relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland is chiefly based on Robertson's objections to Dr. Freeman's treatment of the question. Now Robertson, as all who understand the points at issue know, though a distinguished scholar, was worsted in that amicably conducted dispute, and his arguments do not gain by the shape in which they are presented here. Dr. Rogers adopts his master's least fortunate theory; his suggestion that the notice in the *Saxon Chronicle* of the commendation to Edward the Elder is unworthy of credit. If we are to reject the assertions of the *Chronicle*, of Florence, and of Symeon of Durham, whenever they strike us as improbable, there is an end at once of all laws of historical evidence. We cannot but think that Dr. Rogers has been content to accept Robertson's guidance without sufficient study of what has been said on the other side. It is neither safe nor fair to put words into Dr. Freeman's mouth which he never uttered, and he expressly warns his readers (*Norman Conquest*, i. 613) that he does not maintain that the commendation took place at Bakewell. A little independent study would, we think, have shown Dr. Rogers that it is unsafe to build anything on an attempt to identify the Ragnald mentioned in the *Chronicle*, and still more on the date there assigned to the commendation; for, as may be seen by a reference to Symeon and Roger of Hoveden, the year of the commendation was probably stated in the Northumbrian *Gesta* as 921, not 924. We are at a loss to understand what he means by saying that he does "not discover that English sovereigns exacted homage from Scottish kings earlier than in 1126." Malcolm Canmore did homage to the Conqueror at Abernethy, and renewed this homage to Rufus. It is true that in 1091 he seems to have implied that his homage was due for Lothian only, and no doubt each party put its own construction on the act. That it was held in England that the Scottish kings owed homage for Scotland itself is illustrated by an incident which seems to have escaped the observation even of Dr. Freeman. Hugh the Chantor in his History of four Archbishops of York relates that Archbishop Turstin showed Honorius II. that the Scottish King "de Scotia hominem esse regis Angliæ," and that the Pope, the proper authority on such matters, accepted the doctrine. After the short period during which the dependence of the Scottish crown was expressly acknowledged, the bargain between Richard I. and William the Lion remitted the question to its old state of uncertainty. Henry III. more than once demanded homage for the kingdom, and the Scottish kings refused it, though in 1255 he interfered in the domestic affairs of Scotland in a way which certainly looks like an exercise of superiority. These and other such matters have an important bearing on Edward's demand for the acknowledgment of his overlordship. In much of what he says about Edward Dr. Rogers is certainly unfair. The King was invited by the Bishop of St. Andrews to prevent bloodshed in Scotland, and by the Seven Earls to adjudicate on the succession, and at Norham he only required an acknowledgment of a superiority which he believed to be rightfully his. As regards his decision we are told that he "gave judgment in favour of Baliol solely as a matter of policy." Which of the other candidates does Dr. Rogers think should have been preferred? If Edward's sole aim was to weaken the Scots, would he not have approved the plea that the kingdom was divisible? The question of the Scottish appeals to the court of the overlord cannot be disposed of satisfactorily by vague talk about "oppression" and an "aggressive policy"; the right of hearing appeals was the legal consequence of Edward's superiority. He did not begin the war wantonly. Baliol allied himself with his enemies, and the Scots struck the first blow by invading Cumberland—a fact of which we have not found any notice here. The execution of Wallace was surely not an "unwarranted slaughter." Although personally he had never sworn to accept Edward as his lord, the rulers of his country had done so; he chose to take a different line, and had to bear the consequences. Sorely tried as Edward's patience was by the constant outbreaks of men who had sworn to be faithful to him, he made repeated offers of pardon to the rebellious Scots. Others accepted these offers; Wallace rejected them; he persisted in levying war against the King, and in doing him and those who obeyed him all the mischief which lay in his power. We may admire his courage and his abilities; we may appreciate the greatness of his work, and may see that the spirit of patriotism which finally overcame all the efforts of the English to conquer Scotland was largely due to his resistance to Edward; that in one sense the field of Bannockburn was won at the Battle of Stirling. We may regret that Edward put such a man to death; but, at the same time, we cannot see what else he could have done with him. Dr. Rogers's indignation leads him to make some ill-judged attempts to belittle the King; he sneers more than once, for example, at his religion, which, from all that we know of him, seems to have been sincere and of a decidedly manly kind. It is a mistake to estimate men's characters and actions by any other standard than that of the time in which they lived. Judged by that standard, Edward's conduct with reference to Scotland does not appear to have been discreditable to him. Looking back on his reign with the light of later history, we may consider that his policy was mistaken, and must rejoice that the union of Scotland came about in a different way to that which he proposed; but to say that his ambition was "unworthy" simply shows an inability to comprehend what was worthy of a king of the thirteenth century.

* *The Book of Wallace.* By the Rev. Charles Rogers, D.D., LL.D., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, &c. 2 vols. Vol. II. Edinburgh: printed for the Grampian Club.

THE TELEPHONE.*

AS soon as the laws of electric induction were ascertained it only required the application of the principles of sound and speech to produce an apparatus which has reached maturity with singular rapidity. The history of practical telephony since its initiation by Graham Bell has yet to be written; a work involving more patience and research than appears on the surface, by reason of the various modifications and theories, the conflicting of national prejudices and patent rights. From an estimate in the book before us there are probably about a quarter of a million telephones now in use throughout the West of Europe, not one of which was constructed at Midsummer of 1877. Yet in the early years of the Royal Society, long before Hauksbee and others had begun to note any of the phenomena afterwards known as electric, we find Hooke writing, "'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper at a furlong's distance, it having already been done. . . . It has not yet been thoroughly examin'd how far Otacousticons may be improv'd, nor what other wayes there may be of quick'ning our hearing or conveying sound through other bodies than the air; for that that is not the only medium I can assure the reader that I have by the help of a distended wire propagated the sound to a very considerable distance in an instant."

The word telephone appears to have been first used by Wheatstone as the name of a non-electric instrument invented by him

* *The Telephone.* By W. H. Preece, F.R.S., and Julius Maier, Ph.D. London: Whittaker.

in 1821. The first direct step towards the modern apparatus was in 1837, when sounds were heard from a magnetic bar which had been exposed to rapid alternate magnetization and demagnetization. In 1854 M. Bourseul, as quoted by Du Moncel, wrote:—"It is certain that in a more or less distant future speech will be transmitted by electricity." Philip Reis, of Friedrichsdorf, afterwards invented a "telephon" which, though specially intended for reproducing musical sounds, was essentially a form of the present instrument. Herr Reis, in 1868, describes his invention as "an apparatus by which it is possible to make clear and distinct the functions of the organs of hearing, but in which also one can produce tones of all kinds at any desired distance by means of the galvanic current." The musical telephone was improved by six or seven different scientists, but the speaking telephone proper was only patented in 1876 by Graham Bell, of Edinburgh and Montreal, whose energy and skill in perfecting the system have indissolubly linked his name to the great result. It was the working of this instrument that Sir William Thomson, after an adequate personal trial through a wire between New York and Canada, characterized before the British Association as "the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph." Sir William's reduction of the invention to a formula is noteworthy, as a realization of "the mathematical conception that, if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of the current must vary continuously, as nearly as may be, in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound."

The essential parts of the telephone are naturally two—the *transmitter*, into which one speaks in order to send a message, and the *receiver*, at the other end of the wire, where his correspondent listens. The former only of these two has undergone modification since 1876; Edison, for example, using a button of carbon for the vibrating plate to abut against. Afterwards, Hughes is reported to have "done as much for the perfection of the telephone as Bell did towards calling it into existence." Whatever be the mechanism of the transmitter or other details, the actual task or function of the apparatus is to transmit harmonic vibrations electrically. Thus the words spoken have their sonorous vibrations transformed into periodic currents, which at the end of the line are re-transformed into sound and become audible. The telephone, though the latest proof of the identity of natural forces which formerly seemed to have nothing in common, is perhaps the most marvellous. The successive effects developed mechanically in speaking are but trifling; yet, when the energy of each assumes the form of an electric wave, it finally changes into sound after passing through several hundred miles of absolute silence. The movements of the electric membrane in the transmitter, caused by the sound vibrations of the speaker, cause corresponding changes in the distribution of the magnetic lines of force, and these induce currents of ever-changing intensity, which are faithfully reconverted into sonorous vibrations by the coil of the receiver.

In Messrs. Preece and Maier's book most of the space is occupied with practical details and instructions. Not only are the different parts of the mechanism discussed, historically and technically, but their comparative efficiency is stated, and full reasons given. There are also chapters on special telephones; auxiliary apparatus used in the installation of stations, both terminal and intermediate; the different systems of telephone exchanges—British, German, French, Swiss, &c.; multiplex and long-distance telephony, and other points of interest in electrical engineering.

It is in Germany that the application of the telephone to the telegraph service has been utilized most simply and successfully. Over four thousand telegraph stations are reported to have telephonic communication—namely, when they are near, the more distant stations being more economically served by the original wire. With regard to military operations the telephone has not proved so useful as was at first anticipated. The objections to its use on the field still leave much scope for its employment in standing camps and carrying out much of the routine work of military service. In field telegraphy, also, the telephone has done good service as a receiver—*e.g.* in Egypt and Bechuanaland. In Germany it has been utilized for rifle-practice, especially when a company has to fire simultaneously with ball cartridges at a line of targets representing the enemy.

A striking proof of the delicacy of the telephone arises from its application both in medical science and physiological research. In one form it records the faintest pulsations, beating of the heart or arteries. In another when applied to a muscle it becomes an excellent myophone, "indicating the normal muscular sound, and when contraction takes place the characteristic rumbling noise." The telephone, also, becomes a sensitive measurer of the acuteness of hearing by means of an electric tuning-fork and two cords in unison with it; while a fourth form, using an induction balance, has been applied to discover the position of a bullet within a human body.

Telephony, according to the evidence in the book before us, has been more successful in the United States than in England, though the taxes and restrictions in the former are greater. The size of London is itself a serious obstacle, because it necessitates a number of exchanges or telephonic centres. Of these there are already over twenty, with more than five thousand instruments in connexion; but the number of exchanges is likely to be reduced with benefit to the system as a whole.

As a manual, the present work seems likely to be of use to those who desire a knowledge of what telephony really means as an art, without mastering the abstruser points in the science of electricity. The authors show discretion in avoiding certain details, as well as in their treatment of what they have selected as essential to their aim. The book is well printed, fully illustrated with woodcuts, and concludes with a good index of thirteen pages.

NOVELS.*

WITH an interesting heroine, whose lot is extremely pitiable, *Audrey* makes an instant appeal to the soft-hearted reader. The story is one of the slightest that was ever spun into three volumes; yet, for all its slightness, it cannot be said to be tedious. The Deceased Wife's Sister who presides over the destinies of Audrey is too actively present in the story to permit our sympathy for her victim to slumber. She it is who has doomed the unhappy Audrey from infancy to rebellious nineteen to be mewed in a lonely Cumberland house, with no society but a crusty, indolent, old guardian widower, full of imaginary ailments, and a scolding old servant, who bullies the poor girl with benevolent intent the long day through. Kept rustically at home, Audrey yearns for freedom. At the opening of the story she is a pretty, wayward, ignorant Broughtonian miss, who scales walls to escape the vigilant housekeeper, strolls away over the fells, and overtakes the young village doctor, who is mightily smitten of her beauty. Had he been a man of action, he could have won the fair creature; but he delayed matters, in his leisurely, country way, till his chance was taken from him by the arrival of Audrey's second guardian, a shrewd, good-looking lawyer, with the saintly name of Lawrence. It is a little odd, by the way, that this much-tyrannized young lady should have two guardians appointed to her while both her parents were yet alive. That she was too much governed was all through the Deceased Wife's Sister. In the moonlight she and Lawrence discuss ways and means, and, so affected is she by his kindness, he is terribly afraid she is about to cry. "He had never seen a girl cry," this experienced young lawyer, and his spirit was shaken at the prospect. But she does not cry, and is only determined to run away to London. And, when the old termagant of a servant begins to chatter about the impropriety of visiting the young country doctor, she takes train to London, is met by Lawrence, and consigned by him to the care of "the nicest woman of his acquaintance," who lives at Campden Hill, where so many nice people live. At Miss Harrington's she enjoys her new life—"such lots of people, as the books say"—and from that guardian angel she hears the story of her father and the Deceased Wife's Sister, her mother. They married in Australia, and in course of time he became heir to a rich uncle in England, who urged him to separate from his wife that he should inherit the property. "And my father agreed?" exclaimed Audrey, with a flash of scorn leaping into her eyes. "Yes, it came to that at last," said Miss Harrington. "My father! He broke my mother's heart, then," the indignant girl remarked, which is, of course, what would have happened if the novelist were not under the spell of the Deceased Wife's Sister, whereas the lady found consolation in marrying another man, who took her out to India. How she managed this, being a married woman already in Australia, we are not told, though we are not surprised to find, when the affectionate Audrey discovers her, that she is a contemptible creature, still ready to sacrifice her daughter, and fearful of being found in her company. Fortunately for the spirited Audrey, who at once spurns the assistance of guardians and all concerned in the unworthy compact, the arrival of a wealthy Australian admirer of her mother restores her to enviable independence. In her new position as the heiress of this person there is one drawback that threatens her happiness, and skilfully is the suspense of it prolonged by the author. The scrupulous Lawrence, now that she is nobody's ward and somebody's heiress, neglects her so far that he very nearly plays into the hand of the pertinacious country doctor, for whom she cares nothing. In the end it all comes right, though it is by a mere chance. Indeed, a luckier lawyer than this Lawrence we have never met in fiction.

John Bolt is one of those stories that are still beginning, never ending. After one volume and a half have been devoted to the adventures of the hero, we start afresh with "Here our story again commences. It is a fine summer morning, &c." At this point John Bolt should be a battered septuagenarian, such is the impression the history of his exploits leaves with us; but, in fact, he is ten times more vigorous than when he was employed

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* *Audrey.* By Margery Hollis. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

John Bolt. By R. W. Lodwick. 2 vols. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

Caste and Creed. By Mrs. F. Penny. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Having and Holding. By J. E. Panton. 3 vols. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.

The Last of the Macallisters. By Amelia E. Barr. London: Clarke & Co. 1890.

A Willing Exile. By André Raffalovich. London: White & Co. 1890.

in the Indian Civil Service shooting tigers or enjoying hair-breadth escapes in the days of the Mutiny. At Haileybury, some ten years before the Mutiny, John Bolt was a gay and careless student, fonder of gun and dogs than of mathematics and Oriental languages. His reformation is effected by a young lady and a small terrier. On one of his sporting excursions he saves the terrier from certain destruction from the jaws of his bull-terriers, and becomes engaged to the grateful and beautiful Gertrude Clavering, "who took young Bolt by storm at once," and was herself taken by his gallant demeanour. Henceforth he took to his books, with a wet handkerchief about his head, drank much strong tea and coffee, "passed by the skin of his teeth," went to India, and there slew wild beasts in the jungle. There also he met the man who was to rob him of his Gertrude, a certain Captain Douglas, who is described as "an Adonis" of the irresistible kind. On a visit to India Douglas meets and fascinates the fair Gertrude. It was a case of Cæsar's Thrasonical brag over again. He came, he saw, he conquered. Quite useless was the awful warning of a certain maiden aunt, who told Gertrude the lamentable story of her experience of the faithless father of the Douglas. If, as this excellent lady said, the father of Captain Douglas was a false, mercenary man, the son was certainly as bold and bad as he. But the aunt had not reckoned with the resourceful Adonis. Under an assumed name he cunningly took passage in the very steamer that was to convey the distracted Gertrude, with her chaperon, to the love-sick Bolt. Once on board, all was plainest sailing to the hardy Douglas. He managed to drug the unwary chaperon, out of sheer exuberance of villany, it would seem; then he made love to Gertrude, and took her to Colombo, where they were married. Nothing was left to the despairing Bolt but to take up hard work and slay more wild beasts, until some ten years later, after performing prodigies of valour in the year of Mutiny, he met the dying and penitent Gertrude, who left her only daughter in his charge. Douglas, the wicked and wily Adonis, had been shot by his own Sepoys, and his wife had fled to die in the wretched hut where Bolt found her. And here the story begins anew, exactly where it should end. Undeterred by the past, and with no maiden aunt at hand with wholesome counsel, in the fulness of time Bolt marries the second Gertrude. History repeats itself. Gertrude's reckless, yet innocent, flirtation with a gay and handsome lord leads at length to a scene like that between Lord Steyne and Rawdon Crawley. The scene leads to a separation; the separation ends in reconciliation, and John Bolt dies an edifying, though by no means premature, death.

Caste and Creed is a story suggested to the author by her observations of Eurasian life in the Madras Presidency. Though baptized into the Christian faith, says Mrs. Penny, the Eurasians are exposed to great temptations through their heathen relations. From *Caste and Creed* it would seem that the chief of these temptations is the gorgeous pageantry of the "heathen" religious festivals, compared with which the "simple Christian worship appears cold and unattractive." Mrs. Penny's story, however, does not greatly move our pity for the Eurasians who are thus tempted. Donald Anderson, a well-to-do merchant, is embarrassed one day by finding, among the presents made to him by a zemindar who was trading with him, a beautiful girl some ten years of age. Never had such a thing happened to him, and "his upright, Presbyterian nature rebelled against the situation." At the earnest request of the old woman in charge of the girl, he dismissed them to the care of a worthy native in his employ. The child is educated and grows up a perfect houri. After some years the merchant meets her, and is astounded at the transformation. "My love!" he cries, "my beautiful lotus-flower! you shall never leave me." And then he does that which would once have "filled him with horror"—he married her, "married one of India's daughters." Yet she was exquisitely beautiful, and her features "as regular as those of a Grecian woman." They have an only daughter, who is sent away by the judicious father to be educated in England, and returns one day a finished young lady, more beautiful than her mother, with a "skin of the palest cream colour, and her cheeks the most delicate crimson, like one of Millais's beautiful women." Anderson has determined that the lovely Zelma should not see too much of her mother. He is mean enough to allow his old prejudices to revive; and his attitude towards his "native wife" contrasts disagreeably with the daughter's feeling for her "native mother." There is a sad dull prig, one Percy Bell, who has the impertinence to lecture Zelma when he finds her conversing, in her own room, with a Brahmin cousin. "I take the liberty," remarked this pompous young ass, "as an Englishman, of being angry at the presence of that young Brahmin in your private room." It is marvellous that Zelma can endure the pragmatical Bell for a moment; and we almost regret the failure of the Brahmin's plot to tempt Zelma to naughty heathenish practices and her mother's religion. As it is, he rescues her in a temple where she is detained against her will; and marries her in the end, magnanimously unmindful of his prejudices with regard to "natives."

Having and Holding is no exception to the general dreariness of the novel of politics, though its pictures of political circles are marked by more than ordinary vigour of fancy. The most pleasing and successful portions of Mrs. Panton's story deal with life in an agricultural district during an electioneering contest for a borough seat. The election, its incidents, and the canvassing are all described in lively terms. The Liberal candidate, a rather colourless person, wins what was for long a Tory stronghold, though it is clear he owed more to his agents than his own eloquence. When he first meets Miss Jacinth Merridew, a young lady of vast ambition and Conservative views, he observes, "I see you despise me for being a Liberal; but I assure you we are nice when you know us." Nice or not, Miss Merridew thinks it would be nice to marry him, which she does, and becomes Lady William Petersfield, wife of a Cabinet Minister. In all this, it might be thought, was the realization of the wildest dreams of a penniless girl. But Lady William had a soul above content. Perhaps she had been reading a fascinating romance by Mr. George Meredith, and was perversely emulative, when she stole what she thought to be a very important secret document, being bribed by a "Society" journalist, one of her old admirers, and a political opponent of the Ministry. The incident, as set forth by Mrs. Panton, is one of the most fatuous inventions the experienced novel-reader can recall. The manner of the theft, the use made of it, the meeting of the lady and the journalist in the editorial office, the pursuit of the lady by the Duke, her father-in-law, their flight to Paris by a back-door; these are absurdities entirely outdone by the crowning absurdity of the weeping Lady William, taken once more to the magnanimous arms of her lord.

From studies of political life, as it is supposed to be, it is a pure joy to turn to the old familiar methods of romance, and the romance of history, as they are illustrated in Mrs. Barr's spirited story of the Highlands during the '45. *The Last of the Macallisters* is decidedly not faultless. It is disdainful, indeed, of historical accuracy, and often ignores history altogether, as a romancer may do at his will. Nor does the story respect the antiquarian spirit in the least, while it were easy to point out that in several small matters the author's presentation of life in the Highlands during the second Jacobite rising is incorrect. But it is the spirit, not the array of dry yet accurate detail, that is the life of romance. There is no want of atmosphere and colour and movement in Mrs. Barr's story. The Glasgow lawyer Fraser, whose native caution is constantly struggling with his Jacobite sympathies, is an excellent study, while the chief of the Macallisters, his two sons, and the rest of the characters are persuasively presented.

A Willing Exile is an extremely mawkish production. There is scarcely any story in the two volumes, little indeed but a number of sympathetic sketches of a kind of person who, whether married or not, is chiefly absorbed in the contemplation of his own beauty and habiliments. The music-halls are the only excitement they or their wives appear to relish. They are all about as interesting as wax-dolls. Cyprian may be taken as a type. "He had the neatest and most vacuous features, languishing blue eyes and a faint manner." He was most distinguished from his fellows by his eyelids, which he worked in an exasperating way, "sometimes like a heavenward Madonna, sometimes they drooped." He was much occupied with his clothes and "male fashions" and his own sweet face in the mirror. Marriage does not improve this sort of gilded youth. "Cyprian's cult for his own looks, the respect he felt for his rosy complexion and his neat features, increased instead of diminished." And two volumes of this sickly stuff represent Mr. Raffalovich's notion of a novel.

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*WORK.**

THIS large quarto volume of nearly nine hundred pages of three columns per page is a vast and very valuable repertory of information as to the practical and ornamental, or minor, arts. Within a very few years these have been so widely disseminated and earnestly cultivated that there can be no doubt that the time is coming when, as in certain American States and in Hungary, instruction in them will form a part of all public-school education. What was not long ago mere shop-work is now, thanks to increasing culture, gradually becoming artistic, while the once-despised "fancy-work" of ladies is rapidly rising, not only to higher beauty, but to solid usefulness. Wax fruit, sealing-wax coral, and potichomanie are being supplanted by wood-carving, repoussé, mosaic, and useful leather-work, and if design is as yet in a very shaky condition in all of these, there is at least a very satisfactory progress as regards utility, and what a German understands by earnestness. To all devotees of such pursuits, whether professional or amateur, this *Work* will be worth much more than its price; for there are very few mechanical or art-technical pursuits which are not very fully described in it here and there, "up to date," with details of the most recent discoveries or improvements in them.

The contents of the first number indicate the character of the whole. We find in it an article on "Fret Cutting," "The Bunsen Battery," "A Chat about Furniture," "Circular Saw Rigs for the Lathe, by a foreman pattern-maker," "Sign-writing and Lettering," being the first of an excellent series of papers on the subject, and "The Kaleidoscope, its Construction and Application": also an introduction to subsequent chapters. The Editorial Guide to Good Things" describes in brief, but practically, a number of new or useful inventions. The illustrations are copious, and generally so well designed and engraved as to merit special commendation. Such, for instance, are the patterns for

* *Work: an Illustrated Magazine of Practice and Theory for all Workmen, Professional and Amateur.* Edited by Francis Young. From March 23, 1889, to March 15, 1890. London: Cassell & Co.

Wood Carving by F. Miller and an excellent series of articles on Papier-Maché by Sylvanus Ward, who has, however, by no means exhausted the subject, and who gives a somewhat disproportionate amount of dessert to his *pièce de résistance*; we would say, to the art of gilding and decorating rather than to the papier-maché itself and the methods of moulding or making it. What he imparts is, however, valuable and thorough.

There are in Great Britain in the classes connected with the Home Arts and Industries Association alone, as we are informed, more than eight thousand pupils, and there is probably not a teacher of these who could not learn something in *repoussé*, wood-carving, or similar arts from *Work*, which would be practically useful; the same being, of course, true of such teachers or pupils anywhere. Something new crops up in every branch every day, be it in turning wood, photography, staining metals, gesso-work, frames, varnishes, polishing, veneering, piano-making, gilding, hydraulic motors, or illuminating, be it on parchment or by electricity; and *Work* gives us not only the novelties, but in all cases solid instruction, in these arts. It is a curious reflection, but soundly true, that there is not a person of ordinary average intelligence and strength living who could not learn from this or a similar work—and there are others not inferior to it for this purpose—how in a short time to make a living. And if this be true, it might be a matter deserving serious consideration whether such collections, in a classified or well-arranged form, might not be in some way more widely disseminated among the people.

"MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER."*

AFTER the pseudo-Ingulf's History of Croyland, few chronicles, probably, have so vexed the soul of the historical student as the *Flores Historiarum* attributed to "Matthew of Westminster." The cases, it is true, are not exactly parallel. There was an Ingulf, but the history attributed to him is spurious. The *Flores Historiarum*, on the other hand, is a genuine work but, in the present state of our knowledge, it may be taken that there was no "Matthew of Westminster." Dr. Luard, to whom students are already much indebted for his edition of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, and for his investigations into its origin and its relations to Roger of Wendover, is continuing his services to mediæval history by grappling with the kindred subject of "Matthew of Westminster." The conclusions at which he has arrived are, briefly, these:—The name of "Matthew of Westminster" rests entirely on the authority of the title affixed to the Norwich MS., which was written probably at the beginning of the fifteenth century for Bishop Henry Spencer of Norwich. "Incipit prologus," so runs the initial rubric, "in librum qui Flores Historiarum intitulatur, secundum Matheum monachum Westmonasteriensem." On the strength of this, one expert, Sir Thomas Hardy, was inclined to cling to the accepted name, in the hope that some evidence may yet be found for the existence of such a person. But Dr. Luard thinks that "we may dismiss the name as entirely imaginary"—a combination of the idea of Matthew Paris, on whose work the author of the *Flores* based his compilation, with the idea of Westminster Abbey, which had come into possession of the earliest MS. of the *Flores*. In this view Dr. Luard agrees with Sir Frederick Madden, though he rejects his opinion that the real author was Matthew Paris himself, abridging his own *Chronica Majora*. The names of other suggested authors are mentioned only to be rejected:—

> I am afraid that the author's name must remain for ever unknown, as seems to have been his own wish. It is likely enough that he obtained the help of Paris for what he was abridging and altering in his great work, and, as I have stated above, I think that the Chetham MS. bears evidence of this in very trifling corrections, letters introduced, or marginal notes in Paris's own handwriting. The idea of Sir F. Madden that at least the earlier portion was executed at St. Alban's for the use of the monks of Westminster, as some passages are given relating to Westminster which are not in the Greater Chronicle, seems to me very probable.

The portion from 1265 to 1306 was composed after the MS. had been removed from St. Alban's to Westminster, where it was continued from time to time by various persons, probably monks of Westminster. After this removal, several passages in the earlier portion were erased, and entries relative to Westminster were written over the erasures. "From 1307 to 1325 the chronicle is of an entirely different character, and was certainly written by Robert of Reading, to whom it is ascribed at the end. Of him nothing is known, but that he was a monk of Westminster, who died in 1325, as we learn from the work itself." This part will now be printed for the first time. Finally, some other Westminster monk compiled a continuation as far as 1326, leaving off with the acceptance of Edward III. as King.

As to the source of the work, the portion printed in the present volume is taken from the corresponding part of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, itself derived from the original compilation of St. Alban's, which is the basis of the chronicles both of Wendover and Paris. This groundwork, as we may call it, Dr. Luard has already attributed to John de Cella, twenty-first abbot of St. Alban's. Of the sources of the subsequent parts we may wait to speak till we have before us the other volumes, with Dr. Luard's promised remarks upon the original and independent element in the *Flores Historiarum*.

Judging from the number of extant MSS., and from the use made of it by later compilers, the *Flores Historiarum* has been of all English chronicles the most popular. The greater part of it (as far as 1307) has been already three times printed, the first edition being issued by Archbishop Parker in 1567. Those who have read Dr. Luard's prefaces to the volumes of the *Chronica Majora* know full well that Archbishop Parker, or whomsoever he employed, had peculiar notions of the duties and rights of an editor. His chief sins in the case of Matthew of Westminster seem to have been committed in his second edition, that of 1570, in which he patched the text, not only with bits of Matthew Paris and other recognizable writers, but with interpolations derived from sources which even the industry of Dr. Luard has as yet been unable to discover. It is worth knowing that the statement that Bishop Grosseteste was born "in villa de Strodbroke" (Stradbroke in Suffolk), which has been hitherto supposed to rest on the authority of "Matthew of Westminster," is really an addition for which Parker is responsible, and which, therefore, until the origin of Parker's statements is discovered, rests on no authority at all.

Such passages of the *Flores* as bear upon German history have been extracted and edited from the MSS. by Dr. Liebermann in *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. xxviii. But when Dr. Luard's edition is completed, we shall for the first time have the whole genuine text, with the hitherto unprinted continuation by Robert of Reading. The portion printed in this present volume is inevitably not in itself of great interest. One knows what to expect in a thirteenth-century account of events from the Creation to the Conquest; and this compilation, being founded almost entirely on Matthew Paris, does not present much novelty. But yet let not the student rashly conclude, as he glances over the pages, that there is nothing but what he has seen elsewhere. Some few things there are the source of which Dr. Luard has not yet identified. In the account of the battle of Hastings there is an original, or, at least, an untraced, element of some interest, including a statement that the Conqueror was received with satisfaction by the English. Another point to which the editor calls attention ought to be valuable to "folklorists." They, of course, are already familiar with William of Malmesbury's story of the men and women in Saxony who, on Christmas Eve, in spite of the remonstrances of the officiating priest, would dance and sing secular songs in the churchyard during mass, and who, in consequence of his curse, went on involuntarily dancing and singing for a twelvemonth. This was taken from William of Malmesbury by Matthew Paris, and from him by the compiler of the *Flores*. But one MS. of this last adds to the mention of their "sæculares cantilenas," "Cantus eorum talis erat: 'Equitabat Bovo per silvam frondosam; ducebat sibi Merswynden formosam; quid stamus, cur non imus?'" Here we evidently have in Latinized form a genuine bit of a popular ballad, and we see some old heathen celebration of Yule struggling to hold its own against the Christmas of the Church.

* *Flores Historiarum*. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College and Registrary of the University, Cambridge. Vol. I. *The Creation to A.D.* 1066. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

PHYSIOLOGICAL BOTANY.*

THE first edition of Asa Gray's *Botanical Text-book* appeared in 1842, contemporaneously with the demise of the theories of humus and vital force, and four years before the word "protoplasm" was invented by Hugo von Mohl. The fifth edition appeared in 1857. The sixth, the second volume of which is now before us, is being entirely rewritten. In the earlier editions the subject was divided into Structure, Physiology, and System; but recent developments, especially in cryptogamic botany, have made it necessary to recast the whole work, and divide it into separate volumes, each constituting a distinct treatise. The first, by Asa Gray himself, on Structural Botany, was noticed in these columns ten years ago. The second is Professor Goodale's work on the anatomy and physiology of phænogamous plants. The third will be an introduction to cryptogamic botany, by Professor W. G. Farlow, whose name is well and honourably known on both sides of the Atlantic. The concluding volume will deal with system and classification, and ten years ago, in the preface to the series, Professor Asa Gray said that he "hoped rather than expected" to write it himself. It might, perhaps, be considered doubtful whether the volume on cryptogamous botany should not, in strictness, precede that on "phænogamous" botany; but, as each volume is a distinct treatise, the point is not material. It will, however, be noticed that Professor Goodale has been compelled to deal with cryptogams "so far as their study throws light on certain features of the anatomy and physiology of phænogams."

Although Professor Goodale's work covers in a great measure the same ground as Professor Sachs's work on the *Physiology of Plants*, it is not designed to supersede or compete with that admirable treatise. Professor Sachs's book is very much larger, and bristles throughout with controversial matter. Professor

* *Gray's Botanical Text-book*. Sixth Edition. Vol. II. Physiological Botany. By George Lincoln Goodale, A.M., M.D., Professor of Botany in Harvard University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Goodale aims rather at giving the student just emerging from the elementary stage a clear and impartial conspectus of all that has been achieved in vegetable physiology up to the present day without committing him to disputed theories. As the work covers an enormous extent of ground, it is necessarily very condensed; so much so that at times it reads almost like an analysis. As such it has not and cannot be expected to have all the charm of Professor Sachs's lectures, which years ago came as a revelation to many of those who had been brought up in the old school of botany. Nevertheless, it cannot fail to be extremely useful, not only on account of its clear and comprehensive presentation of the facts of vegetable physiology in a short compass, but also on account of the excellent instructions designed to enable students to carry out those practical exercises and experiments which form the best introduction to botany, and without which, indeed, there can be no real understanding of the subject. Useful hints with regard to the management of the microscope, the preparation of mounts, media, reagents, and stains are given in the introduction; interesting experiments are suggested in the course of the work; and a noteworthy series of practical exercises, both histological and physiological, will be found in the appendix.

As long ago as 1674 it had been observed that the green leaves are laboratories for the preparation of the nutriment of plants, and that the material drawn up in water from the roots is converted into new chemical combinations in the leaves before it can be utilized for purposes of growth. About fifty years later Hales saw clearly that the food of a plant was not derived wholly from the soil, but that a large part of it must be absorbed in the form of gas. But it was not until about the beginning of the present century that chemical progress enabled botanists to discover that plants were continually absorbing oxygen and forming carbonic acid, and that under the influence of light the leaves absorb carbonic acid and exhale oxygen. The fundamental fact that vegetable tissue consists of "cells" was discovered as long ago as 1665 (as Professor Goodale tells us) by Robert Hooke, and the delicate framework of these cells was ably investigated a few years afterwards by Malpighi and Grew; but it was not until the present century had got well on its way that, with the labours of Moldenhawer, Von Mohl, Nägeli, and Hofmeister, a real understanding of the structure and function of vegetable tissues began to be possible. In the last fifty years an extraordinary advance has been made in almost every direction, and the widening of the boundaries of our knowledge still proceeds at such a rate that a very few years suffice to make a text-book appear antiquated. With the expansion of the science the difficulty of presenting a synoptical view of the whole within moderate limits is proportionately increased. A modern treatise covering the two great departments of vegetable histology and physiology in flowering plants alone, must deal first of all with the "cell," its walls, and its contents, detailing and describing the many different kinds included under the names of Parenchyma and Prosenchyma; it must analyse the minute structure and development of the root, stem, leaf, fruit, flower, and seed; it must explain what is known of the properties, movements, and structure of protoplasm, the absorption and transfer of liquids in plants, osmosis, diffusion, transpiration, evaporation, and respiration; it must determine the part played in the growth of the plant by the various materials drawn from the soil and the atmosphere, and the manner and conditions of their assimilation; it must cover the whole question of metabolism or the transmutation of the products of assimilation into the substance of the plant; it must explain the manner and conditions of the growth of the plant by cell-division, and the influence upon growth of light, heat, and gravitation, together with the intricate phenomena of the movements of growing plants; and we have still left the two large questions of reproduction and germination. Almost any one of these matters, fully treated, would suffice to fill a large volume; and there can be no doubt that Professor Goodale has achieved in a masterly manner the difficult task of summarizing clearly and impartially in a volume of 478 pages the results of a branch of science comprising so many different lines of inquiry. It should be borne in mind, however, that although the book is published in 1890, the preface, written apparently after its completion, is dated 1885. This may account for the cases in which the very latest views are not given—as, for instance, on the question of the division of the cell-nucleus. We believe that in a later work Professor Strasburger, whose account is followed in this book, has considerably modified his opinions on the subject. On the other hand, it does not always happen that the latest views are the best. In this connexion it is interesting to find that Professor Goodale, while duly noticing the important contributions made by Professor Sachs and others to the question of plant-movements, is by no means disposed to concur in the unqualified condemnation which has been passed in some quarters upon Darwin's suggestive book on the *Power of Movement in Plants*.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXIII.*

THIS volume opens with a batch of Grays, whom the exigencies of alphabetical arrangement separate by more than a hundred pages from their congeners the Greys. Gray the poet is the most remarkable representative of the first form of the name. His biographer is Mr. Leslie Stephen, who gives us an article full of facts, and containing some good critical remarks. We do not, however, admire the statement that "he succeeded only in secreting a few poems." This calls up the image of a conspirator stuffing his compromising papers into his boots. After a while it dawns upon us that Mr. Stephen thinks of poetry as being secreted like musk or civet—a specimen of the fashionable physiological jargon at which future generations will probably wonder and smile as we do at Euphuism.

Students of modern ecclesiastical history will be interested in the two Bishops Gray—the stout-hearted prelate who unflinchingly held his cathedral service while the Bristol rioters were masters of the city, and his son the Metropolitan of Africa. The names of Sir John Gray and his son Edmund Dwyer Gray connect themselves with modern Irish politics. We also notice Dr. Gray, the naturalist, and his wife, whose services to conchology and algology entitle her to a separate article. The Greys in the peerage are, as readers of history well know, bewildering. Earl Grey, of Reform Bill fame, who receives about six pages of notice from Mr. Hamilton, is indeed a sufficiently distinct figure; and Spenser's Knight of Justice preserves the memory of that stern ruler of Ireland, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton. The name of Lady Jane Grey will occur to every one; but she is not here, having been already noticed under her married name of Dudley. The Greys of whom we have spoken as bewildering are the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century lords—Grey of Ruthin, Grey of Codnor, Grey of Wilton, Grey of Rotherfield, Grey of Heton, Grey of Powys, Grey Lord Ferrers of Groby, Grey Marquess of Dorset. In the task of distinguishing one from another, the articles before us will be very helpful. We have, however, failed to find a notice of the Sir Ralf Grey who defended Bamburgh Castle against the Earl of Warwick in 1464. Before stating positively that Thomas Grey, afterwards Marquess of Dorset, who fought on the Yorkist side at Tewkesbury, "was one of those who took part in the murder of Prince Edward," it would be well to have ascertained that Prince Edward was murdered—notoriously one of the disputed points of history.

Many will turn at once to Professor Creighton's appreciative and sympathetic account of the historian John Richard Green; and, together with this, we may mention the articles, by Mr. Marshall and Mr. Hunt, on two historical writers held in high esteem among students, though not so widely known as Green—Edwin Guest and Arthur West Haddan. Thomas Hill Green of philosophic fame, now well known to the outer world of novel-readers as Grey in *Robert Elsmere*, is treated of by Mr. Leslie Stephen. The dramatist Robert Greene, a choice specimen of the Elizabethan literary Bohemian, is the subject of an elaborate notice by Mr. Bullen. The historian Grote receives a long—we might say lengthy—article by Professor Croom Robertson. We question whether the writer should (as he appears to do) class Dr. Southwood Smith among "men of no mark." We have always understood that Southwood Smith was decidedly of mark in the Benthamite circle; and it is not the business of a biographer of Grote to be scornful of Benthamites. Perhaps the description is to be understood to apply not later than the year in question, 1827; but, even so, he had already written his remarkable article in the *Westminster* on the "Use of the Dead to the Living."

Mr. Sidney Lee's account of Grocyn and Mr. Welch's articles on the Greshams are of much interest. Dr. Luard supplies an account of the great churchman Robert Grosseteste; and the poetic story of St. Guthlac of Crowland is well told by Miss Kate Norgate. "Guy of Warwick," who is the subject of an elaborate article by Mr. Lee, belongs to the domain of myth rather than of history; but as he was at one time completely accepted as an historical personage, his admission into the Dictionary is justified. Dr. Greenhill's account of Valentine Greatrakes, "the stroker," will be read with interest in these days of "faith-healing." Mr. Knight adds Nell Gwyn, one of the favourite figures of popular history, to his gallery of theatrical portraits. Among bad characters we notice Grierson of Lag, the Covenanters' persecutor, doomed to a terrible immortality as the Sir Robert Redgauntlet of "Wandering Willie's Tale." There are minor and more prosaic scoundrels—such as the murderer James Greenacre, who at one time was well known as a local Radical politician in the Borough, "advocating advanced political and religious views," and who in his last prison days displayed the versatility of the professional politician by first canting, and then, when cant proved of no avail, blaspheming. Barnard Gregory, the editor of the *Satirist*, is also, in a milder way, a specimen of human meanness. In reference to this article, we must observe that the sentimental slang of "an unfortunate woman," without even the apology of inverted commas, should be kept out of such a work. Pursuing our researches into scoundreldom, we would gladly make a present to the French or the Americans of George Grieve or Greive, who brought Mme. du Barry to the guillotine; but, though in the register of his death at Brussels he is described as a native of "Newcastel, Amérique," the fact appears to be that he was born a freeman of Alnwick in Northumberland. There he played the part of a village Hampden in opposition to the Duke of Northumberland; afterwards he went to America, and thence to France, where he came down to the base work of hunting "la Du Barry" to death by the aid of suborned servants.

* *Dictionary of National Biography.* Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXIII. Gray—Haighton. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

His description of himself, as appended to a pamphlet published in 1793, is worth quoting for its inflated absurdity:—

Greive, défendeur officieux des braves sans-culottes de Louveciennes, ami de Franklin et de Marat, factieux et anarchiste de premier ordre, et désorganisateur du despotisme dans les deux hémisphères depuis vingt ans.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE BOUCHAUD'S small volume of verse (1), which is so little pretentiously produced that the author naïvely confesses a dropped syllable in his *errata*, is chiefly noticeable because, in the dearth of new French poetry of any value, it shows at least a good attempt in a good vein. That vein may be best described, though the description may sound rather paradoxical, as a mixture of Lamartine and Baudelaire. We say this may seem paradoxical, but it will not seem so to close students of French poetry. For the note which we intend to indicate by it has been sounded in more places than one; notably in the masterpieces of two single-speech poets, the now almost hackneyed sonnet of Arvers, and the rather less known, but almost equally good, "Ils ont dit, l'amour passe et sa flamme est rapide," of Ulricc Guttinguer. M. de Bouchaud does not often arrive at this note, perhaps never arrives at it in its perfection, but he is hovering round it, and may reach it some day.

We can hardly speak so well of M. André Lénéka's *Feuilles tombées* (2). It is a particularly well-intentioned little book, and one is almost bribed to like it by meeting "après tant de jours, après tant de pleurs," an actual invocation to the muse at the outset:—

Daigneras-tu descendre un instant du Parnasse
À mes appels, ô muse?

But unluckily the muse, like other young ladies, is apt to be deaf to "respectuous" appeals, and to smile upon bolder methods of wooing, and we are much afraid that she stayed on Parnassus and paid no attention to M. Lénéka. He has excellent poetical velleities; he may perhaps be a poet some day, but he is not one yet.

We have not ourselves any extraordinary affection for the romance with keys—or without them—the historical novel which professes to celebrate State secrets and moving incidents which have not got into history proper. But there are some people who like it very much. Their taste will be fitted by *La Savelli* (3), which tells, or would fain tell, the under-side of the Orsini conspiracy. It is not ill written, and the heroine has some attraction.

What may be called the Jouaust-Vitu-Leloir edition of Molière's plays, each by each, has reached the charming trifle, and something more than trifle, called *La critique de l'École des femmes* (4), the dialogue of which is as Molièresque as the author's very greatest work, while the audacity of the general scheme (though somewhat less in its own days than it would be now) must always give it additional interest. M. Vitu's introduction is chiefly devoted to an attempt to destroy the famous anecdote (passed as possible by many severe critics of the Molière legend) as to La Feuillade and his buttons and Molière's face and "Tarte à la crème!" For ourselves we profess very frankly that we do not care even one of the articles partly in question whether it is true or not. M. Leloir's frontispiece is pretty, as usual, though the piece does not give him opportunity for any very "biting" illustration.

All the five volumes (5-9) of fiction before us, though they bear apparently substantive titles, are in reality collections of short stories, things which were always more popular in France than in England, but to which the industry of a few ingenious writers appears to have given a special vogue recently. M. Ricard has occasionally lent his considerable talent to the following of some of those writers not on their best lines; and we confess that we are tired of things *fin de siècle*. But "Les grands yeux," "Hôtel à vendre," "Le violon de l'abbé," and others, are good. The opening and title-story of M. Berr de Turique's volume is of a good Drozian kind, though one rather hard-worked of late. "Un cil" is very well written, and "Le dernier cigare" shows how an unfortunate gentleman was exposed to Fitzboodle's temptation, and fell even as the great George did, though less fatally. M. Jacques Fréhel goes in for strong local colour, and has shown that he can manage it not unskilfully in his principal story (the heroine whereof is a Calvados fisher-girl), in his "Un amour au Soudan," and in others. The short story, however, wants character-interest as well as interest of description, and in this respect M. Fréhel is, perhaps, not so happy. We have seen some interesting work of different kinds from M. Alexandre Lambert de Sainte-Croix, and the adjective may certainly be applied to this collection of stories. The first, "L'œillet blanc," a story of Parisian marriage-making told by letters, is sufficiently amusing; and "La nuit du 22 décembre, 1870," is at least a good notion. But perhaps "Le curé de Garbais" is the best. This tells how a valiant freethinking Commune in the South, full of the principle of "Ni dieu ni maître," shut up its church, refused to rebuild its ruined parsonage, and thought it had triumphed, but was reduced positively to sue for a curé by a revolt of woman and the diplomacy of the bishop. M. de Saint-Aulaire can imagine stories better than he can tell them. "Une histoire de revenant," with great capabilities, sins against all the laws of a good story of the kind; and the title-tale, which is also the longest, has a *donnée*—the aversion to marriage excited in a "candid" girl by the sudden discovery of her mother's misconduct—which is not only disagreeable but, as managed by the author, both unreasonable and uninteresting. "Le secret du pâtre" is somewhat better.

We have before us two French courses—*Longman's French Course*, Part I. (London: Longmans), by Mr. Bertenshaw, and a new *Elementary French Course*, by Professor Darqué. The first is a useful book, not differing in essentials from most of its many rivals. M. Darqué's has more originality, but we own that its originality comes in a questionable shape. Still, as the author seems to aim solely at facilitating the pupil in his dealings with everyday French, as he protests against classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and as he is almost tearful about the habit of studying poetry, he will please some folk nowadays.

(1) *Mélodies*. Par P. de Bouchaud. Lyon: Georg.
(2) *Feuilles tombées*. Par André Lénéka. Paris: Tresse et Stock.
(3) *La Savelli*. Par Gilbert-Augustin Thierry. Paris: Colin.
(4) *La critique de l'École des femmes*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.
(5) *Histoires fin de siècle*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(6) *Jacques et Jacqueline*. Par J. Berr de Turique. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(7) *Dorine*. Par Jacques Fréhel. Paris: Plon.
(8) *L'œillet blanc*. Par A. L. de Sainte-Croix. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(9) *La vocation d'Angèle*. Par le Comte A. de Saint-Aulaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Labour Movement in America, by Richard T. Ely (Heinemann), is not merely an instructive book because of the very considerable light it throws upon the subject indicated by the title. The sketch of the growth and aims of the various trades' combinations in the United States is, indeed, both interesting and valuable. But even more suggestive and notable is that portion of Mr. Ely's volume wherein is traced the spread of Socialism in America, with its relation to *bona-fide* working-men's Associations, and its inevitable tendency to gravitate towards the fanatical propaganda of the International or rank anarchy. Mr. Ely does not, indeed, lay any stress upon this tendency. He is at great pains to bring out with proper clearness every point of divergence between the creed of the "better-balanced minds" of those who compose the Socialistic Labour Party and those of the Black or the Red International Societies, in all of whom working-men predominate. It is not the less clear, however, that there is a setting of the tide towards the extremists, and every one knows what kind of union would result if ever those bodies became united. Communism, as Mr. Ely points out, has long existed in the United States, in such forms as Shakerism, experimental Fourierism, and so forth. But Socialism is a foreign growth, an importation, whose chief mouthpieces are German disciples of Marx and Lassalle, and masters of more than one language. Mr. Ely tells, by the way, of an Anarchist barber who disseminated Lassalle's works in English and had lately taken up Spanish. This is an illustration of the educational training that results from the Labour Movement in America. The organs of the Socialists are German or English prints, the Anarchist papers are almost all German. The transformation in recent years of one of the most infamous of the latter, the *Verbote* of Chicago, from Socialism to an Anarchist print that vies with the *Freiheit* in its insane and filthy attacks on religion, order, &c., is a striking sign of the times. Having quoted sufficiently of these, Mr. Ely sets himself to inquire who are the teachers of these teachers of American workmen? Where do the Internationalists learn, and of whom? "The inquiry is a delicate one," says Mr. Ely, "for it involves names highly honoured." Marx and Lassalle are, of course, prophets; but chief among the names highly honoured are found Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Mr. Buckle. Philosophers may think it is a wide gulf that separates Mr. Spencer from the *Verbote* and the ravings of John Most; though practical men, like Mr. Ely, are shrewd judges of cause and effect. Some entertaining Anarchist opinions are cited by the author on the red flag and the colour "red." Mr. Frederic Harrison, by the way, thinks that the colour does not represent "violence in any way"—not to French workmen, at least—"but the peaceful republic of industry." The International prints of America are not slow in following Mr. Harrison's example. They don't all say the same thing; but they all agree in saying that the red flag means many beautiful things, and is quite harmless as a symbol. And Mr. Ely observes, "It is thus seen that the red flag in itself is innocent." "In itself" has much virtue.

In a little collection of fairy-lore and folk-tales of the Isle of Man—*Shadowland in Ellan Vannin*, by I. H. Leney (Mrs. J. W. Russell), (Elliot Stock)—a story of second-sight holds the first place, and rightly, for it is as curious and complete as anything chronicled of this singular gift of prescience. Unfortunately there is no voucher for the accuracy of the recital, such as we have in many Scottish anecdotes of the kind. The author has set this, and other sketches, in the guise of fiction, and of course it is impossible to separate her "embellishment" from the original form as told to her. But Mrs. Russell shows some of the storyteller's

art in the story "Off Maughold Head." The narrator gives a circumstantial account of the murder of a friend of which he thought himself a witness one moonlight night on the coast of the Isle of Man. Nothing could be more convincing, more horribly vivid, than the vision. A week or so later his friend disappears, and, as is afterwards proved, was murdered. Long afterwards, the murderer confesses, and in all respects the "second-sight" proves to have been a correct prevision of the deed. A story of the exchanging of a "changeling," and another of the magic that lies in a "kiern," or rowan, rod, are good examples of popular fairy-lore by no means peculiar to Manx folk.

A Summer Holiday in Europe, by Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, U.S. (Dublin: Eason), is a pleasant little volume of an American lady's impressions of travel in Great Britain, Ireland, France, and Switzerland. There is nothing fresh or individual in the writer's observations of men and women and foreign cities, though all she says is said without affectation, and therefore is pleasing. Her praise of Paris is precisely what thousands feel and do not utter, and when she declares she is thoroughly at home in London, her judgment is that of most of her compatriots.

Edited by Mr. L. Clarke Davis is a pretty volume devoted to the history of "the gifts of Mr. George W. Childs" to Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey, St. Thomas's, Winchester, and St. Margaret's, Westminster. *The Story of the Memorial Fountain to Shakspeare* (Cambridge: Riverside Press) supplies a full record of how and in what manner Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, honoured the memory of Milton, Shakspeare, Herbert, Cowper, and Bishops Andrewes and Ken. Herein are chronicled the meetings, the speeches, the correspondence, called forth by the handsome and appropriate action of Mr. Childs in England and in America.

Among recent verse we have *Songs of the Army of the Night*, by Francis Adams (Vizetelly & Co.), a book composed of such mere sound and fury as is like nothing so much as the wrath of *Père Duchesne*. The snarling of a mad dog were more impressive than the spluttering of Mr. Adams. It was right valorous in him to revise the Australian edition of his book before issuing it in "a caste and cant-ruled country like England."

Mr. T. B. Peacock, the poet of Topeka, has re-collected his poems—introducing several new songs and ballads—in a volume entitled *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes* (New York: Putnam's Sons). Though cast in an old metrical form, and not free from conventional graces of poetic diction, there is much freshness, as of the Wild West, about Mr. Peacock's spirited "Rhyme of the Border War."

Recent additions to Messrs. Wheeler & Co.'s "Indian Railway Library" comprise Mr. Rudyard Kipling's admirable sketches *In Black and White*, and Mr. Brownlow Fforde's *The Trotter* and *The Subaltern*, &c., both illustrated by the author (Sampson Low & Co.) Of Mr. Fforde's stories the latter, an amusing extravaganza dealing with the exploits of an extremely gifted burglar in Poona, is by much the more entertaining.

Dr. W. Hale White's lectures at Guy's Hospital on therapeutics appear in expanded form, with many excellent diagrams, as a compact yet comprehensive *Text-Book of General Therapeutics* (Macmillan & Co.)

By "Nautical Veritas"—an odd signature for one who has been "nearly forty years at sea," and writes intelligible English—we have a brief pamphlet *On Loss of Ships and Life at Sea* (Birkenhead: Wilson & Jones), containing suggestions on the subject of collisions, the carrying of boats by steamers and sailing vessels, ship-signals in fogs, and other matters, that appear to be worthy of consideration.

Among new editions we have to acknowledge *The Elements of the English Language*, by Ernest Adams, revised by J. F. Davis (Bell & Sons); *The True History of Joshua Davidson*, by Mrs. Lynn Linton (Methuen & Co.); *Eli's Children*, by G. Manville Fenn, third edition (Methuen & Co.); and the fifth and enlarged edition of *Shaw, the Life Guardsman*, by Lieut.-Colonel Knollys (Dean & Son).

We have also received *The Journal of Philology*, No. 37, edited by Messrs. W. Aldis Wright, Ingram Bywater, and Henry Jackson (Macmillan & Co.); the current re-issue of Mr. Thomas Carter's *British War Medals* (Groombridge); *Tennis, Rackets, and Fives*, by Julian Marshall, Major Spens, and the Rev. J. A. Arnan Tait, "All England Series" (Bell & Sons); *Baths and Bathing*, fourth edition, by Dr. Joseph Farrar (Bristol: Wright & Co.); *My Churchwardens*, by a Vicar (Skeffington); *Epitomes of Three Sciences* (Chicago: Open Court Co.); Runeberg's *Nadeschda*, translated, with a biographical note, by Mrs. J. B. Shipley (New York: Alden); *Through Sorrow's Fire*, by Miriam Marsh, a weak and amateurish story (Digby & Long); *Poems*, by Alice E. Argent (Chelmsford: Durrant); *Domleight, not Domlet*, by the Rev. F. T. Bramston (Skeffington); *Sesenheim*, selected from Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, edited, with notes, by H. C. O. Huss (Boston: Heath); *The Worth of the Old Testament*, a sermon by Canon Liddon, second edition (Rivington); *Christ and Modern Theists*, by the Rev. J. Dale, second edition (Kegan Paul); Parts VII. and VIII. of the *Classical Picture Gallery*, edited by Professor von Reber and Dr. Bayersdorfer (Grevel & Co.); *The Maybrick Trial*, "a toxicological study," by Messrs. C. M. Tidy and Rawdon Macnamara (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); No. 7 of the *American Journal of Photography* (Philadelphia: McCollin); and the annual *Transactions of the Aberdeen Ecclesiological Society*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Thirty-fifth Annual Series of the World-renowned SATURDAY CONCERTS will commence on October 11, at Three, Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANNS. Stall Tickets (transferable) for the Twenty Concerts, Two Guineas. Prospectus free, by post, on application to the MANAGER, Crystal Palace, S.E.

YACHTING CRUISE ROUND the UNITED KINGDOM.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their Steamship "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on September 6, and from Leith on September 8, for a Three Weeks' Cruise, visiting Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Gairloch (Ross), Oban, the Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (for Killarney), Queenstown, and Plymouth. The "GARONNE" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

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THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, September 23, 1890, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASE for a term of Eighty Years a PLOT of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate at the corner of Little Swan Alley and Copthall Avenue with Public-house Licence attached.

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The PROFESSORSHIP of MATERIA MEDICA in the QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Belfast, being about to become VACANT, Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their testimonials to the UNDER SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before September 20, 1890, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

The Candidate who may be selected for the Professorship will hold office for a period not exceeding seven years.

Dublin Castle, August 29, 1890.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on October 1. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at 4 P.M. by Dr. THOMAS BARLOW, F.R.C.P.

The Examinations for the Entrance Exhibitions will commence on September 23.

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THE SESSION will begin TUESDAY, October 7, 1890.

OUNDLE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NEXT TERM begins September 19. An Examination for several Scholarships will be held on December 16, 17, and 18, 1890.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY.

COLSTON'S GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, BRISTOL.—A HEAD-MISTRESS is required for this ENDOWED SCHOOL (intended for Girls of the Middle Class), which will be Opened in January 1891. The election will be held in September or October. Minimum Salary, £100. Age from twenty-five to thirty-five. No residence. For further particulars, apply to GEORGE H. POPE, Merchants' Hall, Bristol.

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Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolis. The Metropolitan, District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to

Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, *Warden.*

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The WINTER SESSION of 1890-91 will OPEN on Wednesday, October 1, when the Prizes will be distributed at 3 P.M., by Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart., M.A.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and £60 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 26, 27, and 29, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

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The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, *Dean.*
G. H. MAKINS, *Vice-Dean.*

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTHAM, at 4 P.M.

The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as *bonâ fide* first-year students during the current year.
2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.
3. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £90, open to all students who have entered the school during the current year, and who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B. since October 1889.
4. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £65, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—

The William Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £40 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £32; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £32; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £18; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £10 10s. each; the Brodie Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clarke's Prize.

All Hospital appointments, including the two House Physicianships and two House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.

Clerkships and Dresserships, and all the minor appointments, are given without extra fees. Several paid appointments, including that of Obstetric Assistant, with a salary of £100 and board and lodging, are awarded yearly upon the recommendation of the Medical School Committee.

Prospectuses and fuller details may be obtained by application to

THOMAS WHIPHAM, M.D., *Dean.*

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The WINTER SESSION, 1890-91, will COMMENCE on Wednesday, October 1.

The Hospital has a service of 230 beds for Clinical Teaching, including those of the adjoining Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, to which General Students are free.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of the value of 100 Guineas and 50 Guineas respectively, are awarded annually in October.

A SCHOLARSHIP of the value of 50 Guineas is open to Students from the University of Oxford who have passed the 1st M.B. Examination, and to Students from the University of Cambridge who have passed the 2nd M.B. Examination, and who have not entered at any London Medical School.

Candidates for the above Scholarships are required to give notice to the Librarian of their intention to compete on or before Saturday, September 20.

FEES.—For the curriculum of study required by the various Examining Bodies and Hospital Practice, 90 guineas in one sum, or 100 guineas in five instalments.

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A Prospectus, containing much additional information, will be forwarded on application to the Librarian and Secretary, Mr. J. FRANCIS PINK, at the Office of the School, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, between the hours of Ten and Four.

J. MITCHELL BRUCE, M.A., M.D., *Dean.*

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on October 1st. Introductory Address by Dr. T. COLCOTT FOX, at 4 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £80 and £40, and one of £20 for Dental Students on Examination, September 23 and 24.

There are also numerous Prizes.

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The Prospectus to be obtained by application to the School Secretary, Mr. F. H. MADDEN, contains the regulations for this Examination, and gives full information as to the course of study, and the Special Classes for the Higher Examinations and Degrees.

The WINTER SESSION begins on October 1.

HERBERT W. PAGE, M.C., *Dean.*

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Application should be made to the Secretary, P. A. LATHAM, M.A., 15 St. Helen's Place, E.C.

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CHRONICLE.

Foreign Affairs.

THE only items of foreign news which possessed the slightest attraction at the end of last week had little of political interest, with one exception—the crop of duels which have sprung up in connection with the Boulangist "revelations." The author of these, M. MERMEIX, has enough on his hands to satisfy D'ARTAGNAN himself. The THIÉBAUD-ROCHEFORT duel, after being once stopped, came off at last, and no greater satire on the French practice in this kind can be conceived than the fact that, though M. ROCHEFORT, one of the first swordsmen in Europe, attacked "very savagely," and "ran "round and round" his enemy, "lunging at him," and touching him thrice in temple, thigh, and cheek—a lunge in the two first of which places might be expected to be fatal, M. THIÉBAUD's injuries are "not serious" and his condition "quite satisfactory." This was followed by the first of M. MERMEIX's own duels—an imbroglio much too complicated for unravelment here and duly discussed elsewhere. Here we shall only observe that the honour which takes excuse not to "go out" because its opponent has, as he declares, inadvertently wounded somebody else outside the laws of the duello, is, as our ancestors would have said, a very "nice" honour indeed, a most delicate chivalry.——Austria is suffering from very severe floods, and there has been one of those fires which are now only seen in South-Eastern Europe, at Salonica, resulting in great loss and suffering, to help which the LORD MAYOR is asking for subscriptions that will not be ill-placed.——Germany has been almost entirely occupied during the week by the manœuvres carried on at Düppel. ——France and Russia, too, have been manœuvring—the latter in Volhynia, on the enormous scale, it is said, of more than a hundred and fifty thousand men.——From Turkey it is reported that a statement of plaints and grievances formulated by the Armenian Patriarch has been returned by the Porte; but that it has, on the other hand, appointed a commission to inquire into the state of Armenia. We wish we could think that this would do any good. But it is not commissions—especially Turkish commissions—that will stop the Kurd outrages on the one hand and the Russian machinations on the other. An impartially mixed batch of brigands and agitators strung up here and there about the Armenian provinces would be much more to the purpose. Meanwhile the Armenian bullies in the capital who raised the riot at Koom Kapou not long ago have tried to assassinate a bishop by way of proving their lamblike nature.——A very awkward affair has been announced from Gibraltar, some English officers having been assaulted near the Rock by a mob of Spaniards with knives, a second assault of a similar character being reported a day later. It does not appear, on the face of it, that this has the least connexion with the killing of an unlucky sentinel the other day. But really our good neighbours in Spain are a little robustious.——In the United States the Senate has passed the MCKINLEY Tariff Bill, whereby that progress of Free-trade of which Free-traders talk is agreeably illustrated, protective taxes being put on the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and everything that moves and does not move on the earth and under it, with all things manufactured and manufacturable out of animal, vegetable, or mineral matter.

Congresses.

The Trade-Union Congress came to an end last Saturday, after two more days of remarkably noisy existence. The result of the Eight Hours' vote has been that Mr. BIRTWISTLE, one of the most respected of Trade-Unionists, has resigned his place on the Parliamentary Committee, thereby indirectly letting in Mr. JOHN BURNS, who will thus have an additional opportunity to be still talking. The Congress passed various votes of no great importance in the "new" sense. By the way, we can agree with the "highly-strung" Mr. TILLETT when he protests that this "new" spirit is old. It is very old; there are few things older than the desire to do half work for double pay and the belief that communities can exist, as it has been pleasantly put, by taking in each other's washing.——The British Association has pursued its quiet and respectable way without any great excitement, Mr. PERRY's lecture on the always interesting subjects of top-spinning, egg- (not log-) rolling, and so forth, being, perhaps, the most noteworthy thing it has heard. There was, however, some interest in the old question, started by Mr. RAVENSTEIN and freely discussed, How soon will this earth be over-populated? When it is too hot for JUNIUS and Queen MARY and the proximate exhaustion of coal, this will serve, and it served o' Monday.——Some truths were told last week at the St. Asaph's Diocesan Conference about tithes; but we are afraid that nowadays the gloss, "He who takes it makes it," is more current than the text, "Our right makes our might."——Another Association, that of the British Fruit-growers, had a useful meeting at the Crystal Palace on Friday week, where such authorities as Mr. RIVERS and Mr. BUNYARD read papers. ——Her not ungifted but very much advertised Majesty, "CARMEN SYLVA," the Queen of Roumania, wrote a pretty poem for the Eisteddfod, and was much cheered.——There have also assembled a "Catholic Social" Congress in Belgium, and a Vegetarian Congress in England.

Home Politics.

Mr. MUNDELLA talked at Sheffield on Friday week, perhaps, as an antidote to the Cutlers' Feast. But men do not greatly interest themselves in the talking of Mr. MUNDELLA.——Mr. FINLAY, who is considerably better worth listening to than Mr. MUNDELLA (we speak not of the soundness of their politics), spoke at Inverness on Monday.——In Ireland, Mr. O'BRIEN has been still subsisting on the grievance of having to pay the piper he himself summoned to play.

Colonial.

Mr. RHODES has been giving his views upon South Africa, with a remark that "the question of the flag can wait."——All things are not going on quite smoothly with the Australian strikers, and some ships have succeeded in getting loaded and sent away by what are happily called "freemen."——From Canada there is reported what is, if the report be true, an instance of the harm which thoughtless politeness does, like other thoughtless things. A sort of shadow of precedence—for the substance was neither given nor in the power of those who gave it to give—having been allowed to a Roman Catholic prelate of the name of MANNING in England, a Roman Catholic prelate of the name of TASCHEREAU in Canada, who, like Dr. MANNING, possesses a foreign title not recognized by the English constitution, refuses to go and dine with the son of the PRINCE OF WALES unless he be given precedence over the Admiral of HER MAJESTY'S Fleet and the Commander of HER MAJESTY'S forces. A more excellent subject for an Æschylean chorus on the reproductive powers of folly could not be imagined; and there are still one or two men in England who could write it. If Mr. GLADSTONE likes to try, we will criticize him fairly.

Strikes.

At home, strikes are always with us. A really serious and long-threatened one has at last broken out at Southampton among the dockers. The short-sighted shipowners, whose fault it chiefly was that the London dock strike of last year succeeded, congratulated themselves on having found an outlet at the Hampshire port, and the dock agitators not unnaturally set their hearts on a return match which is now in process of playing. The usual firebrands began by, as usual, denouncing blacklegs, and, doubtless to the immense surprise

of Sir EDWARD REED, the blacklegs were consequently mobbed. Like other dock Companies, that at Southampton is not as rich as the Bank of England; but its resources have much improved of late years, and it is, or ought to be, "weel friended," if only its friends will decide not to back it by requesting it to back down. Unfortunately there was at first considerable shilly-shallying on the part both of the Dock authorities and of the magistrates. Negotiations were opened with the assailants of blacklegs, and at last, when the troops were sent for from Winchester and Gosport, the mob had been emboldened to stone-throwing, and a bayonet charge had to be resorted to. We do not often borrow other people's words, but we fear it is impossible to put the matter more truly than the *Times* of Wednesday put it, by saying that "for the last twelve "months the working classes have been trained to riot "by the Home Office." Even now the Mayor of Southampton declares that his first application for troops was ignored. A better face was, however, put on matters after Monday, the docks being kept open both by land troops and armed boats, while good sentences have been passed on blackleg-mobbers. One of these pleaded that he "only obeyed orders," an agreeable instance of topsyturvification. Yet it may be admitted that it would be far more satisfactory to reach those from whom the "orders" come, and that the law must indeed be a feeble thing if it cannot do so. As usual, firmness was no sooner shown than the strike began to collapse; as usual in the case of an unsuccessful movement the blame was thrown by the "central authority" (whatever pestilent entity may answer to this name) on local want of preparedness; as usual, the men grumble that they will fight another day; as usual, well-meaning clerical busybodies interfered, and (we are glad to say) got their fingers rapped; and, as usual, sympathizers with anarchy bewail the defeat of the dockers. Some day, when England has a fit of sense, two little alterations will be made in the Trade-Union laws. Picketing will be absolutely forbidden, and any Union which enjoins upon its members or permits them to refuse to work with non-Unionists will be made an illegal society. These little changes will not in the least interfere with any right, legal or moral, of workmen. Meanwhile we shall have more trouble, and more yet.——The proposed Shippers' Federation seems to be making way, and it is to be earnestly hoped that it will be able to form a strong and stable counterpoise to the Union deadweight which is dragging English trade down.

The Cavalry Manœuvres.

The Cavalry Manœuvres have begun, and what is for England a really large force of mounted men has been got together on the Berkshire Downs. Some ingenious, if rather anticipatory, criticisms have been made, and altogether the affair should be interesting. Some interesting experiments by individuals have been made in the way of swimming the Thames with their horses, but no practice on the large scale in this important and not easy proceeding has yet been made.

The Crofters.

The Report of the Highlands and Islands Commission was issued at the end of last week, the Commissioners making the rather humorous, not to say severe, remark that if their suggestions are carried out "it will at any rate attract energetic strangers "to the country." "In order," say they, moreover, "to "produce any substantial improvement a considerable "reduction of the numbers of the population is urgently "required." Crofter advocates and Irish Nationalists please take notice.

Letters.

Mr. S. LAING wrote a long letter to the *Daily News* of Thursday assuming, and almost explicitly stating, that Mr. BALFOUR is neglecting, and the Union press belittling, the failure of the Irish potato crop. Who told Mr. LAING this? If he should meet his informant, he may tell him, and we will be his warranty, that the first statement is falsehood and the last false witness. It is, indeed, ludicrous to compare this year's disease with the too-famous famine of more than forty years ago—for, in the first place, the disease is not universal; in the second, there are much better means of affording relief; in the third, the potato is far less the staple than it was; and in the fourth, the population, though still too great, is much less. But it is a serious matter, and nobody is better aware of its seriousness than Mr. BALFOUR.

Sport.

After the ending of county cricket the Australian team have provided two really interesting matches. That at Scarborough, at the end of last week, where they beat a by no means despicable team of Lord LONDESBOROUGH's, was good; that at the beginning of this, when they faced M.C.C. and Ground (a Gentlemen's Eleven not being attainable), was better. Dr. GRACE could not play, and Mr. W. W. READ did not come off, but GUNN came, and did not go, off, and the great day of Mr. T. C. O'BRIEN arrived after many days. The professional made 118 with only one chance, and the amateur, with none, though less prettily, 105. Altogether the M.C.C. made 372. Then, the Australians going in, Mr. LYONS arose and smote, making 99 runs (including ten fours running), at the rate of about four runs in three minutes. His side, however, could only get within eighty-one of their enemies, and so had to follow on. In this second venture they were still more unfortunate than in the first, and the Marylebone men had but forty-four to make when they went in. The finish, however, was by no means hollow, whether owing to carelessness or to chance, and six wickets, including five of the best in the team, fell before the apparently easy task was done.——The first day of the Doncaster Meeting enjoyed admirable weather and good racing, Silver Spur winning the Great Yorkshire Handicap, Haute Saône the Champagne Stakes, and the PRINCE OF WALES's Pierrette the Clumber Plate. Very unusual interest was felt in the St. Leger on Wednesday, the race being fought by the winners of the Two Thousand, French Derby, Derby, and Oaks, with two or three other horses not far inferior to them, and the much-talked-of outsider, Queen's Birthday. In the end, however, the Duke of PORTLAND's Memoir won, if not easily, yet well, from Blue Green and Gonsalvo. In the minor racing the most interesting thing was a second defeat of the much-thought-of two-year-old, Bumptious, who started with 7 to 4 on him, receiving twenty-three pounds from Lord HARTINGTON's Marvel, the winner.——The principal events of Thursday were the winning of the Portland Plate by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's L'Abbesse de Jouarre, a popular mare and owner; and a little unpleasantness over the Wharncliffe Stakes, wherein grumblers grumbled over the fact that Lord PENRHYN's Noble Chieftain ran away from another horse which had beaten him easily the day before.

Miscellaneous.

The woes reported by Mr. Fox, an Englishman imprisoned at Cologne for the old crime of sketching, and, according to the traditions in such cases provided, shamefully ill-treated, are, if confirmed, more worthy of chronicle and redress than the average September plaint of the wanderer. The alleged disregard of an official passport is a serious thing; especially as it is said to have been properly viséd.

Obituary.

Canon LIDDON's death, by far the most noteworthy of the week, is noticed elsewhere.——The Earl of ROSSLYN, who died on Saturday, after a long illness, but not at any great age, was a pleasing minor poet, and a man of many friends. His appointment as High Commissioner to the General Assembly, by Lord BEACONSFIELD, was the subject of some surprise, and one or two "well-found" jokes; but he gave great satisfaction in the post.——Alderman DENNEHY, of Dublin, was an Irish Nationalist of the older and less sordid stamp, wrong-headed but not corrupt, and leal though scarcely loyal.——M. DUBOIS-PILLET was a member of the younger, though not in years of the youngest, school of French painters.

Books, Art, &c.

The Worcester Festival opened, on Tuesday, with a performance of *St. Paul*.——Messrs. LONGMANS have issued five more volumes of the late Dr. NEWMAN's works in their "Silver Series"; one of *Verses on Various Occasions* (with the *Dream of Gerontius*), two of *Essays Critical and Imaginative*, *The Arians*, and *The Development of Christian Doctrine*.——The recently-bought Longford Castle pictures were exposed to public view for the first time on Thursday.

CANON LIDDON.

BY the death of Canon LIDDON the Church of England loses by far her most popular preacher—perhaps, all proportions being observed, the most popular preacher, with educated as well as uneducated hearers, that any country has recently seen. Although Dr. LIDDON was but sixty-one at his death, he had been a man of influence in the Church for nearly forty years past. His appointment, when he was still quite a young man, to the Vice-Principalship of Cuddesdon College gave him, both directly and indirectly from the neighbourhood of that institution to

Oxford, some hold upon "men" who were at first not much his juniors. After leaving Cuddesdon he continued and extended this influence by the same means which have been frequently practised with success in both Universities, the giving of informal Sunday lectures to undergraduates. An undergraduate will go almost anywhere whither he is not obliged to go; and, strongly as Oxford had been already won towards the High Church school in the sixties, there was still a sufficient remnant of dislike to that school among the older authorities to flavour "going to LIDDON's." He was also during this decade a frequent preacher at St. Mary's, and it was about the middle of it that his well-known Bampton course was delivered. Probably no man has ever imposed his own style upon so large a proportion of the clergy, and for at least a quarter of a century past the churches in which the preacher, making any attempt at style at all, did not make some attempt to imitate it, have been the minority. Cambridge, which only a month or two ago honoured him with a degree, showed quite as much trace of his influence as his own university; and hoods of all colours besides crimson decorated the utterers of those unmistakable "Liddonisms" which sometimes made hearers smile. Dr. LIDDON's appointment to a Canonry of St. Paul's, twenty years ago, made him more generally known, but it has usually been agreed by the best judges that it did not improve his style. Wonder both intelligent and unintelligent has been unceasingly expressed that he received or accepted no higher preferment in the Church, and various reasons have been assigned for the fact. It may be sufficient here to say that the Church pretty certainly experienced no loss by it. Preaching, though a most ornamental accident in a bishop, is not of his substance, and with the qualities which are substantially episcopal Canon LIDDON was not perhaps so richly provided. Indeed, it may be doubted whether his health, which was never strong, would have stood the ordinary business wear-and-tear of what nowadays is a very busy occupation indeed. Nor can the fact of his continuing in the lower room be regretted for other reasons. Although Liberals—or rather Gladstonians—have made much boast of Dr. LIDDON as belonging to their party, it may be doubted whether he had any clear or reasoned political views as such. Indeed, one of the few disastrous sides of his influence may be said to have been the help he gave to forming that section of the newer High Church party who almost openly declare that they have no politics but the interests of the Church—a folly as unorthodox as it is suicidal, and not fairly to be charged on the Canon himself as a matter of overt utterance or, perhaps, even of conscious opinion. Of Canon LIDDON's most famous and most unfortunate appearance in connexion with politics—his share in the absurd affair of the bean-stacks—it must in justice be said that, if he had not had the misfortune to be in the company of a noisy self-advertiser, who was also a hanger-on of Mr. GLADSTONE, very little would probably have been heard of the matter. It is safe to say that LIDDON thought of little but the question of Christianity (especially his beloved Eastern Christianity) *v.* Mahommedanism.

To appreciate Dr. LIDDON accurately it must be understood that neither strictly practical nor strictly speculative affairs were his province. He at no time showed any faculty for administration, and his belief in the impossible and unnecessary scheme of making oil, water, and vinegar —the Church of England, the Greek Church, and the Old Catholics—into a mixture thick and slab may be taken as the measure of his practical judgment. In purely intellectual matters, though he had ability, learning, and scholarship, it cannot be said that either great erudition, or exquisite critical faculty, or extreme intellectual range was his portion. His Bampton Lectures contrast unfavourably with some other examples of spoken theological argument from the intellectual side, and, though very fairly furnished forth with reading, they can hardly be said to be exceptionally distinguished in that. His special gifts consisted in an exceedingly winning personal address, and in a faculty of rhetoric which, assiduously cultivated and directed with rare skill, strictly within the lines of the possessor's other qualities, achieved remarkable perfection in its own way. In the decade of LIDDON's first and perhaps greatest success there were indeed preachers in the pulpits of St. Mary's and Christ Church and St. Giles's who had far greater attractions for some tastes. Beside the varied and fertile eloquence of Bishop WILBERFORCE, the crystalline severity of PUSEY, the admirably philosophical and academic oratory (too rarely heard) of MANSEL, even the elegant scholarship of some lesser men than these, LIDDON seemed to some thin and shallow and gaudy in comparison, though these epithets would have been very unjust if applied absolutely. The marked difference of his style was the occasion of not a few malicious stories. There must be few men who took any interest in such things some twenty years ago who cannot remember being told of some one who had exultingly put his finger on the very sermon of MASSILLON which LIDDON had just delivered; of some one else who knew a man who had a friend who had identified the cento out of various Frenchmen, from SAURIN to LACORDAIRE, which formed the backbone of another popular discourse. Putting this foolish malice aside, there was no doubt of the origins either of LIDDON's manner of composition or of his manner of delivery. They were both Continental; the former modified a little by study of the great English preachers, the latter by what is kindly called, by outsiders, Oxford mannerism—a thing probably introduced by King ALFRED at the same time with his other benefactions to the University. The result was, perhaps, more satisfactory to the general than to severe critics, and especially to those who, in prose, are not satisfied with the sound unless they are satisfied with the sense behind it. Sense there was in LIDDON, and plenty of it, no doubt; but his matter would hardly have distinguished him above the common run of the better class of educated preachers if his form had been less attractive to the general taste, and less remarkable even as acknowledged by those to whom it was not wholly attractive.

These dissentients, however, who were in the minority, would probably be the first to acknowledge the greatness of the loss which the Church has experienced in a preacher of commanding oratorical gifts and of the most unblemished orthodoxy. On the latter point, it is enough to say that Dr. LIDDON was PUSEY's pupil; that he had a closer relation to that great divine than any other man of his time in Oxford or in the world; and that he was thus provided, in a manner very happily suited to a mind less inquiring or original than vigorous and staunch, with an impregnable theory of dogma and churchmanship, and a sound, if not quite so impregnable, theory of discipline. If PUSEY had a weak point, it was in a certain pardonable, but unnecessary, dislike of "Erastianism" which accompanied his otherwise thoroughly Anglican orthodoxy. This he never himself carried to anything like the frenzy of some modern High Churchmen. But it approached something like rebelliousness to "Church and "State" in LIDDON, and has actually reached that phase in some of LIDDON's followers. Intensely mischievous as was the Public Worship Regulation Act, the spirit with which it has been met and which Dr. LIDDON, though not an extreme opponent thereof, had no small share in arousing and directing, is in direct contravention of the whole *ethos* and theory alike of the Anglican Church. But here we return to the Canon's lack, already noted, of any wide and sufficient political grasp, and we need not say more of it. Although of very simple life (he was once discovered dining off apple pudding on Friday, a somewhat different fast-day refection from WARD's celebrated diet of mutton-chops), he was not in any very strict sense ascetically given, and was quite the reverse of the vulgar idea of an "ecclesiastic." His personal charm has been referred to already, and was experienced by widely different classes and persons. His loyalty to the Church herself was wholly beyond doubt or question, and one of the latest of his public utterances was his decided disapproval of the doctrinal and critical escapades of certain of the younger members of his own party. He will never be ranked among the greatest of English Churchmen; nor perhaps, by those competent to judge, even among her very greatest preachers; but he was a great preacher in his own way, a faithful servant of his Master, and a powerful popular influence for good in a time when popular influences are very commonly evil.

PIERROT, POLITICIAN AND DUELLIST.

THE debauch of reporting in which the Parisian press has been indulging under the title of "Les Coulisses "du Boulangisme" has ended in a puddle of harmless duels. No ending could have been more appropriate. The whole pother began in shameless self-advertisement, and has gone on in it to the finish. It is apparently certain that the revelations which M. MERMEIX has been serving up to the scandal-loving public which buys the *Figaro* are tolerably trustworthy. There never was anything improbable

about them, and within the last few days some of those implicated have hastened to confirm them. In that there is really nothing surprising. It is an observation which, we take it, must be familiar even to the ignorant scribbling men of the Parisian press that there is a stamp of man (and woman) which would rather speak ill of itself than not talk about itself at all. To that race belong the gentlemen who have been posing before Paris in this silly season. They hunger and thirst to be talked about, and are quite indifferent how their desired object is obtained. As for the third parties whose names have been dragged in, we really do not know that they are entitled to any sympathy. The lady who gave 120,000*l.* (a handsome sum of money, but little more than half what has been known to be spent in this country on a single contested county election) comes best out of the publication of secrets. We may add that she seems quite satisfied to "come out." Indeed, the least one can get in return for such a pocketful of money is the sweet knowledge that all the world knows one has lavished it regardless of expense. The other personages in the political pantomime have all behaved after their kind. That the General was an adventurer was no news; that he was a cocktail we had learnt; that he was surrounded by a mob of pushing journalists was patent; that the Royalist agents were capable of any excess of silliness is what experience had shown us; that the Orleanist family has never been able to resist the temptation to meddle with dubious intrigues, while steadily keeping a face of smug respectability, is one of the best known facts in modern political history.

In this case that Royal house has lent its credit (and induced somebody else to lend money) in order that a small mob of journalists may advertise itself. This is the final outcome of the whole adventure. A score or so of "gensdelettres" may be seen running about in their shirt-sleeves, striking attitudes, mouthing phrases, pretending to fight, and *not* pretending to write whole columns about their proceedings in the papers. M. Rochefort and M. Thiébaud arrange a duel on the pavement, at the tops of their voices. After warning everybody where they were going, they pretend to go, and, as a matter of fact, do spend several days in the intense enjoyment of knowing that they are watched. In order that there may be no mistake, they have a newspaper man with them. At last they find a quiet place somewhere and caper about. One of them is a good deal less hurt than he might have been in a smart glove-fight, and their honour is satisfied. Very like. A little would suffice. Another heroic encounter came off about the same time—between M. Mermeix and M. Labruyère. These gentlemen encounter, attended by their little tail of seconds, &c., all in frock coats, all holding their hats in front of them by the brim, all with new gloves on, all very "dignes"—we shall not say dignified—because we retain some respect for the English language. MM. Mermeix and Labruyère also skip about, having first got to such a distance that they can do one another no great harm, according to the habitual practice of the valiant journalist of that valiant people, when what he calls his honour has to be satisfied. M. Mermeix's sword went up M. Labruyère's sleeve a very little way. Then the judicious bottle-holder cried "Stop, you are hit." M. Labruyère did stop—he says he stuck his sword in the ground—and just as he stopped M. Mermeix lunged with so ferocious a lunge that he just touched his opponent on the hand. Hereupon there arose cries of horror, and the clamour has not ceased yet. The intelligent Parisian journalist saw a chance for a newish pose. Duelling is a little played out. People are becoming tired of it. So now a little novelty is introduced by playing at refusing to fight because the other gentleman is a felon. The half-dozen other duels which M. Mermeix was to have fought are off, because the half-dozen heroes who were to have fought them will not demean themselves by meeting such a low fellow. Now they are all writing letters to the papers calling one another bad names, and saying how heroically they would fight if only their honour would allow them. This is to be the new duel "fin de "siècle," we suppose. You say, "M. Chose is a coward, "liar, thief; he hides behind a woman's petticoats, and "has insulted me. If he were not a scum I would call "him out." M. Chose replies, "You are a felon, whom I "cannot condescend to meet," and then honour will be satisfied. After all, it will be quite as respectable a state of duelling as the present one.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE ON LAW AND MORALS.

If anybody wants a supremely apt illustration of that utter lack of humour which is, no doubt, principally the cause, but which would appear by many curious proofs to be sometimes also the effect, of Gladstonianism in politics, he should read carefully the letter which Mr. Shaw Lefevre addressed to the *Times* the other day on what he calls "The Plantation of the Clanricarde Estate." It is a long letter, like most of the writer's letters, and it rambles and potters round its subject, like most of his speeches; but it is worth while to traverse its length, to assist at its potterings, and to accompany it in its ramblings, for the sole sweet sake of its illustrative value as aforesaid. That perfect innocence of unconscious self-satire, offspring of that total inability to see yourself as others see you, which is itself in turn the child of humourlessness, beams forth upon an appreciative reader from every paragraph, and is implicitly present in the very impulse to which the letter owes its origin. For what has moved Mr. Shaw Lefevre to write it is the fact (which, by the bye, he denies at the beginning of a prolonged outpouring of disgust and indignation at its reality) that a certain number of the as yet unevicted tenants on the Clanricarde estate have either paid or promised to pay an agreed sum to their landlord in settlement of his claim for rent, without, as a condition of such payment, insisting on the re-instatement of the previously evicted tenants with whom they concerted their original refusal to pay. After denying, as we have said, the existence of these backsliders, Mr. Shaw Lefevre admits it to be possible that besides "three "men" who are known to have committed this act of betrayal, there may be "twenty others who, under the "threat of immediate eviction, and with the offer of most "favourable terms, have recently come to terms [what a "neatly turned sentence!] and paid a proportion of their "rent." This, however, he observes, is not a large number; and "it is not to be wondered at that there should be a few "men who, courageous at the outset while others were "evicted, flinch from carrying out their promises to stand "firm by the combination when they are themselves threat-"ened." No, indeed, it is not to be wondered at that men should act in this way; they constantly do. But that their conduct in egging on other men to ruinous sacrifices which they do not themselves propose to share should be denounced as "shabby" and "cowardly" by, of all men in the world, Mr. Shaw Lefevre—is *that* not to be wondered at? Would it not, but for those characteristics of the Gladstonian mind to which we adverted at the commencement of these remarks, be the greatest wonder in the world?

Let us, however, examine a little more closely into the details of the case in which these shabby cowards have so disgraced themselves. A few months ago when they were engaged in exhorting their fellow-tenants to undergo eviction rather than accept the landlord's terms—exactly, by the way, as Mr. Shaw Lefevre is exhorting themselves to-day—and at the time when they were in effect warning the landlord that he need not hope to shake their high resolution by turning other people out of their homes—really, again, very much like what Mr. Shaw Lefevre is doing to-day—the abatement of rent which Lord Clanricarde was willing to make was less than that which he is now ready to offer. It is not now as great as they originally claimed, but they are prepared to lower their own demands and accept it. The landlord, however, desirous, as well he may be, to break up the immoral and criminal combination which has been organized against him, declines to accompany his offer with a reinstatement of the evicted tenants; and this Mr. Shaw Lefevre finds indefensible. He has an inkling, it is true, that some pedantic sticklers for honesty will hold that the tenants themselves should be the first to be put on their defence. He doubts not, he says, "that the combination will be called criminal and immoral," but here is his exquisite retort. "How can this be main-"tained when it is now admitted that the demand of these "men was just, and has since been conceded?" How, in other words, can it be maintained that the conduct of Mr. Richard Turpin was criminal and immoral when it is admitted that his demand of the gentleman's money or life was "just," for has not the purse been handed over to him? That is one parallel to Mr. Shaw Lefevre's ingenious question which will suggest itself to persons curious in historical analogies; but it is more ridiculous even than this represents it. His argument is ludicrously inconsecutive even on his own premisses; for if a landlord's claim of rent

is proved to be "unjust" by the fact of its subsequent reduction, the same remark must apply to a tenant's claims for abatement. As a matter of fact, it is not, and cannot be, "admitted" that the "demand of these men was just, "and has since been conceded," because it has not been conceded; but, on the contrary, the men have, according to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's criterion, admitted its injustice by reducing it. The whole piece of confused and childish reasoning may, in short, by a simple *mutatio mutandorum* be turned against its inventor. "How can it be maintained" that the combination to compel Lord CLANRICARDE to abate 40 or 50 per cent. of his arrears of rent was not "criminal and immoral," when "it is now admitted" that his refusal to make so large an abatement was "just," and a reduction of 20 per cent. has since been accepted?

The tenants who have been evicted, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE goes on to argue, "suffered in the common cause"—as do the brigands who are unlucky enough to be picked off by a first volley from the Civil Guard—"under the promise that "all would stand by them"—the "death-before-surrender" agreement often entered into by the same romantic mountaineers; and how "in common honesty," exclaims this patron of FRA DIAVOLO, this respectable member of the black-coated and tall-hatted Camorra which Mr. GLADSTONE has been compelled to organize among his party, "can tenants still "in possession forget these promises, accept the terms now "offered, and abandon the evicted men to their fate? Speak-"ing myself to the tenants at a public meeting at Loughrea "two years ago, *in the presence of a police reporter*" ["Shadowed," in fact, at last! Oh joy!], and again at the Tenants' Convention at Galway last year, "I advised them "that as honourable men"—that is, as men, we suppose, among whom honour is proverbial—"they were bound to "stand by the evicted men, and that they were justified in "maintaining their combination till the same terms were "offered to all. I believe that this advice was justifiable, "legally and morally." It is, indeed, calculated to do equal honour—exactly the same amount of honour—to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's head and heart. The sound ethical judgment which satisfied him that the advice was justifiable in its relation to the landlord is as remarkable, on the intellectual side, as is, on the moral side, the sympathetic temperament and scrupulous conscientiousness which distinguishes the advice in its relation to and probable effect upon the tenant.

It is needless, of course, to say that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE is highly indignant at the proposal to substitute Protestant farmers from Armagh for the evicted tenants on the CLANRICARDE estate. Considering the active share he has taken in getting them evicted, it would be hardly decent in him to regard the plantation, as he calls it, with any milder feelings; but what is amusing in the matter is his reason for suggesting that other people should share his sentiments. If the plantation policy is to be generally adopted, where, he asks with a certain note of trepidation, which is surprising in a man of such a dare-devil temper, where is the process to end? There are, he says, "nearly "two thousand families evicted from estates under similar "circumstances"—that is, in other words, fooled out of house and home by Irish agitators and English SHAW LEFEVRES, who are "all living near their former holdings, "in the confident belief that they will be reinstated after "the general election, if not earlier, and sustained by "public opinion and by public subscriptions in Ireland." They are waiting, in fact, like the ill-fated Mrs. BROWNRIGG, "till France shall come" in the person of that new apostle of anarchy, the venerable apologist for the Plan of Campaign, "and laws be all repealed." And, of course, if France does not come at "the next general election," or if that election itself be too long in coming, and "these "people lose all hope of reinstatement, there will be grave "cause to fear that there will be a renewal of deplorable acts "in these districts of which the past history of Ireland pre-"sents many examples." Surely, therefore, concludes Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, "it would be wise statesmanship to get rid "of this certain cause of future difficulty and trouble." This is, indeed, what Mr. SHANDY would have called "one of the "finest trains of reasoning in the world." Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE advises an Irish tenant not to pay his rent to his landlord. He takes the advice, and is evicted; and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE then promises him that, if he will wait till the next general election, he shall be reinstated in his holding at a rent to be fixed by himself. But if this promise be not fulfilled, or if the tenant have not the patience to wait for its fulfilment, he will renew deplorable acts, and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE will find himself responsible for having given advice which has led to the commission of these deplorable acts. *Argal* it would be "wise statesmanship" to help Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE out of his difficulty. Any one who cannot perceive the sequence of this argument must be wanting either in statesmanship, or in logic, or in his perception of the paramount national duty of making things comfortable for Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. And it is difficult to decide which of these forms of ignorance is the most discreditable.

"SOMETHING CRAGGY."

FROM the Chiswick Press, though apparently of American origin, a new and original poem has just issued, that supplies to those that need it, as BYRON once did in Venice, the "something craggy" for minds to break upon. It is a whole sierra of cragginess. Here are yawning gulfs for the speculative eye's research that may employ, the long winter season through, the entire forces of the Browning Society and all occult brotherhoods, including that of the Theosophists, or the pale remnant of the Rosy Cross. The full title of this agonizing production runs thus:—"Sand Key. "(The Key to All.) A full and succinct Description, by an "Ancient Warder of it, who during his incumbency was "a solitary resident. After EPICHARMUS, who sought to "elevate a popular mode of representation into the man-"datory respect of everybody." The first clue the sanguine student of this unutterable problem will chance on lies in the playful, paronomasian method of the poet. But he who follows this hardily will be led darkly, fearfully afar into pitfalls of discomfiture. The Key is, and is not, that which opens a lock and is properly in a warder's charge. Sand Key is one of those solitary islets, the offscouring of the American continent, a shining pearl of the ocean, lying off the Florida coast, such as was once haunted, and possibly still is, by KIDD and his fellows. "In a fauteuil of "pillows on the deck of a smack" the Ancient Warder is pictured, "contemplating the emergence of Sand Key "into view as of an entity attaining a superiority to the "unknowable; and, ruminating on his once fragile abode, "he addresses to it a cogitation, secretly deprecating a "replica of the Noachian deluge for race correction and "openly entertaining a glimpse of a possible substitute." This extract from the poet's preface, though suggestive of severe sunstroke—and the sun is hot on those seas—demands prolonged study, for it is the last ray of light vouchsafed to us before we plunge into the vast inane. After a mystical presentment of Nature and Art, the "Figure of True Representation" is delivered of a spritely song:—

> O partitive morning laugh! Thy twin flamivimous piaff
> Spoom out of this double room of grey
> To let thy smooth upper arch's half
> Boom broadest art mid an archic play.
>
> O glomorous midnight laugh, by secant severant scarf
> Bisect, in a streak of barbed smile,
> Wherein dark clutches the resultant gaff
> Of mancraft wake over limpid wile!
>
> O will a new time e're laugh? insight's exclusion of daff
> Scream out of the upright vertæbræ?
> Th' elan turn wake of the ages chaff
> All seas on, 'kin of the sunken key?

This merry song should certainly shake the upright vertæbræ and make a new time laugh. Where's your LEWIS CARROLL noo? Then does the warder proceed to tell of the structure of the Key:—

> Shale fragment floodtide-shewn
> To float on its lagoon,
> Uplift thereby outside,
> There, by it, to abide,
> A wafer-like waif o' sand

—"Do you see," as Mr. CALVERLEY says, "the paronomasia, play o' words?"—

> Wayfaring far from land;
> As sleight of little thing
> As, fixed in obvious Now,
> By thread of real string
> Could join creation's brow,
> All nature's utmost pride—
> Like a young and brilliant bride!

Thence we pass, not without glimpses at "BROWNING "mystics," "WORDSWORTH school," "a glad stone, indifferent "to reason, an impregnable sham rock," and GEMISTHUS PLETHO, who chaunts some wondrous staves "by Gem Is "Thus," to the "Thin King Key Virgulate" (a title which

pleasantly reminds us of Mr. BURNAND's exquisite song in *Faust and Loose*), otherwise the

> Thinking key virgulate of nature's realm
> And its fact-tracing heaven uplifting mime.

But this theme and "Reflect Taction," which succeeds it, though sufficiently craggy, are nerve-shattering rather than bone-splintering. The goal of our desire is hailed as we, "the thinking virgulate of all," dart our spirit's light, as SHELLEY sweetly sings, beyond all worlds till it satiates the void circumference, and we arrive grateful yet panting at "the endstead of all things."

Not without tribulation do we gain the "endstead," and when there we are not permitted to remain. Before the first portion of the poem, or "Figure of True Re-"presentation," is overpast, and the second portion, a wavy sea of "Coincidents," is navigated, there are the Nethersphere and the Ethersphere to be traversed, with many another haunted realm of "Ally Gory" and "heaven "high Logomachy." Justice to the poet's treatment of these brave themes must not be dealt on the hazard of a first impression. Man is a thing of dust, and the willingest spirit faints on "the enstead-issuing tract." Like the oblivious lover when confronted in the beer-garden—not bear-garden—by the "legend" of the lost ULALUME, let us hasten, oh, let us not linger! and fly, let us fly, ere we must. There is a fatal fascination in these labyrinths, "where all is fantom-like and balk." Feeble and unprotesting, after much wrestling with nightmares and chimæras dire on the tortuous way, we are lured to the choric close of the poem, where the sun and stars are represented "leading a string of facts to the end-"stead," attended by the Sand Key, Thin King Key Virgulate, Labor, Vitality, Solo Man, and other tenuities, who appear to celebrate, though in dusky language, "the "resultant of Logic of Facts." The "Finale" is sung by a chorus of masks, "conceited-looking creatures," representing fantastic ideas unsupported by facts; these masks are "Puffball, Moonface, Gallgawd, Headless Poulet," and "Dispensation to wife-murderer leading April yellow "bird," of whom we would learn more. Why does this "Dispensation" lead a yellow bird, and why is that fowl a bird of April? Other strange shapes there be. And behind all "sunset gloom over Johnstown and Armagh." But these speculations are untimely to him who would learn where "the endstead" lies, and what it is, and why it is a happiness to gain it. And concerning this mystery it must be left to the chorus of masks to sing:—

> Now show just where the endstead lies—
> And how from it can surety rise.
> Will all our ends adjoin right there
> And fixt remain? or fly elsewhere?
> Inform us so we may compare.
>
> The endstead is the settled point
> Wherein the world to all is joint.
> No point persists elsewhere but flies;
> And reaching downward far off skies
> Get surety by their endstead ties.
>
> Let's all out of the endstead rise
> And navigate serene with guys!
> Hold on! How so? What do? How act?
> Why all from now adhere to fact—
> Let's all from now adhere to fact.

TRANSFORMATION.

CURTAIN.

THE CARDINAL'S PRECEDENCE.

THE week's news includes two reports of kindred character, which are as well worth attention as the last new play or the race for the Leger. The first is a story from Quebec, more interesting to English Roman Catholics, perhaps, than to anybody else in this country. This we say because it is generally understood that English Roman Catholics in general regard with some uneasiness the pushing of their prelates into a "precedency" which they know is not theirs and must be challenged. The story is that, certain distinguished persons having been invited to dinner by the Canadian Viceroy to meet Prince GEORGE of WALES, a Cardinal TASCHEREAU refused to attend unless he was allowed to rank in point of precedence immediately after the PRINCE. Amongst others, a British admiral, a British general, and an Anglican bishop had been invited. Rightly supposing that the QUEEN's representative could not place him above these dignitaries in the due order of things, the Cardinal sent a message "while "the guests were assembling" to the effect that he could not be present unless his right to rank after the royal princes were acknowledged. According to one account, the dinner was delayed for a consultation of authorities on the subject; but this can hardly be true. Neither can it be true, we may hope, that "His Royal Highness" and his host were "disposed to accede to the Cardinal's "demand, though annoyed at it." For, in the first place, it is a matter of common knowledge that orders in the Roman Church, however high, give no man rights of precedence in the QUEEN's dominions; and that a priest who is also "a prince of the Church" has no more claim to princely rank than is allowed to the President of the Wesleyan Connexion. "Authorities on the subject" there are, no doubt; but the Governor-General of Canada and his secretaries could scarcely have found it necessary to consult them. Lord STANLEY, as the direct representative of the Crown, and the QUEEN's grandson, who must have heard something about the Crown's tenure, are amongst the last persons who should be disposed to accede to a demand like this of Cardinal TASCHEREAU, formally made on a formal occasion. It is not likely, therefore, that the disposition to accede was more than a momentary sentiment, or that an hour was spent in consulting authorities on a matter of common knowledge. But however that may be, the Cardinal's demand was refused, and his place at the table was left as empty as his pretensions. Now we are to note the foundation of the Cardinal's claim. No doubt, it ultimately rested, in his own mind, on the supremacy of his Church over all earthly potentates and powers; but that was a ground which could not be conveniently advanced for it. The story is that he pointed to the precedence allowed to Cardinal MANNING on certain occasions as a sufficient acknowledgment and establishment of the right he claimed—a reference of no account whatever, except as illustrating the danger which so many hard-mouthed Protestants insist upon when they say that it is needful to be for ever on the watch against "Catholic" encroachments. There are not many hard-mouthed Protestants in our day and generation. Most of us would have said when Cardinal MANNING was allowed the precedence which has been so much debated of late that it was a mere matter of courtesy, and would, of course, be so regarded by all concerned. Even the letter-writers who began the controversy in the *Times* did so as if they were ashamed of protesting against what was really understood as no more than a passage of politeness. If we remember aright, not one of them ventured to say that the precedence permitted to Cardinal MANNING would be construed into an acknowledgment of his Church's supremacy (under the Crown) in the person of her priests and princes. But it appears now that they would not have been far wrong if they had openly predicted as much. In the conduct of the Canadian Cardinal there is quite enough of arrogance to justify the anticipations which they shrank from stating plainly.

The other piece of news to which we have referred has to do with the Catholic Social Congress, which has been held at Liège; and with questions of far more importance than the place of Cardinals at dinner-tables. We had lately to remark upon the activity of Cardinal MANNING in political affairs, and more particularly of his patronage of the Irish conspiracy—in which, also, nearly the whole of the Romish hierarchy in Ireland is engaged—and of the Socialist labour-movement in England. It now appears that a discussion of the rights and wrongs of labour generally was started at Liège by a letter from Cardinal MANNING, which was read at the first meeting of the Congress. The Cardinal is reported to have said in this letter that "econo-"mical laws must be subordinated to the laws of GOD"; that, therefore, married women should not be allowed to work; that the labour of some sorts of workmen should be "fixed" at eight hours a day, and of none at more than ten; and that "contracts for work should be subject to "revision, with official intervention every third year." What this last stipulation means the report is too meagre to enable us to understand exactly; but what it seems to mean is that, for the good of the workmen, the State is to regulate and revise the contracts under which labour and capital carries on the industrial affairs of the world. State interference was advocated by other members of the Congress; and for the same purpose, apparently, the Secretary of the Roman Catholic Bishop of SALFORD "gave "a heartrending account of the condition of the working "classes in Manchester." We are to understand, however,

that there was much diversity of opinion as to the propriety of State control, with the result that in the end the combatants made mutual concessions.

This letter of Cardinal MANNING and the discussion that arose on the subject thereof strengthen the suspicion that some, at least, of the statesmen of the Roman Church see an opportunity for that Church in the general rebellion of labour and the advance of the Democratic Idea. Opportunity of various kinds there is, obviously; but it is time to say that, for one, the chief personage in Roman Catholic England seeks it through the support of Democratic Socialism, pure and simple. He knows what he is about, we suppose, when he talks of forbidding the labour of married women, of fixing hours of labour by law, of the official revision of contracts periodically, and, of "subordinating economical laws to the "laws of GOD." Assuming that so perfect a man of the world knows the world he lives in, assuming that so studious and keen a mind has some intimations of the infallible working of the legislation he advocates, we must deny that what he is about is the temporal benefit of the working classes in this country. That is as much a secondary matter with him as obedience to the law is with the priesthood of his Church in Ireland. To discover the Cardinal's real business we must look beyond; and when we do so we find ourselves compelled to decide whether we shall reject or admit the suspicion that it is the spiritual welfare of the working classes in this country which his Eminence is aiming at. And what is necessary to that end he himself would tell us without the least hesitation. Confidence in his Church above all other Churches, acceptance of his Church as the truest friend of the poor and the stoutest champion of democracy on the rise—is it forbidden to suppose that this is what the "Grand Old MANNING" of Hyde Park mobs is seeking when he stamps the stupidest and deadliest teaching of the time with the legend "Economical laws must "be subordinated to the laws of GOD"? That is just what is needed from the hand of "a prince of the Church" for inscription on Socialist banners, rubbish as the clever Cardinal must surely know it to be. Of course he is not to be blamed for endeavouring to break down the common prejudice against his Church, but he is much to blame for attempting to do so in ways that are only explicable by reckless ignorance or equally reckless calculation. It is too sadly true that there is an enormous amount of distress in the world—want and suffering amongst thousands of poor families in every land, for whose comfort there is yet plenty; and neither the Roman Catholic Church nor any other can be much better employed than in seeking to lighten the toil and fill the cupboards of the labouring poor. But there are more ways than one of endeavouring to procure for poverty a larger share of comfort—some of them atrociously stupid and destructive like those in which Cardinal MANNING professes belief; others of good effect, which become more promising every day. To preach defiance to economical law is (saving his Eminence's presence!) the act of a fool who either does or does not know that he might just as well preach the expediency and godliness of rick-burning. To preach charity, helpfulness, self-denial for the good of others is righteous work indeed, and the only work that will ever turn to good account between rich and poor in the long run. Nor was there ever a time when the gospel of kindness could be preached more hopefully than at this moment. Now is the time, however, when such Churchmen as Dr. MANNING combine with a rapaciously stupid body of doctrinaires to force on a war of classes, just when the classes have become more capable than ever of helpful and friendly understanding.

THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES.

THE Cavalry Manœuvres on Lambourn Downs are so much of a novelty, and such a good one, that it is natural they should attract more attention than has (happily) been bestowed by newspapers and their readers on our military manœuvres since the craze they created at first has died away. If the notice taken of these is to be of the character of the talk we were familiar with in the early seventies, then it were certainly better dispensed with. But it need not be of that character, and hitherto has not. We can, therefore, proceed to remark, with a clear conscience, that it is highly interesting to see four thousand English cavalry collected for practice. No such force has been gathered for this purpose before. We are even not very sure that so many have been collected in one place at home since King CHARLES and his Parliament argued constitutional questions in Berkshire before, during, and after the two battles of Newbury. The criticism already published on the manœuvres as far as they have gone promises well. Few better things of the kind have been done than the letter of "Un Sabreur" in Tuesday's *Times*. Our French friend who, by the way, models his English still a little too much on FLORAC here and there, has hit on certain defects of our army which are only too real. It was pardonable in a foreigner to be unacquainted with some facts in the life of the "infantry "officer" who is in command of the cavalry camp at Uffington. We are under the impression that this officer has not only been in the navy and been called to the bar, but has also served in the cavalry, and did, indeed, win the Victoria Cross while serving in that arm. On the face of it, however, it would appear that a cavalry officer should command a cavalry force when collected for purposes of instruction. Further, it must not be forgotten that our wars have given officers of that branch comparatively few chances of commanding a large force, and it was the greater pity to miss this chance. When "Un Sabreur" comments, with a wealth of detail which does infinite credit to his powers of rapid observation, on the way in which so-called regiments have been made up for the occasion by "creaming" other regiments, he lays his finger on one of the standing faults of our military system. The bad habit of making up artificial forces by taking a few men here and a few there is ingrained in us. We have always done it, and lessons much more severe than criticism, native or foreign, have failed to cure us of it. If Majuba did not teach us to avoid it, what will?

One of the lessons which these manœuvres are expected to teach is the value of mounted infantry. There has been so much talk about this force, and the need for it, Lord WOLSELEY has so lately committed himself to an unqualified approval of the new-fangled notion that it will drive out cavalry as the Hanoverian rat did the native animal, that the proceedings of Colonel HUTTON's force were sure to be particularly noted. The difficulty which some of us have always felt when the value of the modern dragoon is insisted on is to understand how he is to keep in the *via media* in which he will so combine the merits of cavalry and infantry as to form a third something capable of doing work which neither of those arms can do. If, for instance, he is to be only a cavalry soldier, who, as "Un Sabreur" neatly puts it, does not wear topboots and does carry a rifle, how is he a mounted infantryman? If he is to serve on foot, what is the real need for his horse? That he can use it to get more quickly over the ground is clear; but he may be stopped by cavalry. In that case, he must either fight on horseback—and then he at once becomes a cavalry soldier—or he must fight on foot, and then he is, so to speak, tied by the leg to his horse. If he gets too far from it, the cavalryman may cut in and carry it off, and with it his boasted mobility. He becomes at once a dismounted man in the middle of the enemy. This very misfortune seems to have befallen Colonel HUTTON in his march through Lambourn to Ashdown Forest. The hussars who worried him almost got the horses. In war, considering how his men were scattered, an active cavalry officer on the other side who had the nerve to risk something for a sufficient object would almost certainly have had every one of Colonel HUTTON's beasts. Surely an infantry force which dare not leave its horses is as much tied as a force which dare not leave waggons. Besides, you cannot make a lager of horses. We are afraid that "Un Sabreur" had a wicked laugh when he read in his *Times* of Thursday that Colonel HUTTON was loth to move out of Lambourn without the protection of cavalry. "A thousand thunders!" he may have exclaimed again in his English à la FLORAC. "The force "which is to drive cavalry out cannot move in open "country without it! To what good is it, then, I ask you, "and does it not jump to the eyes that, if the country is "intersected by hedges and ditches, and so unfavourable to "cavalry, it will be unfavourable to the horse of the "mounted infantry man also?" This, and other difficulties, may be solved in the course of the manœuvres. For our part we shall be greatly surprised if they do not confirm the universal teaching of war, which is that betwixt and between is as bad for military as all mankind know it to be for industrial purposes.

THE LONGFORD CASTLE PICTURES.

IT has often been remarked that our National Gallery would be ideally perfect if only it contained a picture by HOLBEIN. It is unquestionably the most representative collection of pictures in Europe. The Italian, the Spanish, the early Flemish, the Dutch schools are all admirably represented. If we count CLAUDE a French artist as well as DUGHET (called POUSSIN), we are equally well off in French art. But in German pictures we are deficient. There are a few works by the old Cologne school; but of the DURER period only two small portraits of little consequence by BALDUNG, GRUN, and CRANACH; and, of the HOLBEIN period, nothing. True, the kindness of the Duke of NORFOLK has allowed us to enjoy the loan of the delightful "Duchess "of Mantua" for some years past, but that lovely picture has only made us long the more for a HOLBEIN of our own. Now, at last, that wish is gratified. Partly by the public spirit of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, partly by the munificence of a small syndicate of private gentlemen, and partly by the acuteness and care of Sir FREDERICK BURTON, the famous Longford Castle picture, called "The Ambassadors," has been secured, and was on Thursday afternoon exhibited in the Sixth Room to the admiring eyes of a few critics and students. So far as it can be seen, the picture deserves all the praise that was bestowed upon it when it was shown at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1873. The two full-length figures are in HOLBEIN's best manner, while a perfect museum of the astronomical and geometrical instruments of the period is represented on the table—Mr. WORNUM happily described it as a "what-not"—which stands between them. Moreover, the picture bears that greatest of rarities, HOLBEIN's signature. True, it can hardly be made out, being painted in black on a nearly black background, but undoubtedly it is there:—"JOANNES HOLBEIN pin-"gebat, 1533." Dr. WAAGEN, though he twice visited Longford Castle, was unable to find it; but he says of the picture that it is "the most important" of all he had seen in England of the master. For some weeks or months to come we may be sure that a controversy will rage as to the identity of the gorgeously dressed gentleman on our left and the plainly dressed student on our right, and as to the significance, if any, of the "perspective" skull shown in the foreground. The end of this grim, distorted *memento mori* points directly to the feet of the student. Did the painter mean to signify that he had died before his portrait was finished? Mr. COLVIN, in a letter to Thursday's *Times*, suggests that the gentleman in gorgeous apparel, and with the Order of St. Michael hanging to his neck, is JEAN DE DINTEVILLE, Bailly of Troyes, who was French Ambassador to England in 1533. But if he was a Frenchman, why should all the accessories be German? A piece of music has the beginning of a German "sequenz," *Zum Heiligen Geist*, a Protestant hymn of the Lutheran period. It seems improbable that a French Roman Catholic nobleman on a diplomatic mission should surround himself with such things. It is to be hoped that when all the writing so lavishly strewn about has been deciphered, the names of the two men represented will be discovered, as Mr. WEALE discovered the name of MARINUS VAN ROMERSWAEL on what had been long catalogued as a QUENTIN MATSYS. Meanwhile, we may continue to suppose that the two figures represent Sir THOMAS WYAT, the poet, and perhaps his secretary, that extraordinary character, LELAND, the author of the *Itinerary*. One thing is abundantly certain, we have at last acquired a HOLBEIN, and one of the highest importance and beauty, and in the most genuine state imaginable. It is on ten boards, each six feet ten high, joined vertically, and is covered with a heavy coat of very brown dirty varnish, which we may suppose Sir FREDERICK BURTON will shortly wash off.

The other two pictures from Longford Castle are also of great interest. One represents a Spanish General, named PAREJA, and is by VELASQUEZ. This is the picture of which the famous anecdote is told that PHILIP IV., coming suddenly into the painter's studio, began to upbraid PAREJA for not having left Madrid to join the army according to orders, never perceiving that he was addressing this lifelike portrait. Of the other, an Italian nobleman, by MORONI, it is only necessary to say that WAAGEN calls it a TITIAN, and says it is "a masterly work."

THE EARTH "FULL UP."

OPINIONS, lay and expert, may differ as to the value of the conclusions set forth by Mr. RAVENSTEIN in the interesting, and perhaps more or less intentionally amusing, paper read by him the other day before the British Association, but no one can deny that he has thoroughly well protected himself against damaging criticism by his philosophical mode of summing up his case. The subject-matter of his inquiry is the question how long the earth may be expected to provide sustenance and standing room for its human inhabitants. Mr. RAVENSTEIN starts rather unscientifically perhaps—since science, we have always understood, should take nothing for granted—from the assumption that the dimensions of the planet cannot be artificially increased, though its cultivated area may be; and he calculates that, allowing an average of 207 persons to the square mile of cultivable area, the earth is capable of sustaining 5,994,000,000 people. At our present rate of increase—namely, 8 per cent. per decade—that number will be reached in the course of 182 years. He added somewhat mysteriously that "he thought this a very "moderate estimate." The moderation, however, for which he claims credit must have reference to some earlier process, since there is no apparent place for the display of this quality in the working out of a sum in multiplication. If Mr. RAVENSTEIN means that he has been moderate in not fixing the filling up of the globe for an earlier date than the year 2072, that can only mean that he thinks the present population of the globe may be larger or its cultivable area smaller than he has respectively reckoned them; and if so, his apparent uncertainty on these two extremely important points confirms Professor MARSHALL's dry remark that there was scarcely any aspect of the question of which they knew anything.

Mr. RAVENSTEIN, however, as we have already admitted, disarmed criticism at the close of his paper by observing that "the earth, if we accommodated ourselves and con-"ducted ourselves properly and industriously, could hold "even more; but, so far as we ourselves were concerned, "he did not think we need make such a tremendous fuss "about it, knowing we would not live to see the day when "there would be no more room on the earth." This observation may be thought, perhaps, to hit Mr. RAVENSTEIN's own paper a little hard; since, it being reasonably certain before he began his inquiries that the globe would suffice for the needs of its existing inhabitants, his speculations might be objected to as an unnecessary contribution to the "fuss." Except against this objection, however, Mr. RAVENSTEIN is secure enough. To begin with, we are not certain what the present population of the earth is; for, unfortunately, says Mr. RAVENSTEIN, statistics on this subject with respect to so large a portion of the globe as the United States are "very incomplete." In the next place, it is evidently no less uncertain what the extent of the earth's cultivable area may be. Then it is apparently a matter of delightfully loose guessing as to what is the proper number of inhabitants to the square mile. Next, it is, to say the least of it, extremely doubtful whether certain races are capable of becoming acclimatized to permanent occupation of certain parts of the earth, and their incurable unadaptability in this respect may be perhaps "the way of Providence to provide for the "slow and painless extinction of the human race, and to "prevent that over-population that people talk about." Further, it is not by any means safe to assume that the human race, as a whole, will continue to increase at its present ratio, the probability rather being that that ratio will progressively decrease with the advance of population. And, lastly, we may fall back on Mr. RAVENSTEIN's reassuring reflection that we need not make such a "tremen-"dous fuss" about the over-population of a globe which will, at any rate, last our time. From all which considerations it may be safely inferred that there is no reason to regard the result of Mr. RAVENSTEIN's researches with any very grave uneasiness. We will not go so far as one of the members of the Association who complimented the author of the paper on having allayed public anxiety; but we quite agree that he has done nothing to aggravate it. Even if his calculations are correct and the earth will be "full up"—as the omnibus conductors say—by the year 2072, we do not imagine that it will seriously disturb the rest of its present inhabitants. At the same time, it does a little surprise us, we confess, that at a meeting of a body like the British Association, among

which there must be many gentlemen who live only for "the future of the race," Mr. RAVENSTEIN'S *après-nous-le-déluge* reflection should have been received with "cheers." But perhaps the audience cheered, not because the human race was not coming speedily to an end, but because the paper was.

STRIKES.

THE welter of the labour conflict is beginning to clear itself up. On the face of it, it is confused enough; but in reality it is becoming quite easy to understand. On one side are a certain number of organizations calling themselves Trade-Unions which, under the guidance of small knots of fanatics, or persons who pass as fanatics, are endeavouring, by sheer dint of bullying, to impose themselves on the community, on the pretence that the Socialistic principles they hold, or profess to hold, are for the benefit of the only class they choose to consider entitled to consideration. Over against these persons and their following are all the employers, the non-Union workmen, and those Unionists who have not, in the slang of the time, been captured by the Socialist wire-pullers. This is the essential fact of the labour conflict in Australia, where the employers are standing their ground with apparently steadily increasing support from the community. It is equally visible in the formation of the Shippers' Federation, which has at last been formed to beat combination by combination. The Cardiff scheme for the establishment of a Board of Arbitration between employers and employed is only another phase of the same movement. It is intended to remove the risk of conflicts, but also to get rid of militant Unions of the aggravated new type. The open quarrel which terminated the Trade-Union Congress at Liverpool is beyond all doubt a part of the same conflict. More, certainly, went to produce it than differences of opinion on questions of principle. The Unions represented by Mr. BIRTWHISTLE and his allies belong to the North. The main support given to Mr. BURNS and the Socialists who act with him comes from the South. It would not be consistent with human nature if the Northern men did not kick a little, at least, against the intrusion of new-comers into their old dominion. Moreover, we have to take into account the natural irritation of a comparatively old, a rich, and a long-established body when an upstart of yesterday talks to it as equal or superior. The Northern Unions have, one can very well believe, been influenced by personal feelings in this matter, and not least by the pardonable exasperation produced by Mr. BURNS'S favourite argument, which is always more or less an adaptation of his favourite promise—if you do not do what I order I will smash your jaw. That style of persuasion in the mouth of a talking person from London is very likely to be resented by the Lancashire man. But, though much else is mingled with it, the belief that the new-fashioned policy of the Southern Trade-Unionists is not to their interest has also helped to form the policy of the societies which have decided to withdraw from the Congress. In other words, they will, as a matter of fact, and for reasons of their own, be found on the side of the opponents of the new Unions.

If Mr. CARLYLE had lived to see the conflict of which we now see the beginning, he might, with justifiable pride, have recognised it as a proof of the truth of certain prophecies and the soundness of certain opinions which he had advanced and maintained all through his life—amid the general indifference, or even contempt, of those egregious persons the practical men. That human beings have an enduring need of government and discipline was not the least important part of the message of the Sage of Chelsea, as it was once thought clever to call him. It was his opinion that regiments of industry must be formed if labour was to be saved from becoming anarchical. To the practical man and the *laissez faire* economist this was foolishness and an offence. The practical man and the *laissez faire* economist can now see for themselves that it was very true doctrine. The regiments of industry have been formed; only, as the organization came, not from above, but from the mob leader on the spot, they partake very much of the nature of bands of brigands. Such as they are, however, they must be fought and beaten, if they are ever to be beaten, by counter-organizations. An undisciplined mob can never fight drilled men. In most of our recent labour conflicts the mob has been the employers, and the drilled men have formed the Union—with the results we have all seen. The brigand regiment of industry has fought for plunder, and the power to levy blackmail. Being disciplined, and well disciplined, too, with a most effective code of punishments ruthlessly applied, it has had much the better of the householders' fighting every man on his own doorstep. It is becoming clear to the householder that he too must combine with his neighbour. He has to guide him more than one recent example that victory can be won only by discipline. Mr. LIVESEY'S success in London is an instance under his very eyes. It was not by merely standing out, and doggedly saying "No!" that the South Metropolitan Gas Company won, but by organizing, by establishing permanent relations with their men, by hiring their soldiers for long service, by making it worth their while to stick to the colours, and by leading them in person. After taking some considerable time to learn their lesson, the employers are apparently acquiring it at last. The Shipping Federation is, if its heart does not fail it, to do on a large scale what the Metropolitan Gas Company did on a small. It is to organize, to establish its recruiting offices, to help its members, and defend its servants. In short, *laissez faire* and "individualism" would appear to be in a bad way. One even hears wails that we are going back to the guild system of the middle ages. As human nature is now what it was then, we shall not be at all surprised if it elaborates new organizations to do what the old did before they were worn out. No doubt, the necessity has been forced on us sooner than it need have come (its coming sooner or later was inevitable) by the laxity with which Government has tolerated the excesses of the "brigand regiments of industry." Employers, however, should have had the sense to understand before that modern Parliamentary Government never acts except under pressure. They should have pressed—but to press they must combine. The need for that is forced on them from above and from below, and they will conform to it—or neglect to do so at their peril.

If they needed another object-lesson, it has been given them by the town of Southampton. It was only natural to suppose that the wire-pullers of the London Unions, who know that Southampton is striving to profit by the injury they have inflicted on the Port of London, should be prompt to raise disturbance there also. The appearance of some "WILL SPROW and WILL SPRAGUE" or the other was almost a matter of course. They have appeared, and their works with them. The brigands have broken out with their usual demand for blackmail. In other words, the Union has insisted on "capturing" the dock, with the object of keeping the work and wages in its own hands. When instant surrender was refused, it adopted the usual brigand methods of persuasion—assaults, wrecking of houses, and threats of arson. The whole thing has been a picture in little of what has gone on all over the country. The authorities, so-called, parleyed with the demagogos and son of Nox and Perdition, instead of pointing to the whipping-post and his long ears, so very fit to be nailed to it. The son of Nox and Perdition has replied according to his wont by kicking the supple-backed "au-"thorities" in the stomach. He has beaten the servants of the authorities, and even wrecked or tried to wreck the premises of the Mayor. Therein he has done excellent service, for he has at last made the said authorities understand what comes of parleying with him. When it came to danger for the furniture and larder of the Mayor, the police and the soldiers acted. The streets have been cleared, and one rowdy accused of a brutal assault has been actually haled to prison in the middle of companies of soldiers, who were needed to get him safely under lock and key. We notice that the magistrates are being implored not to lose their heads and do anything so old-fashioned as put a stop to the formation of mobs in the street, but to wait till some house is wrecked or some industrious man well beaten before deciding that the strikers are really in a mischievous mood. If they had taken that advice, the larders of all the aldermen would soon have been in peril, for the mob had shown pretty clearly what it meant. Fortunately things seem to have taken a better turn; but the moral is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

IS IT REAL?

IT has always a satisfying and reposeful feeling on the mind to meet with the absolutely typical example of anything, whether incident or passion, blessing or calamity, crime or blunder, and it is with this emotion that one reads

the moving tale of Mr. W. H. Fox, of Austin Friars, in the *Times* of yesterday, and the comments of that journal thereon. If there is anything wanting to the sense of full-orbed contentment which that story inspires, the deficiency is due to the faint, far-off suspicion, which *will* force itself upon us, that the narrative of the "Arrest and Imprison-"ment of British Subjects in Germany" (ah, heaven! that familiar heading!) is *too* typical, too marvellously reproductive of the minutest characteristic points of these adventures, to be a record of actual fact. Not a single item in the well-known programme, not a single "property" or character, not a single piece of traditional business, has been omitted. The first act opens with the two English tourists loitering on the bank of the Rhine in a fortified district, and one of them engaged in sketching a church—it is always a church, always some such too peaceful object as may at once suggest to the local authorities that the spies are "overdoing the thing." To them enter a gendarme "apparently of a superior grade." He makes some comment on the sketch, tells the artist the name of the church, salutes politely, and exit. The artist continues sketching. "CHARLES his friend" wanders up the road "into the neighbourhood of a fort," and, though imperfectly acquainted with both French and German, "has "some conversation with a German soldier." To them enters the gendarme apparently of a superior grade, and at once recognizes the friend of the sketcher. Tableau. The act ends, of course, with the arrest of both tourists and their conveyance to the office of Commissioner of Police.

Those who have followed the story thus far will, of course, have recognized the venerable *scenario* set forth above; but they must read it through in the original, for we have no space at our disposal to relate it to them—in order to appreciate the astonishing fidelity with which every traditional detail has been preserved. They have to wait for the Commissioner, who is supposed to be at lunch. The Commissioner looks at Mr. Fox's passport, which is perfectly in order, and is not in the slightest degree moved by it. He sends the travellers to the prefect of police, who turns out to be, of course, a "very rough and uncultivated "specimen of humanity of unpolished manners." Their pockets are searched, "their boots, the lining of their hats," and they are sent to the cells where they pass the usual wretchedly uncomfortable night, and are attended by the usual low comedy gaoler who is "extremely amused" when one of them signifies that he is hungry, and who explains, "laughing very heartily," that Abendessen will be at six o'clock. When it comes, it is "a piece of nasty, dry "German bread, about the size of a halfpenny roll." The bed is desperately uncomfortable, and the sleeper has "either to lay his head in a hole in the mattress, or to "rest it on the edge of the iron bedstead." In the morning he is brought before the Court, his luggage having already been searched at the hotel, and fills up a printed form of interrogatories informing the German authorities of his full name, his address, his profession, the name in full of his father, the name in full of his mother, the date of his birth, the place of his birth, the route by which he came to Cologne, the place to which he expected to go on leaving Cologne, the address of his last sleeping-place in London; the name of his wife, if married; the number and age of his children (if any); the amount of his fortune (if any); the extent of his interest (if any) in forts and military matters; and the number of times, if at all, he had ever been in prison before. The tourists are then discharged, and write to the *Times*, and the *Times* draws the moral in its leading article that English tourists should know something of the language of the countries in which they travel, and should not sketch in the neighbourhood of fortresses, and that German gendarmes should do their gendarming with more gentleness and discretion. As we read on, the impression that the whole thing is wonderfully typical has grown upon us, and when we come to these reflections this impression grows too strong to be resisted. We would sincerely sympathize with Mr. Fox and his friend, who have, of course, been very stupidly and brutally treated, and must have suffered much cruel discomfort—if—if we could be quite sure of their existence. But we cannot resist the notion that they are the abstract representatives of a long line of outraged British tourists, with no more objective reality than a Platonic Idea. The whole thing is exquisitely dreamlike.

GUNNERS ON DARTMOOR.

THE pedestrian who sets forth from the parts of Lidford to Okehampton will find his most direct course to lie between Links Tor, one of the most frequented and interesting summits of Dartmoor, and the strangely round and steep outlying hump called Great Noddon. As he goes up the valley he will perceive on his right hand, and if he be a true lover of the moor will execrate in some fitting form of interior devotion, the cross with which a local worthy has disfigured Arms Tor under pretence of celebrating the Queen's Jubilee. He will arrive in due course at the deeply-cut valley of the West Okement, and find at the bottom a picturesque tangle of small wood and a rough crossing. Let him, in any case, avoid the "Island of Rocks" if he would not taste the pleasure of being overthrown in stony places. On mounting the opposite bank he will see beyond, on the other side of a depression which looks like a combe come astray from the North Devon coast, a row of dark objects, too regularly disposed to be natural. Curiosity may prompt him to go and see what they are, the more so as they are all on his way. We may do worse than offer him our company; but we will first make sure (for reasons which will appear) that there is not a red flag flying on Yes Tor, the deposed monarch of Dartmoor, which now looks down on us from the right. The engineers of the new Ordnance Survey have discovered that High Willhayse, a much less conspicuous point in the same ridge, is a few feet higher. And here let all who walk on these moors pray that the Treasury may be moved to allow the funds for producing the new one-inch map of these parts within some reasonable time, for the old Ordnance map is nearly at its worst on Dartmoor. It is not much comfort that Exmoor is handled even worse. Assuming the flagstaff on Yes Tor to be clear, let us proceed.

As we approach the unknown objects, they put on a kind of human resemblance, and show in distinct groups, as if they had some kind of purpose; yet there is no sign of life in them. They are not boundary stones, nor a prehistoric monument like those mysterious lines near Merrivale Bridge. We begin to notice unusual holes and furrows in the ground; and here is a rock looking as if it had been newly scraped by some giant's mattock. And what is this flattened and twisted piece of iron at our feet? No relic of "old men's workings" would have resisted the damp of this air so long; nor was ever a miner's tool so shaped. Still less did the old tin-workers leave round bullets for posterity to pick up yet clean and bright. And if these be their ghosts, they are wooden ghosts of a kind unrecorded in the newest of spook-researches. Rude figures cut out in flat board, propped up by wooden stays, pierced and splintered in various places by something quite different from wind or weather: such are the phantom creatures we saw from afar, unlike any described ghost or goblin, unless they may remind us of the lubberly wooden fiends in Mr. Macdonald's *Phantastes*, who could be kept quiet only by setting them on their heads. But these need no quieting. They are a "dumb dread people," as the poet says, passive under their fate. Can there be an aboriginal tribe on Dartmoor which even now performs symbolic human sacrifices on these high places? By no means. The true explanation is by this time too obvious. Here is the head of a thirteen-pound shell with the fuse still screwed in; here is the base of another with the broad arrow and the date clearly legible; here is a gas check scored with a neat mould of the rifling; here are more shrapnel bullets. The wooden people are a dummy field-battery, set up round old gun-limbers, and we are walking along the western practice range of the Royal Artillery camp at Okehampton. For nearly two miles more we continue our way among the modern gunner's realistic targets; carriages, stockades, earthworks, and further on lines of dummy troops, whose advance the dummy battery may be supposed to cover. Round about these objects the ground is seamed with marks of striking and grazing shells, ending now and again in a broad crater of explosion. Fragments lie thick, and one or two old men wander about, apparently picking out the lead and gun-metal which they may turn to some small profit. At a low-lying part of the range we cross a narrow-gauge tramway worked by a wire cable, which carries a moving target on occasion. The end of a good walk brings us to Okehampton Park and the camp, and if we spend some days hereabouts we shall seize the opportunity of the first fine morning to go up and watch the batteries at work.

Even a fine morning may have its disappointments on the moor. A fine-weather fog from the Channel may creep up, and settle on the heights for many hours. We may leave the valleys in sunshine, and find Holestock Hill shrouded in cold grey mist. The guns and horses of a battery loom through it, black and vague, looking in truth, for once, as everything does in certain "process" engravings. A whole army might approach within short musketry range, as far as seeing goes. There is nothing for it but patience till the cloud lifts. At last there is a break over the East Okement Valley, separated by Row Tor and the hills culminating in Yes Tor and High Willhayse from the ground we traversed the other day. The naked eye can distinguish two dark patches on the slope of East Mil Tor; they are skeleton battalions of dummies. Far out on the flank is the white screen of the range party, by which they answer the red screen of the signallers here at the front. Modern artillery must have a wide berth, and fire may not be opened till the white screen goes down. Now the range is clear; the order is given for the range-finders to advance; they gallop up with their instruments, dismount, and look for a few moments as if they were trying to photograph

under difficulties. Almost before we know it, the battery is in position and unlimbered, and the horses are back on the covered side of the hill. Every movement is carried out with a quiet disciplined swiftness that at first sight deceives the eye with an illusion of being slow. Now fire is opened, a deliberate fire from left to right of the battery. These guns are muzzle-loading twelve-pounders, and, like everything else not of the very latest model, are described as "obsolete" by our amateur pressmen and Parliament men. So did Lord Randolph Churchill solemnly declare some time ago that our infantry were armed with a useless weapon, meaning thereby the Martini-Henry. Would Lord Randolph have made good his brave words (for any reasonable pecuniary consideration) by standing up to two or three marksmen with Martini-Henrys at a thousand yards? Or would some of our amateur artillerists like to be where those dummies are? It is a bad and baffling light, with mist drifting up and down, and gleams of struggling sun; the range between a mile and a half and a mile and three-quarters; and yet the spouts of black earth in front of the wooden battalions and the puffs of smoke over them show that, if one wanted to hold an open-air meeting and denounce the general inefficiency of the British army and bad quality of British ordnance stores, one would not, to say the least, choose East Mil Tor as a convenient place this morning. Once and again the battery changes its position just enough to lose its experience of the range and renew the whole process of finding it. In this and other ways the shooting is purposely made difficult, by way of set-off to the unavoidable drawback of the wooden enemy being unable to return the fire. Indeed, casualties are artificially provided by ordering a certain number of men to fall out from time to time, leaving the guns to be served short-handed. But we may allow ourselves to see things at their best; let us come back on a finer day, when there is practice at the wider and more varied range to the west of Row Tor.

A bright easterly breeze freshens the air, and clears away the smoke; there is a haze on the distant horizon, but nothing to obscure the view of the range. It has got abroad that this will be a good day's practice; there is a little gathering of spectators, chiefly military, and the dark blue of the gunners is relieved by the scarlet of infantry officers from their camp at Belstone. The breech-loading thirteen-pounder, surpassed only by the naval quick-firing gun as a delicate instrument of destruction, opens fire on the most distant mark, that same dummy battery whose acquaintance we made. To-day there is no question of allowances for weather. The wind would trouble a rifleman, but it makes no difference to the guns. Hardly a shot fails to be placed where it would do execution. It must be raining iron and lead over the ground where we walked. But now there is a movement of the knowing soldier spectators to the commanding mound of Row Tor, and with reason. For the guns have ceased fire, and limbered up; and suddenly, with that orderly speed of disciplined men and trained horses, they are right across the valley, and have crowned the hill of Black Down opposite, far in advance, as if in pursuit of the defeated enemy, a thirteen-pounder and a twelve-pounder battery in line; and the fire comes faster, shells from breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders searching the dummy lines with accuracy not to be distinguished. After a while this practice is over, but there is more to come. At the foot of the tor is a battery of thirteen-pounders which have as yet done nothing. These are now laid on the East Okement range, and the word is given for a few rounds with the new smokeless explosive. Those who are curious about the properties of cordite may turn to Sir F. Abel's presidential address to the British Association, where they will find as much as it is good for them to know. Those who are content with visible appearances may be informed that it is quite unlike gunpowder to look at, and that they would be more likely to take it, viewed at random, for vermicelli or some new variety of long cut tobacco. Those, and those only, who have not mastered, at Cambridge or elsewhere, the truth that action and reaction are equal and opposite, may be grateful, if they will, for being told that it does make a noise and the gun does recoil. As to the main point of smokelessness there is no doubt; there is a broad flash and a mere film of vapour which at a moderate distance would not be visible. The shooting, first with cordite and then with the ordinary service cartridge, is directed at an earthwork which would be speedily rendered untenable. With either ammunition the practice is as good as can be.

But experiments—especially in public—are luxuries. We go back to the day's work. A few rounds are fired at the more distant skeleton battalion, and then attention is turned to a line of squat dummies, hardly seen until one is told exactly where to look for them, which are rudely shaped like a head and shoulders to represent men lying down. The battery plays on these with shrapnel at eight hundred yards or thereabouts (they are a determined enemy still advancing to the attack); and, lastly, two ranks of standing dummies, whom we are to suppose the desperate survivors, are pelted with case-shot at close quarters. If infantry with ammunition in hand, and with any sort of cover, did succeed in coming within four or five hundred yards of the guns in any tolerable order, one may be allowed to doubt whether their aimed fire would not have more effect on the gunners than the scattering case-shot on themselves. But it is every soldier's business to believe in his own arm through thick and thin, and the best soldier is he who makes it perform what was reputed impossible. Therefore let the dummies be slain, and, the fire having ceased, let us go and see the officers in command count the slaughter. The advanced attack has been fairly riddled; scarce a wooden man but has one or more bullets through him or stuck in him. Some are tottering; and some, notwithstanding their props, are fallen. In such plight Milton would have delighted to imagine "that thrice-battered god of Palestine." Among the partly covered skirmishers the execution with shrapnel has been less; but, on counting the hits, it appears that about a third of them have been disabled well within three minutes. To continue their advance under such losses, troops, if they were not as passionless as the dummies themselves, would need the spirit and steadfastness of picked British infantry, or of the men who won and lost (for there was nothing to choose in valour) the American Civil War. And these Englishmen, some young and ruddy, some bronzed and white-haired, who are discussing the results of the fire, and here and there picking bullets out of the wooden men to give to their boys—with a protest (of course) from an infantry officer that he could and would have found better cover for his firing line a yard or two to the front or the rear—under what more burning sun, and in what more transparent Indian or African air shall they some day show to what purpose they have taught and learnt their lesson on Dartmoor, and other things which are not in any tables of ranges or exercise books? Is any such matter in their thoughts? Being no thought-readers, we cannot tell; but as we have been out some hours, and the morning is spent, we shrewdly guess that their thoughts are mainly of luncheon; and if we have the happiness to be acquainted with any of them it will be the better for us in that and other respects.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE American Tariff Bill was professedly introduced to lessen the surplus of revenue over expenditure. For years past the surplus has been so large that every now and then it has thrown the money market into confusion, to the great detriment of every kind of business. The American Government does not employ a bank to collect its taxes, but itself locks the proceeds up in the Treasury, with the result that it very often withdraws from the service of trade so much money as to raise rates extravagantly against business men. To remedy the mischief the Government redeemed at very high premiums bonds which will become repayable in a few years, and it further lodged money on deposit with bankers. But the expedients did not answer, and at last, in spite of the Protectionist victory at the last Presidential election, the demand of the country became so strong for a revision of duties that a Tariff Bill was introduced. It seems now clear that it will pass, and that it will raise the duties on almost every commodity produced abroad which competes with anything grown or manufactured in the United States. In order to make this possible, Congress, during the present Session, has been increasing in the most reckless and shameless way the expenditure. For instance, it has passed a Pension Law which is likely to augment very heavily the already enormous Pension List of the country. The year in which the Civil War ended —1865—the total pensions granted amounted to less than 16½ millions of dollars. In 1880 they had risen to 56¾ millions of dollars. Fifteen years had then elapsed since the war ended, and it might reasonably have been expected that the Pension List would begin to decrease. On the contrary, it has enormously increased; for last year it was nearly 107 million dollars, or nearly twice as much as it had been in 1880. The new Pension Act provides that all persons who served ninety days in the military or naval service of the United States during the war, and have been honourably discharged therefrom, and who may hereafter be suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from the performance of labour in such a degree as to render them unable to earn their support, upon making due proof of the fact, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to a pension, not to exceed twelve dollars per month, and not less than six dollars per month, proportionate to their inability to earn a support. Where any soldier or sailor who has served at least ninety days has died and left a widow, she is entitled to a pension at the rate of eight dollars per month during her widowhood, and where there are children she is to be paid two dollars per month for each child of the soldier under sixteen years of age. Where the child is insane, idiotic, or otherwise permanently helpless, the pension is to continue during life. How much this Act will add to the pension-list is not known: but at the time it received the assent of the President the appropriations for pensions had already amounted to nearly 168 million dollars, or over 33½ millions sterling.

Having by this Act and other measures of the same tendency prepared the way for more Protectionist duties, Congress took up in earnest the discussion of the Tariff Bill. It was some time ago carried through the House of Representatives, and the Senate this week has passed it with many important amendments which necessitate a Conference Committee; but the general expectation is that an arrangement between the two Houses will be arrived at, and that the Bill will become law. Business men holding this view, and apprehensive that almost all imports will have to

pay under the new Act higher duties than they are at present subject to, are naturally anticipating its coming into operation. Consequently, importers are hurrying forward from foreign countries all the goods that they think it likely they will be able to dispose of in the early future, and they are also paying duties upon all goods which are now in bond. Owing to this, the Customs receipts are larger than they have ever been before, and consequently the money market has been stringent for several weeks. Doubtless the great speculation in silver helps to raise rates; and so, likewise, does the drain of money to the West and South to move the crops. But there appears to be no doubt that the principal cause which is disturbing the New York money market at present is the magnitude of the payments of Customs duties. The Secretary of the Treasury has endeavoured to give relief to the market by offering to redeem bonds on a very large scale. Within only a very few weeks he has offered to buy 8 millions sterling of Four and a Half per Cents. Those bonds are redeemable at par on the 1st of September next year. Mr. Windom is willing to pay them off at par now, and to pay also the full 4½ per cent. interest to which the holder is entitled for the next twelve months. The holder would seem to gain much by accepting the offer. He has for twelve months the use of interest to which he is not entitled as yet, and he would doubtless be able to employ both principal and interest at very high rates in the market. Yet, liberal as the offer is, it has not attained the object desired; and Mr. Windom now supplements it by announcing that he is prepared to pay this week a year's interest on the Four per Cents. The law does not allow of interest being paid in advance for more than twelve months, and Mr. Windom, it will be seen, in both these offers goes to the extreme limit permitted by the law. Yet it is doubtful whether all his efforts will succeed in restoring ease to the market. If the Tariff Bill is passed quickly, and if it comes into force very soon, then of course the payment of duties to avoid the higher duties of the Bill will cease soon. But, on the other hand, if the negotiations between the two Houses are prolonged, and the Bill does not come into force for a month or six weeks, during all that time importers will hasten to pay the old duties to escape the new, and the confusion of the money market will continue. Should this prove to be the case, the influence upon our own money market may be considerable. Bankers and bill-brokers have for a month or two past been anticipating that the issue of notes in payment for silver, and the rapid redemption of debt would lower rates in New York so much that it would be possible to get all the gold that might be required whatever should happen in Europe. The anticipation will evidently be disappointed if import duties in New York continue to be paid as they are at present, for then the New York money market will remain stringent. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is already a tendency observable in London towards a recovery in the money market. The rate of discount in the open market has risen to fully 3⅝ per cent., and in some cases borrowers have paid to the Bank of England as much as 4½ per cent.

The silver market has shown decided symptoms of weakness this week. Apparently, the speculation in New York is of enormous magnitude, and the speculators find it difficult to carry on their operations in the present stringent state of the money market. Possibly, too, they are beginning to perceive that it will not be as easy as at one time they hoped to dispose rapidly of their bullion to the Treasury. The quantity which the Treasury is to buy every month is fixed by law; and as the production will certainly not fall off, while it may be anticipated considerably to increase, the accumulation of stocks which have to be sold rapidly to the Treasury makes it less easy than at first it looked to force up the price. Then, again, the trade of the silver-using countries has been disturbed by the rapid rise in silver. For example, the Russian Government has just raised the import duties 20 per cent., professedly to check imports which were stimulated by the rise in silver and to favour exports. There are loud complaints, also, in Austria-Hungary of the effect upon trade of the rise in the exchange; and in India the import trade as well as the export trade is suffering. It would seem to be probable, then, that the demand of all other silver-using countries except America will fall off if the price is maintained. In the long run, no doubt, the import trade everywhere will adapt itself to the altered conditions, and then the consumption of silver may once more increase; but in the immediate future it seems as if the rise in silver would have a similar effect in checking consumption as the great rise in copper had, brought about by the Copper Syndicate. Silver securities all gave way with the silver market. Even Rupee-paper declined; while there was another sharp fall in Mexican railway stocks and in the securities of the South Austrian Railway Company.

During the last few days of last week and the first two days of this week the stock markets were much more active than they usually are at this season of the year. Mainly, this was due to the speculation in Paris, which seems to be going altogether too fast. French Three per Cent. Rentes on the first day of this week were quoted in Paris 96½—the highest quotation, we believe, they have ever reached—and on the Bourse the expectation seems to be that they will go higher. The rise has taken place chiefly in a very few months, and it is the more remarkable because the floating debt is so immense. It is already so unwieldy that a Bill has been introduced for funding 30 millions sterling, and every year, as we know, a fresh addition is made to the debt. No doubt the losses suffered from the failure of the Panama Canal scheme, and the break-down of so many recent syndicates and Companies have greatly lessened the confidence of French investors in bankers, and the smaller investors are now confining themselves almost entirely to French securities, and a few foreign securities that have long been known and have come to be favourably regarded. French Rentes naturally hold the first place, then come Crédit Foncier and railway debentures, and after these the shares of banking, insurance, railway, and other industrial Companies. In all there has been a very great rise. Now the speculation seems to be running further afield. Rio Tinto shares, De Beers, South African Land, Suez Canal, and Ottoman Bank shares, and the like, have been in great request, and have risen considerably. The market for foreign Government bonds has also been strong and active; especially there has been a rise in Egyptian and Turkish. It is rumoured that a Trust is being formed for the purchase of Turkish securities of various kinds, which will have a considerable influence upon prices, and this is one of the reasons assigned for the speculation in Ottoman Bank shares. As regards Egypt, people are already talking of an attempt to convert the Unified Bonds, although they are not yet quite at par. But other departments of the Stock Exchange have been far less active. Home railway stocks are already very high. The railway rates question is beginning to have an influence on the minds of investors, and it is not to be forgotten that, good as the traffic returns are, the working expenses also are very high. Then, again, the labour disputes are not reassuring. It is said that a great Shipping Union is to be formed which is to include all the principal shipowners of the United Kingdom, and to be supported by subsidiary combinations in the colonies and in the trades subordinate to shipping. There must be some difficulty in carrying out a combination of such gigantic magnitude, but that it is contemplated is itself calculated to have an adverse influence upon markets. It seems to point to a more serious struggle than has yet taken place between employers and employed. The market for American railroad securities continues depressed by the stringency of the money market. The crops, too, are rather disappointing, and labour disputes are not all at an end. Over and above all this remains the unsatisfactory state of the Argentine and Uruguayan Republics. No very unfavourable news has been received of late, but the crisis continues, and with it the fear that we may have defaults by provincial and municipal Governments before long, and perhaps also by some industrial Companies as well as by banks. As long as uncertainty concerning the course of events in the River Plate countries lasts, the markets must be in an unsettled and uncertain condition.

THE EISTEDDVOD.

THIS year the Eisteddvod—for it seems we must spell it with a "we"—was held at Bangor—that Bangor which Welshmen call in their own tongue the Great Bangor in Arvon. This denotes a district whose other *caer*, or castle, becomes Caer yn Arvon, shortened into Carnarvon, not in reference to Edward's great *caer*, but to something much older, the Roman Segontium. It is not usual, however, to call Bangor a *caer*, as the word Bangor itself has practically the same signification of fence or defence. Our readers will therefore not be surprised to be told that there are many Bangors in the Principality besides the one in Arvon. For instance, there is one on the Dee, which is called Bangor is y Coed, or Below the Forest; and that is the one to which belongs the story of the massacre of the monks of Bangor by Æthelfrith, and its name is the key to the curious geography of certain guide-books which bring the Dee into the heart of Arvon. Interesting though the Bangor past which "Deva spreads her wizard stream" may be, far greater interest attaches now to our Greater Bangor in Arvon—we use the word interest here in no banal sense. It is interesting to the tourist in search of fine scenery, as being within a few miles of some of the wildest parts of North Wales, not to mention the quiet beauty of the Menai Straits, only rivalled by that of the Mawddach between Dolgelley and Barmouth. It has an interest for the student of political economy as the centre of the slate quarry district of Arvon, with all it has to teach, whether to the practical man with an eye for engineering, or to the geologist fond of tracing the footsteps of the giant forces of the Great Ice Age. To the educationist it is interesting, too, as possessing one of the ancient grammar schools of Gwynedd, one of the most efficient normal colleges in the kingdom, and lastly, one of the three University colleges of Wales. But to no one is Bangor perhaps more interesting than to the historian. Take the later history of Wales, and you will find Bangor has been the scene of no small part of it. If you go further back you will find a bishop of Bangor closing the dispute between Rome and the British Church in the eighth century as to the keeping of Easter. Take a longer leap into the past and you come to the founding of the bishopric by Maelgwn of Gwynedd, the Maglocunus of the querulous Gildas. The first bishop was a friend of Maelgwn's, and his name was Deinioel—that is to say, Daniel. To those who are cunning in the art of explaining coincidences, we respectfully beg to point out the fact that the newly-appointed Bishop of

Bangor is also a Daniel. If you look out of the Pavilion you behold the greater Penmaen, with its prehistoric stronghold, and facing you is the Great Orme's Head, in which Roman miners once worked, and to which a Norseman perhaps gave its English name long afterwards. If you change your ground ever so little, your attention rests on the small island given up to puffins and naturalists, where St. Seirioel, the patron of cheesemaking, is fabled to have practised fasting and prayer, and where once the Welsh King Cadwallon was all but caught by the fleet of Edwin and those Angles of his, who gave Mona its name of Anglesey.

So much for the scene and its surroundings; we must now return to the bards. The first part of the Eisteddvod consists in a Gorsedd held by the bards under the presidency of the chief Druid; and as the word Druid is very loosely used, a minister of religion who is admitted to the Gorsedd is, in the language of the bards, treated as a Druid. So we witnessed this time the impressive spectacle of a bishop reading the Gorsedd prayer, a very old formula, with its origin involved in quite as much obscurity as some of those in the Book of Common Prayer. This is, we need hardly say, in harmony with the best traditions of the Church in Wales, nor is it altogether novel; for the late Dean Edwards made it a point to take part in the business of the national institution of the Principality; the Eisteddvod had got so completely into the hands of Nonconformist ministers, he thought, because the clergy of the Established Church chose to absent themselves or affected an air of superiority. In any case, we feel certain that it must do good to both Clergy and Nonconformist ministers to find themselves now and then on a platform where theological and political differences are absolutely tabooed. The Eisteddvod is, as the Bishop remarked in his address, the only Welsh institution which unites the Welsh people instead of tearing it asunder. We have never known a parson to read himself in with such electrifying effect into the hearts of his countrymen as this second Deinioel at the Eisteddvod.

The Gorsedd is held, as some of our readers are doubtless aware, within a circle of stones, in the light of day, and in the open air. In fact, no Gorsedd can be held at night or under a roof, and we refer the question of the meaning of these restrictions to the student of legal survivals; but we can so far help him as to explain to him that *gorsedd* means a judgment-seat or tribunal in modern Welsh, while in mediæval Welsh it meant a mound or tumulus. Whether we should be right in concluding that judgment used to be given from the tops of mounds in ancient Wales we cannot say: let the historian decide. We cannot, however, help calling to mind in this connexion the open-air Parliaments of the old Norsemen and other Teutons of ancient times; and the Keys of the Isle of Man promulgating the law from the Tynwald Hill may be mentioned as an instance surviving to illustrate this ancient custom.

In any case, the Gorsedd must have been of yore a regularly constituted Court, of which the Eisteddvod, as its name signifies, was but a "session or sitting." The bards can show no very continuous history of either the Gorsedd or the Eisteddvod; but their practices would lead, we believe, in the hands of an archæological lawyer to interesting inferences as to the development of both. Thus the Eisteddvod theoretically derives its authority from the Gorsedd, and has to be declared in advance at a Gorsedd, the interval of notice being—in theory, at least—a full year, usually called "a year and a day." As the Gorsedd was a Court, it had to be opened with a ceremony corresponding to what the Manxmen at their Tynwald call fencing the Court. This at a Gorsedd consists in the presiding Druid thrice asking the question "Is there peace?" while he and some of those assisting him hold a sword half unsheathed. As soon as he has been thrice answered in the affirmative the sword is completely sheathed, and the business of the Gorsedd is begun. Every item of this procedure is redolent of antiquity; but it has never been analysed by a Maine or an Elton. As to documents, the first to be considered would doubtless be Queen Elizabeth's commission for the holding of an Eisteddvod at Caerwys, in Flintshire, in 1568, issued to a number of Welsh gentlemen, including among others the names of Bulkley, Mostyn, and Puleston, borne by men who graced the platform of the Bangor Eisteddvod this year.

If the Gorsedd was a Court, it had its business to transact, and that was the approving or licensing of the various grades of bards and minstrels, who had, in consequence of the approval of the Gorsedd, certain rights, on which their means of living depended. If we remember rightly, one of the reasons set forth in Queen Elizabeth's commission was that, owing to no duly authorized Eisteddvod having been for some time held, the country had been overrun by "vagraunt and idle persons, naming themselfs mynstrells, rithmors, and barthes," whose professional begging had become a grievous burden to the gentlemen of the land. The bards and poets have now as such no rights, but the Gorsedd goes on doing the same work—namely, approving, licensing, or graduating those who offer themselves as candidates. The bardic degree is conferred as an honour in these days partly as the result of examination—for the examination mania has invaded even the ancient constitution of the Eisteddvod—and partly without any such a preliminary: this year we witnessed Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania made a bard, and later in the day her hand, flanked by many brawnier hands of bards of the other sex, helped to support the sword unsheathed half way at the ceremony of chairing the victorious poet. The officiating arch-Druid is a very old man of venerable appearance, and the whole scene was one which will not readily be forgotten by those who saw the picturesque group around him.

We have, without intending it, been hurried away *in medias res*. Though the Gorsedd may not be held under a roof, by a relaxation of an ancient custom the Eisteddvod may be so held; nay, we may say for the most part that it must be under a roof or nowhere, for the weather has to be taken into account at an Eisteddvod, as we have found from bitter experience this week. It is wonderful, however, with what patience and resignation the thousands in the more distant parts of the pavilion listen and wait, or rather wait and listen. Nothing but the music, which comes at intervals, can reach their ears, and for that they have to wait, to wait partly for the other parts of the competition to be enacted on the platform in what is to them dumb show, and to wait also for the musical tribe of competitors to get ready. As a matter of fact they are never ready. The bardic profession has never been, so far as we know, accused of punctuality, but they are punctual to a degree as compared with those who compete for the musical honours of the Eisteddvod, and some of the professional men are not much better at the evening concerts.

The Eisteddvod is a four days' meeting of great length, not to mention the concerts. It is, one might say, the Witan or the Tynwald of the Kymry, and there are certain faces which one recognizes at every Eisteddvod: besides the bards, there are several musicians and vocalists who are always present. We scarcely ever miss the harpist John Thomas, and no Eisteddvod or Eisteddvod concert could be complete without the genial countenance of Mrs. Mary Davies, the darling of the Welsh people, and Francon Davies is on the way to become likewise essential to the national gathering. But the management is always considered a fair subject of criticism, and on this occasion a good deal of grumbling arose from the Eisteddvod being far too English for the thousands of monoglot quarrymen who formed the financial sinews of the undertaking. This extends further than the mere question of language, and enlists on the same discontented side both Welshmen and Englishmen; for both wish to know why they have so little Welsh music given them at the Eisteddvod and so much English. The Welsh naturally prefer their own airs; and Englishmen, tired of what they hear frequently in the metropolis and elsewhere, come to Wales in the hope of enjoying Welsh music; but, instead of that, what they get is too often English music of a second- or third-rate quality. The sooner this perverse kind of catering is reformed the better for the Eisteddvod. We should rather see the Eisteddvod die than that she should become the handmaid of the music-hall. It is time that educated men in England and Wales should join in an effort to preserve all that is distinctive in this mixed country, as mediocrity loves to give all it touches the dull grey of its own obscurity.

Englishmen are apt to ask Welshmen at their Eisteddvod "Where is your Milton or your Shakspeare?" and Welshmen are apt to answer by expatiating on the overwhelming merits of Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams and Mr. Davies as poets and men of genius; but the question is as inopportune as the answer is unsatisfactory; for, so far as the Eisteddvod is competitive, it is a meeting, not of educated men, but of the masses. It is true that men of University training and popular politicians such as Sir John Puleston. help by their skill and geniality in conducting the Eisteddvod; nevertheless it is an Olympia of the Welsh Demos, and as such it may stand comparison with that of any other Demos of the present day. Now and then the Eisteddvod has given publicity to a man who afterwards made his mark; we are assured that this was the case, for instance, with Thomas Stephens, the learned author of the well-known work on the Literature of the Kymry. As a rule, however, the Eisteddvod retains to a considerable extent the character of the Gorsedd as a licensing Court. Thus, to take as our example the chief competition in poetry, it is not so much a poem as samples of verse in all the twenty-four conventional Welsh metres. Of course the poet may write at almost any length he likes in the more practicable metres, while illustrating but scantily the more trammelled and unwieldy metres. The original object was to test his skill in them all; and we have been assured that it is an abuse when a bard who has once passed muster in this way, and has been chaired for it, enters the competition again, and is chaired for the second time, as was done this year. One of the most suspicious features of this competition is the fact that the adjudicating bards have a habit of assuring and reassuring their hearers that their awards are absolutely just and impartial. If so, why cannot they rest content to leave an honest award to tell its own tale?

To those who know anything about the history of the Eisteddvod it is needless to say that any reform where the bards are concerned is all but impossible; they are the most conservative of men. On the other hand, reform with regard to them has proved itself anything but essential to the continued existence of the Eisteddvod; that is secured in other ways, and among others by the custom, introduced by the late Sir Hugh Owen, of organizing various kinds of sectional meetings in connexion with the Eisteddvod. This has grown under the fostering care of the Cymmrodorion Society to be an important feature of the Welsh gathering. The Cymmrodorion were very effectually aided this year by the devotion of the professors of the University College for North Wales. Some of the meetings discussed such questions as that of technical education in Wales, linguistic training in Welsh intermediate schools, and the use to be made of the Welsh language in Welsh elementary schools; and the discussion at the meeting of the Welsh Dialect Society, carried on as it was

partly by the representatives of the Oxford school of Welsh Philology and some distinguished members of the English Dialect Society, would have done credit to a far older society than the Welsh one. We only hope that the work sketched out there will not lie forgotten till the next Eisteddvod; good intentions in dialect are as valueless as when clothed in a more imperial garb, and even less calculated to help the historian who is patiently waiting on the student of dialects for his conclusions.

RACING.

JUST as the excitement about the St. Leger was at its highest, last week, the weights appeared for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Their publication immediately before such a meeting as Doncaster is doubly interesting, as those who care to do so are able to avail themselves of the indirectly expressed opinion of the official handicapper in calculating the chances of some of the horses that are to run during the week, while on their running a prominent favourite for one of the two great autumn handicaps is not uncommonly established.

The best two-year-old form of the season was represented for the Champagne Stakes, on Tuesday, at Doncaster, by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Orvieto, the unbeaten winner of the New Stakes at Ascot and the Portland Stakes at Leicester, and the only horse that had beaten Peter Flower. He now ran after a very soft fashion, and was beaten a length and a half by Haute Saône, who even on her high private trial, in which she is said to have run within a neck of Bumptious, ought to have been beaten a length by Orvieto. The subsequent defeat of Bumptious by two lengths for the Bradgate Park Plate by the three-year-old Marvel at weight for age makes it appear that none of the two-year-old form of this season has been first class.

The first thing that struck one on looking at the weights for the Great Yorkshire Handicap was the changes that had taken place since the spring. Here was Tyrant represented as 39 lbs. better than he had been estimated in relation to Houndsditch for the Chester Cup; L'Abbesse de Jouarre made to give 11 lbs. more to Shall-We-Remember, and 13 lbs. more to Houndsditch than in May; and Padua put on 20 lbs. worse terms with Crimea, and 28 lbs. with Robin Hood, than for the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Padua was the most heavily weighted of the actual starters; but she had 6 lbs. less to carry relatively to Silver Spur than when that filly beat her by three lengths for the Ebor Handicap. Lily of Lumley was handicapped to meet Curfew on 7 lbs. better terms than when she beat him by a length at Stockton, and since then Curfew had won the Ebor St. Leger, so Lily of Lumley seemed to have a fair chance. Shall-We-Remember was now handicapped on 6 lbs. better terms with Padua, Papyrus, and Silver Spur, than for the approaching Cesarewitch, so it was a great surprise when she was scratched. Silver Spur showed how much more she must have had in hand than was generally supposed when she won the Ebor Handicap by winning easily on the present occasion; and Curfew reversed his Stockton form with Lily of Lumley by running second to her ninth.

It is our usual custom to review the public form of the principal starters for the St. Leger before describing the race; but in consequence of the apparently open character of the race, the performances of the candidates had been discussed and written about to such an extent beforehand that the mere suggestion of going through them all again would be likely to provoke yawns and protests; so we will be as brief as possible. It is seldom that the winners of the Derby, the Oaks, the Two Thousand, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, the Epsom Grand Prize, and the French Derby and Two Thousand, all start for the St. Leger as was the case on Wednesday last. As the season progresses, it generally becomes easier to distinguish the relative claims of the best three-year-olds, and horses which were considered on a par in the spring can often be handicapped with a widish margin between them before September. With regard to the St. Leger favourites, the exact opposite happened to be the case this season. For instance, for the Free Handicap published the week before the Derby, Surefoot was placed a stone and two pounds above St. Serf; yet a few days before the St. Leger, the former was backed at 5 to 1, and the latter at 6½ to 1, which showed that the margin between them was at that time considered very trifling. Then for the Free Handicap, Surefoot was to give Heaume 6 lbs., yet Heaume was first favourite, while Surefoot was only fourth favourite, for the St. Leger. Surefoot again had been handicapped as much as 10 lbs. above Sainfoin, who, for a long time was as good, and at the last a better favourite for the St. Leger. Blue Green had been considered 10 lbs. better than St. Serf by the handicapper in May, but backers took the same odds about each nine days before the St. Leger. At the same time Alloway and Right Away stood at equal odds, although 6 lbs. had been put between them for the Free Handicap. During the greater part of the first half of August, and even later, Memoir was first favourite; but on the 22nd of that month she was reported to have met with a mishap, and for a few days she only did walking exercise in the paddock. In about a week she was out again and galloping; but a stoppage of her work so near the race was considered very dangerous to her chance, and she went from 5 to 1 down to 25 to 1 in the betting, to rise again to a much shorter price. The sudden rush into favouritism of Queen's Birthday caused as much excitement as the mishap to Memoir. Even after he had won the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes at Redcar on the 13th of August—his third victory of the season, without a single defeat—66 to 1 was laid against him for the St. Leger, and on the 14th he was backed in one bet at 2,000 to 30. On the 20th he won the Great Northern St. Leger at Stockton, and then he was backed at 20 to 1. On the 28th he won the Great Yorkshire Stakes; after which he went up "by leaps and bounds" until he stood at 7 to 1. The result of the Derby sometimes makes the St. Leger appear such a foregone conclusion that there appears to be only one horse that has a reasonable chance for the last-named race; but this year the St. Leger seemed much the most open race of the two. A few days before the Derby the betting quotations were as follows—2¼ on the favourite, and 5, 11, 40, 66, 66, and 100 or more against the other candidates; whereas a few days before the St. Leger they were 4½ against the favourite, and 5, 6, 8, 9, 9, 10, 17, 33, 66, and 100 or more against other horses. The fact that Sainfoin, Heaume, Oddfellow, and Gonsalvo were entered for the Cesarewitch showed that their owners considered them stayers; while the entrance of Surefoot, Blue Green, Right Away, Martagon, and Star for the Cambridgeshire, only, led to the inference that speed rather than lasting powers was supposed to be their strong point by those best qualified to judge. In the handicapper's opinion, over a long distance Sainfoin and Heaume were on an equality; Oddfellow was 13 lbs. their inferior, and Gonsalvo 4 lbs. worse still. Over a mile and a distance he considered Surefoot as good as Sainfoin, and both of them 2 lbs. better than Heaume, whom he thought 6 lbs. superior to Blue Green.

Backers had, perhaps, some cause for complaint at the shortness of the odds offered them by bookmakers for the St. Leger. On the 1st of September, in order to back the first dozen horses mentioned in the betting to win 1,000*l.* each, it would have been necessary to invest upon them as follows—200*l.*, 200*l.*, 166*l.*, 142*l.*, 140*l.*, 110*l.*, 90*l.*, 60*l.*, 60*l.*, 15*l.*, 10*l.*, 8*l.* If the reader will take the trouble to add these sums together, he will find that they amount to 1,201*l.*, and as the largest sum that could be deducted from this would be 200*l.*, the layer could not possibly lose, and might win from 193*l.* downwards, or even clear the whole 1,201*l.*, in the improbable, but at that time just possible, contingency of some horse other than one of the dozen backed winning the race.

In the paddock, Memoir looked rough in her coat, and she sweated a little. Right Away went very short in the preliminary canter, and Surefoot did not move as well as his backers could have wished. The race was one of the fastest St. Legers on record, the pace being forced by Orwell and Oddfellow. At the mile-post, Queen's Birthday was lying third, and Heaume, Gonsalvo, Sainfoin, and Blue Green were following him. At the turn for home, Heaume passed Queen's Birthday, who was quite beaten half a mile from the finish. Surefoot was beaten immediately afterwards, and, just before reaching the bend, he and St. Serf, Right Away, and Alloway came into collision. Orwell gave way at the bend, and Oddfellow was beaten almost at the same moment. Sainfoin was then left with the lead, with Heaume, Blue Green, and Memoir in close attendance. Near the distance Heaume had had enough of it, and shortly afterwards Sainfoin cannoned against Blue Green. Memoir now got the lead, and, running gamely on, resisted a vigorous challenge from Blue Green, and won by two lengths. Gonsalvo, who came with a rush inside the distance, was only beaten for second place by a length. The winner of the Derby was fourth, a length behind Gonsalvo. Right Away broke down.

It is difficult to say to what extent the two collisions may have affected the result. St. Serf nearly fell, and Alloway was considerably knocked about, in the first; in the second, Blue Green was pressed towards the rails, otherwise he might, perhaps, have at least repeated his Newmarket Stakes form by running a very close second to Memoir. It was said that both Heaume and Queen's Birthday were run into during the race, and, if this be true, their chances may have been interfered with. On the other hand, a very experienced jockey, who rode one of the placed horses, told us that he considered it a very well-run race.

With regard to the future, the immediate effect of the St. Leger was to make Gonsalvo a strong favourite for the Cesarewitch. For that race he is handicapped 17 lbs. below Sainfoin, whom he now beat by a length, and on the same terms with Heaume, who only ran sixth. Blue Green is not entered for the Cesarewitch; but for the Cambridgeshire he has to give Gonsalvo 16 lbs., and he only beat him by a length for the St. Leger. It is probable that few people would care to back even Memoir against Gonsalvo with that amount of weight between them. Memoir's winnings, in stakes, this year considerably exceed 16,000*l.*, and it is probable that they might have been 20,000*l.* if she had been allowed to win the One Thousand. This was the first St. Leger, that we can remember, in which the first and second in the race wore blinkers. Watts has this year ridden the winner in the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. The Prince of Wales's success in the Clumber Plate was immensely popular, and the extraordinary luck which Colonel North has been enjoying of late was continued in the Welter Plate and the Tattersall Sale Stakes.

On Thursday, in the race for the Portland Plate, L'Abbesse de Jouarre beat Shillelagh at even weights. For the Doncaster Spring Handicap, although receiving 7 lbs. from him, she had

been unplaced, when he ran a good second. This useful filly seems to be able to win at all distances, and she has astonished the handicappers this season. Her victory in the Portland Plate raises her weight to the substantial amount of 9 st. 7 lbs. for the Cambridgeshire, for which she had already been backed.

THE GROWTH OF BELFAST.

THE coming census is already being anticipated in Belfast. While in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick the people who call themselves patriots have been talking, the people of Belfast have been making money and increasing the population. In England we hear a great deal about agrarian outrages in the South and West; but Belfast is seldom or never mentioned. The English traveller is astonished at the wealth and magnificence of a place he has hardly heard of. Ireland to him means Mitchelstown and Tipperary, Meelin and Woodford. It is of these classical localities that the letters of Irish correspondents are full. He might remain a year at Belfast and never hear one of them mentioned. The Ulsterman is much too full of his own affairs to care for such things; and, consciously or unconsciously, at any rate without demagogic vociferation, without Plans of Campaign or boycotting, without any of the things which Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone think necessary to the welfare of the country, he has been quietly building up what seems likely to prove an insuperable obstacle in the way of Home Rule. He has, it is to be feared, taken too little trouble to impress his opinions on the English public mind. He knows, or fancies he knows, that no conceivable scheme of Home Rule can be made to work, and is profoundly indifferent to the subject. This apathy is to be deplored; the more so as it led to a surprise in one of the districts of Belfast, where a Home Ruler got elected, though only by a very small majority. But we do not hear much of Mr. Sexton's visits to a constituency which cannot long remain his. The Ulsterman has no intention of submitting to a Parnellite government, for he knows perfectly well that he and his industrious, hard-working, and wealthy fellows would, under its beneficent sway, be expected to pay the bills run up by the idle vapourers of the West and South. He declines to recognize the possibility of any such thing; but he cannot deny that the mere introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Bill depreciated the credit of Belfast so seriously that it is reckoned to have cost the city over a million of money. The next census interests him, however, for this reason—it will show whether or not Belfast is the first city in Ireland, one of the four or five cities of the whole kingdom which rise above a quarter of a million. The extraordinary progress of the place in wealth and population since the last census is a fact easily ascertained, and the coming census will, he thinks, demonstrate it to all whom it may concern. In 1881 Belfast had 208,122 inhabitants. It therefore stood in this respect below Dublin, with 249,602, although well above Cork, with 80,124. In 1871 Belfast stood at 174,412, Dublin at 346,326. The decrease of the one and the increase of the other are remarkable. But the Belfast people of to-day are not content. They estimate the result of next year's census at 300,000, or more—some, indeed, placing it at 308,000. We shall see in good time, no doubt; but, even if the number comes out far below these anticipations, it would be silly to deny that Belfast has distanced all other Irish cities, including the capital, and that her voice on the Home Rule question is not a thing that even the most ardent patriot can afford to neglect.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Belfast was unknown as a seaport, and was only the principal stronghold of the powerful sept of O'Neil. The town was composed of a fort and its surroundings and a few cottages of weavers and small shopkeepers. There was no bridge over the Lagan, which divides Down from Antrim, and travellers had to cross by ford or ferry, according to the tide. When the O'Neils were ousted in favour of the Chichesters, Earls and Marquesses of Donegal, the liberal policy of the family as regards leases had an immediately beneficial effect. The fifth earl granted the site of the White Linen Hall, and the building, which is now in the heart of the city, was erected by a subscription of the merchants; but it was cotton, not linen, that started Belfast on the road to fortune. In 1776 Robert Joy, the proprietor of a local paper, brought over the first bales; sixty poor women and girls who had been reduced to subsist on charity were at once employed, and so great did the demand become that a spinning jenny was imported. In 1790 the first steam engine seen in Ireland was set up to drive the spindles of a cotton mill. Linen, however, is, and has long been, the staple of the city and of many towns and villages near it. Of one place, Ballymena, some thirty miles off, it is said that more than a million sterling is there invested annually in linen cloth. From Belfast last year more than six millions' worth was exported. The city has kept pace in every way with this extraordinary progress. The churches are numerous and handsome, although in 1645 the first was opened. As late as 1672 no Roman Catholic was allowed to hold a public service within the ramparts, and mass was celebrated under some tall pines. William III. expressed himself in favour of tolerance. "Exclusion," he said, "will not make them better subjects," and eventually Belfast took the lead among Irish towns in asking for "Catholic emancipation." It may be doubted if William's anticipations have been realized; but their bitterest foes cannot deny that, politically, the people of Belfast have always ranked as staunch Liberals. Mr. Gladstone converted more Liberals to Toryism in a year than could have been counted up in a generation before. In the 'Forty-five the Belfast Volunteers did much duty, and no fewer than four thousand, in scarlet cloth with black facings, were armed, clothed, and drilled, entirely at their own expense, in the year King George III. came to the throne; and these warlike traditions are warmly fostered at the present day. Belfast also took a leading part in obtaining the abolition of death penalties for stealing, and manufacturers refused to prosecute in cases where webs of linen were taken from their bleaching greens. During the great famine of 1847 and 1848, Belfast, which hardly felt the pressure of want, was foremost in sending relief. At the present day, although, as we have said, linen continues to be the staple, Belfast is also much occupied with cotton. Papermaking flourishes. Printing, and especially printing in colours, is largely carried on. The gaudy posters, representing white kangaroos and domestic assassinations, which cover our London hoardings, are made there, as well as a majority of the Christmas cards and valentines, with which at times we fill our letters. Cutlery has long been a profitable industry, and all kinds of iron work are produced. The great trade in pork, for which Cork has long been noted, is rivalled, if it is not surpassed, by that of Belfast, from which some sixty thousand tons, alive or dead, are exported annually. Ninety thousand head of cattle, thirty thousand sheep, twenty thousand geese, and two thousand tons of chickens, with seven thousand tons of eggs, leave the port every year for Glasgow, Liverpool, and other great towns on the opposite coast. Not content with what can be grown in the country, Belfast imports about twenty-five thousand tons of flax every year. An unexpected item in the trade lists is aerated water, but Belfast, while she only imports forty tons, exports eight thousand.

All this commerce cannot be carried on without shipping, and perhaps there is no source of greater pride to the inhabitants than their success in shipbuilding. The largest and fastest passenger steamers now afloat are built at Belfast. We need only mention the *Majestic* or the *Teutonic*. And these great ships are not only constructed in Belfast, but are completed, fitted with engines, decorated and furnished on the spot. In the industries thus indicated, it is estimated that fully 20,000 workmen are employed, 12,000 on shipbuilding alone. Nor is this all. These floating palaces can be brought up alongside the quays in the heart of the city, and that too at any period of the tide. This result has been attained by the opening of the Victoria Channel, which even at the Donegal Quay is seventeen feet deep at low water. The Alexandra Graving Dock is said to be the largest but one in the world, being 800 feet in length and 92 in width. A steam derrick, set up in connexion with the dock, is understood to be the largest in the world. Not content with the present dock accommodation, the Harbour Commissioners are engaged in the construction of a new tidal basin a thousand feet in length with a depth of twenty feet at low water. All this prodigious industry sprang from the construction in 1820 of the first steamer ever built in Ireland, the *Belfast*, owned by Messrs. Langtry. She was fitted in the town with engines and everything else. At the present day not fewer than twenty-four separate lines run from Belfast to ports in England, Scotland, and America, and every evening a procession of eight or nine large passenger boats leaves the quay side as the Custom House clock strikes eight, and makes its way to the mouth of the Lough, the performance being repeated by about half a dozen or so the next morning. The tonnage of shipping cleared from the port in 1850 was about half a million; it is now a million and a half. In addition there are steamers sailing daily from Larne, a few miles further north, to Stranraer. The stranger who has only visited Cork and Dublin is immensely impressed by Belfast. Every industry once started there seems to flourish. In other parts of Ireland hardly anything of the kind exists. Flax has been tried over and over again and has always failed. There is no part of the island less suited to its growth than Ulster, and none in which labour is not cheaper. This is not the place to account for the fact. The Ulsterman would lay all the blame on the Pope of Rome, if you asked him. But we need not compare the wide, clean streets of Belfast, the magnificent club houses, the spacious public buildings, the warehouses—many of them of great architectural beauty—the colleges, with their lovely gardens, the open spaces, and the glorious scenery in all directions, with the attractions of any other Irish town. Let us compare Belfast with Sheffield or Birmingham—towns with, more or less, the same population. In every respect Belfast is superior, as may be seen at the most superficial glance; and one curious fact must not be overlooked in estimating its importance. The Customs duties paid annually in Belfast amount to two millions sterling—to be exact, 1,967,453*l.*—being nearly double what is paid in Glasgow, and only a little below what is paid in Liverpool, and the Inland Revenue comes to a million more, so that the city pays a thirtieth part of what is raised in all the United Kingdom.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S ATHLETICS.

THOSE citizens of the United States who are possessed of wealth have very few customs of their own. Their ingenuity is expended in imitating the English. They wear English clothing, and speak with what they fondly believe to be the genuine accent of the Court of St. James's. They drive in their parks in English dogcarts, and they even pretend to hunt; but, having few foxes, they are content to chase the scent of an aniseed bag. In short, it seems as if the first thing a citizen of the United States does when he has acquired a fortune is to throw overboard his allegiance to all American manners and customs, to look and act as much like an Englishman as he can, to marry his daughter to a Briton of title, and die happy.

About five years ago this mania for imitation suddenly exhibited a new phase. With the growth of the leisured class in the United States grew the problem of what to do with the leisure. The American gentleman seldom or never goes into politics, preferring to leave his country's welfare in the hands of the Irish statesmen who are ferried across the Atlantic in thousands every week. Consequently it dawned upon him in the course of time that he had next to nothing to occupy his time, and was in danger of succumbing to ennui. However, he had learned that the English were in the habit of spending much time in their country houses at seasons when he was loitering at his club window in New York. He asked his wife if she did not think it would be a good notion to introduce the practice of staying in the country late in the autumn, of celebrating the Christmas holidays at the country-house, and then running up to town just for the fashionable season, and returning to recuperate when it was over. And his wife fell upon his neck and said he was a dear old wiseacre, and what delightful house parties they could get together, and how thoroughly at home all English visitors could be made to feel, and what admirable opportunities the dear girls would have.

And so, somewhat to their own surprise, the overfed, flabby-muscled gentlemen of New York, with their overdined wives and much overdanced daughters, suddenly found themselves launched into the country at seasons in which they had never before been brought into contact with the beauties of nature. Here a new difficulty was soon discovered. The young men of the leisured class were, as a rule, found to be quite able to take up country sports and pastimes. Nearly every boy born of wealthy parents in the United States is sent to a college. There, no matter how lazy he may be by nature, or vicious by habit, he acquires a certain amount of taste for manly sports. The American college is an athletic institution. Baseball, football, rowing, lacrosse, and lawn-tennis are systematically cultivated, the first three at a large expense. The youth who has never taken any interest in athletics before going to college is sure to gain it there. If no other influence has force with him, he will be shamed into taking some kind of exercise, and building up his bodily powers. When the American youth of rich family was suddenly thrust into the country at hitherto unaccustomed seasons, he found that there was good, practical value in the athletic culture of his collegiate days. But the young women were in no such happy state. They were absolutely unfitted for a country life. They had no muscular strength, whatever, no heart, no lungs, no vitality. The rude caresses of the autumn winds brought no healthy colour to their cheeks, but, on the contrary, made them cough. They could not enter into any outdoor amusements, because they had not strength enough, and their only course was to cling to the chimney corner, and read pirated editions of English novels.

This condition of affairs opened the eyes of the fathers and mothers to the degeneration of their children. For a long time it had been the habit of Americans to regard as their typical young woman a tall, slender creature, with large eyes, pale cheeks, transparent skin, and colourless lips. Delicate and interesting were the two words used to describe women who were looked upon as possessing the secrets of attractiveness. But now the point of view was suddenly changed. The girl with buoyant step, flushed cheek, pink lips, sparkling eyes, and a contour which spoke of strength as well as grace, became the model. How to cultivate this form became one of the fashionable problems of the day. The men pointed at their sons, and said that their physical excellence was the result of systematic training. The women seized the suggestion, and for the past three years there has been growing in America a belief in athletic training for women. Various enterprises have been set on foot; but in New York the most popular is the Berkeley Lyceum.

This is a fashionable institution situated in Forty-fourth Street, a short distance west of Fifth Avenue. It is a building of fair size, constructed of brick and terra-cotta. It contains baths, a pretty little theatre, much affected by lecturers and amateur actors, and a gymnasium. The Lyceum is used largely by the young sons of the wealthy people; but the daughters are given a fair share of its advantages. A subscription of $40 a year entitles them to all the privileges of the institution, including the use of the tennis-courts and boat-houses situated further up town. A special female instructress, who has made a scientific study of gymnastic training for women, is provided for the benefit of the girls. Each applicant for admission to the Lyceum must submit to a very thorough physical examination made by the instructress, and entered in the records of the institution. This examination includes careful measurements of the physical proportions of the subject, with a view to ascertaining the muscular development of the various parts of the body. The aim of the instructress is to achieve a symmetrical general development of the muscles, and to avoid undue strengthening of one part and neglect of another. Her measurements are referred to a normal standard established with reference to age, height, and weight. Having finished her examination, which necessarily includes an inquiry into the condition of the subject's heart and lungs, she maps out a course of training for the candidate. The girl is required to furnish a suitable costume, consisting of a loose blouse, waist of flannel, with skirt reaching to the knees, knee trousers, stockings, and light canvas shoes. She is then put to work at some light exercise designed to bring into play the muscles which have apparently suffered most from lack of employment. Other exercises are added as the girl acquires strength and activity, until she blossoms into a lithe, elastic, muscular little woman, blooming with health and strength, and brimming over with the good spirits that accompany these blessings.

The Berkeley Lyceum, though the best, is not the only institution in New York for the physical training of women. They are springing up all over the city. Nor is gymnastic work alone cultivated. One of the favourite sports for women is swimming. Half a dozen years ago it was a rare thing to meet at an American watering-place a woman who could swim well. Now it is a common experience. Last season, at one resort on Long Island Sound, there were at least twenty women and young girls who could swim excellently. Two of the young ladies swam without resting across the harbour and back, a distance of a mile and a half. Almost all of these women and girls had learned the art at some one of the swimming schools which are springing up in the metropolis of the United States. And every one of these female swimmers when ashore carried herself as straight as a soldier, while every movement was made with an ease and grace which told plainly of the elasticity of her muscles. Horseback riding has grown in popularity amazingly within the past five years, and the riding schools are crowded with women. Half a dozen years ago a woman on horseback was something of a curiosity in Central Park. Now one cannot walk two hundred yards without seeing several. And most of them ride well. Last of all, the plain, old-fashioned exercise of walking has become popular among the people of fashion.

As a result of all this athleticism, there has been a revolution in the style of dressing. The American women speedily learned that they could not indulge in any kind of exercise, especially outdoor sports, if they were encased in restricting costumes, or shod with high-heeled French shoes. Tight lacing, tight shoes, and tight gowns have all gone. The American woman now buys shoes in which she can walk, and for outdoor wear prefers plainly-made cloth gowns in which she has room for free play of all her limbs. Hence the pedestrian who walks down Fifth Avenue on Sunday morning when the church services are at an end will meet hundreds of plump, well-built women, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, walking with a gait of which Diana herself might be proud. And these results have been brought about largely, if not altogether, through the eagerness of fashionable Americans to ape English manners and customs. It behoves Britons to be grateful that they have unwittingly conferred such good upon their cousins across the Atlantic.

REVIEWS.

MANX NAMES.*

HAVE we not all heard of a guide-book for the Isle of Man which bore on its title-page a line from Pope:—

The proper study of mankind is Man?

Mr. Moore has acted on the principle thus recommended. Into a handsomely printed thick-papered volume of three hundred and sixty pages he has crammed as much learning in languages, topography, history, and genealogy as would furnish forth a round half-dozen of ordinary local histories. His proper study, no doubt, is Man, but, to illustrate what he has to tell us about that island, he has ransacked the histories of the adjacent islands and those also of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and many remoter regions. If a man should take it into his head to interpret all the names over the shop-doors of a single London street, give a history of each, and throw in an account of the street itself, its name, and the name and position of the manor and parish in which it stands, the task would tax the learning and energy of a very vigorous and accomplished intellect. Yet it is something of this kind which Mr. Moore has undertaken to do for the Isle of Man. There Iberian, Scot, Gael, Scandinavian, Norman, and Saxon are mixed in an inextricable compound of nationalities, and to tackle and overcome the difficulties of his self-imposed task it was necessary that the writer should be familiar with all the languages concerned, and familiar, also, with the corrupt *patois* in which their forms now most often occur. Books on names have generally been of the kind of which Lower's

* *Surnames and Place-names of the Isle of Man.* By A. W. Moore, M.A. With an Introduction by Professor Rhŷs. London: Stock. 1890.

works are examples. Seven years ago a new departure was taken by Mr. Ferguson in his *Surnames as a Science*; but Mr. Moore carries this science a step further, and adds place-names to surnames. That he should have succeeded so well must be a matter for congratulation, not only to himself, but to his readers. "Proper names," says Professor Rhŷs, "whether of persons or of places, usually present the most difficult problems of glottology which any country can suggest." In this observation we may fully agree, as well as when he asserts that Manx names are a compromise, and of the highest interest to those who can fathom their history and meaning. Mr. Moore throws light on names which occur anywhere in the three kingdoms, as well as on surnames everywhere; and his book forms an introduction to the whole science. We may briefly indicate the exact ground he takes up, and afterwards pick out a few of the curiosities of local and personal nomenclature which are to be found in these fascinating pages.

Mr. Moore begins with some twenty pages of introduction, which might well have been extended to forty. The small extent of Man, he tells us, is favourable to the investigation of a subject which in the case of the larger countries of Europe is practically out of reach. Yet the history of a place or a people is told in names. From the fifth to the eighth centuries Manx men were Celts. A great immigration from Scandinavia took place in the ninth century. "It took two directions, one, mainly Danish, to the north-east of England, and the other, mainly Norwegian, to the coasts of the Shetlands, Orkneys, Northern Scotland, the Western Isles, Ireland, and the Isle of Man." In 1270 Man fell under the dominion of the Scotch. The language of the mixed race which inhabited the island was for the most part Gaelic, which "gradually superseded Scandinavian, as in England the old Saxon tongue superseded the Norman, mainly, of course, in both cases, through the influence of the women, who would naturally teach their children their own tongue rather than that of their fathers," says Mr. Moore, who makes no sarcastical allusion to the comparative amount of talk which a Celtic woman might be supposed to pour forth as compared with a stern Scandinavian Viking. He is guilty, if we are inclined to be very critical, of a slight lapse in speaking of English superseding Norman. As a fact, this supersession of their language twice befell the Normans; first, when the Norse invaders of France became the parents of French-speaking children, and afterwards when the French-speaking invaders of England became the progenitors of an English-speaking posterity. The personal names in Man, as investigated by the help of parish registers beginning in the middle of the seventeenth century, show that the Viking's descendants were chiefly to be found where the low sandy coast enabled the flat-bottomed ships to be run ashore; while "on the south-west coast, adjacent to Ireland, we find a predominance of the Hibernicized Anglo-Norman names, borne by the descendants of the MacWalters and the MacWilliams." The place-names are more Irish than Scotch, "though, owing to the later connexion with Scotland, the Isle of Man having been under Scotch rule during the end of the thirteenth century, the language approaches more closely to Scotch than Irish." The Scandinavian names, not being comprehensible to the natives, have become in many cases hopelessly corrupt.

Mr. Moore's introduction is followed by the two separate treatises on surnames and place-names mentioned in the title of the book. The first of these, divided into five chapters, runs to nearly a hundred pages. The second, in seven chapters, fills the rest of the volume, except for some twenty pages of glossarial index. It would be impossible to analyse and weigh the numberless facts contained in these closely packed chapters. There are a few misprints which are not all corrected in a table of *errata*, but considering the nature of the work we can only wonder that they are so few. As a whole, the book is one of the most important contributions to what we may call a new and still anonymous science. Perhaps somebody will find a better word to describe it than that apparently used by Professor Rhŷs, "Glottology."

Of the curious items of information to be gleaned from Mr. Moore's pages we may select a few, if only to show the reader how much that is interesting may be found in what many writers would have contrived to make a very dry book. A world of philological learning is boiled down into the identification of the name of South Barrule with Warfield. We must refer to the book for all the stages, but Worth-fell would mean "Beacon mountain," and would come, by a corrupt pronunciation, of which there are several examples, "Varfl," and thence into Varrul, and finally Barrul and Barrule. It is impossible to think of Man without remembering its "House of Keys." What has Mr. Moore to tell us about that example of a local Parliament and its odd name? We must look under the word Tinwald, a corruption of Thing-völlr (völlr is Scandinavian for "field"). Tinwald Hill was a sacred place, and here proclamations are still made. Here, too, the Deemsters "choose the worthiest of the freeholders to assist in deciding difficult or doubtful points of law." The 24th of June, St. John's Day, was that appointed for the annual assembly, which, since the change in the calendar, has been altered to the 5th of July. The men thus chosen, the *Keise*, form the House of Keys, which only existed in old times by the lord's will, and were selected when occasion arose. "No legislation, however, was valid without the assent of the Commons assembled outside the fence" which surrounded the hill. "Thus we find that there existed a true primitive folkmoot in the Isle of Man, the nearest parallel to which is the Landesgemeind of Uri and Untervalden." Mr. Moore might have found a similar institution, not yet wholly obsolete, nearer home, namely, in London, where the folkmote answered to the assembly on Tinwald Hill, and the Court of Hustings to the House of Keys. We have all heard of Douglas, Peel, and the Calf of Man. Let us see how Mr. Moore interprets these names. Douglas, called by Manxmen "Doolish," was "probably originally Balladouglas," the farm of the black stream, or brook. As to Peel, it means a fortress, and was originally, no doubt, applied to the round tower on the little island off Peel-town. It was afterwards applied to the island itself and to the later and more extensive fortifications, which were probably erected there by the Stanleys. These were repaired by Ferdinando, Earl of Derby; and an old engraving, dated 1593, represents them as being at that time in perfect condition, but since then they have fallen into ruins. "Calf," literally, the Scandinavian "Kalfr," the young offspring of a cow, "is used in local names of a small island near a large one." There is an Isle of Calf off the Irish coast. It is curious to find a Greek word so far west, but in Manx *Skeely* means a parish church, and must be from ἐκκλησία, like the French *église*, Kirkpatrick being, in the insular dialect, "Skeely Pharick."

Mr. Moore's chapters on personal names are quite as interesting, especially that on nicknames. Among "Surnames derived from trades," we find Skelly, "contracted from O'Scolaidhe, the story-teller's descendant. The story-teller," adds Mr. Moore, "was a regular official at the courts of the old Irish Kings." He does not go on to remark that no such office is needed in modern Irish courts; but some people do miss opportunities. MacPherson and MacTaggart mean parson's son and priest's son. Gill, the Scotch gillie, means a young man or a servant, like gossoon and garçon, and accounts for such curious forms as Mylchrist or Macgil-chreest. Gavan, Gowan, Gawaine—there are many forms of the name—means an armourer, or primarily a smith. It is hard to lay down this delightful book without further extracts; but we have said enough to show what an admirable guide it forms towards a rudimentary acquaintance with both place and personal names of Irish or Scandinavian origin. If Mr. Ferguson could give us a volume on place-names in England to match his two books on surnames, we should, with the help of Mr. Moore, be almost sufficiently equipped for any inquiry likely to arise in these kingdoms.

NOVELS *

NELLY BLYTHE is a young lady's novel in a double sense. It is a very pretty, unaffected story, written by a young lady, and a story any young lady may read without the least danger to her cheek or morals. It is decidedly romantic without being in the least sentimental. Nelly Blythe is a lovely, bewitching girl in the best London society; her father, Mr. Capel Blythe, has fabulous wealth and a palace in Park Lane or thereabouts, and Nelly herself has for suitor no less a person than the Marquess of Rossdale. When it is understood that Lord Rossdale is not only eldest son of the Duke of Northfells, but also the "coming man," leader of a great political party, a man of light and leading in the House of Commons; good-looking, if not strikingly handsome, and has a nobly reserved manner, only a hermit or a nun could fail to recognize that he is, indeed, "the best match in the kingdom." In addition to all this, the insight which is the privilege of the novel-writer has enabled Miss Greenwood to credit her hero with a "passionate nature" over which "most careful drilling" had enabled him to gain "masterly self-control." Simply to marry this potentate straight off as soon as he signified his willingness—as we surmise would be the prudent action of most young ladies in English or other circles—would be to deprive the heroine of her legitimate claim to romantic griefs. Accordingly, while retaining her Marquess well in hand in the background, Nelly is taken into the country, and allowed some rural philandering with a young artist. After some pretty rustic love-scenes, a few blushes, some tears, and a rather violent scolding from the artist when he finds out the Marquess, Alec Spenser is knocked on the head, and Nelly has the regulation brain fever. By the time she recovers the Marquess, who is now the Duke, is again "willin'"; pretty Nelly, after a due delay, ascends into the celestial spheres of duchesses, and, we infer, had a successful political *salon*, and aided in leading her lord's party. This is very prettily told; and Miss Greenwood has succeeded in drawing a girl sufficiently charming, graceful,

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* *Nelly Blythe.* By Jessy E. Greenwood. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

A Son of Issachar: a Romance of the Days of Messias. By Elbridge S. Brooks. London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1890.

The Last Master of Carnandro. By Thomas A. Pinkerton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

The Mesmerist. By E. H. C. Oliphant. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1890.

Ko Méri; or, "A Cycle of Cathay." By Jessie Weston. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1890.

David Todd. By David Maclure. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1890.

The Better Man. By Arthur Paterson. London: Ward & Downey.

The Story of a Spring Morning; and other Tales. By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

gay, and clever to explain and justify her good fortune. That is, indeed, the keynote of the story—romance tempered with good sense, and knowledge of the habits of thinking and feeling of people of the world. Deep insight into human nature or broad generalization of experience is not there; but a young writer who begins by seeing what lies on the surfaces around her may proceed further. In any case, Miss Greenwood writes agreeably, and has a bright, animated style.

No one can deny that Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, the author of *A Son of Issachar*, has the courage of his conceptions. His novel is a "romance of the days of Messias," and romance and realism have walked hand in hand with the writer. The "proem" shows us Israel on his couch of death, giving his prophetic messages to his sons, and seeing for Issachar a future of sloth and servitude. Then begins the story of Cheliel Bar-Asha, the descendant of the "strong ass," in the year of Rome 779, when great issues were at hand. The youth incurs the wrath of the Roman soldiery, is mocked, tortured, and finally, "with a severed rope dangling about his neck, disfigured, naked, foul, and torn," is flung across his mother's door. His mother lives at Nain, and is a widow. Then follow the funeral and the miracle, and Cheliel is alive again. He is a finely-built young fellow, and has been noted during some festive scenes at the Court of Herod by the Princess Amina, whose indignation at her lawful lord's variations from the path of duty does not prevent occasional meanderings of her own. Passing over these dallyings and overtures to Cheliel from Juda Bar-Simon, the bandit chief, to join the new sect of Christians, the son of Issachar has many more strange adventures before he meets with Adah, the daughter of Jairus, whose fate had been so singular and so like his own. They love, and eventually marry, though not without some excited interludes on the part of Amina. Cheliel, whose undecided nature leads him into as many strange revulsions of feeling as adventures, is among the followers of Christ when the betrayal is brought about by Bar-Simon, and it is he who smites off the ear of the servant of the high priest. Disgusted with the want of success of their plan—his and Bar-Simon's—to force the declaration of kingship, Cheliel curses his "false teacher, the make-believe Messias," and hurries off to join the rabble, which cries for execution. The physical disturbances which accompany the last scene send him back to terrified belief, and Cheliel it is—so determined is the author to ascribe to his hero every available incident—who holds up the soaked sponge to the dying lips. Adah and her husband are henceforth devoted followers of their recognized Lord, and one would have thought that such strange and eventful lives might have been allowed at last to sink into repose and obscurity. But not so does it seem good to the fertile imagination of Mr. Brooks. Cheliel reappears as no less a person than Stephen, the first martyr. St. Peter it was who effected this change, and gave the son of Issachar a new name in consecration. "Thou hast ever been Cheliel, 'son of a crown'; be now Stephanus, 'the crown' indeed." Through this "romance" there must necessarily appear figures from time to time ill suited to fantastic fiction. Undoubtedly the author has meant no irreverence, nor is conscious of any. To describe the person of Christ as "trim" seems to him appropriate, since the word is invariably used when Christ appears, and perhaps it is as illustrative of the general tone of the "romance" as any quotation we could select. But of such romances one is more than enough.

Whatever volume bears Mr. Thomas Pinkerton's name on the title-page will assuredly be found worth reading. It is certain to contain originality, incisive satire, and clever sketches of character. Mr. Pinkerton's strong point is his way of placing individuals before the reader without laboured description, as vivid pictures. His canvas is not large, but the figures on it are striking. *The Last Master of Carnandro* falls in no way behind the author's former productions in this respect, though it lacks the genial humour which he has elsewhere displayed. The story is sombre and unrelieved by play of fancy. The two men whose lives are one long struggle of hate and revenge, Ronald Sinclair, the brilliant artist of so abundant promise, and Brian Stanburn, the "Master of Carnandro," are both powerfully drawn. Stanburn has the picturesque beauty of a Vandyck as he appears before the entrance of his ancestral ruined castle, tall, pallid, dark, leaning on his black horse. He is a scoundrel of the *haute volée*. The scene in which he breaks the pride of Sinclair, who knew himself as much the noble ruffian's superior as genius can be to physical strength, is painful in its intensity, followed as it is by the destruction of Sinclair's sole hope of love and happiness through the brutal selfishness of Stanburn. That Sinclair should abandon his art, ambition, and aspiration to live solely for revenge, and continue to do so for long years of a wasted life, is a thing no one can call impossible, though fortunately it is improbable. From the beginning there is a strain of irresponsibility in Sinclair's temperament, intended, no doubt, by the author to lead up to such a sacrifice of all that is best in life for so futile an end. The personage whose sayings and doings a little relieve the tragic process of the story is Aleck Stanburn, the "ordinary" Scotchman, thin in nature, acrid in temper, honest enough, and sincere in his shallow way, who was well off on his thousands, but would have been well off on a hundred a year, because he would have known how to regulate his budget. Aleck in his poor, thin colouring is as cleverly done as Brian in his rich, dark, gloomy tones.

Hypnotism, that old acquaintance under a new name, like some other ancient friends re-christened or unchristened, as the case may be, will no doubt have its little literature and be ridden through its little career by story-tellers who find themselves for the moment in the destitute condition of the needy knifegrinder. On the fields of fiction, as on those of politics, there are "devoted gorilla" bands, who skirmish around seizing on what they may find useful to their needs. Hypnotism and the conditions attending thereon are obvious subjects for horrific treatment, and they will be handled horridly. It would be rash at so early a stage to predict how deep the depths of dreariness attained may be; but we think *The Mesmerist*, by E. H. C. Oliphant, will be in this respect hard to beat. A course of Wilkie Collins's novels will not of itself suffice to enable any one to go and do likewise; yet it is the only qualification discernible possessed by Mr. Oliphant for writing melodrama. There is not an idea nor an impression left on the mind by the perusal of *The Mesmerist*. So, naturally, there is nothing to say.

Ko Méri certainly is a story of "New Zealand life," as the title-page asserts, in so far that the scene is laid in Auckland, and the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Auckland city is frequently and minutely described. It is, however, the life of wealthy English and Scotch settlers in New Zealand that forms the background of the story of the half-caste girl Mary Balmain, and the small social events and amusements of British colonists are pretty much the same all over the world. Miss Weston, the author, speaks, in a preface, with enthusiasm of "a people whose dignity, patriotism, and rare intelligence have been the admiration of the whole world," and hopes that the "great qualities of the Pagan owners of the soil" will descend to its present possessors; but we look in vain through the story for illustrations of this generous, if slightly exaggerated, view. There are no Maori, no details of native life, no New Zealanders except those who have arrived in steamers from Great Britain. With curious divergence, too, from the tenour of the preface, Mary Balmain is shown as the physically noble girl in whom the strain of Maori blood is the source of weakness, and whose deliberate return to her tribe after twenty years' experience of refined civilization is regarded, and truly, as her degradation. The author, whose interests, we gather from the preponderance of theological discussion, have probably been in the missionary department, would have done better to display some of the noble qualities she has remarked in the natives by introducing them into her novel. Exactly in proportion as the daughter of General Balmain has inherited the temperament of her mother, Tapera, she shows herself indolent, self-indulgent, stupid, and ungrateful. She is beautiful and fond of music; but morally she is no higher than the animals.

There is a great deal of humour in the Scotch nation, and a great variety in its quality. There was the humour of Scott and that of Burns; then there is Dr. John Brown's humour and other modern instances, and there is the humour of Mr. David Maclure, the author of *David Todd*. Mr. Maclure's may, perhaps, find its admirers as fervent as any belonging to the older names, but not perhaps quite so numerous. To be sure Mr. Maclure's range is narrower. It is confined to the sayings and doings of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Todd at Crosscairn, a small Scotch seaport town. The relations of the manse and the village, the minister and the elders, the gossip of little tea-parties, and the bickerings of uncultivated shopkeepers, have often before now found historians as humorous and more refined than in the present case. But there is a gleam of genuine sympathy and insight in the figure of Mysie McGill, the "wee servant lassie," the earnest, patient little drudge, driven by the terrible Mrs. McNeish. The child's simple acceptance of her slave's life, her reverence for the "meenister," and her passionate affection for the folks at home, are touching, much more touching than the interior wrestlings of Mr. David Todd, which excite no particular emotion.

The Better Man is a short story of life on the ranches of New Mexico, ten or a dozen years ago, before railways had stretched so far as they have since, and when Western manners were rougher—in that particular region, at any rate—than they are now. Two young Englishmen—Tom Eckersley and Frank Houghton—have settled as cattle-breeders and sheep-farmers, and their rude, lawless surroundings, governed mostly by the wild justice of revenge, are described evidently at first hand. It is not easy to walk in the footsteps left on this track by Bret Harte, nor indeed does Mr. Arthur Paterson make any such ambitious and vain attempt. He takes more the view of the English settler trying to accommodate himself to new and extraordinary conditions, and in the case of Frank Houghton, who has been on his ranche four years, he is successful in awakening interest. Tom Eckersley is not out long enough to shake off the Oxford undergraduate exterior, and is himself rather a feeble person. When to the rough stockmen and cowboys are added an importation from England of Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Eckersley, and Major Crawford, the congruities become rather mixed, and, as Rosalind says, "that leads to new matter." The new matter is in this case, as in Rosalind's, love-matter; and herein the author is not quite so much *au fait* as the lady was. *The Better Man* is, however, worth reading as a lively sketch of Mexican life.

Half a dozen short stories by Mrs. Molesworth, collected apparently from magazines, need not much more than mention. Mrs. Molesworth has her public long since formed. *The Story of a Spring Morning*, the piece which gives its title to the present

volume, is perhaps less to be commended for young readers inasmuch as it has a tendency to make mountains out of molehills, and to exaggerate the importance of small offences and the wrath created thereby. The Reverend Mr. Fielding could hardly have greeted his small family with a brow of sterner ire had they been out cock-fighting on that "spring morning," instead of gathering primroses for their mamma's birthday. Perhaps the clerical gentleman had been on the magisterial bench and had learned severity towards juvenile agricultural offenders.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.*

THE very respectable load of United States official publications which is at present arranged before us on a table all to itself, does not for the most part consist of reading. It is largely composed of the "literature of knowledge" in its driest form—in the form, namely, of lists of figures. There are lists of schools, lists of the blankets, tools, and food served out to the unfortunate noble Red Man in the Indian reservations, and lists of officials. One volume is entirely devoted to this last form of useful information. The *Official Register of the United States for* 1889 is an imposing quarto, wherein are arranged the names of all those who eat the salt of "Uncle Sam," together with their offices, place of birth, manner of appointment, and in some cases the amount of the "compensation" which the rude vulgar of this country calls salary, paid them per annum. With such a volume we shall not presume to argue, but shall only point it out to those in search of the information it contains. One term we noted in it may be quoted in passing. Some naval officers of the United States entered the service by appointment "at large." How does a man enter a service by appointment "at large"? It sounds nice. As every true-bred Britisher naturally loves to find fault with the great Republic's doings, and to compare them unfavourably with our own, we have a satanic joy in observing that, in point of paper and printing, the majority of these Reports are not up to Blue-book level. They are of more handy size, and, being cased, are not so likely to tumble to pieces; but, then, who cares how soon a Blue-book tumbles to pieces? While it lasts, though, one likes to have the paper white and the type legible. Now, the paper of most of the Reports of the Secretary of the Interior is whity grey, the quality is detestable, and the fount of type used abject. If our unworthiness were a Senator of the United States, it would be sorely tempted to dare the poet's curse by poking its nose into the Government printing.

To this rule, however, there are some honourable exceptions. We candidly acknowledge that two of the Secretary of the Interior's Reports are quite up to Blue-book level in printing and paper, and in one respect are superior to any English, or even Indian, Government publication we can call to mind at this moment. They are volumes of *Geological Surveys* for 1885 and 1886. Both are worthy of the high reputation which this branch of the United States Administration has long enjoyed. What particularly pleases in them are the number and excellence of the maps. To take a single instance. The report of a survey of the Zuñi Plateau and Mount Taylor by Captain Clarence E. Dutton in the volume for 1885 is illustrated by a map showing the position of the plateau in the South-Western Section of the Union. Then by another map of the plateau itself. Then by a plate, which is a woodcut, showing the features of the scenery. Then by a panorama of one end of the plateau. In addition to these plates, there is a profusion of very neat little woodcuts in the text. Captain Dutton goes on to Mount Taylor, and treats it in an equally exhaustive manner. The two together will give a reader with any kind of imaginative eye a very distinct impression of that dreadfully arid country. Of the strange people who inhabit its plains and rocks it was not Captain Dutton's cue to speak. Accounts of them must be looked for elsewhere. He keeps himself strictly to the geology and geography of the region, and writes of it in a style which is not obtrusively official. The Zuñi plateau takes up only a small part of one volume. The rest of it, and the volume for 1886, contain copious geological accounts of the Mississippi Valley, of Minnesota, of the New England coast, and of other regions. None of the other reports are so interesting as these, at least they are not so attractive to the eye. They are, to let out a secret, very hard to read when one has to tackle them in order to give an account of them. Possibly they are equally valuable, and to some readers more interesting. We can believe that a zealous School Board woman or man might turn over the volumes on education, survey their lists, and draw a moral therefrom. Such courage and faculty is enviable. We salute it, and pass on, with the observation that there are four fat volumes of reports on education in the wheelbarrow-load before us. Dipping at random, one comes on expressions of opinion which suggest a point to be argued, if there were time, and any one to answer. Thus, Superintendent Fred. W. Campbell, of Oakland, Cal., observes that "The mingling of the sexes in the schoolroom checks the tendencies both to romantic fancies and overwrought and unreal imaginings engendered by attendance in separate schools; and this it does by substituting for such illusions the everyday commonplace reality of mutual rivalry in a common labour." Perhaps, and perhaps not, and perhaps it would be no gain if it did. Some illusions are better than some commonplace realities. Volume III. of the Secretary of the Interior's Reports for 1888 opens with one which is decidedly characteristic of the American Government of to-day. It is the report of the Commissioner of Pensions, and he has to say that there are on Uncle Sam's pension list no less than 452,557 persons. "The amount of money expended in payment of pensions was $78,775,861·92, the cost attending such disbursement being, for the pay of the officers, employés, &c., of the Bureau of Pensions, its agents, surgeons, special examiners, &c., $3,262,524·67; the cost of disbursement being a fraction less than 4 per cent. of the total expenditures of the Bureau of Pensions. The total amount expended for all purposes by the Bureau of Pensions was $82,038,386·59, being 21½ per cent. of $380,000,000, which was the total (estimated) gross income of the United States for the period aforesaid. The total expenditures of the Government for the fiscal year 1888 were $267,924,801·13, so it will be seen that the amount expended for and on account of pensions was nearly 31 per cent. of the entire outlay of the Government." The recipients of these pensions are survivors of the Civil and Mexican Wars, fathers and mothers of the war, children of the war. It is an interesting fact, showing the remarkable longevity of Americans, that there are no less than 11,593 pensioners of the war of 1812, who must average from 90 to a 100 years old. But we have heard stories about the way in which pensions are granted in the Great Republic which incline us to doubt whether it is necessary to draw this deduction. There are thirty-six widows of survivors of the revolutionary war; but, as we learn with a distinct loss of respect for the boldness of Americans, no actual survivors. On the whole, we gather from this Report on Pensions that it must be a not unpleasant thing to belong to a country which enjoys a surplus of such gigantic proportions as that of the United States. About one per cent. of the population of the North and West must have a pension. "At the South" we presume that the veterans, and parents, and children of the war are not pensioned. The same volume contains a Report on the Mormons, signed by Messrs. Godray, Williams, and Thomas, which is interesting as showing that these fanatics persist in spite of the pressure brought on them, and are still owners of all the cultivatable soil in Utah. There is a quite amusing account of one of them who glories in the persecution he has suffered for the truth's sake. He was sent to prison for bigamy.

Not the least interesting of the volumes to turn over are three which are filled with the Reports of the Commissioner of Labour. One is devoted to convict labour, another to the labour of women and great towns, the third to strikes and lock-outs. The first is a subject by itself, and one which in the United States runs into strange vagaries. The question of female and town labour seems, however, to be much in the Union what it is here The Americans also have their residuum and their charitable societies, which endeavour to amend its lot in life. They have even, like ourselves, societies which exist for the purpose of helping the very poor to enjoy a short holiday in the country—which is in its way a proof that the world is filling up, and that human life does not materially differ in the New World and the Old. The volume of strikes and lock-outs has the most direct interest of the three for us at present when we have them served up daily by the papers. Much the greater part of the volume is taken up with figures; but there is an analysis of them at the beginning, which seems to us to be very fair and is most instructive. From it we learn that there were in the States between 1881 and 1886 inclusive 3,902 strikes, involving 1,323,203 workpeople, of which more than a third occurred in 1886. Subordinate tables classify the strikes according to motive or to result. From one of these it appears that rather more than a third were unsuccessful, rather less than a half were successful, and the balance were settled by compromise. Another table—and a most interesting table—endeavours to set forth the loss these quarrels cause. It is a most difficult question to settle when one looks at the employers' side. It may very well be that a strike does an employer as much good as harm, if it does not actually benefit him by enabling him to sell accumulated stock at an enhanced price. Even if there is no great increase, he may yet gain by saving outlay on wages. On the side of the man the question is a much simpler one. Loss of wages is a substantial loss, and it is easy to calculate how long it will take to make it good. In some cases the disproportion of loss to gain is enormous. In one instance—that of the binders and trimmers of fur-hats at Danbury—it appears that the total gain of wages caused by the strike was one cent of a dollar, or about a halfpenny a day. To win this they sacrificed $19·34 each. It is an easy arithmetical calculation to show that 1,934 days were required to make the loss good. The strike lasted twelve days. About six years were required to replace what they lost by that short fight for threepence extra a week. The strike was ordered by a Labour Organization. How very grateful the binders and trimmers of fur-hats in Danbury must have felt to that Labour

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* *Official Register of the United States.* Vol. I. 1889. Washington: printed at the Government Printing Office.

Geological Survey. 1887. Washington: printed at the Government Printing Office.

Reports of the Secretary of the Interior. 1885–89. Washington: printed at the Government Printing Office.

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labour. 1886–87–88. Washington: printed at the Government Printing Office.

Reports of the Commissioner of Education. 1887–88. Washington: printed at the Government Printing Office.

Organization about the middle of the third year! Perhaps we should say how grateful they would feel if they understood their real interest! As a matter of fact they were probably well satisfied with themselves, and never stopped to think what their whistle had cost them. This is certainly a very extreme case; but it is none the less typical. In the others there was not the same disproportion; but in all of them there was a loss to make good. The tables ought to supply some consolation to those among ourselves who are inclined to be frightened at the multiplication of our own strikes. The United States, though supposed to be the paradise of workmen, have suffered as badly as any nation of the old world. Even we have hardly beaten the figure of 1,411 strikes in a year—the record of the States for 1886. The Report shows how much fashion there is in strikes. They rose steadily from 1881 to 1886, and have since diminished. From the Report it appears to be the conviction of the Commissioner that there was a species of strike epidemic, which ran its course, became acute, and then diminished, leaving employers and employed much where they were before, except for the waste of tissue. Such are a few of the various matters discussed and illustrated in these numerous volumes.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.*

THE new edition of Mrs. Jameson's admirable writings on sacred art naturally suggests a retrospect of the changed conditions of artistic education, the reformation of public taste, and the revival of public interest in all that pertains to art since the publication of the two volumes of *Sacred and Legendary Art* in 1848. That work was followed, at intervals of some few years, by the *Legends of the Monastic Orders* and *Legends of the Madonna*, both being portions of the author's original scheme, and by no means to be considered apart from the first series in any estimate of Mrs. Jameson's work and influence. In 1864 were published the two volumes of *The History of Our Lord*, completed by Lady Eastlake when the lamented death of the author of the series, in 1860, left her comprehensive design unfinished, though fully planned. These six volumes represent a remarkable literary achievement. In 1842, when Mrs. Jameson entered upon her vast undertaking, there was an absolute lack of anything in our literature that could guide the uninstructed public intelligence on the important subject of the services rendered by Christian art to Christian worship. Such catalogues and handbooks as were readily attainable were either highly technical works of reference, suitable only to collectors or students of art literature, or descriptive classified summaries of the various schools of painting. The National Gallery was far less representative than it is now, and far less frequented by students and by the public. Outside the Trafalgar Square collection there were very few public galleries, that at Dulwich being the only one of importance that can be said to have been accessible to Londoners. The annual Royal Academy show was not discussed by all and sundry, and decidedly was not the best-attended market, the Leipzig fair of the British art world it now is. There was no Science and Art Department, the Pre-Raphaelites had scarcely made a stir, and Mr. Ruskin was "a graduate of Oxford." Now we have public picture galleries and schools of art, private and public, all the way from Cornwall to northernmost North Britain, and preachers and teachers have multiplied past all count. Sluggish must be the imagination that cannot conceive the art-loving person of average intelligence visiting the National Gallery for the first time after a study of Mrs. Jameson's first two volumes of *Sacred and Legendary Art* in the year of revolution. We can admit that this young person had already learned to distinguish the difference in artistic treatment between the Madonnas and Saints of Raphael and Perugino, of Luini and Leonardo, of Velasquez and Murillo, of Rubens and Van Dyck. It is not unreasonable to suppose him to be emancipated from the Georgian passion for Guido, that last infirmity of the noble British patron. But when all is conceded that should be to the progressive taste and discrimination of the art public of the period, incalculable remains the influence, so inspiring, so rich in suggestion, so catholic in tone, of Mrs. Jameson's writings. Many artists and not a few men of letters have acknowledged in fit terms their debt to these fascinating volumes. But for a multitude they were on their appearance, and still are, a new world of delight and instruction, a revelation of the thought and sentiment and spiritual ideals of the Old Masters of ecclesiastical art. One virtue may be claimed for these works that is an inestimable possession. Their absolute freedom from any kind of crankness, a virtue rare, indeed, in art-literature, is the salt that preserves their influence to this day. Few writers have so completely succeeded in making exposition delightful, while avoiding the tediousness of didactics. The etchings and woodcuts, it is well to note, are most carefully printed in this new edition. It was Mrs. Jameson's wont to refer to them as mere sketches and "aids to memory." They are deserving, however, of higher commendation than this somewhat diffident recognition. They serve the author's purpose excellently, on the whole, and are infinitely to be preferred as book illustration to the process plates so used at the present time.

* *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By Mrs. Jameson. New edition. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Legends of the Monastic Orders. By Mrs. Jameson. New edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Legends of the Madonna. By Mrs. Jameson. New edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1890

The History of Our Lord. By Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake. New edition. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

WINDSOR FOREST.*

A TOPOGRAPHICAL work measuring 11¾ inches by 9, and weighing 5½ lbs., is not the sort of book that is as a rule very eagerly or conveniently read, and *A History of Windsor Forest* looks eminently suited to be laid upon a table and left there. Yet it deserves a better fate. We warn the subscribers to this bulky volume against imagining that it has no value except as a substantial piece of furniture. Without going quite so far as to advise them to read every word of it, we recommend them before piling other large flat books upon the top of it and forgetting it for ever, to glance through it more or less carefully, as it contains a good deal of interesting information.

The most amusing thing about it is the author's constant endeavour to put other writers in the wrong. Mr. Lecky has distorted history; Swift was "equally reckless"; King was not very particular about his facts; Sir William Blackstone made "a curious error," which Serjeant Stephen continued; Burke, in his *Extinct Peerage*, "mixes up" "the history of two distinct persons"; "every writer, without exception, who notices" Cranbourn Lodge makes a grievous blunder; Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in alluding to the Norreys family, "confuses their pedigree"; Hakewell, on the authority of Speed, makes a statement which "is entirely a mistake," and even "our vicar" is under a delusion on one point. In short, it would appear that in the author's opinion, there is only one writer who is invariably and infallibly accurate.

A good selection has been made from old letters, either written in, or describing, the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest. When Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, held the Rangership of Windsor Great Park, she wrote to a friend, in 1717, saying that no place could be more agreeable during the three "warme" months. She laments that "Lady Pembroke will play but half-crowns"; and in inviting her correspondent to visit her, she adds, "I won't desire you to dine here if it is uneasy, but we never go to dinner till half an hour after two. All I can say is, you will both be very wellcome, and I have wonderful good ale." Defoe, in 1722, wrote that the neighbourhood of Egham was "the worst heathy country" he had ever seen, and he called Bagshot Heath "a desert" and "a horrid barren country." William Cobbett held much the same opinion of Windsor Forest, which he called "as bleak, as barren, and as villainous a heath as ever man set his eyes on." "At the end of this blackguard heath," he said, "you come to a little place called Sunninghill, which is on the western side of Windsor Park. It is a spot all made into 'grounds' and gardens by taxeaters." Pope wrote that the pines of Windsor Forest diffused a "noxious shade," and that the neighbourhood was a "dreary desert" and a "gloomy waste." If the landscape fell short of perfection, it was not improved by the introduction of the figure of Pope himself, according to another authority. "Inquire," says Dennis, "between Sunninghill and Oakingham for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the God of Love." Swift wrote of Queen Anne, who used to "hunt under the blazing suns of July, regardless of the standing crops," in Windsor Forest, that on one occasion, "finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." He wrote, too, in 1711 of "a place they have made for a famous horse-race tomorrow." This, according to the author, was the first race-meeting ever held at Ascot, and he says that "the riding habit as now worn was then almost for the first time introduced; for Swift tells us that his stylish young friend Miss Forester 'was dressed like a man.'" We are informed that a cricket-match for 2,000*l.* was played at Ascot, near the site of the present Grand Stand, during the rejoicings after the battle of Waterloo. Walpole, in writing to Sir Horace Mann in the year 1750, said that Lord Sandwich, when hunting with the Royal Buckhounds at Windsor, carried a dice-box in his pocket, "so they throw a main whenever the hounds are at fault upon every green hill and under every green tree." A letter written in the beginning of the same century by an attendant of Prince George of Denmark, describing his journey through Windsor, says little for the condition of the roads in those days. They did not get out of their coaches for fourteen hours, "save only when" they "were overturned or stuck fast in the mud." They "were thrown but once in going, but in returning they were thrown twice." In one part of the journey "his Highness's body coach would have suffered very often if the nimble boors," "had not frequently poised it up or supported it with their shoulders" as it laboured through the heavy ruts. He observes that "the last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them." In 1769 Lady Gower wrote to Mrs. Delany, describing the society assembled at Sunninghill for the purpose of drinking the waters at the then fashionable spring at that place. She says, "ffortune has bless'd ye fforest wth ye genius's of

* *A History of Windsor Forest, Sunninghill, and the Great Park.* By G. M. Hughes. London and Edinburgh: Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co. 1890.

ye age. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Dunbar &c. &c. and Lord Littleton are at Suñing wells, and sport sentim^ts from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve." And then she wisely adds, "I molest 'em not, contenting myself in my rustic simplicity."

Windlesores, or Windlesora, is said to have been the ancient name of Windsor. The author has "never heard any plausible derivation of the termination "shot" in Aldershot and Bagshot, except his own, which is, that it is from the ancient Saxon "word *sceat*, a portion or corner of the sea, a bay, in our case." "The Norman form of this word was *sceat*, *sete*, or *shete*." The Testa de Nevill has both Bakeshete and Bacshet. The Bac and Bake eventually became Bag, and the shete and shet developed into shot; therefore, &c., Q.E.D. William the Conqueror, after burning Southwark, crossed Windsor Forest on his way to Wallingford, and took a fancy to it. A fair account is given of the history of the Forest under the different kings. King Charles—who, by the way, used to follow the noble sport of squirrel-hunting at Sunninghill—cut down some of the best oaks in Windsor Forest to build ships with. The Commonwealth imitated his example. The Puritans were delighted at enjoying the sport of kings in the forest, and they indulged in it to such an extent that, when the Great Park had been surveyed by the authorities in 1649, it was reported that "in the said park there is noe deare." In the reign of Charles II. there is said to have been a run after a stag 70 miles in length, beginning at Windsor and ending at Lord Petre's place in Essex. We are told that the deer in Windsor Forest decreased from 1,300 to 318 between the years 1731 and 1806; that the practice of turning out a stag instead of harbouring one was introduced about the beginning of the present century, and that the old three-cornered hat was exchanged for the close-fitting velvet hunting-cap in 1786. It is stated that, when Lord Bateman was Master of the Buckhounds in the reign of George III., he one day asked the King when he would like the hounds turned out. "I cannot tell," replied his Majesty; "but I *can* inform you that your Lordship was turned out about an hour ago."

The following curious entry, under the date of October 1678, is said to occur in the register of Sunninghill parish church:—"Hic incipit Register eorum qui sepulti fuerunt in amiculo ferali ex lana ovina solũmodo composito." At that time, in connexion with every burial, an affidavit had to be made before a magistrate that the shroud used was made only of sheep's wool. The Act of 18 Chas. II. 1666 explains that this was "for lessening the importation of linen from beyond the seas, and for the encouragement of the woollen trade." In the time of Elizabeth, Maidenhead Thicket was notorious for its highway robberies, and until comparatively recent times Bagshot, Ascot, and Sunninghill were infested by highwaymen. "That most chivalrous of highwaymen, Claude Duval, the son of a respectable miller of Domfront, in Normandy," lived in a reed-thatched white cottage, with a cleverly-contrived hiding-place close to the chimney, on Bagshot Heath. Among his other exploits, he waylaid the Master of the Buckhounds as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, took fifty guineas from him, and left him bound hand and foot. The author professes to catch Mr. Frith in error in his picture of the well-known incident of Claude Duval's gallantry. To show the dangers from highwaymen at Bagshot he quotes Gay's couplet:—

> Prepared for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross,
> Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.

"A gentleman, stopped by two fellows, exclaimed, 'You're quite welcome to what I've got,' which turned out to be a blunderbuss, with which he shot them both dead on the spot." As Walpole and Lady Brown were going to play a rubber with the Duchess of Montrose, a mounted highwayman stopped them, took their purses, made a polite bow, and rode away. When Walpole condoled with the old lady on the loss of her purse she replied, "There's nothing but bad money in it. I keep it on purpose!" Whether she kept it on purpose to deceive highwaymen or to pay her losses at whist does not appear. Windsor Forest was a great resort of gypsies. Footpads also infested the neighbourhood. "In 1769 a formidable gang of gypsies, highwaymen, and smugglers made Knaphill Wood their headquarters." A gang, known as the "Waltham Blacks," went about robbing deer-parks and fishponds in 1722. A special Act of Parliament was passed with a view to the capture and destruction of this band, and in 1723 forty of them were caught. Four of the worst were hanged in chains in Windsor Forest, others were transported, and the gang was broken up. A gallows stood at one time on the present site of Mr. Waterer's nursery-gardens at Bagshot.

A very large part of Windsor Forest used to consist of forest rather in the Highland than in the modern English sense of the word. It was, in fact, to a great extent an almost treeless waste of heath, fern, and morass. There were, however, woods here and there, and a remnant of the primæval forest may still be seen at Swinley. A few statistics are given about some of the oaks in the forest. Two of the largest are near Cranbourn Lodge. At six feet from the ground one of them has a circumference of thirty-eight feet, and the other, at four feet above the ground, measures thirty-six feet. At Sunninghill Park there is a remarkable oak, which has a girth of thirteen feet, and rises for seventy feet before it puts out a branch. In connexion with the geology of the district, there is a description of a curious formation under the soil in the neighbourhood, known locally as "the Pan." It seems that it is a sort of iron conglomerate, about six inches thick, lying between two and three feet below the surface of the ground, and in some places much lower. "No crop can be hoped for until this cold, impervious layer is broken up"; and it "is in reality accumulated iron-rust (aggregation of iron oxide), washed by rain and streams down through the gravel or sandy gravel till it rests on the next impervious surface, which in this district is sand choked with fine particles of clay and rust." The water in the neighbourhood is good; but, like all water from peaty moorlands, it is apt to become poisonous if carried through leaden pipes. As to the once celebrated waters at Sunninghill, the author went to the well with the object of tasting them, but found that nature had covered it "over with a gauzy veil of bright verdure," by which we conclude that he means what vulgar people call green slime. It may surprise some people to learn that a few black game are still to be found on Bagshot Heath.

This book contains twenty-two full-page engravings, and seventeen "engravings in text." They vary very much in merit; and, taken as a whole, they may, perhaps, be better described as very nice indeed than as very good. There is much that we can conscientiously praise in them; but, when one thinks of Windsor Forest, its oaks, its Scotch firs, its heather, its glades, its river, its villages, and its old buildings, one can hardly help reflecting that the opportunities afforded to the artists were exceptionally fine, and that a better use might possibly have been made of them. There is a useful map, a short index, and, of course, a list of subscribers.

GATHERINGS OF A SOUL.*

THE genius of "C. E. W." is so very peculiar that it is impossible to guess with any pretence of assurance what "C. E. W.'s" sex may be. The *Gatherings* consist in part of verse, and in part of prose essays, some of them decidedly sermons, and others not—and in part of the two mixed. The verse is, on the whole, rather more distinguished, and shall therefore be considered first.

"C. E. W." has carried one or two principles of the poetic art, hitherto generally considered to be heterodox, to a degree of practical efficiency seldom attained by other poets. One of these is that a word rhymes with itself. Another, that in the construction of rhymes consonants may be left out of account. Another, that it is a telling device to sling in several extra feet where they are least expected. And there are others, not peculiar to "C. E. W.," but unusually well worked by him. Our first example of his lyrical abilities shall indicate the free use of such little words as pronouns and prepositions which he considers permissible to a master-spirit. It is an extract from some lines accompanying a gift of an apparently china plate:—

> . . . . . .
> The hand that has trac'd it has finish'd:
> I present it to you to be thine.
>
> When you look at it, will you think of,
> Of the dear happy days gone by?
> Of me will you sometimes think of,
> And long for me with a sigh?

The task of selection is difficult, but it would be unfair to "C. E. W." not to exhibit at least one specimen at some length, and the following stanzas, taken from a poem entitled "Sleep," will, perhaps, serve as well as any to give a general idea of his style and substance:—

> Why is it, after sleep—sweet sleep—
> We feel altogether complete—so complete?
> So fresh, so good-humoured, so happy are we,
> We feel like the little child, little wee-wee;
>
> We feel so refreshed, so free from all care,
> We feel, there's no doubt of it, we are all there;
> No languor have we, no fatigue do we feel,
> But are ready to sit down to strawberries and cream.
>
> "I'll tell you, good friend, the power I possess.
> I'll put you to sleep, then sleep's your night-dress;
> Wrapt in it so closely, you sleep like a child,
> And when you awake, you feel like the child that has smiled."

The meaning of this, as of much other first-rate poetry, must be clear to the meanest intelligence. The following stanza is from "My Birdies," a poem appearing to refer to the author's children:—

> Only a little birdie
> That's fond of a great big route;
> Only a kickseontey
> That's so sweet to try and make out.

Tastes differ. We have laboured hard and long to make out "kickseontey," and the endeavour has not been sweet. Its only result has been to enable us to affirm with certainty, based upon a careful examination of every other stanza in the poem, that "kickseontey" rhymes with "birdie." An alternative problem is the assimilation of the philosophy inculcated in the following quatrain:—

> Then don't for a moment give way to despair,
> The difficulty is to get it at first;
> But once having got it, it grows—look there—
> As big like the great sea's thirst.

It must be admitted that the rhymes here are commonplace in themselves, but the sense of the second and third lines and the syntax of the last more than make up for that.

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* *Gatherings.* By C. E. W. London: Leadenhall Press.

We are in danger of neglecting "C. E. W.'s" prose. It is full of charm and originality. In a sermon called "The Toothache" occurs this hypothetical episode:—"We meet our friend with a palpitating heart. Will she be offended with us?" She won't. With a dexterous change from the first to the second person plural "you go up quietly"; and, behold! "she looks fresh as a daisy—the pink of perfection, a perfect doat. You never thought so before." It does seem a novel turn of expression. "C. E. W." is a master of metaphor, and therewith an enlightened person, and one who knows his own advantages. He thinks nothing of "those good old days, that are not a patch upon the present day, with the lap of luxury always staring us in the face." He has "known of young men that read at night with damp towels round their heads in the stillness of the starry night, while the other members of the family slumbered and slept. Ay, and read till their nose bled from the overworked brain that called out so loudly for rest." This passage is capable of several constructions. Our own inclination is to the opinion that the overworked and ululatory brains were those of the young men with towels, and that the noses which bled were those of the slumbering and sleeping (and reading) family. But each reader must settle for himself.

The volume contains a truly remarkable piece—an essay rather than a sermon—about the Boat-race. At the end of it the author drops into poetry, beginning "Oh, for the joy of a mind at rest! Oh, what a flood of delight!" And anon comes this:—

> And 'tis ever just so, just see,
> The winner of the great boat-race
> Is never surer than me;
> 'Tis the last oar that wins the boat-race.

In the name of poesy what does the last line mean? Does it mean that the boat which is best stroked always wins? The critics did not say so last Easter. Or that the oarsman who passes the post last wins? It is not so believed generally. Or that he wins for the other side? We cannot carry the speculation further.

GUIDE-BOOKS AND TRAVEL-BOOKS.*

WHEN guide-books delay their time of firing off till the latter end of the month of August or the beginning of that of September they risk the missing of their game for that year. We have, however, some before us which deserve the attention of belated holiday-makers who, by fate or choice, take soft-eyed September and October not quite so soft-eyed to be their play-time. Among these we can give as usual a first place to a new (the fifth) edition of one of Messrs. Baddeley & Ward's excellent Guides, that to North Devon and North Cornwall, which would seem to have been among the most popular of all, *nec mirum*; for it may be doubted whether any country in the world can show a more beautiful and varied stretch of coast than that from Minehead to the Land's End. The principal changes in the volume are the insertion of new and careful maps of Exmoor and the North Devon coast generally, as far as Hartland—maps much wanted, for, as not a few pedestrians know to their cost, the old Ordnance maps and all based on them were very nearly useless. We observe that the former well-deserved malediction on the drainage and water of Newquay is changed into good words, and that the mysterious commination of the hotels at an unnamed watering-place has disappeared. It was, perhaps, no part of Mr. Ward's business to bewail the increasing vulgarization (to which he may possibly feel that he has guiltlessly contributed) of the loveliest part of England. But to people who are not fond of holiday crushes, it may be whispered or shouted that almost the whole country of this Guide is nearly intolerable between the beginning of July and the middle of September, and that its deterioration within not very long-lived memory is ghastly. With "Cliff railways" at Lynton, with Ilfracombe turned into a kind of Margate, and with the sweet simplicity of Newquay exchanged for huge *table d'hôte* rooms with hideous scene-painting on the walls, German waiters, and 'Arries in blazers lolling on couches at midday in the presence of ladies, with residential estates at Woolacombe, and all the rest of it—a man may, half in bitterness and half in gladness of soul, thank Heaven that he knew these things in the year of *Poems and Ballads*. Clovelly, Boscastle, Tintagel, and a few other places, are nearly unspoilable, but they are extremely crowdable. So the wise may be advised to go either very early or very late in the year, when the German waiter's engagements are not and 'Arry suspends the useless if not votive blazer.

The reproach of untimeliness or belatedness cannot be made against a new edition of the admirable *Orient Guide*, the editing and much of the writing of which is due to Mr. Loftie, and which, good as it was at first, has been transformed into something still better by the care taken with successive editions. After the large alterations made in the third edition, it would be unreasonable to expect many changes in the fourth, though even here there are some, and all of them, such as the improvement in the maps, for the better. The numbers mentioned as having been sold of this Guide would be almost unbelievable, if its price were not out of all proportion to the amount of good reading and good embellishment that it contains. The sternest opponent of capital might pause when he reflects that without it you certainly would not get for half-a-crown a very comely small quarto of some three hundred and fifty pages, with maps that will almost save a thrifty man the expense of an atlas for general use, some score of really useful charts, plenty of illustrations, and "letter-press" (to adopt that insulting word), about the most interesting places by the most eminent hands.

Mr. Braye's Guide to Swanage is a big, cheap, and rather unusually careful book for a local guide, containing a considerable amount of scientific and historical information, and a large and very good map of the Isle of Purbeck and its adjacencies, and numerous illustrations. There are some quaint but not unpleasing expressions of personal opinion, and the writers' enthusiasm for their subject is good. Here, we fear, is another example of the "spoiling" which goes on interruptedly, and alas! almost irremediably. When Swanage was only to be reached by road transit from Wareham it was one of the most delightful watering-places in England, and its natural advantages are so great that, like some other places, it is almost beyond the possibility of spoiling wholly. But it can be mobbed if it cannot be spoilt, and we are not entirely sure that mobbing is not the worse evil of the two.

A pamphlet describing the Grand-Ducal Park and Gardens at Oldenburg is not quite a guide-book, but it is so well illustrated and so well worth turning over that we think it deserving of mention here as in the most convenient place.

Mr. George F. Chambers's well known *Tourist's Pocket Book* has come into its fourth edition, a by no means ill-deserved honour. In these *omnium gatherums* of hints there are always some things that some people do not want, and others that others may make mock at. But Mr. Chambers has really got together a very considerable amount of, at least, possibly useful matter. His list of books is good; though he does not mention Mr. Bellows's French dictionary, which is by far the most suitable for the purpose. His "requisites," though a little numerous, are also good. But the statement that "Murray's hotel recommendations are usually very trustworthy; *this can be said of no other guide-books, English or foreign*" is far too sweeping. When he says that boots should not be too heavy or too thick, we are inclined to rejoin that it is almost impossible for boots to be either. The mere weight of boots makes very little difference in "tiredness," while the additional liability to sprain, bruise, and cut the feet which every ounce and every line saved in weight and thickness carries with it, is a very serious evil. It may be good for woman to have power on her head; but man should certainly have power on his feet. Mr. Chambers's medical hints are sound, his prescriptions safe, and his cypher code would be very useful were it not that nine times out of ten the person to whom it became suddenly necessary to use it would not understand. In his vocabularies, at least those of them which are in the less familiar languages, a cause may be found of innocent amusement in foolish moments. How much simpler would it be if all these misguided foreigners would speak English in the natural way! Why does the mild Hindoo say "Ane jane ka tickli" (which sounds like an invitation to those innocent sports in which our ancestors seem to have indulged freely, but which now lead to the police court), when he simply means "a return ticket"? May not a man's indignation with the wicked Turk rise almost to the point of Mr. Gladstone's when he finds that Turk bestowing upon ham, the useful ham, tired traveller's sweet restorer (especially with chutney and Nepaul pepper), the ridiculous appellation of *Domouz pasturmassé*? It is true that his hereditary foe is not better off for brevity, if it be so that a Russian has no better term for oil than *derevianoie maslo*. Here, too, may man see once more displayed in parallel columns the extraordinary trouble which Dutchmen, Danes, and Swedes take to mask the fact that their languages are only English badly spelt. And thus the tedium of a waiting-room may be something beguiled.

Although outcries are raised now and then by lazy, antiquated, or "nesh" persons against the doctrine, there can be little doubt that one of the great zests and relishes of amusement to healthy and manly British youth is the making of itself thoroughly uncomfortable. There comes no doubt certainly to most, and probably to almost all, a time when the zest disappears, and foolish is he who attempts to make believe that it is still present. But it ought to have existed at some time or other. He who has never felt the peculiar delight of looking back on a day spent—it may be mediately in pursuit of sport, it may be immediately in mountain-climbing, or even mere walking for its own sake—in reducing the feet to a mass of blisters, in experiencing small deluges from the brim of the hat at each alteration of its relation to the plane of the horizon, in ascending slopes till the knees totter, and descending them till the loins ache, in nearly (quite might be too much) tumbling over precipices, in being bogged, benighted among screes, deprived of his dinner, buffeted, drenched, and generally bullied by all the powers of the air—he knows ye not, ye earthly powers. And perhaps while

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* *Thorough Guide Series—North Devon and North Cornwall.* By C. S. Ward. Fifth Edition. London: Dulau.

Orient Guide. London: Sampson Low; Stanford.

Swanage. Edited by John Braye. London: Everett.

Die grossherzoglichen Gärten und Parkanlagen zu Oldenburg. Von H. Ohrt. Oldenburg und Leipzig: Schwartz.

The Tourist's Pocket Book. By G. F. Chambers. Fourth Edition: London: Seeley.

Gipsy Tents and How to Use Them. By G. R. Lowndes. London: "Field" Office.

The Illustrated Guide to Felixstowe. By Dr. J. E. Taylor. Third edition. London and Norwich: Jarrold.

thus suffering he has been as well employed as in that process of sitting on his bed and whimpering which the German thought the noblest of occupations, though no doubt there are times for that too. As a contribution to this great art of making one's self uncomfortable for the fun of it, we think that Mr. Lowndes's *Gipsy Tents, and How to Use Them* deserves high commendation. We speak not in the least sarcastic. But the maximum of discomfort and of freedom is never really attained till you camp out. You may walk from six o'clock in the morning to ten at night across Highland hills or Yorkshire fells, but if you have a roof over your head at last, and somebody to cook for you—be it only a miner's hut and the miners thereof, or a bothy and its shepherd—you are still, to some extent, sophisticated. You pursue the disgraceful ideal of the Anglo-Saxon race—"le confort." Mr. Lowndes appears to think that you may be comfortable in a tent, and most of all in a gipsy tent; but

> His comfort rooted in discomfort stands,
> And rest unrestful keeps him roughly snug.

We do protest that, not so very many years ago, the reading of his book would have made us sell all that we had, buy a dozen ash rods, a pine ridge-pole, and some red blankets, and set forth gipsying and to gipsy. As it is, we are content with reading him, which is very good pastime. We suspect, indeed (or, rather, we need not use so doubtful a word), that, except in dexterous hands, the process of constructing and erecting his ash-rod and blanket elysium would be no means so easy, and that the winds of heaven would make sport of it long before night was past. Just as the people (for there are such abominable ones) who never have headaches affect to scorn the disease as effeminate, those who have dexterous hands never appreciate the genuine and unaffected inability of other collections of fingers and thumbs to construct. In Mr. Lowndes's hands, no doubt, these rods, and blankets, and safety-pins, and loops might, with the blessing of the upper powers, turn into a structure fit to resist a south-wester. In the hands of others they certainly would not. The lowness of the gipsy tent, too, which makes abode in it something like the punishment of Cardinal Balue, would be very much against it with some persons. But, after making these objections, we fully admit its merits. Lightness is one; portability (even putting lightness, for the moment, out of the question) is another; independence of that troublesome article the tent-peg, and of the perpetual necessity for slackening or tightening guy-ropes, is a third; the saving of the practically useless space where the sides of the ordinary ridge-tent or bell-tent meet the ground and where they form the apex is a fourth. It is also, no doubt, much better suited to give the genuine "sense of the roads" than a neat marquee. Endless and most ingenious dodges may be adapted to it; and, above all, it has the great charm of being about the simplest term of tenting. A good deal of the book is, of course, occupied with advice as to kit, cooking apparatus, and so forth—advice which is applicable to other forms of vagabondage. And, indeed, Mr. Lowndes pays some special attention to the caravan. He has, besides, some useful hints as to where, and at what price, things are to be got. On one only point we should like him to have been a little more explicit. Little birds whisper that the fancy for camping out leads to not a little very unjustifiable trespassing, not to say to making free with other people's portable property, especially in the neighbourhood of rivers. We think Mr. Lowndes has somewhere inserted an "after permission has been obtained"; but this is not quite enough when the natural thoughtlessness of youth is, as it is nowadays, stimulated by the trash talked about "access to mountains" and about landlords' tyranny generally. No gentleman ought to force himself on another man's woods or fields, any more than he would force himself into that man's drawing-room; while the unceremonious looting, complicated sometimes with serious and wanton damage to hedges, &c., which may go on under the guise of fuel-gathering, is even worse morals, if not quite such bad manners.

Another of Messrs. Jarrold's Guides reaches us in the shape of the third edition of their handbook to Felixstowe—not exactly a new watering-place, but one the growth of which during the last half-dozen years has probably, in proportion to its original size, equalled that of any watering-place in the kingdom. More's the pity, a good many people will think and say; but the thinking and saying are alike useless. It is fair to remark, however, that Felixstowe, though a nice little place enough, never had any very great beauty to spoil, so that it would be rather unkind to grudge the extension of a new sea-bathing resort near London, with golf links handy, and a real town (a deep, though usually unacknowledged, comfort to the holiday-maker) close by in Ipswich. Dr. Taylor's Guide requires no particular criticism. It is of the kind on which we have often commented, and it might be better without any great difficulty, but it also might be worse.

We have received from the same publishers a third edition of Mr. Moll's useful *Guide to Fishing in Norfolk Waters*; from 125 Fleet Street a new edition of Mr. Percy Lindley's *Walks in the Ardennes*, with a pleasant companion to it, *Walks in Holland*; from Guy & Co., Cork, the sixteenth issue of a penny *Tourist Route* [by Glengariff] to Killarney; and from Messrs. Orelli, Füssli, & Co., Zürich, two more parts of *Illustrated Europe*, dealing with Transylvania and the great Hungarian plain.

NINE CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

WITHIN these narrow limits it would be impossible to do justice to the ingenuity and labour expended upon the third volume of *Cicero's Correspondence*; all that will be attempted here is to give a general notion of a work which is being watched with much interest in the world of scholarship. By associating Mr. L. C. Purser with himself Professor Tyrrell appears to have considerably accelerated his progress, and it is now hoped that the two final volumes will be issued "in the course of the next three or four years." The period covered in this third volume includes an episode in Cicero's life which is frequently neglected—his provincial administration—not because it is not interesting in itself, but because it stands outside the main current of events at one of the most discussed and yet least understood epochs of ancient history. The editors do full justice to the purity of Cicero's intentions, and make full allowance for the embarrassments which he did not combat too vigorously, and they seem to thoroughly enjoy themselves while they are stripping the last rags of character from the paragon of republican virtue, the Brutus who was incorruptible in Rome but practised abroad the vilest cruelties of the most extortionate usurers. The editors do not greatly blame Cicero because he failed to protect the Salaminians from demands at once illegal and unconscionable; but they point out that he was trying to reconcile things which were irreconcilable, the interest of the province and the interests of the publicans. And they add, in spite of Cicero's undoubtedly honest laudations of an administration intended to be honest, that he made no attempt to develop the resources of the country or to permanently improve its institutions. More attractive and hardly less important is their character-sketch of Marius Cælius Rufus, done, it must be confessed, somewhat in the style of *Celebrities at Home*, and occasionally descending to the level of *Mainly about People*. Of the "celebrated Clodia leading at this time a brilliant but wildly dissipated life," immortalised by Catullus "in verses passionate in love and hate," we are told that she was a subject for romance ("romance, too, which would not stray very far from the domain of actual history"); we are treated to a view of her large burning eyes, her patrician graces and beauty, her savage loves and hates, her Claudian pride, her Claudian recklessness, and her Roman heartlessness—*la belle dame sans merci*, as the editors call her. But the eccentricities and even the vulgarities which disfigure this very cheap kind of word-painting must not blind us to the admirable qualities of the more solid part of the editors' work—the careful discussion of the literary style of Cælius, the accurate analysis and interesting narrative of political events at a complicated period of history, the labour not unsuccessfully spent upon a text which is sometimes defiant in its difficulties, and the happy interpretations and comments which may be found in almost every page of the Notes. They are so easy to read and understand that we are at first inclined to suspect them; and it is only when we compare them with the more repellent, but not therefore more solid, work of other commentators that we appreciate their real merit.

Some twelve years have passed since Dr. Hime issued the first edition of his *Introduction to the Latin Language*. The second edition, now before us, will be welcomed by those who agree with him (and with ourselves) in thinking that a good deal of time and money may be wasted on a succession of ill-arranged and unconnected primers and delectuses and exercise-books. It is Dr. Hime's purpose to combine in two manageable volumes all that a boy need learn until he is started on Latin texts and Latin prose. Dr. Hime has spared no pains in making the pages eyeable (a great aid to memory), and his explanations intelligible (not a common virtue). We do not attach so much merit as he does to his own account of the Subjunctive Mood, nor do we see what good he effects by asking immature boys to believe with

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* *The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero.* With a Revision of the Text, a Commentary, and Introductory Essays. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., D.Lit. Q. Univ., LL.D. Edin., Fellow and Regius Professor of Greek, Trinity College, Dublin; and Louis Claude Purser, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.; London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

An Introduction to the Latin Language. By Maurice C. Hime, Headmaster of Foyle College, Londonderry. Dublin: Sullivan Brothers. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The Annals of Tacitus. Books I.–VI. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indexes, by William Francis Allen, Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin. Boston, U.S.A., and London: Ginn & Co.

Virgil's Æneid. Books I.–III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. L. Papillon, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of New College; and A. E. Haigh, M.A., late Fellow of Hertford, and Classical Lecturer at Corpus Christi and Wadham Colleges, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Platonis Euthyphro. With Introduction and Notes. By J. Adam, M.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

On the Teaching of Composition: a Lecture. By A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

Translations into Greek and Latin Verse. By Cecil H. St. L. Russell, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Percival & Co.

Cicero pro Roscio. With Introduction and Notes. By St. George Stock, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Græco-Roman Institutions from Anti-Evolutionist points of view. Four Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, by Emil Reich, Doctor Juris, Author of "Lectures on the History of Civilization." Oxford and London: Parker & Co.

Madvig that the Accusative is used with the Infinitive because "the Accusative is originally the word without further definitive distinction," whereas "a peculiar form, the Nominative, has been devised in the Masculine and Feminine to denote the word as a Subject." The book is well arranged throughout, and it will be found especially useful by candidates for second-rate diplomas and certificates who have to be their own teachers. They will find here all that they are likely to require. And some parts may be recommended to schoolmasters as likely to give them hints in teaching.

The late Professor Allen's edition of the *Annals of Tacitus* (I.—VI.) would be a more generally useful book if more attention had been given to the language of the author. But Professor Allen seems to have been primarily a historian, and devoted most of his energy to explaining the subject-matter. That is a rare quality in classical commentators and should not be rashly discouraged, but in this case it seems to have been carried just a little too far. It is true that the textual criticism has not been quite overlooked, and that a careful list of the more characteristic idioms of Tacitus has been inserted in the introduction. The value of the historical and archæological notes is increased by an unfailing clearness of statement and directness of view, and the geographical doubts and difficulties which occur here and there are discussed with much care and intelligence.

Mr. Papillon's elegant and accurate Virgilian scholarship is so well known that we need not notice at any length his new edition of the *Æneid* (I.-III.), which he has revised with the assistance of Mr. A. E. Haigh. The only fault to be found with it is that some of the notes have been too much condensed; *e.g.* the authenticity of the much-debated passage in the Second Book, 567-588 (describing the rage of Æneas at the sight of Helen, crouching at Vesta's threshold after the fall of Troy, *Troiæ et patriæ communis Erinys*) is dismissed in a dozen lines. They are suggestive and stimulative, but only to an intelligent reader. It is easy to find excuses for brevity at a time when the majority of class-books are padded with verbose twaddle. And this edition will meet all the reasonable needs of an ordinary class taught by a competent master, or of an undergraduate who is not hopelessly backward. It is handy in size and beautifully printed.

For a beginner in Plato it could not be easy to find a better book than Mr. Adam's edition of the *Euthyphro*. The argument is neatly analysed step by step, and a good general view of the whole is given in the Introduction. The Notes supply all the help that is needed—rather more than is needed—for the interpretation of the language. And the difficulties which occur in the text are lucidly discussed, but mainly from the only point of view which would be profitable to young students—their bearing on the context. A good many of the Notes might have been omitted, not because they are wrong, but because they ought to be found superfluous.

In a booklet *On the Teaching of Composition*, a lecture, which Mr. Arthur Sidgwick has thought worthy of being printed, he is at least discussing an art which he practises with success. He abounds in good advice, but we are not sure that a teacher of composition can be made by the study of manuals. Nor again are we sure that Mr. Sidgwick is right when he says that it is "almost necessary" in the case of "advanced or difficult composition for the teacher to do the piece which he has set his boys." Some of the most suggestive teaching may be given when the master's mind may be seen at work by his boys—tackling the difficulties as they occur to him and as they might occur to them. Of course, it is easier for the master, if he is an unresourceful scholar, to come to his task with his versions cut and dried. But is it equally useful to the boys? They just take down the neat renderings, and afterwards reproduce, or perhaps forget, them.

Mr. C. H. Russell has turned out some meritorious scholarly, but not any striking, bits of composition in his *Translations into Greek and Latin Verse*. Here is a pretty but rather meaningless feat:—

> στιγμὰς ἀνευρεῖν τέτταρας ζητητέον
> διακειμένος τοιῷδ' ἐς ἀλλήλας τρόπῳ
> ὥστ' ὀρθίαισι γωνίαις γραμμὴν πεσεῖν
> τὴν θατέρω ξεύξασαν ἐπὶ τῇ θατέρω.

(To find four points such that the line joining any two is perpendicular to the line joining the other two.) The merits and the faults of Mr. Russell's style may both be judged from his version of the well-known lines:—

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been brokenhearted.

> Ni modo tam mollis mulsisset flamma medullas,
> Ni modo tam cæcus præcipitasset amor;
> Ni modo junxisset, ni secrevisset eosdem
> Sors mala; non miseris hic ferus angor erat.

Very good Ovid, but very poor Burns! But while the Headmaster of Harrow is telling the readers of the *Contemporary Review* that the Latin and Greek verses done at school will be regarded by the historian of education with the same amused curiosity as the skeleton of an extinct mammal by a schoolboy in a museum, it is pleasant to find a young scholar like Mr. Russell maintaining not the worst traditions of the old-fashioned elegance.

With a laudable respect for the powers that be, Mr. Stock tells us that a text good enough for the University of Oxford is good enough for him, and in his edition of the *Pro Roscio* he has simply reproduced that of Baiter and Kaiser. His notes are useful and, where they have been tested, accurate. They are carefully designed to save trouble, and they shirk no difficulty because it is too little. We are reminded, for instance, that *non modo* may stand for *non modo non*, and so on, and so on. But we cannot commend the language of Mr. Stock's account of rhetorical styles, as when he says of the Asiatic style (apparently imitating it) that, "when eloquence set sail from the Peiræus, it lost its pristine health and purity, and became contaminated with foreign manners." The analysis of the subject-matter will be found useful for examinations.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Emil Reich, in reprinting his Oxford lectures on *Græco-Roman Institutions*, has chosen to label them as delivered from "an anti-evolutionist point of view." He is at great pains to show that no real analogy can be drawn between the history of Roman Law and the development of animal organisms. There are, he says, no "variations" and no "survivals" in Roman law. But the aggressiveness of the non-scientific "Darwinians" abroad is no excuse for bothering English heads with a fallacy not likely to trouble them. And the superfluous discussion (though Dr. Emil Reich makes it a central point in his ingenious study of Roman Law) tends to overshadow the practical value of his more casual observations. The ready-made perfection of Roman Law he traces to the institution of *Infamia*. The man who evaded his civil liabilities became subject to criminal penalties; being deprived of his civic rights, he lost all that was most valuable in Roman life; the very severity of this criminal-civil liability made it necessary for the Romans to perfect without delay their system of Private Law—lest intolerable hardships should arise under a wrongful construction of it—and to keep it untainted by any extraneous considerations, not even admitting those of custom, politics, or religion. That is why the Romans at an early stage of their civilization developed (we beg Dr. Emil Reich's pardon for a word which may give him offence) a system of law so complete and logical that it can be compared with nothing before or after it, so scientific and all-embracing that it could be adopted and maintained by other nations. Incidentally Dr. Emil Reich mentions that the very precision and comprehensiveness of the Roman system made it a ready instrument of oppression. It was introduced in the fifteenth century by the petty rulers of Germany and the adjoining countries, because they "were on the look-out for effective means how to minimize the political activity of their subjects." So they ousted the ancient popular law and replaced it with the Roman. And of Cujacius and Donellus—"civilians of such colossal grandeur that the greatest of modern civilians are dwarfed into comparative insignificance"—he tells us that they and their colleagues in Bourges, Orleans, and Paris were among the chief causes of the downfall of popular liberty in France, because they sapped the foundations of French popular law. But in England and America we learn that the Roman Law will never be adopted in its entirety so long as the Constitutions remain unchanged—for the simple reason that "Anglo-American jurists are *first* Englishmen or Americans and *then* jurists." We should like to say something about the bearing of Dr. Emil Reich's theory of *Infamia* on his theory of Slavery and the *Patria Potestas*; but we must be content to refer our readers to this admirable little pamphlet, stuffed full of deep, suggestive, and occasionally daring thought. Nor is the style in the least degree repellent. Dr. Emil Reich has a taste for the piquant and the paradoxical. He is nearly flippant when he says that "the Vienna valse has proved one of the strongest pillars of the Austrian dynasty." This is to illustrate his theory, a common, if somewhat exaggerated one, that classical civilization was marked by what he calls "the lack of private life." His inference is that public life cannot be vigorous where private life is attractive. In modern France he warns us not to look for a spirit of "self-relying popular politics" until Frenchmen cease to be enamoured of their theatres, concerts, salons, and other amusements and distractions. Upon Dr. Emil Reich's theory we ought to be thankful for the present bitterness of party strife in England.

ACROSS THE BORDER.*

THE North-Western Frontier has always been India's most sensitive point. It was here that the tide of invasion for centuries rolled in upon the fair plains and peaceful populations of Hindustan, and that Greek, Persian or Monghul started on the march in quest of booty or of empire. Recent events have done much to enhance the traditional sensitiveness. Lord Dalhousie's annexation of the Panjab brought the British frontier into immediate contact with the danger which threatened from the West. The progress of Russia made that danger imminent. The old policy of inaction, called in question by Lord Lytton, temporarily resumed by Lord Ripon, and finally repudiated by his successor, is now beyond the pale of serious discussion. With a Russian railway from the Caspian to Samarcand, a Russian flotilla on the Oxus, and Russian outposts within an easy canter of Herat, there is no longer any question of leaving events to develop themselves as they will in Afghanistan, and awaiting at the Indian end of the Khaiber Pass, or on the Indian side of the Indus, the moment which Russia may select for hurling the levies of Central Asia against a British army. Our disgraceful ignorance

* *Across the Border; or, Pathân and Beloach.* By G. E. Oliver, M.Inst.C.E., &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

of the topography of a region in which English troops might, any day, be called to operate has given way before a more intelligent and enterprising *régime*. An English general operating in Afghanistan would no longer be, as he would have been a decade ago, wandering in a *terra incognita*, the victim of incalculable surprises and unexpected accidents. Our military preparations are now sufficiently advanced to justify the assertion that we hold the North-Western frontier in force. A twofold railway system to Quetta enables us to operate when we please, and on what scale we please, in the Pishin Plateau, and, now that we have pierced the Kwaja Amram mountains at the Khojak, to dominate Candahar. A continuous line of railway, following the left bank of the Indus from Attok to Kurrachee, ensures to the whole line of defence the prompt arrival of English reinforcements. This military line already is in direct communication at various important points with the Indian railway system to the East, and from Lahore, Jhelum, Guzerat, and Mooltan all the resources of India could forthwith be poured in with adequate promptitude and with adequate rapidity, to meet any military emergency. The new railways are supplemented by a series of first-class roads on the west side of the Indus, which would greatly facilitate the rapid movement of the forces brought by the railways to the scene of action, and by fortified positions, which would effectually occupy an invading army till reinforcements could arrive. The frontier force, no longer an independent army under the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, has been placed—as every rule of military efficiency demanded—with the rest of the British force, under the Commander-in-Chief, and is in a condition of the highest efficiency. In the meanwhile an important movement has been going on among the warlike tribes of the frontier. The tact and skill of our political officers seem to have solved the difficult problem of adjusting our relations with communities to whom the traditions of diplomacy are unknown, and whose wild and ungovernable natures have hitherto defied every attempt alike at conquest and conciliation.

> Without bloodshed [says Mr. Oliver], without heart-burnings, without a sign of ill-feeling, a large portion of the Belooch country has quietly passed under settled government, has become an integral part of the Indian Empire, with no more loyal servants of the Crown than the men who but a few short years ago were distracted by constant intertribal warfare. Similar faculty for dealing with the most desperate and reckless of wild clansmen has in the Khyber raised among the Afridis levies second to no irregular troops in the world, and who under their commandant, Major Aslam Khan, showed, in the recent Black Mountain Expedition, what an immensely valuable additional store of force is waiting—anxiously waiting—to be utilized should the necessity arise.

Should this programme be effectively realized, and the Pathân and Belooch tribes be induced to live with us on terms of friendly subordination, and to enlist, as they seem inclined to do, in our army, the framers of our latest frontier policy may be congratulated on having met a very grave national anxiety with adroitness, insight, and success. Whatever trouble Russia may give us in this direction, we are now able to say that no reasonable means of resistance have been neglected, and we shall enter upon the conflict with all the confidence of thorough knowledge and preparedness.

One agreeable incident of the new order of things is that the "close system," if not formally condemned, is practically abandoned. It is no longer impossible for an officer, with a few weeks' leisure, to cross the border and devote his holiday to picking up useful information about the neighbouring country and its inhabitants. The British Government no longer labours under the undignified necessity of warning its subjects that its protection extends only within cannon range from its cantonments. The barbarous isolation in which these savage little frontier communities have lived, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them, is giving way before the growing conviction that the English have no design against their independence, and, meanwhile, are excellent paymasters and customers. Intercourse, which is felt to be mutually profitable, is likely to lead to increased intimacy; and we may hope to know more of races which, though full of interest, have hitherto remained a sealed book to the European student. Mr. Oliver's valuable volume shows how much there is in the Belooch and Pathân tribes which, from every point of view, is deserving of observation. It is all the more interesting from a series of admirable illustrations from the pencil of Mr. J. L. Kipling, who for many years past has been honourably associated with Indian art. Mr. Kipling at one time made it his especial object to reproduce the native handicraftsmen of India, with scientific accuracy, each one in the precise attitude proper to his trade. The result was a most vivid series of realistic sketches, full of life and nature; and the same excellent characteristic is observable in the present illustrations. Each is, obviously, drawn with conscientious precision from life, and no one who knows the physiognomy of the frontier Pathân or Beloochee can fail to admire the artistic skill with which feature, attitude, and expression have been caught. Each is a work of art, and the series gives a better idea than could be obtained from any verbal description of the strange mixture of majestic mien, well-chiselled feature, and ferocious or cunning expression which the frontier-man's face exhibits. The portrait of the Afghan fruit-seller is humorous in its fidelity. Here is his verbal portrait:—

> His loose, untidy dress, generally in a state of dirt beyond the washerwoman's cure, and often covered with a shaggy sheepskin coat, travel-stained and sweat-begrimed to an extent that proclaims the presence of the wearer to the nostrils, though he be out of sight in the crowd; his long, unkempt, and frayed locks, loosely held together by some careless twists of a coarse cotton turban, soiled to the last degree, if not tattered, also add to the wildness of his unwashed and weather-worn features; while his loud voice and rough manners complete the barbarian he is proud to pass for.

The volumes abound in sketches equally picturesque.

Mr. Oliver goes systematically through the tribes from South to North, and has something curious to tell of the history, religion, customs, and the government of each. Religion, though indulgent to perjury, murder, wild commerce with women, and a loose proprietory sense as regards bullocks, plays a prominent part in the life of the Pathâns. The mollah or priest is an exceedingly sacred person, and the Pathân who is unlucky enough to kill one will have difficulty in finding a resting-place among neighbouring tribes, reluctant to harbour so dangerous a refugee. Even an Afridi, who for the most part sticks at nothing, will refuse hospitality in such a case. One such unfortunate had a rough experience.

> Wearied at being hunted from tribe to tribe, he bethought himself of repentance. "None of you will have me," he said; "then I will, at any rate, do something to make you. I can but be a martyr. I will go and kill a Sahib." So back he came to Peshawur cantonment, and walked down to the Mall to look for a victim. Not finding one handy, he turned off and "went for" a rough-rider sergeant in difficulties with a troublesome horse, at whom he took deliberate aim. As luck would have it, the first bullet was stopped by a range-finder the sergeant had on him; but, before the latter could go for his assailant, the Pathân got another bullet through the sergeant's helmet and made a bolt for it. A plucky native ran in, and the man was ultimately secured, tried by the commissioner the same evening, and, under summary powers, hanged next morning—perfectly satisfied, as he declared, with himself for having expiated his offence, and with only one request to make, which was granted, that his body might not be burnt.

Amongst such people the vendetta, of course, is a primary obligation, and a blood feud is almost a necessity to any gentleman of character and position. The Pathân soldier must occasionally have leave on "urgent private affairs," and everybody knows what the euphemism means. If he comes back he has killed his man; if he does not, he has met too good a foe. Mr. Oliver tells a good story of two men, Mauladin Khan and Isa Khan, uncle and nephew, who were known to have a bad blood feud. Both served in the ranks together with exemplary courage and propriety, but their officers knew that, if ever they got leave together, only one would return. A new officer unfortunately gave leave to both; Isa Khan came back alone, having preluded his holiday by a walk of a hundred and seventy miles, from Bunnoo to Dera Ismael Khan, in order to beg from a former officer some "straight shooting powder," in whose efficacy he had especial belief. If leave in such a case is refused, the man is bound to take French leave or to desert, and finds it difficult to understand the unsympathetic severity with which his proceeding is regarded by a hard-hearted commanding officer. Among the Peshawur Pathâns the mother's prayer is, that her child may grow up to be a successful thief, and a story is told of a precocious youngster who enlivened his studies by stabbing his tutor; his parents apologized for the lapse of manners on the ground that it was his first attempt! The general bloodthirstiness of the Peshawur people appears to have been too much for the nerves of the Commissioner. Five years' experience of it, he says, outweighed the wear and tear of all the rest of his Indian career. One Pathân in every three thousand in the Peshawur district is murdered annually, and the district, though constituting only a thirty-second part of the Panjab, contributes a third of the murders of the whole. Yet, despite his bloodthirstiness, the Pathân has an independence and nobility of his own:—

> He will come down, a stalwart, manly-looking ruffian, with frank and open manners, rather Jewish features, long hair plentifully oiled, under a high turban, with loose tunic, worn very long. He wears his clothes long in both senses—baggy drawers, a *lungi* or sash across his shoulders, grass sandals and sheepskin coat with the hair inside, thickly populated, a long heavy knife and a rifle, if he is allowed to carry either. He is certain to be filthy and he may be ragged; but he will saunter into a Viceregal Durbar as proud as Lucifer, and with an air of unconcern that a diplomatist might envy.

"Am I not a Pathân?" covers every delinquency, and justifies any amount of personal pride. Such men, of course, make troublesome foes, but admirable recruits, and, once trained as soldiers, sink every other consideration in military zeal, and fight against kith and kin without the least compunction. Mr. Oliver gives a careful enumeration of the numbers that each clan can bring into the field, and insists with earnestness on the prosecution of a policy whose object it is to secure that, whenever we have to fight beyond the Indus, we may have the inhabitants of the country our friends and not our foes. Under such conditions the Khaiber would, he believes, be impregnable. The military importance of Cabul, with a view to a foe advancing from the Helmund or Ghuzni on the south, or from Balk and Bamian to the west and north, is such that Mr. Oliver strongly urges the construction of a railway to that capital; a work which, he maintains, would involve no extraordinary physical difficulties, and to which the Amir might, if it were left in his hands, be induced to consent. Such a work would be the best of all possible replies to the menace conveyed by the Russian line to Samarcand; but the Amir and his brave henchmen must, indeed, have learnt much, and travelled fast, if they could regard so impressive a breach of their traditional exclusiveness without apprehension and dislike.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

HAPPY is the author who gets himself enshrined in any of M. Jouaust's collections (1); and not, perhaps, least happy he who, though not deemed worthy of the splendours of the *Bibliothèque artistique*, nor granted the renown of a *chef-d'œuvre*, has the entry of *Les petits classiques*, with Rotrou and St. Evremond, with Fontenelle and Voiture. Three of these, at least, would not hesitate to welcome the Prince de Ligne to be of their company. He was, indeed, something of a coxcomb, as when he said that the four happiest days of his life were the day when he first put on his uniform, the evening of his first battle, the day when somebody first said to him "I love you," and the first day he went out after the small-pox, adding, that he preferred the first and fourth, because they could not be repeated, while the second and third, "after the fifteenth repetition or so," lost their savour. A great many of the good things sometimes attributed to him are undoubtedly not his, for the very simple and excellent reason that they had also been attributed to others before him, and in some cases to others yet again before them. The "Mélanges philosophiques et humoristiques" given here have sometimes a certain eighteenth-century *fadeur* about them. But his letters are delightful, his portraits and personal sketches of the best kind, and his scattered traits as good as they can be. M. de Lescure, than whom no better editor could possibly have been chosen, seems to have endeavoured to obtain intelligence from the family as to any unpublished fragments, but without success. But what there is is quite good enough, and this collection or selection presents just the right quantity of it. For a surfeit of whipped cream is possible; and, though the Prince was very good cream, and most superiorly whisked, he was not, perhaps, very much more—except for a certain firmness of character under his apparent frivolity which was characteristic enough of his class.

We have before us two handsome volumes (2, 3), one the result of a public mission, the other of private enterprise, which have a certain community of subject, one dealing with the teaching of art, the other with the practice of one of its branches in England as seen by Frenchmen. In both there is remarkable, and, without foolish national vanity, agreeable evidence of the immense change in French opinion on such points which the last generation has seen. Up to, and for some time after, the Exhibition of 1851, Frenchmen had the utmost contempt, not merely for the industrial arts of England (in which, it must be confessed, they were for the moment justified, though the decadence was much more modern and accidental than they knew), but for English art proper. When they came over to see the second Exhibition of 1862, some of them woke up to the fact that in the South Kensington Museum England had not only an extraordinary collection, but the materials of a great revolution in theory and practice. Their own exhibition five years later revealed to them that Englishmen could paint. Another eleven years and that of 1878 disturbed their dream that an "article de Paris" was the only art article in the world; and yet another similar interval, ending last year, seems to have half-frightened them. M. Marius Vachon's very careful and courteous report ends with a serious caution that France must look to her laurels. Meanwhile M. Sédille has undertaken to expound English architecture to a people who—London being one of the worst places in the country to study that architecture, and the French rarely going beyond London—are probably even more ignorant of it than of anything else British. M. Sédille has taken the trouble to acquire a real knowledge of his subject, and his sketch of English architecture before the Gothic revival, if not faultless, is extremely creditable. The bulk of his book, however, as its title requires, is given to modern examples, which are abundantly illustrated both from the architects' own drawings and from the professional periodicals. We are glad to see that M. Sédille, though in a manner which makes us not quite certain that he has actually seen it, does justice to the most remarkable of all recent English churches, Mr. Pearson's cathedral at Truro. But he gives most space to, and seems to take most interest in, the hybrid domestic architecture—"Queen Anne" and other—of the last twenty years.

The Abbé de Périès's book on the Faculty of Law in the University of Paris (4) seems to deserve, and we hope to give it, more notice than can be summarily accorded here. We shall trust to return to it.

Father Coconnier (5) has been a professor of scholastic philosophy, and is a professor of dogmatic theology. Such an experience gives a man of any brains a terrible power of "upsetting" his enemies, though the enemies usually appeal to a perfectly ignorant gallery to know whether a poor *crétin* who potters over such subjects has a right to be heard. Father Coconnier in his book on the Soul attacks the materialists, and beats up their quarters in a way quite refreshing to see. But as friends, and in a manner brother initiates with him, we are bound to remind him that it is much easier to beat up the enemy's quarters than to hold the field yourself.

We may also note a French translation (Paris: Calmann Lévy) of Mr. Herbert's book on the centenary of French Republicanism, and a pamphlet, *Le change fossoyeur du libre échange*, by M. A. Allard (Bruxelles: Imprimerie Rucez), on one of those subjects whereat wise men shudder and evade.

(1) *Œuvres Choisies du Prince de Ligne.* Par M. Lescure. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(2) *L'Architecture moderne en Angleterre.* Par Paul Sédille. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(3) *Rapport sur les Musées et les Ecoles d'art industriel en Angleterre.* Par Marius Vachon. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

(4) *La faculté de droit dans l'ancienne Université de Paris.* Par l'Abbé G. de Périès. Paris: Larose et Furcel.

(5) *L'âme humaine, existence et nature.* Par le R. P. Marie Thomas Coconnier. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his *Sketch of the History of Fife and Kinross* (Blackwood & Sons) Mr. Æ. J. G. Mackay has avoided the antiquarian method generally adopted by writers of local histories, and aimed at presenting in concentrated form, while observing the strict limits of his subject, a miniature history of Scotland. This object, justified as it is by the very important share of Fife and Kinross in the making of Scottish history, is successfully realized by Mr. Mackay. His book is a mirror of Scottish history and character that none who consults can misread. "It is easy," says Mr. Mackay, "to exaggerate local fame and magnify local worthies." Much less easy is it to suggest how far the history of Fife is the history of Scotland, and to make such an illustrative or typical application of local history to the whole kingdom effective and convincing without failing to respect the law of due proportion in treating local matters. In this miniature history the position of Fifeshire is kept well in view, with its relation to the country at large, of which it was so frequently the centre and source of momentous national movements. For several centuries the land between Tay and Forth was the theatre of stirring events. The murder of Rothesay at Falkland is but the first of a long series of tragedies, sad stories of the death of kings, and other violent deeds, chronicled once again in Mr. Mackay's survey. Somewhat fuller treatment is accorded to Fifeshire history under the first five Jameses, Mary Stuart, and James VI. The murder of Cardinal Beaton, the rise of the Reformation, Mary's imprisonment at Lochleven, Knox's life at St. Andrews, the various attempts of the gentlemen of Fife to colonize the Lewes, the formation of the Solemn League and Covenant, Cromwell's brief sojourn in Fife after the fight at Pitreavie, the murder of Archbishop Sharp—that last chapter of barbarity in the annals of Fife—may be cited to show the rich material dealt with by the county historian. Mr. Mackay does not overrate the historical importance of certain local events in his excellent remarks on the performance of Lyndsay's satirical interlude, "The Three Estates," at Cupar in 1535, Knox's first sermon at St. Andrews, and the deputation of the Presbyterian Assembly to James VI. at Falkland, when Andrew Melville took the King by the sleeve, and said he was nothing but "God's silly vassal." There are, of course, many names among the illustrious who figure in Mr. Mackay's history of the little ancient kingdom of Fife who are not natives or worthies of Fife. Cromwell was only six days in the district after crossing the Forth and entering Burntisland; but, as Mr. Mackay says, with Cromwell begins the modern political history of Scotland, just as with Knox begins the modern Church history. Among more peaceful visitors may be named Defoe, Johnson, Pennant, and Carlyle, all of whom wrote notable impressions of the land and the natives. Adam Smith, Chalmers, Wilkie, and Campbell, the Lord Chancellor, are among the more prominent of modern worthies. But Mr. Mackay finds the worthies of Fife more numerous than he can catalogue, though his is a goodly list, while the character of the man of Fife is not easily expressed in clear, brief terms. If the Aberdeen man is more Scotch than the Scotch, the Fifer owns much that "lies outside of," yet is not foreign to, the ordinary Scotch character, and it is well to remember, as Mr. Mackay points out, that Scott wrote of the "Folk of Fife" in the dedication of his novels as if they were a distinct section of the Scottish people.

The Political Problem, by Albert Stickney (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), deals with an ancient source of complaint—namely, the want of accord between theory and practice, and it is not now for the first time uttered of that blessed thing Democratic Government. Mr. Stickney finds, after careful consideration of the working of government in the United States, that there is a deplorable difference between the Democratic theory and the Democratic practice. The supreme power in the State should be in the hands of the people, such is the theory; but does "this American people" find it realized in practice? Mr. Stickney trows not. "Will any one say that public men and public methods are under the supreme control of the people?" Do the people select and control their own servants? Mr. Stickney is convinced about it. The people are not so usefully employed. All they enjoy "in practice" is "a right of revolution." We always had imagined that the chief joy of living under Democratic rule was this same sacred right of revolution. And now Mr. Stickney very courageously questions the entire system of administration, popular election, and so forth, as practised in the United States. The best citizens, he declares, are debarred by that system from public service, and forced to neglect their duties as electors. This old and palpable truth has made a reformer of Mr. Stickney. We sincerely trust he may win the ear of his fellow-citizens—if, indeed, most of "the best" of them are not already of his mind on the subject of government by the people.

History, compressed as it is in *The Prelude of Modern History*, by J. E. Symes (Rivingtons), a little book of some six centuries of "the world's history," is suggestive of patent extract of beef tablets. Summary, indeed, is the method of Mr. Symes, and concentrated is the historical pabulum here compressed from Gibbon, Milman, Freeman, &c., for the much-crammed pupil. Ten pages of "The Triumph of Christianity," twelve of "The Fall of the Western Empire," seven of "Some Fathers of the Church," ten of "The Rise of the Papacy," and so on to six pages of "Europe in the Ninth Century"—such is the composition of this short cut to useful knowledge, designed for the use of those "who have not time or inclination to study larger works on the subject."

The Industrial History of England, by H. de B. Gibbins (Methuen & Co.), is the first volume of the "University Extension Series," edited by Mr. J. E. Symes, intended for those well-provided persons who "have not time to study in detail, &c. &c.," or, to put it plainly, for "extension students and home-reading circles." This shortening or smoothing of the ways to knowledge is surely being a little overdone. Mr. Gibbins has compiled a book not without merits, yet is it but a book of outlines such as is not likely to make its readers studious. We cannot but wonder what kind of student it is that has no time for study in the only way that study can be usefully pursued.

A Protest against Agnosticism, by P. F. Fitzgerald (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is a metaphysical treatise on the philosophy of belief that appears to us to be even more successful as a protest against the excessive study of the works of physicists than as a plea for the reasonableness of belief. But Mrs. Fitzgerald beclouds her writing with a mass of quotations from all kinds of authors, weighty and worthless, to the confusion of the methodical person who would follow her argument without interruption by irrelevant issues.

Only the man of leisure can be expected to read and strictly meditate the fourteen lengthy cantos in "semi-dramatic form" of *The Pleroma*, by the Rev. E. P. Chittenden (G. P. Putnam's Sons). This indescribable production is "characteristically modern." The author remarks, "In no other period of human learning could it have been conceived and executed." The whole "world-process," or creation, is set forth in odes, choruses, dialogue, and recitation. There are choruses of all the Ethers—vegetable, mineral, animal, psychic, and pneumatic. All the geological ages become vocal to "musical metres," as when—

> Hum with the nerve-wing insect swarms,
> Orthopter, neuropter, gay silken forms;
> Rend with the earthquake; moan with the storms
> That crush the shady bowers.
> Corridors echo to Archeosaurus,
> Bellowing near—a shuddering chorus;
> Sluggard amphibians drowsing before us
> While Phœbus looms and lowers.

Issued by the author, Dr. J. Dunbar Hylton, of Palmyra, New Jersey, is a less mystical, yet not less imposing, poem entitled *The Sea King*, which purports to be a "tale of the Crusade under Richard the First of England." But Richard suffers from too many competitors in Dr. Hylton's discursive rhyming, and it is not till the sixth canto that that Lion-Heart makes any brave show. There are some bright fluent descriptive passages in this mazy poem, though they cannot be said to be any compensation for the tediousness of a narrative poem of extraordinary length, written entirely in rhymed couplets.

The Nine Worlds, by Mary E. Litchfield (Boston and London: Ginn & Co.), is a collection of short stories, illustrative of Norse mythology, written in a simple and effective style, and selected or adapted translations of the Eddas, Grimm's "Teutonic Mythology," Rydberg, and other authorities.

Among new editions we have *My Mother and I*, by Mrs. Craik (Macmillan & Co.); Kingsley's *Sermons for the Times* (Macmillan & Co.); *Conflicts of Capital and Labour*, by George Howell, M.P., revised to date (Macmillan & Co.); *Of Palomide*, by Ælian Prince (E. W. Allen); *James Vraille*, by J. C. Jeffery (Allen & Co.), and *The Silver Question and the Gold Question*, by Robert Barclay (Simpkin & Co.)

We have also received Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia*, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis, "Camelot" Series (Walter Scott); *The Seasons of the Year*, Vol. II. of *Carmen Macaronicum*, a pocket volume of extracts from foreign and ancient literature, with translations by J. W. Mollett (Gilbert & Rivington); *Rhuddlan Castle, and other Poems*, by the Rev. F. W. Kittermaster (Coventry: Curtis & Beamish); Mr. T. E. Heller's useful educational handbook, *The New Code*, 1890-91, twentieth edition (Bemrose); *Were they Sinners?* by C. J. Bellamy (Springfield, Mass.: Authors' Publishing Co.); *Gutter and Mansion*, a story by Elliot Walters (Calcutta: Pritchard); Mr. W. R. Skinner's *Joint-Stock Registration Manual* for the half-year ending June 1890; and *Poor's Manual of Railroads* (New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor).

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CHRONICLE.

Germany and the Slave Trade.

A SOMEWHAT serious matter was reported on Monday from Zanzibar, the local German authorities at Bagamoyo being said to have proclaimed that place a free mart for the buying and selling of slaves. This was a sufficiently obvious attempt to divert trade from Zanzibar, where the traffic has just been forbidden. It seemed unlikely, though just possible, that the German Government would permit it. Although unofficial organs in Germany expressed great disapproval of the proclamation, it was remarkable that official organs were silent or apologetic, and that no Government contradiction was at first issued. On Wednesday night, however, the *Imperial Gazette* published a statement to the effect that Dr. SCHMIDT, the Vice-Commissioner at Zanzibar, denies the issue of any such proclamation, and attributes it to a mischief-making Arab—a rather curious form of repudiation. It appears, moreover, that Dr. SCHMIDT thought it would be necessary to go to Bagamoyo himself to find out; and, though the *Gazette* expresses its of course authoritative opinion that it is impossible that any sale of slaves can have taken place, as alleged, under the supervision of a German official, this is not the same thing as a denial of the fact. The tenor of the *communiqué*, however, sufficiently disposes of the notion that the German Government intends to back up its officials, though it does not dispose of the possibility that these officials (who are, it must be remembered, to a man deeply dissatisfied with the Anglo-German Agreement, and bitterly jealous of England) may have done something of the kind. It ought to be added, too, that few sensible Germans sympathize with the fanatical abhorrence of slavery as slavery which has become an almost unquestioned conventionality in England. This is to be specially kept in mind in reading a second manifesto in the *Gazette* twenty-four hours later, in which it is explained that Germany, though she will have nothing to do with the slave trade, does not feel called upon peremptorily to stop household slavery as it exists in these countries—a position not very different from our own.

The Ticino Revolution.

What appeared to be at first sight, and in the main was, one of the most delightful and Rabagasian of revolutions took place towards the end of last week in the Canton Ticino. The political arrangements of that canton are a matter of the deepest unimportance to the world at large, and probably, except as far as the vanity or the palm-greasing propensities of certain individuals are concerned, to the Ticinese themselves. But, as the Ultramontanes have been a long time "in" and the Liberals a long time "out," it seemed to the latter, as it often does in such a case, that there ought to be a revision of the Constitution, and to the former that there ought not. So the Liberals dressed as commercial travellers, and seized the arsenal at Bellinzona, the garrison of which was dining with its family. The Corps de Garde was "arrested," the Councillors of State barricaded themselves in the palace of the Government to the number of two, sledge-hammers were sent for, and Bellinzona was to the adventurous. Unfortunately (and still mysteriously) Councillor ROSSI was killed, thus throwing gloom over proceedings which otherwise would have been purely agreeable. Further news threw a rather less theatrical complexion on the revolution, but also showed pretty conclusively that the matter, as most of these matters are, was a *reductio ad absurdum* (or *ad cruentum*) of Home Rule. The Conservatives of Lugano and Locarno are pitted against the Liberals of Bellinzona, just as the Conservatives of Armagh would be pitted against the Liberals of Tipperary, and the Liberals of Little Peddlington against the Conservatives of Kennaquhair. No one but a simpleton can require this illustration; but it may be very useful to the simpletons. Meanwhile, Berne was not idle, and the central Government sent troops across the St. Gothard with very commendable promptitude. Colonel KÜNZLI, the Federal delegate and general, seems to have dealt with the fiery spirits of Bellinzona in an intelligent manner, and to have as nearly as possible contented all parties, notwithstanding the threats of free shooting, first from the Liberal party, and then by the Conservatives.

Other Foreign Affairs.

In France the Boulangist "revelations" have gone on to an extent which seems to have surprised even some students of the *brav' Général.* Considering his conduct years ago to the Duke of AUMALE, what did they think would be his conduct to the Duchess of UZÈS? An immortal order of the day, supposing that General FERRON has not hoaxed M. DE BLOWITZ, or that M. DE BLOWITZ has not hoaxed the *Times*, was published on Monday. "The soldiers," it ran, "must not allow themselves to be intimidated by the spectacle of the struggle," adding that "the firings are always arranged," and that "we shall always keep in view that kind of combat which "carries to a paroxysm the faculties of the soldier." *O genus humanum!* as Mr. THOMAS BROWN the youngest used to remark. By way of making the best of a bad job, some Republican partisans have in this country been eulogizing the leniency of the French Republic in not making an example of the Boulangists affected by the late "revelations." Do these innocents not perceive that the Republic is naturally afraid of more of her own representatives being convicted of similar practices? The French politician of the present day may be thus compared:—Royalist corrupt, Bonapartist more corrupt, Republican most corrupt; and hence the fear of urging revelations too far. Besides these matters, the series of MERMEIX and other duels is going on, M. MERMEIX himself having been wounded rather more severely than is usual, and a war to the knife has arisen between President CARNOT and Parisian society. The PRESIDENT, it seems, has asserted his right to the State box at the Français on Tuesday when the Princess of SAGAN usually retains it, and every Parisian who respects himself becomes a "Mardiste." Hence, "Death to CARNOT" is the mildest cry of Tuesday's bairns.——There seems to be considerable doubt whether the Portuguese Cortes will ratify the Anglo-Portuguese Convention. It will of course be the worse for Portugal, not for us, in the long run, if it is not ratified, but this would be much to be regretted. The actual Session of the Cortes opened on Monday, and was illustrated by a free fight between the magnanimous Major SERPA PINTO and a progressist priest. Then Senhor HINTZE RIBEIRO announced "with approval" certain modifications which do not in the least interfere with English prerogative, but which very properly conciliate it with Portuguese susceptibility. Great comfort was also felt in Senhor NAVARRO's motion that all explorers be "declared to have deserved well of their "country." Although, however, matters seemed thus to be settling down, a Ministerial crisis in the middle of the business shows that all is not plain sailing. Lisbon is said to be in something like a state of siege, and the unpopularity of England is worse than ever. It is rather unfortunate that a quarrel between a Portuguese ship and the authorities of the Cape of Good Hope has occurred just at this moment. It arose, of course, out of the sempiternal nuisance of slavery.——There has been a fire at the Alhambra—the real Alhambra, guiltless and beautiful original of so many tawdry imitations. The best parts, however, seem to be uninjured.——No special interest has attached to the meeting of the German and Austrian EMPERORS, such things having been now staled by custom and lack of variety.

Home Politics.

The only incident of any striking kind in the week's home politics has been the arrest and release on remand of Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon—a check administered by no means too soon to their contumacious lawlessness in preaching the Plan of Campaign.——Political speechifying has been very uninteresting, being chiefly confined to Mr. O'Brien, who is trying to show that he is not dead, and Sir Charles Russell, to whom, for obvious reasons, it is very important to show that he is still alive.——It is sad to learn that the thunderstorm of Wednesday night interrupted a meeting at Combe Wood which, but for the purity of the politics, might have been taken for a Primrose League orgie. For there were sports, and fireworks, and would have been dancing to season Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. D. Bolton, and other savoury professors; but the rain descended, and the levin-bolt came, and a resolution anathematizing the Government could not even get proposed, though a reporter naïvely says that "it may be assumed it "would have been carried without a dissentient voice."—— On Thursday, Mr. T. E. Ellis, a "young Welsh" member of Parliament, received a testimonial of 1,074*l.*, and asked in reply by what title Welsh landlords held their land? To which the answer is prompt—"By the very same title by "which Mr. Ellis holds his cheque."

Canon Liddon.

Canon Liddon was buried with no great pomp, but with the attendance in person or by proxy of many distinguished men and women, at St. Paul's on Tuesday. Very much has been written on him during the week, the most interesting document by far being a letter from his brother, Dr. Edward Liddon, of Taunton, to the *Guardian*. Some passages in it are remarkable. "With regard to his politics "he is claimed as a Liberal. He certainly was no party "politician, he subordinated his politics to his religious "convictions." "In that [the Bulgarian] instance he "was, no doubt, greatly influenced by the fact that the "oppressed were Christians and the oppressors Mahom-"medans." It will be observed that these statements from the best possible authority coincide almost verbally with passages of an article in last week's *Saturday Review*, which has not only been impudently garbled and falsified by that modern incarnation of the spirit of lies, the newspaper "paragraphist," but has been strangely misrepresented in quarters where better things might have been expected. This *Review* professes to be nothing if not critical; and there are few things so remote from criticism as the vague and senseless gush which, when two men are dead, would ignore the fact that the first half of the life of one contradicts the second half, and because the other was a most agreeable personality, a gifted preacher, and a faithful Churchman, would see in him all the intellect of a Berkeley, all the learning of a Lightfoot, and all the originality of a Hooker.

Trade Disputes.

Mr. Gladstone visited the Dee Iron Works on Friday week, and made a speech, not without interest, on industrial progress. He did not, unluckily, dwell on certain coincident affairs at Southampton. There it seemed as though the resolution of the employers had been crowned with complete success. But, as was feared by some prophets of evil, the strike was not quite over when the dockers proper gave in. That exceedingly mischievous body the Seamen and Firemen's Union, which has been at the bottom of more strikes recently than any other, put its oar in, and on Saturday the dispute was reported as by no means settled. These proceedings became yet more mysterious on Monday, the strike being apparently turned into a lock-out for a short time, and that into a concession by the masters. The man Sprow, however, was committed to take his trial; and in general the authorities seem to have plucked up courage. It is particularly satisfactory to learn that both the Union and the P. and O. Companies have stood firm on the question of dismissing non-Unionist servants. This is the kernel of the whole matter. Meanwhile a good front seems to be shown both by employers and the public to the strike tyranny in Australia. On the other hand, the London dockers appear to have made several steps further in the direction of establishing a close guild of unskilled workmen—a thing which, even from the Socialist point of view, can only "end in a "blow up."

Sport.

On the last day of the Doncaster Meeting Florence won, from a very large field in these days, the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate; Tyrant the Doncaster Cup; and Mr. Houldsworth's good colt, Alloway, the Doncaster Stakes. There was some fair racing at Leicester on Tuesday, Mr. Baird's Phyllida beating Mr. Brodrick-Cloëte's Cereza for the Badminton Foal Plate; and Lord Rosebery's Kermesse filly winning the Bradford Plate.——The Australians were defeated, after a very up and down game, by Hurst Park, on Friday week: a second defeat by the South of England in the present week being a hollow affair. The match between North and South was finished, at Hastings, on Saturday; the South winning a close match by nine runs.

Miscellaneous.

An extraordinary fire, illustrating the strange carelessness which prevails in our "edility," occurred on the Metropolitan Railway on Monday. A naphtha warehouse between two lines of rails caught fire, and above the naphtha warehouse and in a bridge of iron girders was a three-foot gas main, of which, apparently, nobody knew. The naphtha and the gas between them naturally enjoyed themselves very much with the girders, though the bridge did not actually collapse.——The Duke of Clarence has been paying a visit to Wales—a very good thing to be done, and one which might be done oftener without disadvantage. The visit was to South Wales, not to North, where another "Royalty," Carmen Sylva, has been saluted by 2,000 "rock cannons" at Bethesda. The Duke himself received a particularly cordial welcome at Cardiff—a welcome which was probably rendered more cordial by the attempt made by some of the usual bumptious curmudgeons who play at cheap Republicanism to interfere with it. Meanwhile the Duke's brother, Prince George, has been made the hero of an interesting effort in the New Journalism by an enterprising gutteralist of Montreal, who represented the Prince as having been attacked by roughs, and, after prodigies of valour, taken to the station-house. The Montrealians do not relish this, and the artist is in trouble.——The Library Association met at Reading on Wednesday, and Mr. Maunde Thompson, the President, gave an address, which was followed, among other things, by an interesting paper from Mr. St. John Thackeray on libraries in the neighbourhood, especially the Queen's at Windsor, that of Eton College, and Mr. Leveson Gower's, but not the "guarded hold" of Britwell.——On Wednesday Mr. Justice Lawrance found himself unable to grant the injunction asked for in the case of the Pelican Club by the inhabitants of Gerrard Street, or some of them.

Obituary.

Sir William Hardman, who died on Friday week, was a good Conservative, a very useful county magistrate, and for some time the editor of the *Morning Post*.——M. Joffrin, of the French Chamber, was chiefly notorious as having beaten the brave General at the height of the Boulangist mania.——The French stage has had a severe loss in Mme. Jeanne Samary, the possessor of a delightful *minois chiffonné*, the most accomplished recent exponent of the Moliéresque soubrette, and an admirable actress in more modern comedy.——Mr. Dion Boucicault's death, announced as we go to press, concerns Englishmen more closely, and we must give it further notice later.

Books, &c.

Mrs. Stanley has lightened the darkness of the still dead season by publishing with Cassell & Co. a very pretty collection of her sketches of *London Street Arabs*, with letterpress to suit.

IRELAND.

THE comment made by the London spokesmen of the Separatist party almost relieves an advocate on the other side from the necessity of justifying either the decision of the Ministry to subject Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon to what is delightfully called the "unwarrantable indignity "of arrest," or the time it has chosen for the perpetration of its offence against decency. That patriots who can pass their holidays at Glengariff or at "pretty water-"ing-places ten miles from Dublin" should be laid by the heels with no more regard for their comfort than so many common agitators has always in itself appeared an outrage to the Democratic friends of the people, and is in this case rather taken for granted than specifically quoted as an aggravation of Mr. Balfour's gross want of taste. Neither are many words spent on that lamentable but now habitual outrage—namely, the serving of legal documents on Mr. O'Brien in the presence

of ladies. The sarcasm and argument of the friends of these two patriots are mainly employed to prove that they have been arrested at a time so very ill chosen as to be both too late and too early. It is, it seems, monstrous to come down on them now in the middle of their holiday for words used before the beginning of September; to select for their arrest a time when "in the rush and bustle of events the New "Tipperary struggle had well nigh passed out of the "public mind." Well, it would no doubt be a waste of time to argue, in reply to this, that it is for the Government which arrests, and not for the agitator who is arrested, to choose the time. And there are certain features in the New Tipperary struggle at the present moment which explain why this is a particularly convenient time for the arrest. It is an excellent rule that when an enemy is on the run he should be kept on the run. New Tipperary is very manifestly on the run, and nothing can be better calculated to keep it in the practice of that wholesome exercise, and direct its course to a proper goal, than practical demonstration that the agitators who originally misled its unfortunate inhabitants cannot save their own skins, far less their dupes'. The audacity shown in ignoring the language used by Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon since the beginning of September is more ingenious, but less honest, than the candour which is shocked by the misconduct of a Government which arrests its agitator at a time convenient to itself and not to him. Yet these gentlemen have not passed all their holiday in domestic quiet at Glengariff or Ballybrack. They have been heard of, and heard, elsewhere. On that ground, if on no other, we are of opinion that Mr. Balfour does not stand convicted of trumping up a charge merely because a warrant executed on the 18th of September was issued in consequence of offences committed before the 1st. The character of their eloquence since is only one reason more why they should be prosecuted for what they said earlier. But the Separatists are not only convinced that the arrest is tardy, but also that it is premature. They are of opinion that it has been ordered in the hope of stopping the coming tour of Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon in America, and so saving Mr. Balfour from the awful punishment which the eloquence of these gentlemen would bring down on him for his neglect of the potato blight. The magnanimity which leads them to make this criticism is only equalled by the sagacity which reads the secret intentions of the Irish Secretary. They are sure that the measure will do them a great deal of good, and it is therefore most handsome of them to warn us in time. The *Daily News* puts what it apparently considers the possible contingency that the Irish deputation were "financed by some smart Ameri-"can speculative agent," and asks, with wonder at the stupidity of Mr. Balfour, whether in this case the arrest would not be an admirable advertisement. Possibly; but we are afraid this present must be made to them. If Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon can only be silenced in Ireland by a process which will advertise them in America, they must be advertised. We can say to the Irish-American that, if he thinks the fear of advertising orators with him will deter us from putting agitators in prison in Ireland, he is much mistaken. The agitator, too (this, at least, is so firmly our belief that we are prepared to test it through a long period of years)—the agitator, when he finds that advertisement in America can only be bought by imprisonment in Ireland, will, unless he is of sterner stuff than some heroes who have lately been travelling with ladies, begin to think the price prohibitive.

Even before this arrest the person of sensibility will have observed with concern that all was not well with the heroes of Irish Nationalism this week. There is Mr. O'Brien, who has been visiting uttermost isles in the joy of outwitting the police and of advising peasants (in direct defiance of the Heaven-sent Land Act) to pay only what rent they decide that they can, but whose joy is tempered by the consciousness that his enemy has a large bill against him. We are deeply afraid that the arguments of English Gladstonians (who seem to think that "a poor man" may bring vexatious suits against a rich one *ad libitum*, and that if he is beaten it is the vilest of things for the rich man to ask him to repay the expenses which he has wantonly brought on his adversary) will not console Mr. O'Brien. Then the Nationalists are terribly exercised at Lord Clanricarde's intention to "plant" his lands. Mr. Shaw Lefevre writes that, if this is done, he fears that somebody's ears really will be nailed to the pump; but the persons who are behind that simple politician are evidently in the most trembling state of terror lest pumps should be no longer available and ears be horribly recalcitrant. We have admitted with great frankness that Lord Clanricarde, though usually acting within his strict right, has not always acted within the limits of strict wisdom. But, if he intends plantation, he is not only within his legal, but within his moral and political, right. There is, as has been shown over and over again, no salvation for Ireland unless a race of cultivators with stiffer backs than the average Irishman is introduced from time to time—a race that will say, and more than say, "You try to break my "head, and see if your own does not get the worst of it." Mr. Shaw Lefevre, whose innocence is almost more than human, pleads that, if this is done, the worthy Hold-the-Harvesters who are waiting in Land League huts will be permanently kept out. By all means. Until they are kept out, and their likes thereby dissuaded from following their example, no good will be done.

But the most unpleasant of all symptoms for the Nationalists is the revolt among the Roman Catholic clergy which is following the courageous pronouncement of Bishop O'Dwyer, and the support which Bishop O'Dwyer has received from Rome. The magnanimous Archbishop Walsh has departed, saying that this is no business of his, and it seems that his Northern colleague, Dr. Logue of Armagh, has not had the courage of his known opinions. As for Archbishop Croke, he is too busy in subscribing to monuments for dead Fenians to express an opinion on the matter. But Bishop O'Callaghan of Cork has declared against the Plan of Campaign in the very teeth of Mr. O'Brien, who is stumping the district, and the inferior clergy, after a perhaps rather too long subservience to the baser sort of Maynoothian, are apparently beginning to remember that they are Christians. A certain Canon Fitzpatrick is said to have torn down from his chapel doors the subscription list for the dead rebel whom Archbishop Croke delights to honour. Father Dunne of Enniscorthy, accused of "dining at the Castle," had the unheard-of impudence to say, "I did dine with Sir "John Talbot, and God bless him!" This, however, is nothing to the astounding pravity of Canon Hegarty of Glenmire, who actually calls Mr. Smith-Barry—Mr. Smith-Barry the twice accused—"so good a man"; and admits, to the curdling indignation of Mr. Lane, M.P., that the whole Ponsonby estate business has been a disgraceful contempt of good offers. Yet again, Father Cantwell has courageously taken up his parable in Tipperary itself; has utterly condemned boycotting and all its works; and, while professing himself "favourable to the tenants' combination," has given a description of the terrorism prevailing which any Unionist could countersign. It is easy to say that these are isolated instances. They are isolated instances which have occurred at the rate of one a day, or thereabouts, during a very few days, and which a very short time ago did not occur at all. And they are instances which, in the nature of things, should grow and multiply. For it is impossible that an experienced political institution like the Roman Church should, whatever the self-seeking and the jealousy of the Crokes and the Walshes and the Mannings may dictate in individual instances, continue to support the Nationalists. The whole power of that Church is derived from its being, as it says, the most authoritative exponent of Christianity. It claims the keys of the rewards and the punishments that Christianity speaks of. If the claim is abandoned, it will be both cheaper and simpler for Denis and Patrick to become Freethinkers at once and send the Supreme Being to keep company with the landlord. If the claim is to be maintained, it must at least be maintained with some decent show of agreement with the principles of Christianity. To those principles the National League, the Plan of Campaign, boycotting, rent-holding, cattle-maiming, and the rest of it, are diametrically opposed. The Church of Rome has gone pretty far in magnifying her office as key-keeper. But (whatever some silly Protestants may think or say) she has never maintained her power to cross out a Commandment or cancel a precept of Christ. The Nationalist movement in its practice is the simple negation of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, and those who base their claims to respect on being the chartered exponents of these documents know well enough that they will not long maintain that respect when the documents themselves are scouted.

MR. GLADSTONE IN STAR-LAND.

MR. GLADSTONE has been varying his earthly pilgrimages by a voyage among the stars, or, as he prefers to call it, a journey into "Star-Land." But why Star-Land? What have the celestial spaces to do with our terraqueous globe? We might as well talk of travelling through the ocean-earth, or the continent-sky. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, whatever the name to be given to the region he has visited, has been among the stellar heavens—not on the flying horse, nor in the huge balloon, which WORDSWORTH rejected; nor even in "the little boat, shaped "like a crescent moon," on which that audacious impostor pretended to have made his sidereal voyage; from which he feigned to come back with the report that the towns in Saturn were decayed, that Mercury resounded with mirth, and that Jupiter was full of stately bowers, and, by consequence or contrast, inspired with the story of PETER BELL. Mr. GLADSTONE has no such wondrous tale to tell. He has been personally conducted, in the spirit and not in the body, by Sir ROBERT BALL, who has been taking a party of his young friends on a sidereal excursion. In other words, he has been reading that writer's *Star-Land; or, Talks with Young People about the Wonders of the Heavens.* The late M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was one-third child, one-third lunatic, and one-third man of genius—an analysis which we by no means accept as accurate, and which, if it were accurate so far as it went, would obviously be incomplete. Mr. GLADSTONE has displayed of late years characteristics which could not without great violence be resolved into any one, or compounded of all, these ingredients. Happily at present we have no concern with them. Mr. GLADSTONE is for the moment enrolled among Sir ROBERT BALL's young friends, and he sings to the *Lyra Innocentium* the nursery rhyme, "Twinkle, twinkle, little "star, How I wonder what you are."

It is a remark as old as the Psalmist, and as new as Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, that the spectacle of the starry heavens impresses man with a feeling of insignificance. To Mr. GLADSTONE, if we are to take literally his letter of gratitude to Sir ROBERT BALL, it conveys the sense of a diminishing stock of brain-power and the need of bringing great subjects within the reach of feeble or sluggish minds. There was a time when he was interested in mathematics; he has an indistinct recollection of having been some sixty years ago a double-first at Oxford; but now he likes his astronomy made easy. His attitude is not wholly that of the learner. He has a practical suggestion to make. Before the matter is explained to us, it is difficult to conjecture what sort of connexion there can be between the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the heavenly bodies, between the Bank of England and Star-Land. There is no possibility of branch banks being established in Jupiter or Mercury, nor of a revenue being collected from them. PETER BELL's adventures, by the River Swale, to whose primroses he was so indifferent, seem not more remote from his poet's preliminary canter through ether than Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden descent from Star-Land upon Threadneedle Street and Downing Street. Mr. GLADSTONE's journey through the immensities suggests to him that the letter *m* might be made more useful than it is at present. When he was for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, he found that the aforesaid letter *m* was used by the Treasury and the Bank of England as a convenient abbreviation for 1,000*l.* This idea falling upon the inventive mind of the great financier of the future was what the descending apple was to the generalization of NEWTON. If *m*, by itself *m*, stood for 1,000*l.*, what was there to hinder *m* with a tail, of no elaborate construction, standing for a million? *Solvitur scribendo.* Mr. GLADSTONE equipped *m* with a tail. But, though his practical reform stopped here, his speculative daring overleaped these limits. If *m* represents 1,000*l.*, and *m* with a tail a million, is this all that can be done? "I have gone a step further," Mr. GLADSTONE says, apparently awestricken by his own temerity, "and "thought of *m* enclosed by a circle as equal to a thousand "millions or a French milliard." What a psychological moment! Mr. GLADSTONE, thinking of *m* enclosed by a circle as equal to a thousand millions, would be a good subject for an artist. Possibly it has been the subject of the unconscious artist who knew not what mood of mind he was depicting. In the most pensive of the portraits of him, that by Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Mr. GLADSTONE may have been caught in this great meditation. There is an expression about it at once subdued and rapt which suggests entire possession by some elevating and tranquillizing conception.

Having descended from the skies to the Treasury and the Bank of England, Mr. GLADSTONE ascends from the Treasury and the Bank of England to the skies, bearing with him *m* surrounded by a circle. He has ambitious views for this device of his brain. Why should its career be confined to earth? There is too little for it to do here. Financial necessities rarely require the notation of so large a sum, though they might do so if Mr. GLADSTONE again became Chancellor of the Exchequer. But a larger scope may be found for it in the sidereal spaces. Audacity grows upon audacity. Going a step further than his original further step, Mr. GLADSTONE has thought of *m* with a circle, not as representing a poor thousand millions in money, but as representing a million millions in miles. He generously makes a present of this symbol to astronomers. Whether it will be of any use to them we do not know. They probably have their own methods of notation, which have answered their purpose up to this time. How *m*s with tails and *m*s surrounded by circles could be subjected to the operation of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and vexation we do not very clearly see. We have always pitied the scholastic youth of Rome who, in adding, say, 105 to 89, had to work with CV. and LXXXIX. How did they do it? The little bills of Roman tradesmen must have been very perplexing. Similar embarrassments might accompany the use of Mr. GLADSTONE's *m*s, tailed and tailless, free or enclosed in circles.

Whatever the worth of Mr. GLADSTONE's practical suggestions for the record of astronomical investigations by the methods of the Treasury and the Bank of England, they appear to us more valuable than his cosmical speculations. He thinks that "the teachers of the uniformity "of nature sometimes press rather hard upon us, the "common herd." How humble Mr. GLADSTONE can be when he is humble! Our moon does not revolve upon its axis, though it certainly used to do so; the moons of Uranus (Mr. GLADSTONE wishes it had been Ouranos) describe circular orbits, and those of Mars travel eastward. If the moons of Uranus now moved in circles and now in triangles or squares; if the moons of Mars varied their journeys eastward by occasionally taking a trip due west, Mr. GLADSTONE might hold that the doctrine of the uniformity of nature had been too stringently insisted on. If our moon, which used to revolve on its axis, had ceased, at Mr. GLADSTONE's JOSHUA-like injunction, to do so, and stood still in a new valley of Aijalon, the proof would be yet more conclusive. But we doubt the later or GLADSTONE miracle. Mr. GLADSTONE's ideas of the uniformity of nature seem those of a drill-sergeant rather than of a philosopher. He is familiar with the phrase of the One in the Many. He is also, no doubt, aware that among the idols of the tribe BACON gave a conspicuous place to the disposition of observers to see in nature a greater simplicity than she really possesses. HERSCHEL and MILL have insisted on her inexhaustible variety as strongly as upon her uniformity. The doctrine that the same cause acting under the same conditions will produce the same effects, is quite compatible with and has its consequence in the doctrine that the same cause acting under different conditions will have different effects. Therefore, whatever tricks our moon and the moons of Mars and Ouranos (to humour Mr. GLADSTONE—but, if Ouranos, why not ZEUS and ARES?) may seem to play, they are really quite orderly and law-abiding moons, and in their very variety illustrate the unity, which by no means implies the monotony, of nature.

THE END AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE Dock strike at Southampton has, as far as the dockers are concerned, ended satisfactorily. The men have been compelled to come back to work on the terms of the employers—that is, at the old rate of wages, and on the distinct understanding that the Union is not to be recognized as entitled to dictate the terms of labour in the docks. There have been some minor points which have been settled in the right way. It has been shown that the London Union cannot support a strike elsewhere; and this is a fact which will outweigh a good deal of eloquence from "the hero of labour." The men who tore their Union tickets up when the strike pay failed will possibly be somewhat more obtuse to stump oratory in

future. Another most pleasing incident was the candid remark of Mr. TILLETT—that whole-souled and highly-strung young democrat, sung by the hoarse muse of Sir E. REED—the remark that, if soldiers and the Channel Squadron were to be allowed to spoil the fun, the "game "was up." Mr. TILLETT suited the deed to the word, for he came right away to London with the promptitude of MEAGHER of the sword. It may possibly turn out to be not a minor matter that in this case one of the actual strike leaders has been arrested and charged with intimidation. We could wish that the particular case looked more promising than it yet does. Still, it is something that an apostle of freedom has been really laid by the heels, and is now held to bail till next Quarter Sessions. The display which the local authorities have made in the course of the struggle is not one of the features of it on which we reflect with pleasure. It is an ugly enough fact that the maintenance of order in an important seaport should be left at a crisis to members of the great unpaid, who seem to be too often not above the level of small tradesmen, and are capable of quarrelling in the lowest Vestry style. Reasons of decency must stand in the way of further criticism on the chief magistrate at present, and, indeed, we may acknowledge that he has been kept in countenance by Home Secretaries and Chief Commissioners of Police.

The most notable feature of the strike is that it has been a struggle, not for wages, but between the employers and the Union, between what the Australians are beginning to call free and unfree labour. The question of wages has appeared in it, but it was imported. It was to enforce the recognition of the Union that the struggle was begun, and it has been prolonged by a Union. This prolongation is even more characteristic than the original strike. The Seamen and Firemen struck—after the Lightermen model—from sympathy with the dockers. When the dockers yielded they stood out, partly for more wages, partly to enforce a demand that only Union men should be employed on ships sailing from Southampton. Of this double demand the first and the least important part has reference to the increase of wages. If, as the men allege, there is a brisk demand for seamen and firemen at other ports and at better wages than rule in Southampton, they are only acting on common business principles in insisting on a rise. That they should get it is a matter of course, nor is it easy to understand why a strike should have been found necessary to enforce a request which it was the manifest interest of the shipowners to grant. The demand made for the Union was a very different matter. The owners were thoroughly justified in resisting it by every means in their power, even by a general lock-out. A lock-out for sympathy is as feasible as a strike, and it is very rightly enforced when, as in the case of the s.s. *Moor*, a number of Unionists insist that a Company shall dismiss any old servant at their orders. It is very good hearing that the Company has been able to secure a fresh crew for the *Moor*, and to leave the Unionists to their reflections on the quay. The Union Company, the owners of the *Moor*, is fighting the battle of all the shipowners, and may fairly claim to be supported by them. The moment, too, is well chosen for a stand. The Executive Council of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union has just been so left to itself as to publish a laboured justification of its policy in limiting its numbers. What the Executive Council has to say is that it can only be sure of keeping wages up by establishing a monopoly at the expense of other workmen. The day is over when the object of a Union was to band all men in one trade together. Now the game is to secure for a limited number the control of the market, and to keep that control by free employment of those means on which the "hero of labour" dwells so complacently, and so prudently leaves subordinates to exercise. If the employers are wise, they will reprint that manifesto of the Executive Council, will cause it to be copiously illustrated in crude colours, with comment in large type, and will distribute it widely—free, gratis, and for nothing—at the offices which we hear they are about to open for the enlistment and registration of free labour.

THE NUT-URAL FOOD OF MAN.

WE have conceived some affection for EMMET DENSMORE, M.D., who, under a title which we have ventured only slightly to alter, has (with PEWTRESS & Co., of London and New York) published a brief statement, *The Natural Food of Man*, of the principal arguments against the use of bread. Not only will Dr. DENSMORE have it that man shall not live by bread alone, but he will not have him live by bread at all. Why bread should so long have secured an unhealthy immunity from criticism we do not know. Taking the distribution of foods at the bringing back of the ark, "a "good piece of flesh and a loaf of bread and a flagon of "wine" as a brief but handy summary of the subject, it will be observed that flesh and wine have had a most unfair time compared with this impostor bread. Hardly at any period have there been wanting Pythagoreans and anti-bacchics; but to begin a crusade against bread has been reserved for EMMET DENSMORE, M.D. Dr. DENSMORE is one of the most open-minded men we have ever met in print, and it is probably owing to this good quality that his vegetarian friends accuse him of "playing cards "with both GOD and the Devil"—an exciting, but unusual, form of gamble. He seems to have experimented on himself, on his patients, and on Mrs. DENSMORE—a most amiable woman, we are sure—with a singular fearlessness. These experiments were not always happy. "One dear "lady came to us a mountain of flesh and a confirmed "invalid." Dr. and Mrs. DENSMORE were then personally brown-bread-and-fruitists; still they put the dear lady on beef and hot water, on which diet "the obesity was gone, "and much of the infirmity with it." Most people would have let well alone, but not Dr. and Mrs. DENSMORE. "We then put her on brown bread and milk; her recovery "continued, until she was esteemed by herself and "neighbours a marvellous cure." 'Twas well; but 'twas not enough for science. The eager pair substituted peas and beans for the milk. The result was that "she had consider-"able trouble," was "taken down with severe inflammation," and "never fully recovered." This was the more annoying that her doctors had "confidently hoped each week "that she would be better next." It was kind of them; yet a less speculative benevolence might have stuck or reverted to the regimen of the "marvellous cure."

Still, this resolute expending of a dear lady in the cause of science shows that we have no triflers in Dr. and Mrs. DENSMORE. It is all the more interesting to know that they pronounce quite ruthlessly against the staff of vegetarian life, and with it against all cereals whatever; "Give us not this day our daily bread" is their prayer. By experiment on self and friends, dear ladies included, Dr. DENSMORE has come to the conclusion that you may batten on beef and hot water by no means with disadvantage; that you may even feed miscellaneously on fish, flesh, and fowl; provided you discard bread and substitute apples; but that the very ideal of diet is half a dozen eggs a day, cheese and milk at discretion, fruit, including figs and dates, almost at indiscretion, distilled water, and, above all, nuts. At the last Vegetarian Congress, we believe, Dr. DENSMORE vindicated Master Cob and Filbert his brother even more valiantly than in this pamphlet. It is evident that he would be with TITANIA against BOTTOM on the relative value of new nuts and dried peas. Monkeys eat nuts; primitive man pretty certainly ate nuts; they are rich in carbonaceous food; they are scarcely distinguishable from milk; they "outrank all other foods in gustatory pleasure" (this we fear is too apolaustic, but with a proper allowance of port at intervals, it is true). Mr. BUCKLE says (but Mr. BUCKLE said a great many things) that an acre devoted to them will support sixty people; devoted to wheat will support but two or three. Nuts are eaten with no salt (in which case preserve us from them; we had as soon eat an egg saltless), and salt is poison. They are, in short, thoroughly nut-ural food. So Dr. DENSMORE, anticipating the time when "every man and woman will literally sit "under his own vine and figtree," which, however, do not usually produce nuts. We wish we had room for all his authorities, but we can only admit Dr. ALANUS. Dr. ALANUS was a vegetarian till he found his arteries show signs of atheromatous degeneration. Naturally, he did not like this; who would? "I could not," says he, "interpret "this symptom as a manifestation of old age, and *being*, "*furthermore, not addicted to drinking, was utterly unable* "*to explain the matter*." The inference, that if the learned Doctor had been addicted to drinking he could have explained this or any matter, is very agreeable, and would have delighted Master FRANCIS. A for ALANUS, as B for BACBUC, evidently bids us *Trinc* if we would be wise.

THE McKINLEY BILL.

IT is possibly because we are so much accustomed to see our commerce repressed, as far as the legislation of our neighbours can repress it, that we have been so little stirred as yet by the McKinley Bill. This remarkable measure has moved the French far more deeply than ourselves, though we do a greater business with the United States, and may possibly be greater sufferers by this remarkable proof of the wisdom of Democratic Governments. The Bill is an immense one, and has been amended, re-amended, and counter-amended to and fro. It is not yet quite done with; but, though difficult to know in detail, and not yet finally settled, the drift of it is clear enough, and we know substantially what it will be. Its two main features are these—it is to get rid of the troublesome surplus revenue of the Union, not by diminishing customs dues, but by preventing importation, which it will effect either by direct prohibition or by vexatious regulations. Then it is to provide the President with "trade powers" more than equivalent to the war powers invented for Mr. Lincoln, in order that he may extort fair terms from other nations. Thus, if England, for instance, will not rescind the regulation which makes the slaughter of American cattle compulsory within ten days after landing, then the President shall have power to stop all English commerce with America at once, without consulting Ministry or Congress, of his own free will and mere motion. He has but to say and it is done.

This, it must be acknowledged, is a triumphant specimen of the kind of legislation attained to in a community in which the average trader and farmer are masters, in which all superiority, intellectual or social, is hated. As for the quarrel between America and France, it is rather comic than otherwise. The French Protectionists have made a great fuss about the trichinosis in American pork for years past, as an excuse for keeping it out, with intent to keep their own prices up. They find that the Americans are not so childlike as to put up with this manœuvre, but propose to retaliate by forbidding the import of French wines, and the whole-hearted Free-trader in England may rejoice therefor. The price of sound Medoc will go down for us; and, as for the broken heads *they* give one another, let them apply their own plasters. Besides, it is by the sufferings of fools that wisdom progresses in this world. The working of the Bill may be left aside for the moment. What interests us in it at present is its value as an example of Democratic legislation, and the proof it affords of the general intelligence of the inhabitants of the United States. Note for one thing that it is a compromise between the Western farmers and the Eastern manufacturers. The latter in return for fresh Protection help the former to endow the President with immense powers, which it is hoped will be used to compel all mankind to take American store cattle and pork on American terms. A promise is made that cattle and pork shall be inspected in the States before export (which, by the way, is a confession that inspection was needed), but it is to be wholly carried out by Americans, and if foreigners will not accept it as sufficient, they are to be punished by the exclusion of all their goods from the American market. The bargaining at Washington has been unblushing, and is a convincing proof that to the American of to-day all government is a mere matter of give and take between the pockets of different classes. Then, again, the Bill shows that the American of to-day is as sure that the world cannot get on without access to his market as the Southerners of thirty years ago were that England could not live without their cotton. They firmly believe that they have only to threaten exclusion and the foreigner must surrender. The access they propose to give him, too, is to be rigidly limited, and to be evermore strictly confined, but that little they believe to be necessary to his existence. The loss which their own country might suffer by the stoppage of trade is not considered, because each section of those who have made the McKinley bargain is convinced that the others only will suffer. Democratic intelligence is not capable of grasping the elementary proposition that the ruin of one part of a community is a loss to the whole. Finally we may note the readiness with which Americans, in the hope that he may be used as a tool to further their interests, are prepared to endow the President with the powers of an absolute despot. Interesting light, again, is thrown on the value of Universal Suffrage and universal primary schools by the fact that, among the bargainers who have got the Bill through, there is a large and growing party which is avowedly in favour of isolating America completely. Mr., or rather Major, McKinley (it seems he is a Major) openly declares that America will be a paradise when all foreign trade is stopped. How this consummation is to be made consistent with that extension of the pork and cattle trade for which the Western farmer longs we do not know, neither does Major McKinley; but then we do not expect the Democratic thinker to see or understand anything beyond the need for, and means of, gaining votes by appeals to ignorance. The delightful thing is that the end of American Democracy and enlightenment promises to be an adaptation of the good old policy of China dictated by breeders of Pork, and executed by a President made absolute for a term of years. That is to be the Government of all by all *à l'Américaine*.

PROPHECY ON PLON-PLON.

THE schools of the Prophets are very busy at present when

> Even a child might understand
> The Deil has business on his hand.

The Book of Daniel, though exploded by the Rev. Robert Elsmere, is still carefully studied by seers; Bengel is looked into, the mystic number 666 is inquired after, and Prince Jerome Napoleon, with General Boulanger, is regarded as the Beast, the Little Horn, and all the rest of it. According to the author of *The Coming Napoleon* (*Prophetic News* Office), Plon-Plon is the Man, or rather the Beast, of the future; while the writer of a treatise adorned by a portrait of *le brav' Général* and the mystic words Γάλλος Καῖσαρ also gives General Boulanger "for a place." Events are likely enough to be startling between now and 1897; but we would willingly lay long odds, in assignats, or any other revolutionary currency, against the good things of these sportive prophets.

As far as we understand the vaticinator, it is all to begin by the formation of the ten Latin kingdoms (which, oddly enough, include England and Bulgaria) into a Confederacy. This will be no ordinary Confederacy, and will finally pass under the dominion of Plon-Plon, who is to bulge into power as a Little Horn, and as King of Syria. The Confederacy itself will be Red Republican, and we heartily congratulate Germany on being out of it, while the United States seems wholly unconcerned, except as lookers-on. The ten Kingdoms or Republics will have a State Church, and this is a sore text for Dissenters of all denominations. Where is the use of being a Red Republic if you are still to have a State Church, and that the Church of Rome? Little comfort is to be gained from the prediction that the Holy Catholic Church will now be Communistic, the Cardinal and the Docker having, apparently, made a satisfactory and permanent alliance. Over this very remarkable congeries of States Prince Napoleon is to reign for three years and a half (August 15, 1897, to 1901), after which he is to be routed, apparently by the Chinese and the Lost Tribes, in the decisive battle of Armageddon. Prince Napoleon is to be particularly successful in reconciling hostile religions. Islam will regard him as "greater even "than the Prophet himself," Jesuits and Ultramontanes "will welcome him as the Mighty Crusader" (Plon-Plon a Crusader!), Socialists will for him forsake Mr. John Burns and Mr. Morris, Spiritualists will think him a "supernatural medium," and we trust that he will select Mme. Blavatsky as his consort, and appoint the Secretaries of the Psychical Society to some exalted and remunerative posts about his Court. Even Rationalists (if any of them are left) and Atheists will accept him gladly; and, in short, for our parts, the sooner he comes the better we shall be pleased. A person so universally amiable and with such a talent for reconciliation is just the man we want. Only one thing makes us uneasy. Where is the part for Mr. Gladstone in all this? Cannot he be shown to figure as a Little Horn, or a Vial, or a Beast, or in some other Apocalyptic capacity?

But why, or how, the anxious inquirer may ask, are we to be sure that Plon-Plon is the man? Well; he is a Napoleon, and "a man of a fierce countenance," and "a "vile person," and so he fits in with Daniel's ideas, while the number 666 is to be found in his name, by aid of Apocalyptic arithmetic. Far be it from us to call the Prince "a vile person," especially if he really be of a countenance so fierce. It is only our author who remarks,

"The indispensable characteristics of being a Sovereign" (which he isn't) "*of fierce countenance* and a *vile person* " . . . are remarkably manifest in Prince JEROME." So the case is clear, although the other prophetic gent finds 666 in the name of General BOULANGER. But perhaps the General is not sufficiently vile, or not of a countenance sufficiently fierce; and, on the whole, while keeping BOULANGER on the right side of their books, those who are counselled by us will entrust Prince JEROME with their money—of course with a start. How he is to get the start, in Syria of all places, does not now appear, even with the aid of a portrait of a ram, a prize ram with ten horns and a little one. The Jews are to begin sacrificing again, in the Temple at Jerusalem, on November 8, 1894, and then PLON-PLON will turn them out, and have his own statue erected in the holy place—an astonishing example of conceit. Catholics everywhere will rally round this queer pillar of the Church, but he will make war on "true Christians," including, we fear, the Salvation Army. Many members of these denominations will be pleased to hear that, on April 11, 1901, Prince NAPOLEON will be totally defeated, near Jerusalem, and the millennium will begin. It is a comfort, however, that all the trouble will be over in eleven years, after which Islam, Rome, Socialism, and everything else that is uncomfortable, will be kept in excellent order for a thousand years, beyond which period events are not in the sphere of practical politics. Probably nobody will be more surprised at the whole affair than the hero of it all, Prince NAPOLEON, who, as our Apocalyptic author frankly admits, "has scarcely given "any indication of the probability of his performing the "Twelve Future Acts, which must be accomplished by the "coming NAPOLEON. The age of about sixty years is a "strangely late one for a man to begin to fulfil the destiny "of acquiring dominion over the whole world." It is indeed, and the very last page of a prophecy is a strangely late one for the first glimmer of a lucid interval. Indeed, as Prince NAPOLEON will be seventy in 1893, the faith of our seer begins to waver. But why should not the Prince prove a Grand Old Man? At seventy Mr. GLADSTONE had hardly begun to show what was in him, and he improves every day. Can it be possible that 666 is found in WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE?

THE WELSH TITHE AGITATION.

A MAN who for more than four years has been continuously engaged in recovering by distraint arrears of tithe rent-charge due to both lay and clerical tithe-owners, and whose operations have extended over the whole of North and South Wales, is worth listening to on the subject of his labours. Such a man is Mr. CHARLES STEVENS; and his experiences and opinions have been communicated to all concerned in a long letter to the *Times*. It is a plain, straightforward story, and we are particularly interested in it as once more confirming our own account of an insidious, cruel, and humiliating business. Not that the true character of the anti-tithe conspiracy in Wales can ever have been misunderstood by reasonable men fairly well informed. Courtesy in controversy is an extremely good thing, which on no account would we disparage; but it can be carried to a ridiculous and mischievous excess, as it is when we go upon a smooth assumption that men like Mr. GEE of the *Baner*, and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN of the House of Commons, are excused by ignorance of the facts when they defend the Anti-Tithe League, and account for it as they habitually do. Truth to tell, they cannot be ignorant of the facts; but here, again, is Mr. STEVENS apologizing for Mr. BAILHACHE'S smart epistle against Dean OWEN, on the ground that, "if he had personally "sifted the reason of the Welsh farmers refusing to "pay tithe," he would have come to a different and more accurate opinion on the whole subject. "Even Mr. "OSBORNE MORGAN," the polite observer adds, "shows "that his practical acquaintance with the real views of the "Welsh farmer is very limited." And if it had been his business to deal with the great-little Mr. GEE, in a letter to the leading journal, no doubt Mr. STEVENS would have sweetened his criticism with courteous expressions of belief that the able Welsh editor is entirely misinformed as to the origin, working, and purpose of the anti-tithe agitation. It must be allowed that there are some persons in the principality who are imperfectly informed on the subject, such as the old gentleman of respectable appearance who maintained, in conversation with a fellow-traveller the other day, that tithe is a tax imposed upon Welsh farmers by GEORGE III. in a fit of ill-humour. But as for Mr. GEE, Mr. BAILHACHE, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, and the like, it is really too much to pretend that they do not know what tithe-rent charge is, why its evasion is preached, why its retention is practised, what the refusal of payment means to scores of ever-poor clergymen, who have to sell the books from their shelves, and the carpets from their floors, to get bread in consequence, and what becomes of the cash withheld. It won't do. Neither Mr. GEE, nor Mr. MORGAN, nor any such persons can be ignorant that tithe-debt is just as voluntarily incurred in the case of every tenant-farmer, just as obligatory in all respects as debt to the draper for goods ordered, delivered, and used; and therefore that combinations to avoid payment are nothing less than conspiracies to defraud. If they say that nevertheless they have come to the conclusion, after taking thought, that tithe-payment may be withheld, we deny their inability to comprehend that they put themselves in the same position that the prowler stands in who, after similar cogitation, steals the farmer's ducks. No doubt the duck-stealer has his own views of the eternal justice of things, and could make as much of them as Mr. BAILHACHE if he happened to possess that gentleman's gift of tongue. But even the uneducated tramp knows precisely what he is about when he descends to the pond; and it is impossible to imagine, and it is foolish to pretend, that barristers, squires, M.P.'s, and newspaper editors have less perception in so plain a case. If the farmers who refused to pay tithe placed the money in trust for some altruistic or purely national purpose, the rightful owners of it would still be robbed; but in that case Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN might possibly believe in honest and patriotic intention. But this is never done. The tithe-leaguer puts his tithe dues to the same use as the tramp puts the ducks. He appropriates them for his own personal benefit; and to suppose that Mr. MORGAN or any of the other champions of the great Welsh cause are unaware of the appropriation is palpably absurd. They know it well, and know it for what it is. Or, again, if the anti-Tithe Leaguer distinguished in his scheme of stealing; if he had but the grace attributed to ROBIN HOOD, and stole not their dues from lay proprietors, Radical tithe-owners, and school trustees, then our OSBORNE MORGANS might be credited with an uninvented belief that repugnance to sustaining an "alien Church" keeps the cash in the good man's pocket. But since the parsons are not robbed alone—since, to the knowledge of every anti-Tithe League preacher, laymen of all creeds are equally defrauded, not to speak of the dispensers of education and charity, there is no reason why the aforesaid belief should not be boldly denied. It is not merely erroneous or questionable, it is impossible. To put the matter plainly, the OSBORNE MORGANS know better, and it is trifling with a grave offence to make believe that they go astray unwittingly. Hatred of the Church has no doubt inspired all the more ardent agitators against the payment of tithe; they being Nonconformist ministers for the most part, as Mr. STEVENS tells us once again. And their object? "Their object was to bring about the Dis-"establishment and Disendowment of the Church, and "thus divert her power and revenues to their own pur-"poses." To agitators so inspired others have been added from the ranks of mere politicians—men who see in the impoverishment and humiliation of the Church an advantage for Radicalism. True it is, too, that all, or nearly all, of the defaulting Welsh farmers are Dissenters, and most of them Gladstonians. Therefore they find an added pleasure, no doubt, in acting on the advice of the agitators; for Churchmen suffer by the withholding of tithe if the Church does not. But it is abundantly clear that these sufferings do not give a zest to a much more substantial enjoyment—the enjoyment of financial benefit. The great charm of the movement is that it enables the gallant little Welsh farmer to keep what does not belong to him, and to pass for a patriot and a man of conscience at the same time. "I am convinced," says Mr. STEVENS, "that the agitation, confined within the limits of the "parties directly concerned—*i.e.* the tithepayers and tithe-"owners (the interests of the professional agitator and the "political aspirant being set aside)—is purely and simply a "question of *l. s. d.* I feel confident that if the majority "of farmers who plead that they do not pay because they "disagree with the formula of the Established Church "were compelled to devote the moneys they retain "to their own chapels or to other purposes, the backbone

"of the agitation would be broken." That may seem a hazardous opinion; but Mr. STEVENS speaks with knowledge, and "the moneys retained" are certainly not devoted at present to the service of Dissenting chapels (many of which are heavily in debt) or to any pious purpose; and there can be no doubt by this time that Mr. STEVENS is substantially right. Then why will Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and his friends still talk of the anti-Tithe conspiracy as if it were supported by patriotic and conscientious motives alone? Some enthusiasm of a spuriously conscientious kind might have been kindled by the originators of the movement, and we may suppose that nothing less was their hope. Perhaps they dreamed that the tithe withheld *would* be devoted to the use of the chapels; or, if not, that it would be otherwise disposed of in a self-denying way, to the credit of the whole agitation. But the conspiracy has been in existence now for some years; and it has never yet put on the look of conscientious error, even for a day. These "shrewd" but disappointing Welsh farmers have been too shrewd to play their part aright. To the confusion of their friends and well-wishers, none of them have been at the pains or the cost of shamming a disinterested aversion to the payment of tithe. Apparently the only dissimulation about them is a half-concealed hope that a successful combination against one part of their rent may lead to similar good fortune in resisting payment of another portion. Is it not time, then, for Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and other respectable Welsh Leaguers to acknowledge the facts, and give up a pretence of Puritan conscientiousness which has never received the least assistance from the Puritan farmer himself? Or, listening to a bewildered *amour propre*, will they still affect belief in the righteousness of a fraudulent combination too avid to put on the disguise provided for it? It must be an extremely disagreeable thing to do, to say the least; and what does it profit now?

A NOAH'S ARK.

UNLESS there is somebody on the *Diamond Field Advertiser* with a very pretty turn for inventing shaves, that region must lately have enjoyed an emotion of an acute kind. The escape of a savage beast from a menagerie is always a lively incident, but a whole menagerieful at large must be glorious indeed. At what particular spot the outburst took place the *Diamond Field Advertiser*, as quoted in the English papers, does not say; but it is a very good story. It is, to begin with, interesting to learn that the animals were let out by an enemy, which is, if not an actually new, at least a very rare, form of outrage. To let four lions out of their cage is a way of damaging the proprietor which not many men would have the nerve to adopt. The lions are so very likely to show a want of discrimination, and begin by eating up their liberator. In this case they ate up the keepers, with the exception of one who lived long enough to recount the scene. Then they fell upon the performing horses belonging to the circus, and consumed them with such clamour that they terrified their fellow-prisoner, the elephant, who burst the gate of the yard, and rushed into the street, followed by all the other animals, including the still unsatiated lions. Their exit was witnessed by a cabman—his name was NELSON, and he resided at Beaconsfield. With a courage worthy of his name, the cabman "drove down from Main Street to see "the animals rush out." He likened the scene, which he witnessed from a pole, to "the exit from NOAH'S Ark. An "elephant came first, and a few seconds afterwards tumbled "out a confused mob of lions, wolves, hyenas, baboons, "leopards, cheetahs, and jackals." NELSON shinned up a post and got into a first-floor window, whence he observed at leisure the wolves and lions fall upon his horses "with the instinct of their race." The whole clamjamfry went off down Main Street at a gallop.

This is the story as told by the *Diamond Field Advertiser*, and it presents a stirring picture. It is as superior to the common reality of life as an artistic representation thereof ought to be. The sober fact of the escape of animals from menageries ordinarily is that they are too terrified to attack man or beast. The lioness whose escape is recounted at an early period in the memoirs of Mr. PETER SIMPLE was as much frightened as the spectators, and a great deal more frightened than O'BRIEN, who dragged her ignominiously back in a net borrowed from "the carts "which had brought calves to the fair." That is generally the history of the escape of animals from a cage. The old gentleman who met a lion in Piccadilly, and did nothing more remarkable than call a hackney-coach to avoid it, was doubtless, like O'BRIEN, "a very "brave fellow," but he was also a sensible man. A beast which has been caged is almost always so stiff and weak from confinement and under-feeding that it is completely cowed by its own freedom. A resolute man of good physical strength who takes it by the scruff of its neck can generally drag it back with no great difficulty. The adventure might be dangerous for a weak man whose nerves failed him in the middle of the struggle. It is said that the tamer BIDEL, who was, to be sure, a man of immense strength, of the thick-set French build, once carried a runaway tiger on his back, and back to back, for an appreciable part of a mile. The story was perhaps larger than life, but it had a foundation. In Africa in their native clime beasts may not be so easily tamed—though, after all, some Africans do lead lions about with strings. Or, again, it is possible that these things are an allegory, written by an observing South African who has had his eye on the strikes. They would lend themselves to the purpose admirably. The sinner who opened the cages is the type of the democratic politician; the beasts are the Unions; the keepers who were torn to pieces the employers; and Mr. NELSON, of Beaconsfield, who came to see "the "animals rush out" stands for the sympathetic public which looked on at the Dock strike, and has since seen occasion to shin up posts in some trepidation.

MR. PETRIE'S EXHIBITION.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Petrie's Exhibition at Oxford Mansion lacks this year some of the elements of popularity it has enjoyed in former years, it is of high scientific value. The remote period—at least 2,000 B.C.—to which a great part of the collection must be assigned is in itself interesting and important. That we should see implements, even children's toys and women's necklaces, four thousand years old, things made before the time of Abraham, is wonderful enough; and though objects of art are rare, objects of domestic use, coupled with what we know of the life of the people of those times from the fast perishing paintings of Beni Hassan, and the scantier but better preserved tombs of Assooan, enable us to form a very real idea of the dwellers in the Nile Valley under the rule of the Twelfth Dynasty. A time of disaster and dismay had passed by. The wild tribes of the Desert, who had dominated the cities and harried the country, had been driven out, and the people looked to the Amenemhats and the Usertasens to bring them peace, to punish the wrongdoer, and to capture the marauder, and even attributed to their king power to make the land fruitful and the Nile abundant. A papyrus, one of the very few of that age extant, which is hung on the wall of one of the rooms, gives us the text of an address or petition—not, as it is wrongly labelled, "a hymn"—to Usertasen III., asking for these gifts. We cannot doubt, from the inscriptions of that dynasty which have been copied at Sioot and other places, that these blessings were widespread until some five or six kings of the family had reigned, when, under the next, the thirteenth, dynasty, a period of incalculable length ensued, when the barbarians broke in once more, and for centuries peace and plenty were strangers in the land of Ham.

Mr. Petrie has found some curious fragments of domestic buildings. These, which chiefly consist of wooden columns, show that the rock-cut tombs with their "proto-Doric" pillars were imitated from the actual houses of the time. This is a matter of considerable importance. He exhibits part of an octagonal column of wood, about a foot in diameter, found in position on a stone base. Above it is part of a palm-shaped capital, from another house. Other columns, more or less perfect, are also exhibited, and leave no doubt as to the architectural taste of the time, being, as the catalogue points out, the first objects of the kind ever found. Mr. Petrie is always great on pottery. This year he has made a curious discovery in ceramics. It seems that some of the fragments found "in various parts of the Twelfth Dynasty town Kahun,", are never found elsewhere—as, for example, in the neighbouring Eighteenth Dynasty Gurob—and that these fragments are of foreign origin, and similar to the earliest specimens from the islands of the Ægean. Here is fine food for speculation. Were the workpeople employed in making the great dam of the Labyrinth Greek captives? In what Mr. Petrie denominates a Phœnician pot he found a papyrus dated in the 33rd year of Amenemhat III., and a scarab of the same king. Further food for speculation is offered by "a box with legs, within which a baby was found." At Gurob Mr. Petrie had already dug up pottery of the Mykenæ character, and dates it about 1400 B.C., which answers well to the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty; but now he has "painted pottery found in and under the rubbish heaps of the Twelfth Dynasty." "So it is now," he remarks, "an open question whether there was not a

civilization on the Ægean two thousand years before the flourishing age of Greek art."

Among the miscellaneous curiosities is a wooden stamp bearing the name of Apepi, a so-called Hyksos king, about whom it would be satisfactory to know more. He may well have been Joseph's Pharaoh. Another item is "a flint knife with binding on the handle." There is also a sickle made of wood, to the inner or cutting edge of which a row of sharpened flints is cemented. This use of stone implements for other than sacrificial purposes shows the great antiquity of these discoveries, which is also proved by the number of fire-sticks found. The people who habitually cut their corn with flints and lighted fires by rubbing must, however highly civilized in writing and manners, have lived very long ago, and themselves looked back to a very ancient origin. In this Twelfth-Dynasty room, also, we may see a sort of earthenware cage. Mr. Petrie reasonably conjectures that this was used for setting eggs to be hatched into an oven; but, if so, how is it that we find no fowl in the pictures and inscriptions of the period? Mr. Johnston, we remember, founded an argument as to the age of an African tribe on the presence or absence of words denoting "chickens," and certainly no such words existed in the vocabulary of the people of the Twelfth Dynasty. One thing, however, did exist—personal vanity is vouched for by a beautiful bronze mirror, the handle of which Mr. Petrie considers the earliest example of the head of Athor. In the other rooms are numerous beautiful and still more numerous interesting objects, including mummy cases, pottery painted with birds and a butterfly, specimens of tin and hæmatite, scarabs with rare names, tubular vases in coloured glass, and, above all, some very curious carvings of the time of that mysterious monarch, Khuen-Aten, who seems by this evidence to have reigned in the Fayoom as well as in Upper Egypt.

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND HER WRONGS.

THE reform of the Hindu marriage law, which Mr. Behramjee Malabari has with such energy and persistence for some years past urged on the Indian authorities, and for which he has been of late agitating in this country, is an excellent instance of the problems involved in the government of an Eastern dependency by rulers pledged, as the English in India are, to do all that statecraft can effect for the happiness and moral welfare of the inhabitants. There is, it is to be feared, little room for doubting that the evils against which Mr. Malabari protests are very real and very serious. When every allowance is made for the exaggeration of partisans and enthusiasts, there is a solid residuum of fact, attested by unimpeachable evidence, which it is impossible for any humane person to contemplate with indifference. The Hindu woman has been the victim of a series of historical misadventures. She has fallen from a high estate. In the happy Aryan days she was all that the boldest champion of women's rights could wish—influential, respected, free. Traces of this cheerful epoch remain in the high position which the widow still occupies in families where there is no son; in such cases she represents the estate, and is, for her lifetime, complete mistress of the position. This happy state of things was in course of time impaired by a succession of prejudicial influences. The instinctive desire of all early communities to guard against extinction and to strengthen themselves by increased numbers found expression in the religious obligation of every father to provide, at the earliest possible moment, a son who could efficiently perform his sacrificial rites. No man's future salvation was assured till this indispensable duty had been accomplished. To the same sentiment must be traced the paternal obligation to find a husband for the marriageable daughter before the period at which she would become capable of the duties of maternity. "There seems to be no doubt," writes one of the authorities whom the Government consulted on the subject, "that, if a Hindu omits to give his daughter in marriage before the age of puberty, he brings damnation upon three generations of ancestors." Such a state of public opinion resulted naturally in the prudent practice of guarding effectually, while yet there was time for leisurely arrangements, against a contingency fraught with degradation and misery alike to the child and its family. The restrictions of caste rendered marriage no easy matter, and an anxious parent would be oppressed with anxiety till the child's marriage was assured. It has been suggested, too, that in the many rough periods through which India has passed—invasions, for instance, of which one feature was the carrying away of all the virgins of the invaded country—some safety may have been derived from the status of a married woman. At any rate, the child had another family besides her own, to which she belonged, and from which she could claim support and protection. Upon this state of things supervened that strange wave of hatred and contempt for women which forms so striking a feature of the Brahminical supremacy. Partly owing to a spirit of asceticism, partly to the desire of the Brahmin to suppress a person who interfered inconveniently with his domestic ascendency, the misogynist influence took firm hold of Hindu religion. The sacred texts teem with denunciations of woman's vileness, feebleness and perfidy, and with prescriptions for keeping so dangerous an animal in the necessary subjection. The widow was, if possible, to be burnt; in other cases to be relegated to a life of penitential suffering and degradation. These austere requirements form a part—a very living part—of the Hindu law now in force, and, subject to various modifying influences, shape the careers of many millions of women. It is obvious that, throughout the whole system, the wishes and predilections of the parties are altogether subordinated to more imperative considerations. If a man's eternal happiness depends on his having a son to celebrate his obsequies—if a girl's honour and that of her family depend on her having a husband before she ceases to be a girl, there is no room for such minor details as the personal tastes of the parties principally concerned. Indeed, they cannot, at the time when marriage takes place, be said to have any taste in the matter; the father is only acting a good parent's part in guarding his unconscious offspring from future unhappiness. Such a state of things lends itself easily to oppression and cruelty. The child-bride, when she first goes to live with her new relations, proves sometimes a troublesome inmate, and suffers under the traditional severities of a relentless mother-in-law. Dreadful cases of cruelty practised on these young creatures crop up, from time to time, in the Indian Courts, and give a shocking idea of what the domestic life of a Hindu woman may be. In the case of the young widow, as the law prescribes isolation, privation and humiliation as her proper doom, it is easy to understand how harsh and unsympathetic relations are likely to behave to her. Even now the tale of the Hindu woman's misfortunes is incomplete; for, to crown all, the British law comes to the aid of her oppressors, and supplies the rigid and effectual procedure of the civil Courts for the enforcement of the husband's rights, and, by a form of action previously unknown to Indian law, compels the wife to the performance of her conjugal duties, however distasteful.

This state of things is naturally felt by educated Hindu women to belong to an epoch of barbarism, from which they have, as members of a civilized community, a good claim to be relieved. The imposing array of names of high European officials and of native gentlemen of influence and position, who give their general support to Mr. Malabari's cause shows that this feeling is not confined to educated Hindu women, but is entertained by thoughtful and sensible people in every class and in every part of the country. The Government of India is as far as possible from regarding the subject with indifference. Six years ago Mr. Malabari laid a formal expression of his opinions before the Government, together with certain specific suggestions of reform of a legislative or executive character, by which the cause which he has so much at heart might be advanced. The Government of India at once put in force the powerful machinery which it habitually employs for the ascertainment of the views of the public, and in course of time found itself in possession of a huge mass of opinions, emanating from local administrations, public bodies, native associations of every order, and a large number of individuals conspicuous for learning, influence, experience of native usages, and insight into native sentiment. A more weighty and important State document than the volume, in which their opinions are collected, it would be impossible to imagine. No subject could be more thoroughly thrashed out, or more exhaustively treated from every possible point of view. The Government of India put its imprimatur on the almost unanimous conclusion of those whom it had consulted, in recording its opinion that the reforms urged by Mr. Malabari were wholly inadmissible, and that, much as the results of some portions of the Hindu Marriage-law were to be regretted, the state of public opinion did not warrant any legislative or executive interference on the part of the ruling power. Any such interference, there was a general consensus of opinion, would be likely to do more harm than good to the interests of the class concerned, and to involve public inconvenience and danger of the gravest order.

It is a significant circumstance that several of the reforms originally urged by Mr. Malabari have disappeared from his programme, and that several others have been substituted, which he now asks the Government to adopt, and the English public to urge on the Government. Before discussing their value, however, it is desirable to consider the main ground on which the Government on the former occasion declined to interfere, which was not so much that the particular reforms would be useless or mischievous, as that no case was made out for the interference of the State in a matter so immediately affecting the domestic habits of the people. By far the larger portion of the area in dispute is covered, not by law, but by custom; and this custom has grown up in obedience to existing wants, wishes, and beliefs, and would presently decay if those sentiments became less powerful. Any external interference, accordingly, would come into direct collision with feelings of which we know nothing, which we are perfectly unable to understand, and the force of which we cannot appreciate. A very short perusal of the recorded opinions suffices to show how tremendous might be the danger of any such collision. The Madras Government, for instance, mentions the opinion of the President of the Hindu Sabha or Assembly—who, it appears, is himself a reformer—that "it would be a clear and unwarrantable violation of Her Majesty's Proclamation to bring official influence to bear upon the religious beliefs and practices of the people, and particularly upon the institution of marriage, which is one of the most, if not the most, sacred sacraments of any creed or Church"; and the Chief Justice of Travancore asserts that the orthodox element, which would oppose any such interference, represents ninety-nine per cent. out of the native community—an estimate in which the Madras Government concurs. In the reply from the Government of the North-

Western Provinces, Sir A. Lyall gives an exposition of the state of the case in Upper India, which places the difficulties of any attempted reform in a striking light, and shows how exaggerated a view reformers such as Mr. Malabari are apt to take. He estimates, in the first place, that the custom of prohibiting the re-marriage of widows is observed only by a fourth of the Hindu population of those provinces—ten millions out of forty millions—and that the percentage of Hindu widows is so slightly in excess of that of Mohammedan widows as to indicate that even in this fourth the rule is not observed with unvarying strictness. Comparing the Indian figures with those of England, he finds that in England out of every hundred women of twenty years and upwards 25·80 per cent. are single, 60 per cent. are married, and 13·60 are widows. In India there are, practically, no unmarried women, 69·64 per cent. are married, and 29·55 are widows. These figures seem to show that the advantage is not altogether on the side of the Englishwoman. Every Indian woman gets married, and so escapes the isolation, defencelessness and other disadvantages of unmarried life, to which twenty-five per cent. of Englishwomen have to submit. The conclusion would seem to be, as Sir A. Lyall points out, not that the Indian marriage law stands exceptionally in need of drastic and immediate reform, but that "the position of women everywhere is imperfect and often very unsatisfactory."

It is hardly likely, we should fear, that the Government of India will be disposed to reopen a question which has been so recently considered, and as to which a practically unanimous opinion was expressed in opposition to any external interference. Of the reforms now advocated by Mr. Malabari some seem to us, we confess, to be of questionable utility. He is anxious, for instance, to alter the date at which a girl's consent to the loss of her chastity can affect the legal aspect of the offence. The date, now fixed by law, may, probably, be earlier than it need be; but does Mr. Malabari really believe that a great social change is to be effected by petty alterations such as this? Others of his proposals are changes in the existing custom, which go to the root of the matter, and which, if officially introduced, would place the Government in the position of a social revolutionist. To enable a girl, at any time after twelve years of age and before consummation, to repudiate her marriage is, of course, one of those summary remedies which cut the Gordian knot effectually, but involve a complete subversion of society. Is the girl to have this power and not the boy? and if the boy can repudiate, what would be the girl's status, and how would her parents' anxieties about her be allayed? It must be remembered that what the Government is asked to do is not to emancipate individuals or classes from a distasteful law, but to enable them to remain members of the Hindu community and religion, and at the same time to disregard rules which the vastly preponderating majority of its professors regard as of especial sanctity. The Hindu religion is, on the whole, a consolatory and beneficent institution to many millions of persons who accept its dogma with unquestioning faith, and live in peace under its protection. It is one thing to say, as the Indian Government does, that any one who will is free to come out of it, and to adopt what personal law he pleases without incurring the penalties of forfeiture and civil degradation. It is another and a much more dangerous thing for an alien and unsympathetic Power to attempt to modify those parts of the system which it happens to disapprove, or which particular classes of its subjects, numerically inappreciable, regard as objectionable. No reasonable Legislature will place itself in direct antagonism to social opinion, and it is by wholesome changes in social opinion that reforms can be effected and the door opened to legislation which may confirm and assist, but can never originate. "Any real improvement," says Sir Alfred Lyall, "must await the impulse of a widespread desire for a social change. State interference could at present do little good, and would almost inevitably be misunderstood by the bulk of the people." Mr. Malabari and his coadjutors are not without encouraging symptoms of a growing sympathy in India with their opinions. Every year's progress in education will strengthen their hands. Every educated Hindu woman—and the class is becoming considerable—is necessarily their ally. Mr. Malabari's recent agitation in this country will do good in assuring Indian reformers how deep and general is the sympathy felt for them in England. Indian customs are malleable, and yield at the first touch of real public sentiment. The customs affecting marriage will yield, like the rest, when society desires it; but till that desire becomes far more general and outspoken than it is at present, the interference of the State could only intensify opposition, kindle alarm, and impede the final achievement of a great and beneficent reform.

CREEDS AND COURAGE.

WE have been brought to recognize, even in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, when we come to encounter foes of different races and religion, that there is something men still value more than life or safety. No one can have read the accounts of the campaigns in the Soudan (which threaten, by the way, to become annual performances) without a throb of admiration for the self-sacrifice and courage displayed by our opponents, and a twinge of sorrow at the slaughter these qualities have necessitated. In defiance of all rules and regulations, all percentages of loss, all experience, their advances urged on and their reckless bravery has swept away our boasted attack formations, and compelled us, in spite of the possession of a breech-loading rifle, to seek safety in the square, perhaps the most primitive formation known in the annals of war. The moral force that may support an army, be it derived from *esprit de corps*, from prestige, or fanaticism, has always been reckoned a factor of as much importance on the battlefield as the muster-roll. Wellington estimated the presence of Napoleon at 40,000 men. His own "long nose was worth 10,000 men to us any day," according to one who fought with him in the Peninsula, and wrote about it afterwards. Religious fervour counterbalanced many a troop during the Civil Wars, and it was Cromwell who bade his men trust in God as they crossed a river into action, though he somewhat cynically reminded them to likewise keep their powder dry. What but the magic of the name would have stirred the clans to have sacrificed themselves in the lost cause of the Stuarts? or how may we materially measure the power that patriotism conferred on the defenders of Saragossa? Yet, bright as are the pages that are lighted by the glow of religion or patriotism, or the duller glare of the mere lust of conquest, we read of nothing so striking or magnificent as the utter contempt for death or suffering displayed by the followers of the Prophet. The Christian faith, with its messages of comfort, lacks the direct incentives to battle with which the Koran abounds. Humility and forbearance are by it esteemed rather than valour, in however good a cause, and there is not the same definiteness in the promises which speak of rewards for the faithful. The rough uneducated soldier is sometimes unequal to appreciating the true worth of the prospect held out to him, and would be often more moved by something more highly coloured and tangible. It is in this respect that the Koran is so peculiarly well adapted for its purpose, and it is because of this that Islam forms the soldier's religion *par excellence*. In the Mohammedan Bible we find no ambiguity nor euphemisms. War against the Giaour is there unmistakably indicated as the noblest object in life, and a death on the battlefield will cover years of crime. The devotion displayed by the Arabs during the earlier of our battles round Suakin has never been surpassed in the annals of war. To meet death appeared to be what most desired, and the certainty of speedily finding it under the fire of modern rifles seemed to encourage them to come on rather than otherwise. Many of the assailants of our squares were old white-haired men, long past the age when they could hope to do effective service in the field. Some, on the other hand, were children of tender years, and they advanced encouraged by their parents as if to mimic warfare waving toy spears and childish swords and darts. The highest good fortune that could fall to their share was a passport to paradise from a Martini bullet; and for their courage and intrepidity their religious training was directly responsible. Nor when we examine the teaching of the Koran need we feel surprise.

A German authority has recently pointed out that a good twenty of its chapters treat entirely of war, and the duty of the soldier, while about two-thirds of every other chapter contains some reference to it, or quotes warlike proverbs and maxims. The idea, in fact, which pervades the whole work is the exaltation of soldierly virtues and praise of manly qualities. Such words as the following are sufficiently direct in their teaching:—"Believe in God and His messenger, and fight regardless of your blood and property for His religion." "Rouse, O Prophet, the faithful to battle"; "Make war on the unbelievers who dwell in your neighbourhood, and let them feel the full measure of your strength." And in another passage the faithful are exhorted not to cease from harassing the infidels till the whole world has accepted the true belief. While our Bible promises comfort in affliction and misery, it is to domestic sorrows or misfortunes in business matters that reference is more particularly made; but in the Koran consolation is offered especially in reference to disasters in war, and it is evidently presupposed that the keenest affliction will be an unsuccessful enterprise. The highest evidence likewise of the grace and mercy of God is displayed in a defeat averted, when matters seemed hopeless, or in a victory secured against overwhelming odds.

"Verily if ye believe in God, and behave with patience, He will send five thousand angels to your assistance should your foe suddenly attack you. God sends you these glad tidings that your hearts should learn to trust in Him." Likewise they are also reminded that "God's help ensures victory." The doctrine of fatalism is also one comfortable to the soldier, and has ever found favour in the ranks. "Every bullet has its billet," in the philosophy of the barrack-room, even with us; but the Mohammedan is expressly taught so by his religion, and the utter hopelessness of endeavouring to evade the hand of destiny is magnified into one of the principles of his faith. "No one dies except by the will of God, according as is determined in the book which contains the appointed time for all things." "I am of myself quite unable to secure any advantage for myself, or on the other to ward off any misfortune, except so far as it pleases God." "Nothing happens to us but as has been arranged beforehand by God."

Other passages may be quoted which are so explicit in regard to the fight that they almost read like extracts from some ancient book on tactics. "Stand firmly shoulder to shoulder, and make no attack until the order for it is given you." "Collect your forces together, and do not open the ranks [do not begin the battle] until the whole number of you are present." "When you come in contact with the unbelievers, go on smiting off

their heads till you have inflicted a crushing defeat; then take the remainder prisoners, and keep them in chains till the war is over." Nor need the followers of the Prophet be scrupulous as to means. All is fair with them in war, if not in love. "Combat your foe by whatever means are possible, and kill him in any way you please." From the Koran, too, several passages may be quoted which brand cowardice with infamy, and misbehaviour in the presence of the enemy is accounted by it one of the most heinous offences. Thus we read, "Be ashamed to flee in battle, for to run away is the most infamous disgrace." And the following is an even stronger admonition:—"Even should the infidels fall on you in swarms, you must never turn your backs to them; for whoso turns his back to them on that day, be it that he is drawn back by the surges of the fight, or that he wishes to fall back on another section of his own line, on him will fall the wrath of God, and Hell shall be his abode." And if the punishment for cowardice be thus severe, the reward of the faithful soldier is correspondingly magnificent. His conduct will in no wise be forgotten. "He who fights for God's religion, be he victorious or should he perish, will receive a rich recompense." "He who dies in battle, dies absolved of sin; on the day of judgment his wounds will gleam like purple, and will be odorous as musk." "Do not say of those who have perished for God's religion that they are dead, but rather speak of them as living." Some of the Prophet's maxims make direct reference to military service. "Learn to ride, to fight, and to swim," is one of them. And another tells us that Paradise is to be found under the shadow of the sword. Imbued from childhood with such sentiments, and trained both by tradition and religion to be soldiers, it is not to be wondered at if all those races which are of Mohammedan origin or faith have proved the toughest of antagonists, and may be turned into almost ideal soldiers. We have in India formerly, more recently in the Soudan, had bitter experience of the valour such education may produce, while the Russians can bear testimony to the pluck and endurance of the Moslem. The history of their advance in Central Asia, when they met the pure and unadulterated spirit of the faith in its pristine vigour, adds another instance of the bravery and disregard of death which characterize the believers in the creed of Islam. The story of the siege and capture of Geok Tepe will ever bear eloquent testimony to the magnificent self-sacrifice of the brave Turcomans, and the merciless massacre decreed by Skobeleff is a measure of the trouble they had given their conquerors. Men who drink nothing but water, who are satisfied with a frugal meal of grain once a day, who are by instinct and tradition warriors, and who regard all other callings with contempt, form surely the stuff of which armies should be made. When we further consider the enormous moral force and lever supplied by their religious tenets and the utterances of their holy men, one may well regret that the corruption or stupidity of their commanders is all that has ever come between victory and those whom military leaders, from Prince Eugene to Valentine Baker, have united in calling born soldiers. If the paradise Islam offers to its votaries be sensual and intensely earthly, its attractions appeal all the more directly to the imagination of the uneducated denizens of the camp; and if the colours they are painted in be crude and glaring, they are, after all, what the lower orders of humanity prefer. The brass bands and music-hall tunes of the Salvation Army in our own country are effective, in like manner, in drawing crowds after them that cannot be roused to attend a simple service. The purer aspirations of a colder creed, while they satisfy the highest instincts, often fail to impress coarser natures, to whom death in action appears to open an easier path to paradise than a life of humility and self-sacrifice.

LISBON.

ROUNDING the Rock of Lisbon, the westernmost point of Europe, the voyager enters the noble estuary of the Tagus. Some ten miles inland from the sea, on the northern bank, stands Lisbon. On our left hand is the Bay of Cascaes, with its ancient castle, generally occupied by the Royal Family of Portugal during the summer bathing season. On the landward side parks and scattered villas stretch away into the distance. The bay is the gathering-place of the Royal regattas, but is stormy and unsheltered. Volcanic rocks crop out of the sterile soil at every turn, and the Portuguese say, in allusion to the somewhat desolate and dreary prospect, *Quem vai a Cascaes vai uma vez e nunca mais*—"Who goes to Cascaes goes once, but never again." Cintra soon comes in view to the north, with its rocky eminences, crowned by the old Moorish castle and the Cork Convent; the latter so called from its corridors lined with cork. Cintra is abandoned and desolate, only visited by occasional stray tourists. Pena Castle, the former residence of the Saxe-Coburg Dom Fernando, father of the late King Dom Luis, stands boldly on a rocky height. Hard by is the old summer palace of Dom John I., whose queen was the daughter of John of Gaunt; built in Moorish style, with pateos, courtyards, balconies, baths, and gardens. The Throne-room is remarkable for its ceiling, adorned with painted magpies, each with the legend "Para bem" in its beak. This was Dom John's revenge on his gossiping courtiers for their merry use of these two words of excuse, which the King had been overheard whispering in the ears of the angry Queen. This palpable hint about chattering magpies stopped *for good*—"para bem"—the wagging tongues of the discomfited courtiers. Cintra, with its towering volcanic rocks, its groves, and lovely prospects over sea and land, is a favourite summer resort of the wealthier merchants of Lisbon, who have their modern villas nestling among its rocks and groves. Montserrat, that costly folly of the magnificent Beckford, who squandered a fortune in its construction, now gives its title of Viscount to an English merchant. Approaching Lisbon by a charming succession of orange groves, olive groves, vineyards and gardens, broken and rocky heights rising from the green, and mansions embowered in verdure, Quintas is seen in the distance, and at Belem Castle—(Bedlam, Bethlehem)—a diminutive and unique specimen of Moorish architecture. The Portuguese Customs officers hail and board our passing vessel. At high water the little castle is washed on every side by the Tagus. The silting of the river-bed is rapid and incessant, and the channel is constantly changing by the shifting of the mud and sand banks. The southern bank of the river presents quite a different aspect to the rocky northern shore. Here, towards the mouth of the Tagus, the land is low and uninhabited, save by a few fishermen. As we approach Lisbon, however, the rocks begin to crop up again, and on the last rocky point on that shore stands the Lazaretto, where quarantine must be done whenever Government officials can find or invent an excuse for that extortion. Voyagers who are unfortunate enough to find themselves prisoners at this spot have perforce to patronize the only "Restaurant" in the place. The enterprising Lisbon merchant who farms this monopoly pays the Government an annual sum of 2,000*l.* for the privilege.

The Portuguese (who live in their past) please themselves by relating the legend of Ulysses, who landed, they say, at the little island of Troya, at the entrance to Setubal Bay, and finding that small island too confined for his purpose, sailed again northwards, and founded Lisbon on its seven hills, to which city he gave the name of Ulysippo, hence the modern name Lisbon. The city, as seen from the river, has an exceedingly picturesque appearance, its broken tiers of houses rising from the shore against the background of hills which shut off the city from the level country inland. The Portuguese are proud of their capital, and use the proverb, *Quem naõ ha vista Lisboa, naõ ha vista cousa boa*—"Who has never seen Lisbon has missed seeing a good thing." But when one has landed and explored the streets, both of the lower and the upper town, which are neither clean nor imposing, and made a nearer acquaintance with the houses of Lisbon, which are neither clean nor comfortable, one is inclined to the opinion that the Portuguese idea of a good thing is somewhat behind the more modern and advanced idea.

The lower town of Lisbon, which was a congeries of crooked and narrow lanes, with castellated piles at every corner, whence the owners, the Portuguese nobility, used to emerge for frequent brawls and faction fights, was entirely destroyed in the earthquake of 1755. The great Marquis de Pombal, who was Prime Minister at the time, used the opportunity to remodel the city, and made, for that age, an excellent use of his opportunity. Commencing at the Royal Landing Place, he first laid out the Black Horse Square facing the river. Round two of its sides, north and west, he built the offices of the Ministers of State, and on the eastern side he raised the enormous pile of the Custom-house. He then proceeded to lay out his new streets in parallel lines running north from the river, and crossed by others at right angles. Black Horse Square, where Wellington landed with the English troops, occupies the site of the old Esplanade and Royal Palace, the whole block of which, during the earthquake, was carried bodily away by an immense tidal wave. Many hundreds of the inhabitants of Lisbon had fled to this spot for safety, and were swept away to destruction with the ground on which they stood. In Dom Pedro Square, north of Black Horse Square, stands the old building of the Inquisition, now the theatre of Donna Maria II. Beyond, the new Avenue of Liberty, the fashionable promenade of Lisbon, stretches its shadeless, scorching, and dusty vista. During most hours of the day the glaring Avenue is a place to be shunned. The old, or eastern, part of the town, round the old Castle of St. George, was spared by the earthquake, and remains now much as it was then, only more squalid and decayed than ever.

The scare of that terrible earthquake still lingers in the minds of the Lisbonenses. They build their houses with a framework of intersecting and interlacing beams and piles, and then fill in the frame with rubble, stone, and mortar, and face with cement. The roofs are of wood, covered with red tiles. In the grim, prison-like appearance of their lofty houses one sees nothing of the light and graceful style of architecture which is common in the South of Portugal.

On the hills between Belem and Lisbon lies the picturesque suburb of Buenos Ayres, where the English colony principally inhabits. The English Minister's residence is here; and here stands the English Consular Chapel, on the site of the old church built by the Dutch and English in 1680, and which was burned down in 1887. The Estrella Gardens, with their shady walks, adjoin the English Cemetery, which is known as "the Cyprestes," from the magnificent cypresses which fill it. It is a relief to aching eyes and weary limbs, after that hot pull up the glaring hill, to saunter through the dark groves, in the shadow of which so many of our countrymen sleep their last sleep. Fielding sleeps under a massive stone sarcophagus, and in the next avenue a modest square urn on a plinth covers the ashes of Doddridge.

Lisbon, with its 200,000 inhabitants, produces nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of manufactures. The shops are full of imported goods. Not more than twenty per cent. of the population can read or write. The lawyers and merchants monopolize between them what enterprise, or wealth, or learning is found in the country, and from these two classes the official and hereditary nobility are largely recruited. The other families despise the name of trade, and spend their time (or waste it) at their country seats, only paying very occasional visits to the capital.

MEDICINE WITHOUT SCIENCE.

MUCH discussion has recently taken place as to the proper teaching of aspirants to the medical profession; but it has been chiefly confined in its most recent forms to instruction not strictly professional. As to this itself there is room for at least two opinions, and at least two have been held. In the first place, it must be remembered that there is no difference of opinion as to the importance of pure science to the healing art. The treatment of disease is based on physiology, and physiology on anatomy, chemistry, and physics. It is impossible to learn physiology without a previous, and very considerable, knowledge of chemistry; and the hospital lecturer on physiology is often driven to despair by his inability to make the untaught students in front of him understand the chemical phenomena which he is expounding to them. He describes digestion, and finds that starches, sugar, fats, albuminoids, and lactic acid are merely words to them. Further on he comes to nerve currents, to the functions of the eye and ear—the students do not know the most elementary laws of electricity, light, or sound. Whether students learn it or not, science is the agent by which our mastery over disease advances, and perfect medicine and surgery would be but branches of applied science. More, and not less, science is wanted. No one doubts all this, and it is needless to speak of the anæsthetics, antiseptics, and drugs which the world owes to the chemist. Moreover, no one dreams of proposing that any men, even those destined for the rank and file of the profession, can be allowed to enter it in complete ignorance of chemistry and physics. It is all a question of how much they ought, or rather, unfortunately, of how little they may be allowed, to know. In spite of the great improvement in medical students, as a class, which has taken place since the days of Bob Sawyer, there are, and always will be, some idle ones whose sole desire is to get themselves placed on the register with the least possible expenditure of work. It is not right that such students should be encouraged by too easy a pass examination, or by a system which affords a direct incentive to cram, to squeeze into an already overcrowded profession with nothing but a flimsy substitute for scientific knowledge. Too many men, with letters after their names and brass-plates on their doors, are already in this position. They neglected their classes at the medical school, passed their time in amusements, and then at last rushed to the crammer, who packed them with what he thought most likely to be asked, avoiding carefully subjects about which questions had been set at the last examination. Men like this commonly go through life ignorant of all scientific principles, and unable to follow, or indeed understand, the discoveries by which their art is enriched. They use blindly the results gained by others; and, although they often by observation and experience acquire dexterity in practice, their scientific position is but little above that of the herbalist or bone-setter.

We have now to consider what steps the examining Boards, and particularly the Board of the conjoint Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, are taking to improve the character of medical education, and to repress the pernicious system of cramming. Unfortunately, the Royal Colleges are by their regulations fostering the very evils they wish to cure. In the primary examination Chemistry and Physics, which are bracketed, and Practical Chemistry are included. Three hours are allotted to a paper on Chemistry and Physics, and an hour and a half to Practical Chemistry; and there is sometimes a short additional *vivâ voce*. The synopsis covers a very wide range, including Electricity, Heat, and Organic Chemistry, but not Light or Sound. This examination is the only test applied to the students in regard to pure science. Except as to the exclusion of light and sound the subjects are well selected; but, as a certain amount of choice is necessarily and properly allowed to the students, it is often easy to shirk vitally important questions. Candidates are allowed to present themselves at any time and are encouraged to do so before or very soon after entering the hospital school. When a man has passed this examination his training in pure science is at an end, and, unless he devotes himself to private and non-compulsory study, he will never know more of physics or chemistry than he did when he passed. It is true that he will subsequently be examined in physiology and therapeutics, in each of which subjects chemical knowledge is necessary; but experience shows that these examinations can be passed with very slight knowledge of pure science.

In regard to this scheme of scientific teaching the first question is, Is it sufficient in scope? With the limitations above referred to we believe it is. It is perfectly impossible for any student of medicine to go very far in his study of pure science. The amount of study and work allotted to him in his hospital course is very great indeed. He cannot and ought not to be expected to be a qualified chemist or physicist, and examiners have frequently erred by asking questions relating to applied and even to manufacturing chemistry. But it is essential that he shall know thoroughly the principles of science and the systems of classification which have been founded on those principles. General principles are more important than detached facts, for, with sound theoretical knowledge, individual facts can at any time and easily be obtained from books. It would be absurd to expect a student to remember a hundredth, or a thousandth, part of the facts of organic chemistry. But it is necessary that his general knowledge shall enable him to consult, with advantage, a tolerably advanced treatise on the subject. Of course a considerable basis of fact is requisite, not only for practical use, but to render general principles intelligible. Thus, in chemistry the medical man must of course be familiar with the preparation and properties of a considerable number of important elements and compounds, but it is not less essential that he should understand the laws of combination by weight and volume, the periodic law, and the general principles of thermal chemistry.

If such a scheme of scientific education be agreed upon, and we imagine few will offer opposition to it, the question remains, how the necessary training is to be supplied. It is less formidable than it appears to be, but it evidently requires good teaching and a somewhat extensive period of study. Let it be remembered that the great majority of students, when they enter the hospital school, know nothing whatever of science. The lecturer on chemistry has to teach them the metrical system of weights and measures, the structure and use of the barometer and thermometer, the composition of air and water, not to speak of the use of symbols and formulæ. Formerly students were recommended to join the hospital school in October, to attend a six months' course of lectures, which was followed in the ensuing summer by a three months' course of practical chemistry. But now the student is allowed to enter on the 1st of May, and to acquire his whole stock of theoretical and practical chemistry and physics before the end of July, when he may go up for examination. He may begin his practical with his theoretical work, although he does not understand the names on the labels of the bottles he uses. Is it not obvious that such a system is self-condemned? We have no hesitation in asserting that no real knowledge of chemistry can possibly be acquired under such conditions. That there were objections to the old system, none can deny, but the new system is absurd.

Besides the shortening of the period of study, there is another modern innovation, which is not less objectionable. Dr. Russell, the President of the Chemical Society, dwelt upon it at some length in his Presidential address, and we concur fully in all his remarks. If this, the sole examination in pure science, is to have any value at all, it can only be where the teaching has been obtained in an authorized and recognized school. The teachers in such schools, although they are naturally anxious that their pupils shall pass, are scientific men of position and reputation, whose ideas of scientific teaching are not likely to be bounded by the exigencies of an examination. But the colleges, although they still require the certificate of a teacher, are now satisfied to accept the certificate of any man, qualified or unqualified, who chooses to describe himself by that name. There are private crammers, or "grinders," as the medical students call them, who have no claim whatever to rank as science teachers. It would be unreasonable to blame them because their sole idea of scientific teaching is to get their pupils by hook or by crook through the examination. Their study is in old examination papers, and the idiosyncrasies of examiners. It would be better that the colleges should dispense with all certificates of previous study than that they should afford this direct encouragement to a class of teachers the existence of which they have always deplored. As Dr. Russell pointed out, it is noteworthy that the Examining Board of the two colleges still insists, in the case of Anatomy, Medicine, and Physiology, that the student shall have studied at a recognized medical school. It was natural that the President of the Chemical Society should "protest most strenuously against the exclusion of chemistry from this healthy regulation."

We have still to inquire how the Royal Colleges with their great power, well-earned prestige, and sincere desire to promote the interests of the medical profession can ensure more satisfactory scientific teaching without over-pressure upon the students. Taking chemistry as typical, it cannot be doubted that a course of chemical instruction must continue to form a portion of the hospital school curriculum, especially if, as is now proposed, the period of hospital study be extended to five years. But it is surely unnecessary that the bare alphabet of the science should be acquired during the hospital course. Why should not the Examining Board insist that a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry and physics should be acquired by the student before he entered the medical school? No one but a teacher can appreciate the saving of time or the advantage to the student which would follow this simple alteration. It is not only that the lecturer could carry his teaching much further than at present, and particularly could devote more time to organic chemistry, but that the student, with his previous training, however small, would follow the teaching more easily. To send a young man to a hospital to learn the metric system is about as wise a proceeding as if you sent him to the University of Oxford to learn his Latin grammar.

It may be objected that science is so irregularly taught in

schools that many students could not conform even to the simple conditions which we suggest. But as the general wisdom or unwisdom has agreed that elementary science is to be taught, there certainly can be no objection to having it taught usefully.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

THE annual meeting of the Three Choirs has come and gone without adding any notable work to the existing repertory of oratorio music, or exciting that interest amongst the ranks of the musical *cognoscenti* which is awakened by the festivals held at Leeds or Birmingham. The Committee saw no grounds for deviating from their practice of employing a local musician to direct the performances, and the *personnel*, whether we consider the principal singers, the band, or the chorus, was essentially native in its character. The prestige which is conferred on a meeting of this description when an eminent foreign composer attends to conduct his work in person was absent. Even amongst the audience it is doubtful whether there were more than a handful of foreigners; certainly no foreign critics were present. And yet the Worcester Festival was a notable success, the essentially English character of which would probably prove more interesting to a sympathetic alien than Birmingham did to M. de Saint-Saëns or Leeds to Dr. Otto Lessmann. To begin with, the performances take place under infinitely more favourable conditions, both acoustic and artistic. An indifferent voice is glorified in Worcester Cathedral; while the effect of "There were shepherds," as sung by Mme. Albani and heard by an auditor sitting in the choir or the Lady Chapel, is something indescribably beautiful. Here, too, the strains of the orchestra are invested with a fascination undreamed of by any one who has never heard them outside a concert-hall. The audience, again, are bound to be more attentive and reverent than in a public hall. And while the surroundings are such as to gratify the most fastidious critic, the nature of the music performed was admirably calculated to satisfy the average Festival-goer. He likes to hear his old favourites, not to be bewildered with elaborate novelties which, at a first hearing, only leave him perplexed and unsettled. And, after all, our Festivals were devised in the interest of the majority, not of the select few.

The Worcester Festival was extremely enjoyable, not merely on account of the surroundings, the weather, and the music performed. The manner of performance, though occasionally somewhat perfunctory, as in the Bach Cantata, *Ein' feste Burg*, and in parts of Mozart's *Requiem*, was, on the whole, highly satisfactory. There was no conspicuous disappointment, as in Brahms's *Requiem* at Leeds last year; while in regard to tunefulness the choir was one of the best that has ever been got together. It consisted of the three Cathedral choirs and a certain number of picked local amateurs to begin with, supplemented by some singers from Cardiff; but its real strength lay in a contingent of eighty choristers from Leeds. The preliminary rehearsals were of rather a hurried and inadequate nature, but what the choir lost in the occasional uncertainty they displayed in the less familiar scores they gained in the freedom from fatigue with which they were enabled to set about their work. The Yorkshire singers were heard by themselves to great advantage in an unaccompanied eight-part song, "To Morning," by Mr. C. Harford Lloyd, the well-known organist of Christ Church, but their crowning effort was in the magnificent rendering which they gave at the miscellaneous concert on the night of last Wednesday week of the choruses in Dr. Parry's *St. Cecilia's Day*. This noble work, it may be remembered, was dedicated to the Leeds Chorus and their zealous choirmaster, Mr. Alfred Broughton, and how fully they appreciated the compliment was made manifest on this occasion, not merely by their splendid singing, but by the tempestuous heartiness with which they joined in the applause at the close of the work. The orchestra, which was of full dimensions, proved itself to be a very fine body of players, almost entirely natives. The brass occasionally got behind the beat, and the *obbligato* playing in a couple of instances was inferior. But the standard of excellence maintained throughout was decidedly high, and the performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, which took place in the Cathedral, was remarkable for its finish and beauty of tone. We may add to these comments on the executants a few words in recognition of the tact and ability displayed by Mr. C. Lee Williams, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, who acted as conductor throughout the Festival. Mr. Williams has a clear and vigorous beat, and his management of the solo numbers displayed both sympathy and intelligence. Of the principal vocalists we shall have occasion to speak later on; but may say here that Mme. Albani maintained her supremacy over all comers, while two promising recruits were forthcoming in the Irish bass, Mr. Plunket Greene, and the Welsh tenor, Mr. Hirwen Jones, the former especially distinguishing himself by the fervour of his singing in *St. Paul*.

The novelties produced at the Festival do not call for extended comment. Dr. Bridge's Oratorio, *The Repentance of Nineveh*, undoubtedly escapes the reproach of being commonplace, unless, perhaps, in the triumphal march and the storm scene. It is cleverly made music, and where the situation suggests the solid ecclesiastical style adopted is extremely effective. But for the rest, the dryness of the recitatives and the unattractive character of the melody seem to preclude the possibility of the work's ever taking hold on the fancy of the oratorio-going public. This is all the more to be regretted seeing that the composition evinces at every turn serious intention and earnest effort. Mr. Elgar's *Froissart* Overture proved to be distinctly in advance of the average specimens of local talent produced on these occasions. It is pretentious, and not void of a certain bombastic vein, but it has vigour and colour, and displays enterprise in the handling of thematic material. Of the quasi-novelties, Weber's *Harvest* Cantata deserves prominent notice, not only for its intrinsic beauty, but for the spirit with which it was interpreted by the chorus and principal performers, Mrs. Hutchinson in particular distinguishing herself for the exquisite finish of her singing in the soprano part. The same singer deserves cordial praise for her fine performance of Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido" at the miscellaneous concert. When singers get a chance of indulging their individual proclivities, they too often introduce something thoroughly inferior, as Mr. Lloyd did on this occasion. Instead of giving the tenor air from *Iphigénie en Aulide*, say, which he sings to perfection, Mr. Lloyd selected an unutterably vapid air from Halévy's *La Juive*. At the same concert Mr. Plunket Greene contrived to render Hans Sachs's monologue "Was duftet doch" thoroughly interesting—not a mean achievement with a provincial audience—and delighted his hearers by his expressive delivery of the Irish air "My love's an Arbutus." Of the oratorios given *St. Paul* claims our attention first, not merely because the work is so seldom heard, but also by reason of the high merits of the performance. Except for a tendency to drag the time in "Jerusalem," Mme. Albani sang with great beauty of voice and tenderness of expression. Mr. Lloyd was admirable in the tenor music, while the chorus combined delicacy with animation to a remarkable extent. Of Mr. Greene's share in the work we have already spoken. The feature of the performance of the *Creation* (Parts I. and II.) was Mr. Brereton's admirable delivery of the bass recitatives and airs. Mr. Watkin Mills rendered valuable service throughout the week by his straightforward and vigorous declamation. Mr. Mills has improved greatly in regard to the purity of intonation, and the range of his voice seems to have gained in extent, to judge from the sonority of his E's and F's. In the *Elijah* his inability to realize the inflections of tenderness or pathos was the only drawback—though a serious one—in an otherwise highly meritorious interpretation. Mme. Albani was at her very best in "Hear ye, Israel," and in all the soprano music allotted to her in the *Messiah*, always excepting "Rejoice greatly"; while Miss Hilda Wilson's delivery of the contralto airs in the *Elijah* and *Messiah* could not have been improved on for purity and smoothness of style or spontaneity of expression. Miss Anna Williams's singing was as intelligent and conscientious as ever. She quite surprised her hearers, however, by the success with which she rendered the high and florid soprano part in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which was given to the alternative text of *Engedi* or *David in the Wilderness*. In this work Mr. Hirwen Jones showed to considerable advantage, and followed up the good impression by his highly expressive singing of the tenor music in the *Messiah*. Judged by the test of numbers and receipts, the Festival proved highly satisfactory. The attendance was about two thousand in advance of that at the last meeting, while the sale of tickets realized about 5,000*l.*—the largest sum yet reached. The balance of receipts over expenditure is reckoned at about 500*l.*; but to this amount, by which the charity will be benefited, remains to be added the round sum of 1,000*l.* collected at the offertories.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE state of the silver market seems to suggest that speculation has been carried too far. The United States Government of late has been buying the metal 4 or 5 cents per ounce lower than it gave last month. Here in London the price fell from 54⅝*d.* per ounce to under 53*d.* per ounce at one time; since then it has been fluctuating between 53*d.* and 54*d.* per ounce. The stringency in New York may account for the weakness of the market. It has been extremely difficult at times to obtain loans on any conditions; for the banks had allowed their reserves to fall below the legal minimum, and even where money could be had the charges made were almost prohibitive. Speculators, therefore, may have decided that under these circumstances it was wiser to sell, and wait for a more favourable money market. But there is much that seems to show at the same time that this does not fully explain the weakness, and that, in fact, the new Silver Act was based upon imperfect calculations. Roughly speaking, the Act requires the American Government to buy half the present production of the world, and the promoters of the Act evidently were of opinion that the rest of the world would have to purchase the remaining half at whatever price the bullion might be carried to. But in coming to this conclusion they seem to have left out of their calculations some very important considerations. The recent depreciation of silver stimulated exports from all the silver-using countries, and checked imports into them. Now the rise in silver is checking exports and stimulating imports. Formerly, the exports, speaking generally, exceeded the imports, and the difference had to be paid for in cash—that is to say, in silver. Consequently, the

consumption of silver was wonderfully large. Now, however, that imports are being stimulated and exports checked there is a fear that the excess of exports over imports may greatly decrease, possibly even disappear altogether, and, consequently, less silver will be required to settle the difference or balance. It may be objected that the import trade is suffering just now like the export trade in the silver-using countries, but that is a temporary embarrassment. It is due to the fact that imports which are now being shipped can be sold much cheaper than imports that were shipped a month ago or more. After a while trade will adapt itself to the new conditions, and then imports will be gradually stimulated, while the higher silver rises the more difficult it will be to export, unless, indeed, the gold prices of the exports of silver-using countries rise considerably. There is another point of very much importance which does not seem to have received the attention which it deserves from the promoters of the Silver Act—namely, that a smaller amount of silver goes as far now as a larger amount did a little while ago. Roughly speaking, the price of silver is about 25 per cent. higher now than the average of last year. Consequently, 25 per cent. less silver is as effective in paying debts as the larger amount was last year. Even then, if the silver-using countries are able to keep up their exports, a smaller amount of silver will pay the difference between them and the imports than did formerly. But if, as seems inevitable, the exports fall off, and the imports increase, there will be not only a smaller balance to settle, but a smaller amount of silver will also settle that balance. It seems then to be reasonably certain that, if the price of silver is kept up, there will be a falling off in the consumption of the metal by silver-using countries; and it appears a reasonable conclusion, also, that the consumption in the arts will also be less.

On the other hand, it is extremely probable that the production of the world will increase rapidly. Even while the price was continuously falling there was a steady increase in the output from the mines. In 1878, according to the best available statistics, the total production of the world was under 73½ million ounces. In 1889 it amounted, in round figures, to 126 million ounces, being an increase of 52½ million ounces, or about 70 per cent. But in 1878 the price of silver was over 55*d.* per ounce, whereas last year it was at one time under 42*d.* per ounce. With such a great and continuous fall so extraordinary an increase in production is remarkable; and it will be strange, therefore, if there is not a much more rapid and much greater increase in the future. Many mines which could not be worked at less than 50*d.* per ounce will now be reopened; while mines in which silver constitutes only a small percentage of the total ores will be worked more vigorously. Small as the percentage is, it will enable the owners to sell their other ores below the price their competitors must ask; and, therefore, the output in lead-mines and other mines containing silver is sure to be greatly increased. If this happens, it is difficult to see how the price of silver bullion can be kept up. If, that is to say, there is a large increase in the production and a considerable falling off in the consumption of other silver-using countries except the United States, the United States must either augment in proportion its purchases of the metal or the present price cannot be kept up. Apparently the speculators in silver are beginning to recognize this. They see already that there is less demand than there was for other silver-using countries except the United States, and they anticipate that there will be a considerable augmentation in the output. At all events, they feel sure that the mine-owners will do what they can to augment production. Possibly the owners in the United States may think it better not to increase the output, but to receive a higher price. Owners elsewhere, however, are very likely to take a different view of the matter; and evidently the owners of mines of whose ores silver forms but a small percentage must endeavour to increase the output, inasmuch as only by so doing can they get command of the market for those ores which constitute the larger part of the output. And the difficulties of the speculators are increased by the fact that the American Government is buying only 4½ million ounces per month. If it had gone into the market, and bought at once very large amounts—intending, of course, to keep within the limit imposed by the Act for the year's purchases—it would have relieved the speculators of the stocks they are holding, and enabled them at once to realize large profits. But, as it is acting, it will only gradually take from them those stocks; and, in the meantime, the prospect of increased production and decreased consumption will be influencing the market.

The long-continued stringency in the New York money market has caused a sharp rise in the rate of discount here in London. In the open market it is now up to 4 per cent., the Bank-rate. On Tuesday and Wednesday there were rumours that large amounts of gold would be withdrawn for New York. In consequence it was expected that the Bank-rate on Thursday would be advanced to 5 per cent., for when once a drain to New York sets in, it is usually of such great magnitude that it would be unsafe to delay a moment in attempting to stop it. The rumours happily have not proved true. Apparently both in New York and in London those who usually ship bullion waited to see what would be the effect of the action of the Secretary of the Treasury on Wednesday, the last day on which holders of the Four per Cents. could avail themselves of his offer to buy to the nominal amount of 16 millions of dollars. Altogether about 27 millions of dollars were tendered, and he bought over 16¾ millions at prices ranging from 126 to 126¾. He also bought Four and a Half per Cents. exceeding one million dollars in nominal amount. Altogether, including the premium, the price of both sets of bonds amounts to about 23 millions of dollars, or considerably over 4½ millions sterling. It is naturally expected that so large a transfer of money from the Treasury to the market must restore ease, especially as it is understood that the time is to be prolonged within which the payment of the old Customs duties on imports can be made. The Directors of the Bank of England seem to have taken this view, and to have concluded, therefore, that a drain to New York would not set in. At all events, they did not raise their rate on Thursday, and they must have known that on that day withdrawals for Lisbon and Egypt of nearly a quarter of a million sterling were to take place. The course of the New York market, however, is still very uncertain. There is reported to be a great scarcity of money all over the Union, which is the more remarkable considering what immense additions have been made to the currency for long years past, and the New York Stock Exchange is so depressed that it is evidently the opinion of the leading operators there that the monetary stringency is not yet at an end. If that opinion proves correct, then a rise in the Bank-rate must take place before very long; for, as has just been said, every effort must be made at any cost to prevent a drain to New York.

The Jewish holidays, which began on Monday, caused a falling off in business upon the Stock Exchange, and, indeed, upon the Continental Bourses as well; and the check was accentuated by the alarm respecting the money market which sprang up on Tuesday and Wednesday. The mid-monthly Liquidation in Paris, which has also been going on, likewise has had its influence. The recent activity has been led by Paris. It has been most apparent in securities which are dealt in upon that market, and it is quickened or slackened by every change of feeling on the Paris Bourse. Apparently during the last few days the more cautious operators have become uneasy, and have been selling on a very large scale. The market, however, is believed to be sound, and a recovery will probably soon take place; for money is for the present abundant and cheap there, trade is good, and as yet there has been no shock to credit. Speculation, no doubt, has been carried too far, and there must be some decline. It is said, for example, that the great banks and insurance Companies have been selling Rentes on an extraordinary scale during the past week or two. If this has been going on on the scale reported, it is surprising how purchasers have been found at so very small a decline. Altogether the reaction is not much more than 1 per cent.; but, as it is inconceivable that such a mass of Rentes can have been purchased by *bona fide* investors in so short a space of time, it is evident that, were there to be any disturbance of the money market, the speculators might be unable to carry out their operations, and there might, therefore, be a considerable fall. The best informed, however, appear confident that investment business is so large that there is no likelihood of a serious fall in investment securities. It is different, of course, with speculative securities, in which the rise has clearly been too quick of late. The check to business has extended to copper, diamond, and gold shares. They are all of a speculative character, and naturally, therefore, suffer from any rise in the value of money. In the home railway market much disappointment was caused by the declaration of a dividend of 1¾ per cent. on the Deferred stock of the North British Railway Company. The market had been expecting from 2½ to 2¾ per cent., and the declaration therefore came as a great surprise, particularly as the traffic returns had shown an increase for the half-year of over 100,000*l.* The American market continues very depressed, as is natural, while the New York money market is stringent; and, consequently, the future is so uncertain.

The rise in the value of money naturally tends to discourage investment, as investors can get a considerable rate by simply depositing their money with their bankers and waiting for a decline in prices. There is much just now to recommend such a course besides the mere uncertainty of the money market. If there should be a crisis in New York—and that is still a possible contingency—there is sure to be a general decline in prices. So, again, if any of the provinces of the Argentine Federation, or any of the municipalities, should fail to pay the interest on their debt, there would be a revival of apprehension regarding Argentine affairs, and consequently a fall in prices. Any political scare again would have the same result. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that for some time to come, at all events, there can be much further rise in investment securities. They are already exceedingly high, higher than a few years ago would have been thought possible. Even, therefore, if matters go smoothly, much advance does not seem likely; while, if anything untoward should happen, there may be a decline. It would seem, therefore, likely to be more advantageous to investors to wait for some time than to invest immediately.

RACING.

On Sunday last, in France, Alicante won the great autumn race for three-year-olds, the Prix Royal Oak, so easily, that she at once became an equal favourite for the Cesarewitch with Gonsalvo, who is handicapped within a pound of her. She gave a beating by several lengths to Puchero, who is handicapped to give her 9 lbs. for the Cesarewitch. In England, the hard week's

racing at Doncaster was followed by one still harder, including five days' racing. At Leicester, for the September Plate, True Blue II. was receiving 4 lbs. for his three-quarters of a length defeat by Bondager in July. John Morgan, the winner of the Charlton Plate at Goodwood, was handicapped to give weight to both. The race was won by Mr. H. Milner's well-bred chestnut colt, Grand Prior, by Hermit out of Devotion. There was something rural and childlike in the sound of the Village Nursery Handicap, and the competitors were of rather a humble class, as was fitting. The Bradford Plate was a more valuable stake, and the favourite, Lord Rosebery's bay filly by Foxhall out of Kermesse, won easily. This was the first race that Lord Rosebery had won for some years; but he followed up his success by winning another race within an hour. The Badminton Foal Plate of 1,000*l.* had a good entry, including Orvieto, who had shown the best two-year-old form of the year up to his defeat for the Champagne Stakes by Haute Saône, at Doncaster; but he did not start, and the race was won by Phyllida, who had finished between Cuttlestone and Adieu for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood. On the second day, the Midland Nursery Handicap was headed by the name of the half-bred Royal Stag, who was handicapped 10 lbs. below Gone Coon for a race on Thursday last, which showed that the form of the horses entered was only moderate. He did not start, and the favourite was Sir J. Duke's Evil Eye, a chestnut colt by Robert the Devil, that had already won two races. It was also thought that Trapezoid had run sufficiently well at Derby a fortnight earlier to have a fair chance under 20 lbs. less than the highest weight on the list. Evil Eye, however, won cleverly. For the Craven Plate 12 to 1 was laid on Montrose, a chestnut colt by Peter, whose only public form had been to run unplaced to old Maxim in June, and he now won in a canter from his solitary opponent. He only fetched 105 guineas, at auction, after the race.

The Manchester Meeting began on Thursday, and the great race of the week, the Lancashire Plate of 11,000*l.*, will be run for to-day. It is impossible for us to notice the Manchester racing on this occasion; but we may say that the Lancaster Nursery Handicap was won by Baron de Rothschild's Mardi Gras, a bay colt by Robert the Devil that had won the Great Surrey Breeder's Foal Stakes of 1,113*l.* at Epsom. He ran much better on this occasion than he had done at Derby a fortnight earlier, even when due allowance is made for the 8 lbs. which enabled him to reverse his form with Bog Myrtle.

REVIEWS.

THE VERDICT, AND OTHER BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE can perceive only one objection to the really admirable "Tract on the Political Significance of the Report of the Parnell Commission" to which Mr. Dicey has given the principal title of *The Verdict*, and this objection applies only to part of it. That part is too absolutely impartial, or, to adopt a still better, because a less ambiguous, word, too purely judicial. After giving the book brief notice in the weekly "Chronicle" of this *Review*, and reading it carefully, we have purposely waited for some time before discussing it at greater length in order to see what Home Rulers would make of it. If we had been merely actuated by vanity we should have published this review at once with assurance, which has been amply justified, of earning thereby the credit of prophecy. For they have done exactly what we had anticipated that they would do. They have accepted very greedily all Mr. Dicey's concessions, all his admissions, whether for the sake of argument or not, all his allowances of Not Proven on their side. And then they have at once either passed *sub silentio* or expressly disallowed his arguments and his conclusions on the other side. We own that we ourselves have the gravest doubts whether Mr. Dicey is right in saying that the finding of the Commissioners as to the Pigott forgeries amounts to "absolute moral acquittal." But it was natural and inevitable that the adversary should make the very utmost of the declaration that it is. On the other hand, when Mr. Dicey writes "that, among men not blinded by partisanship, the conclusions of the Commission should command absolute confidence is a dictum of common sense," he asserts what may be and is a very reasonable proposition, but one which his adversaries notoriously and *ab initio* deny, refuse, and detest. The only "absolute" feeling that the conclusions of the Commissioners command in them is one of distrust. They maintain that the findings favourable to the Parnellites were given because the facts were too strong for them, and that the unfavourable findings were mere expressions of prejudiced opinion. That this is not only indecent, but wrong-headed in the highest degree, we agree with Mr. Dicey thoroughly; but our agreement is useless. It is the other side he must convince; and the other side simply denies his major. On the other hand, though we fear the book will make few converts, it is one of the most remarkable instances we have ever seen of what may be called the anticipation of the historical attitude. Although we have very little doubt that a writer a hundred years hence will have before him absolute proofs of many things which, for want of absolute proof, the Commissioners had to dismiss as not proven, we do not think that, supposing the actual evidence to be then not more abundant than now, and supposing a historian determined to confine himself to evidence in the strict sense of the word, he would write in any other way than that in which Mr. Dicey has written. Even those of his adversaries who have retained a little common sense have had to admit the excellence of his exposition of the actual meaning of the findings, however they may contend that these findings were disabled beforehand by want of jurisdiction, partiality of judges, or what not.

They naturally will not attach equal importance to his second part, which we, on the other hand, as naturally think the more valuable. This contains a dissection of "the Gladstonian apology," and a thing better or more thoroughly done we know not. It gains much from the fact that, of necessity, the merely judicial attitude is abandoned; though Mr. Dicey is still as little of a partisan as can well be imagined. At any rate, he is not exposed to the unfair counterplay referred to above, nor is he himself restrained from hitting as hard as he can. Even here his invincible *epieikeia*, perhaps, goes a little far. Why say "that Sir Charles Russell maintained, *doubtless with sincerity*, that boycotting lessens serious crime"? As an advocate, there is not the slightest reason either to impute or to deny sincerity to him; of that we need certainly not remind Mr. Dicey. As a member of Parliament, as a politician, what sign of sincerity has Sir Charles ever shown in this matter? Again, why say "I am thoroughly convinced that crimes such as the torture of animals are as hateful, not only to Mr. Gladstone and his followers, but also to Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, as to every man who has in his heart any touch of humanity or of Christian feeling"? What right have we, has Mr. Dicey, has any man, to say that? Mr. Parnell, for ten years at least, and Mr. Gladstone, for nearly five, whether their lips have condemned the torture of animals or not, have hobnobbed with a party, have utilized and praised, a course of action by which and in which the torture of animals is as much a recognized and constantly practised weapon as shells are with the British army and navy. What good purpose is achieved by mealy-mouthedness to them? Yet, no doubt, Mr. Dicey's almost Quixotic fairness will in the long run strengthen his argument, though it may for present purposes weaken it. Of that argument we can only borrow words of the Laureate's, and say that it "ruining overthrows" all the flimsy contentions of Gladstonians on the subject, and quote a passage the latter part of which we may praise with the greater heartiness in that Mr. Dicey, on the one hand, is not a Conservative, and that we are not among the Conservatives who ever made "awkward excuses" in the matter, or failed to protest against the gruesome mistake of the party leaders, not, indeed, in turning out Mr. Gladstone by the help of the Parnellites, but in relaxing measures against the common enemy.

> It is futile, again, to listen to arguments which may be summed up in shrieks of "Forgery! Forgery! Pigott! Pigott!" If Mr. Parnell were proved innocent of writing a hundred forged letters this would not detract in the slightest degree from the heinousness of his denouncing law-abiding citizens who might be at any moment in peril of their lives, and advising an excited peasantry to treat the lawful purchasers of land as lepers. The acutest dialectician would be puzzled to frame a chain of argument by which, from the premises of Mr. Parnell did not write the "fac-simile" letter, and that the *Times* asserted that Mr. Parnell did write it, should be deduced the conclusions that Mr. Parnell has not been a conspirator; or that a criminal conspiracy for the ruin of Irish landlords is not a crime; or that a system of intimidation leading to crime and outrage is a legitimate means of constitutional agitation.
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> Nor, again, need any plain man trouble himself with arguments or charges based on the alleged "compact," or "condonation" of 1885. The factitious indignation of the Opposition, and the awkward excuses of a few Conservatives, deceive no one. We all know how the matter stands. In 1885 the Tories did not turn Home Rulers, but Conservative co-operation with a faction whom every Englishman had a right to distrust compromised the reputation of the Conservative party, and, for a time, lowered the character of English public life. The follies or intrigues of 1885, except by way of warning, concern not the present; they have rightly passed into oblivion, not through lapse of time, but through change of circumstances. The memory of them ought assuredly not to be revived by politicians who, being hand-and-glove with the Parnellites, now that Mr. Parnell and his friends are convicted of conspiracy, think fit to donounce rivals who, when the character of Parnellism was incompletely unmasked, yielded—calamitously for themselves and their country—to the temptation of temporary co-operation with the Parnellites. Speakers insult the intelligence of the English people who fancy that the public will allow their attention to be distracted from the proved offences of the Parnellites by declamation about a feigned condonation, which no human being ever gave, or could give, on behalf of the English people.

There is at the present time, in the proper sense, no Archbishop "of" Dublin, and of the two Archbishops "in" Dublin, the one who has any claim to the title is not the person—Dr. Walsh, an Archbishop of the Roman Church—who, we gather from internal evidence, is the author of the second book on our list. It would, however, be rather a pity if disgust at the *outrecuidance* and bad taste which assume a title without a right to it were to prevent any one from reading at least part of the manifesto. As we have no desire to incur the

* *The Verdict.* By A. V. Dicey. London: Cassell. 1890.

Statement of the Chief Grievances of Irish Catholics in the matter of Education. By the Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1890.

Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By W. B. Morris. Fourth edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1890.

Limerick and its Sieges. By the Rev. J. Dowd. Limerick: McKern. 1890.

Irish Diamonds. London: Gibbings. 1890.

charge of mealy-mouthedness which we have just brought against Mr. Dicey, we shall admit frankly that on most subjects we should receive anything that Archbishop Walsh says or writes with the very gravest suspicion, justified by his record and his associates. Even in this volume a large part will be found tainted with mere sectarian jealousy and greed for endowment and authority; while the objections to the Irish National system, and especially to Dr. Walsh's beast blacker than any other beast the Training College in Marlborough Street, are often pettifogging, and the extolling of the wonderful things that "our" colleges have done childish enough. Dr. Walsh would also do well, if he wishes to influence that part of English opinion which is worth influencing, to be less lavish of italics, bracketed marks of interrogation and exclamation, and other devices of the forcible-feeble. He damages his own case by ignoring the fact that, whether the National School books and the National School system may or may not have grown rusty in sixty years, they were originally, according to their own lights and scheme, far better than anything England or most other countries had to show. And he shows his hand almost fatally by objecting, with all the apparatus above referred to, to a still perfectly sound statement of Whately's which happens to conflict with the policy of his friends of the Land League. But these drawbacks appear, though not wholly, chiefly in the later part of the book, that dealing with University education. The first chapter, dealing with primary education, is on the whole a temperate, well-digested, and useful statement of the objections—very strong, and by no means limited to "Catholics" only—which are made against the Irish system of mixed schools. The necessity of keeping in touch with the Church of Ireland, and even to some extent with the Protestant sects with whom the actual system is not much more popular than with Roman Catholics, has made Dr. Walsh preserve his temper, and his case is so good that he has not been able to spoil it. The fact is that the Irish school system was one of the most elaborate, one of the best thought out, one of the most courageously urged and maintained, but also one of the most hopeless from the beginning, of the numerous projects of the doctrinaire Liberalism of the first half of this century. On the one hand you had a country with perhaps a rather superior average of intellect, or at least intellectual quickness, and a decidedly inferior average of education, to any other country in Europe. On the other hand, you had religious, political, and, in a way, social hatreds burning with a fierceness hardly known elsewhere, and a temperament singularly indocile to system. Therefore you devised a hard and fast system of "mixed" education (for "denominational" education was of course anathema), in which you carefully blinked almost every one of the facts of the case. We do not think that Dr. Walsh is one whit too scornful of the crowning absurdity of this system, the plan of providing apparatus of the iconic character required by Roman Catholic devotion for use during the hours of religious instruction by Roman Catholics, and carefully boxing it up with shutters at other hours that it may not exercise undue influence on Protestants. He knows as well as we do that such a system is hard to alter; but he has for once our complete sympathy in his endeavours to get it altered, always provided that a rational system of denominational schools, with grants supplementing subscriptions, is substituted for it, and not a copy of the costly and unfair English Board School plan.

It is so short a time (not more than two years) since we noticed the third edition of Father Morris's lively and vigorous book on St. Patrick that we need not spend much time on the fourth. The good Father is rather exercised at our criticism, which he notices, except for one little outburst about "wild language" and "partisan credulity," good-humouredly enough. Let us assure him that we are not given to wild statements; that, as for "partisan," nobody who is good for anything is not something of a partisan—he certainly is himself a good deal of one—and that, if he could only give us a little more credulity than we have got, we might be more comfortable, if we became less critical. The remarks which disturbed Father Morris were directed to his attempt to rationalize in a very Renanish fashion the text in the *Confession* as to St. Patrick's ancestors being in holy orders. Now we agree with Father Morris in his attitude towards miracles, as such, quite as much as we disagree with him about the possibility or probability of St. Patrick's father and grandfather being married clergy. But we confess that he seems to us to be in regard to the second point very much in the condition of Mr. Huxley and others in regard to the first. They say, or would say, in the Palace of Truth, "We hold that miracles do not happen, so let us, if we possibly can, explain away this particular miracle." He says, or would say, "I want to hold that the Church did not wink at the marriage of the clergy, so let us assume that St. Patrick's father was a decurion, and not a deacon." What is the difference? For let us remind Father Morris that he is not the only person who is likely to have felt this desire, and that, therefore, while it is very odd that any copyist should have changed "decurion" into "deacon," it is the most natural thing in the world that some copyist, less honest than Father Morris, should have changed "deacon" into "decurion." And this we say, first, not in the least wishing to establish by St. Patrick's instance that deacons were married; secondly, caring very little whether they were or not (for a matter, not of faith, but of discipline, and not anywhere decided in Scripture, can be altered by the Church when, and as often as, she pleases), and, thirdly, having not the least wish, except for the pleasure of fighting, which is always considerable, to come to blows with Father Morris. For he is an agreeable writer and a learned man, and we are only sorry that he is on the wrong side.

Limerick and its Sieges is an unpretentious book, in class between the history and the guide, well illustrated, printed in good, large type, acknowledging its obligations freely, and (as we have found it) pleasantly readable. Mr. Dowd tells us in his preface that it is part of some notes which he has made on the castles and abbeys of the county of Limerick generally, and we shall be very glad if the rest of these see the light. Far too little has been done in this way for Ireland.

When *Irish Diamonds* first appeared we do not know or remember, and it now is published without note or comment of any kind; but its "Phiz" illustrations and its general tenor speak of a time at least forty years ago, and we are prepared to be accused of the grossest ignorance or forgetfulness for not knowing that it is by S. C. Hall, or somebody of that kind. It is neither above nor below the usual miscellany of the sort; all the old stories being duly hashed up with large extracts from *Castle Rackrent* as *pièces de résistance* here and there.

NOVELS.*

NAME and Fame is the history of a brother and sister, brought up side by side, and educated by their father in precisely the same way, till the boy succeeds in getting a scholarship at Cambridge, and the girl is told that "she is a woman; her books must close over, For all her lessons are said." The story deals with the ripening of the seed sown, for the most part unconsciously, in the hearts of Sydney and Lettice Campion. Sydney has been tacitly encouraged by his father to look only to himself and his own career, while Lettice was assumed to be his inferior, who might think herself lucky if she were allowed to eat of her brother's crumbs. Their father, rector of an Essex parish, falls deeper and deeper into debt in his efforts to supply the ever-increasing necessities of his son in the character of a brilliant man of the world; and Lettice remains at home to fight with the poverty of the household. Sydney Campion is very well conceived, and his portrait is the best thing in the book. He is typical of a large class of young men who, being handsome, clever, and self-confident, have always had everything their own way, and are selfish and self-absorbed chiefly because it has never occurred to them to be anything else. Given this kind of man, it is quite natural that he should object to his sister Lettice living a life of her own; to her going to Girton, or making friends for herself who were not congenial to him; but the authors are mistaken when they depict Sydney as being ashamed of having her alluded to as a rising novelist. Sydney might have had some brotherly contempt for her productions, a feeling that is quite compatible with a latent jealousy of their success; but he was far too modern a young man not to appreciate Lettice's distinction at its just value. The unpleasant episode of Milly Harrington, Lettice's servant, is likewise out of place. Sydney Campion was by no means a vicious man, nor did he ever pretend to himself that he was in love with the girl; and to have tempted her from his sister's roof only to deceive her by a mock marriage and cast her off in a few months' time would have been quite impossible to him. Still, the affair of Milly once granted, there is considerable cleverness in the way in which its consequences are worked out, and the effect on the girl he had married. There is a touch of subtlety in the idea that when Sydney Campion really fell in love he almost resented the fact of Nan Pynsent's social position and sixty thousand pounds, and he, who had been struggling for wealth and power all his life, hated to think that he might achieve both by dint of his marriage. When his wife's eyes are finally opened to her husband's past ill-doings, Nan's attitude towards him is well described, and is one that would have been held by almost any high principled girl. Her love for her husband dies at the same moment as her trust, and it is very improbable that it would ever have revived again. To suit, however, the exigencies of the book, there is a feeble reconciliation scene, in which Nan begs Sydney to say that he is "sorry." A woman such as Nan would have required some deeper evidence of repentance for a sin like his, which would have stood between her and her husband to the end of their lives. Nan is an attractive little creature, but her relations with Sydney Campion are generally misconceived. In spite of the inconsequence of her sex, a woman rarely falls in love with a man whom she does not consider a gentleman, and her doing so is still more out of the question when she has proclaimed her opinion of him to her sister-in-law. Yet Nan does all this, and she must have thought bitterly of her first view of Sydney when the day

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* *Name and Fame.* By Ewing-Lester and Adeline Sergeant. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1890.

All for Naught. By Wilfred Woollam, M.A. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Strange Doings in Strange Places. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1890.

A Bachelor's Wife. By Ursa Major. Edinburgh: Bryce. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1890.

A Bad Name. By James J. Ellis. London: Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company. 1890.

The Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois. By George Frost. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1890.

of reckoning came. The other romance—that of Lettice and the poet, Alan Walcott—interests the reader less. Walcott is a shadowy being tied to a half-mad and wholly unsatisfactory wife, for whose death (or divorce) he is waiting in order that he may marry Lettice. There is always something disagreeable in such a state of affairs, and, notwithstanding the authors' efforts to win their public to the side of Lettice, her woes do not gain much sympathy. Nine people out of ten will probably agree with Miss Campion's old literary friend, Mr. Graham, in his disapproval of her very unconventional behaviour. On the whole, the joint authors of *Name and Fame* may be congratulated on their joint book; but in their next novel they would do well to take heed to one or two things. In the first place, they have fallen into a common snare in making success come so soon to both hero and heroine and with such scanty drawbacks. It is absurd that Sydney Campion should have gained such distinction at the Bar, and have been a noted man in Parliament at the age of twenty-eight—thirty-five would have been quite young enough—and, though Lettice might have supported herself by her pen, it is highly unlikely her productions would have been so eagerly sought after by publishers at the age of twenty-five. But in the matter of the lapse of time the authors are rather confused, and in their anxiety to surround Sydney and Lettice with the halo of youth they have forgotten how fast, according to their own showing, the years have flown. In the second place, it is better not to introduce real people into a story, especially when they are still living. It is quite as easy to invent fictitious personages, and a very small acquaintance with the world will enable readers to identify Lord Montagu Plumley and Mrs. Hartley.

All for Naught is an ominous title, which is justified by the dulness of the book. *What* is "all for naught" we are not quite clear, except that neither pleasure nor profit is to be got by wading through the three volumes. There is a melodramatic villain called Maurice Miles, who wins the affections of both heroines; a vulgar flirt, who thinks it amusing to tempt young men to kiss her (which one young man, at least, refrained from doing); another young poet—the young poet is as fashionable now as the *beau sabreur* once was—and a host of minor characters. Throughout the seven hundred pages devoted to their *faits et gestes*, no one does anything the least probable, or says anything the least amusing. A variety of strange things happen, but the most harrowing fail to stir the languid pulses of the reader—unless, indeed, he gets profoundly irritated at the way in which every one is always laughing at nothing. The style is bad, and often ungrammatical. In vol. i. p. 127, we have the remark, "The lady who so enamoured him joined her friends." A few pages further on, she addresses somebody as "*Ma chaperone*," while the young tutor suffers his pupil to say, without correction, "A wilful young woman, is Di"; "She's a rare head for figures, has Di"; "She's game, is our Di." Besides expressing himself in this highly objectionable manner, this "little vulgar boy" goes on to observe (vol. ii. p. 62), "She can beat me at cricket. You must bowl 'overs' to her." The guileless youth apparently imagined that an "over" is some kind of deadly ball, against which none but the hoary veteran can stand; and again the tutor neglects to improve the occasion. In his defence, it must be urged that he "was a great reader. He had read the lives of the authors; those lives which, next to the *Newgate Calendar*, present the most sickening chapter in the history of man" (vol. i. p. 63). Who are those mysterious "authors" from whose records it would seem that all men would do well to flee? We have heard of the *Lives of the Poets*, but never of the Lives of the Authors. And if writing the life of an author makes a man himself an author, and liable in his turn to have his life written, why then—but the brain reels; we can pursue the subject no farther. Let every man take warning, and see that by no act of his he adds another volume to the dread collection. If he take heed, Mr. Woollam's book will cease to be *All for Naught*.

The gruesome collection of tales that make up *Strange Doings in Strange Places* is the work of many well-known writers. They are laid in various countries; but the true-born Briton will probably prefer the stories that are concerned with England. One of the most thrilling is "Bob Cheddar's Fate," by Mr. Molloy, in spite of the startling announcement at the beginning that the young gentleman in question was an undergraduate of All Souls College, Oxford; for Mr. Molloy has neglected to state that Cheddar was one of the remarkably limited number of Bible clerks pertaining to that foundation. The story is ingeniously conceived, and treats of the moral decadence of a weak man who has suffered from a "disappointment" and the social ruin that was its result. Miss Warden is graphic in her account of an episode in the life of a homicidal maniac who chases a girl among the bells of Brendham Tower, although she rather perplexes the conscientious reader with the statement, on p. 114, "that it was a moonless night," while on the page exactly facing she refers to a "ray of moonlight" which showed the girl to her enemy. Miss Theo Gift is sentimental after her usual kind; John Berwick Harwood tells a wild Californian tale that requires the pen of Bret Harte to carry conviction with it; while F. W. Robinson seeks his dramatic incidents nearer home, and finds them in a convalescent ward. All the stories are readable, and the sooner they appear in a yellow back at our railway stalls the better for the public. (N.B.—There are no records of railway accidents.) It is really astonishing that it can be worth any one's while to write such weary nonsense as *A Bachelor's Wife*, *A Bad Name*, or the *Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois*. The first two are utterly tame and flat in the telling, though the author of *A Bachelor's Wife* has so far the advantage in that his story, dull as it is, has some sort of coherence and point. *A Bad Name* wanders about, absolutely confusing the reader as to its events and entirely perplexing him about its characters, who do not belong to any class. As for the *Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois*, the fact that it consists of nearly three hundred pages written from beginning to end in broken English, puts it at once beyond the pale of criticism. An author who could perpetrate anything so tasteless is beneath the attention of any critic.

THE ORIGIN OF HUMAN REASON.*

THE Origin of Human Reason; being an Examination of Recent Hypotheses concerning it, is really a polemical work directed against the theories of the Darwinian school, and more especially against a recent publication by a distinguished member of that school—*Mental Evolution in Man: Origin of Human Faculty*. By G. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Mr. Romanes supports "Mr. Darwin's great thesis," as a true disciple should. "We say Mr. Darwin's great thesis," continues Professor Mivart, "because in maintaining it the modern Darwinian school are faithful followers of their master. For the late Mr. Darwin declared that to admit the existence of a distinction of kind between the origin of man and that of other animals 'would make the theory of "Natural Selection" valueless'; and that, under such circumstances, he 'would give absolutely nothing for the theory of "Natural Selection,"' adding, 'I think you will be driven to reject all or admit all.'" We find assurances in many parts of Mr. Darwin's writings that he saw no difference of "kind," but only one of "degree," between our highest intellectual faculties and the psychical faculties of the lower animals; and, moreover, he has declared, as a doctrine which "rests upon ground that will never be shaken," that we have no faculties, intellectual or moral, which could not have been evolved by the chance action of natural forces from the powers possessed by brutes.

It is hardly necessary to point out the issues involved in this controversy, which have already been stated with wearisome iteration by the assailants and the defenders of Mr. Darwin's *Descent of Man*, nor would it serve any useful purpose to do so. Most people's minds are made up before they approach the subject. Whether the human race draws its origin from the Garden of Eden or from a wilderness of monkeys is a matter which is decided by every man for himself, according as the gods have made him a Platonist or an Aristotelian, a Realist or a Nominalist; for the scholastic controversies of the Middle Ages are still alive under new names, and probably will always continue to live in one form or another. We shall content ourselves with indicating the main lines followed by the present pair of disputants.

Mr Romanes gives four *à priori* reasons in favour of "the hypothesis" that such a gradual series of transitions in psychical power exists between man and brute as suffices to make plain the fact that the difference between them is not one of "kind"—not a fundamental essential difference—but merely one of "degree." They are as follows:—

(1) The process of organic and mental evolution has been continuous throughout the whole region of life.

(2) Every human individual goes through a process of gradual development and evolution, extending from infancy to manhood; in this process, which begins at zero and may culminate in genius, there is nowhere and never any sudden leap of progress, such as the passage from one order of psychical being to another would show; therefore, whether human intelligence differs from brute intelligence or no, it certainly admits of development from a zero level.

(3) It is an undeniable psychological fact that the human mind in its individual development ascends through a scale of mental faculties which are parallel with those that are permanently presented by the psychological species of the animal kingdom.

Here Mr. Romanes relies upon his own views as expressed by his initial diagram. According to that diagram, an infant of a week old has the memory of a starfish; at twelve weeks it is comparable in intelligence with a frog, but in a fortnight more has mounted to the mental level of a lobster; at five months it can "communicate its ideas" as freely as a bee; and in three months more understands words and pictures as well as a bird.

(4) The intelligence of the human race has been subject to steady development. Therefore, since mental evolution has gone on in man since he first appeared, it probably existed before he appeared, and produced him.

To all this Professor Mivart replies:—(1) "On grounds of analogy we should deem it to be antecedently probable that the process of evolution at its terminal phase (the advent of the rational animal—man) had been interrupted, because it is continually interrupted now, and has been notably interrupted at the introduction of life, and again of sensitivity"; (2) Intellect cannot be developed from a zero level, and the fact that no sudden leap takes place in human evolution is a proof that the same mental nature has existed from birth; (3) He declines to discuss the lobsters and starfishes, and declares that instances quoted by Mr.

* *The Origin of Human Reason; being an Examination of Recent Hypotheses concerning it.* By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S.

Romanes himself prove that infants really possess a true intellectual nature and true abstract ideas; (4) He traverses altogether Mr. Romanes's argument from progress, and argues that the facts seem to establish an *à priori* probability of an exactly opposite kind, because in no species of animal do we find an approximation to the advance which men have made. No animal, Professor Mivart points out, can state an abstract proposition, either by language or by signs. This, according to his view, is the essential difference between the mind of man and that of brutes. Man's nature contains all the nature of brutes, but his mind has within it something more, and something which could not have been evolved from the mind of brutes. The evolutionists, finding their theory so evidently true as an explanation of most of the phenomena of life, assume it to be true generally, and imagine that in this famous theory they have found a key to all mysteries; and consequently, that no great natural changes ever took place *per saltum*, or at least that we have no grounds for supposing that they did, if it can be proved that they might have been brought about by the gradual process of development. Against this it may be urged that the living organisms of vegetable and animal life now existing upon this planet can hardly be supposed to have been evolved from the primæval rocks and detritus; and that, if this point be conceded, it seems more probable that man appeared in a similar manner, *per saltum*, than that he should have been developed from the "interesting creature" whom Mr. Romanes so graphically describes as our immediate ancestor. We regret that neither of the disputants seems to have read Mr. Anderson's *Twenty-five Years in a Waggon*, in which he mentions a Bushman who assured him that he could talk to the baboons and understand what they said.

The most curious part of the book, in our opinion, is that which discusses the expression of ideas by means of language. Both disputants are agreed that "in man abstraction and the formation of distinct unequivocal ideas can take place without words." Yet they subsequently modify this statement; and later on Professor Max Müller, whose opinion of language is identical with that of the cordwainer about leather, joins the fray, and there results a dispute about language and thought almost as valuable as the profound investigation known to most of us about the priority of the egg or the owl. Language, it is argued by one, must have existed before thought; how could men have thought before they had a language to think in? Nay, says the other, how can we suppose that men formed a language to express their thoughts before they had any thoughts to express? It is like the old dilemma about the hammer. No one can forge iron without a hammer, yet a hammer cannot be made without forging iron. Neither thought nor language seems able to have come into being unless the other existed first, yet we see that they both have managed to come into being, and we think it probable that they grew up side by side. The purpose of the controversy is, on Professor Mivart's side, to prove that "language is the Rubicon of mind," and that "it is so simply because it is the index of that intellectual power, the presence of which makes a true and necessary 'limit to evolution' in the ascending series of organic transformations." If animals had ideas and minds like ours, they would have developed languages like ours. They are not, Professor Mivart argues, able to conceive abstract ideas; and this statement leads him to a curious review, in a note, of the Nominalist and Realist dispute, in which, as may be expected, he declares Realism to have ultimately conquered.

We wish that the multiplication of books on psychology did not tend to the multiplication of terms of art beyond reason and necessity. Here in two octavo volumes we find Professor Mivart and Mr. Romanes unable to express their meaning without adding "recepts" and "sencepts" to the "percepts" and "concepts" which were enough for earlier philosophers. Surely such hieroglyphs render an obscure subject unnecessarily repulsive to the lay reader without greatly asisting the expert. If the new words require a short sentence to express their full meaning properly, let us have the short sentence by all means, instead of a kind of algebra in its place.

THE JEWS UNDER THE ROMANS.*

UNLIKE most of its companion volumes in the "Story of the Nations" series, Mr. Morrison's book covers a comparatively short period, and, as it is fairly thick, deals with its subject at sufficient length. Whatever may be the scheme—if indeed there is one—on which the series is conducted, it certainly cannot include uniformity of treatment. One of the early volumes professed to give the story of the German people and another the story of the Jews, while here we have one on only about three hundred years of Jewish history. We certainly do not object to the change. Nothing can be more wearisome than reading what has been written with a constant effort at compression. If a man really has something to say, he ought to have the opportunity of saying it with comfort to himself and others. Now Mr. Morrison undoubtedly has much to tell us, and, having sufficient opportunity, tells it in a manner that ought to please his readers. He has come to his work well prepared; he knows Josephus and the Roman historians thoroughly, appears to have studied Talmudic literature to good effect, and has consulted many first-rate French and German authors. All necessary references are given clearly in the footnotes, together with some explanatory matter. The book is divided into two parts, the first containing a narrative of events, the second a number of short treatises on Jewish institutions—political, social, and religious—during the period of Roman rule. The connexion between the domestic history of Rome and the fortunes of the Jews is well brought out, and the steps which led to the overthrow of Jewish liberty by Pompey, to the establishment of the vassal kingship of Herod the Great by Senate, and to the loss even of the semblance of independent existence by the introduction of government by procurators, are marked in a way likely to engage the attention and impress the memory. Grievous as a foreign yoke was to the Jews, Mr. Morrison clearly shows that the Roman conquest gave them the blessings of peace and order; it put an end to such wars as that raised by the adherents of the Pharisees against the Hasmonæan Prince Alexander, in the course of which fifty thousand men are said to have perished; the people enjoyed religious liberty, and were compelled to abstain from religious persecution; a wider field for commerce was opened to them, and they received some valuable privileges. Although now and then their rulers misused their power, the calamities which came upon the Jews were the consequence of their own acts, of a series of revolts arising from a combination of political with religious ideas. The rise of the Zealots into political prominence was caused by the indignation with which the people regarded the census of Quirinius. From that time the Zealots became "the soul of the resistance, and Rome had no rest till they were utterly exterminated." In the second part of his book Mr. Morrison gives us some eminently readable chapters on such subjects as the Sanhedrin, the Temple and its services, the religious sects, and the Jews abroad. Speaking of the origin of the Pharisees and Sadducees, he points out the opposing tendencies existing in Jewish society under the dominion of the Persians; one section, headed by the Scribes, striving to stand aloof from all contact with the Gentile world, while the other, led by the high-priest, was content to mix freely with strangers. These tendencies appear under a slightly different form after the overthrow of the Persian Empire in the divergence between the Assidæans and the Hellenists; the Hellenists virtually representing the men who had resisted the separatist policy of the Scribes. While the lengths to which the extreme section of the Hellenists carried their admiration for Gentile customs partly occasioned the revolt against Antiochus Epiphanes, the patriotism evoked by the Maccabæan war softened the bitter feelings of both parties; the Assidæans and the apostate Hellenists alike disappeared during the struggle, and their places were taken by the less violent Pharisees and Sadducees. The influence which Greek civilization exercised upon the Jews is noted more than once; it was largely due to the policy of Herod the Great, himself a Greek by education, who "surrounded himself with Greeks, and openly preferred them to his Jewish subjects." The account of his reign is, perhaps, the most interesting passage in the narrative portion of the book.

* *Story of the Nations—The Jews under Roman Rule.* By W. D. Morrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOGRAPHY.*

THIS volume consists of a series of essays, which, as the author explains, have mostly been contributed to *Scribner's Magazine*. As an excuse for their republication, he pleads that,

> although not originally designed for a book, they were written with a distinct purpose, and have a certain common quality. They were intended to give the general reader, unacquainted with the details of natural science, a comprehensible account of some of the more interesting series of the actions which affect the surface of the earth. For this purpose subjects were selected which, from their nature, commend themselves to the attention of intelligent people. In treating these subjects an effort has been made to show the relation of natural forces to the fortunes of man, and thereby to secure, on the part of the reader, the interest which belongs to matters which affect human welfare alone.

Articles published in a popular magazine secure a very large number of immediate readers, at the cost of subsequent neglect. More than half the copies "perish in the using," and never attain the security of binding. Into those thus protected how few persons afterwards look, unless in one of their idlest or most weary half-hours, when they have no appetite except for the lightest or the more stimulating articles! It would then, we think, have been a loss to more than the better class of magazine readers if Professor Shaler had left these articles to slumber with all kinds of strange bedfellows in the sheets of a "monthly" on the shelves of a few libraries; for on more than one account they are worthy of a separate and more prolonged vitality. In the first place, they are clearly and pleasantly written; while they avoid needless technicality, and are popular in the method of treatment, they are neither slipshod nor inaccurate in expression; indeed, more than once Professor Shaler's explanations are more exact than are those of the ordinary text-books. In the next, the fact that they are written mainly for American readers gives them a special value on this side of the Atlantic. For, as is natural, Professor Shaler takes his examples mainly from his own continent. This gives to the book, for the English reader, a certain freshness and an air of novelty, since he, as is equally natural,

* *Aspects of the Earth: a Popular Account of some Familiar Geological Phenomena.* By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Illustrated. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

is more familiar with similar phenomena in Europe. Moreover, in not a few cases America furnishes the geologist with the more striking examples; her rivers, her waterfalls, her lakes, her prairies, her tornados—the works of Nature generally—are proportionate to the magnitude of her continent; indeed the geology of Europe may not seldom be described as only that of America looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. Lastly, this volume is admirably illustrated, not only in regard to the selection of the subjects, but also the execution of the plates, which in many cases are reproductions of photographs. In reference to this Professor Shaler makes some remarks which are well worth repeating:—

> Every teacher who has had occasion to inquire into the state of mind of students, who have begun their study of nature from books in which the ordinary characters of natural phenomena are used for illustrations has lamented the errors of understanding which such pictures cause. . . . The beginner should have the natural object which he is called on to consider before him; or if, as is often the case, this cannot be done, he should be provided with the best possible picture of it: a representation which will be reasonably complete without calling on him for any previously acquired knowledge which he cannot fairly be supposed to possess.

We regret to add that we fear it would have been almost impossible to have published *ab initio* such a book as this in England; for, unless the author himself had taken charge of the camera, it would hardly have been possible to obtain photographs made with a definite and intelligent purpose, and after this difficulty had been overcome, we doubt whether any publisher would have then risked the costs of publication. In the representation of natural phenomena, the books on physiography published entirely in this country are more than a decade—which at this epoch means much—behind those coming from the United States.

The first essay in the present volume, entitled "The Stability of the Earth," relates mainly to earthquakes, and contains a discussion on a question of practical interest to the American—namely, the liability to this disaster of different districts in the United States. There historical records, for very obvious reasons, are apt to be wanting for any but very recent times, so Professor Shaler makes use of an ingenious method of obtaining inferential evidence. In various districts, slender pinnacles of rocks, fragile natural bridges, delicately poised boulders, the results of the corrosive action of the elements, are comparatively common. These are but slowly fashioned, and have remained, at any rate for centuries, practically in their present condition. To many of these a violent earthquake shock could not fail to be destructive. If, then, such monuments of ancient time are abundant in any region, it is a fair inference that this has for long been free from any violent earthquake disturbances. Volcanoes form the subject of the second essay, and here, as it is a very long journey to any burning mountain on United States territory, Professor Shaler selects for his chief example Vesuvius and the vicinity of Naples. In this there is little novel—except a trifling slip, for the *Grotto del Cane* is not in the Solfatara—but the story of Vesuvius is well told and interwoven with his own experiences during a visit in 1882. For illustrations of caverns and cavern life the author has not to go far afield; for who does not know of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky? As usual this occurs in a limestone district—in geological age very similar to that of Derbyshire—which is thus described:—

> As soon as the observer comes upon this caverned district of Kentucky, he remarks that he has passed from the region where running brooks abound, and is in a country where there are neither streams nor the distinct hills and valleys which he is accustomed to see in other lands. The surface of this area is cast into a series of shallow circular pits varying in diameter from a few score feet to half a mile or more. So crowded together are these pits that almost the entire surface lies in some one of these depressions. In the bottom of each of the pits there is normally a vertical shaft, or a series of crevices, down which, in time of rain, the water flows from the drainage slope of the pit, or "sink-hole," as it is called in local phrase. Generally these conduits have been closed, by accident or design, in which case a little pool of circular outline occupies the centre of the depression. Occasionally, in place of the sieve-like openings which usually give the rain-water passage to the depths of the earth, the opening is large and circular, resembling the entrance to a well. Such openings were once common in this country; but the cattle, tempted by the rich herbage which commonly grew about the damp border of the pit, were often entrapped in the opening, so the greater number of them have been artificially closed.

Excellent illustrations are given of stalactites and cave scenery, and caverns formed by the outflow of part of a lava stream or by the sea receive due notice. Professor Shaler incidentally remarks that caves in America appear to have been but rarely used by man as a dwelling-place, though not seldom as a cemetery. Owing to the absence of the hyæna and jackal, and of the larger carnivora generally from North America, there is "a relatively small amount of bones in the deposits of the cavern floors."

The subject of rivers and valleys receives full attention, and there is an excellent essay on the "Instability of the Atmosphere," with several painfully-interesting illustrations of the destructive tornados by which parts of the United States are occasionally ravaged. Then the forests of North America are discussed, and the book concludes with an essay, not before published, on the "Origin and Nature of Soils." In these, as indeed in other parts of the volume, remarks of great practical importance are interspersed, such as on the due preservation of forests, the conservation of areas of productive soils, the importance of irrigation, the risks attendant on the construction of reservoirs and the best methods of avoiding them. It is interesting to note that, in regard to State interference with the exercise of private rights to the extent of causing a public wrong, Professor Shaler is no advocate of the "let-alone" policy which generally finds favour on this side of the Atlantic. "We may soon expect to see the law recognize the fact that a man has only a right to use a portion of the earth's surface in such a manner as is necessary for his immediate needs, care being taken that the reversions of generations to come have been guarded. When this view finds fit expression in our laws, we may expect certain limits to be put to the present reckless waste in the heritage of life represented in our soils." But this portion of the book is only one of several instances where, in addition to scientific information pleasantly imparted, we find some practical remarks which are hardly less valuable.

PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.*

MR. HOWARD COLLINS has given us in his *Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy* an abstract of the ten volumes on various phases of philosophy which Mr. Herbert Spencer has already published. That this must have involved much patient labour and care is quite apparent. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the book is satisfactory. To begin with, it is only by a total misuse of the ordinary terminology that Mr. Spencer's system can be called a "synthetic" philosophy. Positivism, however modified, is distinctly the reverse of synthetic; and the only part of Mr. Spencer's work to which the adjective could fairly be applied is the most unsatisfactory—that, namely, in which he talks of "an unknown and unknowable power, which we are obliged to recognize as without limit in space and without beginning or end in time." Apart, however, from the title of this book, it seems to us to be either too long or too short. It is too short, in so far as it gives dry and brief analyses of Mr. Spencer's paragraphs, without the illustrative guidance which is to be found in his different books. That guidance is so necessary to a perfect critical understanding of his system that the student who goes to the "Epitome" without it will find that he is—to use an old University phrase—"chewing scraped slate-pencil." Mr. Spencer practically admits this in the preface when he says that the continuous reading of his follower's work is likely to prove wearisome, and to leave but faint impressions. To put the matter shortly, those who desire to learn the Spencerian philosophy should go to the fountain-head. Afterwards Mr. Collins's book will be useful for reference. But here comes in the other objection. The book in that case is too long. It contains more than 550 closely printed pages. Mr. Collins's determination that each part of his work should correspond in length exactly to its equivalent in the original has led him into this mistake. We believe that a great deal of compression is possible in different places in the volume, and nowhere more than in the very interesting Part IV. If the book is to be used at all, such compression is absolutely necessary. It may be noted that in his preface Mr. Spencer himself gives in three pages a "succinct statement" of his cardinal principles.

There will always be some prejudice against theories which start from or tend to dualism, while it is, nevertheless, the fact that such speculations are perfectly regular in their occurrence in the history of philosophy. They are naturally to be expected in the Catholic Manuals of Philosophy, of which the latest is *General Metaphysics*, by John Rickaby, S.J. It is not too much to say that we are hampered in dealing with a work which, from its very authorship, must begin with a presupposition. That it is based almost entirely upon St. Thomas and the Scholastics is by no means against it. But so soon as we are met by "mysteries guaranteed for us by revelation" (p. 51) we must call a halt. There may be mysteries so guaranteed, but they cannot, by that very fact, be brought into the domain of metaphysics, whether general or particular. The two chapters upon "Essence and Existence" and "Unity, Truth, and Goodness" are fair samples of Mr. Rickaby's style of work. They are ingenious and clever, but unsatisfactory. The former misses the point, and the latter is principally made up of assertion. From his remarks on the general theory that evil is not positive, but a privation, he goes on:—

> The conclusion is that we are neither pessimists nor optimists; that we admit evil, but not any essentially evil principle; that we maintain every Being as such, and every activity of Being as such to be good, yet so that out of the inter-relations of finite perfections evil may ensue by want of the power of mutual accommodation. When evil does thus result, the badness itself is neither a positive Being nor a positive activity of Being; it is the privation of some perfection, the absence of a good that is needful. Moral evil, because of the peculiar nature of free-will, *which does not act simply with the mathematical necessity of its nature*, presents special difficulties in the way of reducing evil to a privation; but to these we have paid no special attention because they belong to another treatise.—P. 143.

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* *An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy.* By F. Howard Collins. With a Preface by Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate.

General Metaphysics. By John Rickaby, S.J. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Science. By Dr. Gustav Adolf Lindner, Professor in the University of Prague. Authorized Translation by Chas. De Garmo, Ph.D. Boston: Heath & Co.

Scottish Philosophy: a Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume. By Andrew Seth, M.A. London: William Blackwood & Co. 1890.

Pure Logic; and other Minor Works. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Robert Adamson, M.A., LL.D., and Harriet A. Jevons. With a Preface by Professor Adamson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

First Lessons in Political Economy. By Francis A. Walker, Ph.D., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

In the first of these sentences there is a distinct evasion of a difficulty; in the third we are promised, on the ground of the words we have *italicized*, a future explanation. Will it be consistent with what has already been written, and follow St. Augustine? Whether it takes that way or another, it will tax Mr. Rickaby's subtlety to make it at once reasonable and consistent.

It is only in a special sense that Lindner's *Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Science* deserves the name. The book is rather physiological than psychological. Certainly there are those who attempt on a materialistic basis to prove that the distinction is a false one; and of these the author of this work is ultimately a specimen. The translator begins his task by informing the reader that "the current psychologies are abstract, rationalistic manuals, drawn primarily from the Scotch or other metaphysicians." A more futile charge has never been made about the work of the so-called "Scottish school." If there is one thing more than another which characterizes their psychology, it is their clinging to the facts of experience, and their use of the inductive method. On the very first page of Lindner's book we find as great an assumption as ever rationalist made. He speaks of the "mere time conditions, which we think of as belonging to the ultimate indivisible elements of matter, called atoms. These inner conditions of the atoms are, of course, entirely withdrawn from our experience, for whatever falls within the range of our experience must of necessity be external." He goes on to argue that when we perceive a change in the outer condition (*i.e.* in space and time) we *must* assume that the inner conditions of the atoms have changed. All this is very extraordinary as coming from a man who, we are told, never leaves experience. A psychologist who never leaves experience, and yet makes assumptions, and introduces a "must" in the very beginning of his work, can scarcely be said to merit the praise given to him by his translator as being so much better than these publicans—the "Scotch and other metaphysicians." When we go further on in this remarkable work to find what the author has to say about the *Ego*, we find that it is an "ideal point, which, in truth, is nothing more than an expression of the fact that all concepts are strictly related to one another." This has the faintest suggestion in it of Kant's Transcendental Unity of Apperception; but it is from later writers than Kant that most of the conclusions in this volume have come. Herbart and Lotze have had more apparent influence upon Lindner than any others. To the former he is indebted for his materialism, so far as it goes; to the latter for his notion about atoms as "supersensible unextended points," as well as for what of realistic dualism remains. The latter is not much. The value of the volume is that it shows how underneath the most pretentiously empirical psychology there are the most daring and unwarrantable presuppositions. Its most distinguishing fault is that these presuppositions and assumptions proceed from the general idea that reason can set a limit to itself beyond which it cannot step. This is no new departure; English, Scottish, German, and American psychologists and metaphysicians have each in turn had their experience of it. This book is issued as a "text-book for schools and colleges." It should not be used.

That a second edition of Professor Seth's original Balfour lectures on the *Scottish Philosophy* should have been called for says a good deal for the value of their matter and the admirable clearness of their style. The first two lectures lead us in the familiar downhill road from Locke through Berkeley to Hume. Those which follow indicate the answers to Hume made respectively by Reid and Kant. It is unnecessary to repeat an objection which must be made every time the Scottish philosopher is critically examined—that the critic has to supplement, support, and nearly rewrite the work of the old Glasgow professor. The last two lectures are excellent specimens of critical fairness and insight, while the felicity of expression throughout is beyond all praise.

The publication of the late Professor Jevons's *Pure Logic; and other Minor Works* will not add much to the high reputation of the author, save in so far as the careful and convincing criticisms upon Mill's logic are concerned. That Jevons was distinctly hostile to Mill may be gathered from his remarks about "the inherent defects of his intellectual character." He says:—"For my part, I will no longer consent to live silently under the incubus of bad logic and bad philosophy which Mill's works have laid upon us"; and, again, "However it arose, Mill's mind was essentially illogical." Perhaps this will seem going too far; but the reason of it is to be found in the completely opposite tendencies and education of the two men. Jevons himself was by no means the ideal logician, and what of his logical work will live is rather suggestive than constructive. Yet in this volume the acute sagacity which he displays in his onslaught upon Mill is very remarkable.

Dr. Francis A. Walker, of Boston, has written a fair book in his *First Lessons in Political Economy*. It is intended for junior students; but, unless they use it under a master in the science, it will do them as much harm as good. Pp. 119, 120, pp. 210–213, and many others, treat of subjects which require fuller discussion. The fault—and it is a serious one—in this book is that it often does not take in all the conditions surrounding a subject. It goes without saying that the author is Protectionist. That he should have a leaning towards bimetallism is more remarkable.

LECTURES ON THE COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE SEMITIC LANGUAGES.*

MANY will welcome the posthumous volume of Dr. Wright's *Lectures on the Comparative Grammar of the Semitic Languages* which at length sees the light under the most competent editorship of Professor Robertson Smith. That Dr. Wright did not live to revise the proofs is naturally a matter for regret, though most probably no very important alterations would have been made by him. As we learn from the preface, these lectures were first delivered at Cambridge as far back as the Easter Term of 1877; but they were never redelivered, the editor tells us, without being retouched and in parts rewritten, and during Dr. Wright's last illness he often spoke of his intentions in regard to their publication in such terms as to make it evident that it was his intention to publish them without any substantial modification or addition. The manuscript when it came into Professor Robertson Smith's hands was, he writes, "so carefully prepared as to be practically ready to go to press"; his task, therefore, has been simply to remove "repetitions or other slight inconcinnities of form," and incorporate a few needful notes and references, some of which have been supplied him by Dr. Wright's old and intimate friend, Professor Nöldeke of Strasburg.

The study of the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages has hitherto found few votaries. While for the great Indo-European family of tongues such philologists as Bopp, Pott, and Schleicher have worked out the general laws of linguistic affinity and co-relation; and, to cite but two instances among many, while Jacob Grimm has made the Teutonic speech the subject of special investigation, and Diez has worked on the Romance languages, the connexion between the members of the smaller group of Semitic languages as a whole has been left almost uninvestigated. Indeed, the only general work that can be mentioned is the first part of M. Renan's *Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques*, written more than a third of a century ago, and of which the second part, dealing with the comparative grammar, has never been published. Dr. Wright's work, therefore, fills a lacuna; and it is only to be regretted that in the original form of lectures it was impossible to go into much detail or give more than a general survey of the half-dozen languages which make up the group.

Dr. Wright, in his first lecture, treats of the various theories concerning the original home of the Semites, a subject on which the opinions of the best authorities differ widely. The late A. von Kremer in the year 1875 wrote some interesting papers in a German periodical called *Das Ausland* on the subject of the various plants and animals which the Semites had borrowed, with their names, from non-Semitic folk. Among other curious facts it was shown that the various Semitic dialects had no word in common for either the date-palm or its fruit, or for the ostrich; while, on the other hand, the name for camel was found to be identical in all the various *langues* of this group. The conclusion A. von Kremer drew was that the various Semitic nations knew of camels when they were yet one people dwelling together in their ancestral home, while ostriches and date-palms must have been first observed by them after they had set forth on their migrations:—

> Now the region where there is neither the date-palm nor the ostrich, and yet where the camel has been known from the remotest antiquity, is the great central tableland of Asia, near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes, the Jaihûn, and Saihûn. Von Kremer regards the Semitic emigration from this region as having preceded the Aryan or Indo-European, perhaps under pressure from the latter race; and he holds that the Semites first settled in Mesopotamia and Babylonia, which he looks upon as the oldest centre of Semitic civilization.

This novel theory of a Central Asian origin of the Semites finds further support in the writings of Professor Guidi, who, apparently without knowledge of Von Kremer's writings, comes to an identical conclusion with him from a comparison of "the words in the various Semitic languages which express the configurations of the earth's surface, the varieties of soil, the changes of the seasons and climate, the names of minerals, plants, and animals," and the Italian Orientalist, while considering Babylonia as the first centre of Semitic civilization, holds that the Semites must have arrived there as immigrants from the lands on the south and south-west of the Caspian Sea. This Central Asian theory, based solely on the etymology of a small number of words, and leaving out of count all conclusions that might be drawn from a comparison of the history and the speech as a whole of the different Semitic nations, very naturally failed to obtain general acceptance among scholars. Dr. Wright seems, however, at one time to have been inclined to accept Von Kremer's hypothesis, but ultimately he saw cause to reject it, and, with Professor Sayce and such Continental authorities as Sprenger, Schrader, and De Goeje, in these present lectures he avows himself "strongly inclined to adopt" the view that the original home of the Semites lay in Arabia. As Sprenger wrote, "all Semites are . . . successive layers of Arabs," and De Goeje, laying it down as a rule, without exception, that mountaineers never become inhabitants of the steppe and nomad shepherds, refuses to believe that the Semites can have descended from the mountains of Thibet to become dwellers in the plains and swamps of Babylonia.

De Goeje also lays stress upon the fine climate of Central Arabia and the splendid physical and mental development of the race; and, like Schrader,

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* *Lectures on the Comparative Grammar of the Semitic Languages.* From the Papers of the late William Wright, LL.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

compares their language with those of the other Semites in the earliest stage in which we know them, drawing the inference that the speech of the Arabs is the nearest approximation that we have to the primitive Semitic tongue.

Leaving the subject of the original home of the Semites, we may pass in brief review what Dr. Wright has to tell on the thorny question of whether or not any connexion can be established between the root-words of the Semitic languages and those of the great contiguous families of speech, of the Indo-European branch on the one side, and of the Egyptian on the other. Both the Semitic languages and the Indo-European, as is well known, belong to the inflective class—that is to say, they both use prefixes, affixes, and infixes—but this circumstance does not of itself imply any genetic connexion or even descent from a common stock. As Dr. Wright points out, "an ultimate relationship, if one exist at all, will only be discovered when we have solved the great mystery of the Semitic tongues, the triliterality of the roots." In all Semitic languages to find a word in the dictionary the inquirer turns to the root. This, with few exceptions (the most important of which are the pronouns), consists of three letters, all of which are consonants, for the vowels play a secondary part only, and express various modifications in the meaning. In other words, a Semitic root, pure and simple, as for instance *ktl*, is by its very nature unpronounceable; add vowels, and you have, not the root, but a special grammatical form. For example, the three letters of the root *ktl*, conveying the idea of "kill," are, to use Dr. Wright's simile, "the bones of a skeleton, which the vowels clothe with flesh and endow with life." Add vowels to *ktl* and you get grammatical forms, *e.g. katala*, "he killed"; *kutila*, "he was killed"; *kâtil*, "killing" or "a slayer." Turning now to the roots of the languages of the Indo-European group, a complete difference of kind is observable. Here the roots have nothing of the triconsonantal form, with the varying vocalization as a means of grammatical inflection, as is characteristic of all Semitic languages.

The Indo-European roots are not thus restricted in their nature; the radical vowels, although more liable to phonetic change than the consonants, are as essentially a part of the root as these latter. A root may consist of a single vowel; of a vowel followed by one or more consonants; of one or more consonants followed by a vowel; of a vowel preceded and followed by a single consonant, and so on. The Sanskrit roots *i* "go," *sthâ* "stand," *ad* "eat," *vid* "know," *grabh* "seize," are something wholly different in character from the Semitic roots *krb* "come near," *ktl* "kill," *plg* "divide," . . . and yet here, if anywhere, will an ultimate connexion between these two families of languages be discovered.

In the writings of Fürst and Delitzsch, Von Raumer and Raabe, analogies that lie merely on the surface are taken to warrant an identity in the roots of the Semites and the Aryans. Thus, for instance, the Semitic verb *banah*, "he built," is said to be the equivalent of the Latin *pono*, and *ba'ar*, "he burnt up," is given as identical with the Greek πῦρ. That such comparison, however, is a pure waste of time becomes evident when it is remembered that we are here comparing what (in Hebrew) is an original form (or very nearly so) with what is (in Greek and Latin) a secondary and late development. A very slight knowledge of these languages suffices to teach us that while *banah* stands for an original *bănăyă*, *pono* is a softening of *posno* (*cf.* the forms of the perfect and supine). Similarly that *ba'ar* is in the more primitive Arabic pronounced *ba'ara*, while πῦρ is a contraction of πύϝρ, which probably stands for an original *pavar* and comes from the radical *pu*, in Sanskrit, signifying "to be bright." It is manifestly futile to seek any connexion between *bănăyă* and *posno*, or between *ba'ara* and *pu*. If such comparisons as these could be upheld, they would prove that Hebrew and Arabic were not merely connected with but actually derived from Sanskrit, or Greek or Latin. As to the affinity between Semitic tongues and the languages of ancient Egypt, Dr. Wright admits that this is a subject which is still *sub judice*, and seems inclined to believe in "a genetic relationship between the Semitic languages and the Egyptian; or at least of a closer affinity than can be said to subsist between the Semitic and the Indo-European." On the other hand, in the present state of our knowledge of the laws of comparative grammar and ethnography, it is impossible accurately to determine what degree of connexion, if any, may exist between the great families of speech spoken in Europe and Western Asia. Those who hold that the Aryans and the Semites have their birthplace in common at some spot on the Central Asian plain eastward of the Caspian naturally hold that, *prima facie*, the connexion is more than probable. The opposite view, however (that, while the Aryans have descended from the mountains of the Arrapachitis, the Semitic nations are autochthones in Central Arabia), reduces the chances of an original identity in language almost to a vanishing point; and Dr. Wright is finally of opinion that "the resemblance between the two families is, on the whole, not greater than we might reasonably expect to find in languages produced by human beings of nearly the same natural endowments under very similar circumstances of development."

Within the limits of a review it is of course impossible to give any detailed account of the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages, which forms the special object of these lectures. A short chapter is devoted to the interesting subject of "Semitic Writing," a matter of general interest because, unlike the moot question of the origin of our respective languages, it is a patent fact that we all, *viâ* Rome and Greece, derive our letters directly from the Phœnicians, who wrote in a script that is practically identical with the earliest known writing of the Hebrews. Whether or not the Phœnician character was taken from the hieroglyphs is a point not easy to decide, for the historical details of this "spoiling of the Egyptians" are absolutely wanting. But given the Phœnician alphabet, or rather its earliest prototype the great stele of Mesha' King of Moab, which dates from the days of Ahab in the ninth century B.C., it is easy to trace the same alphabet in the written characters of all the nations of Europe; while eastward, through the Aramaic script of the ancient Persians, we find the self-same letters in the complicated Sanskrit alphabet, and its numerous Asiatic offshoots. One cannot help wondering what the world would have done had the Phœnicians *not* invented twenty-two letters, or adapted them by a process of natural selection (as seems the more probable theory) from the hieratic characters used in Egypt during the period prior to the rise of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

It is to be hoped that this volume on the comparative grammar of the Semitic tongues may prove an incentive to scholars, and lead the way to further investigations in a branch of knowledge that has hitherto been strangely neglected both in England and on the Continent. The present series of Lectures was to have been followed by a second series devoted to the subject of Semitic Palæography; but, unhappily, Dr. Wright did not live to prepare these for delivery. Judging from what is left us in these pages, the loss to science is very considerable; but it is to be hoped that some of those who profited by his teaching may carry on the work that he inaugurated so well.

In conclusion, Professor Robertson Smith deserves the thanks of all scholars for the way in which he has edited the papers committed to his charge. For a minor point, it is a pity that the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, and Ethiopic examples were not all given in transliteration as well as in the original character. Many Hebrew scholars cannot read Ethiopic, and some who know Coptic are not equally conversant with Arabic and Syriac. Further, while on this subject we think it would have been better to have provided a translation of the extract from the work of De Goeje, in Dutch; though, doubtless, a knowledge of German and English will enable the unlearned reader to gather the drift of the argument.

LESSER CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

TEACHERS of philology have for some time complained of the want of a satisfactory text-book for beginners. They may now make their choice between the works of Professor Victor Henry and of Messrs. King and Cookson. Each of these has its own drawback, the former being a translation from the French, the latter an abridgment of a larger work by the same authors, *The Principles of Sound and Inflexion in Greek and Latin*. As both these works are in their original form well known to scholars, we need here only consider their value as

* *A Short Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin for Schools and Colleges.* By Victor Henry, Deputy Professor of Philology in the University of Paris. Translated by R. T. Elliott, M.A., with Introductory Note by Henry Nettleship, Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

An Introduction to the Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin. By J. E. King, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford, and C. Cookson, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi Coll., Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Latin Gate: a First Latin Translation Book. By E. A. Abbott, D.D., Head Master of the City of London School. London: Seeley & Co.

Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb. By W. W. Goodwin, LL.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Rewritten and enlarged. London: Macmillan

The Amphitruo of Plautus. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Palmer, M.A., Professor of Latin in Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co.

Demosthenes' Orations against Philip. With Introduction and Notes by Evelyn Abbott, LL.D., and P. E. Matheson, M.A. Vol. ii. (on the Peace, Philippic II., on the Chersonese, Philippic III.) Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Aristophanes—the Birds. With Introduction and Notes by W. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Histories of Tacitus. Books III., IV., V. With Introduction and Notes by A. D. Godley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Pliny's Letters. Books I. and II. With Introductions, Notes, and Plan. Edited by James Cowan, M.A., Assistant Master in Manchester Grammar School. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Odyssey of Homer. Book XXI. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Virgil—Georgic I. Edited, for the use of schools, by T. E. Page, M.A., Assistant Master at Charterhouse. With Vocabulary. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Alcestis of Euripides. Edited by M. A. Bayfield, M.A., Headmaster's Assistant at Malvern College. London: Macmillan & Co.

Cicero pro Balbo. With Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Editors of "Cicero de Amicitia." London: Univ. Corr. Coll. Press Warehouse.

Sporteila; or, Unseen Passages for Higher Forms. Edited by J. H. Fowler, M.A., Sixth Form Master at Manchester Grammar School. London: Rivingtons.

The First Three Books of Homer's Iliad. With Introduction, Commentary, and Vocabulary, for the use of schools, by T. D. Seymour, Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale College. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

The Ethics of Aristotle. (Nich. Eth., Books I.–IV. and Book X. Chap. vi. to end.) Analysed, Annotated, and Translated for Oxford Passmen by S. H. Jeyes, M.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

elementary text-books of philology. As regards style, Mr. Elliott, to whom the English version of M. Henry's book has been entrusted, has done his work very well; we could scarcely point to a single passage which reads like a translation. But in dealing with phonetics a book written for French readers cannot, without some alteration, be a safe guide for English junior students; and the necessary alterations have not in all cases been made. For instance, the success of a vocal experiment suggested in a note on p. 17 depends on *on* being sounded as in French, not as in English; and on pp. 25, 26 *e* and *i* mean French *e* and *i*, though this is not explained. This is the only flaw that we have found in the book; and, as young students are not likely to be without guidance, it is not a very important one. The work is divided into three parts, dealing with phonology, etymology, and morphology, the last branch of the subject being treated at greatest length; but in so complicated a subject abundant detail is necessary to clearness, and the whole book is a model of lucidity.

Messrs. King and Cookson get over the ground more rapidly than M. Henry; their book, including a chapter on syntax, which M. Henry leaves untouched, contains some two hundred pages, as against the French professor's three hundred. For an introductory text-book this comparative brevity is an advantage; and, though we fancy that a student, working by himself, would learn more from Professor Henry, Messrs. King and Cookson's work is, perhaps, more likely to be useful when supplemented by oral teaching. It has the additional advantage of being thoroughly well got up, whereas our copy of Professor Henry's volume already threatens to fall to pieces. There is one question which naturally suggests itself, Who are the "junior students," what the "schools and colleges" for whose use these two books are said to be intended? To our mind schoolboys, the sixth form included, are very much better employed in becoming familiar with the Latin and Greek languages, and so laying a foundation on which they may, if so minded, afterwards base a study of philology, than in working at a science which, if not exactly in its infancy, has, at any rate, not yet passed the period of youth. To attain the most ordinary proficiency boys must devote to this study time which they can ill spare from other work; while as mental training for the young we should prefer some science the treatment of which involves rather less frequent use of the adverbs "possibly" and "perhaps."

Dr. Abbott's *Latin Gate* is intended mainly for use in schools where Latin is only a subsidiary study; the author's principal aim has been to give boys the power of translating Latin with less expenditure of time than is usually required for the purpose. He caters chiefly for those who wish to gain some facility in translating without desiring to attain to any great skill in Latin composition. This programme at once suggests a certain dialogue in the *Oxford Magazine*, wherein the ambition to read the classical authors with one's feet on the hob is aptly ridiculed. We are not disposed to deny Dr. Abbott's dictum that "translation at sight" is "the most searching and useful test of real knowledge of Latin for boys leaving school at the age of sixteen," but we greatly doubt whether proficiency in translation is best to be attained by shirking grammatical drill; and there is a passage in p. ix of the preface which seems to indicate a belief that, for the boys whom Dr. Abbott has in his mind, learning grammar is rather a waste of time. The reading lessons range from short sentences up to selections from Phædrus and Cæsar. With all respect for Dr. Abbott's high reputation as a teacher, we cannot think it wise to give young boys for their first translation lesson a selection of proverbs beginning with *Ars longa; vita brevis. Verbum sat sapienti. Mors janua vitæ*, and so on, for nearly ten pages. Dr. Abbott believes that such sayings are likely "to afford a literary stimulus." He might have been checked by one of his chosen sentences which occurs in the first lesson—*Obscuritatis parens brevitas.* Proverbs are not meat for babes; and if small boys are to take in pithy sayings of this sort at all, the tongue of the master must be always wagging. The class cannot be left to make out anything for itself, and we are strongly of opinion that in learning to translate a boy does more good by walking along an easy path with as little support as may be than by scrambling up stony places with a firm hand dragging his arm out of the socket. A great deal of help is given in the notes, and is of course necessary if boys are to advance as rapidly as Dr. Abbott seems to think desirable; but in our opinion teachers who escort their pupils along this royal road to learning, in the belief that the work is really being mastered, will have their illusions rudely dispelled the first time the boys are required to translate even an easy passage without help. But the introductory chapters, which occupy the first ninety pages of the book, are excellent. We know no better introduction to the study of words and sentences. The chapters which most take our fancy are those entitled "Latin in English" and "Latin through French," dealing with the formation of compounds and derivatives. Dr. Abbott wisely cautions teachers against putting these chapters bodily into the hands of boys. Their matter should filter through the master, and all young masters, together with many older, would be the better for studying them. They show the true and only way of conveying the elements of word-study to children. The book throughout is full of valuable hints to young teachers in search of method.

Professor Goodwin's well-known *Syntax* has been greatly enlarged in the new edition, and yet it is in essentials the same book, and not a new work. The increase of bulk is due in the main to two causes. Dr. Goodwin enters far more into theoretical discussions than in previous editions, and he has brought the book thoroughly up to date by incorporating the results of grammatical study during the past quarter of a century. The result is a most valuable book of reference, though the work will now, perhaps, be found less available as an instrument of teaching. Perhaps Dr. Goodwin may be induced to issue an abridged edition, which will come more within the scope of ordinary learners. Not the least interesting features of the present work are the appendices, the first of which deals with and controverts Delbrück's theory that the subjunctive is the mood of will, the optative of wish. The argument, which is admirably worked out, will interest both those who agree with Dr. Goodwin and those who do not. The summing up of the case as regards the subjunctive is most forcible:—"When we find ἢν ἕλωσι τὴν πόλιν actually expressing a mere future supposition, with no idea of will, in all periods of the language, and when we find ἕλωσι meaning *they will capture* in the earliest period that we know, why should we assume an original idea of will (which was afterwards lost) in ἢν ἕλωσι to account for its actual meaning?" Another chapter of the appendix contains Dr. Weber's interesting statistics of the use of the final particles. The indexes, a most important part of a book, which must now be regarded mainly as a book of reference, are, so far as we have tested them, complete and accurate; and in no grammar with which we are acquainted are the examples from Greek authors so abundant and so aptly selected.

To discuss adequately Professor Palmer's *Amphitruo* would require far more space than can here be given to it. Fortunately it does not greatly matter; the book is more than a schoolbook, and Latin scholars who love their Plautus will not fail to see for themselves what Mr. Palmer has done, while for students we need only say that we know no better English edition of any Latin play than this one. Besides the commentary in which, as well as in the introduction, the treatment of metrical questions is specially noteworthy, there is a full *apparatus criticus*, while Appendix II. contains some two dozen or so of conjectural emendations of the text of Plautus generally. Of these many are highly ingenious, and some—*e.g. sporta* for *porta* in *Persa*, III. iii. 30—almost convincing.

Of the second volume of Messrs. Abbott and Matheson's edition of the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip, it need only be said that it is as good as the first. It contains the speeches on *The Peace* and *The Chersonese*, and the second and third Philippics. There is an excellent historical introduction, at the head of which, by an obvious misprint, the Peace of Philocrates is antedated by a century, and the notes are all that could be desired in matters grammatical and historical alike.

In Dr. Merry's *Birds* we have another continuation of good work by a well-known worker. Dr. Merry is an almost ideal editor of Aristophanes, combining as he does sound scholarship with a keen sense of humour. His notes give all the help that should be needed by sixth-form boys, and they abound in happy suggestions for rendering the verbal plays and quibbles in which Aristophanes delights. Mr. Swinburne's translation of the parabasis is given in the notes. It is, we think, a pity that Dr. Merry has given no scheme of metres. They are easy, it is true; but schoolboys are very apt to misunderstand the simplest metrical questions unless they are forced upon their notice.

Mr. Godley's second instalment of his edition of the *Histories* consists of Books III.–V. His work is good and sound, and well suited to the needs of sixth-form boys and undergraduates; attention is duly drawn to points of Tacitean syntax. Now and then Mr. Godley condescends overmuch—as, for instance, when he informs his readers that *hora quinta* is about 11 A.M. He also gives far too many references to notes in his edition of *Histories*, I. and II. The two volumes are published separately, and as they are intended mainly for use in schools, each should be complete in itself. Why should a boy searching his notes for information be referred to "Introd. to Books I. and II.," or "note on i. 21," when he very probably does not possess the earlier volume?

Mr. Cowan gives us a very good edition, perhaps a trifle over-annotated, of the first two books of Pliny's letters. He understands his author, and he has industriously read up the best authorities. The edition should be found useful by the schoolboys and undergraduates for whom it is intended, and also by any one reading Pliny for the first time.

Mr. Edwards's book would do well to put in the hands of boys beginning Homer. It contains the introductory chapter on Homeric forms, which has become a universal feature of such editions since Mr. Monro made the task of compiling such an introduction easy; the notes are sound, and suited to those who are new to the study of Homer; and various grammatical points are dealt with in an appendix. Good as the work is, it is impossible to feel much enthusiasm about it, as editions of single books of Homer are just now far too frequent.

Mr. Page is already known as the author of one of our best school editions of Horace, and his work on Virgil promises equally well. The notes are good and sufficient, and plenty of attention is given to the literary aspect of the poem. The commentary seems to be adapted to rather younger boys than those of Mr. Sidgwick and Mr. Papillon. So, numerous as editions of Virgil are, it may supply a want.

Mr. Bayfield's *Alcestis* is well suited to boys reading their first Greek play. Besides the notes there is a useful appendix explaining the use of common phrases and particles in Greek tragedy.

Why the conditional sentence more than any other scrap of Greek syntax should be made the subject of Appendix B we do not know.

The anonymous edition of Cicero's *Pro Balbo* seems intended to enable its readers to pass the examination for matriculation at London University. It contains a translation, vocabulary, and such other appliances as may perhaps enable the student to get up his speech without the use of any other book of reference. It is, of course, a work of no permanent importance.

Mr. Fowler has made an excellent little collection of "unseen passages," many of which are taken, as they should be, from authors not generally read in schools—Seneca, Suetonius, Lucan, Plutarch, Apollonius Rhodius, and even Aristotle and Theophrastus.

Mr. Seymour's is a good school edition of the first three books of the Iliad. The notes are short, except a few devoted to literary illustration, but they give sufficient help. A distinguishing feature of the commentary is the insertion of Attic equivalents for Homeric words. We have often stated our objections to a vocabulary appended to the text of classical authors, perhaps it is less objectionable in an edition of Homer than of any other author; still, we like it not. Mr. Seymour's vocabulary, however, contains some engravings of Greek costume, &c., which are useful. It is amusing to find in a bibliographical note "Boston, 1887," given as the date of Mr. Jebb's *Homer*. "New York, 1878," the date assigned to Mr. Gladstone's *Primer*, suggests certain fruitless regrets. The book is admirably printed and got up; but English schoolboys have no reason to desert Mr. Monro for Professor Seymour.

Mr. Jeyes has surely earned the undying gratitude of Oxford passmen by his translation and annotation of those parts of the Ethics which they are obliged to take up for "Greats." Neither Aristotle, on the one hand, nor passmen, on the other, call for those higher literary gifts of the translator which Mr. Jeyes has shown that he possesses in his *Juvenal*, and even more, perhaps, in the too scanty selection from Cicero's letters, published some years ago; but his present work is faithful, close, and, above all, clear. Mr. Jeyes's work will henceforth be as indispensable to the passman as *Grant* has been to the honour man, and, like that work, will no doubt take up an honoured and undisturbed position on its owner's bookshelves when its more active occupation is gone—a meet and not unworthy offering to Athena.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

THE appearance of a new work on landscape gardening is notable on other grounds than its rarity. A hundred years since such books were frequent indeed, and even more abundant was the literature they inspired. The very title of Mr. Milner's book, while it revives the old question, "Is there an art of landscape gardening?" recalls the flourishing period when the landscape gardener was a power in the land, and a large proportion of the country seats of noblemen and gentlemen were subjected to his improving and embellishing skill. Between the years 1790 and 1820 the literature that sprang up on the subject was large and varied. Much of it was devoted to the exposition of the art and the battle of the styles. Some of it was controversial, and not a little was devoted to the treatment of æsthetic matters. Horace Walpole, Shenstone, Lord Lyttelton, Gray, and William Gilpin may be cited as responsible, by their writings and example, in no small degree, for the exaltation of the landscape gardener in England. Gray encouraged Gilpin's cult of the picturesque, and Gilpin undoubtedly derived from Gray such knowledge of architecture as subsequently he employed with good effect in his admirable writings on landscape scenery. The great gardeners of the age, who were architects as well as gardeners, were to a considerable extent inspired by Gilpin. Strictly speaking, the fifty years dating from 1770 represent the golden prime of landscape gardening. The sway of men like Brown and Kent was truly autocratic. Brown, who began life as a kitchen gardener, acquired an extraordinary influence. He founded a large and important school of followers, who professed to obey his precepts, yet, for the most part, sadly misrepresented their master in practice. Kent is better remembered as a planter in a great age of planting. He never achieved the position of Brown, who, by sheer force of character, imposed his theories on the country. There can be no doubt that the man who inspired an almost universal faith in his powers, as this kitchen gardener did, must have possessed something very like genius. Every good landscape gardener was then expected to discuss the "five orders," but Brown did much more than this for architecture. He designed and superintended the building of churches, bridges, mansions, picture-galleries, &c., for the Earl of Coventry, Mr. Methuen, Lord Clive, and other persons of influence. While "Capability" Brown ruled, as a kind of absolute monarch, there were no captious or sceptical folk to ask, "Is there an art of landscape gardening?" But the unbelievers gathered their forces for battle during the busy life of Humphry Repton, Brown's distinguished successor. He it was who first adopted the term "landscape gardener," and was accused by Uvedale Price, in his celebrated *Essay on the Picturesque*, of assuming "a title of no small pretensions." Repton was a man of notable parts, a prolific writer, a clever draughtsman, possessed of boundless belief in himself, and gifted with the instincts of a courtier. None knew better when and how to apply the oil of flattery to patrons or those whom he wished to gain over to his side; yet, in spite of his adroitness he became the object of much scathing satire upon his attempt to defend Brown and his school from the criticism of Payne Knight and others. He was severely handled by the author of the didactic poem, "The Landscape," in a certain wrangle caused by an accusation of garbled quotation he brought against Knight. The story is retold in *Headlong Hall* of the fashionable landscape gardener, Mr. Milestone. The original of that amusing sketch, though Peacock does not name him, was no other than Humphry Repton. His reputation, which was not less than that of Brown, was unaffected by these attacks. He survived till 1818, and at his death was buried, at his own request, in "a garden of roses" in the churchyard of Aylsham, Norfolk, where his epitaph, in elegant verse of his making, is legible to this day. From Repton's time to the present much less has been written of the art, and the practice has somewhat languished. Possibly this apparent decay of landscape gardening in England is due to the fact that Brown and Repton left little for future generations to mar or make.

Mr. Henry Milner does not deal with the history and literature of the active period referred to. His aim is the illustration of his own method, and his treatise is eminently practical. We are glad to note from his title-page that Mr. Milner follows the courageous example of the masters. There is an art of landscape gardening, and Mr. Milner is no mere theorist. Associated with his father, the late Edward Milner, who was Sir Joseph Paxton's colleague, the author has enjoyed exceptional opportunities to illustrate the practice of his art and to gain from experience the most valuable kind of knowledge. Like most of his English predecessors since Brown's day, he sets forth with the pleasing statement "Nature is the only exemplar I follow." But this, like other articles of faith, is capable of almost any interpretation in practice. "Brown copied nature; his illiterate followers copied him," is an observation of Repton that possesses more than a superficial truth. That nature abhors a straight line is no sufficient argument against the making of a straight approach to a house or a lengthy avenue of trees, for the function of art lies not in the mere copying of nature. On this important subject Mr. Milner writes with excellent judgment. "A straight approach," he says, "requires very careful treatment," and the house approached by a straight drive should invariably be an imposing structure. Excellent, also, is his guiding principle with regard to the general arrangement and formation of the garden. The skilful gardener's aim is "not a servile copy of nature in its exact details, but an artistic rendering of the effect of nature." It is when art degenerates in artifice, as in some examples of the English imitators of that great master, Le Nôtre, that the most debased specimens of landscape gardening are perpetrated. Of no less a man than Brown it was severely said by Price that he was "perfectly satisfied when he had made a natural river look like an artificial one." Such transformation—or rather deformation—scenes are altogether alien to Mr. Milner's views. As might be inferred from his former connexion with the planning of the Crystal Palace grounds, some of the most interesting sections of the present volume are devoted by Mr. Milner to the consideration of the position and construction of lakes, fountains, pavilions, bridges, boathouses, terraces with their steps, balustrades, panels, and other architectural features. The kitchen-garden, hothouses, public gardens, conservatories, the economic laying-out of land for building, are other topics that come within the range of this comprehensive treatise, though it may be said of some of these that they are not of primary importance to the landscape gardener. Mr. Milner's book, however, is altogether a solid contribution to gardening literature and a guide of considerable practical value. The many plans and diagrams of the author illustrate the text admirably. As illustrations, some of the larger etchings are scarcely so happy.

* *The Art and Practice of Landscape Gardening.* By Henry Ernest Milner, F.L.S., &c. With Plans and Illustrations. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited. 1890.

MR. MACLEOD ON THE FALL IN PRICES.*

IN the desire apparently to make known with the least possible delay his views as to the causes of the great fall in prices since 1873, Mr. Dunning Macleod has not waited to complete the second volume of his *Theory of Credit*, but has divided it into parts, and already issued Part I. We venture to think that this was a mistake, and that the work would have benefited had he given it more care and thought. Certainly it is neither as interesting nor as instructive as the first volume. It throws no light upon dark places in the theory he is discussing. It is too controversial in tone, and very often the controversies are on points of form rather than of substance. But perhaps in nothing is he so disappointing as in his views respecting the causes of the fall in prices that was so marked and persistent from 1873 to 1887. Briefly, Mr. Macleod holds that the fall was brought about by the cheapening of the cost of production and by the absence of speculation. He denies that the scarcity of gold can in any way have contributed to it; for statistics prove that in the

* *The Theory of Credit.* By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. II. Part I. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

wholesale markets gold enters into the settlement of transactions to the extent of only about 1 per cent., and a small change in the value of a substance which enters so little into the settlement of debts cannot, he thinks, have had any influence upon the movement of prices. Every competent person, of course, admits that the cost of production has been reduced since 1873 by new discoveries and inventions, by the construction of railways and telegraphs, by the improvements that have been introduced into marine construction, and by the extension of the area under cultivation in new countries. Any person who would deny that all these influences must have affected prices proves himself undeserving of attention. We freely admit, then, that the reduction in cost has contributed to lower prices. We make no doubt at all that, if gold had been produced in ever so vast a quantity, there would have been some fall in prices owing to the causes just referred to. But all competent persons are agreed at the same time that the reduction in the cost of production does not account for the whole fall that has taken place. Mr. Macleod himself fully admits this, and he explains the further fall by the absence of speculation. Credit, as he justly observes, is as effective in purchasing as money itself, and credit expands in periods of speculation and sends up prices. But he argues that speculation has been absent since 1873, and therefore prices have fallen. Even if this could be accepted as a satisfactory explanation, it would take us only a step in advance; for the question would immediately arise, Why has speculation been absent since 1873? and to this question Mr. Macleod confesses himself unable to give an answer.

But is it really true that speculation has been absent since 1873? There has not been a very great speculation in commodities generally; but there certainly has been a marked speculation in some commodities, and a readiness to speculate in all if the opportunity offered. Look, for example, to the Stock Exchange. Since 1873 we have had two periods of wild and reckless speculation—the one ending with the collapse of the Union Générale, the other still in progress, though the break-down in the River Plate countries seems to betoken the beginning of the end. Even in commodities we have had some wild speculation. The most memorable of these was the combination in Paris to control the copper market. But there have been several other speculations on a smaller scale, such as that in iron, which broke down last Christmas, and those in tin and lead, which broke down earlier. Almost every summer also for years past, we have seen a speculation in cotton, and one has only just broken down with the failure of the Cotton King. In Chicago, again, year after year we have had speculations in wheat. We had a speculation in sugar not very long ago in Germany and Belgium, and we have also had speculations in coffee and other articles. It is quite clear, therefore, that the will to speculate has existed since 1873 quite as generally and quite as strongly as before. And Mr. Macleod must explain why it failed to stop the fall in prices before he can expect any one to accept his views on the causes of the fall. But, without pushing the matter farther, we turn to Mr. Macleod's assertion that, since gold enters to the extent of only about one per cent. into the settlement of commercial transactions, changes in its value cannot affect prices. And we think we shall have no difficulty in showing that he is wrong. It seems to us evident that a man of so much analytical ability as Mr. Macleod could not have fallen into such a mistake were he not misled by a hobby which he is riding too far. He has done good service in insisting that credit is as effective in making purchases as money itself, and his explanation of credit as the present value of a future profit is not only ingenious, but valuable. Had he stopped there he would have done well; but he insists that a credit instrument is a commodity. Now all the assertions in the world will never convince people that the present value of a thing is the same as the thing itself. Unfortunately, Mr. Macleod will have it so; and therefore he seems to have persuaded himself that it is to the absence of speculation mainly that the fall in prices is to be attributed.

When a banker opens a credit for a customer he puts it in the power of the customer to demand payment in gold. Experience justifies him in concluding that, in the great majority of cases his customers will not insist upon payment in gold, and, therefore, it justifies him in keeping a cash reserve very much smaller than his liabilities; but the fact remains all the same that any customer can demand payment in gold, and, consequently, the banker's purchasing power by means of credit is measured exactly by the purchasing power of the gold which would discharge the credit. The credit of the banker may at any time have to be covered with gold; and, therefore, the credit document has exactly the same purchasing power, and not more than an equivalent amount of gold. But the purchasing power of gold, like that of all other commodities, depends upon the relation between demand and supply. During the past twenty years there has been a great reduction in the new supplies of gold. The yearly output has been steadily falling off. On the other hand, there has been a great increase in the demand for gold. Germany, for example, has exchanged a silver currency for a gold one, and the United States have resumed specie payments largely in gold, while the gold-using countries have been growing in wealth and population. Since then production has been falling off, and consumption has been increasing, the value of gold has steadily and necessarily been rising. But the value of gold is only another form of expression for its purchasing power, or, to put the matter a little differently, the rise in the value of gold means that the same quantity of gold exchanges now for a larger quantity of other things than it did formerly. If this be so, the question is not to what extent gold enters into the settlement of commercial transactions; the real question is, can the same quantity and quality of gold have two different values in the same market at the same time? Nobody will dispute that gold mine-owners will insist upon getting more for their gold as the gold becomes scarcer and scarcer. And if that be conceded, is it conceivable that those who obtain the gold from the mine-owners will consent to take less for it than they have given, and so on, until the gold reaches the London market. And is it conceivable that when arrived there the new gold will have one value and the old gold another? Is it not, on the contrary, self-evident that the instant gold rises at the mines the rise will make itself felt all over the world, and prices will gradually and steadily decline.

JOSEF ISRAËLS.

We have received from the publisher, Mr. Schalekamp, of Amsterdam, through Messrs. Boussod & Valadon, of Bond Street, a specimen number of the great work on Israëls which he is bringing out. It is a large folio, handsomely printed, with an essay on the artist by Messrs. Netscher and Zilcken, and etchings by Mr. Steelink. Israëls's work yields itself very well to this kind of treatment. The drawing, of course, is correct; some attention is paid to composition, a rarity with modern artists, and colour is not missed; for, in truth, no pictures can be painted more severely in monochrome. As a rule, Israëls's subjects are not of a lively or exhilarating character. The late Mr. Holl, perhaps, excelled him in the choice of sombre and even disagreeable subjects to paint. They were called by his admirers "pathetic pictures," and it is very wrong to say brutally, as we are inclined to do, that pathos is somewhat out of place in pictures, and that we are apt to weary of a sad or painful scene, and to wish for something conceived in a happier mood for the decoration of our walls. With this barbarian qualification we may admire Israëls; and certainly one of the prints before us, "Le Repas," has as little that is disagreeable in it as any of his pictures. A very happy, if homely, group sit round a large basin of some kind of food, in a squalid kitchen with two windows, one of them so grimy that it only serves to set off the high light of the other. There is a great deal of very soft work in the etching, in which Mr. Steelink has succeeded in producing a very Rembrandtesque effect. A second print represents a remarkably plain young person sewing a seam, and very intent on her work. The drawing is very forcible, but rough, and it is not easy to tell exactly where the charm, if any, comes in. However, we may fully recommend this instalment to any one who admires this kind of art, as it is as good of its kind as possible.

A HOUSEHOLD DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE.*

We have long urged that the teaching of elementary physiology, and, in necessary connexion with it, the methods of conducting life which are best calculated to maintain health of body and mind, should form part of the regular curriculum of the senior classes in every school. Were it not for the complete absence of such teaching one would have thought it scarcely necessary to insist that it is expedient for every one to have sufficient knowledge of his own body to enable him to manage it so that his life-work may be of the best quality and quantity possible for him, and his capacity for the enjoyment of such happiness as may fall to his lot not be dulled by infirmities due to the transgression of sanitary laws. In our opinion vicious habits of various kinds originate as frequently from ignorance as from moral perversion, and their formation might frequently be prevented by a little timely instruction. It has been too much the tendency to ignore, or, at any rate, speak contemptuously of, the body, as if it were something about which the less said the better. We will not enter upon the vexed, and probably insoluble, question of the nature of the connexion between our corporeal and mental powers; but we may, without fear of contradiction, state that it is of so intimate a character that not the smallest evil can happen to the one without the other being affected. It is a matter of common observation that a dose of rhubarb will often restore sweetness of temper to a child, and that the most saintly man cannot altogether resist the irritability caused by a congested liver; and, conversely, that a mental shock will often cause fainting, and has been known even to kill. Forty years of age is the period assigned by a well-known author at which a man should be capable of being his own physician. After such a number of years of blundering and experimenting the physician is likely to have a sufficiency of diseases upon which to practise his laboriously-acquired art. We are, however, glad to observe that the English mind is beginning to show signs of apprehension of the fact that some slight knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame may be almost as useful to

* *A Household Dictionary of Medicine.* By Frederick Rufenacht Walters, M.D., Lond. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

its possessor as a familiarity with logarithms, and that the question of how to keep healthy is a problem almost as important and much more difficult and complicated than the "pons asinorum." There is evidence of this in the popularity of ambulance classes, and the considerable attendance upon health lectures, as also in the publication of such books as that under consideration. Those who see the advisability of obtaining this kind of knowledge, and have the requisite time and energy, can do so to some extent by these means; but we are strongly of opinion that this is insufficient, and that general and systematic instructions in these matters should be given. A good beginning might be made by requiring that any one taking charge of a school should have passed a suitable examination in sanitary science. Such education would go far to break the power of medical quackery, which is such a crying evil at the present day, and a little knowledge (if sound) would not prove a dangerous thing, but one of the utmost utility, depriving of their victims the harpies who wax fat by preying upon the weaker and more ignorant specimens of humanity. Dr. Walters's Dictionary is carefully compiled and well deserving of success.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ABOUT six years ago the long neglect which had rested on the most immediate, and as far as stage-craft goes (for Garnier, a far greater man of letters, was a much worse playwright) the chief predecessor of Corneille, was atoned for by the reimpression at Marburg by Herr Stengel of the old edition of Alexandre Hardy's *Plays* (1). That edition stands to the known total of the prolific playwright's work even more fragmentarily than our own standard edition of Heywood does to the known total of the works of the author of *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. The modest total of the printed plays runs but to some forty; the originals, at "fifty crowns apiece," are said to have run, striking the average of different statements, to some fifteen times that number. The *editio princeps* is, as most of the editions of early French dramatists are, a pretty book; the Marburg reprint, though cramped, is not ugly. We are not sure that M. Rigal, to whose excellence of intention we desire to do all justice, would not have done more for Hardy if he had better observed the law of measure. His work has more than seven hundred pages, each of which—including copious notes—probably extends to the contents of at least two of an "every gentleman's library" octavo. Could any one stand fourteen hundred pages about Heywood? Yet Heywood is what Hardy was not—a poet at his hours. About one-fourth of the bulk might have been fairly spent on a writer who was a great power fashioning the theatre, and who once or twice, as in *Mariamne*, achieved something like an undoubted success. But an elaborate analysis of all his plots, with infinite digression on all manner of stage affairs of the time, is not critical. M. Rigal has, we are prepared to allow, corrected some errors about Hardy. But whether to those who have read Hardy for themselves or to those who have not and will not, his book is, as we have said, out of measure. Alas! that it should be so hard to teach writing folk how many things there are not to say.

M. Léon Lefébure's *Le devoir social* (2) is admittedly a book written for Frenchmen first of all, and rather designed to give them the lessons of others' experience than to reverse the process. It is, however, not the less interesting to those who interest themselves in its subjects—poor laws in theory and practice, the organization of charity, the observance of a weekly day of rest, workmen's insurance funds, and so forth. M. Lefébure, like most Frenchmen, is dead against our own system of poor-law relief, though he does not, perhaps, take sufficient note of the fact that it has been the concomitant, if not the cause, of a singular postponement, to say the least, of the acute and inflammatory state of relations between the have-nots and the haves, and though he does not allow anything like full weight to the fact that the dislike of workhouse restraints does actually counteract to a great extent the pauperizing tendency of workhouse facilities. His book is furnished with some interesting diagrams of the distribution of wealth in Paris, as shown by rate of marriages, average price of lodgings, and the like.

M. de Mersœur's *Romanciers allemands contemporains* (3) are Spielhagen, Heyse, Freytag, and Raabe, who have, on an average, a hundred pages apiece—too much or too little, we should humbly be inclined to suggest. An introduction of about equal length to the average essay indulges lavishly in those generalizations which are the curse of French criticism. "Le Français a la compréhension du cœur; l'Allemand a la compréhension de l'esprit." "Le génie de la France est l'amour; le génie de l'Allemagne est la science." "Les Français sont amoureux du beau, du joli. L'Allemand est un grand rêveur," &c. &c. We had rather be kittens and cry mew than chatter in this fashion. It is not, indeed, in a Frenchman incompatible with the enunciation of better things now and then; but still it is radically bad; a beginning at the end, a putting of the cart before the horse. When a Frenchman discards it, as once in a thousand years he does, his name is Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve, and he becomes the best critic of the world. When he does not discard it, his name may be anything, but he becomes—something else.

The very titles of M. Carle des Perrières's papers (4) show that they are newspaper articles, the composition of which was probably spread over several years. They are agreeable reading, if not of the very most agreeable. "Duels d'autrefois et duels d'aujourd'hui" is on an always interesting subject; "Les journaux qui commencent," though we think it has been done before, is a pleasant trifle enough. "Paris qui triche" is readable; "La vierge rouge" (about poor Louise Michel) is sympathetic without being silly. "Récits tonkinois" shows an honest disgust at the disgusting nonsense which was talked by a certain section of Parisian journalists about the middle-class *voyou* named Chambige. If M. de Perrières has not the liveliness of some of his contemporaries, he is a much better fellow and more of a gentleman than some of them; and to be a good fellow and a gentleman, look you, is good gifts.

A few weeks ago we had to notice the first instalment of Pozzo di Borgo's letters; this brief and popular biography of him by Viscount Maggiolo (5) is also authorized by the family, and will come usefully enough to refresh popular memory of a man whose reputation, great in its day, has somewhat faded. Although his biographer and (though he styles himself a Lorrainer by birth, we suspect) countryman makes a stout fight for him, and would have it that it was only after the desertion of Corsica by the English and his own outlawry that Pozzo went about seeking who would hire him, we incline to think that he has a good deal of the "Swiss of Heaven" about him. Now, in politics such men, to our thinking, occupy a far lower position than in war. Politics without patriotism are almost inconceivable—at any rate, they cannot rank a man much higher than a faithful butler or footman. But Pozzo di Borgo was undoubtedly no mean diplomatist; and as far as fidelity to employers will make an honest man he was that also. Whether he did not do something to secure for Russian diplomacy its reputation for not sticking at trifles, as well as for ability, may be another question.

(1) *Alexandre Hardy et le théâtre français à la fin du XVIème et au commencement du XVIIème siècles.* Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Le devoir social.* Par Léon Lefébure. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Romanciers allemands contemporains.* Par F. de Mersœur. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Paris au club.* Par Carle des Perrières. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Pozzo di Borgo.* Par le Vicomte A. Maggiolo. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new annual volume of *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.) sustains to the full the many attractive features that have long marked this excellent periodical. The artistic quality of the illustrations is well exemplified, both by the woodcuts in the text and the admirable engravings after old masters and modern painters by Messrs. R. Taylor, O. Lacour, H. F. Davey, and others. The articles descriptive of famous localities or ancestral houses are, as usual, among the most notable contents of this handsome volume. Of this very interesting section it is sufficient to cite, as examples of the happy alliance of authors and artists, the series of papers on Eton College by Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte, the Rev. S. R. James, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, with drawings by Mr. P. H. Norman; Mr. Biscombe Gardiner's drawings for Mr. Grant Allen's "From Moor to Sea"; Professor Thorpe's account of "St. Michael's"; Mr. H. R. Haweis on "Bells and Belfries" in Belgian churches; "Lismore," by Mr. Adrian Stokes; "Heligoland," by Mr. Walter Armstrong; "Highclere" and "Osterley Park," described by Elizabeth Balch, and Mr. Blunt's pleasant notes of a journey on the upper Thames, with charming photographic illustrations. Varied in interest is the letterpress, and wide is the range. In romance there is "The Ring of Amasis"; in poetry there are lyrics by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Morris, and others; in music, Professor Stanford and Mr. Hamish MacCunn are contributors; and in sport, the illustrated articles on Cricket, by Dr. W. G. Grace, and on Rowing at Oxford and at Cambridge, by Mr. R. C. Lehmann and Mr. W. H. Grenfell. The industrial arts are well represented and depicted by Mr. Alan Cole's "Lacemaking in Ireland," Mr. Benson's "Embossing of Metals," and Mr. Woodall's capital paper on Rhineland potters, illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. In many directions the tastes of all classes of magazine readers are consulted, and the result is a volume that thoroughly deserves popularity.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's *Review of the New York Musical Season* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.) is now firmly established as a volume of reference indispensable to the increasing number of persons who are interested in following the course of musical interpretation in other countries than their own. The present *Review* deals with the musical season in New York and Brooklyn from October 1889 to May 1890. Its value is by no means confined to its accuracy and completeness as a record or chronicle of events. Mr. Krehbiel is not only an excellent critic, but his criticisms are excellent reading when the excitement of first nights is overpast. For example, his notice of the performance of *Don Giovanni* by the German Opera Company under Herr Seidl, at the Metropolitan Opera House, comprises, in addition to some suggestive criticism, a very interesting account of the career of Da Ponte, the librettist, who in America was tradesman, teacher, bookseller, and opera-manager. Mr. Krehbiel is right in saying "the life of Lorenzo Da Ponte has never been all told." Who, indeed, has been "biographed" completely? But Mr. Krehbiel, if of a romantic

turn of mind, should set forth the life of this perplexing Venetian Jew in very entertaining fashion. Da Ponte was an adventurer, and he requires an adventurous biographer.

Among the "Canterbury Poets" series, *The Painter-Poets* (Walter Scott) is decidedly the oddest production we owe to the caprice of "selectors." So much execrable verse as is here passed off as the work of poets, with so very little real poetry, has never before been collected or selected in a single volume. Did they paint, or draw, or model in clay as badly as they are herein shown to have written in verse, there had been a bad market for most of these poet-artists. Too much may be made of Mr. Kineton Parkes's ascription of Byron's stanza from *Childe Harold* to the Muse of J. M. W. Turner. No one reads Byron nowadays, excepting all the world outside England. He is not the poet for a flabby age. But men like Blake and Hood and Rossetti should have been represented in their strength in this book; yet Mr. Parkes has so contrived it that they appear only fitfully as poets, very slightly distinguishable from the Hornes and the Images of his Temple of Painter-Poetry.

In the new edition of the Aldine Poets the familiar green binding is supplemented by a pretty crimson. *Blake's Poetical Works*, edited by W. M. Rossetti (Bell & Sons), is the first volume of this reprint of an excellent series. It is prefaced by the engraving after Phillips's portrait of Blake, by Jeens—a good plate in every sense—and Mr. Rossetti's careful, if not inspiring, memoir. Mr. Rossetti, we observe, speaks of the man who introduced Blake to Stothard as "an engraver named Trotter," as if he were unaware of the fact that Trotter's reputation was great in his day, and thoroughly well deserved. And good engravers were more abundant in Trotter's time than they are now.

Persons interested in the early history of the East India Company, the "London," and the "New" associations incorporated under that title, need nothing but a passing reminder of the publication of a new edition of Sir George Birdwood's *Report on the Miscellaneous Old Records at the India House* (Allen & Co.) which originally appeared in 1878. Through the recent discovery of documents then missing the present volume is amended in several respects, and the *Report* is thereby rendered more readily accessible for reference.

One result of the Board of Trade inquiry on the subject of Revised Classification and Rates of Railway Companies is an extremely voluminous *Report* to the various Railway Conferences, by Mr. Thomas Waghorn, formerly Secretary of the Cornwall Railway Company, and Mr. Marshall Stevens, F.S.S., published by Messrs. Frank Nodal & Co., of Manchester. The *Appendix* to the *Report*, embodying the proposals of the Railway Companies for Revised Classification of Merchandise Traffic, Revised Schedule of Rates, &c., is not less bulky. It comprises, in addition, abstracts of traffic tabulated and classified, a general digest of evidence, constructive cases, and other material for the information of members of the Legislature. As the official Minutes of the Board of Trade inquiry occupy close upon four thousand folio pages, the present *Report*, from the Railway Companies' point of view, can scarcely be said to be unduly prolix.

Reaund bi th' Derby (Heywood) is the title of a collection of sketches in prose and verse, by "Th'owd Weighver," written in the Lancashire dialect. The author is a Rochdale man, and an acute observer of the humours of Lancashire weavers. His descriptions of rambles about the country possess the best qualities of sketches. They are full of brightness and life. His verse, too, shows other gifts of the poet than the mere accomplishment of rhyming.

From Messrs. Gale & Polden of Chatham we have received pocket volumes of *Physical Drill with Arms* and *Physical Training without Arms*, "strictly in accordance with the New Drill, and fully illustrated as taught at Aldershot," translated by Major H. D. Hutchinson into Urdu and Nagri, for the use of native instructors and recruits. All four of these handy books are illustrated by excellent diagrams.

The President of the Society of Bibliosaniacs, "Volume One" of an exclusive band of book-lovers numbering nine, with an "Index," as Secretary, is the author of a sketch, a friendly sketch, of one who was an example for the Society—*Sir Affluent Cosmopolitan*—a gentleman who belonged to the small class which can afford to buy what and when it likes. He amassed a great and good library, which his nephew and heir, whom he had fondly inoculated, as he thought, with a passion for books, did not live to inherit. The new heir cared for horses and dogs rather than libraries. But, as the head of the Bibliosaniacs cynically observes, the dispersion of a great library gives us all an opportunity of adding to our stores.

Sir J. W. Dawson's *Modern Ideas of Evolution as related to Revelation and Science* (Religious Tract Society) embodies the thoughts of an eminent geologist on some of the chief flaws and discrepancies in what he justly styles the "hypothesis" of evolution. If there is anything calculated to arrest the cocksure young scientist, who is always the young man in a hurry, this book should do it. Perhaps nothing but a counterblast—and Sir William Dawson's work is too well reasoned to deserve the term—can be expected to shake the unfaltering confidence of the middlemen of science who purvey Darwinism, or what they consider to be Darwinism, to the intelligent multitude.

We have received the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund (A. P. Watt); *English Dialects; their Sounds and Homes*, by Alexander J. Ellis, an abridgment of the author's *Existing Phonology of English Dialects*, with two maps (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); the *Third Annual Report* of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education; *The New Criticism*, four sermons by the Rev. Edmund S. Ffoulkes (Skeffington); *The Province of Christian Ethics*, a lecture by Vincent Henry Stanton, M.A. (Rivingtons); *Dante*, six sermons by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A., second edition (Elkin Mathews); Part VI. of Mr. G. B. Buckton's *Monograph of the British Cicadæ* (Macmillan & Co.); *Incurable*, translated by Mrs. H. W. Eve from the German of Paul Heyse (Nutt); the *Report* of the "Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science," Vol. I., edited by Messrs. A. Liversidge and R. Etheridge, jun.; *Gulliver in Mammonland*, by Richard Chandler (Grube); *The Paddy Tax in Ceylon*, by J. H. Starey (Cassell); and *A Clean Pair of Heels*, a pamphlet on the corrosion and fouling of steel and iron vessels, by Commander F. T. Pitt, R.N. (Remington & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM. — RAVENSWOOD. — This, Saturday, Evening, September 20, at 8 o'clock (for the first time), and every evening, will be given a Play by Herman Merivale, from the story of "The Bride of Lammermoor"—"RAVENSWOOD." Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss, Mr. MacKintosh, Mr. Wenman Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. Tyars, Mr. Haviland, Miss Marriott, Miss Le Thiere, Mrs. Pauncefort, and Miss Ellen Terry.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) now open Ten to Five. LYCEUM.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The Prospectus of the Thirty-fifth Annual Series of the World-renowned SATURDAY CONCERTS is now ready, and will be forwarded, post free, on application to the MANAGER, Crystal Palace, S.E. The Series will commence on Saturday, October 11, at Three. Vocalist, Madame Valleria. Violoncello, Herr Julius Klengel. The full Crystal Palace Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANNS. Stall Tickets (transferable) for the Twenty Concerts, Two Guineas each.

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The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on October 1. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at 4 P.M. by Dr. THOMAS BARLOW, F.R.C.P.
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THE SESSION will begin TUESDAY, October 7, 1890.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.
The WINTER SESSION of 1890-91 will OPEN on Wednesday, October 1, when the Prizes will be distributed at 3 P.M., by Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart., M.A.
TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and £60 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 26, 27, and 29, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.
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The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.
A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.
Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.
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WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
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The WINTER SESSION will commence on October 1st. Introductory Address by Dr. T. COLCOTT FOX, at 4 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes.
TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £80 and £40, and one of £20 for Dental Students on Examination, September 23 and 24.
There are also numerous Prizes.
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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTHAM, at 4 P.M.
The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—
1. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as *bonâ fide* first-year students during the current year.
2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.
3. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £90, open to all students who have entered the school during the current year, and who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B. since October 1889.
4. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £65, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.
The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—
The William Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £40 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £32; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £32; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £18; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £10 10s. each; the Brodie Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clarke's Prize.
All Hospital appointments, including the two House Physicianships and two House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.
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CHRONICLE.

Foreign Affairs.

THE meeting of the German and Austrian EMPERORS at Rohnstock ended with a banquet, at which the King of SAXONY was also present.——It is still very uncertain how far Senhor FERRAO will be able to form a working Government in Portugal, and what the effect on the Anglo-Portuguese Convention will be. In any case Portuguese negotiators will doubtless be informed that Great Britain has said her last word in the direction of admitting claims that have the most shadowy validity; and it might be well to add the intimation that, if Portugal is desirous to receive (we can hardly say to retain) the strip between the Shirè and the Kabompo which was granted her as a connexion between Mozambique and Angola, she had better make haste about accepting it.——France is still given up to duels and tittle-tattle.——It appears that MOUSSA BEY has been caught and duly packed off to Medina; but the difficulties of the Porte, with its Armenian Commission on the one hand, and the Armenian Patriarch, or ex-Patriarch (for Mgr. ASCHIKIAN has resigned), on the other, continue.——There have been unimportant disturbances in India, but not in parts directly governed by England. Troops have had to be sent to support the Nawab of CAMBAY, and Goa, that remarkable example of Portuguese faculty for colonization, has had what is pleasingly described as "an "electoral riot under the influence of drink." The contagion of revolt even spread to the far-off little State of Munnipoor, which Manipur the wise newfangled call, and which some will have to be the cradle of polo. The Portuguese naturally have not asked for English help, as the other persons in trouble have.——There has been a massacre of Germans in Vitu, and as that territory is now under our control, England is expected to investigate it. It is said that the Germans have hanged a slavedealer at Bagamoyo, in order to show that they did not issue a proclamation authorizing slavedealing. The proof is strong; but we have spent some time in vainly endeavouring to reduce it to any known logical form.

Home Politics.

Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON have, of course, taken every opportunity to bluster about their arrest; and the same subject has occupied a few members of Parliament on both sides, though (in the earliest part of the week) no one of much importance. By a sufficiently transparent manœuvre, Mr. O'BRIEN is endeavouring to work such excitement as exists about his own arrest (which may even more than last week be described as the most popular act of the last few years; for everybody declares himself delighted with it) by fishing up the old story of the dynamiting convict DALY, and averring himself to be in possession of terrible particulars thereanent. Mr. O'BRIEN has only got to produce them; they will receive what he, to do him justice, may be regarded as constitutionally unable to give—a judicial examination.——Among persons who are not of much importance, though they are not members of Parliament, but who have talked on the subject, Mr. CAINE fairly deserves a place. Mr. CAINE has informed the electors of East Bradford that the Liberals will have a sweeping majority at the next election. There can be no doubt about it, the boss has spoken—the boss of those who are neither teetotallers according to Sir WILFRID nor teetotallers according to Mr. RUSSELL, but pure CAINE produce only.——Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, M.P. (O'BRIEN the Less), was arrested at Taff Vale Station on Tuesday, and went through the usual forms of protesting, refusing, and then accepting accommodation more comfortable than ordinary, being unwell, and all the other things for the use of Irish martyrs made and provided.——Mr. HEALY, who is usually an ingenious mixture of caution and boldness, seems to have thought it necessary not, as the racing men say, to be "outclassed," and is advising the holding of the harvest.——Some speaking of a little more importance came off on Wednesday. Lord SPENCER (whose forlorn colleague, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, is stumping the Crofter districts of North-Western Scotland, and endeavouring to make something less practical out of their woes than the very practical Report of the Commission) addressed a meeting at Wakefield with the usual dismal result. "The Irish arrests "showed that the Irish policy of the Government was a "failure." And when Lord SPENCER made arrests——? Mr. JACKSON, meanwhile, was not far off—at Leeds—giving, in a manner curiously contrasting with Lord SPENCER's halting apologies for his own tergiversation, an account of his recent tour in Ireland. It is satisfactory to learn from so good an authority that, though the potato disease is very bad in parts, it is by no means universal or even very widely spread. Whether Mr. JACKSON, a sensible and practical Englishman, is not too sanguine in hoping for the removal of the causes of Irish discontent is another question. "What is bred in the bone," as our fathers used to say; but our fathers are unfashionable people now, and perhaps deservedly so; for it is certain that they would not have admired Mr. GLADSTONE. On Thursday Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY and Mr. FOWLER spoke.

Heroism at Tipperary.

The proceedings at Tipperary on Thursday far exceed all power of ours to do them justice in a few lines here, or even in larger space elsewhere. They should be read, in the *Daily News* if possible, to enjoy them fully. In the nasty cold language of the historian, what happened was that the mob tried to storm the court-house, that they were very properly kept back by the police, and that afterwards the usual mountebankery on the part of the defendants and their counsel was indulged in. But how young Mr. HARRISON, of Balliol, "endea-"voured to protect the people," and had his "vest" (Oxford men *used* to call these garments waistcoats; their scouts and their tailors called them vests) drenched with generous blood; how Mr. ILLINGWORTH addressed the police with all the ponderosity of a Roman senator, and Mr. HEALY with the light and graceful archness of Miss MIGGS; how Mr. JOHN MORLEY (who, of course, ought to have had more wit than to be there) had at least the grace to exhibit extreme discomfort at his position—these and other things must be read, and read in the language of sympathizers. Could not the I. L. P. U. arrange with the proprietors of the *Daily News* for distribution in leaflets?

Congresses.

Some interest has been taken in the Anti-Slavery Congress at Paris, where that estimable representative of the Church militant, Cardinal LAVIGERIE, has been the chief speaker. The Cardinal's apparent design would seem to be a kind of Order of Anti-Slavery Knights, who are to go about meeting the TIPPOO TIBS with their own weapons. This is very chivalrous, spirited, and attractive; and would be excellent fun for the knights. Whether the natives would not have cause to curse these rescuers at least as heartily as their enslavers is another matter. It may also be hinted to ardent Abolitionists that the interests of France are not quite identical with those of England in this matter, and that Cardinal LAVIGERIE, like other French missionaries (and no shame to them), is a very patriotic person indeed. ——A very interesting meeting has been held at Edinburgh by the Scotch Home Rule Association, which "ven-"tilated" the old grievance of "English" and "British," and listened to a large number of lively speeches from Emeritus Professor BLACKIE, who rather ruffled his audience by observing that he "suspected Irishmen."——The Institute of Journalists, which has also been meeting

(at Birmingham), has not, it is to be feared, provided its members with anything equally agreeable.

An International Incident. A very curious report comes from Egypt, to the effect that Sir COLIN MONCRIEFF has been invited by the CZAR to visit Merv, in order to give his advice on restoring the ancient fertility of the country by irrigation, HIS MAJESTY having heard the most flattering reports of the results of English work of that kind in Egypt. Considering the history of Merv, this lending of Sir COLIN is a pleasant instance of international comity; but it will be a bitter pill for Frenchmen.

Carmen Sylva. The Queen of ROUMANIA has returned from her visit to Ireland (where she charmed Mr. HEALY by not visiting the Castle), and is reported as proceeding to visit HER MAJESTY at Balmoral. We observe that some good people are (or more probably pretend to be) wroth at our describing this amiable and clever lady as "much advertised." If they are to be complimented with honesty they must, we fear, be disabled of knowledge. Have they read a certain preface of "PIERRE LOTI'S" which reads like a result of the combined efforts of one of the adorers of our own Queen ELIZABETH, of the laureate of the late Mr. MOSES, and of an "interviewer" of the very newest fashion? Do they know the mysterious way in which editors of newspapers receive obliging offers of articles on CARMEN SYLVA from persons who never dream of proposing themselves as eulogists of any of the scores of greater living Continental writers? We are not making the slightest imputation of Crummlesism against an exalted personage whose talents we respect, and who has won golden opinions from really trustworthy mouths by the gracious and worthy discharge of a difficult office. But that CARMEN SYLVA, like every one else in her station who has literary or artistic pretensions, has been the prey of the pestilent tribe of flatterers and puffers, is a simple fact which only interest or ignorance can deny.

Sport. The last match of the Australian team ended in a draw at Manchester on Saturday, and on the same day at the same place the valuable Lancashire Plate of 11,000*l.* was run for over the unsatisfactory distance of seven furlongs, and won by General BYRNE'S handsome four-year-old Amphion. The Duke of PORTLAND'S luck at these great stakes failed him for once, though he had Memoir and St. Serf as his representatives. There was good racing on the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting, so called because it falls well within September. Lord HARTINGTON'S Morion, as was expected, won the Great Foal Stakes after a hard race with Blue Green, Alloway, who could not give these two good colts five pounds over a mile and a quarter, being last. Of other well-known horses, Tommy Tittlemouse won the All-Aged Trial Stakes; Orion the Buckenham Stakes (reduced to a match with the Duke of PORTLAND'S Koorali), and Gold the Triennial Produce Stakes. Next day Mr. ROSE'S Bel Demonio and Mr. MANN'S L'Abbé Morin ran a dead heat for the Great Eastern Handicap and divided it, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, to whom they were each giving nearly three stone, being third. There was only one race of much interest on Thursday, but that was really interesting—the handicap with a thousand pounds added by Mr. ROSE. In this—not a wretched scurry, but a mile and three-quarters race—Queen's Birthday, the St. Leger outsider, won very well by two lengths.

Letters. Correspondence, in a week remarkably barren as to its earlier part of news, has been pretty active. Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply to some one who upbraided him with blaspheming the great god Workman in the matter of scamping, has asked if he be a dog that he should have done this thing, and has observed that he sometimes scamps himself—as, for instance, no doubt, when he waited till he was seventy-five, and had been three times Prime Minister, before reading the history of Ireland. Lord BRAMWELL has reproachfully asked the *Times* why it calls the fares of the Southern railway lines exorbitant, and the *Times* has mercifully abstained from replying "Because "they are."——Mr. WATTS, R.A., has espoused the "per-"sonally conducted" theory of picture exhibitions—as to which we doubt. It is true that the natural man will rarely perceive all the technical excellences of a painting at first sight. It is also true that most of its good effect on him will be lost if, instead of being allowed to fall in love with it and study it for himself, he is "taken round" and duly instructed to admire this and not to admire that.——The Duke of ARGYLL has written a remarkably sensible letter to a correspondent who was troubled about the Irish arrests, pointing out that nobody who is not a member of the Government can possibly know the immediate reason which induced Mr. BALFOUR to take the step, but that everybody can see the impropriety of allowing members of Parliament and leaders to do illegal acts. He has also answered the letters of an impossible person who is called the Rev. JACOB PRIMMER, and who, we fear, has not in unjust England as wide a fame as he deserves.

Mashonaland. It is satisfactory to hear that the Mashonaland Expedition has reached its goal, Mount Hampden, without, so far, any of the terrible things predicted by home critics. It is true that little birds did whisper that these critics either had rival concessions or had been refused permission to accompany the force, or something of that sort. But little birds are among the scandalous of GOD'S creatures.

Miscellaneous. The week opened badly in respect of accidents, the loss of a large Turkish man-of-war in Japanese waters, with all but a few of her crew, being followed by a bad railway accident in America, on the Philadelphia and Reading line.——There has been such a dearth of matter this week that the Mummy Pea (to which the sea-serpent and the gigantic gooseberry are novelties) has been dug up again, and that despairing journalists, catching at the mention of the name OSMAN among the victims of the loss of the *Ertogrul*, promptly fired off leaders and memoirs of the "hero of Plevna," without asking themselves what that hero could have to do in a galley in the sea of Japan, unless they thought he was going to try a *coup-de-main* on Vladivostock.——Some attention has also been paid to a club which calls itself the Ormonde, and hires, or invites, or permits, pugilists to spar on its premises. There is cant enough talked about prizefighting, but it is strange that even canters should not see that fussy legislation and police interference encourage this kind of hole-and-corner business. This important matter was the subject of more than one hearing and the most anxious thought. Mr. PARTRIDGE, "that excellent beak," put on the gloves literally. A belted Earl, Lord LONSDALE, gave his opinion that the other gloves, those recommended by the police, were "feather beds," and had probably formed part of the sea-going stock of the Ark (for diversion on wet days, no doubt, and with the betting on SHEM as ancestor of MENDOZA). At last the distinguished combatants were bound over in a thousand pounds apiece, as if they had been political offenders of the gravest kind. After which men talk of the childhood of the world as being past.——On the same day the members of the nuisance calling itself the Salvation Army received at another police court the deserved, but inadequate, penalty of a fine of forty shillings or twenty-one days for assaulting and resisting the police.

Obituary. Mr. MILNE HOME, whose death at a great age was reported on Tuesday, was a Scottish country gentleman of an excellent type, father of Captain MILNE HOME, who some time sat for Berwickshire, and a member of the Faculty of Advocates, his call dating from the time when Sir WALTER SCOTT was still alive.——Mr. MARUM, a Parnellite M.P., who died a little earlier, belonged to a very different class of man, but was not the worst of an ill kind, being neither a boor, nor a bar-tender, nor an Oxford undergraduate given to amymandering, nor a landlord who took advantage of the ASHBOURNE Acts and then abused the Government.

Books, &c. Two huge and splendid volumes have been published by the Cambridge University Press, containing the scientific papers of the late Professor CLERK MAXWELL, of whom it is perhaps not too much to say that no single living man is competent to criticize what he was singly competent to produce.——The first presentation to the public of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE'S *Ravenswood* was made with great *éclat* at the Lyceum this day week—the new "Terry-fying" (as Sir WALTER'S own word had it, with an anticipatory onesidedness which Mr. IRVING is too magnanimous not to pardon) being very well received.——There has appeared a new magazine, the *Paternoster Review*, which may be welcomed. The *Paternoster Review* of promise, if we remember its prospectus, austerely denounced the practice of admitting articles for names' sake, and held out hopes of unworked veins of juvenile talent. The *Paternoster Review* of performance provides, among other writers, Lord RIPON as an example of the contributor who is *not* admitted in virtue of his

name, and Mr. KEGAN PAUL and Mr. AUBREY DE VERE to represent the young blushing virgin of letters. But this is the way of the world, and need not interfere with our greeting.

IRELAND.

THE scenes of which Mr. MORLEY has just been a witness at Tipperary—scenes which have taken place because he was there to witness them—may possibly have reminded him of a passage in his historical reading. As Mr. MORLEY heard Mr. O'CONNOR cheer at the street corner and saw the consequences, he may have remembered the innocent remark made by Sir EVAN CAMERON of Lochiel, when he was suddenly struck at the placid behaviour of his followers in a law court. He thought it strange that so much time should pass without a brawl—and, then, by a curious coincidence, a brawl did break out. The circumstances did not, it may be, leave Mr. MORLEY much time for these or other reminiscences. To be suddenly seized upon in the street, and converted into a species of figurehead which it is hoped may provoke the police to measures of a sufficiently severe kind to be useful for newspaper purposes, and other methods of agitation, must be trying except to the Irishman, who knows exactly how to make these things as little dangerous as possible. To Mr. MORLEY, even after his experience of Irish politics, it cannot have appeared absolutely certain that, if the bâtons began to walk, one of them might not descend even on his head. Such fears would not have been wholly without foundation. The only persons who came to grief in the "terrible scenes," to which the unbridled tyranny of the Castle has led at Tipperary, were Mr. ILLINGWORTH, whose spectacles were broken, and Mr. HARRISON, who was struck down "while defending the people." We can imagine that this last incident has been the subject of much and humorous comment in Irish circles. The picture of Mr. HARRISON, of Balliol, defending a Tipperary mob is in itself humorous. That he should have had his head broken in the process is grievous. It is grievous enough to our side, but it must be even more grievous to his Irish friends. They can gratify their natural, and in this case pardonable, grief at the sight of a young man from England in trouble at Irish hands, and can at the same time make use of him, which is a double sorrow.

The use made of him and of Mr. MORLEY was, it may be acknowledged, thoroughly intelligent, and has been rewarded with reasonable success. Mr. DILLON would have felt better pleased if he had been able to say, "They have murdered "HARRISON" as a statement of fact, and not as a flower of rhetoric. Still, though they cannot have Mr. HARRISON's death, they have his broken head, which will serve the turn. The occasion was one which the Irish leaders, who have both to revive native zeal and to play to a particular English gallery, could not be expected to miss. A trial was coming on, there were police at hand and the materials of a mob, there were English spectators. If, under these circumstances, a row, or a succession of rows, could not have been got up, the blood of Ireland would have been cold indeed. In common English, what happened was that the Nationalist leaders first endeavoured to create an obstruction at a street corner, and were moved on by the police. The excuse for the obstruction was Mr. MORLEY, who would, as we gather, have greatly preferred to walk quietly to the Court House, but was seized and held up in front of the Constabulary amid defiant shouts of "you hit *him*." It was at this awful moment that Mr. ILLINGWORTH's spectacles were broken. When the police had been defied in this noble fashion for a sufficient time, Mr. MORLEY was used for another purpose—as a battering-ram to open the Court House door to the mob. The room was small, and the mob considerable. To put the mob into the room was impossible, therefore it was obviously the interest of the patriots to insist that the room should be thrown open to the mob. Mr. MORLEY was pushed ahead, and when he had passed, then the Constabulary were ordered in chorus to let the whole crowd go in, on the ground that, an Englishman having passed, all Irishmen should be allowed to follow. As the Constabulary insisted on leaving some room for the Bar and the witnesses, there was, of course, a difference of opinion, and the approaches to the court had to be cleared. It was during this last stage that Mr. HARRISON fell while defending the people, and that Mr. O'BRIEN was seen "bespattered with blood"; but whether it was Mr. HARRISON's we are not told. And there arose cries of "Englishmen, will you see this?" and Mr. MORLEY came forth and politely conversed with Colonel CADDELL, and the tempest was stilled. The *mise-en-scène* of all this last part was excellent and the dramatic motive good—given, of course, the gallery to which it was played. As Mr. O'BRIEN remarked in the course of his libel action, the Irish people like big phrases and see nothing ridiculous in vapouring. Therefore do Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends bawl and vapour. Then the English gallery has to be shown a picture of tyranny in Ireland, and brought by object-lessons to understand that it will never cease till "English generosity" finds a remedy. Therefore is the row got up at the court gates, Messrs. ILLINGWORTH and HARRISON are pushed forward, to the peril of their spectacles and heads, Mr. DILLON screams "Murder!" Mr. O'BRIEN rushes on bespattered with blood. All is storm, fury, slaughter, and gore, till at the point marked "enter Gladstonian statesmen L." the tumult is hushed. The moral is obvious, is it not? Only, unfortunately, so are the strings.

Minor matters of interest had not been lacking in Irish affairs. Those persons to whom the joy of living is sensibly increased by the study of politics are not likely to have missed the curious coincidence of Mr. O'BRIEN's own arrest with Mr. O'BRIEN's discovery of terrible injustice committed upon the dynamiter DALY, a person who has already been largely made use of by the Irish party. It is probably unnecessary to say that this new "great treason of the "British Government" contains absolutely nothing new, or that the main part of it was not even mentioned, though perfectly well known, at the time of that inquiry into the condition of DALY and other dynamiters at Chatham which the long-suffering good-nature of English rule permitted to be held not long ago. As far as there is any foundation at all for it, it is founded on some not very wise remarks of the Birmingham Chief Constable to a still less wise auditor, a Birmingham Alderman of the name of MANTON. DALY has said nothing about it, though he had ample opportunity of doing so to such not unsympathetic ears as those of Mr. GEORGE SHIPTON. Further, the statements of the Chief Constable and the Alderman as to what was actually said by the former differ irreconcilably. Furthest, if even Alderman MANTON's statement were received (which it would not be, in the circumstances, by any judge of evidence), it does not follow that DALY is not guilty. For that statement in its extremest form amounts merely to the assertion that DALY was subjected to the advances of an *agent provocateur*. The employment of such agents has never been popular in England, and can never be justified by anything but the public safety. That the public safety may require it no sensible man can have the slightest doubt; and we cannot see that there is any need for sympathy with its victims. The honest man will not, as a rule, be found in other people's closets; and the innocent man will certainly not listen to a proposition to blow London up with dynamite. When it is added that the Chief Constable, who avows his dislike for the methods of the Irish police, positively denies that he said what the Alderman attributes to him, the real importance of the matter will be sufficiently apparent. Its real importance, however, to the Irish agitator (especially when his life is being made less comfortable to him than it has been for some months past) is quite different from its real importance absolutely. To him it is merely a new cry—a thing to get Mr. GLADSTONE to "in-"geminate," to furnish the more ignorant or unscrupulous Gladstonians with matter for denunciation, to season the old ordinary of protests against arrest, and brawlings in court, and struggles with warders, and medical orders for comforts, and all the rest of it. Like the constantly renewed discussions on the same points of the landlord and tenant side of the matter, the discussions, as constantly renewed, about the commission and punishment of Irish crime are wholly "novels with a purpose." The truth as to the CLANRICARDE estate, the PONSONBY negotiations and evictions, the crusade against Mr. SMITH-BARRY on the one hand, the woes of Irish members and the guilt of Irish dynamiters and murderers on the other, are things on which there is absolutely no more to be said or learnt by any person whose aim is truth. Pretty brief statements on each could be drawn up which would be endorsed after inquiry by a majority of a Commission selected from the most distinguished lawyers of non-English and non-Irish Europe. But it is the game of the agitators —from Mr. O'BRIEN down to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE—

to be perpetually re-discussing and dressing these things up. And this imposes on others the thankless and yet necessary task of demolishing the newest representations as they have demolished the old. The process is sufficiently wearisome, but it is upon the weariness as well as upon the gullibility of the English electorate that the evildoers count. And perhaps it may be suggested to Unionist speakers that they should dwell more than they do on the certain truth that Ireland will not cease to "stop the way" if Home Rule be granted; that it will be the same bore as now, and much more also.

SIR GALAHAD RUSSELL.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL has discovered the secret of the strength of the Gladstonian party. It lies in its purity. It has got rid of the naughty elements which formerly mingled with it. Mr. GLADSTONE has administered to it a sort of political MORRISON'S pill, which has cleansed its blood, as it was the advertised function of that once popular remedy to do. He has thrown away the worser part of it, and lives the purer with the other half. The tares have been plucked up, and no longer grow side by side with the wheat. In other words, he has got rid of disreputable and profligate politicians such as the Marquess of HARTINGTON, the Duke of ARGYLL, Lord SELBORNE, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and has drawn closer to himself the saintly simplicity of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the austere integrity of Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the stainless chivalry of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL—the Sir GALAHAD of his party, whose strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. In other words, the triumph of Gladstonism is the triumph of character. The Church is in the world, as Cardinal NEWMAN used to say, in explanation of some of the phenomena of ecclesiastical character and history, and the world is in the Church. Gladstonism was in the world, and is so still, and until the year 1886 the world was in Gladstonism. But while in the world it has purged itself from the evil thereof. The sophistical intellect and tortuous conscience of Lord HARTINGTON, the turbulent and greedy demagogism of Lord SELBORNE, the molluscous intelligence and parasitical temper of the Duke of ARGYLL, and the timid flexibility of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN no longer enfeeble the purpose and paralyse the action of the Liberal party. Mr. GLADSTONE, disembarrassed of secret enemies or half-hearted friends, is now surrounded by men drawn to him by similarity and identity of aim. We have no objection to judging the closing part of his career by his associates in it. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE himself would relish the strict application of this criterion no one can say but himself, and he is not likely to take the world into his confidence. It is possible that, as Don QUIXOTE held that the galley-slaves whom he rescued were honest gentlemen in misfortune, and that the mirthful ladies to whom he did homage were of vestal purity, so Mr. GLADSTONE may believe in the good faith of Irish rent-stealers, and the unblemished chastity of political street-walkers. On the other hand, it is quite possible that he would plead the necessity of working with such instruments as are left to him; and would deprecate as an over-scrupulous prudery a FALSTAFF-like reluctance to show himself with the regiment of tag-rag and bob-tail which he has recruited.

The truth is that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in urging that the Liberal party, or the rump and baser part of it as it would have been called in earlier days, has been purified by the extrusion of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SELBORNE, and the Duke of ARGYLL, overdoes the thing. He mixes himself up, so to speak, as it is becoming more and more his habit to do. A politician before the Special Commission, he is an advocate on the platform. He appears during his late speeches in the North of England and Scotland to have thought that he was addressing juries and unusually stupid juries. In raising the question of comparative character he showed less than his usual tact. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is certain, was very reluctant to purify his party in the manner which gives Sir CHARLES RUSSELL so much pleasure. It is notorious that persuasion and pressure of every sort were employed to induce the men whom Sir CHARLES RUSSELL stigmatizes as sham-Liberals to join Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry in 1886. To the fact that they declined to do so England owes whatever advantages it has gained from Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S brief tenure of the Attorney-Generalship. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL declares that the rupture of the Unionist Liberals from the Gladstonian party, though it had its occasion and pretext in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule policy, had its real cause in alienation from those principles of genuine Liberalism of which, we suppose, Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM are the skirmishers and scouts. Did Sir CHARLES RUSSELL ever hear of the authorized and the unauthorized programmes; or does he think that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was the author of the first and Mr. GLADSTONE was the author of the second? Mr. GLADSTONE'S authorized programme was the manifesto of that false Liberalism, as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL affects to think it, which he rejoices to see purged away; and if Mr. GLADSTONE could have secured Lord HARTINGTON, Lord SELBORNE, Sir HENRY JAMES, and the rest, it is probable that moderate Liberalism would now be the Gladstonian orthodoxy, and that the advanced Liberals would be in secession and something like mutiny.

Lord SELBORNE, replying to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S Leith speech, denies that his refusal to take office under Mr. GLADSTONE in 1886 had any other reason than his disapproval of the Home Rule project and the PARNELL alliance. It is for Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to explain how he came to make a statement which he could not know to be true, and which in the face of the authorized programme it is difficult to conjecture what reason he can have had for thinking to be so. The developments of Gladstonism since 1886, under the pressure of Parliamentary and electioneering exigencies, into a predatory and lawless anarchy, have, of course, no bearing upon this earlier stage of the business. In the face of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S statement that Lord SELBORNE and his friends opposed Home Rule because they were not genuine Liberals, may we ask how and when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL himself became a Home Ruler? He sat for Dundalk through the Parliament of 1880 as an opponent of Home Rule. It is probable that, if his seat had been a safe one, he would have been Solicitor-General during that period of coercion. In 1885 he betook himself to Hackney—we presume because, as anti-Home Ruler, he had no chance with an Irish constituency. It is not as an Irishman well versed in the history of his country, as an Irish patriot and Catholic, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is a Home Ruler. These influences were powerless on him. It was as the Gladstonian candidate for an English constituency, and for the properly and fairly earned honours of his profession, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL found salvation. We do not in the least question his political honesty, as political honesty goes. That is usually a confused and miscellaneous kind of thing, in which personal ambition, party loyalty (falsely so called), and the supposed need of acquiescing in a tendency too strong to be resisted, beget a sort of semblance of conviction, to which loud and frequent profession gives reality. But we submit that, instead of speculating why Lord SELBORNE remained a Unionist, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL would make a more valuable contribution to political psychology by disclosing how and why he himself at the eleventh hour, and indeed close on the stroke of twelve, became a Home Ruler. He cannot plead the excuse of English ignorance, or of Protestant or Orange bias for his long blindness.

THE LAW'S WARD.

IT is never quite safe to condemn the decision of a magistrate or judge on the strength of a newspaper report. Much, as a rule, is said in a court which does not find its way into the papers, but does very properly influence those who heard it. We shall not, therefore, join without reserve with those who are protesting against the sentence of twenty years' penal servitude passed by Mr. Justice CHARLES on the man HARGAN. As reported, the case does, however, seem a hard one. HARGAN was appealed to for protection by the wife of a publican who was threatened on her own premises by a gang of roughs. He provided himself with a revolver, and certainly threatened to use it. When the roughs were ejected, he left the house by a back door, and was followed by three of the gang of roughs, who threatened him. He then used his weapon, and shot two of the assailants. For this he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, which, as he is a middle-aged man, is practically a life sentence. On the face of it, this seems an unduly severe punishment. No doubt HARGAN deliberately provided himself with a revolver, and threatened to use

it, but only, it seems, if he was attacked. He was attacked, and by three men. He had, as far as we can see, reasonable ground for believing that he would be savagely beaten. If, under these circumstances, he used his revolver, it does not seem fair that he should receive about twice the punishment which would have been inflicted on him if he had beaten a woman about the head with the butt of that weapon with intent.

In any case, inquiry will do no harm, particularly if it leads to a review of the whole attitude assumed by the law, and the police, towards the gangs of roughs which have again begun to infest some parts of London. Combinations of this kind, for the purpose of inspiring terror, are not quite so new as some of the papers seem to think them. Parts of London have had a very bad reputation in this respect before. Still there has of late been a distinct recrudescence of this form of violence, and, in spite of the warnings of experience, it is treated with rather scandalous levity. One day we hear of the ringleader of a gang who has been brought before a magistrate and bound over to keep the peace for six months. Yet this man had undoubtedly directed a combination of roughs which endeavoured to blackmail a public-house. If this was not conspiracy, the law of conspiracy must be a much milder weapon than the respectful layman commonly supposes. Then, again, we hear of openly organized gangs of young roughs from Lisson Grove, who go out a-policeman-hunting. It was in the course of such an enterprise as this that the Regent's Park murder was perpetrated not very long ago. Yet the savagery seems to be going on as briskly as ever, if not more briskly. We seem to remember that on this occasion the roughs ran when they were warned of the approach of a "copper." Now they hunt the "copper." They are bolder, not less bold, than they were. Nor are we altogether surprised at it, for in practice the law encourages these ruffians. It is an excellent rule, no doubt, that no man must use weapons; only, unfortunately, it works not a little unequally. The honest man who uses a revolver or a sword-stick when attacked is absolutely certain to be arrested, and he is exceedingly lucky if he gets off without a severe punishment. The law tells him that it is his duty to run away, and call for the police. Of course, this is all to the advantage of the rough. He will probably choose his time when the police are not in sight. If he is hunting in a pack—as he is wont to do—there is every chance that the honest man will be pounded to a jelly long before the guardian of the public peace hears what is going on. Then the roughs have an opportunity to get off, and, if they are caught, will probably escape with three months and a certain amount of what they derisively call "chin "wag" from the worthy magistrate. How long would it be if the neighbourhood banded in its own defence before the police would be down on it? And a visit from the police, which is a trifle to the rough, is a very serious thing to people who wish to lead orderly lives. Besides, we are under the impression that we live in a state of society which exempts us from the necessity of banding in our own defence. So the conditions of the game are decidedly in favour of the rough. Not the least advantage on his side is the sense of proprietorship which the courts seem to feel in him. He, from their point of view, is entitled, or so we dimly gather, to every kind of law and to all the chances; but the honest man who uses a weapon in his own defence is a species of poacher who has intruded on the preserves of the Bench, the Bar, and the police, on the criminal warren by which they live. He ought to "take it lying down," till Bench, Bar, and police, the formulas being first duly observed, come to his help. Then he shall have sympathy and the praise of respect for the law to console him for his broken bones. But if he lifts his hand in his own defence, the law will back him up by hanging on him with all its considerable weight.

AFRICA.

THE series of arrangements now in progress for the delimitation of Africa will not improbably seem to the English historian the most noteworthy event of this decade. Its object is the securing of as much of the continent of Africa as may be for Great Britain, in face of the sudden awakening of other European nations to the fact that colonies are all but a necessity to countries with a dense population, and on the success of the process much of the prospects of England in the future will depend. This process is still uncompleted, and its steps are still interesting in the highest degree. In one respect it seems to have experienced something like a nominal, though not real, check. Not only has the Ministry which concluded the Anglo-Portuguese agreement gone out of office at Lisbon, not only are Portuguese rabble and Portuguese Parliament men exulting in the idea that the Convention is a "dead "letter," but unless there is some very audacious fabrication of news, instructions have been sent out by the present Ministers at Lisbon to Mozambique, which in more decorous phrase very nearly amount to "Go it, NED!" It is, indeed, difficult to conceive that a regularly constituted Government can not merely allow its reputation to suffer most seriously, but can reject such advantages as those offered by the agreement. It is not too much to say that that agreement actually increased the territory of Portugal by great areas, while the stipulations practically implied a guarantee from Great Britain. But Portugal is a small country with a particularly debased lower class, an upper class of little authority and less accomplishment, a Royal Family which, though not unpopular, excites no enthusiasm, a strong and reckless Republican faction, and perhaps a greater amount of general prejudice and ignorance on things in general than in any other European country except Turkey and parts of Russia. If any Portuguese is capable of understanding what things mean, he may be referred to the announcements respecting the Mashonaland expedition, and to quite recent telegrams to the effect that the agreement is regarded with dissatisfaction at Cape Town. That dissatisfaction, as even he may be aware, arises from the feeling, not that Portugal has got too little, but that she has got too much. We do not ourselves sympathize with the new kind of MONROE doctrine which is in fashion at the Cape; but the Portuguese may rest assured that, if the mother-country gave the colonists their way, it would not be long before the Portuguese colour on the map was restricted to a very narrow coast strip in Mozambique and another in Lower Guinea.

From another quarter it is announced that Sir EVELYN BARING and General GRENFELL are going to negotiate in person at Rome a settlement of a not wholly dissimilar kind to those arranged with Germany and France, and, but for the madness of the people, with Portugal. There is nothing necessarily disquieting in this; indeed, it is highly desirable that some arrangement of the kind should be made, so that the whole matter may be settled and done with, and the three great Companies which have been formed may be able to work with hands completely free and with an exact knowledge each of its "sphere." In days past Egypt and Abyssinia were never able to agree on the boundary between them, and it is quite time that England as representing Egypt, and Italy as representing Abyssinia, should come to an understanding. Only, it is not only to be trusted, but imperatively demanded, that there be no endangering either of the command of the Nile or of the Red Sea route to Berber, with its almost necessary "pendicle," the district of Kassala. It would be unnecessary to repeat this if it were not that there has been a good deal of loose talk in Italy itself about this matter. Sir EVELYN BARING has more than a little gilded his early days of "scuttle" by years of excellent work in Egypt, and though General GRENFELL is not more likely than other soldiers to be enthusiastic about the Egyptian desert, there ought to be no fear of his being weaker-kneed. Let the Italians have a handsome allowance of border by all means; yet so as that not the slightest possibility of encroachment be permitted on the water route from Alexandria to the Nyanzas, or on the land route from the Red Sea to Khartoum.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

THE manœuvre season has come to an end all over Europe, and it has been full of promises of peace. Out of a multiplicity of reports we gather with pleasure that the business of manœuvring promises to become—has, in fact, become—so intensely absorbing that in future there will be no time left to European soldiers for fighting. It is not as it was in those old days when everybody had a weapon and a system of drill which he thought would do. Nobody is any longer satisfied with his weapon, his powder, or his drill. Then, as he will not go to war till he is satis-

fied, or while he thinks the other side may have the better of him, and as there are now many hundreds of ingenious persons at work all over Europe inventing improvements of all kinds, it seems not improbable that we may remain comfortably at peace till science has exhausted herself. There does come occasionally to the onlooker in this country who hears so much about all these things a wicked wish that he could "see the young gentleman play," as the umpire said when he wanted to excuse himself for a flagrantly wrong ruling of Not out. One does want a little to see what all this smokeless powder, these magazine rifles, these new formations, will amount to in the real game. But the wish is a wicked one, and ought not to be indulged. For the rest, it will not be lightly satisfied by those who are responsible for the well-guarded peace of Europe. They know too well that all their armies are too much on a level.

The manœuvres which have been most interesting to us have been naturally our own, and next to them the French. It is rather particularly important to know what result the last twenty years of work in France have had. All reports seem to agree that the result has been the formation of a really excellent army. It is one of the exasperating qualities of the French that beneath so much superficial folly they do contrive to do so much and such thoroughly excellent work. Since the last war they have been keeping their folly for their politics and their work for their army, with the result that they have a force now which even Germany would be in no hurry to tackle. Whether in the conditions of modern war, in the days of smokeless powder and loose formations, which leave a man much to himself, the old military qualities of the French would be what they once were we may doubt; and yet the French have often surprised their neighbours, and may again. It does at least appear that what preparation and organization can do has been done. As for our own manœuvres, they must be held, apparently, to have proved that our cavalry is what it always was. Who the colossally ignorant person was who told the *Times'* Correspondent that he had never before believed that the British cavalry could ride we are sorry not to know. Happily even he has been convinced, and it may now be taken as universally known that the British cavalry can ride; but then it always could. Unluckily, it was also always known that it was apt to rest too well content with its riding and its drill. Apparently it has continued to so rest content. The *Times'* Correspondent, who apologizes most unnecessarily for having an opinion and giving it, says that the work of reconnaissance was done a little too much, as if the officers saw in it an opportunity for dashing fighting on their own hook. Readers of the Duke of WELLINGTON's despatches will remember how that great commander was exasperated into informing the lieutenants of cavalry in his army that, when they were sent out to obtain information, it was no part of their duty to bring on a general engagement, and that large armies were not routed by half-troops of cavalry. It appears, also, that the management of our men in masses was not well done. This, also, is an old story. The Duke did not think that a large body of our horse would be a match for an equal body of French, though the better men individually. NAPIER records that at the beginning of the Peninsular War our cavalry was generally thought somewhat inferior. The reason for that inferiority is not far to seek. Our cavalry has almost always been kept scattered in small bodies, and has had little to do but to attend to its drill and its riding. For that, however, the remedy is very obvious. Let our cavalry have its yearly opportunity of practising in large bodies, and it will soon learn to equal the best Continental horse in those things in which it is inferior, and that without losing its superiority in those things in which it is superior.

"REVOLUTION" IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE simple-hearted love of Americans for big words explains the application of the serious word "revolution" to late events in South Carolina. What really has happened is, that a popular leader has persuaded a majority of voters that he understands their interests better than any one else, and they have decided, in one of those endless conventions which prepare the way for an election in America, to vote for him as Governor. This is not exactly a revolution, but it is a considerable change made under circumstances which give it a decidedly exceptional interest among recent political events in America. In the first place, the new leader, Mr. TILLMAN, has attacked, and seems certain to drive from the Senate, General WADE HAMPTON, who was known, not only as one of the ablest Confederate officers in the Civil War, but as the representative of the old planter-politicians who have been the leaders of the South hitherto. Mr. TILLMAN, who is a large farmer, has figured deliberately as a demagogue. He has very possibly never heard of PISISTRATUS, but it is an interesting proof of the vitality of a certain type of politicians that he has repeated one of the most effective manœuvres of that ancient Greek. During the late conflict he appeared surrounded by a guard of "heavily-armed" men, to protect him from the assassination which he alleged was threatened by the "aristocrats." His style of eloquence has the good old ring, and he talks glibly of "the dethronement of "law" by the other side, and the "obtuseness of moral "consciousness" displayed by them, which, it seems, is going to destroy "our very civilization." The Greek tyrant in the grub state said these things better, but he said them; and as for the heavily-armed guard, that was just the same. Then, again, the platform on which Mr. TILLMAN stands is not unworthy of notice in itself.

The next Governor of the State of South Carolina is a leader of the Farmers' Alliance. This body, of which a good deal has been heard in connexion with the MCKINLEY Bill, will in all probability be much to the fore in American politics for some time. It has, as yet, not succeeded in "capturing" any State, but it is important in many; so much so that much has been inserted in the MCKINLEY Bill, and much in the way of retaliation for the exclusion of American pork and cattle has been threatened, in deference to its wishes. If the Alliance can, as there seems to be every probability that it will, secure complete control of a State so intimately associated with the management of the Democratic party as South Carolina, its power will be materially increased. Mr. TILLMAN and his friends continue to call themselves Democrats, though they attack the policy and the characters of the former leaders of the party. They are as resolute as ever the planters were to exclude the negro majority of the inhabitants of the State from any share of political power. With remarkable candour they declare that "race antagonism" would be increased by whatever tended to make the possession of a vote by the negroes other than a mere form—which we take to mean that it would constrain them to shoot more than they have shot hitherto. A minority of white men will, of course, never willingly submit to be governed by a majority of blacks, and this article of their creed possesses no novelty. With another article there ought to be very general sympathy. The Farmers' Alliance in South Carolina demand "stringent measures of pro-"cedure in trials, to secure prompt convictions." There is, indeed, room for reform in this respect in the United States. The other articles of their "platform" are of a more contentious character. As far as we can make them out from the account given by the *Times'* Correspondent, the only one which is accessible at this moment in Europe, the Alliance seems to have revived some very old friends. It demands that burdens should be taken off the farmers and imposed on the rich or on corporations, and that speculation in crops should be prohibited. By this, we take it, they mean that the farmer should be relieved from the necessity of going to the bank when he wishes to raise money on his standing crops. The precise method by which he is to be rescued is one of the oldest of old friends. The Treasury is to issue to him all the paper money he asks for, and then he will be able to get along without the money-lender. This resource is nearly as old as the heavily-armed guard. It is easy to understand that the old Democratic party is considerably annoyed at the rapid growth of an Alliance which aims at committing it to such a policy as this. But the Democratic party must accept the inevitable. The Farmers' Alliance has carried South Carolina, and there is no doubt that it will have much support in other States. There is nothing surprising in what has happened. Mr. TILLMAN is only applying the common principles of American Protectionists to the particular interests of the farmer. These interests will certainly clash with those of the manufacturer and merchant; but that is inevitable with a policy of Protection. The struggle between the parties will in all probability supply the staple of American politics for some years to come.

POTATOES AND POLITICS.

WHEN the potato-blight was first heard of as an affliction that would probably extend over a large part of Ireland, the grief occasioned by the news ran very much in party lines. Shallowest among professional Home Rulers and partisan Radicals, it was grief indeed to the more interested and responsible members of the Unionist party. There was an equal sorrow for individual cotters whose only means of subsistence was menaced with complete failure, no doubt; but what mitigation of distress there was for Parnellites in the prospect of a dearth that could be called a famine, and what solace for English Gladstonians in the trouble which actual hunger, and adroit political use of it, would bring upon the Government! On the other hand, the Ministerialists were aware that this trouble to themselves might become rather serious, well handled by such opponents as theirs, if the potato crop suffered as it had suffered before. It does happen that the economical prosperity of a nation is always advantageous to the Government which administers it for the time, and that bad seasons are always good for the party in Opposition. Up to the day when the potato-blight was discovered this summer, Ireland had been doing well with its trade and its crops; and this improvement, aided by the rent robbed from the landlords, had lasted for several years. It would be incorrect to say that therefore the people had become more satisfied with British rule; but it is pretty certain that they were less inclined to disturbance on that account, while at the same time they were tiring of the game of Parnellism and Crime. It is so in Ireland, where rebellion is a popular amusement—or distraction, rather—and is taken up in "rages," like the rage for croquet or golf in the more settled portions of the QUEEN's dominions. A check to this tranquillizing prosperity just as another Irish Session was about to begin, and when a general election was not far off, may not have been regarded as an absolute blessing by the Gladstonians and Parnellites, but it was not all unwelcome to them obviously. They could rejoice with sadness, if not with all the *abandon* of DAVID on a certain great occasion, while there were no such mitigations of sorrow for the other side.

At that time there was no knowing how much mischief the blight might work, and attention had not been generally called to the fortunate fact that the Irish people depend much less on the potato crop nowadays than they did in times precedent to the great famines. Now we know the worst, or thereabout; and know that it is not nearly as bad as it might have been, though bad enough truly. All that is humane in the Gladstonian and the Parnellite is happily permitted to mourn a little less, though the politician in them has to smile at diminished length. According to the testimony of inquirers like Mr. JACKSON—who is not the only official person who has been roving over the poorer districts of Ireland to discover the truth for an anxious Government—the potato crop has suffered severely. The failure has been exaggerated by newspaper reporters, as a matter of course, and especially by Irish newspapers. It is doubtless true, as Mr. JACKSON and other trustworthy inquirers inform us, that the crop has been fairly good over a large area of cultivation—over the greater part of the country indeed. But it is a bad or even a lost crop in some places where a population of poor cotters still depends upon the potato for food. That these remote and ever-wretched people will have to be helped in some way is pretty certain. But, though Mr. DILLON and the like of him still talk of "famine" as if it had been brought upon the whole country by an exterminating system of government, nothing of the kind need be feared. Grain crops have taken the place of the potato over vast stretches of land; and these crops appear to be abundant. There will be no great distress beyond certain districts, where a much too spiritless resignation to poverty has become habitual; and what distress may befall can be kept far short of the terror and reproach of "famine."

Such is the prospect now that it can be fairly viewed; and the inference is that the potato failure in Ireland will have no such influence in party politics as was hoped by the one side and feared on the other. Needless to say that had that and every other crop been a total failure, the Government would have been no more responsible for the visitation than M. CARNOT is for the floods in France; but what of that? Grant our good friends of the Opposition an Irish famine, such as they themselves could no more have prevented than they can regulate the rains, and they would make a triumph of it and a virtue of the triumph. Hark to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on "the "famine in Ireland!" Though he speaketh not, being denied the wherewithal for declamation on that subject (and we may hope that he will still be denied the little that would suffice for him), who does not hear him on "the famine in "Ireland," and the echo of his rhetoric in the Radical journals? It is more than likely, however, that, though there will be no famine, there will be distress enough to make capital out of. Already it is made a ground of justification for refusal to pay rent; a refusal which those who can well afford to pay are to join in, so as to keep in countenance those who cannot conveniently pay. In Parliament, no doubt, more capital will be made by way of amendments to the Land Purchase Bill, of original measures like that which Mr. DILLON has sketched out already, of questions innumerable, of reproaches interminable. Beyond or beneath such action as this there will be a grounding assumption that the failure of a root-crop where it is most carelessly grown is another proof that Ireland should be governed by a different machinery and on different principles. An absurd assumption, of course; but it already comes out in the speeches of Ireland's most cultivated agitators, and it will find a place in the minds of men who are conscious that it will not bear expression in plain terms. All such nonsense will be steadily resisted by the Government, no doubt; and also, it may be hoped, by their Liberal allies. Should the failure of the potato crop call for a grant in aid of the poor wretches who are distressed by it, a grant in aid there will be. It is already decided that means shall be taken to relieve the poverty of certain districts by a large expenditure on "light railways" and similar works, and Mr. DILLON has pointed out that this expenditure might be enlarged by hundreds of thousands of pounds without adding a penny to the cost of government in Ireland. Half the present cost of the police could be saved, as he suggests, if he and his fellows would only desist from their lawlessness. But by the choice of measures like these the Government must be content to deal with the poverty of the West, steadily continuing to reject those schemes of political change and class extinction for which (so mischievous are they) the most abundant potato crop ever known would be no compensation.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

THE quality of naval guns has been a familiar subject of debate this many a year; but of naval gunnery not much has been said. A correspondent has, however, at last written something to the *Times* on the subject; and, as any word about the navy is as the letting out of waters, more will probably be heard. Whether it be so or no, the remarks of the correspondent are interesting, if only because they show how remarkably little the navy seems to know about what it will or can do with its weapons. It is almost a matter of course that in a paper of this kind we should have a lament over our gunnery sins, the low ebb we are at in this matter, the happy-go-lucky system of the navy, and the general superiority of foreigners. Was there ever a time when the foreigner did not do everything better than we did? and yet here we are. The historical criticism of the writer in the *Times* does not inspire an amount of confidence which induces us to accept his round assertions of our inferiority to the French and Germans as gunners. He says quite glibly that the United States in the old war "beat us over and over again on this very "field." What, in the affair between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*? And in what other did the Yankee frigates meet well-found English ships? Of course, if we are going to send our ships to sea in the state in which the *Java* was, for instance; if they are to be manned with undrilled men, and their decks are to be so blocked with all kinds of lumber that the guns cannot be got clear; if we are to oppose everybody with the refuse of our service, because the best of it has its hands full elsewhere—why then, of course, it is highly probable that we shall be beaten as we were in the war of 1812. If, however, anybody thinks we can avoid disaster under such circumstances by writing papers about "Gun Control," and what not, he is mistaken.

It is possible that the writer in the *Times* does not even quite accurately represent the opinion of a considerable number of naval officers when he says that they are secretly convinced that their guns would be effective at a distance of ten miles. It is, at least, not easy to believe that naval officers can have come to that conclusion by arguing from the fact that a gun has thrown a shot for

twelve miles. Naval officers must know what proportion of the *Shah's* shot took effect on the *Huascar*, and what probability there is that in action much better practice will be made than in the scrimmage off Ilo. We cannot help suspecting just a little that he has put up a dummy here for the fun of knocking it over. For he does, with the help of Lieutenant MEIGS, of the United States navy, knock it very effectually over. He produces many excellent reasons for holding that, so far from fire being effective up to ten miles, it might as well not be tried at over less than one. He shows that, when two vessels are moving, it is impossible to get the exact range, and that it is as good as useless to fire till you have a fair chance of hitting at point-blank range. In the "Nelsonian era" this was from 300 to 400 yards. Now it will be a very little over 1,100. At longer ranges the misses will be so many that the game will not be worth the candle. This is the conclusion arrived at by Lieutenant MEIGS, U.S.N., and shared, we will undertake to say, by quite as many English naval officers at least as hold the creed that fire can be effective at ten miles. It is a very sensible one, and it leads to certain further conclusions which may well be pressed on the Admiralty. If the range of effective fire is to be from 400 to 1,100 yards, it would seem to follow that a gun which will do the needful at that range is quite as good a gun as is wanted. We do not need weapons which will throw a shot for more miles than a shot needs to be thrown. Also it would seem to follow that whoever gets most guns to work at that range will have the best chance of making most hits. Now is it necessary, in order to pierce any plate afloat at 1,100 yards, to have 47, and 63, and 110-ton guns? Is it not the case that guns of from 22 to 30 tons would do the work adequately, would be more easily handled, and that we could carry a great many more of them? If these things are not so, will those who are responsible for the retention of the monster guns in the navy explain why? If they are as we say, it would be better to press this moral on the Admiralty than to lament because our naval officers, following the uniform practice of their predecessors, abstain from much writing or talking about professional science.

THE FANTOCCINI TORPEDO.

SIGNOR PAOLO FANTOCCINI was a diminutive Italian with a tiny waist. He had a large narrow head thickly covered with well-oiled blue-black ringlets, deep-set eyes placed very closely together, a large Jewish nose, and a carefully trimmed beard which began just below his eyes. He had a sallow complexion, and he was slightly pock-marked; but he had a very engaging smile. He wore a very low turn-down collar and a draggled bow of narrow black riband, a *Joinville* coat faced and lined with greasy satin, a very low double-breasted buff waistcoat, and tight lavender trousers which belled over a broken-down pair of pumps. His hat was an old black satin Gibus with a wide and curling brim. Signor Fantoccini began life as a druggist's assistant, and he claimed to have worked, for a time, in the laboratory of the illustrious Count Mattei. When the insurrection broke out in 1860 his soul yearned to do something to forward the cause of the gallant Garibaldi. He was disinclined, however, to carry arms, so accordingly he shipped on board a Government man-of-war in the capacity of ship's cook, and served the revolutionary cause by poisoning the greater number of the officers and crew. For this ingenious deed of valour the insurgents promised to invest him—when happier times should come—with the Order of Santa Lucrezia, on the strength of which undertaking the Signor ever afterwards wore a scrap of riband in his buttonhole. Some ten years ago he came to England having in his charge a number of his neighbours' children whom he had persuaded to leave their homes (without the knowledge of their parents) in order to study the art of music. He settled in Hatton Garden, and for a long time he lived not uncomfortably on the money earned by these little ones as street musicians. At last, however, one of his young charges complained to the police of his treatment of them, and he was convicted of cruelty and imprisoned for three months with hard labour. It was during this period of seclusion that the ambitious little Italian registered a vow that the very Government—or their successors—who had thrown him into the miserable cell in which he then lay should one day support him in luxury to the end of his days.

Soon after his liberation he forwarded to the Admiralty a few details of a new torpedo which he had invented. It was of very simple construction. It was made of wood and shaped not unlike a dolphin—as one is used to see him in sculpture. The motive power of this projectile was to be simply the impetus which it should acquire by being launched from a considerable height; and the explosive contained in it was only a developed form of the Count Mattei's celebrated *Scrofoloso*. The Signor had christened it *Caramboloso*. It was a bland fluid, perfectly safe to handle in an ordinary way, but heavily charged with electricity. When first launched the new torpedo would float head foremost with the tail and part of the back exposed. These were to be so coloured as to resemble an ordinary dolphin or porpoise. But so soon as the head of the projectile should strike any object—such as the keel of a vessel—the weight of the tail would cause it to fall and to come round with such force as to explode the petard containing the *Caramboloso* which was secreted in the said tail. The Lords of the Admiralty were so taken with the idea that, as soon as routine would allow—that is to say, in about seven years' time—Signor Fantoccini received an answer, in which he was requested to wait upon them to explain further the details of his invention. He promptly kept his appointment, and illustrated the main principles of his idea by means of a model roughly cut out of wood with a penknife and a paper boat hastily made out of a naval estimate. This was floated, amidst some excitement, in the permanent secretary's hip-bath, which was placed in the centre of the table, round which their lordships were seated. It was impossible, of course, to show the effectiveness of the explosive in an experiment upon so small a scale—that had to be taken for granted—but the mere impetus of the tiny projectile caused the huge paper vessel to sink, in a realistic manner that brought tears to the five eyes of the three admirals present. Signor Fantoccini's invention was provisionally adopted with enthusiasm. It was agreed that he should receive four hundred a year and the use of the Government dockyard for the next three years, in order to perfect his weapon, and that, at the end of that period, a trial of it on an extensive scale should be undertaken at the expense of the nation; and that, should the result of such trial prove satisfactory, the inventor should receive 30,000*l.* for the patent. For the next three years the Signor lived on the fat of the land. Since his incarceration he had been earning a precarious living by the sale of penny ices—or "hoky-poky," as the substance is called by many—and the contrast in his life was almost enough to turn his head. In his moments of leisure, which were frequent and prolonged, the Signor employed his time in the dockyard in taking photographs of various patent pieces of machinery, for copies of which he found a ready sale with various foreign Governments. Thus by a little industry he was able, even in his spare time, to supplement his already comfortable income. As the day of the all-important trial of the new patent Fantoccini Torpedo approached, however, it was noticed that the Signor grew less and less cheerful. His manner grew nervous and his appetite almost entirely deserted him. The fact of the matter was that he knew, although no one else did, that his so-called torpedo was no torpedo at all, that it was very uncertain whether she would even float, that by no possibility could her impetus cause her to go more than about twenty yards after she had touched the surface of the sea, and that his *Caramboloso* was nothing but plain water. He was strongly tempted to bolt; but, on the other hand, it pleased his vanity to imagine himself, even for an hour, the hero of the moment, surrounded by royal dukes, First Lords, and members of Parliament. At last the momentous day arrived. The experiment was to take place off Dover. It was determined by the Admiralty that, in order that the experiment should be thorough, it should be tried, *not* upon a worthless old hulk, but upon a properly armoured war-vessel of the latest pattern in full commission. Accordingly they selected H.M.S. *Ramshackle*, 9,330 tons (10,002 horse-power), which had been built the previous year at a cost of 600,000*l.* The night before, the hon. member for Twickenham had asked the First Lord of the Admiralty "Whether it was true that the Government had purchased the patent of a new torpedo? and if so, at what price? Whether it was true that the newly-built war-vessel, the *Ramshackle*, was to be experimentalized upon on the following day, and what would be the cost to the nation?" To which the First Lord had replied that "The Government had *not* purchased the patent in question. That the *Ramshackle* would be concerned in the naval manœuvres to take place on the following day near Dover, but that it was not at present known in what manner or to what extent she would be so concerned. That, in such circumstances, it was impossible to estimate with any precision the probable cost of any proposed experiments. That all torpedo experiments were attended with a certain amount of original outlay, owing partly to the high price of explosives." To which the hon. member for Ballyskreel had exclaimed, "Ye don't know where to buy 'em!" and elicited the reprimand of "Order! Order!" from the Chair. The following morning an important party of authorities left Charing Cross by special train to witness the trial of the Fantoccini Torpedo. The Signor was in a tremendous state of nervous excitement. He knew that his arrest for obtaining a large sum of money by false pretences was now only a question of hours—possibly of minutes. However, he put on as bold a face as he could, and he was duly presented to all the dignitaries as they arrived. The hour fixed for the experiment was mid-day. The sea was perfectly calm and blue. The torpedo was hoisted on a species of switch-back railway at the top of Dover Cliffs. At three minutes to twelve the *Ramshackle* hove in sight, towed about two hundred fathoms astern of a Government tender. Signor Fantoccini burst into a cold perspiration. He felt in imagination the grip on his shoulder of the neighbouring policeman, who up to the present time was

regarding him with awe and respect. In two minutes and three-quarters the tender was exactly in front of the scaffolding. The ligature which bound the torpedo to her moorings was cut in two, and the projectile whizzed along a greased groove close past her unhappy inventor, who, in his despair, buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he was aroused from his terrified stupor by a ringing shout of applause, which was repeated again and again until the "welkin rang." He looked up in dazed bewilderment. "Marvellous!" "Tremendous!" "Never saw anything like it!" were the exclamations he heard all round him. "Allow me to be the first to congratulate you," cried a Serene personage, grasping the astonished little Italian charlatan by the hand.

The fact of the matter was that a most extraordinary—almost marvellous—piece of luck had befallen Signor Fantoccini—a piece of luck which meant 30,000*l.* ready money to him, and all kinds of honour and promotion in the future. By a curious coincidence, at the very moment that his bogus torpedo had reached the water (where, as a matter of fact, she had immediately sunk to the bottom) the *Ramshackle* had done what many a British war vessel in full fighting array has done before and may do again—she had fallen to pieces of her own accord!

RAVENSWOOD AT THE LYCEUM.

A DRAMATIST who approaches Scott's work with a view to using it for the stage is confronted with a difficulty which does not, perhaps, exist to the same degree in the case of any other novelist except Dickens. We refer, of course, to the familiarity (whether at first or second hand does not much matter) of the audience with the original work. This renders his task of selection from the abundant material at his disposal a very heavy one. Many people seem to expect him to bring in the whole book—plot, incident, dialogue, and all—into a play which shall not endure longer than the space of some three hours. Of course this is impossible; whereon much shaking of heads ensues, accompanied by the perennial remark, "It is all very well; but this is not Scott." On the other hand, the dramatist's laudable attempt to preserve as much of his author as possible within the narrow limits assigned to him, and to catch, perchance, something of his ineffable charm, is angrily denounced by another, and happily a much smaller, class. Those who compose it complain because Scott was not banished, lock, stock, and barrel, and the central idea of the story alone retained.

In the case of the *Bride of Lammermoor* these difficulties are specially present. In the first place, former and frequent adaptations together with opera derived from the same source have made it the best known of all Scott's works to the playgoing public. In the second place, owing, no doubt, to the painful circumstances in which it was produced, it is certainly not the best of Scott's greater novels. And the dramatic element is found more rarely and less intensely than elsewhere. Of course there is the great and terrible penultimate scene concluding with Lucy's ghastly mirth—"So you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom"—which lives in the memory for ever; but, though "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," we doubt whether any living dramatist, possessing at once a sense of poetry and propriety, could be found able or willing to present the scene on the stage. Beyond this there is nothing particularly dramatic about the story. Whatever may be said of other forms of art, it is certain that serious drama is nothing if not moral, and in the *Bride of Lammermoor* this quality is almost absent. Lucy is a colourless character; the Master himself is not much better; and, if you take away his plumes or make him laugh, he ceases even to be picturesque; Sir William Ashton, again, has not the necessary qualification of villany. It is never made clear that he obtained the Ravenswood estates by other than perfectly honest means. Lady Ashton and Caleb Balderstone are the only essentially dramatic figures in the book; but it is impossible to make them play the leading part in the play. For the dramatist, then, there remains practically the sempiternal interest attaching to a course of true love which does not run smooth. Bucklaw, Craigengelt, and Douglas Ashton do not count for much; while Blind Alice, Ailsie Gourlay, and the others seem, to us at least, very much in the way at times, though their introduction cannot be altogether avoided. Nevertheless, the book has been popular in dramatic shape in the past, and Mr. Merivale's version seems likely, as it well deserves, to become a classic to a future generation of playgoers. It is long, indeed, since the English stage has been enriched by a work so charged with poetry, so full of fancy and power wedded to stage-craft in the best sense of the term. Mr. Merivale's singular command of that extremely ticklish weapon, blank verse, was indeed well known to many of us before; but it has never been exhibited to more advantage—not even, perhaps, in that brilliant work *Florien*—than in *Ravenswood*. Blank verse, it has been remarked with astonishing wisdom, is easier to write than prose. This is one of the *dicta* which one would like to see practically illustrated by the utterer. What is quite certain is that it is not given to many writers to handle blank verse with Mr. Merivale's apparent ease and command. And it is also tolerably certain that the play gains in dignity for being couched in verse spoken as it is at the Lyceum.

The particulars in which Mr. Merivale has departed from Sir Walter Scott's romance have been already dwelt upon at length in the daily papers. It is, therefore, well known that he has taken such liberties as a dramatist may, and ever must take, with Scott. In some cases he has added power, and perhaps in some lost it. The loss is inevitable. The dramatist is weighted from the start with the shortcomings of the novel. Mr. Merivale, himself a poet and novelist, saw the difficulty, and "did what a man can" to meet it. From what we have already said, it is, perhaps, needless to remark that the great scene in the bedroom is avoided. The terror of the quicksand is indicated, not seen. In its place we have a *Récit de Théramène* given by Caleb Balderstone and rendered with singular and tragic force by Mr. Mackintosh. The catastrophe of the play differs from that of the novel in that Lucy Ashton dies from a broken heart without the interval of madness, and that the last thing seen of Ravenswood is that he kills Bucklaw (Douglas Ashton is not introduced) in a duel, at the end of which Bucklaw, dying, reveals to Ravenswood that Lucy's seeming faithlessness is the work of Lady Ashton. This is a brief summary of the cardinal points in which Mr. Merivale's really beautiful play departs from the novel.

To speak of Mr. Irving's performance, we may say at once that we were no less surprised than delighted at the success with which he overcame the almost insurmountable difficulties which stand in the way of his assumption of such a part as the Master. The romantic quality it displayed was of course expected, for he has shown on many occasions that he is a romantic actor of the highest class. We will not now dwell at length on the details of his performance; but his impressively youthful bearing in the love scene at the well calls for special mention. He was at his worst in the first scene of the second act; but the incident of the bull, which was so unsatisfactory on the first night as to account for shortcomings in this scene, has been altered with excellent effect. The fights were good, both as regards the acting and swordsmanship. Of Miss Ellen Terry's performance it is difficult to speak. No words could describe its wonderful charm and beauty. We can only compare it to her Olivia. The distinguished merit of her acting in the scene at Wolf's Crag seems to have been generally missed; but the fault here may be partly that of Mr. Mackintosh, whose Caleb failed in this single instance. Either he did not bring out the humour of Caleb's obvious fiction, or he was not given the opportunity of doing so. At all events, the reason for Lucy's extravagance is not made clear enough. Mr. Irving was also notable in this scene; his laughter was most delicately tinged with annoyance. The part of Bucklaw has been largely modified by Mr. Merivale; he is a sort of blend of the original Bucklaw and Colonel Douglas Ashton, whose services are very rightly dispensed with. A touch of Bucklaw's straightforward if rather Philistine common sense is, however, retained—and Mr. Terriss's only failure, and that a small one, is in delivering the platitude about forgiveness. For the rest, Mr. Terriss's playing of the part is most effective; he wears his clothes well, and has what is commonly believed to be the bearing of a man of the last century. His Bucklaw, however, seemed to us to have too much of Squire Thornhill about him. Mr. Mackintosh scored a very well-deserved success as Caleb Balderstone, especially, as has been said, at the end. Mr. Alfred Bishop's Sir William Ashton was altogether unacceptable, while of Miss Le Thiere's Lady Ashton it must be said that one cannot praise it. Mr. Wenman was, on the whole, a good Craigie, and Ailsie Gourlay was effectively rendered by Miss Marriott. The part is a difficult one, but Miss Marriott makes the best of it. It is not too much to say that even Mr. Irving has never shown better taste and judgment than in the mounting of this piece, to the success of which Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful music contributed its full share.

RACING.

ONE of the most valuable races of the year was run for this day week in the Lancashire Plate of 11,000*l.* at Manchester. Theoretically it ought to be the great trial of the season between the two-year-olds, three-year-olds, and four-year-olds. On the present occasion the four-year-olds had a grand representative in Amphion; but it was a question whether Memoir, the winner of the Oaks, the St. Leger, and two other important races, was the best three-year-old of the year; for, in the opinion of not a few excellent judges, Morion, the unbeaten winner of six races this season, had a greater claim to the championship. Then, although it might well be that Orion was the best two-year-old, that had yet to be proved. Amphion, St. Serf, and Orvieto were meeting at weight for age; Memoir was meeting both of them at a disadvantage of 3 lbs.; and Martagon was receiving 7 lbs., Orion 6 lbs., and the Chopette filly 7 lbs. more than weight for age from Amphion, St. Serf, and Orvieto, and 3 lbs. more from Memoir. The Lancashire Plate is one of those races which are very different affairs in reality from what they appear to be on paper. In the first place, the course, for a seven-furlong race, is a most unfortunate one; for, instead of being straight, or nearly straight, as all seven-furlong courses should be, it is shaped like an ill-formed pothook in a child's copy-book, and the best horse in the world might lose his chance in rounding the awkward turn. Then, coming so soon after the

St. Leger, such a short-distanced race places horses that have been trained for the mile and six furlongs at Doncaster at a great disadvantage.

General Byrne's Amphion, the first favourite, was looking very well, and covered with muscle; on the other hand, both Memoir and St. Serf seemed fagged, and did not appear to have recovered their freshness since Doncaster. The Chopette filly and Martagon got the best of the start—a great advantage on such a course as this—and Memoir was last of all for about a furlong. On entering the straight the Chopette filly and Martagon were still leading. Orvieto was now third, and presently he ran out of the line a little—a proceeding which in itself injured nobody's chance except his own—but, unfortunately, he turned short into it again in a few strides. This had the effect of causing a collision. Amphion nearly fell, and for a moment Tom Cannon lost his reins, St. Serf was knocked out of his stride, Orvieto himself was driven towards the rails, and Orion was more or less interfered with. The winner of the St. Leger was beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and at that point of the race the Chopette filly held the lead, with Martagon in close attendance. At the same time Orion, in the immediate rear of the leading pair, was trying in vain to get an opening, and Amphion, who had recovered from his scramble with wonderful rapidity in Cannon's able hands, was rapidly making his way to the front. At the distance Orvieto was beaten, and just then Martagon got on even terms with the Chopette filly, while Amphion drew up to their girths. Before reaching Tattersall's enclosure he had reached their heads, and, hard ridden to the very end, he came away, and won by a length and a half. Martagon won the 1,500*l.* given to the second in the race by a head from the Chopette filly, who won the 500*l.* given to the third, without very much to spare, from Orion, who, be it remembered, was giving her 4 lbs. and had been rather hampered at one part of the race, whereas the Chopette filly had had a clear course. Without desiring to champion the pretensions of Orvieto, we may point out that it is but fair to remember that he was giving 6 lbs. to Orion. It would be idle to pretend that the Lancashire Plate produced in every respect a true run race; but nothing that occurred in it qualified the merits of the victory of Amphion, who was all but down in the scrimmage. In having been unentered for either the Two Thousand, Derby, or St. Leger of his year he was a very unlucky horse; yet his winnings are now little short of 18,000*l.* As he is only four years old, he may still add something to this; and his value as a stud horse should be far higher than the 10,000*l.* which is reported to have been refused for him both this year and last. Most of his races have been won over from five furlongs to a mile; but, fortunately for his reputation, he beat the winners of the Two Thousand and the Derby, at weight for age, over a mile and a half at Ascot, so he can no longer be condemned as a non-stayer. He is, as everybody knows, a chestnut colt with white stockings on his hind legs; and with his weight-carrying powers, his tremendous speed, and his fine temper, he ought to be one of the most attractive of stallions to breeders. Whether he is by Rosebery or Speculum, he represents the Vedette blood, which has been so successful of late in the stock of St. Simon. Through his dam he inherits the famous Touchstone on Birdcatcher cross, with a strain of Melbourne on Venison; and if, as is probable, he is by Rosebery, Newminster is his great-grandsire twice over. The immediate effect of the Lancashire Plate upon the future was to bring Martagon into favouritism for the Cambridgeshire, a race in which he is handicapped to receive a stone from Signorina. A few years ago, it would have astonished racing men to hear that a colt that had never won a race could have won 2,000*l.* in stakes; yet that was the amount of Martagon's winnings after the race for the Lancashire Plate.

On the previous day, the Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,800*l.* helped to show that several of our best two-year-olds are within a few pounds of each other; for, at the weights, Pannonia, who was beaten half a length by Springtime, ran rather the best of the pair, while Flodden Field, who finished three lengths off, was by no means disgraced. At Derby, Springtime had run as well as Gone Coon, when he gave him 3 lbs. and ran him to three-quarters of a length, and not so well as Bumptious, whom he beat by a neck at 11 lbs. Then we had already seen Bumptious run Peter Flower to a neck, Peter Flower run Orvieto to half a length, Orvieto beaten a length and a half by Haute Saône, and Haute Saône beaten a head by the aforesaid Flodden Field, when attempting to give him 4 lbs. and sex.

On Tuesday last, at the Newmarket First October Meeting, the Twelfth Great Foal Stakes had a list of entries including some of the best three-year-olds of the season, and, according to the conditions of the penalties for winners, the weights had the appearance of a very badly-framed handicap. Morion, who had beaten Blue Green by two lengths, was put down to give him no weight, while Alloway, who had finished far behind Blue Green for the St. Leger, was made to give him 5 lbs. We merely mention this to show that a weight-for-age race, with penalties and allowances, is far from insuring a satisfactory adjustment of the weights. The pace was slow, and Morion, instead of winning by two lengths, won by only a head from Blue Green. As he is to give Blue Green 9 lbs. for the Cambridgeshire, his prospects for that race are materially altered. Orion, although only fourth for the Lancashire Plate, under the circumstances already described, had 3 to 1 laid on him for the Buckenham Stakes. His only opponent was the Duke of Portland's Koorali, an own sister to Semolina, that was running in public for the first time. Orion won, "pulling double," by a length. Gold seemed much the best of the competitors for the Triennial Produce Stakes, and the course, of something over two miles, was exactly suited to him. The odds of 3 to 1 were laid on him again, and he, too, won easily by a length. The second in the race was Lord Penrhyn's fine, lengthy filly, Carmine. The favourite for the Boscawen Post Stakes was Simonetta, who had beaten Gone Coon by a neck for the Berkshire Plate of 1,024*l.* at Windsor in August, but had finished last of all for the Lancashire Plate. She now finished last again, the race being won by Mr. H. Milner's Valauris, a backward brother to Seabreeze. He is a chestnut, with a good deal of white, and he was running his first race in public. He has plenty of size and power, but at present he is very fat, and it is difficult to prophesy what he may be like when he shall have fined down.

On Wednesday one of the most interesting races was the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, which had been well made; but, like certain other large handicaps just at this season, it suffered to some extent from the approaching Cambridgeshire. Semolina was the favourite; but she ran badly, and L'Abbé Morin and Bel Demonio, two three-year-olds, to both of which she was giving a stone, ran a dead heat. Colonel North's Arturo, a winner of two races this month, and the fifth to Mardi Gras for the Lancashire Nursery, had the highest weight to carry for the Second Nursery Handicap. Lady Eveline and Aurora, who ran first and second, were each receiving 37 lbs. from him. The Prince of Wales seemed to have a fair chance of winning a sweepstakes with Nandine, who had already won a race for him at Newmarket in July. She appeared to be winning in the Abingdon Bottom, but she was beaten on the hill, and the race was won by Swanton, the first four being only separated by heads. Among the entries for the Sixth Zetland Plate was Mr. N. Fenwick's Mimi, who was considered by many critics the finest two-year-old filly that had been out this season. Her only previous race had been the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, which she had won very easily. Mr. H. Milner's Gavotte had won two races, been placed three times, and unplaced once. Only 6 to 5 was laid on Mimi; but she won in a common canter by a couple of lengths. It is said that she does not run nearly so well in private as in public. For the Hopeful Stakes the favourite was Mr. D. Baird's Phyllida, the winner of the Badminton Foal Plate at Leicester, a race for which Cereza had run better, and Queen of the Fairies quite as well, at the weights. Among her opponents was Mr. Warren de la Rue's Sweetest, who had cost 1,700 guineas as a yearling. Although she was giving Sweetest 7 lbs., odds were laid upon Phyllida, and she won, after a sharp contest, by half a length. Morion was entered for the Forty-second Triennial; but he did not start, and Martagon, with 20 to 1 laid on him, won his first victory in a canter.

Mr. Rose's Handicap was run on Thursday. Such a race was pretty certain to be injured by the Cesarewitch, as a large number of the horses entered for the former were entered also for the latter. In the future, if run for at the same date, this race may sometimes have an important bearing on the betting for the Cesarewitch, even if many of the horses entered should be reserved for the more ancient handicap. The race was won by Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday, who has now won six races out of seven this season. He gave 27 lbs. to Chevy Chase, the winner of a Welter Plate at Croydon, who ran second.

THE OLD RECORDS OF THE INDIA OFFICE.

THE July number of the *Journal of Indian Art* contains photo-lithographic reproductions of some important historical documents connected with the history of the East India Company. These reproductions, on account of the artistic skill and finish with which they are done, will be of value to all lovers of art, and on account of the matter they contain of importance to the historian. This number owes its birth to the interest which has of late years been aroused in the old records of the late Honourable East India Company. The history of the Company who made conquests far surpassing in magnitude those of Cortes and Pizarro, and founded an empire far greater than the one over which the Roman eagle held sway, remains yet to be written. Materials are not lacking for this romantic tale, for the men who founded the Empire have left behind a careful record of how the foundation-stones of the stately fabric were laid. Court books, factory diaries, consultations, and books of general correspondence give us a broad and continuous narrative of its erection. The old custodians of these priceless historical materials, however, never appreciated their worth, and many of them have been lost and destroyed or sold as waste-paper. In 1859 and in 1860 over 300 tons of documents were sold, and in 1867 a further destruction of books and papers took place. The original manuscript of the eight voyages commanded by Captain Saris was purchased by a bookseller at Bristol, and is now in the topographical depôt of the War Office. One of the first persons to appreciate the historical value of the old records was Sir George Birdwood, and, having drawn the attention of the authorities to their value, he was asked to classify some of them, and he did the work with the thoroughness for which he is distinguished. His "Report on the Old Records of the India Office" is a rich mine of geographical and historical knowledge.

The good work begun by him has been continued by Mr. Danvers, the present Superintendent of Records in the India Office, who has classified and numbered many thousand documents. At the time that Sir George Birdwood was working at the records of the India Office, Professor Forrest was engaged in the task of examining the ancient muniments belonging to the Bombay Government. He called the attention of Government to the fact that ancient documents of great value were lying in dark, damp offices, liable at any moment to be destroyed by fire. The Bombay Government has put an end to the scandal by erecting a handsome and commodious receptacle for their records. Lists of all the ancient documents in the India Office are being prepared, and similar lists are to be prepared at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It will be impossible, however, to prepare a list at Calcutta until all the documents scattered among the Record Offices of the different departments are collected in one central office and examined, for Calcutta, unlike Bombay and Madras, has at present no central office. When the lists at Whitehall and in India have been drawn up, then the future historian of our Indian Empire will know what materials are at his command. Then will be the proper time to calendar the more important papers. At present it would be premature, and probably lead to waste of money. Twenty years ago some of the East India papers were calendared by Mr. Sainsbury, of the Record Office. His volumes are monuments of careful research and accurate scholarship; but since they were printed many fresh papers dealing with the period have been discovered, and they are no longer complete guides to the student of history. To calendar all the important papers in the India Office in the same manner in which they were done by Mr. Sainsbury would take half a century, and the cost would be prohibitive. In India, where clerical labour is cheap, the work can be done without incurring any great outlay. It is right that, by publications of selections from their State Papers, the Government of India should aid students of Indian history in Europe. But the India Office is easily accessible to all students. Calendars are useful to those who wish to reap the fruits of other men's labours; but the real historian loves to labour at the records himself.

The *Journal of Indian Art* affords a striking example how unsafe it would be at present to calendar on an extensive scale the ancient muniments preserved in the India Office. The *Journal* gives us facsimiles of some of the charters granted to the old East India Company. Eight organic charters were granted; but only the fourth, fifth, and seventh remain at the India Office. Sir George Birdwood, in the interesting commentary which he has supplied to the illustrations, writes:—"The first and second exist only as copies, and of the third and sixth nothing is known. Of the minor charters, a large number are to be found at the India Office; but many also are lost to sight. It is not likely that any of the missing muniments have actually perished. They are assuredly lying hid somewhere, and most probably in other Government offices; and a systematic search should now be made for them, and above all for the Charter of Elizabeth." In the absence of the last-named charter we are given a fine impression of the Old Company's arms, which must be regarded as one of the earliest relics of the great Company. In the "Court Minutes" of the Company, under date of the 1st of May, 1601, occurs the Minute:—"A warraunt is geiven to Alderman Hollyday, Treasurer, to paye to the Kynge of Heraldes the somme of Twentie Merkes for assigninge a Armes to the Companie by vertue of his office." Under date of the 12th January, 1601, the Company ordered their "Common Seale," and an impression of the same is promised in a future number of the *Journal*. One of the most interesting illustrations in the present number is a facsimile of the sketch-map of the island and harbour of Bombay, appended to the account of the bombardment of Bombay by the Dutch and English, in 1626, to be found in the journal of David Davies, of the *Discovery*. This account, together with that of John Vian, also of the *Discovery*, and of Andrew Warden, of the *William*, is given at length in the reprint of Sir George Birdwood's "Report on the Old Records of the India Office." It is due to the labour and research of the officials of the India Office that these accounts and this sketch map have now for the first time been brought to light, after being in the shadow of oblivion for over two hundred years. They are of great importance to the historical student, because they antedate the direct connexion of the English with Bombay by thirty-five years. Plate 17A is a facsimile of the Grant of Arms, dated 13th October, 1698, to the "New Company," and these were the arms used by the *United Company* or "Honourable East India Company." "It was under the old arms," Sir George Birdwood writes, "with sea-lions for supporters, that the London Company opened up the navigation and commerce of the Indian Ocean to English enterprise; and it was under the new arms of the English Company, with land-lions for supporters, that the *United Company* effected the conquest of British India. The change of arms, and particularly of the predominant colours from blue to red, marks the transformation of the Company from a mercantile Corporation into a military Power." The last plate is a facsimile reproduction of the Resolutions of the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, dated 24th April, 1799, thanking "the Right Honourable Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson" for his "ever-memorable Victory obtained over the French near the mouth of the Nile on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of August, 1798," and presenting him with 10,000*l.*; and Nelson's reply to the same, dated from the "*Foudroyant*, Bay of Naples, 3rd July, 1799." Nelson in his reply states that, "having in my younger days served in the East Indies, I am no stranger to the munificence of the Honble. Company." Further research, we trust, among the old records of the India Office will throw light on Nelson's services in the East Indies. The *Journal of Indian Art* also contains some fine illustrations of the old East India House, from which a great Empire was founded and ruled with justice and vigour. Every patriotic Englishman must take an interest in the growth of that Empire which De Tocqueville considered the greatest achievement of the English race, and every document which illustrates that wonderful growth must be of importance. The energy and courage of old, we believe, do still exist, and the spirit of empire is not dead. The circulation of a work like the present number of the *Journal of Indian Art* tends to keep it alive. The *Journal* is valuable, not only for what it contains, but as an example of the value of the old records in the India Office and the different secretariats in India.

SALMON.

THE boxes of salmon which have arrived in London this year are 178 fewer than those which arrived last year. Judging from that simple fact, one might imagine either that the London demand for salmon had decreased or that the supply had become less approximately equal to the demand. There is a superficial plausibility in the first hypothesis. There can be no doubt that salmon is not so much a "feature" of London dinner-tables as it used to be. The Southerners have discovered that, in order to be enjoyed in its best estate, salmon has to be eaten three or four hours after it has quitted the water. If it is "fresh-run," the fish has then a crispness and a "curdiness" which make it quite equal to the whiting or the sole; but, as it is rarely eaten in town within less than twelve hours after its capture, the value of the salmon is to Londoners mainly imaginary. Indeed, if it were not for the honour and glory of eating fish at one and sixpence a pound, London in the season might as well be eating cod or haddock at fourpence. That, however, is not the point. It is not because London has discovered the futility of the salmon on its dinner-tables that this year it has consumed 178 boxes fewer than it consumed in 1889. It is because the supplies have become attenuated. This fact is clearly brought out in the statistics, the sum of which we have mentioned. If London wanted less salmon than it used to consume, it would have lessened its orders to all the countries which produce the fish; but that is not what it has done. The supplies from Ireland, Berwick, and Sweden have increased; the supplies from Scotland, England, Norway, and Holland have decreased. Most of us who have plied the rod know that the Norwegian salmon as a rule are not equal to the British; but, that fact apart, it is clear from the generalities we have mentioned that London is eating fewer salmon simply because it has fewer salmon to eat.

That seems to be a very serious conclusion. Some epicures may be of opinion that salmon is not equal to turbot or John Dory or mullet; but it is of great economic importance that the supply of salmon, like the supply of any other harmless thing, should always be equal to the demand. Why is it not equal this year? That is a question which might be answered in various plausible ways. It might be said that salmon this year have been scarce because of the selfishness of the "lower proprietors." These are the worthy gentlemen whose estates skirt the reaches which are nearest to the sea. The "upper proprietors" say that, inasmuch as the fish is born in no part of the river in particular, and least of all in the lower reaches, it is absurd that all the harvest should be reaped by the "lower proprietors." This argument does seem not unreasonable in itself; for to the mind of the theological Scot it is righteous that a man should reap where he sows as well as "as he sows." Still, it is open to us to observe that the most hyperborean Sheriff would disallow the plea as irrelevant. That "the harvest of the sea" sown in the upper waters should be almost exclusively reaped by the gentleman who happens to be the lower proprietor is according to neither rhyme nor reason, and still more in defiant discord with the counsels of perfection which have vocalized themselves in the hue-and-cry against "betterment;" but it does not account for the falling-off in the market-supply of salmon. This is obvious when we think of the simple fact that the number of boxes which the "lower proprietor" sends South, in the result of his excessive netting, is great exactly in proportion to the rate at which he has curtailed the harvest of the "upper proprietors." When such and such a river sends fewer boxes to London, the explanation is not to be found in the fact that such and such a Duke has intercepted the fish on their way to the high-lying lairds. The Duke has only in that act been arranging to send to market the very salmon which, if he had let them up, would have been sent by the lairds themselves.

It is clear, then, that the falling-off in the yield of salmon is not wholly due to the rapacity of the lower proprietor. That person, however, is not to be altogether absolved. It is quite obvious that, while by his own right hand he nets as many salmon as the upper proprietors might have netted if the fish had been allowed a free run, the immediate market supply will be as great as it would have been if he had netted none at all; but that is an academic proposition, a proposition subject to certain modifying considerations. If the salmon were allowed "free ish and entry" into the rivers, they would, having escaped the lower

proprietor, not be netted by his neighbours "up the water." It is a point of honour on salmon rivers that no riparian proprietor other than the lowest shall use the net at all. They catch the fish; but they do so with the rod only, and all the rods that could possibly be called to the task could not in a week kill as many fish as the net will take in a single lucky haul. Therefore, there cannot be any doubt that in course of time the deeds of the lower proprietor do cause the market supply of migratory fish to fall off. In any given year he can by ruthless netting capture as many salmon as could possibly be caught by all his upper neighbours together; but he gradually and rapidly diminishes the stock. If such a process were carried on for a few years, the stock would be reduced to the comparatively few fish which run up to spawn after the net season has closed and the rod season has begun; and it is conceivable that in the event of an abnormally early flood bringing all the salmon from the sea he could, by catching them all, render the river completely barren, for only those fish which are born in a river go back into it to spawn. All this is plain; but it does not completely solve the question. The lower proprietor who nets excessively is the exception, not the rule. He really ought to "tak' thocht an' mend"; but he is not the only offender in the case. There is also the manufacturer who pollutes the stream on which his mill happens to be situate, in complete assurance that in doing so he will commend himself to "the masses"; also, there is he who, being too much "a nature's gentleman" to do any honest work, poaches, and whines when the law awards him half the penalty he deserves and has incurred. The poacher who destroys and the manufacturer who pollutes are not less traitorous to the community which applauds their hypocrisy than the agitator who subjects the whole community to the contingency of starving by inviting the labourers to strike unanimously. It is a fact, as any one may see by examining the current valuation rolls, that land under running water bearing fish of the salmon kind is fully four times more valuable than land under agriculture. Therefore, poachers and polluters are enemies of the people.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD AND THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*.

IN the *Academy* of August 23 Mr. Thomas Arnold published a long letter complaining of our review of the *Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey*, vol. i., lately edited by him for the series of *Chronicles and Memorials*. He assumed that, because we do not admit correspondence into our columns, it would have been useless for him to address a letter to us. This was a mistake; we are always ready to attend to reasonable complaints and to remedy any injustice of which we may have inadvertently been guilty. A note appended to our impression of August 30 explains the reason of our delay in replying to Mr. Arnold's complaints. His letter seems to show that he has somewhat misinterpreted the purport of our review. It was, as we surely pointed out plainly enough, not so much to give an account of what he had or had not done in the volume before us, as to illustrate from certain features in his work the need of providing the series to which it belongs with a competent editorial authority. In view of the large number of valuable materials for our history which the director has not as yet been able to print for lack of funds, we insisted that the greatest discretion should be used in the selection of matter for the volumes generally, and specially with respect to the admission of chronicles and the like that are already printed. What is the case here? Mr. Arnold's chief complaint against us is that we said that the larger part of his book had been previously printed. His answer is that he has printed five principal pieces, and that only three of them had been printed before. Are three-fifths, then, less than two-fifths? To come to particulars; his texts occupy in all 377 pages. Of these no fewer than 127 pages are taken up with a reprint of the well-known *Chronicle* of Jocelin de Brakelond, already excellently edited for the Camden Society, 67 with Hermann's *De Miraculis*, and 25 with Abbo's *Passio Sti Edmundi*. A small part of Hermann's book was printed by Martene from, as Mr. Arnold says, a Paris MS.; the remainder, which contains some valuable matter, has lately been admirably edited by Dr. Liebermann; Abbo's *Passio* is in a volume of the *Patrologia*. Of Mr. Arnold's 377 pages of text, then, 219 pages contain matter already printed, and the contents of 194, not reckoning the part of the *De Miraculis* given by Martene, may be found in easily accessible volumes. We do not see that we were wrong in saying that the larger part of his book had already appeared in print. Mr. Arnold had no ground for assuming that we disapproved of the reprinting of Abbo's *Passio*. He says that Bishop Stubbs advised him to include it in his book. We have the deepest respect for the Bishop's judgment on such a question. Candidly, however, we think that, as the work can be had in a volume of the *Patrologia*, and there is much else to be done, there was no urgent need to reprint it at present. But as far as space is concerned it is a trifling matter. Mr. Arnold is right in saying that Gaufridus de Fontibus *De Infantia* is not in Migne's *Patrologia*. Our assertion was a clerical error, for which we hereby express our regret. We intended to note that Mr. Arnold had reprinted Abbo's *Passio*, which is in the *Patrologia*; and we had something, which immediately follows in our review, to say about his suggestion as to the name De Fontibus. We unfortunately jumbled our two sentences together.

The next paragraph in our review was concerned with some matters which led us to the opinion that it would have been well if Mr. Arnold's work had, before publication, been submitted to competent supervision. He is pleased to speak of our remarks as "minor criticisms," dealing with unimportant points. About many of them he says that we are wrong, and about all of them unfair. If it is really no difference who was the mother of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, why did Mr. Arnold devote a footnote to informing his readers that she was Fair Rosamond? Apart, however, from the intrinsic interest of anything that concerns Archbishop Geoffrey, or, indeed, the story of Fair Rosamond, we cannot allow that a point that has a bearing on the private life of Henry II. and his matrimonial affairs is without importance. Can Mr. Arnold maintain that the repetition of a modern and completely exploded fable is creditable to a volume of the *Chronicles and Memorials*? Walter Map twice tells us the name of Geoffrey's mother. Is it pleasant that foreign historians should see that one of a body representing, as they have a right to imagine, the present state of English scholarship, is ignorant of so famous a book as the *De Nugis Curialium* belonging as it does to the same period as two of his own authors? Even granting that Walter was a spiteful scandal-monger, and may have told an untruth to be-little the Archbishop, Mr. Arnold should have known that Geoffrey was born before his father came to the throne, while Henry's connexion with Rosamond must be dated at least twenty years later, after he had placed his Queen in confinement in 1173. We are unable to allow that our criticism on this footnote of Mr. Arnold's was either erroneous or unfair. And what has he to say against our remark on another footnote asserting that Rosamond was the mother of William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury? We will not refer him to any recondite source of information on the subject; he is rather severe on a blot in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, let him turn for his instruction to the article on Rosamond Clifford, and, if he wishes to go higher, verify the reference therein given to the preface to Giraldus Cambrensis VII. (Rolls Series). Again, when he wrote that Hugh of Avranches was a cousin of Henry I., had he taken the trouble to investigate the truth of the statement which he copied, to inquire how the relationship could be made out, or when it was first asserted? Can he bring any satisfactory evidence that it existed? We cannot; and we do not think it unfair to say that relationship to the Conqueror or his sons should not be asserted in a volume of this series unless it can be proved, and that if proof can be found it should be given. Mr. Arnold is angry with us for speaking scornfully of a note of his on p. 65 (misprinted 63 in our review); it is appended to Hermann's account of the dispute between Bishop Herfast, or Arfast, and the abbey. The King ordered that the matter should be decided in the English fashion by a shire-moot, and the men of nine shires, having heard the evidence of the aged Ælfwine, abbot of Ramsey, gave their judgment in favour of the abbey. The constitution of the court, and the part taken by the freeholders who attended it in the mixed character of both judges and witnesses, were strictly in accordance with the legal procedure of the time. The president of the assembly was Archbishop Lanfranc, who was sent by the King to obtain the judgment of the shire—"ut intelligeretur comitatus," to which words Mr. Arnold has thought fit to append this translation—"that the feeling of the county might be ascertained," as if the Archbishop had been sent down to "feel the pulse" of the neighbourhood as a guide for the King's action. Now if any one thinks that a note of this kind ought to appear in one of the volumes of the Rolls series, his idea of appropriateness and ours must be widely different. We said, and we think it neither erroneous nor unfair to say, that a general editor who knew his business would have struck this note out. We said that Mr. Arnold seemed to us to write confusedly on the subject of monastic exemptions. To this he replies that we indulge in "idle verbiage," and know nothing of the matter, propositions to which we naturally demur. We still think that an uninformed reader of p. xxxi. of his preface might be led to confuse simple non-exemption with the position of a Cathedral abbey, where the bishop had far greater power than arose from his ordinary right of jurisdiction. He blames us for attributing to him too high an opinion of the advantages of the system of monastic exemptions. Our remark was grounded on the sentence in the page of his preface referred to above beginning "While at Westminster the exemption of the abbey from episcopal control resulted in the peaceful and glorious history," &c. He now explains that he believes that "an exemption was sometimes a good, sometimes a bad thing." It is a pity that he did not say so in his book, though even had he done so we should, we imagine, still be at issue with him. The question is not about this or that ecclesiastical exemption, but about the effect in this country of the system according to which many monasteries were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and we hold that this system, besides being harmful to many of the communities to which it was applied, was injurious to the interests of the Church of England and of the nation, for it conduced to throw the weight of the monastic houses on the side of Rome at a time when the Papacy was making aggressions on the liberties of our National Church, and when the State, which was assuming a national character, was active in its opposition to Papal pretensions. We are not sure whether Mr. Arnold means to complain of our notice of some incomplete references which appear in his volume. We assure him that we could add to those quoted in our review. Although we spoke of this as a small matter, we

are on second thoughts inclined to lay some stress upon it. If we turn to a volume of Public Records edited for one of the French State departments, or to a volume of the Chronicles published by the Société de l'Histoire de France, we do not find any such marks of slovenliness. We ought not to find them here in a volume published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and produced, we venture to say, at greater expense than any of the publications to which we have referred. After a careful consideration of Mr. Arnold's letter, we are still of opinion that his volume, though it has some good points, will not enhance the reputation of the series to which it belongs, and that it presents some features which seem to bear out the contention that the series should be placed under the supervision of a capable general editor or of an editorial committee.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE new Government is working hard to sustain the credit of the Argentine Republic. According to the telegram from Buenos Ayres this week ex-President Roca, at present Minister of the Interior, one of the most influential public men in the Republic, has stated that the Government has decided to provide the sums necessary for the payment of the interest on the provincial as well as the national loans. It is difficult to believe that this statement is well founded. The provinces, like the States of the United States, are independent. Each has its own Government and its own Legislature, and each borrows upon the strength of its own credit. If the federation assumes liability for all the provincial debt, it will undoubtedly engage in a very hazardous kind of business. It will increase enormously its own liabilities, and, unless it limits the borrowing power of the provinces, it in a sense becomes responsible before the world for the extravagance and maladministration of the several provinces. Besides it would seem to be time enough to come to the assistance of the provinces when the National Government has made sure of being able to keep all its own engagements. Only last month it was obliged to ask Congress for authority to issue 60 million dollars of legal-tender paper in order to save the National Bank, the National Mortgage Bank, and City of Buenos Ayres from immediate bankruptcy. In his message to Congress the Finance Minister frankly admitted that the proposal was merely intended to stave off difficulties; but he pleaded that there was no alternative, that the National Bank was so entirely without funds that it was unable to pay the cheques drawn upon it by the Government against deposits it was supposed to hold for the Government, and the Municipality of Buenos Ayres had to pay ten or eleven millions of dollars immediately, and had no funds with which to do so. It would seem to be very rash to take over the debts of the provinces when the capital of the Republic and the Government's own State Bank and State Mortgage Bank are practically bankrupt, and have to be financed by the Government. Besides, the Finance Minister proposes at the same time to Congress to authorize the negotiation of a loan in Europe for 20 millions of dollars, or 4 millions sterling, and to permit the Government to sell the Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds, which are supposed to have been handed to the founders of the free banks which were established in such numbers all over the Republic. These proposals virtually admit that the Government itself has no means of keeping faith with its creditors unless it is accommodated by the great European financial houses that have hitherto always assisted it. No doubt, if the great houses are prepared to find the money, it will be possible for the National Government to pay, not only the interest upon its own debt, but also that upon the provincial debts. But it seems very questionable, indeed, whether the great financial houses will carry their complaisance so far as that. Of course it is their business to lend money, and to act as intermediaries between the foreign Governments and investors, and if the Argentine Government has really good security to offer, there is no limit to the accommodation which they will be ready to give it. But then it is notorious that the Argentine Government has not good security sufficient to warrant money enough being advanced to it to pay the interest upon all the provincial debt as well as upon its own.

In the meantime the later reports all are to the effect that political agitation is quieting down, and that the provinces are acquiescing in the change of government. When the last mail left Buenos Ayres the political excitement in the interior was causing grave disquietude. The provinces had for a long time imposed their will upon Buenos Ayres, and they did not seem at all willing to accept a revolution which was carried by Buenos Ayres alone. Fortunately, ex-President Roca has great influence with the provinces as well as with the army. He has been able to induce or compel the Governor of Cordoba to resign, and, apparently, he and his colleagues have overcome the threatened opposition in the other provinces; but, while the political situation has undoubtedly improved, the economical condition appears to be deteriorating. When the last mail left Buenos Ayres it was believed that the wool-clip would be the largest in the history of the country. And, though it was too early to speak with any confidence respecting the cereal crops, very confident hopes were entertained. Now it is reported that the provinces are suffering greatly from drought, and that sheep and cattle are dying in large numbers. Doubtless the drought will also affect the crops; and, if there should be a very serious loss of sheep and cattle and a bad harvest at a time like the present, the consequences cannot fail to be serious indeed. The debts incurred by the owners of houses and lands are enormous, and under the most favourable circumstances it is not possible to believe that the interest and sinking-fund stipulated can be paid. The difficulties of the farmers, however, will be enormously increased if drought should sweep away a large proportion of the flocks and herds and injure the crops. And the political consequences of the drought may likewise be serious. If the agricultural classes are thrown into distress, they may blame the new Government for their misfortunes, and a counter-revolution may be attempted. Possibly it is the desire to spare the taxpayers as much as possible that is inducing the Government to contemplate, if it is not resolved upon, paying the interest upon the provincial debts. It knows that its own credit will suffer if the provinces make default. But some of the provinces clearly cannot keep faith with their creditors. They have borrowed entirely beyond their powers of repayment, and sooner or later they must declare themselves insolvent, unless the National Government comes to their assistance. Even wealthier and more advanced provinces will find it for some time extremely difficult to meet their engagements. In endeavouring to do so they may have to press so heavily upon the taxpayers as to raise popular resistance, and the National Government may, therefore, seriously think that it will be better to pay the interest upon the provincial debt for a little while than either to risk political disturbance or the discredit which would follow default. Of course, by doing so it would increase its own liabilities, and therefore add to the burdens upon the taxpayers in the long run; but it would defray the interest, in the first place, of the borrowed money, and, in the second place, it is apparently contemplating heavy protectionist duties, which would not be directly felt by the taxpayers as an increase of taxation would be, and might be represented to be a protection of native industry.

On Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England raised their rate of discount from 4 per cent.—to which they had reduced it five weeks previously—to 5 per cent. As on Tuesday and Wednesday they had been discounting at 4½ per cent., and lending to all but their own regular customers at 5 per cent., the City was prepared for the change, and when it came it was rather felt as a relief. Rumours had been circulating for two days before that a large house in the South American trade was in difficulties. The failure of the Cape of Good Hope Bank on Saturday last, following close upon another bank failure in Cape Town, had raised anxieties concerning South African business, and the large shipments of gold began to make the City very apprehensive. During the week ended Wednesday night over half a million was withdrawn from the Bank for export, and in the three weeks ended Wednesday night nearly 1¼ million had been exported. The stock of gold was thus brought down to 21 millions, and it was feared that it might be much further reduced, for it was known that there were to be other shipments to South America and Egypt, while the bank failures in South Africa rendered it almost imperative upon the South African banks to increase their reserves. In fact, after the rate was raised to 5 per cent. on Thursday, there were further withdrawals to the amount of 350,000*l.* The Bank did a good business again on Thursday, charging 6 per cent. for loans and 5½ per cent. for discounts to all but its regular customers. In the outside market little business was done, and rates varied a good deal. Foreign bankers took bills at about 4½ per cent., while most English brokers demanded 4¾ per cent.

The price of silver fell on Tuesday to 52*d.* per ounce, a fall of one penny in a single day, while in three weeks the fall has been very nearly 5 per cent. We pointed out last week the causes of the weakness in the silver market, which has been so very apparent since the beginning of this month. Speculation in New York has been carried too far, and many speculators have been disabled from continuing their operations by the money stringency. India is buying little, and other countries are not buying at all, and the price consequently is giving way. It is possible that now ease has returned to the New York money market there may be a recovery, but even so it is not likely that it will be maintained. The production of the metal is stimulated by the rise in price, while the consumption is checked, and thus the supply in the market is steadily exceeding the demand. No doubt the difficulties of speculators in silver have contributed to increase the monetary stringency, as they have also helped to depress the stock markets in New York.

The stock markets have been exceedingly dull this week. The Fortnightly Settlement began on Tuesday, and in the morning borrowers were able to obtain all the loans they wanted at 4½ per cent. The carrying-over rates, too, were fairly moderate; but about midday it was found that the Bank of England would not lend at less than 5 per cent., while it was charging 4½ per cent. for discounts. The joint-stock and private banks immediately, therefore, raised their own rates, and in some cases showed an unwillingness to make advances at all. All at once the feeling of the market became quite pessimist, and there was a decline in almost every department. Rumours began to circulate that failures were imminent, that the Bank-rate on Thursday would go to 5 per cent., and that large amounts of gold would be withdrawn for South Africa and elsewhere. The uneasy feeling continued on Wednesday, and prices dropped further. The main causes of the alarm this week are the revival of apprehension

respecting the Argentine Republic, and the failure of the Cape of Good Hope Bank. Both on Tuesday and on Wednesday there were rumours that some South American houses were in difficulties, and it is feared that large amounts of gold will have to be sent to South Africa in consequence of the banking difficulties there. At the end of July the Union Bank of Cape Town suspended payment, in consequence partly of forgeries practised upon it, and partly of having engaged in utterly bad business to an extraordinary extent. In fact, the bank was utterly mismanaged. Ever since confidence in the Cape of Good Hope Bank has been declining. It was suspected of having lent far too largely upon land and mining properties, which have depreciated greatly during the past year and a half. It was reported, also, that some of its largest shareholders were shareholders in the bankrupt Union Bank. A run upon it was the consequence, and it has been compelled to close its doors. It is an old institution, having been founded more than fifty years ago, and has done a large business, which, until now, was supposed to be very profitable. There is a liability of 30*l.* on each share. This suspension, it is feared, may continue the run upon other banks. They will doubtless strengthen their reserves by taking out gold, and will thus weaken the Bank of England. It is not believed that any London houses of importance are much affected by the bankruptcy. But, of course, it will intensify the depression in South Africa. South American securities have also declined on the revival of apprehensions, while there has been a heavy fall in Mexican railway stocks, partly because of the decline in silver, and partly because the speculation in the stocks has been carried too far. Other silver securities have, of course, also given way; and there has been a sharp decline in home railway stocks, chiefly in those of the most speculative kinds, such as North British Deferred and Brighton "A." Generally, however, the opinion of the market just now is that home railway stocks are all too high, considering the probability that money will be dear for the rest of the year, and the certainty that the working expenses will be very heavy. Early in the week American railroad securities continued to decline. On Wednesday, indeed, they were lower, taking them altogether, than they had been before the boom began in New York early in April. On Wednesday afternoon, however, there was some recovery in the market, but it has not been maintained.

MUSICAL MELODRAMA.

IT would be unprofitable to discuss at much length such a piece as Mr. Luscombe Searelle's *Black Rover*, which is now occupying the stage of the Globe Theatre. The work is called a "melodramatic opera," in accordance with the modern mania for descriptive titles, a fashion now carried to extremes for no good purpose. So far as we are aware, the author of *Dorothy* started the idea. He was pleased to call that production a "comedy opera," though he did not furnish an explanation of the points wherein comic opera and comedy opera were supposed to differ. Having heard a comedy opera, however, Mr. Searelle saw no reason why a melodramatic opera should not be "written and composed," for, according to accepted stage parlance, writing applies to the book, and composition to the music. Mr. Searelle was qualified for the task by a certain rough comprehension of stage effect, and the gift of composing a score of occasional modest tunefulness, if of doubtful originality; he is disqualified for a successful issue by a lack of imagination, an inability to write fresh dialogue or verse, and a facility of recollection rather than of invention in the music. The foundation of his story is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, for the Black Rover is Vanderdecken with a difference; but there are comic characters as well as tragic, also characters which begin by being comic and end with no discernible character at all, and on the whole the result is too perplexing to be effective. Melodramatic opera seems to be very much like comic opera. Short-skirted choristers appear in the opening with song and dance of the familiar kind; a ragged servant enters and gives himself out to be a nobleman; but soon we find slaves in the Cuban plantation, where the scene is laid, threatening revolt, and then we are taken to the sea-shore, and discover a comic overseer and a sentimental hero, who would be a tenor if he had the voice he should have, digging for treasure hidden by pirates, of whom the Black Rover is chief. The mechanical change which makes the gloomy rock suddenly alive with pirates when the treasure is about to be revealed is cleverly contrived; but it is on board the pirate ship, in the second act, that we begin to learn what melodramatic opera is. We observe that one of the critics has shied at the question of a pirate chief's ethics, and his caution is wise. The point is, what happens to a pirate, doomed to the utmost misery the immortal powers can inflict, if he does not keep his oaths? The Black Rover has sworn to kill all who come into his once remorseless clutches; but he is a somewhat weak and lachrymose villain, for he tells his victims that he longs to spare their lives, but cannot, because of his oath—a position of affairs which suggests comic developments; indeed, there is a far-off savour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Pirate of Penzance about Mr. Searelle's ill-fated Buccaneer.

We are, however, devoting more time to the piece than it deserves, for criticism has little to do with such works as this. They serve a certain purpose in amusing the casual spectator who finds here a song and there a dance that entertain him; but the domain of art is never reached. Mr. Searelle's music, it must be admitted, now and then displays some sort of promise, not of anything at all brilliant, but we detect a faint apprehension of dramatic requirements—perceived, but not fulfilled. The only original stroke in the opera is the character of a half-witted mariner called Chichanaque. In the hands of Mr. Shiel Barry this is made a really remarkable figure. Chichanaque's mania is a belief that he is the wisest, handsomest, and strongest man in the world, and of an age varying from one to five hundred years. It is easy to imagine the part being made ineffably stupid; but Mr. Shiel Barry's fierce intensity, his complete abstraction and unconsciousness of surroundings, give a peculiar vividness to the study. There is some comicality about Mr. John Le Hay's Dutch overseer, and Miss Effie Chapuy fills a small part brightly and pleasantly; but, on the whole, the representation is not better than the piece deserves. Miss Blanche Fenton strives somewhat ineffectually as the heroine, who is seized by the pirates and saved from death by singing the song the hearing of which releases the Black Rover from the spell that binds him. Mr. Ludwig mistakes noise for power. If volume of sound made the singer, Taurus the Bull would be the prince of vocalists. Mr. Ludwig is at times almost as loud as Taurus, and, when he is so, not much more musical; and this is sad, because he can sing well when he is not bent on exhibiting the full capacity of his lungs. The part written for a tenor here is essayed by a baritone, for whom the music is always about a tone and a half too high. A detail worthy of praise is the appearance and demeanour of the pirate crew. Their lapses into immobility, and their unkempt, haggard looks are striking.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET as a writer of fiction, sombre or gay, is admittedly a master of his craft; as a dramatist, however, he must be classed, albeit with reluctance, among the catalogue of brilliant failures. His own version of *Sapho* at the Gymnase had as its principal interpreters Mme. Jane Hading and the late M. Damala, yet it was hardly, if at all, more than a *succès d'estime*, while *La Lutte pour la Vie*, with Mme. Pasca and the exceptionally versatile M. Marais in the leading parts, enjoyed scarcely more than a month's run. It is not the fault of Messrs. Buchanan and Horner that the adaptation of *La Lutte pour la Vie*, which they produced at the Avenue Theatre on Thursday evening, under the title of *The Struggle for Life*, is not a very satisfactory piece of stage-work; indeed it is their misfortune, for the united strength of all the dramatists in Christendom would fail to make an attractive play out of the original materials provided by M. Daudet. To begin with, the French author's title was a complete misnomer, inasmuch as the most careful eye or ear fails to detect any actual struggle for existence throughout the piece. What we see is a young gentleman, minus a conscience, animated by the selfsame principles as those which governed the notorious individual whom M. Mermeix has been so industriously "showing up" of late. M. Paul Astier, the brilliant member of the Chamber, has married the Duchesse Padovani, has made ducks and drakes of her money, and then seeks to get rid of her in order that he may marry the wealthy Mlle. Esther de Sélény; between whiles he has betrayed a poor girl, Lydie Vaillant, the daughter of a postmaster at Mousseaux, where the château of Madame la Duchesse is situated, and where all the action of the piece passes. His only chance of still further improving his position is by getting his wife to divorce him by means of a collusive suit, and then wedding the fascinating Esther, who, on her part, is anything but fearful of being pointed at as the future partner of a *divorcé*. But, unfortunately, Mme. Paul Astier, Duchesse Padovani, fails to see matters in the same light, and firmly declines to free her inconstant husband from the matrimonial chains; whereupon the hero of the Chamber, with whose eloquent speeches all Paris is ringing, determines to rid himself of his spouse by the aid of aconite. Why he could not have been shown to be in possession of the "little phial," with which all playgoers are now so well acquainted, under some other circumstance than in his shirt-sleeves and his dressing-room, it is somewhat difficult to imagine; but after all this is a mere detail, and so unreal, so improbable is most of the action, that even the Gilbertian "young lady of fifteen" (if she be still in the land of the living) must be cognizant that something or somebody will prevent M. Astier from giving his much-tried wife the potion. And so it is; for even as the rash man is toying with the little bottle in the aforesaid dressing-room, there enters the Duchesse, who would be blind indeed did she fail to see the trap which her husband is bent upon laying for her. See it of course she does; but she keeps her own counsel, and smiles upon him with the shrewdness of a female Iago. Paul Astier soon gets his chance—villains generally do on the stage—and what so natural as that the Duchesse, in order to give him an abundance of that rope which he seems so anxious to put round his own neck, should simulate faintness one night when they "have a few friends," and should, moreover, so manœuvre that Paul, though not much of a believer in Providence, must have imagined that everything was working with him and for him. He has, however, a rude awakening; for the Duchesse, taking in her hand the glass of poisoned water, which M. Astier brings her when they

are alone, raises it to her lips and makes believe that she is about to drink it, "well knowing" (to borrow the language of the charge-sheet) "the same to have been poisoned." She, in her turn, is surprised when her husband, just as he imagines in the nick of time, implores her not to drink the water; a betrayal of weakness on his part which evokes some withering comments on hers.

With the adjuration "May God forgive you as I do!" (or words to that effect) the third act closes, and the Duchesse disappears, never more to be heard of, save through the medium of a paragraph on the front page of the *Figaro*, which in the fourth and last act some one reads out, and from which we learn that the much-talked-of divorce is about to be, or has actually been, obtained, thus leaving M. Astier free to marry the wealthy lady on whom he has had so long his eye. Just when affairs are looking their brightest, however, they are really at their worst. Nemesis is on the track of the "struggle-for-lifer," and first one Védrine ("a painter and sculptor"—very Ouida-like in name, in person, and in manners) takes upon himself to inform Esther de Sélény of Paul Astier's perfidy in regard to Lydie, and then Lydie's sweetheart, Antonin Caussade, described as "an analytical chemist," takes his ever-ebbing courage into both hands, denounces M. Astier as infamous (it is odd how the word loses its force on our stage), and then, in good old conventional phrase, shoots him "like a dog."

Such is the plain outline. It is not worthy of much attention, as we have shown; yet the adapters are to be credited not merely with good intentions, but upon the undoubted skill with which they have acquitted themselves of an onerous duty, and, in our opinion, a thankless task. As there is nothing to learn from and but little to admire in the narrative, the production in an English dress of what was admitted, even by the celebrated author's warmest partisans, a French failure, is the more surprising; but, beyond placing that opinion on record, we need not further pursue the uncongenial and thankless theme. In the majority of instances the acting is particularly satisfactory. Few young actors who have attained to the rung of the theatrical ladder on which Mr. George Alexander has taken what it is to be hoped will prove a firm step, would care to be cast for such a *rôle* as that of Paul Astier, a legislative Don Juan of so mercenary a temperament that one soon comes to regard both him and his sayings with positive loathing. To say that Mr. Alexander infused life-like touches into his part would be ridiculous, since the author, in his singular creation, has not left room for any; but the actor presented us with a most careful and very elaborate study of what we may be perhaps pardoned for characterizing as the Deputy *fin de siècle*—the man whose only thought is of and for himself, who lives for his trumpery ambitions and his *liaisons*. The extraordinary influence which the master-mind of the Lyceum exercises over all his recruits was never more forcibly exemplified than in the case of Mr. Alexander as Paul Astier. Miss Geneviève Ward's Duchesse Padovani had the necessary distinction and grace, nor was there any lack of that vigour with which she has heretofore invested her creations. Her striking and commanding personality is of the utmost service to the piece. Few of those who had previously seen Mr. Frederick Kerr only in light and airy characters could have been prepared for the new departure which he made with signal success in the *rôle* of the analytical chemist, the victim of nervousness and bashfulness, whose sweetheart has been one of Paul Astier's victims. Mr. Kerr startled the audience by the pathos which he infused into the part and by his dexterous manipulation of the difficult character. Mr. Albert Chevallier's Chemineau was diverting; so was Miss Kate Phillips's Maréchale de Sélény, although we must register a protest against the attempt (M. Daudet is the culprit) to make so much comic capital out of references to the dead. To say the least, it is in extremely bad taste. Miss Alma Stanley and Miss Laura Graves were highly satisfactory, the one as Esther de Sélény and the other as Lydie; Mr. Nutcombe Gould's Postmaster was rugged and forcible; Mr. Ben. Webster's Italian Count was amusing; the custodian of the château was a careful impersonation of the old retainer; and, generally speaking, the cast was very effective. The *mise-en-scène* was fairly good, calling, however, for no special comment. Mr. John Crook's incidental music was charming.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT.

IF it cannot be truthfully said that the decease of this celebrated author and actor "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," as, by doubtless pardonable hyperbole, the death of Garrick is averred to have done, there is little doubt but that the event reported from New York at the beginning of this week produced a feeling of general and, for the most part, sincere regret; for we had come to regard him as a typical—perhaps the most typical—personage in all that concerns the theatric art. Many have been his biographers, diffuse have been the sketches of his long, varied, and preternaturally active career; but we cannot conscientiously say, as is too often the case, that the panegyrics upon, and the eulogies of, Mr. Dion Boucicault have been more flattering in their tone than he in several ways deserved. Those men must be paragons, indeed, who have not their bad as well as their good sides. The author of *The Colleen Bawn* was no exception to the general rule. He had his greatnesses and his littlenesses, his high aspirations and his *faiblesses*. The first we like to remember and to dwell upon. A list of the plays written by Mr. Boucicault fairly staggers us by its Brobdingnagian proportions; but we have not the slightest intention of inflicting it upon the reader of what is criticism and not recitation. To the playgoing world at large Dion Boucicault is, and will ever be, known as the man whose creative brain gave us *London Assurance*, *The Colleen Bawn*, and *Hunted Down*. Those three pieces alone would have been more than sufficient to endow their author with earned renown; but to those the dramatic historian must add a score of others, many of them remarkable either for originality of plot or characterization of the more talented kind. It was impossible for Dion Boucicault to write anything which was mere banality; his *esprit* and his unfailing good humour, the fruits of his Irish birth before it was too late, saved him from ever descending into the abyss of the ridiculous, even if they never raised him to the heights of the sublime. Above all things a man of the world, it must be said of him, in explanation of some things in the nature of technical absurdities which evoked the condemnation of severe critics, that he frequently introduced incidents and dialogues into his more sporting dramas which he, better than most men of his kind, well knew to be incorrect. What he did designedly and, as some might be tempted to say, wilfully was to invariably act on the principle that, on the stage, accuracy should be sacrified to effect. His offence was no greater and no less than this; and he cared not a jot or tittle for the harsh criticism meted out to him by those who prided themselves upon possessing a more intimate acquaintance with the points of a horse, and the mysteries which are popularly supposed to environ racing stables, than most of their fellows.

When a leading dramatist, a successful singer, or a prominent actor dies, we are generally told that "a void has been created that will not be easily filled." Yet somehow the void is filled quickly enough, and when the front-rank man is shot down, the rear-rank man steps up with remarkable promptitude to take his place. But in the case of Dion Boucicault the trite saying in question is singularly true. His place, indeed, will not easily be filled. Truth to tell, it was absolutely unique. As a portrayer of Irish character he has only been approached by Mr. Sheil Barry, and as a writer of Irish drama by the late Mr. Edmund Falconer. But the author of *The Peep o'Day* and the famous impersonator of Danny Mann were far behind Boucicault in their respective achievements, although the former scored a greater pecuniary triumph with his romantic play than Boucicault ever attained with any of his most successful works. Curiously enough, although the fame of the deceased dramatist will rest upon his Irish dramas, his two best plays—*London Assurance* and *Hunted Down*—deal entirely with English subjects and with English characters. It is somewhat extraordinary that the latter drama now very rarely sees the light, and is more or less unknown to the modern generation of play-goers. It is brimful of striking situations, and the dialogue could only have come from the pen of a master in his art. The principal part—that of Rawdon Scudamore—was created by Mr. Henry Irving, and the heroine, Mary Leigh, was played in London and the provinces respectively by Miss Herbert (then lessee of the St. James's Theatre) and that gifted actress, the late Miss Maria B. Jones, afterwards "leading lady" at Drury Lane under Mr. Chatterton's management.

The stage, then, has lost a considerable man in Dion Boucicault, whose influence on the younger school of playwrights is shown by the resolution and success with which many of them have for the past fifteen years applied themselves to the production of what was wont to be rather contemptuously described as the "sensational" drama—the play abounding in hairbreadth 'scapes and in picturesque "sets" modelled upon, if not boldly copied from, the celebrated "cave scene" in the *Colleen Bawn*, or the racing tableaux in the *Flying Scud*. Boucicault's Irish heroes were, it is true, all of one pattern, and that not unlike the type found in some of Miss Edgeworth's novels. There was this difference, that it is to be feared that the greater the culprit the more intense was the admiration expressed for his misdeeds. We must not, however, be too hard upon the dead playwright and actor for his venial sins in this direction, but rather regard him as the founder of a school of dramatic literature which has given unfeigned pleasure and amusement to millions—a man who, in a curious fashion, has left an ineffaceable mark on the history of our stage.

A NEW SIX HUNDRED.

[Yesterday afternoon a meeting, which was most disorderly from start to finish, was held in Hyde Park. It was called by handbill, worded as follows:—"To the London Unemployed.—Comrades.—A mass meeting will be held in Hyde Park on Sunday next, September 21. Turn up in your thousands, and assert your right to have either work or bread. . . . To the Unemployed. Don't forget the meeting." About 600 persons gathered round a red flag, which showed the meeting place. Mr. Chapman presided, and was, on mounting a stool, received with loud groaning and hooting. . . . The speech was continued amidst uproar, and at its conclusion a man named M'Gormack said that the last speaker was a fraud, and that the committee that had been formed represented no one but themselves, and was only attempting to make money out of the poor of London. (Applause.) It was a Socialist dodge to create riot and smash

windows. . . . The red flag, which was being held by a young man who said that he knew nothing of the meeting, was then seized, torn to pieces, the pole being broken into pieces. . . . A man named Markham then mounted the platform, and moved a resolution "protesting against the attempts on the part of Socialist agitators to humbug working-men who may be out of a job." . . . The meeting then dispersed.—*Morning Post.*]

AFTER pot, after pipe,
Why not stroll onward?
Sundays are thus enjoyed—
So of the unemployed
Thought some six hundred.
Strolling they came to where
One raised a flag in air,
Spouted with pate all bare,
Loud and at large he sware—
Hearing they wondered.

"Foodless the streets ye tread;
Comrades, by me be led;
Learn the short way to bread,
How shops are plundered."
Perched on a stool he spake;
Somehow it failed to take,
Voiceful with scorn outbrake
All the six hundred.

"You're a mean fraud," they said:
"Some one, when you they made,
Scurvily blundered.
You, shamming Socialist,
Into your greedy fist
Cramming poor fellows' pelf—
Go home and wash yourself!"
Cried the six hundred.

Freely they rushed in there,
All ways the flag they tare,
Smashed up both stool and chair,
Shattered and sundered.
Good for the likes of such!
Then their own say—not much—
Had the six hundred.

Praters to right of them,
Preachers to left of them,
Ranters behind them
Bellowed and thundered:
Out of the jaws of fools,
Mouthing from planks and stools,
Out of the Park again
Strolled the six hundred.

Scarce was it lawful, yet
Scarce doth it move regret;
Windbags their just meed met—
Nobody wondered.
Praise we the row they made;
So perish humbugs' trade—
Worthy six hundred!

REVIEWS.

HOW TO GET INTO A PYRAMID.*

DURING a recent ebullition of destructiveness the so-called authorities of Gizeh, formerly Boolak, have employed irresponsible Arabs to dig down nearly all the remaining pyramids in Egypt. It need hardly be remarked that no antiquities were found, and nobody was any the wiser. The acquisition of knowledge is not greatly facilitated by the methods thus employed, and it would not be easy to find on the face of the earth a man less suited for delicate archæological investigations than the typical Egyptian Arab. Even with Mr. Flinders Petrie to direct his labours, it was not easy to get things done as they should be, and we may rest assured that nothing of the slightest moment will ever result from the works lately going on at Maydoom and other places—works directed, if directed at all, from a distance by officials very nearly, if not quite, as ignorant as the people they employ. Mr. Petrie goes about his business on a different system. The narrative now published of his entrance to the burial-place of Amenemhat III. is of a most thrilling character. He could trust no one but himself to take the final steps, and the result, although in part negative, is highly satisfactory, and adds greatly to our knowledge. Amenemhat III. was, we know, the last but one of the mighty line of Pharaohs we call for convenience sake the Twelfth Dynasty. When the Twelfth Dynasty reigned we cannot tell; we have the succession of the Kings, and even their respective regnal years, but except that it came before the Eighteenth and after the Sixth, we cannot date it. Mr. Petrie says, "The Twelfth Dynasty is fixed by dead reckoning between the Sixth and the Eighteenth." If we calculate, as we may, from some astronomical items of the reigns of Thothmes III., Rameses II., and Merenptah, we can place the Eighteenth Dynasty, in part at least, at about B.C. 1800. Allowing, then, two centuries to have elapsed since the extinction of the Twelfth Dynasty, we must put the death of Amenemhat III. at or before B.C. 2000. But our only ancient authority, Manetho, would make the Thirteenth Dynasty to have included sixty kings, and to have reigned four hundred and fifty years. There are other complications into which we need not enter here, but if one should date Amenemhat III. at B.C. 2500, it would not be easy to contradict him.

Since, then, the antiquity of any undoubted relics of Amenemhat would be sufficient to stir the heart of an archæologist, we can understand Mr. Petrie's anxiety when, having discovered the King's name in the neighbourhood, and found other authentic signs that this pyramid was his work, he came face to face with the question of how he was to get into it. It took much hard digging, and still harder calculation and induction, to prove that the entrance was not, as in other pyramids, on the north side, but on the south, and not quite in the middle of that face, but a little to the westward. Equal care and observation were necessary before he could decide that the opening was in the platform or pavement in front of the pyramid, and not in the pyramid itself. The casing stones had all disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but the huge shapeless heap of enormous black mud bricks, surrounded by the chipped fragments of the white limestone with which it had been covered. Mr. Petrie began by cutting a tunnel into the north side; and this work, though only through mud bricks, took nearly two months. The cutting was by no means so simple a task as it might seem. The sand between the bricks was quite dry and clean, and "ran out interminably in some parts, coming down as in an hour-glass from the joints." Then the bricks themselves were "double the size each way of an English brick," and weighed some fifty pounds. "A single one dropped on a person would have settled his moving powers for some time to come." As the passage deepened great caution was necessary. Mr. Petrie had to re-prop the sides after every fall with his own hands. He says of this part of the work, "the need of listening acutely all the time to detect any sand running down, the prelude to a fall, and retreat in half a second if needs be, made it necessary to work quite alone." He would turn all his workmen out, and go by himself, sometimes at night, so as to avoid interference. It may be objected that he should have timbered the whole passage with thick beams. But to do so would have needed the widening of the tunnel, "and the work would have been risky and very long for one pair of hands, as no Arab would understand it." During these operations Mr. Petrie's practised eye discovered that on the east side of his cutting he had come on some bricks laid in mud mortar. He was by this time in the middle of the pyramid, yet had found no chamber. This course of brick seemed to indicate that a dwarf wall had been built before the Pyramid was raised over the chamber to keep out drifting sand, and turning the direction of his passage through it he was soon rewarded. "By half-past one in a dark night one of the boys of the night gang came running down to the tents and shouting 'The stone is found.'" And so it proved; but now a fresh difficulty occurred. How was an entrance to be effected? The stone-work appeared to be as massive and solid as in other pyramids. As the Arab masons were quite helpless in the face of such a job as cutting through it, and as the season was now far advanced, Mr. Petrie was forced reluctantly to give up the work for the present, and cover up his tunnel.

On his return to Egypt in November he went to work again at Howara. He brought two masons from Cairo to cut through the roof, and when they had refused to make it contract work, and had endeavoured in one or two ways to outwit him, and found their efforts did not answer, they attacked the great stone with a will, and on the twenty-first day "a boy ran down with the welcome news of a hole found." Mr. Petrie had been all morning engaged on another job, that of opening the tomb of Horuta, an undertaking scarcely less difficult, of which full details are given in another part of the volume, and had hurried home for a wash and some breakfast, but he went at once. The next steps must be told in his own words:—

> There was a black hole in the floor of the masons' cutting, and they were chipping away the edges scrap by scrap. Soon I managed to squeeze through, and found that I was in a little forced passage cut by ancient treasure-seekers, which led to the super-chamber. Searching around it, I saw the top of the entrance passage on the north side, on a level with the floor I was on. Jumping down, I found the passage was blocked; but there was a hole under the stone I had been standing on. Into this I squeezed, sloping, head downwards, on the mud which partly filled it, and managed to see that there was a chamber beneath with something in it, and a deal of water. Get back I could not, for I was jammed tight at the shoulders: and the masons had to drag me up out of the hole by my legs. Then clearing the mud and earth away, I asked a thin and active lad if he would undertake to go in; and, having sounded the depth of water, and found it not more than chest deep, he slid through feet foremost, with a rope ladder to hold by, and I watched him through the hole, which would not let my shoulders pass.

The boy, of course, carried a light, and Mr. Petrie was able to make out a large sarcophagus in the middle, with another of smaller proportions added at the side. Eventually he not only got in himself, but found the entrance passage, as we have said, on the south side. In this dank cavern he spent three mornings searching the floor under the water. Much trouble was encountered in this work, for "the water was too deep to reach

* *Kahun, Gurob, and Howara.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim. 1890.

anything by the hand and too salt and acrid to put eyes or nose beneath it." A cartouche was at length discovered, proving to be that of Amenemhat III., as was expected, cut on a little fragment of an alabaster vase. A few other relics were brought up, and Mr. Petrie came to the conclusion that the wooden coffins had been burnt, and that they had been inlaid with polished stones.

The question of the meaning of the presence of the second sarcophagus was solved by a block of alabaster in an adjoining chamber, which was carved with a list of the offerings at the tomb of the King's daughter, Ptahneferu. "As the daughter of Amenemhat that we know of," Mr. Petrie justly reasons, "was named Sebek-neferu (the beauties of Sebek), it is just in accordance to find another daughter named—as this princess—Ptahneferu, though hitherto no trace of her had been discovered. She seems to have died young, before her father, and to have been buried side by side with him in his pyramid." The rest of the results of Mr. Petrie's perseverance, the chamber made of a single vast block of stone, weighing over a hundred tons; the great brick arch; the false wells—are they not written in his book, together with accounts of other and almost equally wonderful discoveries in the neighbourhood. It is rather strange to reflect that, while we are suffering the Arabs to destroy what they please and the French to stop the way to useful investigation, Mr. Petrie is forced to carry on his researches at his own expense or at that of a couple of friends, and that what he finds is seized for the Gizeh Museum, where it is deposited without so much as a label by which the visitor can identify it. We have no space for a detailed criticism of Mr. Petrie's new book, but may conclude a brief notice by saying that it is the most interesting, in many respects, of the remarkable series for which scientific Egyptologists are so deeply indebted to this indefatigable explorer.

BOOKS ON SHAKSPEARE AND OTHERS.*

WE noticed some year or two ago Mr. Orger's notes on Shakspeare's Comedies. He has now reprinted them with, or joined to the former print, some more on the Histories and Tragedies. As of the part so of the whole, we may say that Mr. Orger's industry is estimable, but too frequently misplaced. Like all his kind, he has put to himself the question "What else might this conceivably be?" instead of the question "Is not this satisfactory as it is?" He is seldom so bad as when he suggests that Troilus, instead of

> Sleep *kill* those pretty eyes,

which is perfect sense, exquisite poetry, and exactly appropriate to the situation (there is a passage in Montaigne which we could quote, but it might shock an English chaplain), said

> Sleep *lull* those pretty eyes.

If he did, all we can say is "Well done, Diomed!" and "No wonder, Cressid!" But he is frequently not much better. Did Mr. Orger never see a cat eat a mouse? If he did not, his state, though the less informed, is perhaps the more gracious, for, though curious, the spectacle is not to the better class of minds pleasing. But if he had, he never could have suggested the putid emendation "munching" for "mousing," in *King John* II. i. 354. That Mr. Orger, who used to be within salvation, should have suggested "warned their towns" for "banked" makes us fear greatly that he is now damned, as is the way of commentators. And the further we advance into his book the more do we fear this. He may be right in substituting "death" for "earth"—a very probable printer's error—in the obviously corrupt *Richard II.* IV. i. 52. But it is almost incredible that a careful student and an evident lover of Shakspeare should boggle at

> Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
> But he'll remember, &c.

Is it possible that Mr. Orger is ignorant that the sense, but = nevertheless, is as common as blackberries? We do protest that, if anything could make us give up reading Shakspeare, it would be these awful spectacles of what comes of it. However, as we have done it for some thirty years, it probably will not do us any mortal harm if the gods give us grace to do it for another thirty. But Mr. Orger, we fear, is in the case of Corin. He has endorsed his own conviction by suggesting Vive le roy, which gives no sense of any kind, for Villiago or Villageois in *Henry VI.* I. v. 8. As to Mr. Orger's note on a certain passage in *Romeo and Juliet,* we can only stare and gasp like our ancestor Quintilian. By our own manhood, at whatever age Mr. Orger likes, we could not have conceived any one mistaking the passage. The possibilities of error in *Hamlet* are pretty well exhausted, and we do not observe that Mr. Orger adds notably to them. In *Lear* he does not see that Regan's "square of sense" is "perfection of sense"—a very common meaning—and he does not see that "*stelled* fires" is "starry." Like everybody else of his kidney, he extends himself on the famous crux of *Othello,* the "green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on." Let us hope that Mr. Orger has never been jealous and will never be. If he is, he will not have much doubt about the authenticity of the text. We end with not the least unhappy of his fancies, "menders" for "members" in *Antony and Cleopatra.* That a man should read *Antony and Cleopatra* and have time to think of emendations! "When," Mr. Orger's reading would run, "old robes are worn out, there's menders to make new!" And when the old robes of Shakspeare are worn out—which, thank God! they are not, nor will be for more centuries than he lets this tedious globe spin on—we will take to the menders who make new. But till then not.

Mr. Ransome opens his volume with, for a Professor at a modern college, a rather spirited diatribe against the way in which Shakspeare is made a terror, and a machine for inculcating philology and odds and ends of all other ologies into helpless youth. But those who minister at the altar must live of the altar; and he has his own little plan, if not for "taking the bloom off William," as a modern critic remarked of a modern poet, at any rate for adapting him to the comprehension of the young. This is to tell the plot of the plays, six of them, at considerable length, and in such a manner as to assist, if possible, the comprehension of the exposition. The thing on its own scheme is not ill done, and we should least of all object to Mr. Ransome that his style is somewhat pedestrian. For we have had only too many would-be equestrian critics of late riding cock-horses of style to every Cross in and out of Banbury in their eagerness to escape this reproach. Our quarrel, if so hostile a word need be used at all, with Mr. Ransome would be different. To minds which are still in a state of immaturity we are afraid that the comment will be at least as difficult and at least as unappetizing as the text. To minds which have reached or are approaching maturity, the effort to find out the original meaning will be infinitely more valuable than any bottled extract of it; while it will be also much more agreeable. Indeed, in some respects, though his personal and individual state is much better than theirs, we should rank Mr. Ransome as a more dangerous person to others than the usual annotator or commentator. For an intelligent reader can never miss the drift of Shakspeare's plays, and an intelligent reader may sometimes plausibly demand to be assisted as to the particular meaning of this or that allusion, that or this phrase. Nor are we quite so sure that a scholar who is good for something necessarily hates the material in which he was schooled. And as for those who are not good for something, it really matters very little what happens to them.

We fear hat Mr. Ransome would not have very far to seek to establish some part of his indictment against the not inconsiderable batch of school and other editions which we have before us. Mr. Deighton pursues, as we have often acknowledged, a special purpose, and pursues it fairly. It is not his fault if we make Shakspeare an instrument to teach Baboos English. We perceive nothing in the very ambitiously-named *University Shakespeare* to justify the assumption of the first word of the title; but it is as good a school edition as another, and rather better printed. Only we must point out to Mr. H. A. Evans that "five for one" and "five per cent." are extremely different things. If he will give us five for one, we will give him five per cent. back with all the pleasure in life. To Mr. Dawson we must say, as we have said before, that his attempt to indicate slurs, or often simple tribrachs, by italics shows most vilely in him, considered as a claimant to any ear for verse or sense of literature. Of the plays in the third division, Mr. Beeching's *Coriolanus* is very laborious in annotation and commendably sober in criticism. Mr. Oliver Elton is of a different type. He knows all about it. "Poetic justice is, of course, a pleasant but puerile account of the matter." Shakspeare "did not write" (so he told Mr. Elton on latter Lammas or, by'r lady, as far back as All Fools' Day) for this, that, and the other; he wrote "to ease his mind of the burning poetry," &c. Mr. Innes is between the two in method, but errs far less in the direction of personality and cocksureness than Mr. Elton. As an evidence of reading, the miscellaneousness of these three editors' notes is very commendable; of its having a good effect on the British schoolboy we are less sure.

Mr. Sidney Lee's capital book on Stratford-on-Avon is not new, and only requires a fillip from us in its new setting forth. The present form is comely and handy, the illustrations sufficient and interesting, the learning accurate and well arranged. So let it be blessed.

The little pamphlet in which Mr. Bullen has reprinted facsimilarly a sort of Pantagrueline Prognostication of 1614 by an unknown Cobbe, who was certainly not Frances Power, and who

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* *Notes on Shakspeare's Plays.* By J. G. Orger. London: Harrison. 1890.

Short Studies of Shakspeare's Plots. By Cyril Ransome. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Julius Cæsar; The Merchant of Venice. Edited by K. Deighton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The University Shakespeare. Edited by H. A. Evans. *Julius Cæsar.* Edited by Benjamin Dawson. London: Sutton. 1890.

Coriolanus. Edited by H. C. Beeching. *King John.* Edited by O. Elton. *Henry the Fourth.* Edited by A. P. Innes. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Stratford-on-Avon. By Sidney Lee. New edition. London: Seeley. 1890.

Antient Drolleries—Cobbe's Prophecies. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: privately printed. 1890.

Beginnings of the Heroic Couplet in England. By H. Wood, Ph.D. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Publication Agency. 1890.

Mermaid Series—Thomas Middleton. Vol. II. Edited by H. Ellis. London: Vizetelly. 1890.

Daphnis and Chloe. The Elizabethan Version by Angell Day. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. London: Nutt. 1890.

English Miracle Plays. By A. W. Pollard. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

called himself "Richard Rablet," from a sufficiently recognizable original, is a pleasant pastime. It is not a masterpiece; but it is, unless we are singularly deceived, a reminder, pleasant *per se*, and accidentally unpleasant, of the fact that our ancestors were much better fellows than we are:—

When a man is old
[Quoth Richard Rablet, *alias* Cobbe]
And the weather blowes cold,
Well fare a fire and a furred gowne:
But when he is young
And his blood new sprung,
His sweetheart is wirth halfe the towne!

When a maid is faire
In her smocke and her haire,
Who would not be glad to woo her?

Who, indeed, unless he were a fool? But Cobbe (not Frances Power) can be graver, as in the rather remarkable lines beginning:—

When youth and beauty meet togither
There's worke for breath:

But when they both begin to wither
There's worke for death!

Dr. Wood begins his interesting paper on the heroic couplet with a polemic, showing a touch of fierceness, against Mr. Gosse and his *From Shakspeare to Pope*. But, as generally happens with scholars as distinguished from pedants, he forgets this polemic before long and settles down to exposition. No doubt Mr. Gosse insisted rather unguardedly on the originality of Waller, and Dr. Wood has been able not only to counter-insist on Sandys, and indirectly on Earle, but also to make points against Mr. Gosse's remarks on Continental influences. The fact of course is, that any sharp or exclusive theory in points of this sort is likely to go wrong. We think we could with a little trouble point out couplets not only before Waller, but before Sandys or any one commonly cited, which have the couplet ring and stamp. But any contribution to the study of such matters is welcome when it is written scholar-fashion, as this is.

The second volume of Mr. Ellis's Middleton in the Mermaid Series (by the way, we thought the offensive "unexpurgated edition" was to disappear from the title-page of these useful volumes) contains *The Roaring Girl*, *The Witch*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, and *The Widow*. There is no mistake about any of these in their best parts, and as Middleton has been till Mr. Bullen's edition almost the most inaccessible, and even since it one of the most expensive, of the Elizabethan dramatists, the volume is very welcome.

Mr. Jacobs's edition of Angell Day's version of *Daphnis and Chloe* is so beautiful a book, and *Daphnis and Chloe* itself is so delightful a thing, that we have no lust to say anything but good of it. We confess ourselves that we think nobody ought to read Longus except in Greek or (as a concession) in old French, and that we do not agree with Mr. Jacobs as to Greek romances generally. Their character-drawing may be weak and their plots monotonous; but the language is so absolutely the best language in the world (except English) that we own we love them from Parthenius the sententious even to Manasses the "wise"—and unreadable—and Eustathius, who is so terribly like some of our modern "stylists" that he makes one shudder. However, except Achilles Tatius, and Heliodorus, and perhaps Xenophon, few of them are readable by the general at all, and none even of these can match Longus. Angell Day seems to have simply followed Amyot, and Angell Day is not Shakspeare. But then not many people are.

Mr. Pollard has got together a very good selection of Miracles, Mysteries, Interludes, &c., and has edited them with a scholarly introduction and good notes. The student at least cannot afford to neglect the things that came before the spacious times of great Elizabeth and were schoolmasters to them; and these selections from the York, Chester, Towneley, and Coventry Mysteries, followed by *Every Man*, the Interlude of the Four Elements, specimens of Skelton, Heywood, and Bale, *Thersites*, &c., will do useful work.

We have before us two German contributions to Shakspeare study, *Zur Kritik der Shakspere-Bacon-Frage*, by Dr. Schipper (Wien: Helser) (but we can assure Dr. Schipper that the only thing criticism has to do with the Shakspeare-Bacon craze is to conspue it), and Dr. Wetz's *Shakspeare vom Standpunkte der vergleichenden Litteratur-Geschichte* (Worms: Weiss). Dr. Schipper is perfectly sound; his suggestion that the *Buchholtz Family* was probably written by Prince Bismarck is excellent, and we think convincing. Dr. Wetz's much larger work is chiefly open to criticism from the point of view that, though you may with at least possible profit compare Shakspeare's treatment of things with that of others when you are handling these, the reverse process is somewhat endless and unsatisfactory.

ELECTRICITY—MODERN EXPLOSIVES.*

OUT of the large number of works on elementary science written for students in recent years, many seemed to require tutorial instruction as a necessary adjunct. For class teaching, with a suitable supplement of illustration and commentary, they might serve the turn; but to the solitary student, whose foot had scarcely yet reached the threshold, some must have only rendered the subject repellent. Mr. Tunzelmann's work is not to be classed with those, since in 272 pages he presents a clearly-written and connected sketch of what is known about electricity and magnetism, the more prominent modern applications, and the scientific principles on which they are based. In chapter ii. we note Weber's theory of magnetic induction set forth simply and briefly, with several important facts tending to support it. One of these is the production of sound in a piece of iron when suddenly magnetized or demagnetized—a fact which, as is well known, led to one of the earliest forms of the telephone. There is a good chapter on force and work, followed by others on the sources of electricity, magnetic fields, electrical measurement, electric machines, containing much well-selected matter intelligently and plainly expressed. The starting-point of the electric telegraph is attributed to Stephen Gray's discovery, in 1729, that some bodies are conductors and all others insulators. It should also be noted that a letter in the *Scots Magazine* (Feb. 17, 1753) gives the first suggestion of an electric telegraph by wires upon insulated supports. What prevented this and succeeding systems from being practicable for long distances was the difficulty of insulation. Ronalds, from 1816 to 1823, perfected a system which was most probably practicable for a good many miles, though the modern electro-magnetic mode must speedily have superseded it, even if he had secured the patronage which he coveted. His prophecies are interesting:—"Why should not our kings hold counsels [*sic*] at Brighton with their Ministers in London? Why should not our Government govern at Portsmouth almost as promptly as in Downing Street? . . . Let us have electrical conversazione offices communicating with each other all over the kingdom if we can."

After two chapters on overland and submarine telegraphs follows a full and appreciative account of the telephone and the recent development of the Exchange system. Mr. Tunzelmann reminds us that private houses in the United States of America extensively use the telephone, so that a lady can send an order to a tradesman without leaving her house, a doctor can instantly fetch a cab from the cabstand; a policeman or fireman may be summoned at any hour for an emergency. The chapters on electric-lighting and on electro-motors and electro-metallurgy are full of valuable technical details; while to some general readers the notes on electricity in warfare and medicine, and those on its miscellaneous applications, may possibly prove the most attractive feature of the book. One remark of the author should be pointed out—namely, that he entirely deprecates the use of electricity for capital punishment—thinking with sufficient reason, as he shows, that such an application would be a "retrograde step" in legislation.

An intelligibly-written account of the manufacture and application of dynamite, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, and similar explosive compounds can scarcely fail to command the attention of a large class of readers, scientific or semi-scientific. Such is the work which M. Eissler pretends to have furnished forth. It seems written in a systematic manner, with good knowledge of the literature and data of the subject. Swartz or Schwartz, the famous friar of the school-books, must now give place to some previous Arabian alchymist, whose explosive mixture is on record, with materials and proportions almost identical with the present formula of English gunpowder. "High Explosives" only date from 1832, and the first important result of experiments with them was the gun-cotton of Schönbale, in 1845, the French name of which—*pyroxyle*—has furnished a generic term. Nitro-glycerine was discovered in a Parisian laboratory soon after, but it was not till 1860 that Nobel, a Swedish engineer, showed how to manufacture it on a large scale, and how to explode it with certainty under confinement. He named it "Nobel's Oil," and, after discovering how to absorb the oil, he furnished the civilized world with the famous dynamite, or "giant powder." The last-named invention has been considered most valuable in mining operations; and, if applied in artillery to fire charges, would probably prove a terrible assailant to the strongest of existing ships. Many of the chapters in this handbook are full of interest not only to specialists but to general readers. Some leading topics are:—Preparation and properties of nitro-glycerine, varieties of dynamite, applications and manufacture of gun-cotton, collodion-cotton, and other explosives; application of electricity in firing mines; use of explosives in submarine engineering, and for military purposes.

* *Electricity in Modern Life.* By G. W. De Tunzelmann, B.Sc. London: Scott. 1889.

A Handbook of Modern Explosives; being a Practical Treatise, &c. By M. Eissler, Mining Engineer. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1890.

NOVELS.*

MISS SMITH has written another novel with a love-lorn Cabinet Minister in it. Her last politician, if we recollect

* *The Riddle of Lawrence Haviland.* A Novel. By Constance Smith. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

A Matter of Millions. By Anna Katharine Green. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1890.

Two English Girls. By Mabel Hart. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1890.

As the Tide Turns. By Mary E. Hullah. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Heart Wins; and other Stories. By Mrs. Alexander, and various Authors. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.

rightly, fell in love once too often. The affections of the Right Honourable Stephen Eliot, an important personage in *The Riddle of Lawrence Haviland*, are not so transient. He adores pretty Kathleen Haviland all through the story, though she calls him a walking compendium of statistics in the first volume, and runs away with somebody else in the second. In politics Mr. Eliot is a living embodiment of the proposition that philosophers do not make good statesmen. Student and enthusiast, his transcendental schemes for the social regeneration of England are described as impossible dreams. We are not told precisely what they are, however, except that they include an Eight Hours' Bill, and what is vaguely called a vindication of the rights of labour. His love affair is a minor episode in the story, and we need only mention that the fair Kathleen, who is young enough to be his daughter, very nearly commits unconscious bigamy for his benefit. The real hero is his private secretary, Lawrence Haviland, a gentleman who in feature bears a strong resemblance to Giotto's head of the young Dante. His chief characteristic is a rigid and importunate conscience. This is what impels him to quarrel with a rich uncle and forbids him to think of marriage when he meets his fate in the person of Miss Treherne. Then when his first scruples are removed by an unexpected legacy, and he is engaged to her, his conscience attacks him in another place. Unjustly accused of complicity in a dynamite plot, he again decides that marriage is out of the question; though Miss Treherne, a loyal, impulsive, and in every way desirable young woman, is quite ready to take him with all his faults. His innocence is established, and they are married safely; but the over-sensitive conscience soon proves as troublesome as ever. Mrs. Haviland confesses that with the best of motives she had wilfully allowed him to labour under a delusion in regard to certain circumstances which, strictly speaking, she had no right to conceal. Highly incensed at this suppression of the truth, he declares that henceforth there can be no more love between them. They must drift apart. Hilda, who is a very patient Grizzel in her devotion, meekly acquiesces, and it requires two terrible shocks to bring Lawrence Haviland to his bearings. After discovering that he himself is quite capable of homicide, and having been half-killed by an evicted tenant in Ireland, he comes to the conclusion that his standard of right and wrong needs readjustment. He is reconciled to his wife, and everything ends happily, though one is inclined to suspect that he would never quite leave off giving himself the airs of a superior person. Of course he is anything but an amiable type; but the story is cleverly written and shows clear evidence of a refined and intelligent observation. The chief defect is a certain crudeness of invention. The development of Lawrence Haviland's character would have been more natural and quite as interesting in less sensational circumstances. In the boating accident, or rather the narrow escape from an accident, on Lake Maggiore, the proposal on a railway platform when the lovers are nearly cut to pieces by an express train, the dynamite conspiracy, the scene on the cliff, and in Alexis Ladoga's return to life, Miss Smith trespasses on the domain of writers who may do this kind of thing better, but are yet a long way inferior to her in the delineation of character.

Miss Virginia Rogers, the beautiful heroine of *A Matter of Millions*, is an exquisite creature, but is given to screaming. On one occasion a wild scream goes up from her lips, and the next moment she lies senseless and inert on the floor. At another time she buries her face in the chair-cushions, and utters a long, low cry the language of which it would have been difficult to understand. She has been trained for the operatic stage; but on her first appearance in public such a terror seizes her that she wants to shriek instead of singing. Sometimes she only draws up her exquisite form and pants. Her lover bears "the rather unusual and striking name of Hamilton Degraw." He is an artist; strong, winsome, and enthusiastic. He is also what the music-hall advertisements style a talented contortionist. "I cannot leave you," he remarks to Miss Rogers, "without one proof of my devotion"; and then, flinging himself at her feet, he clasps her knees and kisses with heartfelt fervour her tiny slipper. This is a trick, we should say, that must require a good deal of practice. Flinging oneself at a lady's feet is not so easy as it sounds; but to clasp her knees while you kiss her slippers, and to do it, moreover, fervently, argues a rare suppleness of limb. So utterly overcome and astounded is Miss Rogers at this signal proof of Mr. Degraw's devotion that she quite forgets to scream, and only sinks half-fainting into a chair. Some of the other characters in the story are remarkable for their powers of polite conversation:—

> "Do you observe the couple over there?" one of Miss Aspinwall's lovers whispered in her ear "Boy Cupid has been busy with one or both of their hearts since we saw them last. I think I can discover the tip of his wings fluttering in and about between them now. What do you think?"
>
> Miss Aspinwall did not shrink from uttering a smiling response.
>
> "I have not much acquaintance with the plumage the blind god sports; but, if the happiness which I see there is from him, I can only say that he chose a noble couple to bestow it upon."

We despair of giving any lucid notion of the plot. It is a very tragedy of errors. There are two gentlemen, utter strangers to each other, who both bear the unusual and striking name of Hamilton Degraw, while no less than seven "various young girls" answer to "the simple cognomen of Jennie Rogers." It is the author who says there are only seven of them; by our reckoning, there must be a few more. First, there is the screamer. Then comes what is called a fashionable belle, who, for some unexplained reason, veils her wickedness behind a show of luxury. The next is a factory-girl who is both virtuous and industrious. A well-known adventuress makes four, and Miss Jennie Rogers of Detroit makes five. The sixth is a lame schoolmistress; and in addition to these there is a Miss Jennie Rogers of Thirty-fifth Street, New York; another of Fifty-sixth Street, and yet another of Thirty-sixth Street. Between them all we get as mixed as Wordsworth's simple child was when asked to enumerate her brothers and sisters.

The fair sophisters who have so anxiously discussed the delicate question, "Should women woo?" doubtless intended to settle the point by their own unaided efforts; but it may not be impertinent to hazard the observation that in novels, at any rate, women do a great deal in the way of spontaneous wooing. A conspicuous example of this may be seen in *Two English Girls*. Beatrice Hamlyn finds it necessary to meet a young Florentine painter, Signor Ugo Vivaldi, more than half-way. "Do you not understand," she asks him, in soft studied tones, "are you, indeed, so stupid? I must speak more plainly, then. Do you understand this, Signor Vivaldi? I love you." Which is carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. The manœuvre is executed, however, gracefully and with success; nor is there any reason to suppose that Beatrice ever repented of her temerity. At the same time, though her example may be safely imitated in like circumstances, it is only right to mention that she might have avoided any embarrassment it caused her at the moment by behaving a little more sensibly on a former occasion. This was when the Signor Vivaldi first let her know, in a hopeless kind of way, that she was very dear to him. Something in the situation struck her as ludicrous, and she must needs laugh, which naturally put the other player off his stroke for several chapters. But, in spite of her inopportune sense of humour, Beatrice Hamlyn is an emancipated young woman of the most pleasing type, and her friend Evelyn is hardly less amiable. It must have been a very different style of girl, or woman, Landor was thinking of when he made somebody say that "in Florence you see Englishwomen arrogant, presumptuous, suspicious, credulous, and speaking one of another more maliciously than untruly." But the cleverness of Miss Hart's story lies in the simple, yet effective, portrayal of the Italian character. The elder Vivaldi—both are painters—is presented to us in a way that shows both knowledge and sympathy. His pride as an artist, his fatherly affection for Ugo, his kindly attentions to the two English girls who are his pupils, and his fierce outbreak of almost hysterical passion when he discovers that Guido Guidotti has stolen Ugo's idea for the prize picture of Liberty, could only have been drawn from life. There are pleasing touches of humour, too, in the minor personages. The frantic efforts made by Blanche Grierson, a gushing little simpleton, to keep pace with the affected æsthete who seeks to improve her mind by a course of didactic flirtation are highly diverting. He dilates, as his betters have done before him, on the pathos and melancholy that cling about an old tree. "There is," he tells her, "a mournfulness and horror about it; but there is likewise a strange peace and calm." "I do so love horror and calm," Blanche exclaims enthusiastically.

A pretty actress who plays leading parts in burlesque extravaganzas at "The Hogarth" falls frankly in love with a chorus gentleman at the same theatre on twenty-five shillings a week. Mr. Rawdon, otherwise Paul Ogburn, a young man of good family and no expectations, has gone on the stage in the hope of becoming a great actor. He finds no difficulty in responding to Miss Lily Dubury's affection, and in due course they are married. A week after the wedding Paul inherits an unexpected fortune; and the fair Lily, the pride of "The Hogarth," has to leave her modest home in Camberwell for her husband's "place in Hampshire," where she soon finds herself very much out of her element. There is no harm in *As the Tide Turns*. "The Dubury," if not a consummate artist, is a pattern of good behaviour, both before and after her marriage, and deserves a better fate than a somewhat priggish husband.

There is, at any rate, no want of variety in the yellow-backed volume that contains not only Mrs. Alexander's story *Heart Wins*, but nine or ten other novelettes as well. Tales of true long-parted lovers, romances of the police-court, and what the newspapers call strange occurrences of every kind, are mixed up in a way that defies analysis. It will be a capital exercise on a railway journey to find out which of the stories the picture on the cover is intended to illustrate. Possibly the man in a dress coat who is gazing sentimentally at the young lady in red is Mrs. Alexander's hero; for we notice that Jim Pennell "through his unconventional seeming looked a gentleman." Or he may be the Colonel Ericsen of another story, who is said to be very handsome and fashionably attired.

AN INTERNATIONAL IDIOM.*

WHAT the Germans call the *Mischesprachen*, "mixed tongues" or jargons, are beginning to awaken much interest among philologists. For they throw light on the pos-

* *An International Idiom: a Manual of the Oregon Trade Language or Chinook Jargon.* By Horatio Hale, M.A., F.R.S.C., Member of the American Philosophical Society, of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, &c. London: Whittaker & Co. 1890.

sible origin of language, and illustrate forcibly the fact that, not only can ideas be freely transmitted without a trace of grammar in its true sense, but that single words, with a little ingenuity, may be made to do the work for which we employ whole groups or families. That the learned are beginning to look kindly on these camp-followers of the grand army of philology is shown by the fact that when, at the Oriental Congress held in Stockholm in 1889, a member apologized for reading a paper on so humble a subject as Pidgin-English, he was interrupted by applause and assurances that it was by no means misplaced. Among these jargons—the principal of which are Chinese and Yokohama "Pidgin"; Sandal-wood English, spoken in the Pacific Islands; West India Creole French, which has been well set forth by Hugo Schuchhardt of Grätz; Negro Dutch of South America, Pennsylvania German, and English Gipsy, the most interesting and perfect of its kind is the Chinook or Oregon Trade-language, which forms the means of communication between foreigners and the natives on the whole North-West coast of America and far into the interior, as well as among the natives themselves. How much it was needed by the latter appears from the fact that in a limited area there is a surprising number of distinct languages, "twelve of them differing as much as Hebrew differs from English," all of them being incredibly difficult, and the leading twelve being again split up into dialects which are themselves distinct languages, and mostly unintelligible to those who do not speak them. "To work one's way through this maze of idioms, many of them exceedingly harsh and obscure in pronunciation and intricate in construction," was, indeed, no easy matter for Professor Hale when he was commissioned by the Government of the United States to study and report on the languages of these tribes.

But when the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes; and so when white men began to visit Oregon, and the Red Indians flocked together to meet them, there grew very suddenly into existence the Trade Language, or Chinook jargon, "which has now become an important international speech, widely diffused among the fifty tribes of Oregon, British Columbia, and Alaska, and of inestimable service, not only to commerce, but to science, to missionary efforts, and to the convenience of travellers." Yet far greater benefits sprang from it. Owing chiefly to their inability to converse together, the different tribes were mutually isolated, and ever at war. "This root of infinite mischief," says Mr. James Deans, in a recent article on British Columbia, "has been extirpated by the trade language, or jargon, which stimulated friendly intercourse." In the beginning of this century the white traders had begun to use a few—or not more than fifty—words taken from the true Chinook language, or parent stock. To these the Canadian voyageurs added a number of French nouns; and, "characteristically enough, the verbs to run, to sing, and to dance." Of 250 words, 18 were of Nootka origin; 41 English, 34 French, 111 Chinook; ten formed by onomatopœia (as *tik-tik*, a watch), and some 38 of doubtful native origin. In 1863 George Gibbs prepared chiefly from the collection of Professor Hale a Chinook vocabulary, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution—namely, by the Government of the United States—to facilitate intercourse with the natives. Even now there are only 500 words in the jargon, although it possesses a limited literature of songs, stories, and sermons, and hundreds of Indian children speak no other tongue, so very rapid has been its progress.

In investigating this very curious and interesting language, we are reminded of a passage in the *Yokohama Pidgin Grammar*, by Hoffman Atkinson, in which the author remarks that "these are about all the pronouns there are, and the student need not bother himself with the verbs." There is very little occasion in Chinook to bother one's self with anything beyond learning the vocabulary. Well may Professor Hale remark that the grammatical rules are very simple, for there are no inflections or conjugations. The language has no article. The plural is, in general, not distinguished in speaking. Comparison is expressed by a very simple periphrasis—*i.e.* "I am stronger than thou" would be *wake mika skookum kahkwa nika*, literally "thou not strong as I." The superlative is formed by adding *hyas*, great or very, as *hyas oleman*, very old. In general the tense of the verb is left to be inferred from the context. As in Chinese Pidgin, and, indeed, as in much of the English of uneducated people in England, a single word expresses all the persons of all the tenses. As what we wish or desire is always something to come, Chinook ingeniously sets forth the future by *tikeh*, which means to wish—*e.g.* *nika papa tikeh mimaloose*, "my father want die," *i.e.* "he is about to die." There is but one true preposition, *kopa*, "to, for, at, in, among, about, towards, &c.," "but even this may be generally omitted," and two conjunctions, *pe*, from the French *puis*, and *spose* (the English suppose), employed in the sense of "if," and to indicate the subjunctive or conditional mood.

The reader who has drawn from these extracts the great moral of the American Atkinson, that we need not bother ourselves about verbs, will be even more strongly inclined to think that it is useless to vex our souls with some thousands of words when as many dozens will answer every purpose for most ordinary conversation. This, it is true, is as marked in English Gipsy, in which sometimes as many as ten or twelve words which had in Hindi or Hindustani strayed from one root, are led back to it again, or Pidgin English, in which "pidgin," or business, means almost every transaction of which man is capable. Thus, in Chinook, *mahkook* is to sell or buy, trade or barter, and, as a noun, a dealing of any kind, bargain or exchange. *Mitlite* is to sit, reside, remain, stop, stay, and may also express to have and to be, in all of which it corresponds fairly to the English Gipsy *hatch*. Almost every verb and adjective may receive a new signification by prefixing *mamook*, to make or cause. Thus *mamook chaco*, "to make come," is to bring; *mamook kloshe*, make good, represents to repair, put in order, beautify, cure, or improve, or render attractive in any way. *Hyn house—i.e.* "many houses"—is a town; *tum-wata, lit.* "noise-water," a cataract.

In addition to his account of the origin of the language and exposition of its grammar, Professor Hale gives us what is, thus far, the most complete vocabulary of Chinook which has ever been published. We can only regret that he has not in it illustrated the separate words by quotations or examples, as was done in the Smithsonian collection by George Gibbs, and which is a great aid to the student. We trust that this will be found in a future edition. The jargon is, however, far more copiously represented in the body of the work than it has ever been before, by a number of songs, which are not without real merit, and indeed seem to be truly musical or pleasant-sounding, owing to the prevalence of liquids and vowels in the language, *e.g.*:—

Klonas | kahta | nika | tum-tum
Hayaleha, | hayaleha.

I know not how my heart feels;
Ah me! ah me! ah me!

There are also hymns, a sermon, and a dialogue in Chinook. In preceding works Mr. Gibbs, the Rev. Mr. Eells, and the compilers of two vocabularies which have had an extensive circulation, all unfortunately attempted to adapt their spelling to English orthography, as did Mr. Rauch in his Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary, with the natural result that nobody, or at least no stranger, could by any effort pronounce the words correctly. Professor Hale, a true philologist, has taken great care to correct this, by indicating the true pronunciation in brackets, and by employing the vowels with their Italian or German sounds. He also indicated the various spellings and pronunciations of words.

There is no student of philology or linguistics to whom this neatly-gotten little volume of 62 pages will not be very interesting reading; and even the most general reader or writer cannot fail to find "food for thought" in examining a language which can be actually learned, even by a child or a savage, in one month, and which abounds in valuable suggestions of the art of condensing conversation.

SOME ART BOOKS.*

MR. HAYNES-WILLIAMS has never done more justice to his talents than in depicting the beauties of Fontainebleau. Whatever may be his limits as a painter of romantic figures and sentimental incident (and he has established a reputation more than respectable for this class of subject), there can be no doubt about his merits as a painter of interiors and textures; and perhaps his greatest success as an artist was the exhibition last year of the series of pictures some of which have now been reproduced in this handsome volume. The subject was such an inviting one, from both the historical and artistic sides, that it is somewhat surprising that no one had essayed it before. The Forest, with its grand vistas and picturesque combinations of boulder and pine, has been fully utilized by artists, French and English. The bordering village of Barbizon, consecrated by the memories of Théodore Rousseau and Diaz and J. F. Millet, has been the nursery of modern French landscape and pastoral painting, and is now little less than a shrine for the devout admirers of the school to which it has given its name; but the Palace of Fontainebleau has been comparatively neglected. Landscape is, no doubt, more popular than architecture, the haunt of the living peasant more interesting to the painter than the deserted chambers of king and courtier, and the Hobbemas and Ruysdaels will always have more followers than the Steinwycks and the Van Deelens; but yet, after all such allowances are made, the fact that Mr. Haynes-Williams is the first artist who has set himself seriously to depict the beauties of the stately and finely decorated chambers of Fontainebleau is a matter for some wonder. The fidelity and harmony of the colour which gave the chief charm to the pictures is, of course, absent from these photogravures; but it says much for the "tonality" of the artist's work and the perfection of the process by which it has been reproduced, that their black and white semblances retain so much of the charm of the originals. The finest of all the pictures —"Galerie François I."—has lost perhaps most because it had most to lose, and had to be most reduced, but its "translation" is still one of the most successful. Marie Antoinette's bedroom, with its satin brocade and golden carvings, is perhaps the most palpable triumph, and the "Salon des Tapisseries" is perhaps the nearest approach to a failure; but failure absolute there is none either in the plates or the neat notes of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, which certainly do not err on the side of prolixity.

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* *Fontainebleau.* Fifteen Photogravures after the Pictures by J. Haynes-Williams. With an Introduction by Frederick Wedmore. London: Boussod, Valadon, & Co. New York: Scribner & Welford.

Classical Picture Gallery. January 1890. London: Grevel & Co.

Artistic Japan. November and December 1889. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Jozef Israels, l'homme et l'artiste. Amsterdam: J. M. Schalekamp.

Indeed, we fancy that many of those who turn over the pictures in the book may wish to know more than Mr. Wedmore has chosen to tell them of the associations which crowd these historic chambers.

It would be unreasonable to expect that the illustrations in the *Classical Picture Gallery*, an English version of a German serial, should equal in technical merit the photogravures of Messrs. Boussod & Valadon. Even in these days of cheap reproductive processes, twelve first-class prints on quarto paper cannot be produced for the sum of one shilling. Judged by the side of good engravings or good photographs, these plates are poor things; judged by their price they are little short of wonderful. For truth and delicacy of tone one must go elsewhere; but for general design and expression they are well enough. The success of some is considerable, especially the laughing and drinking heads by Franz Hals, from the Schwerin Gallery; while others, like Dürer's "Job," from Frankfort, and "The Saints," by Grünewald, from Colmar, preserve little but a general impression of style. The real justification for a serial of this character is, however, just this general impression of style. A collection of even imperfect resemblances of characteristic pictures, culled from all quarters of the Continent, has a distinct value in familiarizing those unable to travel with the salient features of different schools of art, provided that the outlines of the composition are faithfully preserved; and this merit must at least be allowed to the prints under notice, which range from Carpaccio to Rubens, and from Ottaviano Nelli to Paul Potter. If the serial lasts, as we hope it may, for a good many years, it will be of no little value even to the serious student of art, who will be able by its means to compare types and expressions, and refresh his memory in various ways. At all events, the material is sufficient for a long career, and this can scarcely be said of the pleasant serial called *Artistic Japan*. For, after all, the art of the flowery land is not inexhaustible, and its mine has been somewhat unmercifully worked of late years. Signs of failure in the vein are visible enough in the numbers under notice, despite the attractive device of a new coloured wrapper for each month, and the well-written letterpress by M. Brinckmann and the late Philippe Burty. Not that these parts contain nothing that is new, for the influence of Japanese poetry upon Japanese design is a theme upon which much yet remains to be said, and what M. Brinckmann says about it is agreeable to read. Yet we fear that those who take delight in such subjects are not very numerous, and the illustrations (upon which the popularity of such a magazine must mainly depend) show a lamentable falling off. We fear that this deterioration, if allowed to continue, will prove fatal to *Artistic Japan*, for its promoters cannot reckon upon those historic ties which make even inferior reproductions of European "old masters" of some value in our eyes.

It is seldom that an artist who breaks away from old traditions lives to see his art so thoroughly recognized as Jozef Israels. He is not only the founder of a new school in his native country, but counts his followers by the score in England and France. Born at a time when art in Europe was at its lowest ebb, and spending the first years of his artistic life in vain attempts to secure distinction by painting history, like De la Roche, and religious sentiment, like Ary Scheffer, he, in this and other respects resembling J. F. Millet, found in the realities of humble life a poetry and a beauty which vitalized his energy and gave a true inspiration to his work. Not in the fields of Barbizon, but on the sand dunes of Zaandvort, did his revelation come to him; and it was the life of the fisherman, and not that of the peasant, which impressed him with its elemental pathos; but otherwise the two men have so much in common that Israels may be said to be the Dutch Millet. Both are leaders in that path of poetic realism which is the most notable and distinct of the many tracks of the art of the nineteenth century. Like all great artists, Israels is not only of his time, but of his country; for, though he is a Jew, as his biographers do not fail to point out, he is a Jew of Groningen and Amsterdam and the Hague, and is a Dutchman born and bred. Nothing can, indeed, be further from the sentiment of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century than that of Israels. The beer and skittles of the boor and the Rheinwein and oysters of the burgher which invigorated the art of Jan Steen and his fellows yield no inspiration to their modern followers, and the carefully enamelled canvases of Gerhard Dow and Mieris show a very different ideal of execution to those of Mesdag and Maris; but yet the subtleties of light and shade scarcely less engage the attention and call forth the skill of the modern Dutch artist; his subjects, if not the same, are still racy of the soil; his interest in humble life, if not more active, is deeper than ever. There is also one artist at least of the old Dutch school to whom Israels may claim some remote kinship in feeling and manner also. It is of Rembrandt, rather than any other "old master," that we are most frequently reminded by the works of Israels. Without attempting to measure the one against the other, it may be safely said that they are both poets of humanity and leaders amongst their contemporaries.

As to what posterity may have to say about the work of this true artist it would be rash to prophesy; but there can be no doubt that he has well earned the honour of this handsome record of his achievement. We wish it had been possible to present it in a handier form, for it needs a strong back to read the letterpress without a raised desk, and a strong neck to bear the twisting necessary to look at M. Steelink's etchings; but the type is large and the etchings are excellent, so that everything possible has been done to mitigate the misery of an "édition de luxe." Perhaps the most easily enjoyable of the contents are the facsimiles of the artist's studies printed in the text, which retain almost unimpaired the living spirit of the originals. They would be enough to prove what a masterly draughtsman he is and how swift to seize the essential lines of his subject; but, for his power in composition, his fine sense of chiaroscuro, and his poetical feeling, we must turn to his finished pictures as interpreted by M. Steelink—there we shall find such masterpieces as the "Naufrage," the "Berceau," "Le long du Cimetière," and "La veille de la séparation," which have long attained a European reputation.

PRINTING.*

THE science or art of printing has kept pace well with other institutions of the kind. The rapidity with which correctly printed work can be turned out, like the rapidity with which a telegram can be transmitted, or a steamer can cross the ocean, or a train can get from London to Land's End, is being constantly augmented; and some of the greatest inventions of the greatest inventors have been utilized in order that we may have our newspaper every morning on our breakfast-table and that popular books may be disseminated as fast as they are wanted. It would be impossible to give an intelligible account of how these wonders are wrought without the cuts and diagrams which illustrate both the books before us. But some of the facts they reveal are worth noting. Much as we are dependent on the printing-press in our daily life, few of us understand its mechanism or method of operation. Every one of us, similarly, carries a watch in his pocket, but how few of us could give an intelligible account of how it is made to keep time, and still less could put it together, even if we had all the wheels and springs ready to our hand. With the printing-press, as it is now worked by steam, we are all deeply concerned; yet we have, for the most part, but a vague acquaintance with the complicated arrangement of independent inventions which have been united to bring it to its present effective condition. Just now printers are greatly exercised by the recent progress of type-setting by machinery. Let us inquire for an instant what that means. Could it be brought to the perfection anticipated for it, the author's manuscript would before long be a thing of the past. A practised type-writer will easily acquire the art of setting permanent type. Instead of "copy" sent to the printers, there will be "formes," and proof-correcting will be done at home. The revolution will be immense and far-reaching in its effects. Mr. Southward, the chief author of one of the volumes before us, in a recent lecture at Birmingham, reported in the *Paper and Printing Trades Journal*, described six machines already more or less in use, and one of these, the Thorne, is at present in working order in the printing office of a provincial paper, the *Manchester Guardian*, where Mr. Southward lately saw 10,000 "ens" an hour turned out. An "en" answers nearly to a letter. Moreover, as is well known, the great difficulty with all composing machines is the subsequent "distribution" of the type. By "distribution" printers mean the return of the type to its place in the "case." In the *Times* office, where speed is of the first importance, the type is set up, a cast is taken of it, and the type is then melted and made into fresh type as required; so that the question of distribution does not arise. But the distributor is a necessity in most machines, and, at the same time, as Mr. Southward confesses, is the weak part of all. In the Thorne machine, however, the distribution is effected as easily and as rapidly as the setting. We are not surprised to learn either that this wonder-working contrivance is of American origin, or that it cannot be produced with sufficient rapidity to meet the demand.

In his book Mr. Southward does not deal at all with the Thorne; but he gives us a very interesting summary of the many processes by which automatic machine-printing was attempted before it came to its present perfection. The first presses of this kind were used, not for the dissemination of knowledge, but of clothing. The need of cheap and sure means for turning out printed calico in large quantities first led ingenious men to invent the machines which are now used for newspapers. The various steps which led to these results are carefully detailed by Mr. Southward. It was as far back as 1750 that the first cylinder was made for cotton; and about a century ago Nicholson took out a patent for a machine applicable to the printing press. No such machine, however, seems ever to have been made in England, for Nicholson's financial position—he died in gaol for debt—rendered further progress impossible. It was reserved for Frederick Koenig, a Thuringian, born in 1774, to make the first practical machine, a feat he accomplished in England after many vicissitudes, in 1810, in which year the *Annual Register* was printed at his press. Mr. Southward traces the further progress of the whole invention in a series of very interesting chapters, fully illustrated, and he accounts clearly for the fact that the lamented Mr. Blades and other authorities have placed Koenig on a pedestal of fame beside Caxton, who brought printing to England. His machine was of inestimable importance—first, because "it at once enabled 1,000 copies to be

* *Printing Machines and Machine Printing.* By J. Southward and J. F. Wilson. London: Menken.

Printing. By C. T. Jacobi. London: Bell. 1890.

printed in one hour, whereas all existing apparatus could only produce a fourth of that number," and, secondly, because "its principle was capable of almost unlimited development, and has been developed, until we have at the present day machines that print 2,000 copies perfect per hour." Curved stereotype plates were made by Cowper in 1816. Inking by rollers had already been invented, and in 1827, a further modification and improvement by Applegath was applied to printing the *Times*. From that time progress has been very rapid, and every year brings us some new machine to save time and trouble, and to increase speed of production.

Mr. Jacobi, who writes on practical printing, summarizes the present results of the improvements mentioned above. The working of the new machines is automatic, but for the care of one experienced artisan. From the feeding, on through the stages of damping, printing, and cutting, to the folding and "wrappering," all are done by one of these marvellous engines. The one point at which progress halts a little is that to which we have already adverted, the type-setting. If Mr. Southward's anticipations are correct, even this question is in process of solution. Mr. Jacobi mentions the linotype as "nearest to perfection," and as "a marvel of ingenuity, casting its own type, and justifying as it goes along." "Justification," Mr. Jacobi defines as "the even and equal spacing of words and lines to a given measure." The machine that can do all this may well have caused something like a panic in that part of the trade which would have been affected by it. So far, however, it has not answered to the expectations formed by its introducers.

Mr. Jacobi's book is of a very different character from that of Mr. Southward. It is strictly technical, and, though there is a glossary appended, the explanations given of technical terms often require some preliminary knowledge on the part of the reader. Thus, we are told that an "em rule" is a rule "cast on an em of any particular body," and that a first proof is "the first pull of a forme after composing, which is read the first time by the copy." Many of us who are sufficiently well acquainted with first proofs would define them somewhat differently. But what is a horse? A horse is "an inclined stage set on the bank to hold the heap which has to be printed." And what is a sheepsfoot? "An iron hammer with a claw at the foot." A tommy is "an iron implement for tightening up screws." It is endowed with "a hole through the head instead of a slot." Mr. Jacobi goes into the minutest particulars, and, beginning with specimens of many different kinds of type, he goes on to explain all about "Composition and Distribution" in a series of thirteen thoroughly illustrated chapters. He next deals with "Reading," and shows us the meaning of all the marks used in correcting the press. This chapter is as useful to the writer as to the printer. Many a bill for corrections is doubled by authors' ignorance of these marks. It is proverbial among writers for the periodical press that "a printer can read anything," but both time and trouble would be saved if authors knew more of the printers' signs. After chapters on "Press Work" and "Motive Power," Mr. Jacobi goes on to "Machine Printing," and describes all the latest improvements in this department. The last chapters of a very complete volume are taken up with "Warehouse Work," and tell us about paper and its measurement, hot rolling and cold rolling, cutting, folding, stitching, stabbing—defined as a "reprehensible method of fastening leaves together"—and numbering, with many other things of the kind too numerous for mention here. The most interesting of these chapters, to the outsider, will probably be one on printing woodcuts. The workman employed should, in Mr. Jacobi's opinion, "possess some artistic qualification to appreciate and to give effect to the artist's design." Would that this could be made a rule of universal application! "To print a block correctly, the system of overlaying must be adopted," says Mr. Jacobi, and gives two impressions of the same cut, one printed without and the other with overlay. The difference is great. The two impressions prove the truth of the author's remark that "a competent person who has an appreciation of pictorial effects can get much better results out of a woodcut or process block than one who is not gifted with some amount of taste," a very breathless sentence, but one which conveys a rather melancholy truth.

On the whole, these are two volumes which can scarcely be expected to reach the general reader; yet they contain a large amount of information which will prove interesting to any one who has ever had occasion to look into a printed book or newspaper, that is to say, everybody, and especially necessary to the more limited class who produce the manuscript which is to be set up by the compositor, until such time at least when a Thorne or a Linotype shall have been invented to make every writer his own printer.

TWO MILITARY BOOKS.*

IN these days of examinations even the non-commissioned officers of the army, it seems, are not to escape. Whether a system which must necessarily entail a considerable amount of poring over text-books and manuals is calculated to ensure a supply of ready and active assistants in the field is a question on which we hold a strong opinion, but which it is unnecessary to enlarge on here. Every one, however, will admit that the less a soldier has to be worried with "the bookish theoric" the better, and all will welcome any attempt to ease his burdens with the examiner. In these two handbooks by Mr. Gordon we find a practical man, who has himself experienced the difficulties of a non-commissioned officer's position, coming to the aid of his comrades in a thoroughly practical and efficient way. A corporal who does his duty in looking after his subordinates, who gives his whole attention to his responsibilities, and who at the same time takes part in and enjoys games and exercises, as we hope he does, has but small opportunity to plod through text-books. Moreover, in the rather alarming syllabus which was issued, together with the new regulations, last May, so many different works are referred to that no small tax on the purse of the soldier, who wishes to provide himself with all of them, is involved. It would also be extremely troublesome for him to have to hunt through the various sources of information for the particular sections which affect himself. In *The Guide to Promotion* he will find all he can possibly need to know collected together in a form suited to his pocket in every sense of the word; and many a smart lad may by studying these pages succeed in a task which, however desirable a sergeant he would make, he might otherwise find extremely difficult. The book, in fact, belongs to the "cramming" class. Since, however, it is only by "cramming" that superior wisdom has decided that soldiers are to become sergeants, it is as well to have the cramming as speedily and efficiently performed as possible, and a compendium supplied which will not only be useful for a special purpose, but will form a handy work of reference for future needs. What we have before us perfectly fulfils those conditions, and contains so much information which is of everyday application, and yet is not always readily found, that it will be valuable to many besides those for whose particular benefit it has been compiled.

The subjects are taken seriatim as they appear in the official syllabus, and are dealt with in separate sections. Subject A includes discipline, duties in barracks, knowledge of regimental standing orders, and duties in confining offenders. The extracts are chiefly from the Queen's Regulations, and the section is concluded with a series of questions and answers on the preceding pages. Subject B comes next, which embraces all the young non-commissioned officer is expected to know as regards guard and picket duties, and is similarly concluded by a series of questions and answers; which, we may add, are to be found at the end of each of the heads into which the course is divided. It is in the next subject, which deals with duties in camp and on the march, that the value of the compendium is specially shown. The field here is wide and varied, and demands a knowledge of many heterogeneous details, which have to be collected from very various sources. The method of pitching and striking tents, drainage, ventilation, duties on escort duty by land and sea, the loading and packing of baggage on mules and other pack animals, only form a portion of the matters that are touched upon. *Regulations for Encampments*, the *Manual of Field Exercise*, and *Regimental Transport* have all been searched, in addition to the Queen's Regulations, to supply the required information, and the instructions are supplemented by diagrams where necessary. Far the largest subject is the one which follows, D. It commences with the instruction of the recruit in drill and physical training, and excellent plates here again illustrate and amplify the text. This elementary portion is followed by "Company Drill," which of course is chiefly extracted from the official *Infantry Drill* and the *Manual Exercise*. What are particularly interesting, however, are the pages devoted to "Physical Drill with Arms" and the "Bayonet Exercise," both of which portions of the subject are well illustrated by excellent plates. The section devoted to an account of the magazine rifle and the manual exercise will also perhaps tempt some to glance through it who have not the object of promotion immediately in sight.

In the succeeding portion of the book we seem to enter the higher region of tactics, and questions are handled that it might be supposed would be reserved for the consideration of officers only. The paragraphs on advanced and rear guards would appear rather adapted to the capabilities of a student at the staff college than to a corporal of the rank and file. A young man aspiring to become a sergeant must surely have need to learn something more likely to be of everyday use to him than how to handle an advanced guard consisting of a whole battalion, or even more, in the various different situations in which it may be placed, and will be better occupied in making himself acquainted with the characters of the men in his company than in studying what he is to do when he finds himself in command of it.

The syllabus, and not Mr. Gordon, however, is to be blamed if the scope of the book here seems too ambitious, and, while cadets and subalterns are busied in perfecting themselves in the command of divisions and army corps, we presume it will be considered reasonable that the rank and file should be occupied with the duties of captains and field-officers. The last subject, F, is musketry; and here we find ourselves back again in the non-commissioned officer's proper sphere, and occupied with details concerning the recruit's course, marking in the butts, keeping target-practice registers, care of arms, and general duties on the range. A number of really useful hints

* *The Non-commissioned Officer's Guide to Promotion, including Questions and Answers thereon—Corporal to Sergeant.* By William Gordon, 2nd Batt. Gordon Highlanders.

Brigade Drill made Easy in accordance with the New "Infantry Drill." Sixth edition. By the same Author. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

have been collected together in this portion, and the young non-commissioned officer will find all he requires to know conveniently to hand and in a small compass. Here, Tommy Atkins will be relieved to notice, the course ends, and a text-book closes which he cannot fail at first to regard as formidable. We do not, we admit, like these handbooks, which seem to grow up like mushrooms round our army of to-day. Yet they are but the outcome of the system of education in force, and are inevitable while it exists. The necessity for them is their justification, and they supply a legitimate demand which is generally and widely felt. If a man is to do his duty by the men, and still learn much dry knowledge by rote in place of picking it up by practice and experience, he will find a book such as the one before us of much value and assistance, if not almost indispensable, and his officers will probably encourage him to make use of a means which will help him on his way to promotion and leave him time to attend to his everyday responsibilities. Mr. Gordon has risen from the ranks himself, and quite appreciates and sympathizes with the difficulties young aspirants therefrom have to contend with. He has set himself to work in a businesslike manner, and has produced his information in the most concise and direct form possible, while the questions and answers will perhaps serve better than anything else to fix the matter in the student's mind. We sympathize also with the examinee, and congratulate him that he has such a friend as our author at his elbow.

In *Brigade Drill made Easy* Mr. Gordon, whose industry seems to be quite indefatigable (he is the author of something like a dozen handbooks already), has turned his attention from the men to the officers, and has sought to simplify the study of "Infantry Drill" for them. We should have imagined that the intelligence of our highly educated officers might have successfully grappled, "unaided and alone," even with the intricacies of an official manual. The fact that Mr. Gordon's little book has attained a sixth edition seems, however, to argue otherwise, and goes a long way to prove that the need for his assistance has been widely felt. No doubt our latest manual of infantry drill is irritating and perplexing, because of the ever-recurring references made to preceding sections and paragraphs during the explanation of any movement, and Mr. Gordon has recognized and remedied this defect by treating each part of the subject independently, and without allusion to more elementary portions. "The student is enabled to perceive at a glance the detail assigned to each individual connected with the brigade, thereby accomplishing the object of rendering each movement intelligible in itself." Otherwise, this little handbook is nothing more than a reprint of one portion of the War Office manual, with some few explanations and amplifications. These will often, no doubt, be of service when the official text-book presupposes knowledge and experience which does not always exist, and the convenience of its form has probably a good deal to do with its apparent popularity. A stupid misprint in the preface speaks of "the revolution under notice."

AKBAR.*

THAT the series edited by Sir William Hunter should not be published in due chronological order, though perplexing, was perhaps inevitable. We have had Dalhousie before Clive, Hastings, and their successors. And we now have the greatest of the Mogul emperors before we have heard anything of the greatest of ancient Hindu kings. Colonel Malleson, within the brief space allotted to him and apparently to other writers of this series, has discharged his task with more than his usual ability. We should have liked other particulars of the private life of one of the very few Oriental potentates in whom there is little to censure and nothing to conceal. But, for a due comprehension of the magnitude of the task accomplished by Akbar, it seems to have occurred to the author to sketch the career of his father and his grandfather. The result is that out of two hundred pages more than sixty are taken up with Baber and Humayun. The first solid Mohammedan Empire in India dates from about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The celebrated invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni were in reality little more than raids and forays. About the middle of the fourteenth century Mohammed Toghlak had managed to establish something like a consolidated empire in Upper, Western, and Central India. But it rapidly fell to pieces under his weak or incompetent successors. It was reserved for Jellalluddin Akbar, whose reign nearly coincides with that of our own Elizabeth, to establish the second Mogul Empire and to secure for it a duration of a century and a half. When Humayun died and was buried in the splendid mausoleum in which, three hundred years afterwards, the rebel princes were captured by Hodson, Akbar was only fourteen years of age. An *émeute* in the city, an intrigue in the palace, the conspiracy of a discarded favourite or a vindictive relative, might have materially influenced the course of Indian history. Fortunately the youthful sovereign could rely on some skilful soldiers to conquer his enemies and some wise councillors to set his realm in order. Colonel Malleson succinctly and accurately describes the military events which characterized the first twenty years of the reign. There were Rajputs to be overcome or conciliated. Mohammedan Viceroys had made themselves independent, coining money and refusing tribute in Khandesh, Guzerat, and Bengal. Akbar, with a celerity which was marvellous in those days and which would have not discredited Wellesley or Lake, appeared before one rebellious subject after another when the inhabitants of each distant province thought he was quietly resting at Agra or Delhi. On one occasion, on an elephant, he crosses a river in the height of the rainy season, with only a hundred of his bodyguard, surprises Usbek rebels at their feast, and puts them to flight. On another he sends a musket-ball through the head of a Rajput chief who was repairing the breach of his own fort by torchlight. He despatches a Hindu general to reconquer Bahar and Bengal. He himself leads an army to the siege of Ahmednagar, held by Chand Bibi or Chand Sultana, the heroine of one of the lively tales of Meadows Taylor. With a partial check or two, by the year 1580 he had really subjugated all India with the exception of the Southern Provinces, and was in a position to devise internal reforms, to study the character of his Hindu subjects, and to impress them as much by equitable measures calculated to ensure their loyal submission as by the pomp and splendour of his Court and camp and the general magnificence of his life. Colonel Malleson dwells strongly—perhaps too strongly—on the determination of Akbar to weld together distant provinces and unite discordant creeds into one consistent whole. But that Akbar introduced some order and method into a large empire, that he was actuated by pure and lofty motives, that he turned to excellent account the capacities of Hindu noblemen as financiers and administrators, and that he was almost the first to see that no progress can be made in India until you have grappled with and defined rights and interests in the soil, is beyond question. Shir Shah, the Afghan intruder, whose Revenue Settlement is somewhat summarily disposed of by Colonel Malleson, had shown Akbar how to set to work; and in Raja Todar Mull the Emperor found an administrator—in reality the predecessor of that long line of experienced Englishmen who began the study of Revenue and Rent under Cornwallis, and developed into Settlement officers under Bird, Thomason, and Lawrence. Probably from his limited space Colonel Malleson could not enlarge on this head as much as was desirable. He tells us correctly enough that Akbar classified the different kinds of soils, fixed the proportion of the produce which the cultivator had to pay and commuted it to cash, introduced an improved measuring-rod, and constructed storehouses, with the object of supplying the Ryots with seed, distributing corn to the poor, and providing against famines. The Ayin-i-Akbari give us detailed and valuable information on these points. The revenue officers were directed to ascertain the capacities of the soil from the returns of a series of years, to distinguish between one soil that bore crops every year, a second and third that were left fallow every third or fourth year, or for a shorter time, and a poorer sort which our officers would now set down, in revenue phraseology, as *Banjar* or waste. The best land even in the best years was never to pay more than one-third of the produce. We think that Colonel Malleson is right in concluding that the Settlement was made in a sort of way with the individual Ryot or the village community. But there is every reason to think that in several provinces the existence and claims of great Talukdars must have been recognized, and on them the Mogul emperors who succeeded Akbar depended for the realization of the public dues. What Todar Mull did for the cultivating classes was obviously to fix some standard of payment in kind or cash, and to give permanence to village Accountants and other functionaries, such as the *Patwari* and the *Kánungo*, who survive to this day. That a despot who had gained his position by fighting for twenty years, and marching east, west, and north at all seasons, should condescend to the requirements of some millions of cultivators, check oppression, and define responsibilities, was a rare and a notable advance in Oriental statecraft. The kingdom was divided into *Subahs* or provinces, and the *Subahs* into *Sircars* or divisions of Revenue, and for the further relief of his Hindu subjects Akbar abolished the hateful *jezia* or capitation-tax. He anticipated our own Chancellors of the Exchequer by sweeping away a host of petty and annoying taxes imposed on divers articles of convenience or luxury—oil, salt, sugar, copper utensils, linen and woollen cloths, fuel, grass, and perfumes. In a country where numerous shrines and temples and sacred springs, hot and cold, invite crowds of pilgrims, a tax on pilgrimage might appear both politic and profitable. Akbar discontinued it, in spite of the protestations of some of his councillors, who were of opinion that the infidel dogs could easily pay it. In those of his own creed he discouraged excessive indulgence in prayers and fasts. He prohibited circumcision before the age of twelve. He discouraged the slaughter of cattle in deference to Hindu prejudice, and he caused some consternation in his Mussulman subjects by allowing low castes to pasture hogs and eat swine's flesh. He even went so far as to threaten the devout Mussulman with the loss of his beard. In dealing with the rite of Sati he very nearly anticipated Bentinck. To forbid it, backed by the approval of some twenty centuries, would for him have been a very strong measure. Akbar contented himself with directing his local officials to prevent the widow from burning with her husband's corpse if she showed the least unwillingness to mount the pile.

* *Rulers of India.* Edited by Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., M.A. [Oxford], LL.D. Cambridge. *Akbar.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

About police and judicial tribunals there is less information. In large towns there was, of course, the Kotwal, who regulated the weights and measures of the bazar, drove away idle Faquirs, reserved certain ferries and bathing-places for the exclusive use of the female sex, and apprehended criminals. Depositions were then taken before the Kazi, and there was a superior officer called the Mir Adal or Lord of Justice, who heard the case, determined the sentence, and carried it out. At Agra, where the Emperor sat every Thursday in open Durbar, it was, in theory at least, possible for the humblest suitor to obtain a hearing and redress. In the interior of the provinces it is not unfair to assume that Oriental wealth and power enjoyed their usual privileges. The Emperor, like most monarchs who have exercised a marked influence over the masses, lived very much before the world. Abul Fazl takes a pride in the enumeration of the two hundred elephants that were regularly paraded every Saturday, of six royal stables in each of which forty first-class Arab horses were kept for the Emperor, of a vast drove of the same animals of the second and third class, estimated at 12,000 by the historian Ferishta, of 900 hunting leopards termed *yúz* (or panthers) by the Court Chronicler and *chitas* by the modern sportsman, and of 101 selected deer, always ready to fight in the public games by which the King sought to bring together the different classes of his subjects. Akbar, considering his want of arms of precision, was a capital sportsman. On his celebrated horse Koh-parah, or Fragment of a Mountain, he had run down the panther; and, gun in hand, he calmly awaited the charge of a wild elephant. He gave to his favourite fowling-piece the epithet of *durust-andaz*, or one that hits the mark, and with this weapon and others he was credited with the death of twenty thousand head of game. Akbar is described by his son Jehangir and by a Roman Catholic priest as tall in stature, with a clear complexion, eyebrows that met each other, piercing eyes, and a broad chest. He shares with the hero of the Ramayana and with Rob Roy the peculiar distinction of long arms that reached down to his knees. Scott tells us that the Highland chieftain was able, without stooping, to garter his hose below his knee. In fact, take Akbar as a man and as a sovereign he was exactly fitted to dazzle Asiatics by splendour of rule and by his magnanimity and justice. Nor was this love of display unaccompanied by regard for literature. Abul Fazl and Faizi were brothers who would have adorned any court or palace in the world. Badauni, who was very bigoted and deplored what seemed to him Akbar's laxity of creed, was another ornament of the time, and traditions are still current in Upper India about Akbar's discussions with learned Pundits and Moulavis, his fondness for playing at chess at Fatehpur Sikri, where he had human beings for pieces, his love of music, the simplicity of his own diet, and the wealth and glory of his court.

Colonel Malleson very properly devotes a few pages to Akbar's religious views. He was repelled by the narrowness of the orthodox Mussulman, and he despised the sectarian jealousy of rival doctors. He seems to have thought that there must be some good element in all religions. He was not highly indignant when Abul Fazl tried to show that the Prophet Mohammed himself was only an Arab possessed of singular eloquence, and that the chapters of the Koran were little better than fabrications. This ecclesiastical laxity must have irritated the Faithful; but open war was avoided by the expedient of assigning to the Emperor the rank of Mujtahid or high authority in religious matters. This title in Persia, says Professor Palmer, is still bestowed on the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries. The toleration shown by Akbar to men of other religions may account for the higher estimation in which his great grandson Aurangzib is still held by orthodox Mussulmans in India. They look on Shah Jahan's reign as that in which the empire reached its highest prosperity. But Aurangzib the Namazi, or one who was always at his prayers, is to them the greatest of emperors, though he shut up his father in prison and quietly got rid of his rivals and brothers. On the architectural monuments of Akbar's time it is not necessary to expatiate. The Fort of Agra, the Pearl Mosque, the ruins of Fatehpur Sikri, and the Emperor's tomb at Secundra, are known to more tourists of our time than the Pyramids were to their grandfathers. Akbar had many wives, of whom only eight were "authoritatively mentioned" or recognized. One was a celebrated Rajputni. Colonel Malleson apparently does not condescend to notice Miriam Begum, the Portuguese Christian married to the Emperor. Her tomb at Secundra was for a long time used as the office of the *Secundra Press*, and was, if we remember aright, much damaged by the mutineers in 1857.

Not to any radical faults of design and construction is due the want of permanence in Akbar's reforms. Bernier, who travelled over many Indian provinces only sixty years after Akbar's death, saw very few traces of an enlightened administrative policy. Neglected fields, increase of jungle, unsafe highways, oppression in town and country, and the concealment of whatever substance a Ryot or artisan could scrape together, are the staple of his reflections. And he even goes so far as to think that the fine army which had descended to Shah Jahan from his grandfather, with all its artillery, its cavalry, and its commanders of five thousand and ten thousand, would be no match for some twenty-five thousand Frenchmen commanded by Condé or Turenne. But Akbar is not to blame because he could not alter the whole framework of Oriental society and leave to it a long line of successors like himself. He stands out in Indian history better known than the Asoka of monuments or the Vikramaditya of tradition, more humane than the Persian Shah Abbas, far-sighted, beneficent, just and tolerant, a successful captain, a ruler of great capacity, an original thinker, and a generous friend.

A FEMININE NIMROD.*

THE lady who details her very remarkable sporting adventures under the *nom de guerre* of "Diane Chasseresse," winds up with the declaration that as regards her book, "There is not one word in it that is not true." That settles the matter. But there are many words in the book that are very wonderful. We have known ladies who fished, and who even tried their hands at a little shooting, though some do not consider firearms suitable playthings for women; but so keen and determined a pursuer of fur, feather, and scale as Diane Chasseresse we have never met with before in life or literature. Many of the exploits here recorded are amazing, the more so because she admittedly laboured under grave disadvantages. Thus she says, "I have never been able to cure myself of a habit of shutting my eyes tight and flinching, even when firing off a small rifle, but it does not make as much difference in the result as might be supposed." Truly we should have supposed it would have made a considerable difference, the flinching even more than the obscurity; but as a specimen of the lady's "form" we have an extract from her game-book, which states that (always using a rifle: her experience with a shot-gun was very small, though on her first attempt she killed three duck with half a charge of shot), "In one day I shot one roe, one partridge, one rabbit, five blackcock, and two greyhen, in eleven shots—all, of course, with the same sized bullet." We do not quite understand the point of the "of course" here, nor are we told whether the partridge was flying or the rabbit running; but it appears as if this modern Diana had the fortune usually to meet birds and beasts of rather eccentric habits while on her sporting expeditions. She came across partridges which waited to be shot with a politeness seldom found in these birds, or perhaps they did not think a lady with a rifle was likely to be deadly. Once, driving home after fishing (her first trout she caught in a tin pan half the length of the fish itself), she came across a covey of five partridges in the middle of the road:—

> We pulled up at once, and I loaded and fired; they made not a sign. I aimed at the next bird and fired again; still they did not move. Again I fired, picking out another bird, yet they did not move. We began to think there was something uncanny about them, so I got down and walked up to them, when, to my utter astonishment, two birds flew away and three were lying dead where they had been shot.

After this it is a little unkind of her to say, as she goes on to do, "Partridges are the most unsatisfactory birds for rifle-shooting." So, indeed, we should have supposed, for from the context we see that the lady shot them flying, her complaint being based on the circumstance that "they squat down into the furrows, and you can almost tread on them before they will spring up simultaneously and fly away." To shoot flying partridges with a bullet is, in any case, an extraordinary achievement; but for a lady to do so when she always shuts her eyes and flinches is very much more extraordinary still.

This mortal goddess's deer seem to have been even more affable than her partridges. The least thing alarms a deer, whose eyes, ears, and nostrils are ever on the alert for danger; and, when once alarmed, there is no saying to within some miles where he will stop. That is the ordinary deer, not the Diane Chasseresse variety, which latter consents to be just a little frightened, and to move with a considerate regard for the stalker's convenience. "One day, when I was out stalking," she writes, "I saw a good-sized stag surrounded by others, so that it was not easy to get within shot." Sometimes it is that way. "We kept moving them onwards without actually showing ourselves or frightening them much." That is the clever part of it—to avoid frightening them "much." It is not every one who can frighten a stag just a little so that he will move along slowly till he presents an easy shot. One can drive a cow in a paddock in this fashion, especially if it is not a lively cow, but deer in their forests have different habits. What makes the episode in question still stranger—if possible—is that these deer were all the time being chased by a pug whose mistress was a little way behind calling it lustily with threatening and endearing phrases. "It was impossible not to help laughing," Diane writes, which leaves us in a little doubt as to how the incident really struck her and what she actually did; but apparently the stalker was amused, for she adds that "it was so ridiculous to see the fat thing chasing the deer and to hear all the coaxing epithets that were being applied to the little beast." We are not told whether the pug killed the deer, whether his mistress slew it with her parasol, or how the stalk ended. On the next page we find our huntress shooting a flying pheasant, and soon afterwards we come to the three duck and the half-charge of shot. "The shot," it is admitted, "must have spread in some extraordinary way, and, instead of glancing off the duck's thick feathers, as is usual, must have penetrated to some vital part." It must; to some vital part of each of the three, for she bagged the lot. It might have been supposed that she would have taken to a shot-gun after this, but

* *Sporting Sketches.* By Diane Chasseresse. With Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

she did not, though she remarks that with a rifle ducks require very careful shooting, as if they happen to be swimming when shot at there is such a small portion of their backs above water. We are sorry not to have space for a description of "a macintosh cloak with buttons, a velvet collar, and no sleeves," which Diane Chasseresse used as a boat. "If the water was more than two or three inches deep, and I put my foot into the boat, the whole thing collapsed and filled. . . . If I tried to sit up and raise my head, there was a corresponding depression in the middle of the boat, which seemed as if it was going to double up and fill." In this frail craft, with two dogs sitting on her, she was accustomed to voyage. "The greyhens and rabbits looked much astonished as I floated silently past them, and never attempted to make off. I used to take my rifle"—we should have supposed it would have got a little wet, as she used to go into rapids for the pleasure of being whirled about, and must surely have shipped water—"but could not possibly raise myself to shoot. It made one feel as if it were Sunday when all the birds and beasts look at one with such impudence and contempt." We cannot imagine any bird or beast thus regarding Diane Chasseresse. If there be any means of intercommunication among these creatures, they can never have looked without terror on a lady who could shoot them with her eyes shut.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. EDOUARD DELPIT'S *Yvonne* (1) is of the kind of book which is sure to appeal to a certain number of readers, if only because it begins with the expectation of a tragedy *à la* Peter Grimes, and ends with the "justification" (in the old Scotch sense) of a wicked person on a rock in the middle of the sea, after his or her (for we shall not tell tales) ill-gotten gains have been slowly thrown into the waves before the possessor's eyes. This, by the way, is a form of punishment usitate of French novelists, and much facilitated by the Continental fancy for "shares to bearer." In England the criminal would afterward apply to the directors and get fresh scrip. The mistaken attribution of maternity on which the book turns is rather skilfully managed.

Count Wodzinski's *Caritas* (2) is one of those well-intentioned and not ill-written novels which make the mistake of relying too exclusively upon pathos. The woes of Caritas and the mother of Caritas, the latter of whom is neglected by her husband for a heartless cousin of his, and the former, besides a somewhat similar fate (for her father marries the siren), swindled of her fortune, her happiness, and, in fact, of her life, are pathetic enough. But pathos will not do by itself.

M. Paul Labarrière's (3) book opens well enough with a capital sketch of a provincial interior, where the somewhat *borné* and undignified integrity of the father, a president who will not pay court to the powers that be, the shrewishness of the mother, and the ferocious determination of the daughter to get married and emancipated at any price, are rather cleverly touched in. The continuation and conclusion interest us less, and the actual catastrophe makes the mistake of, so to speak, happening out of the story.

M. Yves de Noly's *Raison d'état* (4) is an account of the ways and proceedings of a German Court. We do not know whether it is one of the somewhat numerous "indiscretions" of the kind. Whether it is or not, we have not, we confess, found it amusing, or even readable.

We can pass a less harsh judgment on *La clef d'argent* (5), though its theme is rather fit for a short story than for a whole book, and though the tale, occasionally told with vividness and humour, at other times drags a little. It is the history of a confirmed *guignon*, of bad luck at play, which is not accompanied or redeemed by any of the good luck at other things which is sometimes supposed to mitigate it. The hero, Raoul de Martens, has his eye put out at St. Cyr in a duel, for which he is not in the least to blame, and so has the career of a soldier closed to him. His uncle dies and leaves him a strictly tied up annuity of two hundred a year; his aunt constitutes him her residuary legatee, and disposes in special bequests of everything valuable that she has. He enlists with the Carlists, and is nearly assassinated by an amiable superior officer. At last, after rescuing with equal boldness and ingenuity a "silver key" which his beloved has lost, and the recovery of which is the price of her hand, the play-demon tempts him to stake this. He loses it, and though by playing on day and night, like the Young Duke, but with better fortune, he recovers it, the excitement brings on aneurism, and he dies.

Daniel Servan (6) is an odd book in more ways than one. M. Chaperon has already shown that he can write, and it is well written, but it can scarcely be said to have a very lively interest. One of its peculiarities, though it is very far from prudish, is that the hero plays the part of Joseph for the first time, we should think, on the French novel stage for many a long day. In other ways it is out of the common without being exactly good, but it is something to be out of the common.

Les Noellet (7) is a close and good study of the life of modern farmer folk in La Vendée; but we have seen better work by Claude Vignon than *Soldat!* (8)

Of three reading books before us, Mr. Harold Perry's (9) is the most ambitious in plan as well as the most dignified in subject. Perhaps Mr. Perry has expended rather unnecessary trouble in exploring and explaining the historical, or, rather, unhistorical, foundations of the play. History had such a singular faculty of transmogrifying itself as it passed through Hugo's mind that it really matters very little what it was when it entered that stately pleasure dome. It is true that a combined *Historia Victoriana* would not be unamusing to compile; but to reverse the process and survey Hugo according to history cannot lead to much good. Mr. Perry's note on the Alexandrine metre is perhaps rather meagre and rather contentious. To mention nothing else, Hugo and every other true Romantic would have utterly denied that their alteration of the Racinian cadence was intended "to give emphasis to a word at the expense of rhythm and harmony." On the contrary, they would have maintained that they gave emphasis to the word for the express purpose of refreshing, heightening, and varying the harmony and the rhythm. But the main body of notes is careful and good. The eternal *Stonemason of Saint-Point* has, we suppose, got to be re-edited from time to time. M. Barlet's (10) notes, though he has given a vocabulary, are almost entirely translation, sometimes unnecessary and often loose. If a pupil so young as to need a vocabulary is told to translate "quand un vent vient de courir dessus" "when a breath of wind happens to ruffle its glassy surface," he will as sure as fate believe for the rest of his life that "vent" means "breath," "courir" "ruffle," and "dessus" "glass." M. Belfond's (11) selections from Lamartine, Dumas, Balzac (down to M. Feuillet and even—*proh pudor*!—M. Ohnet) are free from the abominable vocabulary and entertaining enough.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects, vol. xxxi. (Sotheran), cannot be described as very entertaining reading, even to the naval architects concerned. Mr. White contributes some notes on the Naval manœuvres, Captain Penrose Fitzgerald writes on stopping leaks, Mr. Read on variations of stress, and Mr. Howden on screws. These are among the more interesting chapters; but there are others on spontaneous ignition of coal cargoes, on life-boat models, on anti-corrosive paints, and on the Washington Maritime Conference. At the end are some very meagre obituary notices. Surely something worth reading might have been told us about the lamented Mr. Thomas Gray, the "poet Gray," as sailors used to call him, whose rhyming rules of the road at sea have proved such an incalculable blessing to humanity.

The *Handbook of Jamaica* (Stanford) is edited by Mr. A. C. Sinclair and Mr. S. P. Musson, and contains much useful information about a place of which the people of this generation know and care wonderfully little. When we think how prominent Jamaica was in the days of our grandfathers, it is curious to observe how completely it has dropped out of sight. Can the abolition of slavery be credited or discredited with all the misfortunes that have befallen what used to be one of the most prosperous regions of the English dominion? If so, we have such a warning against listening to faddists, fad they never so charmingly, as is afforded by the history of no other nation. The worst of it is that the negroes are none the better for our Quixotic action on their behalf. Under a system of moderate restraint they might have kept Jamaica in the state in which it was called the Garden of the West. As it is, there are no more degraded beings—except, perhaps, in San Domingo—than the average free men and women of colour in Jamaica. Nevertheless, there seems, in spite of a sad list of lands going out of cultivation, an improvement in coffee and in what are called by Messrs. Sinclair and Musson "ground provisions." Sugar, tobacco, and some other items show a decrease in the last ten years; and it cannot be denied that in most respects the state of Jamaica is one of steady decline, although the population shows a small increase. There is a curious misprint, by the way, under this head on p. 470. We read: "The population of Jamaica, according to the census of 1881, was 580,804, or 74,650 in excess of the population of 1871, and 139,540 in excess of the population of 1871." Probably "1861" is intended.

The new volume of *The Fauna of British India* (Taylor & Francis) is by Mr. George A. Boulenger, and deals with "Reptilia and Batrachia." No fewer than 536 crocodiles, lizards, and snakes are described, and 130 frogs. There are three species of crocodiles in India, one of which, it seems, freely enters the sea. It has sometimes been objected that the name of the salt lake in Egypt, on which Ismailia stands, "Crocodile," in Arabic "Timsah,"

(1) *Yvonne.* Par Edouard Delpit. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Caritas.* Par le Comte Wodzinski. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(3) *Rivales.* Par Paul Labarrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Raison d'état.* Par Yves de Noly. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(5) *La clef d'argent.* Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(6) *Daniel Servan.* Par Philippe Chaperon. Paris: Lemerre.
(7) *Les Noellet.* Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(8) *Soldat!* Par Claude Vignon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(9) *Ruy Blas.* Edited by Harold Perry. London: Longmans.
(10) *Le tailleur de pierres de Saint-Point.* Edited by S. Barlet. London: Hachette.
(11) *Histoires choisies.* Edited by J. Belfond. London: Hachette.

cannot be appropriate, as the Egyptian crocodile is a fresh-water animal; but it, like its Indian congener, may have been inclined to enter salt-water as well. It would not be very easy now to ascertain the truth. Mr. Boulenger naturally devotes the greater part of his book to serpents, and though "the primary division of Ophidians into poisonous and non-poisonous must be regarded as unscientific," he takes full care to distinguish them, remarking acutely that a number of forms usually ranked as harmless are really poisonous, and paralyse their prey; and that probably all snakes with grooved fangs are more or less of the same character. The book, however, is only a scientific catalogue of the driest kind—a wonderful example of how to make a most interesting subject as dull as possible. The index is excellent.

The seventh volume of *Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia* (Blackie & Son) contains a great number of valuable articles, extending from "Potamogeton" to "Skating," that on Rome covering some fourteen pages, and that on Scotland twelve. The illustrations and maps are excellent.

Geology, by Charles Bird (Longmans), is a small but admirable treatise, the outcome of lessons given by the Headmaster of the Rochester Mathematical School. We are not surprised to learn that a class of thirty-two boys all passed the South Kensington elementary examination after such clear, forcible, and interesting teaching. Another school-book of great excellence is *Elementary Art Teaching*, by Edward Taylor (Chapman & Hall), which is thus described on the title-page:—"An educational and technical guide for teachers and learners, including infant-school work, the work of the Standards; freehand, geometry, model drawing; nature drawing; colour; light and shade; modelling and design." Every child should be taught a certain amount of drawing, for if he can form an A and an O he understands the meaning of lines. Mr. Taylor has no opinion of payment by results, which he considers expensive, hurtful, and inefficient. Neither does he believe in colour-blindness, which he thinks is chiefly, or solely, due to ignorance. His chapter on colour, by the way, should have more in it about harmony, a subject sadly neglected in all our schools. The illustrations are numerous and useful.

Freshwater Aquaria is by the Rev. Gregory Bateman (Gill), and tells all about their construction, arrangement, and management. It is the result of personal experience and ultimate success. The illustrations are numerous.

The Age of Chivalry, by Philip H. Johnstone (Marcus Ward), ought to supply a want. Many a boy asks in vain "What is chivalry?" Mr. Johnstone describes the life and character of the Chevalier Bayard and of Sir Philip Sidney. The book is interesting in spite of the interminable length of Mr. Johnstone's sentences, some of which run to 160 and even 170 words.

Seeing that there are supposed to be about six hundred million sheep in the world, bearing on their backs three hundred million pounds' worth of wool, and that in the United Kingdom alone there are thirty million, Mr. Steel's account of the *Diseases* prevalent among them (Longmans) must be accounted an important work, if it is at all worthy of its subject. Mr. Steel is editor of the *Quarterly Journal* of veterinary science in India, and has collected and digested an immense amount of information. Judged by its clearness and completeness, the book ought to be of immense service to the sheep-farmer, especially in Australia, where veterinary surgeons are not always at hand. The illustrations are excellent, and add much to the value of the book.

The Education Brief on behalf of voluntary schools, by Mr. Moore (Church Extension Association), turns, of course, on the religious question involved; but, quite independently of this point, Mr. Moore's work will be found a compact compendium of facts and statistics, intelligibly arranged and useful for reference.

Two volumes on *Military Training*, by Major Hutchinson (Chatham: Gale & Polden), are published respectively in English and Nagri and in English and Urdu. The Nagri looks very well, but the Arabic character of the Urdu is too small. The work is specially intended for the use of British and native officers in India, and is strictly in accordance with the new system of infantry drill. It is dedicated by permission to General Roberts, which in itself is a strong recommendation.

We have received *French Dialogues* on the "method Gaspey-Otto-Sauer" (Heidelberg: Groos), and *Spanish Dialogues* in a similar volume. Also *Felicitas*, by Felix Dahn (Longmans), edited, with English notes, by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann; *Young England's Nursery Tales* (Warne) contains Cinderella, Puss-in-Boots, Tom Thumb, and other old stories, rather gaudily illustrated by Miss Constance Haslewood. Mr. Chandler, the author of *A Bush Idyll*, which we noticed with praise some time ago, has issued a new volume of verse, *Songs of the Sunland* (Adelaide: Wigg & Son). Local names in Australia do not lend themselves readily to the poet, and we cannot but smile at

> For now they take their merry jaunts
> On Lofty's hills of summer ease;

but Mr. Chandler has a certain gift, and his verses are smooth and melodious. Another volume of poetry is *Chambers Twain*, by Ernest Radford (Elkin Mathews), a prettily got-up book. Many of the verses would go well to music. The second part consists of some translations from Heine.

Among reprints we welcome a neat volume of Lord Houghton's *Keats* (Bell), small, handy, and complete; also Southey's *Life of Nelson* (Macmillan), with notes by Michael Macmillan.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Ireland. IN default of other matter (for the "subject" in the shape of murder, accident, or other casualty, which a pious journalist once remarked that Providence had never in his experience failed to provide in September, has not been forthcoming this year), the late Tipperary disturbance has attracted considerable attention. Comparison of accounts has shown the thoroughly got-up character of the affair; and Mr. MORLEY's speech at St. Helen's has, unfortunately, confirmed, instead of removing, the unpleasant impression which his mere presence on such an occasion had created. The unwary bragging of Nationalist organs has established beyond the possibility of contradiction the fact that the injured innocents were actively resisting, if not actively attacking, the police when they were bâtoned. As for the proceedings which were made the excuse of this riot, they have been dragging on in the invariable fashion—insults to the Bench being alternated with tall talk, the jokes of an ill-brought-up schoolboy, and boorish interruptions, on the part of the HEALYS and the HARRINGTONS. Application has been made in Dublin that one of the sitting magistrates shall not try the case, on the ground (as far as we can make it out) that he knows too much about the defendants' guilt. Mr. Justice HOLMES, however, refused this modest request, declaring that he could see no proof of any probable bias or favour in Mr. SHANNON.

Foreign Affairs. Little of importance was reported from the Continent in the early days of the week. It has, however, "transpired"—in the proper sense of that much-misused word—that the Italians are exceedingly anxious to get Kassala, but that Sir EVELYN BARING and General GRENFELL are not likely to gratify them. They certainly will not be doing their duty if they do.——An English man-of-war has been ordered to Vitu to inquire into the recent massacre of Germans.——In France attention has chiefly been directed to the Count of PARIS's remarkably foolish and undignified letter about the Boulangist business, and to some *canards* about a Franco-Russian alliance, while in the dearth of actual incident considerable attention was paid to a *Figaro* interview with Signor CRISPI.——The anti-Socialist law in Germany has run out, and there is joy in Anarchdom. "The "Red flag is now mounting up," says Herr LIEBKNECHT, and though this is, of course, only the usual bombast, it will be very interesting to see what comes of it.——In Portugal the Ministerial crisis is, and is not, settled, Senhor FERRAO having, it is said, at last succeeded in forming a Ministry, but the attitude of that Ministry towards the Agreement being dark. It is enough to say that England will stick by her word as far as she can, and that if Portugal loses by refusing the benefits offered to her, on Portugal's head will it be.——The American Senate has passed the Tariff Bill, and the PRESIDENT has approved it. By the way, America is fond of big things, and will take it as a compliment when it is said that perhaps the biggest lie ever achieved in a single word, not a substantive or a verb, has proceeded from an American pen. An Executive Committee of the Irish Famine Fund in New York announces that "the generosity of the American people *alone* stands "between the Irish and starvation."——Very alarming reports have been set about as to the imminence of serious trouble on the Armenian frontier; but they are at present reports only.

Congresses. The Church Congress opened at Hull on Tuesday under the presidency of the Bishop of DURHAM, the Archbishop of YORK being unfortunately prevented from taking his proper place by illness.——The Congregational Union has been holding a meeting at Swansea.——The dockers, too, have met in congress, and have boasted themselves greatly, perhaps too greatly, considering that they have but put their armour on in the great conflict for the destruction of British trade, but excusably, considering their success already in that cheerful enterprise.——At the Iron and Steel Congress, held this year in New York, Sir JAMES KITSON beslavered Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. That citizen may be described as a kind of male APHRODITE, continually new-born from the foam of the flatteries of his parasites.

The Colonies. Further intelligence has been received from Mashonaland which shows that so far all has been going on smoothly; but it is hardly necessary to say that the pinch does not come at the first opening up of a "plantation" in the good old sense. Fuller details of Mr. CECIL RHODES's Kimberley speech of September 10 show that, despite its Afrikander leanings, there was less to object to in it than the telegraphic summaries suggested.——A rumour asserts the possibility of the Newfoundland Fisheries question being referred to the POPE. The Caroline Islands matter is a fair precedent, and His Holiness would, no doubt, be impartial enough, for the greater "Catholicity" of France is balanced by the more benevolent attitude of the English rule to "Catholics." But there are some great lions in the path.——The Canadian Ministers delivered on Wednesday at a Halifax picnic some very cheery and, as the telegrams have it, "defiant" remarks on the United States Tariff Bill, to the effect that they were not going to be tariffed into annexation.——In Australia the strikes appear to be gradually collapsing, but Sydney has suffered from a fire which would have done credit to the United States themselves.

Speeches and Letters. On Friday week Lord DERBY spoke at Liverpool on the well-worn subject of technical education with that curious mixture of unsatirical good sense and not exactly commonplace avoidance of paradox which distinguishes him.——On the same day Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE spoke at Framlingham. There was once an unkind person who averred that he could only remember which was Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE by the notes that the one was the Gladstonian bore who talked about Wales, and the other the Gladstonian bore who talked about Ireland. This was quite rude and almost impious, but it had an element of truth. The Gladstonian bore who talks about Wales has been corresponding with Lord PENRHYN on the subject of politics and the Eisteddfod. The occasion and the matter to which Lord PENRHYN referred, perhaps not in the most absolutely judicious way in the world (for it is well never to mention the Royal Family in connexion with contentious matters), is in the memory of other people, if not in that of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN. It may be added that the PRINCE OF WALES appears to have behaved in this matter with the judgment which he has usually, we might but for a famous instance have said invariably, displayed. The Gladstonian bore who talks about Ireland has been continuing his correspondence with Lord CLANRICARDE. ——Of Mr. MORLEY at St. Helen's we have spoken and shall speak.——There was a good deal of speaking on Wednesday. Mr. LONG made a sensible address at Market Lavington, and Mr. JAMES LOWTHER a pointed one at Darlington on the subject of Mr. MORLEY's now notorious speech and conduct. Mr. LOWTHER—who knows—reminded his successor that the confusion between executive and judicial functions in Ireland is more than anything the work of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. T. W. RUSSELL spoke in Edinburgh, told some plain truths about Tipperary, and asked Mr. MORLEY some questions which Mr. MORLEY will not find it easy to answer. On the other side, Lord HERSCHELL, at Barton-on-Humber, professed his fervent

belief in Home Rule, so long as Home Rule is hidden up Mr. GLADSTONE's sleeve, and not to be criticized; and Lord RIPON, at York, gave the straight tip to his political associates by prophesying that the Tipperary business "would "ruin the next Session" (N.B.—Lord HERSCHELL was on the same day saying it was ridiculous to talk about Obstruction).

The London County Council.

The London County Council, notwithstanding the opposition of Sir THOMAS FARRER (whose "inaugural speech" as Deputy-Chairman, in the presence of the actual Chairman, seems to imply a slight confusion between their respective positions), has resolved to take up the water question in earnest. This is within its proper business, and good luck may be wished to the attempt, though it is not a very hopeful one. Some persons might have preferred the postponing of water to gas; for the Water Companies are, as a rule, fairly easy to get on with, while the gas management, in at least some cases, is simply intolerable.

Miscellaneous.

The eyes of nations have continued to be fixed on the great SLAVIN and the great MCAULIFFE, who—disregarding, not the injunctions, but the expressed wishes, of a magistrate with a scorn equal to that of an ex-Chief Secretary for a "removable"—met at Walworth, at the particularly uncomfortable hour of a quarter-past five, on Saturday morning, and fought a "furious battle" for a few minutes in four-ounce gloves. "And what for no?" Reason pauses for a reply; cant does not give one, but bellows. The amusement of looking on at this kind of thing may not be dignified or refined; but if we are to require refinement and dignity from the world at large, Heaven help it and us!——A somewhat similar illustration of the singular mixture of cant and pettiness in which this age delights was given by the time spent by a Committee of the London County Council over the great question whether the ZÆO posters at the Aquarium and on hoardings are indecent or not.——The BIRCHALL-BENWELL trial, in Canada, ended on Tuesday by the conviction of BIRCHALL for murder, and his sentence to death. The evidence was tolerably, if not absolutely, decisive, and the prisoner's conduct had been such that he has only himself to thank if he is hanged for a murder he did not commit. But it was not a very out-of-the-way case, and the interest taken in it can hardly be acquitted of morbidness.——At the opening of the medical schools something of an innovation (as we think) was made by the delivery, in one case (St. Thomas's), of the opening address by no medical man, but by Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, who represents the other one of the "twa learned faculties" which, as the surgeon in *Rob Roy* remarks, live by "hot blood and "ill blood." There was no sign of either of these bad things in Sir FREDERICK's address, the only weak point of which was a somewhat irresolute holding of the fort in reference to classical education. It is surely better to have Greeked and lost than never to have Greeked at all.——Credit is due to the new City Commissioner of Police for a notice warning cyclists that reckless riding will be strictly punished. The cyclist is an excellent person in his way and place, but he is apt to divide the world too sharply, and consider that non-cyclists are persons upsettable and ride-over-able at their own peril and remedy. Between him and the cabman, the limbs of the common and unclean pedestrian are scarcely worth a pin's fee in a crowded thoroughfare. For that which the crawler spares the cycle eats up, and the calculation of their respective velocities necessary to evade both, and the ordinary traffic to boot, would puzzle a senior wrangler. Moreover, the cycle is no small danger to vehicles themselves. It may be at least questioned whether bicycles (tricycles, being able to go slower, are less dangerous) should be admitted within the City at all—unless walked by dismounted riders—during business hours.——Lord WOLSELEY, arriving in Dublin on Wednesday to take up the Irish command, was very cordially received.

Obituary.

The death of Mr. ALFRED EGERTON, M.P., which was reported just as we went to press last week, creates a vacancy in a not very secure Conservative seat. This is to be contested by Mr. H. J. ROBY, for whom, if the subject was Latin Grammar, and not the destinies of England, few scholars would refuse to vote. The matter being the destinies of England, and not Latin Grammar, it is greatly to be desired that Mr. ROBY may meet with a most signal beating, for a blinder Gladstonolater probably does not exist. Fortunately, Mr. ALGERNON EGERTON, uncle of the late member, and himself an experienced Parliament-man, has consented to stand as the Unionist candidate.——By a strange coincidence Mr. BARKLY, the late Governor of Heligoland, has died in early middle age within a few weeks of the extinction of his Government.——Of M. ALPHONSE KARR we speak elsewhere.

Books, &c.

Messrs. LONGMANS have added to their Silver Series Cardinal NEWMAN's *Essays on Miracles*, in one volume, and Mr. FROUDE's *Early London Life of Carlyle* in two. The Clarendon Press has issued a handsome edition of *Bacon's Essays*, commented with most unusual learning and judgment by Mr. S. H. REYNOLDS.

AN OLD PSYCHICAL CASE.

A CURIOUS old case for Psychical Research seems to have escaped the students in that branch of folklore. The story of "The Devil of Glen Luce" is pretty well known, because SINCLAIR quotes it at large in his work on *Satan's Invisible Kingdom*. But the neighbouring *Poltergeist*, in Ringcroft of Stocking, in the parish of Rerwick, in Galloway, has been scarcely studied at all. The story contains a curious mixture of obvious naked imposture, with performances much less easy to detect, and analogous in character to the misdeeds of noisy bogeys everywhere. It is, of course, a question whether one active spook runs round, multiplying himself like a stage army, and misconducting himself, now in China, now in Peru, now in the house of the WESLEYS, now in Cock Lane; or whether there are legions of spooks; or whether, lastly, there is some traditional form of imposture, practised everywhere, at home and abroad. Persons curious in tradition, spirit-rapping, fraud, and human or spiritual absurdity, may examine the Ringcroft case and decide for themselves.

The authority for the legend is the Rev. ALEXANDER TELFAIR, minister of the parish, who published, in 1695, an account of the business, signed by a cloud of witnesses, including the ministers of Kells and of Parton. Mr. TELFAIR was, in 1687, the chaplain of Sir THOMAS KIRKPATRICK, Bart., of Closeburn. He is said to have been forcibly made minister of Rerwick by a mob of parishioners, who disliked and evicted their curate. He died in 1731.

The Evil Spirit, for Mr. TELFAIR frankly adopts the psychical theory, infested, nobody knows why, the house of ANDREW MACKIE, mason in Ringcroft. It began, as in the Haytian stories of Obeah, by throwing stones all about the inside of the dwelling, on March 7, 1695. A few days later the children saw a figure seated by the fire, covered with a blanket. The youngest boy, recognizing his own private covering, said:—"'Be it what it will, it has nothing "'to do with my blanket,' which he twitched off. The "'figure' was only a four-footed stool, set upon the end." This, of course, was only a simple piece of trickery; no psychical inquirer will maintain more than that, we hope. The stone-throwing went on, and the stones were observed to hit persons aimed at with "not more than half their natural "weight." This is a universal feature in those legends, yet, as one of the stones weighed there shows, even half the natural weight was more than agreeable. However, as usual, nobody was much injured. Mr. TELFAIR, himself being called in to pray, was whacked soundly about the shoulders "with a great staff." The bedside was torn away, and now rappings began in the orthodox and accustomed manner. Mr. TELFAIR felt a pressure on his arm at night and "perceived a little white hand and "arm from the elbow down, but presently it evanished." Spectral white hands are as familiar as rappings in modern *séances*, and that is precisely the interesting part of the statement. What causes this uniformity of spookical practice? Nothing but this hand was actually *seen*, nothing of a spectral sort, that is, except that an unnamed witness declared he beheld "a boy of fourteen, with grey "clothes and a bonnet on his head"; while a black, shapeless form was also attested to. Many visitors were dragged about by their clothes, the minister and others were nearly lifted off their feet, and ANDREW MACKIE was scratched, as if by the nails of human fingers. The bedclothes of the children were twitched off—this is a very common practical joke. Bars of wood floated through the room, including the great wooden bolt of the house-door. The ministers of Kells and Cross-Michael were pelted with stones, and a piece of folk-lore magic, small bones and blood, was found under a

great stone at the threshold. Balls of light pervaded the chief apartment—this is a regular feature in *séances*; there were whistles, groans, and articulate cries. A letter, written in blood and bad grammar, was found in the lane, bidding Scotland to repent; but this manifestation was really a trifle "too thin," and showed the human hand too obviously. It was more difficult to break holes through the thatch and walls of the house, but this was managed without the agency being caught in the act. The family then left the house in the occupancy of five neighbours, and it is notable that while the family was away nothing occurred, except some disturbances among the cattle. Disturbances were renewed as soon as the family came back, and on the day of a parochial fast to atone for these indiscretions, noises and throwing of missiles were especially lively. All the stonework of one end of the house was pulled down, and the family had to live in the stable. Fires continually broke out, and gave much annoyance, till the whole affair ended, as suddenly as it had begun, on the 1st of May. Five ministers, a few lairds, and a number of farmers sign this account, in which there is not a single suspicion breathed that the business was merely a practical joke. Mr. Telfair recites it as an argument against atheism, and for other reasons of edification. And there we must leave it, with the remark that the agents in these performances, human or otherwise, are persons of perhaps less invention than their reporters, who, to be sure, are also very much "in the same tale."

RUFFIAN-KEEPING.

It was necessary last week to point out, in connexion with the case of Alfred Hargan, that the administration of the criminal law is in danger of becoming unduly favourable to street ruffians of a most pernicious kind, by being exercised with great severity to the disadvantage of honest men who adopt the most natural and often the only effective means of protecting themselves against an intolerable and dangerous pest. A more remote, but hardly less scandalous, effect of this evil is that it tends directly to develop the sort of rough that Hargan killed into such criminals as a wretched man named Wright, who has gained some notoriety through a crime, or series of crimes, known as the Hoxton burglary, and complicated with an endeavour to murder a policeman. A recent paragraph in the daily newspapers informed the world that this man had been flogged, receiving three dozen lashes, that his cries had been heard outside the prison, and that he seemed entirely "cowed" by the punishment. His offence was that he made a desperate, and nearly successful, attempt to murder one of the warders, who was just saved by the courageous promptitude of another convict. The assault was in itself not only an offence against prison discipline, punishable with flogging, but also an indictable offence, punishable on conviction by a jury with penal servitude for life. It was necessary to treat it as a mere breach of prison regulations, because Wright was already undergoing a sentence of penal servitude for life, and there is not the least prospect of his ever being let out. It is not the first time he has been flogged for a murderous assault on a warder since his conviction.

That Wright should be soundly flogged was proper, and indeed necessary; but, nevertheless, the circumstance, as reported in the newspapers, is discreditable and disgusting. The man is simply a ferocious wild beast. He is kept in the closest confinement, and he strongly objects to it. Since he cannot get his freedom, he desires to terminate his imprisonment by death. No doubt he could kill himself, but he prefers to work off a part of his grudge against people at large who have locked him up, and to be hanged. The chances are that some day he will succeed in murdering somebody, and will be hanged. Meanwhile each flogging he gets will probably prevent him from trying again until his back is thoroughly healed and the pain of his flogging partly forgotten. Is it a decent, a humane, or a courageous thing; is it fair to the warders charged with the duty of taking care of Wright, that this state of things should go on indefinitely? It is presumably approved of by the eccentric persons—the remnant, one is sorry to recollect, of a rather numerous body of faddists—who want to abolish capital punishment; for it is beyond all dispute that from year to year a small, but steady, supply of ruffians like Wright are hanged for murder and done with. It is not, however, worth while to perpetuate such an outrage against the notions of all persons of sense and good feeling solely in order to keep up a standing demonstration of the impossibility of the only alternative to capital punishment. Without being a humanitarian, it is possible to object to keeping a ferocious man for as long as he may happen to live in the closest and most irksome confinement—short of chaining him to a post, and it might almost come to that—varied only by occasional floggings of continually increasing severity, and at the constant peril of the lives of warders. It is true that, if such a criminal does succeed in murdering some one, he can be got rid of; but then it is at the expense of the life of an honest man, who probably leaves a widow and orphans entitled to a pension from the State.

The moral of these reflections is undoubtedly that a man like Wright, who has done his best to commit a barbarous murder, and failed to incur the guilt of that offence only because, from circumstances beyond his control, his intended victim has contrived to live for a year and a day after the commission of the crime, ought to be hanged. But this is a counsel of perfection which will probably not be acted upon for some time yet. Meanwhile there is a practical proposal to be made on the subject. As the law is now, a sentence of penal servitude for life carries with it complete impunity for every crime except successfully committed murder and high treason; but it is so difficult and so unusual to levy war against Her Majesty or to compass her deposition in the depths of a convict prison that the latter may be left out of account. The convict may be punished for the breach of prison rules, but he cannot be punished, as any one else can, for the indictable offence. This state of things may be cured, and ought to be. So long ago as 1872 it was provided by an amendment of the Indian Penal Code, in substance, that whenever a person undergoing a sentence, duly passed, of penal servitude for life, committed, with the intention of taking life, a fresh crime punishable with penal servitude for life, he should be guilty of a specific capital offence, and upon conviction by a jury in the ordinary way should be sentenced to death and hanged. Our own law manifestly requires a similar amendment. There can be no doubt that Wright committed both his murderous assaults upon warders in the hope of being hanged. He has been disappointed, because the law of indictable offences has already done its worst, and cannot touch him until he not only tries to murder, but succeeds in murdering, some person whose duty involves the risk of being selected by him as a means of transport from the convict-cell to the gallows. If the law had been as proposed, Wright would have had his way after the first assault; the warder whom he assaulted last, and who, it is said, was so much injured as to be obliged to retire upon a pension, would be still in possession of his place, and, what is more important to him, of his health and strength, and the warder whom he will probably assault next would have been saved from a grievous peril to life and limb. It is difficult to see that any serious objection can be raised—except by anti-capital-punishment "cranks," who, *ex hypothesi*, approve of the present condition of affairs, and wish to ensure the perpetual existence in our prisons of a certain number of wild beasts like Wright—to a proposal which is so obviously both humane to the convict and convenient to the public, especially the officers of prisons. It may be only a pious opinion that every one ought to be hanged who has deliberately and effectively attempted to commit murder—effectively enough, that is to say, seriously to endanger life. It can hardly be disputed that the most severe of legal punishments ought to be inflicted upon persons who are twice guilty of such an offence. It may be urged that the proposed alteration would not deter a convict from his first attempt to murder a warder. That is so; but he would have no greater motive for his first attempt than he has at present—for an attempt involves a wish to succeed—and it would most effectually deter him from his second and subsequent attempts. And half a loaf is better than no bread.

THE ORLEANIST EXCUSE.

The surprise which was expressed at the tone of the Count of Paris's letter last week in many quarters was not particularly creditable to the intelligence of those who expressed it. When the Count declared that he had picked up the first missile which came to his hand to throw at the Republic, he was only saying that he had followed the common tradition of the Orleanist family. It has always

been their weakness not to understand that there are certain causes which cannot be in the long run served to any purpose except by instruments which are clean and honourable, and that the Monarchical cause is one of them. It would be even more accurate to say that the Orleanist family has never been able to fight for any cause at all other than the immediate advancement of its members. This is a frame of mind which is apt to lead to a distinct want of scruple. The pushing man is not he who "loves honour more." The want of that instinct which tells many men of no great ability or worth that "there "are some things a fellow can't do," and so preserves them from acts of ruinously base character, may be supplied by a very great sagacity in the choice of safe means. We doubt whether it is, except very rarely, in persons of the Orleanist stamp. Great sagacity may be compatible with many vices of men and of devils, but it does not go easily with mere tricky shiftiness. It has certainly uniformly failed the members of the Orleanist family, and therefore it is that they have so often found that what they took for a useful weapon was but a handful of filth by which they themselves are defiled. The policy of the Count of PARIS has only been an addition to the longish list which contains the Spanish marriages.

But, though the Count's letter is no revelation of character, and does not add to our knowledge of fact (the alliance of Royalists and Boulangists having been from the first gross and palpable), it will, in all probability, produce a considerable effect. There are signs that it has already begun to work. To suppose, as some have done, that it will or can lead to an immediate break-up of the Royalist party is almost absurd. A party bound by so many social ties and such good discipline does not break to pieces at once. Still, we incline to think it at least possible that we have seen something not unlike that famous scene in *Redgauntlet* when the "King" did actually at last weary his supporters beyond endurance. The older men of the party will remain loyal, or, if they do not feel inclined to struggle any longer, will at least remain silent. Among the younger men there will be much searching of heart, and it will possibly not be long before many of them will be turning elsewhere. The Royalist party in France has hitherto profited very largely by its social superiority. But the alliance with the *brav' Général* has covered the party with so much ridicule, that it has decidedly lost a part, at least, of this advantage. In so far it has been weakened. Then the folly of that alliance and the base fatuity of the calculation that a successful adventurer would hand power over to the Count of PARIS have been made articles of faith by the Boulangist failure. Many of the younger generation have been mainly Royalist, because they were Conservative. If they are convinced, as they very well may be, that the Conservative cause is no longer to be served with the help of the House of ORLEANS, they will turn elsewhere. Some of them will go to the moderate Republicans, who are very willing to receive them. Of late there has been a distinct increase in the number of candidates who describe themselves as Conservative Republicans. Others of the party, who are first of all Royalists, will be provoked by the "promiscuity" of the Count of PARIS to turn to the "blancs d'Espagne." They are not Royalists in order to be banded with Freemasons and the scum of the earth. Between defections to right and defections to left, the Count's party may not improbably wither much and rapidly, even although there is no open and violent revolt. It is said that the voyage to America is partly designed to give the country time to forget the last scandal. The calculation is perhaps as wise a one as could be made under the circumstances; but it overlooks one risk—which is that, while the country is forgetting the scandal, it may also forget the Count.

"NOISY TOM."

IN SWIFT's time there was an Irish politician, the object of some polite attentions on the part of the Dean, who, from the clamorous character of his vocal performances, was known by the name of "Noisy TOM." The Irish party has never been without its Noisy TOMS. There has been a linear, though not hereditary, succession of them. We will not say that the state of politics, like that of poetry, in DRYDEN's lament, "is curst, when TOM the second reigns "like TOM the first." Indeed, it may be a question who is the reigning TOM at the present moment. The name is not uncommon among the members whom the discretion of Irish constituencies contributes to the wisdom of Parliament; but it will probably be admitted that the succession to the office of Noisy TOM in the present day has only two claimants who can allege any plausible title. There is Mr. THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR—TOM with his familiars, TAY PAY with all Europe—and Mr. THOMAS SEXTON, formerly Lord Mayor of Dublin, the precariously seated members for Scotland Ward, Liverpool, and for West Belfast. Which is the real SIMON PURE and which the tricky FEIGNWELL, we do not presume to decide. It is best to consider that the office of "Noisy TOM" is held by them in a sort of commission. If, however, discrimination is to be attempted, we should, not without hesitation, hold that, though Mr. SEXTON's claim to be "Noisy TOM" cannot be disputed, yet Mr. O'CONNOR has some title to be considered "Noisier "TOM." It is as difficult to adjudge the palm between competitors who speak so loudly and who speak so long, and each of whom, as we listen to him, seems the louder and longer of the two, as it would be to ascertain which of two rival cocks on competitive dunghills utters the shriller and more sustained chant, or which of two mutually provoked quadrupeds can sing—the word has the authority of THOMSON in his *Castle of Indolence*—in the most resonant and long-drawn bray. Our own private impression is in favour of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR; but that may be due to the fact that he has most recently had the long ear of the public.

On Monday Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR occupied the chair in the Music Hall at Edinburgh, when a meeting was held "under the auspices" of the Irish National League of Great Britain. Whether the Augurs at this pagan celebration interchanged that mutual grin for which they have long been celebrated does not appear; but we should think it very likely. In the wonderful newspaper English of the period, which ought surely to be included in future dictionaries of slang, we are told that "apologies were in-"timated" from various distinguished persons, comprising Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord ROSEBERY, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. CHILDERS, and some half-dozen more or less known personages besides, who are wound up with the inclusive phrase "and others." In fact, the meeting seems to have been chiefly remarkable from the notable persons who were not there. It is a satisfactory incident of modern political meetings that to "intimate an apology" is considered almost as good a thing as to be present in person. The distinguished absentees gave scope to the eloquence of the Chairman, and we are enabled to concentrate our attention upon it. It is chiefly remarkable for the expression of disappointment which it contained that the methods which have been successfully employed for the disabling of previous Irish Secretaries have been tried hitherto without result on Mr. BALFOUR. How he had been occupying himself, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR admitted that he did not know; but he gloomily added that he had reason to believe that he had been enjoying himself very considerably. How different was the case with Mr. FORSTER and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN! Thanks mainly to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and his allies, neither of these statesmen enjoyed himself very considerably. Mr. FORSTER's life, according to Mr. O'CONNOR, was shortened by his tenure of the Irish Office; and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who entered it a young man, came out of it an old man, so heavily did the burden of his office hang upon his mind and conscience. What does Mr. BALFOUR mean by not dying or becoming prematurely old? Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR does not know how this Sybarite gentleman occupies himself. But Mr. JOHN MORLEY knows. He plays at golf—a game to which Mr. MORLEY intimates his virtuous superiority, and which it is well known was one of the luxurious and lethargic amusements of the inhabitants of Sybaris.

We hesitate to admit the assertion of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR that the tenure of the Irish Office contributed to the premature death of Mr. FORSTER. His biographer, indeed, says that the sad story of his personal sufferings cannot at present be told, though it is no secret to those who knew him. According to the same authority, the Irish members never forgave his fundamental assumption that the real mind of Ireland was not spoken by her Parliamentary representatives. We do not know whether Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR will recognize the historic exactitude of the following statement of his conduct and that of his fellows:—"From the day on which the Houses met until that on "which they separated, FORSTER had to submit to nightly

"attacks, insults, and calumnies of every conceivable "and inconceivable description, whilst the Irish members "laboured unceasingly to excite a belief that, no matter "who might be chosen to replace Mr. FORSTER, he could not "possibly be a person so completely unacceptable to the re-"presentatives of Ireland as FORSTER was. The manœuvre," Mr. FORSTER's biographer proceeds, "is a stale one now, "and men look with comparative indifference on that "personal abuse of Irish Secretaries by the Irish repre-"sentatives which is apparently part of the reward which "the former must expect for the faithful performance of "their duty." But Mr. FORSTER, whatever annoyance and grief he may have felt, was not the man to allow himself to be done to death by slanderous tongues, and the wounds of the noxious insects which stink and sting, though they might irritate and fret him, were not likely to prove mortal. One thing is as certain as anything which depends upon character can be, that if he now lived he would be supporting Mr. BALFOUR against the attacks which are made upon him instead of basely conniving at, or even instigating, them. As to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, his fate has been more tragical than that of Mr. FORSTER, even if we assume the latter to have been killed by the poisoned arrows discharged at him from the Irish benches. We do not refer to that premature senility of which Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR sees the traces. He has not been slain by his Irish assailants, but he has been captured by them, and has become as one of themselves, and joins with them in hurling against Mr. BALFOUR the missiles once thrown at himself. The age of chivalry, according to BURKE's lament, had gone in his time. The age of decency seems to have disappeared in ours. That Mr. BALFOUR's temperament makes him contemptuously indifferent to the assaults of the Irish enemy, and of the English who are more Irish than the Irish themselves, is a happy personal accident, on which he, England and Ireland, are to be congratulated.

THE JARROW EXPLOSION.

THE answer which Lord ARMSTRONG made to Colonel FORD's Report, last Tuesday, at the meeting of the Elswick Company, was marked by a not unnatural tone of indignation. It may be observed that this is the second answer published in substantially the same tones, and that no reply has been made to the first. It must be remembered that, a few weeks ago, a Report by Colonel FORD on the Jarrow accident of last year was published, after being kept back for many months. In the interval between the writing and publishing of the Report the accident, which was an explosion on a wherry in Jarrow Slake, had been made the subject of judicial proceedings, and the Company had been fined 250*l.* for the illegal manufacture of explosives. This fact—and only the bare fact—was remembered when Colonel FORD's Report appeared, and it naturally gave weight to his judgment on the Company, which was severe. The Colonel stated in explicit terms that the Company, having applied without success for a licence to manufacture explosives, had gone on making them without a licence, and was guilty of great carelessness. On the face of it there seemed good reason for thinking that the Company had escaped with scandalous ease when it was only fined 250*l.* Its conduct seemed particularly blamable in a firm of such standing which does so much work for the State. It was blamed, accordingly, pretty freely.

Within a very few days, however, the critics had occasion to remember the old adage that one story is good till another is told. The Company gave its version in a letter to the *Times*, and now Lord ARMSTRONG has repeated it at length. From this account it appears that the licence for the Tyne was not refused. The Company withdrew the application on finding that they would be burdened with onerous restrictions, and has since established licensed works at Dartford. As for the explosion, it was—so says the Company, and the Court which imposed the fine was convinced of the truth of its allegation—entirely the work of a subordinate. The ammunition which exploded was made up in separate parts in a perfectly legal manner, and then put on board a wherry to be transferred to an Italian war-ship preparing for sea at Jarrow. It was to be made up on board the Italian, which was in itself a perfectly legal act. This kind of ammunition may be made up on board a war-ship in commission, whether she be native or foreign. When the wherry came alongside, the Italian captain asked the servant of the Elswick Company in charge to make the ammunition up before it came on board. This was an illegal act; but the man was either ignorant of the law or prepared to run the risk. He complied, and the explosion took place in which he lost his life. By the Court the Company was held responsible legally, but not morally, and was fined 250*l.* for example and record; but it was expressly acquitted by the judge of conscious misconduct. It had to suffer for the act of its servant. Here, it will be allowed, is a very different story. There is often in such cases a wide difference between technical and substantial innocence; but since the explosion has been the subject of judicial inquiry, and in the face of the words of the judge, we have no right to jump to the conclusion that any such difference exists here. As we do not know what good end would have been served by the discovery that a firm in the position of Messrs. ARMSTRONG had been guilty of deliberately illegal conduct, we presume it to be a matter for general satisfaction that it has a good answer. But now the question suggests itself, How did the charge come to be revived in this sudden way? Colonel FORD's Report was written before the trial. The Company was not allowed to see it when it made the request. Now, months after the trial, months after the judge, on a survey of the evidence, has acquitted the firm of moral complicity, the severely worded Report is published, with the effect, though we take it for granted not with the intention, of bringing a good deal of odium on Messrs. ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL, & Co. One might ask on what ground Colonel FORD came to such an unfavourable opinion of the Company's conduct, and why, if he had sufficient evidence, it was not produced at the trial? Perhaps, however, the wisest course is to conclude that there has been official want of tact, first, in the withholding of the Report, and then in its tardy publication, and to say no more about the matter.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress opened at Hull on Tuesday under two depressing influences—bad weather and the absence of the Archbishop of the Northern Province, who should have presided—but in other respects successfully enough. It has had a distinguished scholar for its acting-President in the Bishop of DURHAM, preachers of considerable eminence in the Bishops of MANCHESTER, RIPON, and NEWCASTLE, a good programme, and plenty of influential speakers. If one person is disturbed because Mr. TILLETT, the high-strung, is not to be heard, and another because there is not to be a kind of rough-and-tumble over *Lux Mundi*, these regrets are not particularly worthy of attention, and are not in the least worthy of regret. A Church which teaches that men should be content with their wages had better have as little as possible to do with Mr. TILLETT, and there is no place so ill suited for the discussion of critical and theological points as a congress. There is, indeed, no particular harm in such a discussion as that on the relations of the Church to labour; there may be much good in one on Church and State, and must be some in one on Sanitation—to take the three subjects of the first day. Few people have more responsibility thrown on them in this last respect than at least the country clergy, and in not a few instances they have as landlords and magistrates very considerable power. As to "Church and State," that is practically the cardinal doctrine of the Church of England, and the treatment of it could hardly be in safer hands than in those of Mr. TALBOT. In subsequent discussions on various forms of church-work, on popular follies and vices, and so forth, some silly things were, as was natural, said; but there were also some wise ones, more particularly the Bishop of BEVERLEY's avowal that he occupies himself in teaching his children whist, and the excellent protest of Captain JUDGE in the course of the same debate. In a more extended review we should also have to notice Mr. THOMAS HUGHES's remarks on Socialism, which, to tell the truth, were wiser than those of the President, and others.

These things are all very well; and the Congress, which has during its existence done much more good and much less harm than might have been expected, stands a fair chance of preserving this record. Its great dangers are now, as always, unreality on the one hand, and popularity-hunting on the other. In both respects, we fear, it has not been quite blameless. The preliminary cour-

tesies between its representatives and those of local Nonconformist bodies were so graceful that one is very loth to say anything unkind about them. But, if there is one thing which is more alien from the spirit of Christianity than another, it is a sham; and we fear that there must be admitted to be some element of sham in these compliments. The Wesleyans, indeed, hold—both by the intentions of their founder and by the conduct, till very recently, of almost all, and still of the best, of them—a peculiar and unique position, and courtesies between them and the Church are not wholly unreal. But the other Nonconformist bodies, even when they do not pass their time in crying "Down "with it, down with it, even to the ground!" in reference to the Church, represent vital differences and deliberate hostility. The boycotting and denunciation of Dissenters, personally and individually, is a most unwise and unchristian thing; but we cannot see how, between the Church as a church, and the sects as sects, there can be peace. Of the other danger, the kind of coquetting with Socialism which was visible even in the President's opening address is a fair instance. There is no desire here for a clerical propaganda against Socialism, or for preaching exclusively on the text above quoted, any more than on that against grinding the faces of the poor. Both are in season at their seasons, together with all other preaching in favour of Christian virtues and against anti-Christian vices. But let the Church of England take warning by its own history. It has been accused, unjustly on the whole, justly in part, of having in times past leaned unduly to the aristocratic side in politics. It will not repair that fault by leaning unduly to the democratic.

MR. MORLEY'S FALL.

WE are afraid that Mr. JOHN MORLEY—to speak plain, colloquial English—has done for himself. His presence at Tipperary was of itself all but inexcusable; his explanations at St. Helen's have made it absolutely so. Mr. MORLEY has always been treated by the better part of his political opponents with great leniency, both for his many amiable personal qualities and admirable literary gifts, and because of a certain conviction that an honest political wrongheadedness, a sincere "zeal of the Devil's "house," a genuine pining to see the Church of England abolished, and a "Constituent" or "Legislative" Assembly, guiltless even of Presidents, taking the place of Crown and Lords, blinds him to the character of the acts mediate to this happy consummation. Charity may still retain this last conviction, but justice cannot be any longer restrained from plainly characterizing the acts in question. If there be any hesitation in describing Mr. MORLEY's presence at Tipperary last Thursday week as disgraceful, it can only arise from a doubt whether that word is strong enough. We are not now immediately concerned with the accuracy of Mr. MORLEY's account of what happened. That he thought he saw what he says he saw no one need doubt; that by his own account he saw little is undeniable; and it is sufficient to observe, further, that witnesses at least as worthy of credit, and far better placed for seeing, give an absolutely different colour to the scene. The version of Mr. MORLEY and his friends is not only ill vouched for, but self-contradictory in parts; the official version, supported by such very clear and cogent evidence as that of Mr. J. G. BUTCHER, is consistent and probable. We have it on the strength of Parnellite boasts that young Mr. HARRISON was pummelling the police before his head was most deservedly broken. We have it on the testimony of eyewitnesses, whom there is not the slightest reason to disbelieve, that Mr. KEATING was brandishing an umbrella and making lunges with it at the Constabulary before he, in his turn, was taught that single-stick is a game that two can play at. The Nationalist versions, dashed and brewed with lies as they evidently are, carry with them the admission that the people were trying to get into the court-house against police interference, in which case it is hardly necessary to say that they could only expect what they got. But this is not the principal point at all. Very likely the affair will be inquired into more or less regularly—we rather hope it may; and we shall not envy Mr. MORLEY when he is cross-examined on the subject. But, even if Colonel CADDELL were worthy, not merely of the jeers of the League viragoes (which jeers we have on Mr. MORLEY's own naïf testimony), but of all the epithets that the Covenanters showered on CLAVERHOUSE, this would not excuse Mr. MORLEY's conduct in the very least. He is a fanatic, but he has never before given any sign of being a fool. And any one but a fool must have known that for a person in his situation to present himself in such circumstances was to make a disturbance between the police and the people extremely probable, not to say certain. Even the wildest Gladstonian, we should have thought, would admit that the temptation to the Nationalists to tempt the police to make martyrs of them, under the beautiful eyes of an ex Chief Secretary, was irresistible. Mr. MORLEY "wants all Englishmen to consider "what this means"—this being some humane warnings addressed by a magistrate to Mr. DILLON. We want all Englishmen to consider what "that" means; "that" being Mr. MORLEY's presence on an occasion when he must have known, or—to adopt a less shilly-shallying form—let us say simply when he knew, that his presence would be an incitement to riot. When Mr. MORLEY talks about the "gaunt shadow of famine," and asks why the arrests were not made earlier, and so forth, he evades the question. He may leave all that to the SHAW LEFEVRES. When he protests that he did not go to intimidate the Court, he wisely neglects the real charge. It was, perhaps, not very decent for a man who has been in such relations to Court and Constabulary both to appear; but even that is a minor matter. What Mr. MORLEY has to answer is this plain question—Did he or did he not know that his presence was likely to create a riot? If he knew it, and went, he is guilty of almost the most disgraceful act that any English statesman of our time has committed. If he went not knowing it, he may be acquitted of conscious wrongdoing, but only at the expense of an everlasting and remediless conviction of folly.

WHEN IS A GLOVE NOT A GLOVE?

BY this morning the great conundrum, When is a glove-fight not a glove-fight? will have been settled by judicial authority, or will at least have been brought nearer settlement. Much thanks are due to all the parties who have united to bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. PARTRIDGE showed much judgment in declining to commit himself prematurely to any opinion as to when a glove becomes only a sham of a glove. Then the noble sportsmen who collected in the small hours of the 27th, on the premises of the Ormonde Club, Walworth Road, have shown a truly sporting spirit, and have really done the law of their country a service, for which let them be thanked. Particular thanks are due to Messrs. SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE, who, being strangers, have put themselves to some immediate, and have cheerfully run the risk of future, inconvenience in order to facilitate a settlement of this great national question. If they have, indeed, broken the law—a question we leave the duly constituted authority to settle—they will yet have taken with them the well-earned respect of society as they left the court, whether as fined men or to a—we trust—brief period of retirement.

And now what a fuss it has been, and about what? The question was what amount of leather and stuffing must a man have on his hand, when he is pummelling another man, in order not to commit a breach of the peace? If these stupid Acts of Parliament did not always omit the most important details, the difficulty would never have arisen. When it was decided, in the interest of morality and the elevation of the species, to stop the P.R., it ought to have been possible to establish a statutory glove which would have made fights innocent. But members being in a condition of disgusted irritation at the discovery that they could no longer go to "mills" in decent company, hurried through their work so fast, and in such a slovenly fashion, that this absolutely vital matter was left unsettled. Now, as usual, the law courts have to step in, and make good the oversight of Parliament. That the question would arise might have been foreseen. A moment's reflection would have shown that a glove may be made of any thickness, and may easily be worse than the bare fist. It was thought, or men affected to think, that the headlong progress of humanity would soon take it into regions far above prize-fights. Unluckily humanity has refused to progress. It continues to like fights, and we have still had to make our minds up as to what is the necessary minimum of glove. The punishment given and received in this particular fight seems to show that a thin glove—a glove, that is, which is not a feather-bed—makes the blows more severe,

and not less. In this latter case humanity would seem to demand that the men should be allowed to fight with the bare fist. Why they should not we have asked again and again without ever attaining to a satisfactory answer. It is trifling to reply that the spectacle is not elevating. It is just as elevating as a steeplechase, or a ballet, or performances on a trapeze, which when they are good are all good fun. Besides, we do not want to be always elevated. One can understand that drunken mobs must not be allowed to collect in public places; but, if two young men choose to encounter one another fairly, without spite, as a matter of business or pleasure, in a sportsmanlike way, and do it in quiet places, why should they not?

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

AFTER too brief a holiday, the London County Council has resumed its weekly meetings; but it does so in circumstances that promise more sobriety and caution for the future. There will be some excitement within its halls in November, when certain official posts, which then become vacant, will have to be filled up. But that business over, the Council will enter upon the last term of its existence; anxious, it must be supposed, to make a good end, conscious that with its tremendous pretensions and its plunging errors it has made itself ridiculous, perhaps, and certainly aware that it has added grievously to the rates. Few members of the Council can doubt that, if it were put to a general election next month, there would be a great change in its constitution. The arrogance of its pretensions to authority still rasps upon the mind; its bouncing self-assertion still stands in ungraceful contrast with the impudently mean devices of the Bow Creek and Bromley Park Bill; the "betterments" dodgery of the Strand Improvements Bill is unforgotten; the folly of throwing away the London coal tax—that "hidden Pactolus of municipal "revenue," as Lord ROSEBERY called it—is still apparent in the Council's pedantic theorizings, while the consequence of it is yet more visible in the ratepayer's prospect; and all or most of these things remind him that he was wrong, to his own loss, when he allowed the Council to be filled with economic doctrinaires like Sir THOMAS FARRER and bitter-minded social revolutionists too numerous to mention. Of course the majority in the Council may think it safe to continue their appeal to Socialist sentiment and the victorious New Radicalism, but they know well how hazardous a means of re-election that must be. They depend upon the ratepayers for election. The ratepayers within the domain of the London Council are of all classes and every variety of political opinion; but there is not one of them that has not suffered, and will not suffer, by what this Radical Council has done (in drying up the Pactolus, for one thing), or that has not been alarmed by what the Council has attempted. More particularly, Conservative ratepayers are not likely to listen again to the preaching with which they were once beguiled, that no municipal Council is likely to be biassed in its business by political passion. It was a plausible argument, and kept many Conservative ratepayers easy at home when the first London Council was elected. Now they know better, and can never be deceived in the same way again. It is possible, however, that some of them might be soothed into the indifference which is too much a Conservative vice by the use of a little more caution henceforth; and therefore, and because the House of Commons is known to be quite awake now to its rival's enterprise, we expect to see the London County Council go softly to the end of its term.

It may be all the more disposed to do so because it has got no money to spend; and the difficulty of raising funds is acknowledged by the most daring and ingenious economists in Spring Gardens. The wisdom that abolished the Coal Dues is forced to admit that it ruined its own resources at the same time, without any visible benefit to boast of in compensation. The microscope itself reveals nothing of the kind. Bang went a million by that exertion of economic science; and nobody knows where to find its particles, if not in the pockets of certain unmeant brewers and undeserving manufacturers. And now there is no more to be said than what Mr. H. W. L. LAWSON says; and he is as good a philosopher as any of his own side on the London County Council. "Let the dead "past bury its dead! The Coal and Wine Dues can never "be revived" (a truth which prompts the wicked thought that their murderers might as well be buried too), "and "what we have to face is the uncomfortable fact that "there is no refuge and no resource but the demand for "the County rate. Turn it over as you will," adds this young prophet of civilization, "there is no escape from "burdening the ratepayer" a vast deal more than the ratepayer is disposed to stand. "There is no doubt that on the "present basis [of rating] we have reached the maximum "limit of local taxation, or come as near it as is wise or "feasible"; an acknowledgment we rejoice to hear, though we do not hear it for the first time. When the insidious intention of the "betterments" design was exposed and routed (it came out that the "betterments" clause of the Strand Bill was meant to instal a complete new system of special taxation), there arose a cry in the Council, "What, "then, are we to do for money? How are we to carry out "our large-scale improvements? The ratepayers" (without whose votes, it was *not* added, we cannot continue to exist) "are already burdened to the point of revolt, and unless we "are allowed to go for Property, for Unearned Increment, "nothing can be done. What is more, we will not try to "do anything; under such discouraging circumstances we "cannot, will not, play any longer." Amidst such expressions of disappointment and defeat the Council separated for the holidays; and it is said to be in the same frame of mind after the refreshment of the recess. The sullenness of "check" still lowers upon the Council; so much so, that it has been urged by one uncalculating though influential journal to arise from its sulks and get to work again, even though it do "increase still further the demand upon "the ratepayers." But what if "the burden of rates is as "heavy as the occupiers of London will consent or are able "to bear," as Mr. H. W. L. LAWSON says? Or, to put the matter more cogently, perhaps, what if the ratepayers are pretty sure to withhold their votes from Councillors who, having piled the burden high already, pile it up yet more? Can such Councillors be expected to take the risk, even though improvement halts and nothing heroic can be attempted? Our own answer to the question would be that the expectation is unreasonable. But perhaps it is possible to carry on the work of "improvements" on a more modest and yet on a sufficient scale. Splendid works are all very well when you have a great income, drawn unfelt from hidden sources, to pay for them; but when you have thrown that income away, and when there is less need for splendid works than at their first beginnings, and when taxation to continue them has reached a point that is almost unendurable, the nature of things suggests that you may properly content yourself with necessary work. Or, if more money must be had, a municipal Death-duty will hardly provide it in a less objectionable way than another halfpenny on the rating. Better than that, and far better, would be a restoration of the Coal and Wine Dues; and the revival of that innocent and universally lamented tax is forbidden by nothing but economic superstition. There is not a Radical in the London County Council who would not rejoice if he could wake to-morrow morning to find that blessed million to draw upon, and draw upon every year. Is it certain, indeed, that the majority of the Council would not make some capital for the elections if they were boldly to arise, confess their error, declare themselves the ever-willing pupils of practical experience, and advocate the re-imposition of a tax which the ratepayers would never allow to be taken off again? It is to be feared, however, that, though the majority in the Council are not without courage, they have not the sort of courage necessary for that. They can only be recommended, then, for their own sakes, to pursue a wise economy; to drop all such teeming schemes as Chelsea is in arms against—Chelsea, which is to be "merged" in the parish of Kensington apparently—and to display caution and common sense, which may encourage others to hope that the last days of the London County Council will be more lovely than the first.

ALPHONSE KARR.

THE death of M. Alphonse Karr is so considerable an event that at almost any time it would have deserved an exclusive notice; how much more so when the productions of the French press at the fag-end of the "season of waters" are limited to almanacs, school books, and a few stray volumes of less unliterary matter. For M. Karr was absolutely the last of the great race—the race of 1830. M. Feuillet is, indeed, only four

years his junior, but the author of *Bellah* waited long before undertaking independent work, and his earliest writing of much note dates from 1845. It was in 1832, almost within the twelvemonth of *Notre Dame de Paris*, only two years after the *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, and three before *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, that *Sous les tilleuls* announced an author of a class, far different indeed from, and lower than, the authors of these, but of an idiosyncrasy hardly less marked. M. Karr had thus all but sixty years of constant production to show; for it is but a very few months since we noticed his last bundle of collected articles. In the article, indeed, far more than in the book, lay his strength. He was for a short time a schoolmaster, and to the last showed some traces of scholarship. Then he fell into journalism, and can never be said to have fallen out of it or with it. His books in the proper sense, fertile as he was in them and popular as not a few of them were for a time, can hardly be said to have been worthy of his reputation. Even the famous *Voyage autour de mon jardin*, which is probably known to thousands who attach no other memory or idea to his name, is little more than a collection of articles, besides being imitated in plan and title. *Sous les tilleuls* is more interesting as announcing a writer of talent and exemplifying a wave of literary influence than in itself; and of all his other novels, though few are contemptible, few are extraordinarily distinguished. Nor were his dramatic attempts numerous or very successful.

But in the article he was for a time something like "a king who ruled, as he thought fit, the universal monarchy of wit," and to the very last, though it was too evident that he did not well to let his will out-task his strength and his years, it was impossible to turn over any of the collected volumes which appeared almost yearly without finding something that recalled the two famous sentences, the Jachin and the Boaz of his reputation. "Que messieurs les assassins commencent," in reference to the abolition of capital punishment, and "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose," in reference to the dreary vicissitudes, without improvement, of French Governments, will always remain models of their kind. It is hardly fanciful or extravagant to say that in these two samples all their author's talent is exemplified. But his temperament and his interests, as well as his talents, were those of the consummate journalist. He had the unresting relish for combat, not dulled or blunted by a too earnest or thoroughgoing devotion to particular ideals, which is so invaluable to the light infantry of the press. He was a keen politician, graduating from early and crude Liberalism to that final hatred of the Republic and the *bêtise* of universal suffrage which now unites almost all men of brains in France. If his own literature was not exactly of the most scholarly or exquisite, he had a keen relish for exquisite and scholarly literature. And he had the immense advantage of possessing various out-of-door tastes to relieve his desk-work. The famous book above-mentioned speaks his love for gardening, which continued to be exhibited till his death, and is said, with the other taste shortly to be mentioned, to have caused it. As a good Frenchman should, he rather hated England, and one of his griefs against us was that we, according to him, stole the French rose Chromatelle and rechristened it Cloth of Gold. But he cultivated the fruitless sea as well as the fruitful earth, and in both his country homes, the earlier on the Norman and the later on the Niçois coast, he did feats, and patronized feats, of swimming and boating. These tastes and others, together with his reminiscences of scholarship and his love for reading out-of-the-way books, helped him to lighten and vary his political and personal attacks and his comments on the events of the day. The most famous of these are, as most people know, the *Guêpes*, the oldest of which have passed their fiftieth year, but which were collected and taken up afresh from time to time. The stock epithet for these *Wasps* is "Aristophanic," and there is more justification for it than usual, or than the fact that Aristophanes had permitted himself to anticipate the title. The two great apophthegms above cited are in very truth Aristophanic. Aristophanes would have signed them with pleasure, and has actually written hundreds of things like them. Of course M. Karr seldom rose to this level, and never had the advantage of form and language which makes Aristophanes imperishable. Readers of the collected *Guêpes* sometimes find them more dull of buzz than sharp of sting, an almost invariable result in similar cases. Only when poetical satire concentrates and refines itself into the form of a *Knights* or an *Absalom and Achitophel* can it hope, and then hardly, to attain to immortality. But the intrepid plunger into the ocean of M. Karr's volumes will generally meet with pearls and always enjoy a certain refreshing brininess. For he hated fools and prigs and canters, and he treated them as they deserved, and as their kind will always deserve; he managed a delicate literary instrument with consummate skill; he had to the last of his fourscore years and two that *diable au corps* on which Voltaire insisted, combined with contempt of, and superiority to, the common, with just indignation, with genuine laughter. We cannot say that a great light has gone out; but there has gone out one which at its best was, if not great, bright and brilliant, and which retained not a little of its brilliancy to the very socket.

"PIG! PIG!! PIG!!!"

GIBBON, in one of his well-balanced statements, put the hog on a level with man in power of suiting himself to any and every climate of the earth. But Gibbon knew not of the Fijis, where the biped, from the groaning-board point of view, is merely a longer (*balava*) variety of the pig genuine, of the *puaka dina*; in which term we may perhaps guess *puaka* to be, in point of fact, ship's pork easily suiting itself to the climate and the latitudinarian months of the islanders—

> stripping off
> The *rs* like thorns, to make it smooth enough
> To take between their dainty, milk-fed lips,

as Aurora Leigh wrote.

There is a wretched class—wretched, and increasing, and multiplying they well know themselves to be—who were once blessed in a contented ancestry and an excellent education; instead of which (in the judicial words of the leading case) they go about the country stealing all our illusions and throwing away their own by the wayside. Even Elia's dissertation on the origin of the crackling is gravely brought under the compound and complex comparative mythometer of this degree of positive critic:—

> Nothing of the kind [he cries], nothing so profane and ordinary as a house afire can ever have been the primeval origin of roast pig. Sacrifice, my good Sir, burnt sacrifice to the gods, holocaust and that sort of thing, was the true and only beginning of roast pork, as it was of all cookery. Lamb, with his Cho-fang and his Ho-ti and the rest of it, was all abroad there; and [this with conviction] he was grossly taken in over that Chinese manuscript. . . .

And so forth, and so on.

It may, indeed, be partly true, to give the mythoclast his due, that another old "Chinese MS.," the *Book of Rites*, does furnish us with one of the best records now extant of the (otherwise obvious) gradual evolution of cookery in the persisting sequence of the offerings in Chinese worship. The blood, with the hair or feathers, of the victim is first presented, and the raw flesh is set forth on the show-tables, these having a prehistoric right of sacred precedence, as being the most archaic offerings. Then come the joints sodden in hot water, the soup, and the roast meat. The ancient compiler of the Rites is careful to give his own (or somebody else's) view of the raw offerings, which he says descended from ancient kings who lived in summer tree-nests and winter caves, and knew not the changing power of fire, but ate the flesh of bird and beast raw, drinking the blood, and clothing themselves with furred and feathered skins. In all these things, said the unknown compiler, expounding, we follow the primeval exemplar. The later sages then arose, he goes on, and men learned the benefits of fire; they toasted, roasted, boiled, and grilled; to worship the Most High Ruler and the Spirits, to offer to the dead, and to feed the living.

This, by the way, is a very pretty passage for the evolutionists; penned, or rather pencilled, at least a score and odd centuries before they were thought of, and lying there perjew, as Captain Costigan used to say, all this time in the *Li Yun*, or *Ritual Development*. It makes it clear that the food now most repugnant to our palates, most savage, holds the place of honour in these, perhaps the most provably conservative of all religious rites known to us. But to conclude from this that the first roast was a burnt-offering on a sacrificial fire is scarcely even Baconian. Indeed, a Chinese commentator on the very same book tells us—how did he know?—that they roasted pieces of pork in those archaic times with hot stones. But this will not wholly do for our comparativist; for he swerves sharp round, and says with weighty jeer:—

> At all events, *your* Chinamen knew nothing of the legend of Lamb's "lubberly Bo-bo"; and even take him at his word, and the hearth-fire with which his Bo-bo set light to that house was supremely sacred as well as the sacrificial fire, and was always kindled from it in all countries.

With which little frisk of his tail, after the manner of the Third Kalender's black horse in The Thousand and Two, he is gone.

But it isn't for nothing that the Chinese pig has always made a noise in the world. To be sure we improved him, and the great Carême approved us, at the beginning of this century, and at any time since; but the Chinese had thousands of years ago raised him to the Zodiac near about Pisces, and they had besides the constellation of the pig-pound—the square of Pegasus—where the sacred pigs were fatted for the grand sacrifice of the twelfth month; and near by are the constellations of the heaven-pig himself and the heaven-pig's eye. The Scythians, Slavs, and Germans made the boar sacred to the supreme heavens-god, for reasons which it may be interesting not to state, and it is said that the sun-hero, Ifuring, Ivaring, or Iring, not alone means son of a wild boar, but gave the modern name of Irving, which is still called Irrin' in Edward Irving's *Annandale*. The wild boar that slew the pig-sticking Adonis, and also named the Syrian month of Khazirân (which looks like trespass on the Chinese Zodiac), is said to be—who will put his finger in the fire for it?—the fatal scorching sun of highest summer's noon. But *altro*, the boar is sacred in Japan to the Fire-god, which is getting a little behind the sun in metemmythosis.

Relics of sacrificing or of ceremonially "killing a pig" can, of course, be traced all the year and all the globe round. Le Grand d'Aussy recorded that hams and bacon used to be blessed in the churches for Easter, and there was a special prayer for the purpose in the old French rituals. When summer was acoming in,

the ancient Chinese emperors offered the first-fruits of the new wheat cooked with pork in the ancestral hall; and we may perhaps here detect the very first pinch of the meal which is the vegetarian's able contribution to the black puddings. At Midsummer the Trappists of Noisemont paraded all their pigs before St. John's Chapel on his day, with a garland round the boar's neck and a nosegay on his tail. This was their service for free pasturage in the forest of Bonmoulins near Alençon. In the first moon of autumn (our Lammas) a pig was also sacrificed in China, and offered with the first-fruits of millet to the emperor's ancestors. In Japan a white boar was offered up to the harvest-god. The 17th of December is called Sow-day in the Orkneys because a pig is killed. The grand Chinese collective sacrifice of the twelfth month disposes of all the sacred pigs saved up till then, and roasting pork perfumes the land. Martinmas and Christmas have always been French dates for "drabbing a bawler"; and then there are the Christmas boar's-heads of Hornchurch (Essex), of Prince's Risborough (Bucks), of St. John's Gate and the Inner Temple—St. John being the Templar's chief patron—and of Queen's College, Oxford. The Fellows' collar of brawn at Clare Hall comes up for all the "twelve days" and again at Candlemas.

Much of this puts one in an ill mind to hear of the ancient Egyptian priests not bearing the sight of a pig, and to know of the eating of swine-flesh being an apostasy from Jehovah. But it is some comfort to think that in the matter of this last at least some Hebrews sometimes found some loophole somewhere; else should we have been quite without "the prodigal son and the herd of swine." At the great Syrian temple of Mabog, or Hierapolis, no pig could be sacrificed or eaten; poor Elagabalus, too, who hailed from thereabouts, ate no pork; so that the taboo in that part of the world was not confined to the Jews. To this day, a Moslem Tartar unlucky enough to be killed in the chase by a wildboar is impure in the next world, and there requires purgation by the roasting of his own self a hundred years. At the present day sacred pigs roam inviolate about the Buddhist monasteries of Canton and elsewhere in China; but this can't be solely due to Buddhist reverence for animal life; one must also discern a survival (in more senses than one) of the native Chinese pig-victims. To these instances of taboo it might be added that Pausanias in his guide-book gave the pilgrim of those days the straight tip that it was no good browsing round for "a rasher of the coles" at Aphrodite's temple-feasts at Sicyon, for swine were the only animals not sacrificed there. They were equally excluded from the temple at Ialysos of Rhodes, for worshippers even wearing sandals or any other thing made of the pigskin were carefully warned off by an inscription repeated in three places, which is now in the British Museum.

How much pleasanter it makes any reasonable man to read of the great but denuded Chinese sage Sûnki, of the Han dynasty, who was driven in his old age to herding swine in the rice-marshes to support his aged-aged mother—no prodigal son he—and was followed there in crowds by his disciples, who stood on the dykes to hear him discourse. But to return for a moment to Lamb's "weakling," his "flower." The Chinese bride, from the earliest ages, with her own hands roasted a sucking-pig the day after her marriage, and served it up, poor girl, to her mother-in-law; and, when she and her father-in-law had had enough, the bride "ate up what they spared her as a mark of their special regard." But she had a local proverb to encourage her:—"Cheer up, even a daughter-in-law may become a mother-in-law." There is, nearer home, a sweetly primitive Lowland chorus of similar intent, to the tune of "The Laird o' Cockpen," which runs:—

> Who'd put up with my mother-in-law? (*bis*)
> Do you get the hatchet, and I'll get the saw,
> And we'll both cut the head o' my mother-in-law!

As the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great used to say, you might go bail that that Chinese bride didn't throw away the ears and the skin of the weakling, as, *teste* Henri Estienne, the French savages were in the habit of doing only some three centuries since; and this although the Dauphin and all his household, every man and woman of them, including S.A.R. the Dauphine, beyond all manner of doubt, ate through three solid pigs apiece yearly in 1345, in despite of the fast days. Even a hundred years earlier the French were already getting their most famous porkers from us English; and one of the perquisites of the Paris executioner when he "went out" was a pig's-head, which gives quite another sound to the guileless little ditty that begins:—

> And of all the meat that ever was hung,
> A cheek of pork is my fancy.

St. Anthony's privileged and fortunate pigs long roamed as a terrible nuisance in all Christian towns, and some people think that the little pigs worn as lucky charms come from them; but in China figures of the tapir act as charms against pestilence, and he is lucky in Japan, as the *baku*.

In the country where pigs not alone see the wind, but pay the gale, the dairymaids call their pets "Hurrish!" which, had it not been the title of an ingenious lady's novel, might have been that of this article. From the same country, too, comes our word "pet," which there in a manner belonged to the pig. But perhaps there is quite as much devotion paid to these pets among the canny, thrifty little Celtic Santones of South-Western France as there is anywhere else; and surely the English breeders who, ringing the changes on the *Gs*, call their auburn prize Tamworths Girton, and Graceful, and Girl-graduate, and Golden-hair, also disclose a strong weakness in the same direction; therein contrasting, greatly for the better one opines, with the Gothic pre-Rabelaisians, who freely carved *la truie qui file* in coarse grotesqueness on cloister and cathedral.

SWORD INSCRIPTIONS.

DESPITE the recent publication of several fine works dealing with the sword, there is one branch of study connected with the Queen of weapons to which practically no attention has been paid, although a large volume might be devoted to it. We refer to sword inscriptions;—to the curious mottoes, admonitions, &c., engraved, stamped, and in other ways recorded on the blades and hilts of old weapons. An allied subject—that of armourers' marks—is at length receiving the attention it deserves; but of sword inscriptions no collection has yet been made or projected. Yet these legends are both entertaining and instructive—entertaining from their variety; for they are of every possible kind—pious, humorous, admonitory, proverbial, patriotic, votive—of every sort and length; instructive, because they are as a rule characteristic in a peculiar degree of the period, of the country, and even of the weapon to which they belong.

Of the great antiquity of the custom of inscribing swords much might be said. Speaking of Anglo-Saxon swords, Mr. J. Hewitt (of the Tower Armoury) says:—"Occasionally Runic or Latin inscriptions appear upon these weapons. In *Beowulf* this usage is noticed:—

> "So was on the surface
> of the bright gold
> with runic letters
> rightly marked
> set and said
> for whom that sword
> the costliest of irons
> was first made."—Line 3373.

And further on he adds:—"Professor Thomsen of Copenhagen informs the writer of these pages that in Denmark swords of the latest Pagan period have been found having Runic inscriptions formed by letters of iron let into the iron blade. In the Tower collection may be seen a sword of somewhat later date, in which also is exhibited this curious practice of inserting letters of iron into an iron blade. Among the swords found in Ireland, attributed to the Scandinavian settlers in that country, instances have occurred of inscriptions 'in Latin letters.' In the Northern Sagas frequent mention is made of the swords of their heroes being marked with runes." But it does not come within the scope of the present article to trace back the custom so far as this; the object being simply to call attention to the interest and amusement afforded by old inscriptions: and for this purpose instances will be taken from more recent weapons, chiefly those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Roughly speaking and for present purposes, inscriptions may be divided into two great classes—namely, those which refer or are addressed to the owner, and those which relate to the weapon itself. The former class presents great variety. In many cases, more especially when the blade was made to order, the name of the owner is recorded. This form of inscription is probably the oldest of all, and owes its origin to that reverence for the weapons of famous warriors felt by mankind in all ages and in all countries. As is shown above, it was common as early as the days of the Vikings, and customary from the reign of Charlemagne to our own days. The sword of Bernardo del Carpio bore its owner's name. That of Conrad Schenck of Winterstetten had:—

> Konrad viel werther Schenck
> Hiebei du mein gedenck
> Von Winterstetten hochgemuth
> Lass gang keinen Eisenhut

(Conrad! Be mindful of me. May brave Winterstetten leave no helmet unscathed!) The weapon of Talbot, the Terror of France, had "Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos suos." "A sword," says Fuller, "with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it." On a sword preserved in the Real Armeria of Madrid is a curious inscription in Gothic letters beautifully engraved, "Garcilaso de la Vega, 1472," and on the other side, "El que mató el moro en campo." From a mass of evidence carefully collected by Señor Sensi it would appear that, at the battle of the Rio Salado in 1340, a valiant Spanish knight, Garcilaso de la Vega, so distinguished himself that the King appointed him, as part of his coat of arms, the device "Ave Maria gratia plena." At the siege of Granada in 1491 a caitiff Moor took upon him to appear in the field with the same words written on a scroll tied to his horse's neck. A descendant and namesake of the Garcilaso of the Rio Salado, indignant at this treatment of his escutcheon, killed the Moor in single combat, and carried off the vilipended scroll amidst the plaudits of the beholders. Well and good; but the problem is, What connexion have these deeds of valour with the sword now in the Real Armeria? Señor Sensi "gives it up," but shrewdly points out that the date 1472 does not relate to the killing of the Moor, but to the possession of the sword by Garcilaso de la Vega; and there can be little doubt that, whatever the cause of the discrepancy in point of date may be, the inscription alludes to the killing of the Moor at Granada. For the benefit of the "skeptical," it may be noted

that the blade (which is very broad and rounded off at the end, instead of being pointed) and the inscription are undoubtedly of the fifteenth century, though the hilt is more modern, probably of the seventeenth century, and of "sable" type (*i.e.* with counter-curved quillons, knucklebow, and pas d'âne, surmounted by unequal shells). The sword of Don John of Austria bore "Joannes Dux Brabantiæ et Limburg," and that of the Prince de Condé (Luis I. of Bourbon, father of the great Condé) was damascened in gold, with several badges and the words "Je suis au Prince de Condé." Two instances of Toledo swords so inscribed may be given, as the proud Toledans did not often condescend to place anything but their own names on their noble works. One has "Regis Philippus ann. 1564. Opus laudat artificem" (literally true in this case), and the signature "Miguel Cantero," with armourer's mark, a crowned G. "This blade," says Señor Sensi, "has never been mounted, and, to quote the expression of one of the inventories of the armoury, *is worth a city*." The other sword is inscribed "Para Don Bernardino Xuarez de Mendoza, Conde de Coruña—Juan Martinez en Toledo. In te Domine speravi." In this case the device may have been the choice of the Conde himself, who had fought against the Moors; but it also appears on another blade by Juan Martinez. The sword of Stephen Bathori of Poland bore, like that of Don John, its master's name and title in Latin—"Stephanus Batoreus rex Poloniæ"—and the date of his accession—"A.D. 1575"—all in letters of gold. Occasionally, though very seldom, instead of the owner's name, his motto was placed on a blade; thus "Tanto monta" appears on a sword of Fernando V. in the Real Armeria. As for texts and exhortations addressed to the owner, their name is legion. Some of these phrases, being neatly turned and of general application, were so much admired, and therefore so constantly repeated and copied, that they became absolutely conventional. "Pro aris et focis—pro fide et patria," with slight variations, is constantly appearing. "Fide sed cui vide" is also very common. Another hackneyed phrase is "Soli Deo gloria," the application of which to a sword blade is somewhat difficult to perceive. But application does not seem to have been much studied, more especially among the German cutlers, with whom the above were stock phrases. "Ave Maria" and "Memento mei, mater Dei," of course, occur constantly. Of the more uncommon devices a few may be quoted. "Vincere aut mori" occurs on only one or two blades, and "Gloria pro patria" (!) appears to be unique. On a back- or broad-sword—"Qui gladio ferit gladio perit. Consilio pollet cui vim natura negav(it)." Why did this gentleman carry a sword at all then? Another prudent man was the purchaser of an anelace, on the blade of which was engraved on one side a man with a drawn sword and the words "Injuria lacessitus" (*sic*), and on the other a man sheathing his sword and "iram comprime." The anelace was more or less a civilian weapon, and the inscriptions on most specimens are akin in sentiment to that already given. One has "Nunquam potest non virtuti locos" (Anglicè, Faint heart never won fair lady), and another bears on one side of the blade, "Gentil hor adalto," and on the other "Virtu conduce" (? To be truly noble, conduct thyself with valour), while stamped round the hilt is "Necessitudo + homines + timidos fortes facit." A third says "Estote fortis in bello: fortes timet Fortuna." The owner in each case seems to have felt that his courage needed screwing up and fortifying with logic and exhortation. On broadswords, rapiers, &c., the sentiments are usually of a nobler kind. "Veritatem diligite et pugnate pro patria" counsel some German swords. "Un Dios, una Ley y un Rey" exclaims the Spanish blade of a Venetian schiavona. "For my Christ resolved to dy" is the declaration of an English Elizabethan rapier, adding withal, "Vho haves (hates) me, let him ware me." "Vive le Roy," cries a French broad-sword; "For my country and king," an English one; "Vivat Catherina," a Russian one; and the loyal chorus is taken up with variations by other blades. One ardent Jacobite partisan carried a weapon inscribed:—

> With this good sword thy cause I will maintain,
> And for thy sake, O James, will breath each vein.

and (on the other side):—"Vivat Jacobus tertius Magnæ Britanniæ Rex." The devices on small swords are most insipid, not to say inane. "Je vous le sacrifie," and "En cherchant l'honneur Je trouve la mort," are specimens. A French Republican sword bore:—"Unité. Peuple français. Pour le salut de la patrie. Pour ramener la paix."

The trite character of the legends on most German blades has been noticed; but these arms also supply a distinct type of inscription—the jocular or ribald. A soldier's cut-and-thrust blade in the Meyrick collection bore on one side:—"Luog und sich dich: eben fir vor aim der dir schaden don wil un drew ist yetz fast eil (Look ye and observe: have a care of one who will harm you; want of faith is prevalent); and on the other:—"Heieth dich; hab acht auf mich; truf ich dich, ich verschneid dich" (Beware: take care of me—if I catch I'll mince you). On the cross guard, in allusion to the figures of St. Theresa and the Virgin which appear on the blade, is a rough distich:—

> Ain nuwer hailig haist Grobian
> Den wilietz fir en jederman.
>
> (A new saint called Ruffian,
> Who ready is for every man.)

Another inscription is very puzzling:—"Georg Lerchenfelde"; and on the other side, "Noch lebt er." Meyrick declares this to be a text taken from Psalm xviii.; but he himself translates it "He liveth still," and no such phrase occurs anywhere in the Bible. Psalm xviii. 47, indeed, says, "The Lord liveth"; but this is rendered in the Latin by "Vivit Dominus," and in the German by a similar phrase not at all resembling "Noch lebt er." Yet a *double entente* seems to exist.

The hilt of the sword surrendered by Francis I., at Pavia, bears in white enamel the words:—"Fecit potentiam in brachio suo" ("He hath showed strength with his arm"—Luke i. 51). Considering the great bulk and strength of Francis, one is almost tempted to class this inscription with the ribald. The weapon of another valiant monarch, James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, was inscribed:—"Espoir conforte le greval." "Greval" is undoubtedly "injured," or in this case "afflicted," from *grever*; but the word does not seem to be genuine French, and has much puzzled at least one writer. An amplification of this philosophical device is found on a French rapier:—"Si fortune me tourmente, l'esperance me contente." Surely this belonged to our old friend Ancient Pistol?

The inscriptions which come under the second heading, those referring to the weapon on which they appear, are by far the most sensible and witty. Strange to say, they are at the same time of rare occurrence, and are seldom in duplicate. The only hackneyed device of this class is the Spanish "No me sacues sin rason—No me envaines sin honor," which is found as early as the first years of the seventeenth century on shell daggers, &c., and may be traced through this and the ensuing centuries on broadswords, bayonets, &c., until in our own time it may be found in English on modern specimens of cutlery. It also occurs in French, and probably in half a dozen other languages. On the hilt of the sword of Isabella the Catholic is "Nunca veo pas comigo—deseo siempre gera," a device which suggested to some cutler the epigram engraved upon a magnificent sword which has passed through the Bernal and Londesborough collections to that of E. Brett, Esq. On this weapon appears what is undoubtedly the finest inscription ever devised for a sword—"Pace porto. Guera cercho." Another legend equally appropriate, but less witty, is that which appears on a two-handed sword figured in Drummond's *Ancient Scottish Weapons*:—

> I will venter selfe in batel strong
> To vindicate my master's wroing.

An instance of an inscription being placed on a sword to commemorate a particular piece of service rendered by it is given by Sir Walter Scott, who says that in an old family in Fife is preserved a sword inscribed:—

> At Bannockburn I served the Bruce,
> Whereof the Inglis had no ruse.

Of course such inscriptions as those on the Siege of Boulogne coutel shown at South Kensington in 1862, and figured in *Miscellanea Graphica*; on the claymores given in successive years by the Dukes of Gordon as prizes for the horse races at Huntly Castle; on swords of honour, &c., though often most interesting, have a special character which places them in a class by themselves. But there yet remains one species of inscription to be spoken of—namely, the unintelligible. Some blades exist which are inscribed with a mere jumble of letters. In the majority of these cases there can be no doubt that this is due to the armourer's having attempted to decorate his blade with the ordinary punches he used for lettering. It must be borne in mind that the second-class armourers effected their signatures and devices with a small set of punches having on their faces signs or portions of letters, from which complete words might be built up. JUAN MARTIN might be inscribed on a blade with a set of only three punches, bearing respectively an I, the upper half of a C, and a dot ·. To lessen the labour of construction, however, such letters as V and W (also used for U and M), H and S, were included in an ordinary set of punches. Now it may be assumed that few smiths of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could read. A comparison of sword inscriptions seems to indicate that much of the lettering was done by illiterate persons from a copy; the consequence being that, growing confused by the necessity to build up from meaningless marks the, to them, equally meaningless signs before them, they frequently omitted strokes and curves, or substituted one letter for another, and produced some extraordinary results. When a blade was not to be signed or inscribed, young Hans Dummerkopf, the 'prentice, was directed to punch-mark it in the usual place with arbitrary signs, perhaps to prevent the imposition of a spurious signature at a future date. Very good; but the said Hans, not knowing one sign from another, often used the punches bearing complete letters. In this way were produced those astounding devices which occasionally appear on swords, bewildering the reader among the many interpretations to which, like the famous "Bilst umpshi smark," they lend themselves. A good specimen is that oracular weapon shown at the Tudor Exhibition, which bore HEA.HEA.HEA.HEA., to the confusion of its owner and all beholders. On a rapier now on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum are signs which might be read as W.IOH.W.IOH., but which really consist of W.H. and two arbitrary marks. In the same way the "inscription" on Colada, the trusty companion of the Cid, declared by old writers to be NO, NON, and SI, SI, is in reality composed, like the above, of arbitrary signs mixed with an occasional letter-punch. Nevertheless there are some inscriptions which, while seeming nonsense, most likely had some meaning for those who executed them.

A YEAR'S CHESS

THE year 1889-90 has been a busy one in the chess world. Reputations have been made and records have been broken; there have been famous contests which will live long in the memory, and the clubs have prospered with increased membership and well-contested tournaments. The outlook for the coming year is in these respects said to be more promising than the outlook of twelve months ago. It is satisfactory to note that the fixtures already made for 1890-91 ensure an almost constant succession of interesting events, including two or more international competitions and numerous minor tournaments. But there is still no near prospect of a match for the championship of the world, which Mr. Steinitz is allowed to retain without serious challenge. We should be sorry to express a definite opinion as to why Mr. Gunsberg's defiance, uttered after his level match with Tchigorin at Havana, has not hitherto resulted in a contest. There is, perhaps, less chance than ever of a speedy meeting between these two masters. Mr. Gunsberg is, undoubtedly, a very fine player; but his public form has not improved during the past year, and one would rather see Steinitz matched against the best man of the moment in tournaments wherein Steinitz does not compete. If such a man is not to be found in England, we must welcome him from some other country; and there is reason to think that Nuremberg can furnish a player worthy to be backed against the American champion. This is Dr. Tarrasch, a young medical man born twenty-eight years ago at Breslau, the birthplace or training-ground of Anderssen, Harrwitz, Riemann, and Zukertort.

Dr. Tarrasch's claims to recognition spring from his achievements in three recent tournaments of the strongest chess-masters. In 1885, at Hamburg, when Gunsberg took the first prize, Tarrasch was half a point behind, bracketed with Blackburne, Englisch, Mason, and Weiss. In his native town last year, being pitted against the best European players, including all the above-named except Englisch and Weiss, together with Burn, Alapin, and several others, he took the first prize without losing a game. And at Manchester in the present year, where he was one of twenty strong competitors in the international tournament promoted by the British Chess Association, he finished three games ahead of Blackburne, three and a half ahead of Bird and Mackenzie, and four ahead of Gunsberg and Mason, having again won or drawn every game that he played. The Breslau and Manchester records, and at any rate the two combined, are altogether without precedent in the annals of chess. Seventeen years ago, in the Vienna Tournament of 1873, out of twenty-eight games Steinitz won twenty, losing two, and drawing five. In the London Tournament of 1883 Zukertort won twenty-two games, losing four, and drawing seven. These are the records which Dr. Tarrasch has broken. Without building too much on an achievement which has certainly impressed the mind of every chess-player, we may fairly say that Steinitz has in the Nuremberg master a foeman worthy of his steel. There would be no shadow of difficulty in arranging a match on any terms that the champion would like. Dr. Tarrasch, who has his professional interests to attend to, has stated that he does not intend to despatch a challenge to America; but at the same time he expresses his readiness to meet Steinitz next summer in any European town. And Steinitz would be consulting his own reputation if he gave Tarrasch to understand that a challenge, subject to this condition, would be accepted.

The Nuremberg doctor's friends have a plausible theory to account for his success. His play is calm, studiously calculated, mathematically accurate. "His opponent never gets a look in, but struggles hopelessly on against a machine-like precision, until the inexorable logic of a lost position convinces him of the futility of further resistance." This is begging the question; for of course the man who plays best makes the struggle hopeless for his opponent, and a lost position makes further resistance futile. The only sure mode of winning is to play from beginning to end with undeviating accuracy. The man who can do that is past beating. But to play chess correctly without a slip throughout a long tournament, and to do it in two successive years, is an achievement of so much rarity that it deserves to be noted. We have not been accustomed to this kind of excellence, even by players in the very first flight. Anderssen, Staunton, Morphy, were not wont to show such clean records in playing twenty consecutive games with the best of their contemporaries. Steinitz and Zukertort have occasionally made slips in important tournaments which a boy looking on could correct. Steinitz has a lavish trick of making experiments with novel moves when he is staking his reputation against men whom he cannot afford to despise. For two years, at any rate, Tarrasch has done none of these things, and the consequence is that he has not lost a single game. That implies wonderful nerve, the unvarying accuracy of a text-book, and—if it will please his German friends to say so—a Bismarckian solidity of purpose, prevision, and execution. Will the faculty last? If it does, Dr. Tarrasch will be the best of all chess-players, for his games are by no means uninteresting in themselves. If it does not last, he has still given us a record which cannot easily be repeated. To say the very least of it, the winner of the Breslau and Manchester tournaments has accomplished a feat which may be compared to a 500 break at billiards without a fluke, or to a double century without a chance against a picked eleven at cricket.

Though Blackburne and Bird, with this exception, have well sustained the honour of English chess, there is certainly something which they, in common with other players, may learn from their defeats in the past two years. Good records are not to be made in chess tournaments so long as the strongest are liable to be beaten by the weakest players—a fate which, for some reason or other, has often befallen Blackburne at important meetings. In some of the more critical elements of the game—in powers of combination, for instance, and in the conception of a sound and brilliant finish—English players excel. They might with advantage pay greater attention to the general scheme and strategy of a whole game, and to the general principles of the art of coming out first in a tournament. Dr. Tarrasch says that one of the contributory causes of his success is that he invariably plays to hold the game in hand whilst making his most aggressive moves; that he does not risk an attack when its failure would leave him powerless to draw. The adoption of such a principle as this debars a player from those brilliant and eccentric attacks, usually unsound, in which some of our masters especially delight, and which undoubtedly provide most entertainment for the bystanders. Brilliant assaults frequently win single games by the surprise or demoralization of one's opponent; and of course it may happen that a series of ten or a dozen moves is at once exceedingly brilliant and thoroughly sound. But no one expects to play a number of games in which soundness is occasionally sacrificed for the sake of brilliancy without losing one or two. Chess-players should remember that in an ordinary tournament or match there are no marks for style. The only thing that scores is a win; and the Nuremberg master has done his opponents good service by impressing this fact upon them.

A BRITISH ARTISTS' ROOM.

SOME months ago, when Mr. Alexander's munificent offer of a new building for the National Portrait Gallery was first made public, the editor of the *Magazine of Art* suggested that it should include a room for the reception of portraits of artists. At first sight there is something very plausible and attractive about this suggestion. We all think immediately of the artists' portraits at the Uffizzi in Florence. We do not know the rules which guide the authorities of that institution, but some of the greatest artists in the world have contributed their likenesses to the two saloons, including our modern Mr. Watts, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Sir John Millais. They were probably invited by the Italian Government to contribute. But when we come to look further into the scheme it will not bear careful scrutiny. First of all, it would be a very invidious task for a committee to select. Would not all Academicians think themselves entitled to contribute? Yet no one would like to deny that, though our Academy has always contained a certain number of great artists, it has also always contained at least an equal number who could only be called artists by courtesy; and also, that some of our greatest and most representative artists have never been even Associates. This anomaly continues to exist at the present day. A further point is that the new gallery would be a tax upon artists, and especially upon those who are not portrait-painters. On the whole, we are inclined to dissent from the proposal, on these and other grounds of the same kind; and when we turn to the letters which have been received by the editor of the *Magazine of Art* from Mr. Scharf and the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, which, together with some notes by way of reply, appear in the October number, a variety of reasons of a different class are at once arrayed against the proposal. As is well known, no pictures of living worthies are admitted, and this rule extends to ten years after the death of a celebrity, except in cases specially voted upon by the Trustees. But the proposal relates chiefly, if not wholly, to living artists; and this fact, as Mr. Scharf points out, would put the collection "beyond the scope of the National Portrait Gallery." Another of Mr. Scharf's objections is that the space available for the new building is already inadequate—which everybody will be very sorry, not to say indignant, to hear—and that the addition of a room for the proposed collection is impossible. Moreover, he asserts, what will be news to many, that a gallery of Academicians already exists in what are called the private rooms of the Royal Academy. Having laid down these preliminary points, Mr. Scharf goes on to say he would like to see "the foundation of a gallery of portraits of artists painted by themselves"; and he would also like it to be in contiguity with the National Portrait Gallery, "but under independent regulations for admission of the subjects." Finally, he thinks the scheme is "scarcely possible." Lord Hardinge follows with a cautious excuse from expressing himself without consulting his colleagues. The Speaker says ditto to Mr. Scharf. Lord Ronald Gower "is at once more outspoken and more enthusiastic"—he could hardly be less so—and says he will present to the new gallery when it is formed portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough. It does not seem to occur to him that Reynolds and Gainsborough would be highly eligible for the present gallery. Lord Pembroke is more doubtful, pointing out, as we have endeavoured to do, that, attractive as the scheme seems at first sight, the practical difficulties would probably be insuperable. The rest of the Trustees were wholly against the proposal. Mr. Gladstone has "grave doubts." Lord Derby

would not relax the rule about living persons. Lord De L'Isle does not "view the scheme with much favour." Lord Cranbrook says the same, and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice is neutral. On the whole, it cannot be said that the Trustees have given the *Magazine of Art* much encouragement. One only has approved of the scheme; Mr. Scharf and seven of the surviving Trustees are against it, and one waits to consult his colleagues. Sir F. Leighton and Sir J. E. Millais are against the scheme, and, in fact, only Mr. Watts and Mr. Holman Hunt have pronounced, with Lord Ronald Gower, wholly in its favour. The editor of the *Magazine of Art* goes pretty fully into the letter of Sir Frederick Leighton, as well as into those of Lord Derby and Lord De L'Isle, but does not adduce anything which seems valid as against the views of Mr. Scharf, who is, as we are also, all for the scheme, if only it could be worked. But for once we must agree with Mr. Gladstone, and "own to grave doubts." The arguments of Mr. Scharf weigh so much with the editor that he comes reluctantly to the conclusion that, so far as his scheme relates to living artists, it must be abandoned; if he has succeeded in calling attention to the subject, and in persuading the Trustees to make a more systematic attempt to obtain portraits of eminent artists, he will not have laboured wholly in vain.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—OWLS.

VERY few people, few even of the regular frequenters of the Gardens, are, we imagine, aware of the existence of the "owls' cages" at the Zoo. Indeed, we have many times heard the remark that it was extraordinary that the Society should possess no owls except eagle owls—birds of this species being well known to all visitors from the position of their cage. This ignorance, however, is not to be wondered at, as the cages in question are placed at the back of the "llamas' house," perhaps the most out-of-the-way spot in the Gardens; but they generally contain an interesting little collection of owls, and amongst them examples of most of the commoner of our native species. At the present time ten species are represented, of which the following are British—the barn owl, the tawny or wood owl, the long-eared owl, and the short-eared owl; among the most noticeable of the others being the Oriental eagle owl from Java, and several burrowing owls from Buenos Ayres—the latter the most comically consequential-looking little fellows imaginable.

Much may be learned from a visit to the "owls' cages." For example, it is hardly matter of common knowledge that the barn owl, the commonest and best-known of our British species, has practically a world-wide range, the countries in which it is not found being very few. Yet that it is widely distributed will be palpable to any one who notices that two birds of this species, the one from the "British Islands," the other from Chili, are confined in the same cage. Again, how many people are aware that owls, when perched, sit with two toes in front of their perch and two behind? This piece of knowledge has most certainly been acquired by very few bird-stuffers, and apparently is not possessed by many writers on birds, or the artists who illustrate their books (curiously enough, neither Yarrell nor his artist appears to have been acquainted with the fact), yet a visit to the Zoo will convince the most sceptical that this habit is possessed by the whole family. The construction of the owl's foot is peculiar; unlike the well-known foot of the parrot, which has two toes in front and two behind, it, like that of the eagle, or—a more familiar example—the common sparrow, has one toe behind and three in front, but the first of these is capable of much lateral motion, while the fourth, or outer toe, is reversible, and when the bird perches is turned backwards, so that the bird sits on its perch with the two middle toes in front and the two outer toes behind. But though, as we have said, much may be learned from a visit to the "owls' cages" at the Zoo, unfortunately the vastly important lesson that owls are the farmer's greatest friends, and are practically harmless to the game-preserver, cannot be learnt by observing them in captivity. In these remarks we refer only to the commoner of the British species, as the snowy owl, the hawk owl, and the eagle owl—which are, without doubt, given to preying on game-birds, hares, &c.—though included in the British list, are of such rare occurrence in this country that they may be left out of consideration altogether.

The food of the owl can be determined with absolute certainty, as the bird swallows its prey, bones, fur, feathers, and all, and afterwards disgorges the indigestible parts in the shape of pellets, numbers of which can always be found near its haunts—a well-known fact, yet one of which neither the farmer nor the gamekeeper takes the slightest notice. Dr. Altum, a German naturalist, examined hundreds of pellets of the barn owl and the tawny owl, among other species, with the following remarkable results:—706 pellets of the barn owl yielded the remains of 16 bats, 3 rats, 2,520 mice of sorts, including voles and shrews, 1 mole, and 22 small birds; while 210 pellets of the tawny owl—a bird which, according to most gamekeepers, and even to many writers on game-preserving who should know better, is a most inveterate poacher—yielded 1 stoat, 6 rats, 371 mice, voles, and shrews, 48 moles, and 18 small birds, to say nothing of beetles and cockchafers; and we are quite sure that any one trying the same experiment as Dr. Altum will arrive at the same results. Naturalists have from time immemorial done their best for the owl by describing it in its true character as a mouser and a friend to the farmer, and it is therefore extraordinary that in these days of universal education the usefulness of the owl should still remain as a lesson to be learnt by those to whom it spends its existence in doing good. Yet so it is, and the unfortunate birds are still persistently destroyed. That the gamekeeper should be an owl-slayer need, however, cause little wonder to those who are acquainted with him and his ways; for we venture to say that there are few people, with his opportunities, at all events, who are so singularly ignorant of natural history as the average gamekeeper. He lives on tradition and is hard to teach; owls were vermin to his forefathers, and this is sufficient for him, he would rather not argue the matter, vermin they are, and must, therefore, be destroyed. Unfortunately he is often encouraged in his senseless slaughter of these beautiful and harmless birds by his employer, who in many cases is more ignorant of everything connected with natural history than himself, and is willing to pay so much a head for all the "vermin" his keeper can procure. But that farmers should join in the slaughter is curious and shows most lamentable ignorance; yet many of them will remorselessly shoot an owl whenever they have an opportunity, under the mistaken idea that it will destroy their pigeons, and utterly regardless of the fact that it is doing its best to free their land of rats and mice. Under these circumstances we are pleased to find that so high an authority as Lord Lilford, the President of the British Ornithologists Union, has taken up the cudgels in defence of the owl, and his remarks, which are to be found in a recent number of his *Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands*, are so trenchant and to the point that they should have the widest possible circulation, and, therefore, we make no apology for quoting them very fully; he says:—"I am glad to believe that the minds of game-preservers and gamekeepers are gradually awakening to the fact that in destroying owls in general, and this species (the barn owl) in particular, they are committing acts of the most egregious folly, not only as regards the birds which are the special objects of their care and protection, but also from an agricultural point of view, for these owls not only destroy enormous numbers of rats, mice, and voles, but also take many sparrows and other seed-eating birds from their nocturnal resorts. The stolid and unenlightened gamekeeper may plead that owls do eat birds, and, as I have just stated, so they do; but if he allows his young hand-reared game-birds to be out of their coops at the time that owls are abroad in search of food, surely the blame for losing them attaches justly to him, and not to the tempted owl. I need hardly say that wild-bred game-birds, whilst small enough to be attacked by the barn owl, are carefully stowed away under their mother's wings at the time when the 'bird of night' is on the quest of prey. I have examined hundreds of the pellets cast up by this species, in and under their nesting-places, and never discovered either bones or feathers of any game-bird, the castings consisting mainly of the fur and bones of small mammalia, with feathers and skulls of seed-eating birds, and occasionally a few bones and scales of small fishes." As showing the infinite amount of good done by the barn owl, he adds:—"A young owl of this species, which I kept as a pet in my school days, on one occasion, when about half-grown, swallowed nine full-grown house mice in rapid succession till the tail of the ninth stuck out of his mouth, and he could do no more, but within three hours he was hungry again, and was barely satisfied with four more of the little quadrupeds. With this appetite and capacity for stowage the numbers of four-footed vermin supplied by a pair of barn owls to a brood of six or seven ravening youngsters may well be imagined; I have seen an old pair bring food to their brood seventeen times in half an hour from a rick yard near their nest." Every right-minded man will sympathize with the writer in his concluding sentences, which are as follows:—"A great number of these and other owls are massacred and sold to be made into fire-screens and plumes for ladies' hats, barbarities upon which I can hardly trust myself to enlarge. The bird-manglers who devote themselves to this branch of art, almost invariably put glass eyes of the wrong colour into the distorted faces of their victims, and in every way shock all the better feelings of our human nature."

We have little doubt that the constant persecution suffered by these extremely useful birds, and the consequent diminution in their numbers, has much to do with the plague of rats and mice from which so many parts of the country are at present, and have long been, suffering. This is a plague which, if owls were encouraged instead of being destroyed, they would doubtless do much to mitigate; but at present the unfortunate birds have no chance, their very endeavour leading to their destruction. For example, we were told by a farmer in a highly preserved district that his stacks, being attacked by numberless rats and mice, attracted, as he expressed it, all the owls in the neighbourhood; the unfortunate birds, in their turn, attracted the keepers, and were every one of them ruthlessly killed, to his great detriment, but to the benefit of the keepers, whose master paid a fixed sum per head for all "vermin" destroyed on his estate.

In conclusion, we will only add that whatever may be said about other birds included in the gamekeeper's list of "vermin"—and much may be said for more than one of them—there can be no doubt that the owl should have no place there, but should instead become an object of preservation as one of the best bird friends that the farmer possesses.

ONE LESSON OF THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES.

THERE is one lesson from the recent cavalry manœuvres which we trust will not be thrown away. It briefly amounts to this, that there is not the least use in arming our batteries with a powerful field-gun unless it is possible to keep the weight behind the team within such limits as will not be prejudicial to its mobility. A highly scientific gun with a long range may be a very valuable weapon when in position; but, unless it can be got into the required place at the right moment without unduly distressing the horses which have to draw it, its worth becomes somewhat problematical. The "best field-gun in Europe," as its admirers are fond of calling it, has undoubtedly many good qualities, which, by the way, we did not fail on a previous occasion to recognize; but critics have all along been found to declare that its high muzzle velocity has been too dearly purchased, and recent experience would seem to have confirmed their view. From reports which have reached us, we believe there is no doubt that its weight has been found too great to make it a serviceable weapon for Horse Artillery, and it is whispered that the two limber gunners had to be dismounted and the limber boxes emptied ere it could be made to move with anything approaching the requisite ease. It is not pleasant to read of two horses in one battery dropping down dead, and such an experience must rudely shock our confidence in the value of our much-vaunted armament. We have so few Horse-Artillery batteries that we have a right to expect what there are to be of the very best, and however powerful a gun may be, if it cannot bring ammunition with it into action, it may as well be left to grace the gun-park at home. We believe that recently too little attention has been paid to the fact that the weight which can be given to a gun equipment depends on the load which horses can draw under service conditions. We have so long enjoyed an immunity from warfare with a European foe that many of us are prone to gauge the requirements of war by what is done at reviews and field-days every drill season. At Aldershot or Woolwich batteries whirl past with magnificent dash for a few hundred yards on a smooth and unbroken stretch of ground, come into action with bewildering rapidity, and, after a puff of smoke or two, are perhaps off again for another scamper. The "gallery" are delighted, and wiser heads are perhaps also led astray. On such occasions heavy field-batteries themselves move with marvellous freedom; and the heresy has even spread that field-batteries have, after all, mobility enough for all practical purposes, and that Horse Artillery is but an arm of display, and ornamental rather than indispensable. If such notions have had any widespread influence, we sincerely trust the results of the experiments the other day will be laid to heart and pondered over. Any who held or hold them must have completely forgotten that the batteries that they have seen moving with such ease and precision have only marched perhaps a mile or two a short time previously from their comfortable stables, that every horse has had his usual feed of corn that morning, and will be probably back in time to get his midday feed again at the moment he is accustomed to look for it in his manger. On the Berkshire Downs the opposing forces had to make marches of twelve or fifteen miles ere they ever came in contact, and the consequence was that many of the artillery-horses had had quite enough ere they were called upon to manœuvre at all. And this, too, be it remembered, with Horse-Artillery batteries, who had all but two of their detachments mounted. The reason is not far to seek. Our 12-pounder gun and equipment weighs a little over 40 cwt., with six horses to draw it. This gives an average weight of nearly 7 cwt. to each horse, whereas it has been more than once pointed out that no horse in a Horse-Artillery battery should be called upon to draw more than 5½ cwt. under field-service conditions. The German 8-centimètre gun and equipment weighs about as much as our own, but they have recognized the excessive burden, and have eased it by taking the numbers off the limber, and mounting them on horses. The French have done the same, and their Horse-Artillery equipment is considerably lighter than either ours or that of the Germans, and only weighs something over 31 cwt. It is questionable, however, whether even the German gun is not too heavy, and whether 33 cwt. is not as much as any Horse-Artillery team should be asked to draw. The weight which can be given to a gun may be calculated theoretically, if we assume the average work which is likely to be required, the pace needed, and the physical strength of the animal in draught. But such factors are obviously most uncertain to reckon with, and results will sometimes work out very differently to what is anticipated. Horses in the first few weeks of a campaign when fit and well can perform feats which scanty rations and exposure will by-and-bye render impossible, while the state of the roads on active service does not compare favourably with their condition in this country at the present moment. Moreover, during manœuvres rain and bad weather will put a stop to hostilities, while on service the wheels must sometimes sink axle-deep into the unmetalled byways of the Continent or sands of Afghanistan. During field-days, too, tilled land is carefully avoided, whereas a gallop into position on active service might often have to take place over cultivated soil. On the whole, therefore, it is not quite reassuring to reflect that even with lightened equipment our Horse Artillery found the slopes of Berkshire almost too trying for their teams.

The experiences of the war of '70 are replete with instances of long, trying marches having to be executed by artillery previous to engagements. They are known to every student, and we may be pardoned, therefore, if we only mention two. The Horse-Artillery batteries of the Corps Artillery of the 3rd Prussian Corps were ordered to push on for the battlefield of Spicheren on the 16th of August, together with the rest of the batteries which composed that body. These batteries accomplished a march of twenty-one miles in three hours, and appeared in time to make their influence felt, a feat which their brethren of the field-artillery were quite unequal to. At the battle of Beaune-la-Rolande we likewise read of a German Horse-Artillery battery being called upon to come to the assistance of the troops of the 10th Corps engaged on the north-east of Beaune, and successfully accomplishing a march of thirty-one and a half miles ere it came into action. With such experiences before us, supplemented as they are by what we have just seen in our own country, we may surely pause and seriously consider whether the price we are paying for a high velocity and flat trajectory is justified—whether the strain on the gun-carriage is not excessive, and whether the increased weight such strain necessitates is not too much even for the excellent animals with which our guns are horsed. Neither can we gain confidence when we reflect that the equipment of the contemplated 20-pounder field-gun weighs some 43 cwt., as contrasted with the 39 cwt. and the 41 cwt. of the German and French heavy field-guns. It is to be noticed, too, that, for practical working, the weight of five men, or about 7½ cwt. more, must be added. Can guns which impose such burdens on the teams which draw them be considered sufficiently mobile?

MONEY MATTERS.

IT may be worth while to give a rough idea of how the American Tariff Bill will affect European trade with the United States, though necessarily the idea must be very rough. It is to be recollected that the Bill was originally passed by the House of Representatives, that it was amended in various important particulars by the Senate, and that it has since been referred to a Conference Committee, which again has made some changes. In the nature of the case, it would be impossible to telegraph all the alterations in details that have been made first by the Senate and then by the Conference Committee, and yet without the details it is impossible to understand what has exactly been done. Roughly, however, a sufficiently correct account may be given. In round figures, the value of the imports into the United States during the year ended with June 1889, which are liable to Customs duties, was 500 millions of dollars, or, say, 100 millions sterling. Goods representing about one-fifth of this amount—that is to say, about 20 millions sterling—have been transferred from the dutiable list to the free list. The House of Representatives repealed duties much more considerably than the Senate, while, on the other hand, the Senate raised duties less than the House. For the present, however, we are engaged only with the remission of duties. In the case of the Senate they amount in round figures to about 12 millions sterling; in the case of the House to about 14 millions sterling. As far as the telegrams respecting the Report of the Conference Committee can be understood, it would seem that the House Bill has been practically accepted in these matters by the Committee. The greater part of the exemptions of duty have been in sugar. On the remaining articles imported in 1889, amounting in value to about 80 millions sterling, the duties under the old scale would be about 160 millions of dollars, or, say, 32 millions sterling. Under the House Bill the duties were raised to about 206 millions of dollars, or over 41 millions sterling. Under the Senate Bill the raising of duties was slightly less, but so slightly that it is not worth entering into minute particulars. The old tariff, so far as these articles are concerned, represents an average *ad valorem* duty of about 41⅓ per cent. The new tariff represents an average *ad valorem* duty of about 53 per cent., roughly—that is to say, the duties that have been retained have been raised on an average full 25 per cent. But it will be recollected that this is an average, and in some cases the advance is very much greater. For instance, the duty on tinplates is raised from 1 cent per pound to 2·2 cents per pound, or 120 per cent. In woollens, again, the average duties are raised from 67 per cent. to nearly 92 per cent.

The advocates of the Bill have never concealed the object they were aiming at. It is to exclude, as far as possible, the produce and manufactures of other countries which come into competition with those of the United States, and even where no such competition at present exists, to exclude foreign articles if there is reasonable ground for believing that protection will gradually foster a native industry. The tinplate trade is an important one to South Wales, and a very large part of the out-turn is manufactured for the American market. The promoters hope by raising the duty on tinplates 120 per cent. to shut out the Welsh manufactures, and create an American industry. Mr. McKinley, indeed, when the Conference Bill passed the House of Representatives this week, declared that, in a very short time five thousand American operators would be employed in this new industry. There can be little doubt that the new Tariff Bill greatly restricts the business of Europe with

the United States. The old duties did limit trade very greatly; the new duties, which, as we have seen in some cases, have been more than doubled, in other cases have been raised more than 50 per cent., and all round have been advanced about 25 per cent., must have a still more crippling influence, and that influence will be increased by the arbitrary powers which are vested in the President by the Reciprocity sections, as well as by the inquisitorial nature of the declarations of value that are required from importers. Thus, to secure reciprocal trade, as the Bill sets forth, the President is authorized and required to suspend the clause remitting duties on sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, whenever he is satisfied that the Government of any country producing the article named imposes duties or other exactions upon products of the United States which he may deem to be unequal and unreasonable. He may do this as often and for as long a period as he thinks proper; and while the suspension lasts duties are to be imposed upon the imports of the offending country which are set out in the Bill. This provision has reference, no doubt, mainly to Canada and to the Continental countries. The United Kingdom imposes no duty which even an American Protectionist can pretend to be unreasonable or unfair, but doubtless the power vested in the President will be used for the purpose of coercing Canada and the Continental countries; but our trade will undoubtedly be annoyed and obstructed by the Act amending the Customs regulation which requires that in all declarations of value where an article has been bought the declarant shall set forth, not only when and where he has purchased the article, but from whom. That is to say, he is required to make the world acquainted with the secrets of his trade; and, if the avowed object is to enable the Government to check the declaration, possibly the promoters of the Bill would be disappointed if the inquisitorial nature of the measure does not have an effect in restricting and obstructing trade.

During the week ended Wednesday night there was an extraordinary demand for money both for abroad and for the internal circulation. The net withdrawals from the Bank of England for export amounted to 520,000*l.*, while over 1½ million in coin and notes went into the internal circulation. In consequence of this drain the billbrokers and members of the Stock Exchange had to get from the Bank of England very nearly 3¼ millions, paying 6 per cent. for loans and 5½ per cent. for discounts. Of the whole 3¼ millions borrowed less than a million remains now at the disposal of the outside market. Naturally money was scarce and dear in the outside market. The discount rate has been fully 5 per cent., and in some cases as high as 5¼ per cent., and loans ranged from 4½ to 6 per cent. Yet the Directors of the Bank of England did not on Thursday raise their rate of discount to 6 per cent., as was very generally expected. It is possible that they know the demand for gold for abroad is nearly at an end, and they may also have good grounds for believing that the 5 per cent. rate being now effective will attract gold from the United States or some other country. If so, they may be justified in deciding to make no change, but to the outside observer it seems rather rash not to have taken further measures to protect their reserve. The reserve is now very little over 11 millions, and it is reasonable to expect that there will be a further diminution. During the present month it may be possible to get gold from New York, for the large redemption of debt and the return of coin and notes from the West and South have brought back ease to the market; but next month there will be an outflow of money again to move the maize crop and the cotton crop, and then it will not be likely that gold can be obtained. The probability does not appear great that the metal can be got in large amounts anywhere but in New York.

The price of silver has fluctuated rapidly and widely this week. On Tuesday it fell as low as 50*d.* per ounce, being a fall from the highest quotation at the beginning of September of 4⅝*d.* per ounce, or nearly 8½ per cent. With the fall in silver there was, of course, a very heavy fall in silver securities. Rupee-paper—the Four and a Half per Cents, for example—was at one time on Tuesday under 84. On Wednesday silver rose to 51½*d.* per ounce, and there was a still sharper advance in Rupee-paper to 87½. The extraordinary stringency in the New York money market disabled many of the weaker speculators in silver, and compelled them to sell on any terms. No doubt they also somewhat suffered from the fall in the stock markets. And the increasing scarcity and dearness of money in London have also been unfavourable to them, while Indian purchasers withdrew from the market when they found it was giving way, and there was no buying from other quarters. Apparently, however, the great operators in America are straining every nerve to maintain the market. It was they whose large buying put up the price on Wednesday. Whether they will succeed for any length of time remains to be seen. If the New York money market continues easy, they probably will. If, on the other hand, there is a return of stringency, they are almost sure to fail. In any case, it seems certain that, with increasing production and decreasing consumption, the price cannot be permanently held very much higher than it is at present, if even so high. In the meanwhile the fluctuations in silver are further disarranging the trade with silver-using countries. For example, Manchester merchants complain that it is impossible, with such rapid and violent fluctuations, to calculate even for a little while how matters will go; and, therefore, their business is being reduced almost to a speculation in exchanges. In consequence, exports to India, China, and the Far East generally have been falling off for a week or two. On the other hand, the decline in silver is not sufficient to give much relief to the export trade from India.

The alarmist rumours that circulated through the City last week have ceased, but an uneasy feeling still continues. It is chiefly inspired by the Argentine crisis, but it is, of course, aggravated by the banking failures in South Africa, and the very depressed state of the New York Stock Exchange. The condition of the money market, too, is a cause of anxiety. Consequently there is stagnation in most departments, and prices have given way further. Even the foreign department, which hitherto has been so well supported by the Paris Bourse, has been decidedly weaker; for the settlements on the Continental Bourses are going on this week. In Paris the demand for money for the Settlement is strong, and the rate of interest to Stock Exchange borrowers has risen to from 4½ to 5½ per cent. There has been some decline, therefore, in copper shares, and at one time several foreign Government bonds—notably Greek, not to mention Argentine and Uruguayan—were very depressed. South African land shares have fallen sharply, especially Oceana. The gold market has become as lifeless as it was before the recent short-lived recovery, and there is little activity in any part of the miscellaneous market. Home Railway stocks have been dull, with a drooping tendency, while the American market continues to give way. The fall in American securities perplexes observers here, and makes many feel that there is some cause of grave distrust not generally known, for the fall has now continued since the middle of June, and as yet the end does not appear to have come. It is true that the grain crops are bad, especially the maize crop is very bad, and so, also, is the winter wheat crop; but, on the other hand, the cotton crop promises well, while generally trade is exceedingly active. And the receipts of the railways have hitherto this year been exceedingly satisfactory, showing almost continuous and very large increases. As a consequence of all this investors are biding their time, in the expectation of being able to buy before the year is out more advantageously than they can now.

THE PROGRESS OF VANCOUVER CITY.

VANCOUVER CITY, British Columbia, is, perhaps, one of the few instances in which a stripling town is fully justified in sounding its own trumpet, in crying aloud to the world, "See what a big place am I! and so young withal!" Some think it is destined to swell within a generation or less to the size of San Francisco. It is ill work "bearing" (to use a Stock Exchange phrase) a prophecy of this kind. San Francisco sprang up like a plant in a forcing-house; nourished upon the El Dorado of the Western gold-fields. Why may not Vancouver, which has grown upon a commercial basis far more wealthy, also receive the like stimulant, when the province of which it is the western port has been duly fertilized with railways? The memory of the Cariboo Gold-fields among the mountains of the Fraser River has not yet died away. The rush began and subsided ere Vancouver City was thought of. Not that the land is exhausted of its precious minerals. Gold is there now as it was then; but the discovery of fields superficially richer has obscured their fame of thirty years ago; and their distance from the highways and settlements of civilization has done still more to make the world temporarily oblivious of them. But the gold is still where it was when the *Times'* Special Correspondent of 1862, writing on the spot, said of the auriferous land in question, "The terraces (bordering the river Fraser) contain vast deposits of gold." Even the Governor of the province himself, at first discreetly sceptical of the tales which he heard of the unnumbered ounces per digger per month, after the strictest investigation and examination of many miners who had returned from these up-country "diggings" contented, was in no doubt about the extraordinary mineral wealth of the British Columbia mountains. An unsuccessful goldseeker was said to be the exception—a marvellous fact. And it was no uncommon experience for a party of two or three miners to get four or five thousand pounds worth of gold as a result of a month's labour in the summer. Cariboo may be in disgrace at present. But its day will come yet again, or experts are very much in error. And, when this occurs, the proud little city of Vancouver will have just the chance of advance that San Francisco had.

But, indeed, its growth since that remarkable fire of 1886, which may be said to have destroyed it, has already been sufficiently remarkable. In February of that year its population was reckoned to be but 600. But the fire which licked up its wooden houses, and cast its flames far over the waters of its harbour, gave new life to it. In January 1887 the city had been re-designed, acres of forest land, with pines thick on the surface, had been included in the municipal boundaries, felling and building were going on briskly side by side, and the land agents were sanguine about the future of a city which was only just beginning really to exist. Its population of 600 had swelled to 2,000. This was rising from its own ashes with a vengeance. A year later the number was trebled, and in December 1889 the total was reckoned at 15,000.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has, of course, done marvellous things for Vancouver City. The words of Lord Bury thirty years ago, "that our trade in the Pacific Ocean with China and with India must ultimately be carried on through our North American possessions," have been fulfilled with tolerable promptitude. The number of employés of the railway now engaged in Vancouver

alone exceeds the number of the inhabitants of the city itself but four years ago. They muster 650 men, and the tendency is, of course, to add to the number. During 1889, up to December 19, no fewer than 684 trains arrived at Vancouver, after a transcontinental run of three thousand miles, or about a train for every man employed locally in the service. And the city may not unnaturally boast (for its own sake and the Company's which is working for its welfare) that, of this total number of trains, 640 were punctual in starting for and arriving after their long journey, and that, notwithstanding snow blocks, long distances, steep gradients, and the other difficulties which beset a line of such magnitude as the Central Pacific Railway, only thirty-seven trains were late in arriving, and seven in starting. That skilled artisans do well in Vancouver City is evident from the statistics of wages earned last year. Sixty dollars, or about 12*l.*, was the average monthly earning of the men engaged in the Central Pacific Railway workshops; while an analysis of the average of the total 1,184 operatives in the city factories (including the Central Pacific Railway workmen) gives the respectable monthly wage of about 9*l.* 14*s.* per man. Estimating the expenses of the unmarried workman at five dollars or 1*l.* per week, all told, it will be seen that British Columbia is a land in which money may be saved with ease.

It were tedious to dwell on the isolated industries of Vancouver City in a paper like this. Something, however, ought to be said about the salmon which during 1889 have done so much for the local merchants. It was a season of success beyond the hopes of the most imaginative—and that means no little in a new city of the colonies. In 1888 the canning factories turned out 66,616 cases of tinned fish. In 1889 the number reached 307,586. A brief extract from a trustworthy British Columbian's letter on this subject will serve as a vivid illustration of Nature's profusion:—"As I went through Lytton (on the Fraser River) by train I could look down at the river, and see the crowds of salmon fighting their way up at the sides. It has been a most wonderful year for them. The big run takes place every four years, and this has beaten all records. The canners have made fortunes this year. The Indians, too, have earned large sums by simply catching the fish for the canneries at 10 cents a fish. I heard of one who made 1,400 dollars in three weeks, and many of them came near these figures!" It is a question if even gold-mining in Cariboo was as lucrative, upon the whole, in its most palmy days as fishing like this.

The life-statistics of young Vancouver may not at first sight seem to be coincident with the general note of prosperity which sounds so unmistakably in all other directions. During 1889 there were 81 births, 81 marriages, and 87 deaths. In an old-world city we should regard such figures as indicative of decay. But here it is by no means so. For it must be remembered that a large proportion of the population of these "sucking" cities (we ask Vancouver's pardon for assuming, merely to point an argument, that it is still in the sucking stage) consists of young men who have not yet thought seriously of marriage, and of newcomers also unencumbered. It is a small matter—indeed, a matter for congratulation rather than otherwise—if they delay to give hostages to Fortune by taking wives and offering babes to a city which will in due time give the little strangers so hearty a welcome.

What, again, of that other very important feature in Vancouver's career, its position as the port of trans-Pacific communication between Canada and Europe and the Far East? There is not a doubt that the city will profit annually more and more by its situation as go-between. To borrow the words of a writer contemporary with Lord Bury:—"One does not require to be a prophet to predict that when the resources of British Columbia are fully opened up, and a communication established between the Atlantic and the Pacific, there will be enough traffic for a dozen steamers as large as the *Great Eastern* on both oceans." This was written many a year before Vancouver City was born. Victoria, of Vancouver Island, was then the chief settlement of the province. But the railway has raised a rival for Victoria which cannot but absorb the trade of the older-established city. The twelve big steamers above mentioned will probably be required for the Pacific trade alone ere long. For the present, however, a fleet of five fine boats, aggregating about ten thousand tons register, suffices.

One thing more about this city. The influx and efflux of the travelling public give a tone to Vancouver that was sadly wanting to San Francisco in the hot days of its unruly youth. As a rule, the colonial town is debarred from those opportunities of education which attend upon contact with men of the world of the best class. But Vancouver is peculiarly favoured in this respect. The tourists whom the Canadian Pacific Railway brings to its hotels, and whom the trans-Pacific vessels carry off to China and Japan, may none of them stay very long in the young city. But their mere presence is to a certain extent civilizing.

But there is no need to dilate further upon Vancouver's actual advantages and future fortune. If ever the growth of a city may be forecast infallibly upon certain postulates, that of Vancouver may assuredly be so forecast. Its unique position, its solid commercial basis, and its invigorating climate, are all strong factors in its advance. The word "gold" may again be echoed from its neighbourhood all across the continent to Halifax, and across the Atlantic to the mother-country. With the aid of the Canadian Pacific Railway there would then be no lack of emigrants to give the city that impetus which acted like a creative breath upon San Francisco in the like case.

A BALLADE OF AUTUMN.

TRUSTING the sun, faith seldom erred,
If Virgil our master's saying be sound;
Brave was his triumph, though long deferred,
Over the storm-clouds that lowered round,
A leaguer embattled with tower and mound
For a darkening blight upon tilth and meads;
The sun comes forth, and the foe discrowned
Flies like the fume of the burning weeds.

There was joy upon earth for man, beast, and bird
When the light laughed clear through the sky's profound,
And we garnered, cheerful and undeterred,
Wealth that the stormflood had well nigh drowned;
But lo, the sun's self in a fatal bound
Is tethered, and stronger masters heeds;
The late-born brightness from air and ground
Flies like the fume of the burning weeds.

The stars have spoken their ancient word,
Against their courses no spell is found;
In the harvest moon's wake the hunt is stirred
That Orion leads up with his flaming hound;
His horn for the fall of the year doth sound
Points that the poet from old time reads,
And the scroll of the summer days unwound
Flies like the fume of the burning weeds.

Envoy.

Masters whose mightier notes redound
To living splendour of loves and deeds,
Scorn not the measure that unrenowned
Flies like the fume of the burning weeds.

REVIEWS.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.*

IT is obvious at a glance that Mr. Brown's Life of Buchanan was inspired by Pattison's *Isaac Casaubon*, and that its author has conscientiously endeavoured to follow the model which he set before himself. It is unfortunate to court comparison, especially as Mr. Brown would be the first to own that he could not hope to equal the equipment of massive learning or the literary experience which Pattison brought to his work. The history of scholarship is a difficult subject, because it requires a large knowledge of what went before and what followed after to form a judgment of any particular epoch. Moreover, much of a scholar's life is spent in byways, which have to be carefully explored, and which are only intelligible when they are readily brought into connexion with the larger issues of the time. Pattison's strength lay in his familiarity with all the relations of his subject, and such familiarity was only obtained by the labour of years. It is no reproach to Mr. Brown to say that, though he has spared no pains in tracing the life of Buchanan, he lacks the large background and the clear perspective of his master.

Moreover, Buchanan's varied career leads his biographer into many subjects, where it is hard to be accurate and easy to go astray. The Scottish lad who, at the age of fourteen, went to study at the University of Paris, in the year 1520, plunges his biographer into the most complicated questions of a hopelessly complicated time. The influence of Luther's opinions, the organization of parties, the various tendencies of current thought, are all matters which require subtle handling. Mr. Brown has been content with describing the outward circumstances of Buchanan's life at Paris, with some account of his teachers; but he has not attempted to reproduce the intellectual atmosphere in which the young man's mind was formed. Doubtless this would be a serious undertaking, but an accurate account of the constitution of the University of Paris is at least possible from the works of Father Denifle and his critics. But Mr. Brown does not seem to have heard the name of Denifle, and his knowledge of the system of mediæval education is very rudimentary. Thus he writes:—"Buchanan completed three years' study before he was made Bachelor, and other subjects besides logic made a large part of his curriculum. For the degree, or rather title, of Bachelor, the student received simply a certificate, and not a diploma—Bachelorship not conferring the privilege of teaching in connexion with the University." After this we are not surprised that the account of the relations of colleges to the University is entirely confused. On other points, also, we notice that Mr. Brown does not seem clear of his ground. Thus, in speaking of Buchanan's satire against the Franciscans, he writes:—"It is noteworthy that both this poem and the *Franciscanus* open with the question of the advisability of entering the Church." This seems as if Mr. Brown thought that Franciscans were necessarily in Holy Orders.

But we do not wish to dwell unduly on the fact that Mr.

* *George Buchanan, Humanist and Reformer.* By P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1890.

Brown's hand is by no means firm, and that he does not impress us with a sense of security in his guidance. He has written a very fair account of the life of an exceedingly interesting man, whose career illustrates the extinction of the class of humanists in the midst of the untoward events of their times. For Buchanan was, above all things, a humanist, a master of Latin style, willing to turn his pen to any subject that would bring him reputation and profit, wandering from place to place in search of a secure position, and not overburdened with principles or convictions. But Buchanan was born out of due time; for the progress of religious differences turned men's attention from literature to theology, and made the wit of the humanist a dangerous possession. The wielders of the pen were no longer left in peaceful consciousness of power, but began to tremble before the terrors of the Inquisition, and literary license was regarded as a matter that needed repression. In Buchanan's youth Scotland offered no career to a man of letters, and he preferred to make his mark at Paris. But the routine of a teacher's duties was tiresome, and he returned to Scotland at the age of twenty-nine to act as tutor, first to the Earl of Cassillis, and then to the Lord James Stewart. Scotland, however, was not a safe place for a man of letters, and a satire against the Franciscans made Buchanan suspected by the ecclesiastical authorities. He took refuge in England, and tried by fulsome flattery to win the good graces of Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell. But Henry and Cromwell felt that their reputations were beyond the help of Latin poetry to mend, and Buchanan again turned to Paris as "the fostering nurse of all true learning." He found employment as a teacher in the newly founded Collège de Guyenne at Bordeaux, where he numbered Montaigne amongst his pupils. As this fact rests on Montaigne's own testimony, and he couples with Buchanan as his *précepteurs domestiques* the leading scholars in France—Nicolas Grouchy, Guillaume Guérente, and Marc Antoine Muret—there has been some discussion how Montaigne could be so highly favoured. Pattison dismisses his statement as a *gasconnade*; but Mr. Brown makes the plausible suggestion that Montaigne, as a boarder, passed through what we should call the "houses" of several masters, who superintended his work of preparation in the evenings, and were called by him *précepteurs domestiques*, in distinction from his class-teachers.

From Bordeaux Buchanan passed to Coimbra, where his friend, André de Gouvéa, was called by the King of Portugal to found a college. But the Jesuits looked with unfriendly eyes on a liberal education, and succeeded in ousting the new teachers and appropriating the institution to themselves. Again Buchanan was driven to seek refuge in France, where he was employed as tutor to the son of the Marshal de Brissac. It was not till 1561, when Buchanan was in his fifty-fifth year, that he returned to Scotland and joined the religious party which was headed by John Knox. Though Mr. Brown calls Buchanan "humanist and reformer," he is not able to make much of his hero's religious life. Buchanan had the temperament of a humanist; he had no quarrel with the world so long as it would afford him a peaceful home and allow him to say what came into his head. But, as the religious conflict waxed more serious, every man was bound to take a side. So long as he was in France Buchanan was a nominal member of the old Church; when he came to Scotland the general tendency of his mind led him to join the party which was clearly dominant. It is an open question whether the increasing seriousness of age or the quick susceptibility of a purely literary temperament led him into theological and political speculation. At first he was the pensioner of Queen Mary, with whom he used to read Livy and whom he served as poet-laureate. When Mary fell he placed his pen at the disposal of the confederate lords, and in his *Detectio* acted as their advocate and stated their case in elegant Latinity. Mr. Brown's laboured apology for Buchanan's conduct in this matter comes only to the admission that, like other humanists, he was entirely destitute of literary conscience. It was his business to write whatever needed to be written; it was not his business to satisfy himself of the truth or falsehood of what he wrote. It was lucky for Mary's enemies that they had a writer of Buchanan's skill at their command. He knew the taste of the European public, and could dress up the case against Mary in a form adapted for foreign consumption. It is enough for us to note that Buchanan's testimony has no independent or personal weight. He followed up his *Detectio* by a party pamphlet "De Jure Regni," which was a justification of Mary's deposition. He ended his long life by writing his *History of Scotland*, and acting as tutor to the young James VI.

The career of such a man is full of interest, and Mr. Brown has illustrated the personal history of Buchanan with commendable diligence. But his task is one of enormous difficulty, and he has not made up his mind with sufficient clearness on the many points of controversy which are interwoven with Buchanan's life. He is too conscious that he is writing for a public which regards Buchanan as a national hero. As a matter of fact, Buchanan belongs, not to the history of Scotland, but to the history of humanism, of which he was one of the last representatives. He was concerned with literary expression, not with thought or action, and he possessed the virtues and vices of the class to which he belonged. He was a genuine scholar, interested in education, and desirous for the spread of knowledge; but he had little sense of moral obligation or of personal dignity, and left his character and the subjects of his writings to be dictated by circumstances. For an estimate of Buchanan's merits, he must be compared with such men as Lorenzo Valla, Frascatorius, Sannazaro, and Vida in Italy, or with Crotus and Eobanus Hessus in Germany. As a man he would be found inferior to many of them; as a writer of Latin he would compare favourably with the best. Mr. Brown needs a stronger faith in the work of the humanists, and misses the point when he laments that Buchanan made the mistake of writing in Latin instead of throwing in his lot with the national literature which was rising into vigorous life. It does not follow that because Buchanan could write Latin verses he could also have written Scottish poetry. He was a scholar, and must be judged as such; his work in life was to keep alive the forms of classical composition and maintain a standard of elegant and exact expression. Mr. Brown tries hard to elevate him to the rank of an original poet, and quotes Wordsworth's authority that Buchanan's *Calendæ Maiæ* was "equal in sentiment, if not in elegance, to anything in Horace"—nay, he goes beyond this, and indicates his own opinion, that "it is worthy of Horace when he transcends himself." It is, perhaps, enough to quote the phrase "silentum per tacitum nemus" to show that this praise is undeserved, though the ode has many merits. The best of Buchanan's writings are his epigrams, many of which are exceedingly forcible. But Mr. Brown is rather overwhelmed by his sense of propriety, and flees from subjects which might possibly shock a sensitive mind. In fact, Mr. Brown has taken Buchanan somewhat too seriously, and shows a dim consciousness that he has done so. He has tried to read Buchanan's character by the light of his later days in Scotland, which were really an episode, or at the best a decorous termination of a life which had been moulded elsewhere, and remained true to its early traditions. His life in Scotland is interesting as an illustration of the way in which the humanists were absorbed by the Reformation, and learned to adapt themselves to altered conditions without losing their original characteristics. Perhaps no one showed more conspicuous versatility than did Buchanan; but no Scot would be sufficiently hardy to undertake a study of him from this point of view.

NOVELS.*

THE conscientious son of the fraudulent trustee loved the priggish daughter of the blameless parson, and the red-haired niece of the eccentric uncle loved the fraudulent trustee's conscientious son. Had the conscientious son of the fraudulent trustee "gentlemanly fingers"? He had, and his name was Nigel Browning. What had the priggish daughter of the blameless parson? The priggish daughter—whose name happened to be Ethel—had a light brown moustache. At least, Nigel had "hair and budding moustache of brown, some shades deeper in tint than Ethel's." The red-haired niece of the eccentric uncle had not (on pp. 46, 47) "accomplished great things in the line of practical prayer"; but the hirsute Ethel had been "trained in habits of true Christian courtesy." The latter was therefore justly entitled to the deliberate preference of the fraudulent trustee's son. The defrauded ward of the father of Nigel was also the red-haired niece of the eccentric uncle, and her name was Fulvia. When Fulvia completed her twenty-first year whose *cui bono* was going to be exposed? The *cui bono* of the fraudulent trustee. What did the fraudulent trustee opportunely do? He opportunely died of heart-disease. Where was then the large fortune of the defrauded ward? The large fortune of the defrauded ward was in the pockets of the stock-jobbers accustomed to dealing with the fraudulent trustee's brokers. What scheme for the benefit of the defrauded Fulvia then occurred to the eccentric uncle? That she should immediately marry the conscientious (but ruined) son of the fraudulent trustee. The ruined Nigel explained the eccentric uncle's ingenious plan to the beloved Ethel and the beloving Fulvia (who, by the way, had been brought up as his sister from childhood's happy hour), and they both of them agreed that in no other way could they save the defunct swindler's unblemished reputation. The moustached Ethel pined vigorously for the unattainable Nigel, and was about to die, when she saved the selfish Fulvia from a watery grave, and was nearly drowned herself. How then did the selfish Fulvia act? She surrendered the much-desired Nigel to the self-sacrificing Ethel. It was then agreed that the happy bridegroom, who was twenty-two years old, should go to college; "only," as he would be a married undergraduate, "it would have to be Cambridge—not Oxford." While these events were going on, most of the persons referred to suffered immense quantities of very superior anguish. There were also, however, a few intervals of great happiness, perhaps the most touching of which was when Fulvia and two other young ladies, having lunched together, "had indulged themselves into a state of easy-chair

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* *Nigel Browning.* By Agnes Giberne, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars" &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

The Love of a Lady. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "That Other Woman" &c. London: White & Co. 1890.

The Criton Hunt Mystery. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn, Author of "The M. F. H.'s Daughter" &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Hurstleigh Dene. By Mrs. O'Reilly, Author of "Phœbe's Fortunes" &c. Illustrated by M. E. Edwards. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Zebel. A Novel. By Lillie Crane. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1890.

inertia." It is a little startling to read on the title-page that this ingenuous tale is the work of the "Author of *Sun, Moon, and Stars.*"

Miss Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) may not be—indeed, is not—one of the giants of fiction, even as giants go in these days of romantic mediocrity; but she can write some kind of English if she chooses, and is at least not entirely without experience of how one ought to set about writing a story. Therefore, she can afford to be told plainly that, in offering to the public such stuff as *The Love of a Lady*, she does no credit whatever to her country, her sex, or herself. To begin with, the story is about as ill put together as possible. In the first chapter Mrs. Marchant, flirting in a garden with Mr. Le Breton, is shot through the arm. For a few pages there is a mystery about who did it, and then the episode dies at once and utterly out of the story, and the reader is never even told who the criminal was, although it incidentally becomes pretty clear to him. Both the hero (Le Breton) and the heroine (a particularly vulgar little illustrator of story-books called Kitty Daubeny) perform the very unattractive feat of being very much in love with each other, and each with somebody else at the same time; and though Kitty is woman enough to give to one lover a distinct and permanent preference, it is to the one she does not marry, who comes into the book for twenty pages, reappearing for ten pages at the end, only to die of drink because she had jilted him two years before. Le Breton is a hopeless cad, whose principal peculiarities are a habit of calling young ladies by their Christian names the second time he sees them, and months before he falls in love with them, and a "handsome face—the face of an impressionist." In the middle of the book he goes and lives some months in Dublin, solely in order to flirt a little with a new girl (who never appears again), and to give Miss Thomas an opportunity of showing how very badly she can indicate the speech of shabby-genteel Irishwomen. The tale is pervaded by a crazy and repulsive female of mature years, enamoured of Le Breton, and addicted to spiritualistic imposture. The plot consists of the embarrassments caused to Le Breton by the fact that, while still carrying on a flirtation of many years' standing with Mrs. Marchant, he is anxious to marry Kitty Daubeny, and that Mrs. Marchant's husband inopportunely dies and leaves her free just at the wrong time. However, she changes her mind, and falls in love with Kitty Daubeny's brother instead. The spiritualist tries to make mischief; but when she is pretending to be the spirit of Le Breton's deceased wife retribution overtakes her, and she involuntarily exposes her own wicked schemes. Miss Thomas has written this absurd story—of which even the title is a misnomer, because there is not a woman in the book who could have been mistaken for a lady—and corrected the proofs of it, apparently in the utmost haste, and certainly without the smallest care. It does not so much matter that people of all ranks and degrees talk as provincial reporters write; but nothing can excuse such a sentence as this piece of soliloquy by Le Breton on hearing of the death of Mr. Marchant. "She [Mrs. Marchant] has the right to summons me; but I have not the right to go to her till she does summons me." "Her figure was lovely, and she knew it, and knew that the navy-blue serge, with its white waistcoat, was no libel on that svelte form of hers." How can a dress be a libel? And how construe this:—"The deferential curtsey that was dropped to her as she passed the threshold of some mothers whose children were in want of boots and herself of bread, failed to deprecate," &c.? It is understood that ladies of a certain class of beauty may be compared to the heathen goddess Juno; but when a lady is spoken of as an "overpowering June" the author is surely as much to blame as the printer. Perhaps even this is better than the account of another lady, who "looked black and green round the mouth, as if she had been braized." All this is quite unworthy of Miss Thomas; for she knows a great deal better, and ought to practise what she knows.

The mystery which gives its title to Mrs. Robert Jocelyn's novel is not made a mystery to the reader, who is, contrary to the usual practice, allowed to participate in the secret from its very inception. Two sisters of tender years happened to be left absolutely without any control except such as arose from the fact that Nellie, aged twenty-two, was guardian of Marcia, aged seventeen. They did not know their only relations (with whom their parents had quarrelled), and do not seem to have had even any acquaintances in particular. But each of them had 28,000*l.* a year entirely at her own disposal. Under these circumstances, being very much bored at their desolate castle, it occurred to them to go and set up on their own account, under false names, in a hunting country, with an old housekeeper, masquerading as their stepmother, for sole chaperon, and to evade the common fortune-hunter by pretending to be young persons of obscure birth and moderate means. As a matter of fact, their father had, for the last year or so of his life, been an earl, and the hunting country they selected was at the doors of his successor in the title and their own first cousin. Nellie was ladylike, and rather nicer than heroines usually are. Marcia was vulgar and moderately disagreeable, but full of shop-girl fascination. Mrs. Jocelyn seems to have taken a dislike to her, and dwells with malicious relish upon the superficiality of her attractions and the badness of her riding. Of course they made acquaintance with their cousins, the Earl and his brother. Lord Criton was a hard-souled and selfish flirt, while his brother Robert was one of those characters so common (and so convenient) in novels, who conceal immense strength of character and nobility of spirit under a veil of absolute taciturnity impenetrable to all but the destined heroine. He could also ride about as well as the lamented Archer, and so could Nellie. Therefore they loved each other dearly, and he honestly proposed to her, while believing her to be penniless, and the course of their true love ran smooth. At the same time there was mutual attraction between the Earl and Marcia, but the result was naturally different. And of the difficulties into which the young ladies got themselves by their artful plot *The Criton Hunt Mystery* is made up. The account of the proceedings of the two girls when they went hunting together for the first time, knowing absolutely nothing about it, is decidedly good. The story contains no villain and no villany.

Hurstleigh Dene is an exceedingly domestic story. One of the heroines is Monica, the land-agent's sister, who married the squire's son. When she was a grown-up young lady, keeping house for her brother, she "dressed, and did a great deal besides, on an allowance of twenty pounds a year." At this time she said, "softly"—she said most things softly, and was truly religious—"I like pretty clothes, and am glad it is a duty to dress nicely." She always spoke the truth, and always did her duty, so that the inference that she dressed nicely is clear. The other heroine, Dulcie, one of the squire's many daughters, is considered by Mrs. O'Reilly to have been a genius, and was indubitably an appalling prig. She spent her life in setting other people right, and particularly in preventing them from talking about other people. So they all loved her dearly. Most of all, she was loved by the land-agent, who went about "taking earnest note of life out of those deep-set gray eyes of his." Any one at all "knowledgable" in stories of this nature will be able, with this information, to imagine pretty accurately all the principal episodes related in *Hurstleigh Dene*.

"And gradually during the hours of darkness the poor, worn bark slid down the steep bank, and lo! just as the sun was rising in the east, it glided out alone upon the great waters which rave and roar around this old world." Please observe the nice derangement of metaphor. A bark slides down a bank into the water only when it is being launched. But this bark was old and worn; therefore why launch it? Of course the reason is that you must be picturesque and affecting when you are killing the heroine's father, and leaving her alone in this old (and, as it would seem, insular) world, to undergo terrible persecutions at the hands of her future relations-in-law and an unscrupulous admirer before being permitted to marry the baronet of her heart, who had been the schoolfellow of her deceased parent and the kindly patron of his declining months. The lady's name was Zebel, her mother had been an Algerian Arab, and the judicious may extract from the preceding sentence as much of her story as it is necessary or kind to the author to reveal. When Zebel and her dying parent occupied apartments in the Old Kent Road, Zebel's only female friend was an ill-conducted and disreputable young person, even a "burlesque actress," who lived on the floor above. "If," said Zebel to her one day, "there are things in your life which I do not quite understand; you are, I feel sure, more sinned against than sinning." The young person in question plays a rather important part in the story, and it appears from a variety of circumstances that the things which the innocent Zebel did not understand are not at all more intelligible to Miss Lillie Crane. That is all quite proper, but it suggests to a more experienced mind that Miss Lillie Crane may suitably be reminded of the advisability of writing, so far as the main features of one's story are concerned, about things that one does understand.

CLASSIFICATION OF BIRDS.*

MR. HENRY SEEBOHM, well known by his valuable work on British birds, has attained so high a reputation as an ornithologist that almost any contribution he might offer towards the vexed question of classification would be welcomed. It is therefore with no little satisfaction that we commend to our readers a work which, though extending only to some fifty pages, is evidently the result of long and careful investigation. Whether this "attempt," as the author modestly entitles it, to "classify existing birds in groups, which are capable of being diagnosed," will form the basis of some accurate system which may be generally adopted; as also whether the scheme which he first proposes, which rests upon the presence or absence of certain characters in the groups he diagnoses, or the "alternative" scheme which assigns greater prominence to the condition of the young at birth, and which he seems inclined to prefer, will approve itself to naturalists must for some time remain undecided, and is certainly beyond the province of our review. Even close familiarity with the anatomical characters of the several groups would, as Mr. Seebohm very properly suggests, be insufficient to justify a decision; in every case the student must be also competent to assign to each character its relative value, and assure himself whether such special character denotes affinity or only analogy. It is not every student of bird-life who can attain such accurate knowledge, or is conversant with varying anatomical details.

There is a passage in Mr. Seebohm's Introduction with which

* *Classification of Birds: an Attempt to Diagnose the Sub-Classes, Orders, Sub-Orders, and some of the Families of existing Birds.* By Henry Seebohm. London: Porter. 1890.

most naturalists will, we think, cordially agree. We cannot at this moment refer to our authority, but we remember to have met with the assertion that, until the geological record was complete, it would be almost impossible properly to classify existing birds; but we cannot do better than quote Mr. Seebohm. He writes:—

> Fossil birds throw little or no light on the relative age of various characters. In the first place, fossil birds are very rare; in the second place, they tell us nothing beyond a few facts concerning their osteology; and in the third place, the few facts they do tell us only make the darkness more obscure . . . any attempt to bring all fossil birds into the same system of classification as those now living is bound to fail. Between every two closely-allied groups of existing birds there must have been birds now extinct, the common ancestors of both, most probably differing from both, and partly resembling both, and incapable of being classified with either. To encumber the classification of existing birds with a few scattered links in endless chains of intergrading forms, can only create confusion. The classification of fossil birds is a most interesting inquiry, and might be called the study of a vertical section of the bird-life which has existed in past geological ages. The classification of existing birds is the study of a horizontal section of the great bird mass of the world, and ought to form a different and distinct system confined to the horizon of the present time.

Undoubtedly, as Mr. Seebohm elsewhere asserts, the question of the development of species by evolution is one that lies at the foundation of all inquiries into the history of individual species; but to carry this question into the geological record will not assist, but only tend to create new and insuperable difficulties.

LITERATURE AND POETRY.*

THIS is a large and curious book which would appear to contain the *parerga* of a respectable theologian in the two great subjects, or rather the great genus and species of subject, indicated by its rather rash title. Dr. Schaff is, we say, a respectable theologian. He is Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York; he has written an extensive Church History which has got into its fifth edition, and a book on the *Creeds of Christendom*, which has been even more popular, besides a treatise on *The Person of Christ*, which has reached edition twelve, and a goodly list of other works on kindred subjects which adorns the back of his half-title. He has represented American academies at more than one recent European celebration, notably that at Bologna, and a very agreeable photograph of him in doctor's attire, with the sea in the background, and the epigraph "St. Andrews, Scotland," serves as a frontispiece.

These are good gifts. Yet may a man possess them and still be not quite competent to discuss such mighty matters as literature and poetry. We do not say that Dr. Schaff is incompetent; yet know we, perhaps, if we may parody a famous ballad in a language very familiar to him, persons more competent to do him justice. However, he has the wisdom to abide pretty close by his own speciality. Of the ten essays in the book, three are devoted to Dante, viewed more particularly as a sacred poet, one to St. Bernard's hymns, two to the great twin *Stabat Maters*, the *Dolorosa* and the *Speciosa*, one to the *Dies Iræ*, one to the Poetry of the Bible. This leaves only two for what may be called literature and poetry proper. One of these is devoted to the University Past and Present, a respectable lecture based chiefly on Denifle, and containing many details of Dr. Schaff's visit to Bologna. The other, set in the forefront of the book, and challenging criticism which it is not quite able to stand, and which it would perhaps be rather unkind to apply to it, is on the very ambitious subject of "The English Language."

So long as Dr. Schaff *hæret in literis suis*, he by no means *hæret in cortice*. The article on the poetry of the Bible is far from bad, and very well informed, though some deficiencies of Dr. Schaff's general literary criticism appear in it. We fear that the measure of that criticism is pretty well given by the fact that he loses no opportunity of exalting the Revised Version, not merely from the point of view of scholarship, but from that of literature, above the Authorized. Whoever does that is judged, even if he do not, as Dr. Schaff unluckily does, give specimens and reasons to render his judgment more certain. The hymn articles are really good, with the same limitation, but less of it. Dr. Schaff is a really learned writer in his way, though he does quote the *Choephoræ* (which his wicked printer, an American, as "traveled" and "equaled" show, has made *Chœphoræ*) not directly, as surely any educated man might do, but as "quoted by Mr. F. T. Lewis in Lange's Com. on Gen. in loc." On one point of reading in the *Stabat Mater*, though we do not pretend to any exhaustive collation of MSS. or printed forms, we think that he has missed by far the finest version. He reads

> Fac me plagis vulnerari,
> Cruce hac inebriari
> Ob amorem Filii,

noticing, and very properly condemning, the cacophonous alteration of

> Cruceque me fac beari.

But surely by far the finest reading both as poetry, and as the expression of a certain kind of religious passion, is

> Fac me plagis vulnerari,
> Fac me cruce inebriari
> Et cruore Filii.

But these hymn essays are really good, and may interest some people more than they do us by their very full account of modern translations. Let us only put in a plea, when Dr. Schaff is reserving his superlatives for the *Dies Iræ*, the *Stabats*, and *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*, for *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, which seems to us only inferior to the *Dies Iræ*.

The Dante papers consist of one long essay on Dante and his works generally, another still longer on the *Divina Commedia*, and a short and funny *intermezzo* of "poetic tributes to Dante" by Michelangelo, Uhland, Professor Skeat, Longfellow, Lord Tennyson, and Geibel. The first essay has the merit of attempting to deal with Dante's work as a whole, but is rather vague and jejune in its handling of the minor books. We should, for instance, hardly have thought that any one who had read that very interesting piece, the *De Vulgari Eloquio*, the first instance of what may be called comparative criticism of literature in the world's history and unique in circumstances, could put it off with half a score lines of the merest generality. Anything "new" about Dante one neither expects nor wishes. Perhaps the nearest approach to any such thing here is the suggestion of a friend of Dr. Schaff's that the unidentified person who bears the most awful of poetic brands, the man

> Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto,

is Pontius Pilate. It is rather ingenious; but we hardly think that Dante would have put Pontius so high in Hell. The vestibule of the *Inferno* might do for Gallio, but hardly for Pilate. On the other hand, we are with him in thinking that Dante does admit some special leaning to sins of the flesh on his own part, though Dr. Schaff does not quote or refer to what seems to us the strongest passage, that telling of the intolerable pains which the poet suffered when a whiff of the fire in the purgatorial circle of the luxurious caught him. Was Dante, who never threw a single stroke away, likely to dwell on this incident, to which there is no parallel in any of the other parts of his experience on the mount, without a meaning? There is a curious series of false dates here which has escaped Dr. Schaff. After saying quite correctly that Dante was born in 1265, he then makes him thirteen at Conradin's death in 1268, fifteen at that of St. Louis in 1270, and nineteen at that of St. Thomas in 1274—propositions which amount to the statement that Dante was born ten years earlier than he actually was. The argument against the Donna Pietosa being Gemma—"How could he reproach himself with loving his legitimate wife and the mother of his children?"—will not do; not that we for a moment hold the identity of the two, but for the simple reason that in Provençal-Italian sentiment such self-reproach is quite conceivable. In the same way, the remark that "it would have been far better if [Dante] had covered the name [of Brunetto Latini] with the charity of silence" shows an equal inability to get at the point of view. We do not know what is meant by "*the sentence* 'De tribus impostoribus' which haunted the middle ages like a ghost." The *De Tribus Impostoribus*, if it was anything, was a book, not a sentence. On the other hand, we thoroughly agree with Dr. Schaff's moderate statement that the comparison of Dante's ideal Monarchy with the Constitution of the United States "will not hold."

Of the first essay, that on the English language, we cannot speak so favourably. To Dr. Schaff's lofty imagining there has here failed power, which is a negative fault, and there are also positive faults present. When Dr. Schaff says that French, besides some good things, expresses "lightness and fickleness," is he not talking something very like nonsense? When he says that German strongly resembles the ancient Greek in this, that, and the other, is not this "very like a whale" over again? The most naturally formless of all languages strongly resembles that which has the greatest natural perfection of form? When he goes on to say that his favourite tongue "shouts with heaven and bellows with hell," is not this unadulterated buncombe? "Most of its words have their meaning, not by agreement and conventional usage, but by nature." O Doctor, Doctor, fie! "Cromwell signed bills in English, but the Romanizing Stuarts characteristically restored these vestiges of the Norman Conquest." O Doctor, Doctor, fudge! A piece of fustian from Daniel Webster is quoted, and Dr. Schaff "doubted whether any of the grand effusions of the younger Pitt, of Burke, Fox, or Brougham, are superior to it." Heaven help thee, Doctor, for such judgment, and perhaps most of all for putting "Bruffum" in a four-in-hand with Pitt, Fox, and Burke. Daniel Webster and the learned friend might run well enough in a curricle. Dr. Schaff thinks that "have a good time" is an Americanism; the fact being, as has been often pointed out, it occurs, with "glorious" for "good," in no less a writer than Dryden. He, a scholar, and, it would appear, something of a cosmopolitan, echoes the old Yankee Doodle burden to the effect that "English is generally spoken with more uniformity and purity by the people of the United States," &c. &c. But nowhere is he less happy than when he is lauding that wonderful monument of sciolism, the Revised Version. He actually selects as instances of "improvements in rhythm" the following:—

[1] AUTHORIZED VERSION. *Luke* VI. 49.	REVISED VERSION.
"But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth: against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great."	"But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man that built a house upon the earth without a foundation; against which the stream brake, and straightway it fell in; and the ruin of that house was great."

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* *Literature and Poetry.* By Philip Schaff, D.D., &c. London: Elkin Matthews.

[2] AUTHORIZED VERSION. *Matt.* VIII. 32. REVISED VERSION.

"And behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."	"And behold, the whole herd rushed down the steep into the sea, and perished in the waters."

[3] 2 *Thess.* I. 11.

"Fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power."	"Fulfil every desire of goodness and every work of faith, with power."

[4] *Col.* IV. 10.

"Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas."	"Mark, the cousin of Barnabas."

[5] *Rev.* VII. 17.

"Unto living fountains of water."	"Unto fountains of waters of life."

Now we dare take the verdict of any selected and competent jury on the question whether in every case the New Version is not, *in rhythm*, a distinct alteration for the worse, and in cases (1) (4) and (5) very horribly and abominably for the worse.

But there is no need to bear too hardly on the Doctor. Shakspeare shall save us the need. "A good doctor, and a very good scholar; but in literature and poetry, look you, a little overparted."

STATE PAPERS, 1537.*

THIS volume covers the first five months of the year 1537, the period immediately succeeding the suppression of the insurrection called the Pilgrimage of Grace. In order to bring this insurrection to an end, the King was forced to give the Duke of Norfolk authority to make large concessions to the rebels; and the Duke, who knew that he was overmatched, certainly used this authority to the full, proclaiming a general pardon, and promising that a Parliament should be held in the North. On this Aske "pulled off his badge and crosses with the Five Wounds, and in like manner did all the others there present, saying, 'We will wear no badge nor sign, but the badge of our sovereign lord.'" Henry was deeply wounded. A widespread rebellion had been raised against him, and he was unable to revenge himself on a single person. He found it expedient to adopt Norfolk's line, and to assure the rebels that he would keep his word. Accordingly he caused Aske to come to London, received him graciously, and "told him by word of mouth that the pardon was general, that he would keep Parliament at York and have the Queen crowned there," and, further, that the election of knights and burgesses should be free, "and like liberty to the spirituality to declare their learning." Nevertheless, Henry had not given up his hope of vengeance; he was about to send Norfolk again into the North with an armed force to pacify the country, and the Duke had assured him that he should think it no stain on his honour to break faith with rebels. Aske, however, believed the King, and on his return to Yorkshire did his best to keep the country quiet and loyal. Hearing that the Commons had assembled at Beverley, he hastened thither and prevented an outbreak by telling the people of Henry's "gracious benignity" and of his intention to visit the county, adding that the Duke of Norfolk was coming shortly; for he little guessed the nature of the Duke's errand. He wrote to the King informing him that the Commons were uneasy on certain points, such as the uncertainty as to when the promised Parliament would be summoned, and the "fortifying of holds," and expressed his fear lest there should be another rising. His fear was justified, for before the end of the month a fresh insurrection broke out.

The papers in the present volume which refer to this second insurrection are of special value. While Father Gasquet threw much light upon its character in his *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, he dwelt chiefly, of course, on its bearing on the King's treatment of religious persons and houses. Mr. Gairdner in his preface gives a carefully written notice of Sir Francis Bigod, the contriver of the whole business, a vain, unstable man, whose past career has been broadly and fairly depicted by Mr. Froude. It will be seen here that Bigod's insurrection was futile, that it was easily put down, and that it called forth decisive proofs of the loyalty of Aske and Sir Robert Constable. Hallom entered Hull with "about twenty persons," found that the townsmen would not rise, and was promptly arrested; George Lumley, who was almost forced by Bigod to enter Scarborough with "six or seven score," had no liking for the business, and slipped away; while Bigod himself was put to flight at Beverley, chiefly by the townsmen, under Sir Ralph Ellerker. The loyal gentlemen of the neighbourhood admitted to bail sixty of those taken in the skirmish with Bigod, as having been deceived by him. Henry, however, saw in this abortive rising an opportunity of gratifying his desire for vengeance, and ordered that the men were to be arraigned and "executed in divers parts of the country"; and, if it was unsafe to put all to death, that the "priests and principals of that sort were to be apprehended and indelayedly executed." By the beginning of February Norfolk arrived in Yorkshire, fully determined, as Mr. Gairdner says, to "glut the royal appetite for judicial slaughter." On the 13th he wrote to Cromwell that the "dreadful execution" which he had begun at York should be carried on elsewhere. A letter which he sent to his cousin Sir Charles Dacres shows the ruling motive of his action:—"Use the rebels," he wrote, "in a way to deserve the King's thanks; pinch no courtesy to shed the blood of traitors." He proclaimed martial law in the North for the avowed reason that if he proceeded by indictments many would be acquitted as having acted against their will. It is evident that he took pleasure in his horrid work, for in a letter to the Council he wrote:—"Good Mr. Comptroller [Sir William Paulet] provide you of a new bailey at Embleton, for John Jackson, your bailey, will be hanged on Thursday or Friday at the furthest, and I think some of your tenants will bear him company." The King urged him on, bidding him "Now that our banner is displayed" to cause "the monks to be tied up without further delay or ceremony." An outbreak in Cumberland and Westmoreland was terribly punished; iron was "marvellous scarce," and as chains could not be found for all who were hanged, some hung in ropes. On February 24 seventy-four lay under sentences of death at Carlisle. Dry and brief as the record is, the evidence of "certain women concerning the taking down from the gallows and burial of their husbands" can scarcely be read quite calmly. Norfolk knew that Henry desired to have Aske in his power, and gratified the King by a piece of treachery. He treated Aske as a friend, and "by policy" brought him to desire to go to London, and to request the Duke to write to the King and Cromwell, acknowledging his services to the royal cause. Norfolk gave him the letters, and wrote privately to Cromwell that they were not to be heeded, and that it would be well that Aske should not return to the North. The examinations as to the conduct of Aske, Constable, and Darcy contain full particulars of the insurrections both of this and of the previous year. At the end of May all three were awaiting execution, though Aske and Constable seem to have done all in their power to keep the people from rising, and Darcy was, as far as we can see, probably innocent of treason.

Mr. Gairdner calls attention to some papers relating to the government of the Scottish marches, where the feuds of the great men were a source of weakness. Henry wisely determined to appoint no more nobles as wardens, and to commit the wardenships to men entirely dependent on himself. Less wisely he ordered that men of evil character should be taken into his pay to recruit his forces. Norfolk urged that "thieves and murderers" ought not to receive the King's pay, but was snubbed for his interference in a letter which Mr. Froude has misinterpreted as referring to the Duke's own troops. His opinion was fully justified by events; for Clifford's horsemen, "in great part strong thieves of the Westlands," plundered Carlisle, and the affair led to the insurrection in Cumberland and Westmoreland to which we have already referred. The state of the Border, and indeed of the Northern counties generally, gained special importance from the ill-will between Henry and James V. of Scotland. Henry's annoyance at the independent line taken by James with reference to his marriage with Magdalen of France is noted in a letter from Queen Margaret to her brother. A list of reasons against allowing the Scottish King to pass through England with his bride was drawn up by the Council, but Henry's churlish refusal was probably decided by his anger at James's failure to meet him at York the year before. The hostile feelings which the two kings entertained towards each other were of course closely connected with their differences as to ecclesiastical policy. James looked to Rome as an ally against the English King, and Beton and the Nuncio in France hoped to be able to have the papal censures published in England while the Northern counties were in a state of disturbance, to persuade Francis to "show himself against" Henry, and so to prepare the way for a Scottish invasion of England, to be made with the Pope's sanction. Mr. Gairdner points out the connexion between these schemes and Cardinal Pole's mission as legate for England. While his sketch of Pole's relations with Henry, and his account of the Cardinal's failure, will be read with much interest, he seems to us to take a too favourable view of Pole's behaviour. The treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, though no doubt "honest" enough, was needlessly bitter, and, as Mr. Gasquet points out, would have turned many a milder man than Henry "from purposes of amendment." Mr. Gairdner writes in a neutral spirit about Henry's demand that Pole should be compelled to leave France. We are ready to allow that Henry dealt cruelly with his subjects; but at the same time we think that he acted as became that "majestic lord" when he took means to prevent a Papal legate from interfering in the affairs of his kingdom. He was, however, not content with bringing Pole's legation to nought; for there are some letters here which prove that the Cardinal was not mistaken in his belief that Henry tried to have him assassinated while he was in Flanders. We have no space to enter on several matters of importance contained in these papers, and commented on, or at least noted, in the preface. Among the small points which attracted our attention in going through the text are the letters of one John Parkyns, who had got into trouble at Oxford through slandering the abbots of Osney and Ensham, and was trying to induce Cromwell to interfere in his behalf by sending him a "rude little book" setting forth a plan of reform for the Universities and the Church at large, a letter from Leland, the antiquary, recommending Dr. Bale to Cromwell as "worthy a better fortune than to be a poor parish priest," and the illustrations of

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. XII. Part I. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890.

the private life and manners of the time, presented by a number of letters to Lady Lisle, then at Calais with her husband, the Deputy there. Mr. Gairdner has, as usual, done his work well; his preface is helpful and scholarly, and his abstracts are skilfully put together.

SYLVANUS REDIVIVUS.*

We cannot congratulate Mrs. Houston on being one of the rare writers who possess the art of biography. The author of a memoir should forget himself, and she never does so. The ideal biographer works on a bony skeleton of dates, over which he lays as much flesh as he likes, but is ever supported by his framework. *Sylvanus Redivivus* is a gelatinous or molluscous chain of vague reminiscences. Each of the two heroes, whose meetings took place, very appropriately, in the neighbourhood of Brentford, alternately attracts her attention, so that we are never sure who is the "boss" of the entertainment. We could be happy with Mitford if it were not for Jesse; but we never know whether the reigning monarch is King Edward or King John. There never was an odder freak than this of writing the memoirs of two men by turns in one volume; "'twas never yet upon the stage," as Bayes says of an analogous appearance. In fact, we have "the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among ourselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave ourselves equally between 'em; these Kings differing sometimes in particular, though, in the main, they agree." It is the funniest way of writing biography imaginable.

Of the two we rather prefer King John. It is, perhaps, not superfluous to say that the Rev. John Mitford was not the same person as William Mitford, the historian, who died thirty years earlier; nor as the father of Mary Russell Mitford, whose name was George. We believe that all three were cousins, although John did secretly stab poor Mary in the *Quarterly Review*. This and other facts are apparently unknown to Mrs. Houston, who announces in her preface, "I was, and am still, almost totally ignorant of any events connected with Mr. Mitford's early career"—a very singular confession for a biographer to make. She introduces us to him in, so far as we can guess, the year 1816, when he was about thirty-six years of age, and had already for some years been Rector of Benhall, near Saxmundham, in Suffolk. The fact is that Mrs. Houston has not taken the trouble to do more than record her personal recollections, and make use of a packet of letters addressed to her father by the erudite editor of Gray. The recollections amount to remarkably little. The letters are racy, characteristic, and well worthy of publication. They are capital examples of old-fashioned literary correspondence freely passing between familiar friends, full of references to the old poets, frolic jests about publishers and the thankless public, and naturalist's observations. Sometimes they burst into easy verse, as in this, dated so late as February 17, 1855:—

> P.S. I'd give many a little stiver
> To be walking with you in the fields of Iver;
> I'd give some pence from out my poke
> To be strolling with you in the park at Stoke;
> But I should like best of all to see
> The foolish Virgins—one—two—three,
> For I'd sooner talk to those silly queans
> Than be bothered to death with rural deans.

Mrs. Houston makes nonsense of the seventh line, or else follows a corrupt fashion, by printing "queens."

It must have been charming to receive John Mitford's epistles, with their snippets of Phineas, and their "little poetical scraps from John Fletcher, unknown by the vulgar," their mild improprieties enclosed on separate bits of paper (of one of which Mrs. Houston innocently remarks "the enclosure here spoken of has, unfortunately, not been preserved"), their elucidations of the text of Skelton, which "is mighty worm-eaten." A specimen, written when the vivacious rector was nearer eighty than seventy, may suffice to give a sample of their quality:—

> 1st June, 1855.
>
> My dear Jesse,—Nothing could exceed the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the Preface, and also of the capon, which arrived together. I devoured them with equal eagerness. The capon was perhaps a little the firmer of the two. The Preface I hope to see again, for it is immortal, but the capon has gone into eternity. I broiled his left leg to-day, his right was dignified with curry-powder and pickled mushrooms. Our turkeys are but sparrows compared to it—I mean the capon, not the Preface. The cook, housekeeper, and gardener all assembled when its naked beauties were exposed to view. Eliza was in raptures. I had a friend to dinner, and added some whitings, sausages, ham, and apple-pudding. Suffolk never before saw such a fowl, nor did I ever before have such a present as the Preface.

John Mitford was one of a delightful race, the men who loved scholarship and literature, without any interested motive whatever, for themselves. He was the editor of Milton, of Parnell, of Mason, but, above all, he dedicated his life to the restoration and elucidation of the text of Gray. As early as 1814 he published the first accurate edition of that poet's verses. In 1816 he paid the same pious tribute to the Letters of Gray. For forty years he continued to amass materials for a complete life of the poet, which he never wrote, and to edit reminiscences and correspondence which tended to illuminate the text of Gray. He secured every scrap of Gray's handwriting that he could lay hands on; and the catalogue of his library was so rich in Graiana that to this day it is eagerly sought after by bibliographers, not for Mitford's sake, but for Gray's. His latest publication, in 1858, was a collection of the original verses of his lifetime, most of them slight and occasional; and in 1859 he died at a good old age.

Edward Jesse, our other King of Brentford, was born in 1780 (or 1782, for Mrs. Houston gives both dates), the third son of the Rev. William Jesse, of West Bromwich. Under the patronage of Lord Dartmouth, he was carefully "nursed," and at a very early age received the comfortable sinecure of "Gentleman of the Ewry." It was his duty, "at coronations and such-like ceremonies," to appear in full Court dress, with a fine damask napkin fringed with gold thrown over his arm, and a golden ewer filled with rose-water in his hands. At a certain moment he had to fall on bended knee, to present his basin to the royal fingers, and to hold the towel while Majesty wiped itself. Coronations and "such-like ceremonies" being infrequent, and the duties of the office being strictly confined to these lavatory exercises, Mr. Jesse cannot be said to have been underpaid by 300*l.* a year, "independently of perquisites." Accordingly he felt perfectly safe to fix his affections on the beautiful daughter of a Welsh baronet, and to devote long and earnest attention to her capture. Meanwhile this Gentleman of the Ewry was also a clerk in the Woods and Forests Office, as well as a Commissioner of Hackney Coaches, the latter responsibility demanding that he should call once a week at an office in Essex Street to discuss with four other lucky gentlemen the laws pertaining to the race of "jarvies." No wonder that at this time Mr. Jesse was imbued with a peculiarly deep sense of the ever-watchful presence of a guardian power, or that, in the poultry-yard of his retired dwelling in Richmond Park, he was wont to teach to his infant daughter the elements of religious zoology. It was from the "dictums" of the Gentleman of the Ewry that, says Mrs. Houston, with a flow of fine feeling, "I learned from the domestic fowls the duty of gratitude to Providence; for, according to his simple guidance, the lifting up after every beakful of water of the fowls' heads was a sign of thankfulness to Heaven for the tender mercies vouchsafed to them." But what human beaks, we wonder, were held up full of porridge in thankfulness to the Earl of Dartmouth?

At last the two sinecures of the Ewer and the Hackney Coach—for accepting which, of course, funny as they sound, Jesse was no more to blame than Congreve had been a century earlier—were abolished, and Edward Jesse, ever fortunate, was made Deputy Surveyor of the Royal Parks and Palaces, under the Duke of Clarence, through whose kindness—ah! for the change 'twixt now and then—"my father was permitted to mulct H.M.'s Park of a few hundred feet of what eventually became a delightful lawn." After this naïve statement, it seems a little unkind of Mrs. Houston to add:—"The Sailor-Prince was not a gentleman, but then, on the other hand, he did not pretend to be one." If the long and rather confused story which Mrs. Houston proceeds to tell is accurately remembered by her, it would certainly go far to prove that the Duke of Clarence was neither a tasteful, nor, what is much more surprising, a good-natured man. However, things seem to have slipped on in the happiest of ways, life one golden afternoon, for nearly half a century, until in 1855 an event occurred which Mrs. Houston describes in her father's own words. We may direct the attention of the reader to it without comment; he will find it on pp. 184–187 of her volume. It is a strange story, and is related so circumstantially that the public will, we fancy, require some explanation of it from the historians of our Court life. The point of it, however, so far as the Surveyor of Parks and Palaces was concerned, is that "it was the Queen's desire that I should not again enter the Castle." Mr. Jesse was at this time seventy-three (or five) years of age, if Mrs. Houston's wild and wandering dates may be relied upon.

Mrs. Houston does not mention the month or year of her father's death, but we believe that the event took place on the 28th of March, 1868, and that he was then approaching ninety years of age. We gather from *Sylvanus Redivivus* very little impression of Jesse as a man of letters; and, were it not for a reprint of a slight obituary notice from the *Times*, we should be left in ignorance of the very titles of his books. None of them are now read, although several of them gave great pleasure in their own day. Of his *Gleanings in Natural History*, originally published in 1832, an eighth edition, dated 1854, now lies before us; but this was by far the most successful of his productions. His *Anecdotes of Dogs*, 1846, attracted the notice of Darwin, who, however, entertained a just suspicion of the accuracy of Jesse's observations. Mrs. Houston frankly admits that the more wonderful stories in his books could not be substantiated; not that Jesse was not scrupulously truthful, but that he was romantic in disposition and singularly easy to deceive. He wrote pleasantly and easily; he aimed at being an amiable country companion, and he succeeded. His duties in the Royal parks had led him to see a great deal of what is sequestered and shy in animal life, and he was one of those calm, gentle, large men who inspire the animal world with confidence. Those who desire to have a taste of his quality may turn to his *Gleanings*, or, still better, perhaps, to his *Scenes and Occupations of Country Life*. Mrs. Houston, towards the end of her volume, gives, in her discursive way, some sketch of his son and her brother, John Heneage Jesse, who turned the fluid chattiness of the family into the channel of history, and prattled

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* *Sylvanus Redivivus (the Rev. John Mitford); with a short Memoir of his Friend and Fellow-Naturalist, Edward Jesse.* By M. Houston. London: Sampson Low & Co.

gaily on for nearly forty years in "Memoirs" of all sorts and conditions of monarchs. He died in 1874. The largest portion of the book before us consists of autobiographical gossip regarding Mrs. Houston herself. This is a subject which, if we permitted ourselves to touch upon it, might carry us too far.

BANKING IN IRELAND.*

MR. DILLON prefaces his historical sketch of banking in Ireland with an account of what appear to him to have been the causes why banking development has been so slow in that country. In reality, however, the causes mentioned by him are only phases or effects of the real cause, which is that modern society in Ireland is a growth of yesterday. In England the Norman Conquest established a strong central Government which, notwithstanding occasional civil wars and changes of dynasty, has given the country peace at home and security abroad for over eight hundred years. During that time generation after generation has grown up in habits of order, discipline, industry, and thrift; wealth has accumulated, the sense of secure possession of property has become distributed through every class, and men have learned to trust one another. Even in Scotland the revolution at the end of the seventeenth century founded a Government which has given contentment to the people and put an end to anarchy. Immediately afterwards there was a great outburst of industrial activity, and banking consequently developed rapidly. But the conquest of Ireland began under the first of the Plantagenets, and it was not completed till the accession of the first of the Stuarts. During the seventeenth century there were two great civil wars, ending each in confiscation on an almost unparalleled scale, that transferred the ownership of the soil to entirely new proprietors. During the eighteenth century, again, the mass of the population was under severe disabilities, economic as well as political. Practically, therefore, the modern social system has grown up in Ireland only during the present century. Considering all this, the wonder is, not that the development of banking has been slow, but that there has been any development at all. The condition of the country was certainly not favourable to credit, nor was it favourable either to the accumulation of wealth. The habits of a victorious soldiery settled down upon the lands they won with the sword were not calculated to produce bankers and financiers, and still less so were the habits of the conquered and disbanded native clansmen. So utter was the poverty of the country resulting from the undue prolongation of the conquest and its inevitable consequences that, until quite a recent date, the currency consisted largely of the coins of different foreign countries, the native coinage being both debased and deficient. To some extent, no doubt, this was the fault of the Government; but it is to be recollected that in old times governments defrayed part of the expenses of war by debasing the coinage, just as they now do by issuing inconvertible paper notes. The fact is that the country owed more than was owed to it, and that it could not, therefore, maintain a coinage in proper order. Mainly this was due, as we have said, to the fact that the conquest took up not a few years, as in more fortunate countries, but four whole centuries. Partly, also, it was due to mischievous Protectionist legislation arising out of the mistaken views of the time. To a considerable extent, too, the poverty of Ireland was increased by the number of absentees. The final result of all was that the exports largely exceeded the imports, and that coin of full weight and value disappeared almost as soon as it was issued. No doubt, as Mr. Dillon remarks, this state of the coinage was a difficulty in the way of bankers, but it was a difficulty unavoidable in a country in such a backward economic state.

As a matter of course, English colonists in Ireland took with them English notions as to the desirability of banking. And we find, therefore, that in 1720 a Mr. Damer died in Dublin at a ripe old age, having amassed a large fortune as a banker. But for a long time banking was confined to Dublin. In 1735 there were five banks conducting business in Dublin, all of them private firms. By 1754 the number had been increased to six; but within the next two years three of the six failed. In 1767 there were only four banks in Dublin, two in Cork, and one in Waterford. Apparently there was no banking accommodation afforded in any other town in the country. And it was not until 1783 that the Bank of Ireland was established. A proposal was made as early as 1720 to establish a bank after the pattern of the Bank of England; but public opinion was strong against the scheme. It was condemned by Parliament, and the plan was not carried into execution, as we have said, until 1783. The constitution of the bank, with some unimportant differences, was like that of the Bank of England. It was the Government banker in Ireland. No other bank with more than six partners could be established within sixty-five miles of Dublin; and it was given a practical monopoly of note-issuing by the provision which forbad other persons exceeding six in number to take up or owe any sums on their bills or notes payable on demand or for a less time than three months. The capital was originally 600,000*l.*, but on subsequent occasions when the charter was renewed it was raised ultimately to a little over 2¾ millions. In 1797, when suspension of specie payments took place in England, the Bank of Ireland also was prohibited from paying in specie, and this led to a great revival in private banking, which had almost died out during the preceding dozen years. From an appendix to a Parliamentary Report published in 1804, it appears that there were no fewer than fifty registered private banks in Ireland in that year, of which six were in Dublin, seven in Wexford, five in Cork, and three in Limerick. It is noteworthy that there does not appear to have been a single private bank in Belfast at that time, while such a small place as New Ross had three, and Enniscorthy as many more. At the same time, great numbers of persons issued notes for small amounts, consisting simply of an I O U over a signature. In the town of Youghal ten grocers, three general shopkeepers, one chandler, one hardware shopkeeper, two bakers, one cornfactor, one cabinetmaker, one shoemaker, one linendraper, and one woolcomber, issued such promissory notes. The amounts for which these notes were issued were sometimes as low as threepence. After the peace most of those private firms failed. During the period of suspension, not only was there an extraordinary increase in the number of private bankers, but the Bank of Ireland also did a very profitable business. Its dividend in 1797 was as high as 19 per cent. The rebellion next year caused a considerable decline, but in 1805 it was 12½ per cent., and from that time until 1820 it was with a single exception annually 10 per cent., while in 1821 it was as high as 30 per cent. The profits upon banking during this time were not due merely to the fact that the banks were able to lend and discount at very high rates without incurring the cost of keeping in money at all, their own notes composing the money of the country. It will be recollected that the Continent was for most of the time closed against this country, that therefore the demand for food of all kinds for the army and navy raised the prices to an extraordinary level, that Irish farms therefore did an immense and highly profitable business, and that as a natural consequence the demand for banking accommodation was great.

When the depression that followed the end of the war swept away the greater number of private bankers, the Bank of Ireland had an opportunity of obtaining a real monopoly of the banking business of the island. No banking house with more than six partners could issue notes, and none could do any banking business within sixty miles of Dublin. Had the Directors, therefore, established branches in the principal towns of Ireland, they would gradually have built up so secure and good a business that competition with them would have been extremely difficult. They neglected their opportunity, however, and consequently in 1820 there were only four towns in all Ireland outside of Dublin which had a bank. Two very small concerns existed in Mallow, and Wexford, and Belfast, and Cork were apparently well supplied with private banks. Accordingly, a meeting of gentlemen was held in London in 1824 to consider the advisability of forming a joint-stock bank to do business in Ireland. At the time the Irish law required that every partner in a bank doing business in Ireland should reside in the country. This prohibitory provision was repealed in 1825, and then it was found possible to start the bank, which was called the Provincial Bank of Ireland. Its capital was fixed at two millions in 20,000 shares at 100*l.* each, of which half a million was paid up. The head office was to be in London. The bank had at first very formidable difficulties to encounter, one of which may be noticed here. As already stated, no firm or company consisting of more than six partners could do banking business within sixty-five English or fifty Irish miles of Dublin. The Provincial Bank of Ireland established a branch at Newry, the fiftieth milestone from Dublin being in the middle of that town, and the bank considering that the law permitted them to establish a branch beyond that milestone. But a shorter road was subsequently constructed, with the result that the distance between Dublin and Newry was reduced to less than fifty Irish miles. The question then arose whether the bank had acted illegally in establishing the branch. If it had, it would lose the benefit of the Act under which it was formed, and all its transactions would become illegal. In the long run, however, it triumphed over all the obstacles in its way. It established branches all over the country, and has continued ever since highly prosperous. Seven other joint-stock banks have since been established, and continue doing business to the present time. Three of those belong to the North of Ireland—the Northern, the Belfast, and the Ulster banks—and four are less sectional—the National, the Hibernia, the Royal, and the Munster and Leinster. Seven other joint-stock banks have been started, but have not been successful. One of these—the Agricultural and Commercial Bank—was started by a Mr. Mooney, a Dublin baker, who had a cousin in Dublin reputed to be very wealthy. He associated with himself a Mr. Chambers, who also, strange to say, had a cousin in the city reputed to be enormously rich. It was generally supposed that it was the great capitalists who started the bank, and many people, without taking the trouble to assure themselves whether it was so or not, subscribed on the faith of the assumed wealth of the promoters. Still the issue was a failure, the bank having started with a paid-up capital which admittedly did not exceed 3,000*l.*, the nominal capital being a million. As only 1*l.* was required to be paid immediately upon the shares, the Directors announced, in order to attract subscribers, that they would treat liberally with the shareholders in the matter of discounts and loans; and, in fact, they did in many cases discount bills of from 5*l.* to 10*l.* for intending

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* *The History and Development of Banking in Ireland.* By Malcolm Dillon. London: Effingham Wilson & Co.; Blades, East, & Blades. Dublin: Alex. Thom.

shareholders, and deducted from the proceeds 1*l.* for the deposit on the share. Another ingenious means devised in order to raise capital was that of making the qualification of the branch managers the holding of at least 300*l.* shares. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the bank closed its doors at the end of two years. The collapse of the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank was the result of the nefarious practices of the notorious John Sadleir. The bank itself was prosperous; but its funds were used by Sadleir in speculation in German coal-mines, Californian gold-mines, and other wild schemes. When he poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath it was found that he had utterly ruined the concern and had closed its doors.

NOVELS.*

MISS LAWLESS'S *With Essex in Ireland* is a spirited essay in a difficult kind, which is not so much the historical novel as a view of history thrown into novel form. She makes Essex's nobility apparent in his courtesy as well as in his rashness; and he shines out by contrast with the barbarians he encountered. The story loses somewhat from a dramatic point of view by not dealing with his death; but, true to its title, it ends with his departure for England. The smaller characters are given to lengthy orations, which, however, contain generally more than less sense. One soldier said:—"Little by little, however, it came to be clear to me that there was but one way of dealing with this country—and that was to slay without ruth or remorse so that, if for no other reason, the very terror and expectation of the like treatment might keep the rest from rebelling." And the thoughtful scholar's reply was that, "Meditating upon the nature of the island which, though in outward show it appeareth much like other lands, yet must surely carry within it some foul hidden Blot or natural Poison which has drawn upon it the just wrath of Heaven, so that all things that are done for its good turneth to its ill." The book suggests that the English wished Essex to break truce with Tyrone, and it plainly, and possibly truthfully, infers that it was Essex's uprightness and straightforward manliness which caused his own fall. Essex's own opinion of Ireland was "Nay, 'tis my assured conviction, and I say it in all reverence, that were the Most High to dispatch one of His own angelic ministers to be the Vice-gerent of this distracted land, neither Gabriel nor yet Michael would return to Heaven save with a very diminished reputation and the renown of a *most indifferent administrator*." And his Secretary who tells the story says:—"This going on some time, I being witness of his affliction, began to fear that it might work in him some lasting injury. As, indeed, it would have done, but that in this land of Ireland [however few its other merits] this one clear and absolute advantage must be admitted to it, which is that no man will ever have time to grow very sick or desperate there upon a single trouble—seeing that in a brief space of time he may be quite sure that it will be overtaken and driven out from his mind by some other and yet Worser One ever following close after it and treading hard upon its heels." The author can, no doubt, go to her authorities for the account she gives of the cruelties perpetrated upon the lowest peasantry by Irish and English alike. A superstitious element is well worked in, and the spectacle of the ghosts of the wronged dead is powerfully described.

A very different, though far from uninteresting, work is *A Royal Democrat*; a Democratic novel which, from an Irish and essentially feminine point of view, settles the question of Home Rule once and for ever. A handsome young English King, of Republican tendencies, in the year 1945 gives up his position and all his possessions, and presumably many comforts of the toilet, to throw in his lot with the "people" of Ireland. After one cattle-raiding expedition, however, he is imprisoned for five years, and when he is released he finds the glorious Home Rule, so long desired, established, and there is nothing more for him to do. His prison life gives an opportunity for the expression of some sentimental sympathy with poor "martyrs," now or recently in gaol. The author's political knowledge is weak, and her views decidedly amusing.

A Man of Mark should, perhaps, have better been termed "Confessions of a Rogue." There are many writers who can humorously depict the phases of dishonesty into which they entangle their heroes. American authors have the brightest form of that peculiarity, and nearly the monopoly; but Mr. Hope is ambiguous as to his intentions, and whether he is serious or joking throughout his short work, we have not yet determined. The young women are odd without being attractive, and altogether the book requires more force of expression, as well as more story, to make it what the author wishes it should be.

Mamma's Black Nurse Stories and *True Courage* are children's books. The former is interesting from some points of view. The latter fables, Part II. of the series, are extremely happy; but the first part lose in story what they gain in quaintness from the form in which they are told. *True Courage* is a nice book of ordinary stories for boys, well told, and very well printed.

Frances Kane's Fortune is the best-told story of a budget of shilling novels. It is brightly and prettily written, and, if slightly commonplace in plot and situation, it is nevertheless a very pleasant and readable book. Mr. Kane's character is a good sketch of a selfish, testy old man, in no way worthy of his daughter's kindly but over-strained sacrifice.

Jack's Mother is a curiously jerky and spasmodic story full of ridiculously improbable sentiments and situations. The hero is a poor creature who thoroughly deserved all the vituperation showered upon him by the parents of the girl he meant to betray, and the author is clearly more experienced as a dairy-farmer than she is as a novel-writer. *Romantic Stories of the Stage and Ring* are a series of tales collected and written by a person who evidently knows his ground very well. They have much sarcastic humour, combined with a judicious sprinkling of pathetic incident. The *dramatis personæ* each have a habit of saying "tuts," and most of them—especially the clowns—have a partiality for cockatoos; but apart from these singularities they are sensible persons enough, with perhaps more dramatic episode in their lives than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals; but otherwise very similar. "Little Chip's Leap for Life" is a touching incident, and "Polly Blossom's Courtship" is really amusing. It is a capital book for a railway journey.

Accessory After the Fact and *Agatha's Quest* may be mentioned together, as they are works of the same kind. The former is French, and contains a young man with Monte-Cristo-like wealth and every prospect of an enjoyable life who makes every one around him wretched before finally putting an end to his melancholy life. The glowing improbabilities of the stockbroking scheme which produced "millions in a month" may have a soothing effect upon minds that habitually deal with smaller sums.

Agatha's Quest is apparently English; but it is curiously similar in construction to the other, and unfortunately its faults are less balanced. It opens smartly, and the writing and construction are in the early part above the average; but after the trial of Foster the story as well as the language becomes weak and confused. It is highly improbable that so transcendent a genius as Agatha would have married the consumptive cur who turned out to be a murderer; nor would she as a newspaper-woman have given up her "assignment" in America for the weak reasons allotted. The author has decidedly primitive ideas about people who let lodgings; but possibly the "reporter-lady" makes a peculiar landlady; also it may be usual for aggressive strangers who wear disguises, and who shriek horribly on awaking, to address their landladies by their Christian names, and to invite them at a first interview to have tea. The end is flurried and unfinished.

Her Last Throw is a book of false and maudlin sentiment. The hero and the heroine are both forced and unnatural beings, though the heroine's death at the end of the book is the only conceivable solution to the difficulty of the Severn family.

* *With Essex in Ireland.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

A Royal Democrat. By Alice L. Milligan. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Kent, & Co. 1890.

A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

Mamma's Black Nurse Stories. By Mary Pamela Milne-Home. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

True Courage. By Royston Keith. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

Frances Kane's Fortune. By L. J. Meade. London: Warne & Co. 1890.

Jack's Mother. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1890.

Romantic Stories of the Stage and Ring. Glasgow: Menzies & Co. 1890.

Accessory after the Fact. By René de Camoes. London: Dean & Son. 1890.

Agatha's Quest. By R. H. Sherard. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.

Her Last Throw. By Mrs. Hungerford. London: White & Co. 1890.

PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.*

AMERICANS are not a book-buying people. Lack of time and a certain constitutional laziness, both perhaps induced by the very vastness of everything around them, prevent them from acquiring or reading lengthy treatises on the thousand and one subjects on which they desire information. But, as this restless desire for knowledge has to be satisfied somehow, they are content to leave to others the task of boiling down both facts and theories, so as to be then able to assimilate the concentrated result in an hour's reading from a magazine article. Hence arises the superiority as well as the wide diffusion of this class of literature in America. Towns and cities are comparatively few and far between, and even in them culture is maintained rather by a resort to the excellent public libraries than by the personal acquisition of books; while outside the towns the country is settled in scattered houses, and not in villages capable of supporting a bookstore. But the United States mail reaches everywhere, and weekly or monthly conveys the favourite paper or magazine which enables every one, however remote, to keep abreast of the knowledge of the day. Instruction in this portable shape is acquired, perhaps, somewhat in snippets; but the standard of taste has been raised year by year, and editors find that it pays them to employ the best writers to collect and condense the required information. Among writers of the day none is more popular among his own countrymen at the present day than Mr.

* *Studies in the South and West; with Comments on Canada.* By Charles Dudley Warner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Charles Dudley Warner. Beginning life, as so many American authors have done, by the practice of the law, Mr. Warner contributed before the Civil War to various periodicals, and subsequently became editor and part proprietor of a daily paper. He acquired stores of varied information by extensive travel in the Old World, as well as in almost every section of his own country. He did not, however, score his first success as an author until about eighteen years ago, when the publication in book form of some of his articles under the title *My Summer in a Garden* took the fancy of the reading public, and the work has since run through thirty-eight editions. Mr. Warner's reputation has steadily increased since then; for several years past he has devoted his best energies to one of the most useful tasks which a popular writer could take up—that of endeavouring to teach the different portions of his own country to understand each other better. Ignorance is the parent of prejudice, and it was a happy inspiration that induced the editor of *Harper's Magazine* to ask Mr. Warner to record the impressions made on him by a visit to the Southern States in 1885. The articles were recognized by those of whom he wrote as a just and fair view of the present condition of the South; indeed, the only strictures on them came from those of his Northern neighbours who make political capital out of party differences. Two years later Mr. Warner revisited the South to correct and amplify his former impressions, and then undertook an extensive tour through the Western, or more properly speaking the Central, States, with the same laudable object of showing his fellow-countrymen the progress that had been made in different sections of their vast domain. A similar object led him finally to traverse Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and we have the matured result of his reflections in the highly interesting volume just published.

Although the immediate effect of the Civil War on the South was practically to wipe out personal property and the means of livelihood, Mr. Warner was strongly impressed by the fact that the people have put the past behind them, and are rebuilding on new foundations. A feeling of loyalty to the United States, of pride in their nationality, has already grown to large proportions. The South is quite as much perplexed by the negro problem as the North is. They are quite satisfied to be rid of slavery, and any tendency that there is to restrict the free suffrage of the coloured race should not be taken as a sign of surviving war feeling, but only as a mark of their determination that such Legislatures as disgraced Louisiana and South Carolina during the reconstruction days shall not rule them again. The restoration of power to property and intelligence is a question of civilization. The coloured people show a tendency to withdraw more and more to themselves, perhaps even to revert to barbarism, as is evinced by the Voudoo ceremonies which Mr. Warner witnessed. The picturesque plantation life of the South has passed away for ever; slavery and semi-feudal isolation from the industrial spirit of the North have left traces which may take long to wear away, but work has been accepted as the necessity of the situation. A new industrial South has sprung into being, labour is regarded as honourable, the spread of education develops enterprise in business, and the South is beginning to vie with the North in the attainment of wealth by industry. Mr. Warner gives a charming picture of New Orleans, with its romantic mixture of French, Spanish, and African elements. Change is everywhere apparent. The substitution of railway for river carriage has made her levees vacant; but the gaiety and naïveté of Creole society still give a tone to the place. Its Sunday is of the Continental type, but free from the Socialistic agnosticism which vaunts itself in some Northern cities. A curious remnant of the past, of the existence of which probably few Englishmen or even Americans are aware, was visited by Mr. Warner. In the Bayous, near the mouth of the Mississippi, still live the descendants of the Acadians who were driven from Nova Scotia in 1755. Their expulsion, which *Evangeline* has made us regard as something of a blot on the humanity of the Anglo-Saxon race, has turned out a fortunate event for them. They exchanged the bleak rocks of Nova Scotia for the sunny and fertile lands of the South, where, sequestered in comparative isolation by innumerable watercourses, they preserve the habits and customs of the eighteenth century.

Even Americans of the Eastern States, as Mr. Warner admits, have scarcely any adequate conception of what lies west of Chicago and St. Louis, and not the faintest idea of its civilization and society. No wonder that the consciousness of its marvellous growth should develop a spirit of abundant self-assertion. Each citizen thinks his own State is the best; a healthy pride which counterbalances any tendency to centralization in the political system. Commencing with Wisconsin in the North-West, Mr. Warner runs through these Central States, one after the other, and while always professing that it is not his intention to describe their aspect, contrives to convey in a few sentences whatever is most noteworthy or peculiar both in the people and in their buildings and institutions. With regard to the expansion of wheat-growing, which has so disastrously affected English agriculture, Mr. Warner indicates that a natural check is beginning to operate. Beside the fact that it exhausts the soil, farmers are finding out that one crop alone is liable to failure, and that varied agriculture and cattle-raising on a small scale is safer and surer than the production of a single staple. Minnesota contains a large Scandinavian population, admirably adapted to the protracted season of cold. The activity of railway enterprise is evidenced by the fact that, during seven and a half months of 1887, 643 miles of track were graded and laid, or an average of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles for each working day, though every bit of material, as well as every man and team employed, had to be brought into the country by the railway itself. The condition of the Indians, Mr. Warner says, is neither just or humane to them, nor fair to the white settlers; the large reservations are of no use to the Indians now that the buffaloes are gone. Our new Agricultural Department might take a hint from the State of Wisconsin, which has brought its farmers into relation with the University by an admirably organized system of farmers' institutes. Chicago is evidently regarded with peculiar pride by Mr. Warner, as he knew it in its early days before the war, having practised law there for some years. It has outrun all its rivals, both in population and in trade, and even the labourers who borrowed money to build have put their savings into houses and nearly all own their homes—a grand corrective of anarchical notions. Chicago enjoys a pre-eminence for the excellence of its roads, and, having plenty of room, has become a city of detached houses, with ample scope for the variety and creative genius of American architecture. Its parks alone contain 1,742 acres, and the surprising collections of rare books, autographs, and manuscripts show that all the wealth of Chicago does not consist of meat and grain. The neighbouring city of Pullman exhibits an interesting experiment, as the only town in the world built from the foundation on scientific and sanitary principles. In his remarks on the different States which he visited in succession Mr. Warner shows that each has a certain homogeneity and character of its own; he holds that the perpetuity of the Union itself rests upon the separateness and integrity of this State life. While commending what seems best to him in each, he does not spare a word of warning where it seems to him necessary. In Cincinnati, for instance, he points out how partisan spirit has diverted trade with the South. Memphis is a curious instance of a city surrendering its charter and ceasing to exist as a municipality. St. Louis has spent nearly a million sterling on its parks—a far-sighted provision for the health and pleasure of a great city. It has also devised an enviable security against the corrupting influence of Ward politicians; but it is significant that the teaching of German has been deliberately dropped in the schools, with the view of Americanizing the foreign population as rapidly as possible. Mr. Warner corrects the prevailing impression that Arkansas is still a "bowie-knife" State; but in Kentucky he is obliged to admit the survival of lawlessness in the mountainous regions of the East.

To Englishmen the most interesting part of the book will probably be Mr. Warner's comments on Canada. He well characterizes its Government as "an evolution on British lines, modified by the example of the Republic of the United States." Canadian nationality was fostered by the Civil War, by the Fenian invasion, and finally by the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, which extinguished any wish for annexation to the United States. Mr. Warner admits that responsible government as it exists in Canada responds more quickly to popular action than that of his own country does. Among points of difference he notes that members may be returned by any constituency, as in England, without reference to residence; that the Federal Government retains all powers not expressly granted to the provinces, and may disallow any provincial Act. This, as in the case of the Manitoba railway last year, is likely to result in friction, and Mr. Warner considers it a serious defect that the Canadian Constitution has no provision analogous to that in the United States which forbids any State to pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts. The system of granting subsidies to the provinces is also regarded by him as mischievous. The sentiment of nationality sustains at Ottawa a Conservative Government whose policy is the rapid development of the country, while the Liberals, who control the provincial legislatures, are opposed to mortgaging the future. If the Canadian Pacific Railway had not been built, Mr. Warner believes that Manitoba would ere now have gravitated to the United States, but the completion of the line has knit together the Pacific and Atlantic Provinces. The French, whose preservation as a distinct nationality is due to Pitt, and who have never, as in Europe, broken with their past, are growing in power, yet the Roman Catholic Church makes against annexation. Municipal affairs are, happily, divorced from party politics, and the Dominion has done well with its Indians; indeed, it appears to have succeeded with all races—with Icelanders and Scotch crofters, even with Mennonites from Russia. Working-men on both sides of the boundary are drawn closely together by means of their labour organizations, many of which are international. Theoretically Mr. Warner appears to contemplate that, at some time in the dim future, the destinies of Canada and of the United States will be one; but he allows that practically the prevailing sentiment is that Canada would not permit her financial centre to be shifted to Washington. He earnestly deprecates any attempt to advance annexation by unfriendly legislation, by threats, or by attempt at conquest, since "there could be no greater calamity to Canada, to the United States, and to the English-speaking interest in the world, than a collision." Mr. Warner's concluding words, on a review of the whole situation, are:—

> There are great commercial forces at work that cannot be ignored, which seem strong enough to keep Canada for a long time on her present line of development in a British connexion.

MR. BUDGE ON THE NILE.*

TOURISTS are becoming so learned, they want to know so much more than Messrs. Cook's dragomans can tell them, so much more, even, than can be gathered from the infallible pages of *Murray* or *Baedeker*, that Mr. Budge has been pressed into the service and employed to make an attempt at satisfying the new demand. The result is a marvellous little volume. Mr. Budge was of course the right man. He combines the knowledge of hieroglyphics with that of Arabic, among many other languages; and is able to discourse as learnedly about the monuments of the Pharaohs as about the tombs of the Mamelukes. He is careful to explain that this is not a guide-book, but rather a supplement or appendix to the guide-books; and if he goes of necessity into a good many matters which have been treated already, he always does it for the purpose of shedding new light. He begins with a summary notice of the principal sources from which a knowledge of Egyptian history is derived—such as the Turin papyrus, which, before it was broken into fragments, contained a complete list of the kings who reigned before B.C. 1700; the Tables of Abydus, Sakkarah, and Karnak; the annals inscribed on the walls of buildings; the historical papyri, like that of Harris in the British Museum; the allusions to Egypt by Hebrew and Babylonian writers; and, above all, the Egyptian history of Mer-en-Thoth, or Manetho of Sebennytus, who wrote it for Ptolemy II. about B.C. 240, but whose work, except such parts of it as were quoted by Jewish or Christian polemical writers, has perished. Mr. Budge pins his faith to Dr. Brugsch in chronological questions, and adopts his dates throughout the book. According to this system, Mena, "the first human king of Egypt," lived about B.C. 4400. The historical summary is very complete, and Mr. Budge is careful to put in everything likely to fix a date or to arrest attention. Ba-en-neter, of the Second Dynasty, we are told, for example, declared the succession of women to the throne to be valid. This first assertion of women's rights was made somewhere about sixty-two years before the first creation of women, if we accept B.C. 4004 for that event. The earliest extant monument—that of a priest named Sheri—relates to Sent, of the same dynasty, part of it being at Oxford and part at Gizeh. Mr. Budge only mentions the Oxford portion. When we get to Seneferu—whom some authorities make the last king of the Third Dynasty, though Mr. Budge puts him at the head of the Fourth—there are plenty of contemporaneous monuments, some of them so far away as Wady Maghara, in Sinai. According to this chronology, Chufu built the Great Pyramid about B.C. 3733. The Twelfth Dynasty, of which we have heard a good deal lately, is placed at B.C. 2466–2233, so that the four Amenemhats and the three Usertsens reigned, in all, for less than two centuries and a half. Notwithstanding the comparative shortness of this period they left some of the most memorable monuments of their power, the bases of the columns of a temple of that time, which Mr. Budge does not mention, having been found as far south as Kuban, and a Nilometer at Semneh, still further south. After their time the Hyksos broke in and ruled, under five dynasties, for five hundred years. It is thought, says Mr. Budge, "that Joseph arrived in Egypt toward the end of this period." When it was over the Eighteenth Dynasty, that of Thothmes and Amenhetep mounted the throne, and modern chronology may be said to begin. There was no interruption to the succession after that time, and we can date the beginning of the Nineteenth Dynasty with some certainty at B.C. 1400. In 1300 "Seti Meneptah II. is thought to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus." Conjectural chronology becomes certainty with Necho of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, but by this time the old monarchy was coming to an end. With Necht-en-nebef of the Thirtieth (B.C. 358) it died out. Then came the Persians, after them the Greek Ptolemies, and finally the Romans, the Byzantines, and, in A.D. 638, the Moslem conquest. Such is the summary which the Cook's tourist of the future can master if he is so disposed. But Mr. Budge has much more to teach him.

The languages which have prevailed in the lower Nile valley are of deep interest to Mr. Budge, as well as the various ways—hieroglyphic, hieratic, demotic, Coptic, Greek, Latin, and Arabic—of writing them. The hieroglyphic chapter is a compendium of all that is known on the subject. The Cook's tourist who has mastered it will be able to grasp the meaning, if not actually to read the words, of most of the inscriptions of importance he sees on his voyage. He will probably be surprised how easy it is. Mr. Budge considers the hieroglyphics on the monument of Sheri at Oxford, already mentioned, the oldest he has seen. They may be dated back to B.C. 4000. The decipherment of hieroglyphics was first accomplished by Dr. Thomas Young, an eminent natural philosopher, who is said to have been versed in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic at the early age of fourteen. He published the result of his study of the Rosetta stone in 1821. In the following year a Frenchman, Champollion—who of course strenuously denied that he had derived any help from Young—made out, through his intimate acquaintance with Coptic, and his learned leisure, a great deal more than Young, with public and private practice as a physician, and with the philosophical studies by which he discovered the undulatory theory of light and the velocity of the circulation of the blood, was ever able to command. But the proud client of Mr. Cook will always remember that it was an Englishman who first read a word in hieroglyphics. The French school, after producing the younger Champollion, De Rougé, Deveria, and Chabas, among others, has of late years declined in numbers and authority. English students are well able to represent the countrymen of Young, and a great deal of good work has been done and is being done both in Italy and Germany. Mr. Budge gives us examples of the writing, with an interlinear translation, and a list of three hundred of the more common hieroglyphic characters, as well as a long table of royal ovals. These ovals, or cartouches, have had much to say to the gradual progress in the discovery of the lost languages of old Egypt. It occurred to some reverential person six thousand years ago that, to write the name of a king as one might write the name of anybody else was sheer blasphemy, and the system, which had already come into use before Sheri wrote the memorable inscription at Oxford, was invented by which the hieroglyphics of a royal title were always enclosed in a border, the early examples of which show that it was intended to represent plaited or twisted cord. That this was the Egyptian usage Dr. Young discovered as early as 1814, immediately communicating the fact to the Society of Antiquaries, as well as the suspicion, afterwards confirmed by himself, that the cartouches on the Rosetta stone were those of a Ptolemy. From this small beginning has followed the whole decipherment of a language which does not belong to any known family, though it has Semitic inflections, and which had been practically dead for hundreds of years.

Having described the mode of writing, and given a learned chapter on the gods of Egypt, with extracts from sacred texts, deciphered and translated by himself, Mr. Budge begins a kind of perambulation of the country, taking Alexandria first. Everywhere he gives us new information, avoiding any interference with the functions of the ordinary guide-book. The hieroglyphic names of the towns and villages show how often the modern Arabic is a corruption of an intelligible Egyptian name. Damanhur is Temai-en-Heru, the Town of Horus. Tel Basta marks the site of Pe-Bast, the place of the cat-headed goddess, the Pibeseth of the Bible. Mr. Budge gives us the Arabic of Fostat and Cairo, the names of the mosques, and the derivation of "minaret"—which, by the way, we are told to pronounce with the *a* long. There is a full notice of the Gizeh Museum, of the obelisk at Annu Meht, or On of the north; of the Pyramids, of which he tells many new things, such as the interpretation and identification of the inscriptions in some of them, and many other particulars which will be interesting to visitors. He omits unaccountably any description of the paved causeway which led from the second pyramid to the Temple of the Sphinx. An account of Sakkarah, with the Apis Mausoleum, follows. The name of the Fayum is derived from the ancient Paiuma, the water, and the voyage to Upper Egypt is entered upon. Here, as before, we have valuable notes, with translations of the inscriptions at Beni Hassan and derivations of a great number of Arabic and hieroglyphic names. A long chapter is devoted to Abydos, the Coptic Ebût, the hieroglyphic Abût or Abtu, and Mr. Budge shows that we should put the accent on the second syllable. By degrees we reach Luxor, "Al-Kusur," the palaces, in Arabic. The singular of Al-Kusur is familiar to us in Alcazar. By an unfortunate misprint the ancient "Apet," in Coptic Tape, is given as "Aptet"; but as the hieroglyphs are given, reading in full Apet-Apasu, no great harm is done. There are one or two other misprints which it is as well to point out, as they can be corrected in the next issue. On p. 258 we have Nub-ka-Ka for Neb-ka-Ra; and at p. 129 we are told that Saladin's second name was Joseph, instead of his *first* name. These are very small matters, and we can but wonder how few there are of the kind. This part of the book ends with the first authoritative account published of the newly-discovered tombs at Aswan, described recently in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Budge, it will be remembered, was the first explorer of the principal tomb. From Aswan Mr. Budge's itinerary takes him up to the Second Cataract, and beyond it to Semneh, where are to be seen remains of the most distant colony of the Pharaohs. Altogether, this is a most fascinating little volume to Nile tourists and to many besides, Mr. Budge's modesty being as remarkable as his learning and the excellence of his literary style.

* *The Nile: Notes for Travellers in Egypt.* By E. A. Wallis-Budge. London: Thomas Cook & Son. 1890.

FOUR MEDICAL BOOKS.*

CYRIL BENNETT'S *Modern Malady* is a thoughtfully-written little book. We fully endorse his opinion that the title Neurasthenia should supersede that of Hysteria as the general name for the numerous and often indefinite functional disorders of the nervous system which used to be, and still are by many people, grouped under the latter designation. Neurasthenia may be said broadly to arise from malnutrition of some portion of the nervous system, and to the correction of this defect rational treatment will be directed. It must, however, not be forgotten that a nervous system insufficiently or improperly nourished becomes morbidly sensitive to external impressions, and that injudicious sympathy may be almost as

* *The Modern Malady.* By Cyril Bennett. London: Edward Arnold.
Flushing and Morbid Blushing. By Harry Campbell, M.D., B.S. (Lond.) London: H. K. Lewis.
A Treatise on Diseases of the Nose. By Greville Macdonald, M.D. (Lond.)
"Man Wonderful" Manikin and Key. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

injurious in its results as the harshness which the author so justly deprecates. The days have happily passed away when every disease, from raving madness to uncontrollable violence of temper, was looked upon as the result of diabolical possession, and treated with the cage and the whip. The allegory contained in the introduction to the book is rather strained, and not particularly interesting.

In speaking of treatment Mr. Bennett appears to us not to have fully recognized that there are two quite distinct types of neurasthenia, in one of which there is great anxiety for occupation and distress of the patient's mind at her inability to perform her duties, these cases having frequently come on from overwork. In the other there is an unwillingness to make any effort and contentedness with a life of complete inaction. In both physical disorder is probably the chief cause of the condition; but we do not think that the two patients require similar treatment. We believe with Mr. Bennett that the ability and tact necessary for discovering and applying the best treatment in such cases are not given to many. Every medical man would be in accord with the author in his estimate of the enormous influence of heredity in promoting the neurotic temperament; but, unfortunately, it is one we cannot eliminate. The chapter on education strikes a much-needed note of warning against the incalculable injury to the growing brain and body which is frequently done by the modern system of education, with its numberless examinations and the cramming entailed by them. To the members of the medical profession there is nothing new in the opinions so ably and eloquently put forward by the author of this work; but to the members of the lay public it may prove of much service by convincing them that so-called hysteria is not an affectation or culpable weakness which renders its subject a proper object for sneers or harsh treatment, but a very real and painful disease.

Dr. Campbell points out, in his preface, that flushing and morbid blushing are not isolated disorders, but the observable symptoms of a widespread nerve disturbance, and hence that treatment should be directed to the removal of the conditions bringing about such disturbance. The nerve mechanism by which dilatation of the cutaneous vessels causing the flush or blush is brought about is described with admirable clearness; but the subject is of too technical a nature, and its apprehension requires too great a knowledge of physiology to make it suitable for discussion here. In the second and third chapters the author gives much interesting information, illustrated by cases, about the portions of skin most frequently affected by flushing, and the mode of its onset and the directions in which it most commonly travels. The sweats and sensations of heat and cold frequently accompanying the attacks are also considered, as well as other distressing psychical and motor symptoms commonly caused by the underlying nerve storm. Dr. Campbell draws a not very exact distinction between flushing and morbid blushing, by saying that the former is not usually caused by emotion, whereas the latter always is. Hence it follows that the latter occurs in those who are temporarily or permanently self-conscious, whilst the former does not require this condition for its development. This self-consciousness is of two kinds—first, that directed to the individual's outward appearance or bodily functions; second, that directed to the mental being. Blushing, like most neurotic troubles, is very apt to be hereditary, and occurs even among the black races. The blush, like the flush, is a local symptom of more general nerve-disorder. We gather from perusal of Dr. Campbell's book that he looks upon flushing and morbid blushing as symptoms of a neurasthenic condition, brought about by deficiency in quantity, or defectiveness in quality, of the plasma by which the nerve-ganglia are nourished; or, again, by undue exposure of the ganglion-cells to nervous impulses. Hence the treatment is of a general and not of a specific character such as is required in graver forms of neurosis. Dr. Campbell has treated the whole subject with a masterly hand.

In Dr. Macdonald's book we have a very complete treatise on the diseases of the nose, on the methods of investigating them, and on the way in which they should be treated, and the instruments required—of these last plates are in most cases given. The present race of practitioners have not had much opportunity of obtaining a knowledge of this branch of surgery, as in their student days but little was known of it. We should think that the fulness of description and abundance of illustration would render the work valuable to them. We suspect, however, that the treatment will be generally left to the specialist, as it would not answer the purpose of the ordinary practitioner to provide himself with the armamentarium spoken of by Dr. Macdonald in order to treat the few cases of this kind of disease which might come his way.

Under the rather pretentious title of the "*Man Wonderful*" *Manikin*, we find a chart of the anatomy of the various parts of which the human body is composed, ingeniously arranged in layers which will fold back. It may be of use to those who wish to obtain an elementary knowledge of the subject without having access to dissections; but even then we fail to see the advantage of the figure over separate plates, especially as the turning the segments backwards and forwards would quickly wear them out. The title "Manikin" is hardly a correct one, as the figure represents a large and fully developed, not a little, man. Most astonishing fact of all is the assertion on the title-page of the Key that the thirty-three pages of letterpress accompanying it form a manual of physiology, anatomy, and hygiene!

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

LONDON Street Arabs (Cassell & Co.) contains a series of copies of drawings by Mrs. Stanley, better known in art as Miss Dorothy Tennant. The letterpress consists of only a few pages, "By Way of Introduction," made up of reminiscences of ragamuffin life. Mrs. Stanley began at an early age with a series of "Passages from the Life of Jack Sheppard." After a time she appears to have become very expert at luring little boys to her studio. "The best way is to find an average boy, win his confidence, give him sixpence, and promise him another sixpence if he will bring you a boy more ragged than himself." By this process, in spite of the loss of time of which she complains, you "can get down to a very fine specimen." It is disheartening, however, when a boy, reported as one "wot never washes himself," arrives handsomely furbished up, in a new 3*s.* 6*d.* suit. The notes are all most amusing, and have the rare merit of making the reader wish they were not so brief. We cannot but sympathize with that nice boy who told Miss Tennant that the advantage of having nothing was that "you hadn't anything on your mind." This is contrasted with the saying of a youthful member of the other, the jealous sex, who wished to live in the country where she should not see a lot of people having a lot of things she could not have. So, too, every one must agree with the boy who offered to stand on his head while he was painted, averring that he preferred this to any other attitude. Of course he did. The drawings have appeared in various magazines, and seem to be, or to have been, woodcuts, but, if so, have become very fuzzy. The pretty picture of the "Merbaby," which was so much admired in the New Gallery two years ago, is also included, the design not having been improved by the addition of a little girl to match the little boy. One of the most expressive of the sketches is the last, "Unemployed," and one of the prettiest shows a family of tramps in twilight. This one is "processed."

Greek Pictures (Religious Tract Society) is not exactly what it is called on the title-page—"drawn with pen and pencil by J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D." Dr. Mahaffy is an accomplished and versatile scholar, but does not draw or paint; and the title-page is contradicted in the preface, where the author complains of the difficulty of obtaining suitable pictures of modern Greece. Dr. Mahaffy writes vigorously, and his pages are fascinating enough without pictures, the miscellaneous character of which may be learned at a glance. On p. 72 there is a rough but clever sketch in pen and ink of the Temple of Victory. On the opposite page is a photograph, reproduced by "process," of the steps of the Acropolis. Nevertheless, some of the pictures are very good, and really illustrate the text, which deals impartially with ancient and modern subjects. Dr. Mahaffy thinks the treasures discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Mykenæ to date from a period long anterior to that of Homer. Altogether this is a very charming volume.

The group of which Thoreau was the centre is pretty well known to us. Emerson, Miss Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Ellery Channing have had sufficient justice done to their claims; but Thoreau himself has always, except by his writings, been more or less a shadowy character, though both Channing and Sanborn wrote his life. *Henry David Thoreau*, by H. S. Salt (Bentley), deserves to be well received, the more so as it contains much that has not hitherto been published. In his passion for nature and his sympathetic observation Thoreau was akin to Richard Jefferies. Emerson says of him, "He saw as with a microscope, he heard as with an ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard." His best-known book, *Walden*, takes its name from the pond (Anglicè, lake) beside which he pitched his hermitage. He says of himself, "My greatest skill has been to want but little. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it. And then I think of those amongst men who will know that I love them, though I tell them not." Thoreau was an intensely religious man, but hated creeds. He tried his best to do without doctrines, and to have nothing between himself and the clear sky. There is, consequently, a great simplicity and directness in his views on almost every subject he touched. It was possible for him, in his New England home, with plenty of elbow-room, to live the life he thought the best, but the acreage of the earth would have to be considerably increased for the whole population to be able to go and do likewise. We cannot resist quoting his incisive remarks upon architecture:—"What of architectural beauty I have seen has grown from within outward, out of the necessities and character of the indweller who is the only builder; out of some unconscious truthfulness and nobleness, without even a thought for the appearance; and whatever additional beauty of this kind is destined to be produced will be preceded by a like unconscious beauty of life." Mr. R. L. Stevenson says that Thoreau's "knock-down blows at current opinion . . . leave the orthodox in a kind of speechless agony"; but the strength of his position lay in his absolute adherence to a life of simplicity, industry, and contentment.

We have received Archdeacon Watkins's *Bampton Lectures on Modern Criticism and the Fourth Gospel* (Murray); and *A New Psychology: an Aim at Universal Science*, by Rev. George Jameson, D.D. (Edinburgh: Elliot).

The History of the *Parish of Ribchester*, in the county of Lancaster (Bemrose), is by Tom C. Smith and the Rev. Jonathan Shortt, and recommends itself with a very large map, six inches to the mile, in which Ribchester occupies a very small place.

The importance and interest of these parochial histories it would be impossible to overrate. They have been repeatedly acknowledged in our columns. Ribchester, then called Bremetonacum, was occupied in the Roman period by a legion, or part of one, and formed a link in the line of fortresses which connected Chester and Manchester with the Roman Wall. Though twice as large as that of Manchester, the camp, or fort, was not nearly the size of that at Wroxeter or at Chester, but a large quantity of Roman remains have been found there. In the middle ages the principal manor belonged for many generations to the Duttons. A sub-manor was held at Stydd by the Templars, and after them by the Hospitallers. The district is that in which what are called the "Old Catholic" families do most abound, and they have attracted to their society many others whose Romanism is of modern growth. The volume contains much carefully-gathered material, and its general accuracy is beyond suspicion.

The Lost Explorer, by John Francis Hogan (Ward & Downey), is an entertaining book of fictitious adventures in Australia, of the type with which, in another continent, Mr. Rider Haggard has made us familiar. It is well that readers of shilling volumes of fiction should be content with anything so harmlessly sorrowful as *Edelweiss*, by Rita (Spencer Blackett), a romance of the Rigi Railway. Of a very different type is *Three Beauties*, by Millwood Manners (Leadenhall Press), a work truly of the imagination, on which the author has drawn largely in trying to describe a society in which he has never mixed. *Tales from Blackwood* (Blackwood), No. X., Third Series, contains a very amusing story of some length, "Mr. Cox's Protégée," by Mr. A. Innes Shand, in which some modern philanthropic fads are delicately exposed. Mrs. Davidson's *Story of Stops* (Leadenhall Press) will, we fear, be tough reading for children, but few of whom will be much interested in the grotesque illustrations and bewildering text. *Dreams by French Firesides*, by Richard Leander (A. & C. Black), is so well translated by J. Raleigh that it reads as if the fairy-tales must have been written in English, and not by a German officer who sent them home from the war in his letters to his children. The illustrations are also pretty, and the volume would be welcomed by any child, and by many of larger growth.

Mr. Frederick Ryland in his *Chronological Outlines of English Literature* (Macmillan) has set himself a task in which he certainly has not succeeded. He endeavours to arrange the chief publications of every year of our history, and down to a certain date, say about 1700, he is fairly able to grapple with the names and dates of popular books; but when he comes to a later period we are equally astonished by the names he omits and the names he inserts. We have Hepworth Dixon, but not Sir C. Dilke; Mrs. Oliphant, but not Mrs. Humphry Ward; Oliver Madox Brown, but not John Brown; Miss Burney, but not Miss Broughton; L. E. L., but not Miss Havergal; Mr. George Macdonald, but not Mr. Baring Gould. This list might be considerably and indefinitely extended.

Gaudeamus is a judicious selection, by John Farmer (Cassell), of about eighty of the songs, chiefly of the last century, which are most suitable for colleges and schools. In addition there are about twenty of Mr. Farmer's own compositions. The music is very clearly printed, and the words well selected; altogether a handsome and useful book. *The Merry Muse with Graver Moments* (Ward & Downey), is a collection of poems by Walter Parke intended for reading and recitation. *Never Hit a Man named Sullivan*, by A. Dewar Willock (Leadenhall Press), is not so funny as it looks from the outside. *Ephemera*, by Lacon Watson (Leadenhall Press), is a volume of essays on various subjects, some of which are reprinted from *Household Words*. They are full of good sense and good feeling. *Life in Utopia*, by John Petzler (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company), brings to our minds the trite reflection that "to imagine one must have imagination." The same reflection will fit *Come Forth*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward (Heinemann); but in this case we must add that the history of Lazarus is much better told, and without cheap sentiment, by St. John in the eleventh chapter of his Gospel.

Father Mathew (Dublin: Eason) is a cheap reprint of Mr. J. F. Maguire's biography, a bright and pleasant account of the "apostle of temperance." *Obiter Dicta*, by Augustine Birrell (Stock), has reached a third edition, as has also the *Book of Sundials*, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell), a delightful volume. Lamb's *Prince Dorus* is reprinted at the Leadenhall Press, with all the original coloured illustrations.

The admirers of Cardinal Newman may be glad to have his *Sayings* (Burns & Oates) in a convenient form. They comprise extracts from many sermons, speeches, and lectures, and are carefully "listed."

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The Academy, September 25th, 1886.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,824, Vol. 70. October 11, 1890. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

CHRONICLE.

Foreign Affairs.

IT is evident that, as was expected, a very strong attempt has been made at Rome to obtain Kassala for Italy. We are not of those who think that they know other people's business better than the other people themselves; and we therefore do not lay stress on the point that the Italians will find it a very far cry to Kassala. Our point is that England cannot, with a due respect either to Egyptian rights as such in the Nile Valley or to our own rights as protectors of Egypt and lords of the sources of the Nile, permit interference with this particular region.——It would appear that a settlement has been arrived at between Germany and the Sultan of ZANZIBAR in the matter of his sovereignty over the German coast; but it is to be hoped that the payment of four million marks (it is odd how these Continental countries stick to the majesty of the small denomination) will be made contingent on the explicit abandonment by Germany of any such "rights" as lately caused difficulty.——It was from the first very unlikely that Senhor FERRAO would be able to form a workable Ministry in Portugal, and very probable that the affected fuss about the Anglo-Portuguese Convention is a mere excuse to cover minor and purely factious aims. Directly this concerns England little; indirectly it may concern us much. On Tuesday it was announced that Senhor FERRAO had given up the task, and that General SOUZA had taken it up, with the intention, however, of appointing Senhor FERRAO his Foreign Minister. As this politician's pet idea is said to be the reference of the agreement with England to arbitration, any Ministry in which he has a voice must be unsatisfactory. The crisis, however, still continues, Senhor CHRYSOSTOMO succeeding the General as central figure.——Meanwhile, very interesting discoveries of SHEBA's, if not SOLOMON's, Mines are reported from Mashonaland, and, on the other hand, very troublesome details about the murder of Germans in Vitu. "Told you Lord SALISBURY's agreements would lead to trouble," say Gladstonians, and even some astonishing Tories. And, indeed, it has been observed by men of old time that pigs very seldom run about wholly roasted and carved ready for eating in this world.——It is satisfactory to find that the *Figaro* interview with Signor CRISPI has bred nothing but mischief. So may it be always with statesmen who condescend to methods worthy only of the lowest kind of commercial intriguer. The Italian PRIME MINISTER has since shown repentance and amendment of life by delivering his views, on Irredentism and other matters, publicly himself in a very sensible speech.——Great excitement was felt at New York on the last day of the old tariff, owing to the press of applications for clearance under it. The McKINLEY experiment will be the most crucial test of Protection yet applied, and no small interest will attach to the working of it. Political interest in the United States is chiefly limited to a frantic desire on the part of politicians in office to avoid the Count of PARIS, and to a grieved protest on the part of politicians out of office who meet on an Irish Relief Committee such a person as Mr. REDPATH, that it is really brutal of Englishmen to hint that there is any fishing for the Irish vote. Fond attention also hangs over the fate of RUBE BURROWS, a train-robber of the greatest eminence, who has fallen on the field of glory, and in company with a deputy sheriff, as brave men should.——In Constantinople another of those bold Armenians who are so unaccountably absent when Kurds do divers and disgusting things at home has been shooting at an arch-priest in the Koum Kapou Cathedral, which sacred building must now be pretty well accustomed to such scenes.——A fresh revolutionary scare was reported from Buenos Ayres, but it does not seem to have come to much.——In France Don CARLOS, feeling the necessity of manifestos, has followed up his cousin the Count of PARIS's letter with one which has the misfortune not to please M. DE BLOWITZ, but which is, at any rate, constant to principle and observant of the family compact. The not very intelligible dispute with Dahomey has been made up, France strengthening her hold on the coast, but not meddling with Whydah.——The Mormons under much pressure of Gentile tyranny have agreed to abolish polygamy; but, as there never was any fun in Mormonism except polygamy, the dish-cover principle in church architecture, and Danitism, and as the latter attraction has long been off the boards, it remains to be seen whether the dish-cover will alone support the strain.

Ireland.

The persistent ill behaviour of Mr. HARRINGTON in Tipperary culminated towards the end of last week, and the long-suffering Court at last met his wishes, and bade him withdraw, in one sense or another. A very sensible suggestion of disbarment has been addressed to the King's Inns in reference to this worthless blusterer. Nothing of real importance has happened in the way of incident. The rowdyism was resumed at Tipperary when the HARRISON summonses came to be heard, and it seems to be time for the authorities to take some decided step to put a stop to a contempt of justice which no other civilized country would tolerate. In the way of talk and writing, Mr. MORLEY and Colonel CADDELL have been very important.

Speeches.

Lord SPENCER sang the usual Spencerian stanza on Ireland—a note of dole and dulness and consciousness that something is wrong, not so much with Ireland as with Lord SPENCER—at Otley last week; and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, who has been rather quiet of late, spoke at Rossendale.——On Monday Sir EDWARD WATKIN, that great ideologue, once more introduced the Channel Tunnel.——A speech—not recently delivered, but only recently reported—has appeared in the *Times* by Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS on the temperance movement, which he has substituted with such extraordinary success for an abstinence one in the Indian army.——But the event of Monday in this way was the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party in Dublin, which had been loudly trumpeted, but which met, *not* with Mr. PARNELL in the chair, and with a terribly cut-and-dried stock of resolutions.——On Tuesday Mr. STANHOPE spoke at Horncastle, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH delivered a very cool and convincing address at Gloucester, not untinged with the humour which quiet and not ordinarily diverting persons sometimes show. He could hardly have spoken better as an answer to Mr. MORLEY, who was talking on the same day at Swindon.——On Wednesday Mr. COURTNEY spoke sensibly (except when he talked of "prodding" Conservatism) at Belfast and Lord ROSEBERY pleasantly at Glasgow, while Sir WILFRID LAWSON talked at Whitehaven the scatter-brained chatter which passes with some folk for wit.

Congresses, &c.

The Church Congress finished last week, in peace and quietness, a meeting with less eventful proceedings of any kind than have been seen for some time past at these gatherings. Nevertheless there was evidence enough of the presence of a disturbing and popularity-hunting element, which will have to be choked down if the Church is to continue the Church. It cannot be too often impressed on clerical Churchmen that, if a large fussy sect is to be added to the small fussy sects, a considerable and damaging amount of shaking dust off feet will take place among lay Churchmen.——This week a new Congress, International Literary and Artistic by name, has assembled at the Mansion House,

and has been hospitably entertained there. M. LOUIS RATISBONNE, the chief foreign delegate, is a worthy man of letters enough; but somehow these Congresses do not attract the *sommités*.——There has also been a Charity Organization Conference at Oxford, a suitable enough place, the fashion for attending the "Mendicity" being of old standing in that academic home of the crotchets.——The Baptist Union has been meeting at Cardiff, and the Incorporated Law Society at Nottingham, while the Dairy Show, at the Agricultural Hall, may be called a Congress, or a kind of one.

Strikes. In Australia they are meeting controlment with controlment, and doing well. We are told that "the Government are determined that "the freemen shall work unmolested." On this line one may certainly cry "Advance, Australia!" most heartily, with, as a possible addition, "England, be ashamed of yourself!" ——In London the strikers have grappled, or threatened grappling, with the Gaslight and Coke Company. If that corporation shows, in dealing with those whom it pays, half the resolution which it shows in dealing with those who pay it, all should be well.——Much correspondence has been published between shipowners and the new tyrants of labour, from which it seems that what the shipowners should do is to organize "free" labour at whatever cost. The letters between the ALLAN firm and Messrs. TILLETT and MANN respecting the strike of the men employed on the *Grecian* and the *Tower Hill* is the most instructive thing that has been published for months, and seems fairly to have frightened the Labour advocates.

Correspondence. Some remarks of Dr. FARRAR's at the Church Congress have drawn on a pretty letter-quarrel between him and Messrs. CASSELL, Mr. WALTER BESANT and others intervening.——Dr. ABBOTT, happy in having some talk of his about Illusions noticed in the *Times*, has been dashed with unexpected, but not undeserved, vitriol by Mr. HUXLEY; and Mr. GLADSTONE has opined, by letter, that those who vote Tory at Eccles vote for "bullets and bâtons." And very good things to vote for; though, as it happens, the bullets of Tipperary exist only in that rich museum of the imaginary, Mr. GLADSTONE's mind.——The Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, perhaps unnecessarily, has answered the calumnies of Mr. HEALY as to the distribution of the Irish relief fund of eleven years ago. We know from the unimpeachable authority of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH the way in which Mr. HEALY and his friends like to have a relief fund administered, and no doubt the MARLBOROUGH fund was not distributed in that fashion.

Sport. On the Turf at the end of last week there was little to note but one of the newfangled races in which value of prize makes up for interest of running—the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes of 5,000*l.* at Kempton Park—which fell to Lord CALTHORPE's Blavatsky. This race, however, preluded one of the most interesting contests of the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, which opened on Tuesday with an exceedingly rainy day and no very attractive sport. The chief exceptions were the success of Mr. HOULDSWORTH's Evergreen for the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate, of Mr. DALY's two-year-old Inverness for the Severals Plate, and of Prince SOLTYKOFF's Dorothy Vernon for the Post Produce Stakes. The weather was much better on Wednesday, and the sport somewhat more interesting. Blavatsky did not show for the Middle Park Plate, and the most favoured English representatives, Orion, Orvieto, and Valauris, made a poor show with M. BLANC's Gouverneur, to whom, however, Mr. BAIRD's Siphonia ran a very fair second. The absence of Memoir took all interest out of the Select Stakes, in which Signorina ran away from her only opponent. Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD's High Havens won the Ditch Mile Nursery from a pretty big field. On Thursday, the great day of the feast, Prince SOLTYKOFF's Sheen, with 28 to 1 against him and 9 st. 2 lbs. on his back, finished the long Cesarewitch course easily in front of a very good field, the favourite, Alicante, being two lengths behind him. General BYRNE's Amphion sustained his reputation by winning the Champion Stakes exceedingly well from Memoir and Blue Green, while Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's Hear Hear had a hard win in the Selling Nursery Plate, and Baron DE ROTHSCHILD's Modèle an extraordinarily easy one in the Autumn Handicap.

The London County Council. At the meeting of the London County Council last Tuesday Lord LINGEN, that great man at figures, exposed the financial state of the Council's affairs, from which exposure it would appear that only the windfall of the sixpenny spirit duty has saved the body from the usual fate of popularly elected bodies which deal with finance, the necessity of having to run up the rates.

Miscellaneous. The Bishop of WINCHESTER on Wednesday took formal leave of the clergy of that diocese. On the same day one of the newfangled colleges for the atheological study of theology was opened in Gordon Square.

Obituary. Our Sovereign Queen ELIZABETH shall save us trouble in dealing with the death of Mrs. BOOTH of the Salvation Army. Saint we may not call her; fanatic we were loth to call her; and so, in short, we pass unchallenged the good said by others.——Cardinal HERGENRÖTHER, who died in Bassora last week, was a great Ultramontane and an historical student of some importance, who led the opposition to DÖLLINGER in the days of the last Council.——The Rev. HENRY WHITE of the Savoy, who died suddenly last Tuesday, was a very well-known figure in London clerical life, had achieved a peculiar position, and would probably have risen to much higher preferment if he had been less fastidious in accepting it.——Mr. H. C. SELOUS had a long, though perhaps never a very high, reputation as an artist; and Bishop JOANNIDES, of Citium in Cyprus, was one of the most accomplished prelates of the Orthodox Greek Church.——The Rev. W. THOMAS ("Glanffrwyd") was a bard who was something more than a bard, and yet a good bard too; and BRASSEUR *père* was a famous name with frequenters of Parisian theatres.——Lord ELLENBOROUGH's title had been held by men more distinguished than himself, but he was a good officer and a useful member of the House of Lords.

Books, &c. Messrs. MACMILLAN have issued a very interesting volume of verses—*The Isles of Greece*, by Mr. FREDERICK TENNYSON, the Laureate's elder brother, whose *Days and Hours* ought to be more widely known than they are; and the first volume of a collected edition of Mr. LOWELL's Essays.——Mr. NUTT has published, under the editorship of Mr. JACOBS, a large and handsome reprint of PAINTER's voluminous *Palace of Pleasure*, which served as a storehouse of material to so many Elizabethan writers.

MR. MORLEY'S CONTUMACY.

WE were sorry for Mr. MORLEY last week; we are more sorry for him now. It may be admitted that his position at Swindon last Tuesday was not an easy one. After his consenting to be led, or neglecting to observe that he was being led, into a very miry hole at Tipperary, after his glorying in the mud thereof at St. Helen's, the only place of penitence left open to him was, no doubt, an exceedingly awkward and painful one. He could, as we showed last week, only clear himself from the charge of impropriety by admitting that of folly, and the latter is as damaging to a statesman as the former. So that, taking the world as the world, and putting counsels of perfection out of the question, it was scarcely to be expected that Mr. MORLEY, with the Radical railway men of Swindon—of whom there are some, though happily not sufficient—reinforced by drafts of moonrakers from outside, as audience, should appear with white sheet and candle, and acknowledge his transgressions. We are too equitable and rational to expect that. We acknowledge that, ugly and even dirty as is the game which he has condescended to play, he had to stick to it, and that, possessing no case, he was bound to abuse and pooh-pooh Colonel CADDELL and the Government and the rest of his enemies as well as he could. Our complaint is that he did it so exceedingly badly. He had two courses open to him, on either of which he might have made fair running. He might have said, "I have made my statement, to which I "adhere; and I have nothing more to say at present. The "matter will certainly be investigated in Parliament; it "will, perhaps, be investigated elsewhere. I shall be ready "with evidence; and till then we shall do no good by "bandying words between press and platform at a week's "interval." This, though not apparently the most heroic, would have been really the more valiant, as well as the more discreet, course; it would certainly have been the most awkward for Unionists. Or Mr. MORLEY might have said, "I have set myself to hold this matter up to public view, "and I shall do so whenever I open my mouth," and then have proceeded to examine Colonel CADDELL's letter and

the other Unionist statements piece by piece and step by step. That might have not been discreet, it might not have been amusing; but it would have been stout and straightforward.

But Mr. MORLEY, like all men of his temper in his situation, must needs try that slipperiest of all paths, the *via media*. He did not decline to discuss the matter further except before competent tribunals and in regular fashion. He did not discuss it boldly and fully. He, like his Gladstonian supporters in the press in the first place, tacitly assumes that it is merely a question between his veracity and Colonel CADDELL'S, and in the second he picks and chooses the points of Colonel CADDELL'S letter that he will answer and the points on which he will be silent. The first proceeding is worthy of the party, but not of the man. It is not a question of the respective credibility of Mr. MORLEY and Colonel CADDELL, though, if it were, we do not see that Mr. MORLEY has many advantages. The word of a military officer of HER MAJESTY'S is, we suppose, as good as the word of an ex-civil officer, and if interest is to be mentioned in the matter, we suppose that Colonel CADDELL'S tenure of office and expectation of promotion are scarcely more powerful incentives than Mr. MORLEY'S expectation of office and tenure of political respectability. Further, to read Mr. MORLEY, still more to read his defenders in the press, it might seem that the anti-Morleyite version rests on the authority of the police alone. "To put it plainly," as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH—a man of moderate language if ever there was one—says of another Gladstonian statement, "that is a lie." The Unionist version rests on the Parnellite brags of the *Cork Examiner*, a very worthless support in itself, but one which Gladstonians cannot afford to slight; it rests on the detailed statement of trustworthy newspaper correspondents like him of the *Scotsman*; it rests on the signed letter of Mr. J. G. BUTCHER to the *Times*. But let that pass for a moment, and let there pass with it Mr. MORLEY'S own avowal that, for part of the matter, he was not himself an eyewitness at all. We defy any reasonable Gladstonian to read with satisfaction the piecemeal pecking at Colonel CADDELL'S consistent and coherent statement which served Mr. MORLEY for an answer.

More unsatisfactory still is Mr. MORLEY'S actual handling of the charges against him and of the charges against others. We will take two as samples, and we own that we are amazed at the ineptitude shown by a trained polemic. Mr. MORLEY professes incredulous wonder at the observation that he ought not to have gone to Tipperary at all—passing over, by the way, Colonel CADDELL'S very shrewd remark that there was no riot before Mr. MORLEY came, and none after he left. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH indicated beforehand the answer to this. If Mr. MORLEY had his way; if the Dublin Government provoked, as it certainly would provoke, disturbances in the North; if Colonel SAUNDERSON, Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, and Mr. JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, justly or unjustly came within the law's clutches, and if they were to be brought before magistrates at Armagh, we should be the very first to cry shame on Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR if he attended the hearing. But let that, too, pass. "What!" cries Mr. MORLEY in effect and partly in words, "Am I to be 'blinded "'and gagged'? Am I not 'an envoy of peace from the "'democracy of England to the democracy of Ireland?'" [N.B. This is a member of the party that cries "shame "on 'class government.'"] "May I not be taken about by "'my friend Mr. DILLON'?" Mr. MORLEY'S imprudence is what English penny-a-liners would call phenomenal, and their French friends catapultuous. So, then, he *did* go to Tipperary to see a riot? and by the most singular of chances the riot was provided? So, then, the "personally "conducted tourist of more or less political eminence," as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was at that moment calling him not many miles away, with a sarcasm all the keener because of the mouth from which it came, is indignant because he is expected to abstain from one of the sights of the country? Mr. MORLEY'S tone of injured innocence is that of another personally conducted one who should be blamed for going to see dancing dervishes, or nautch-girls, or a *pardon* in Britanny, or a pig-sticking in Bengal. "Am I to lose the "fun because I was once a Cabinet Minister?" quoth he. Yet even this falls short of his remark about Mr. SHANNON. We shall say nothing of the indecency of a man in his position ignoring Mr. Justice HOLMES'S careful decision, for Mr. MORLEY has told us that his position has no restraints for him, that he is as one of us ordinary men, and much more also. But what ordinary man, what never-has-been-and-never-will-be Minister, could fail to see the astounding absurdity of the argument that Mr. SHANNON ought not to sit in Mr. DILLON'S case because Mr. DILLON has brought Mr. SHANNON'S conduct before Parliament? What a simple method of securing immunity and impunity, what a premium on obstruction and abuse of the privilege of Parliament, what a paradise of blank pardons to any kind of delinquent does this sweetly simple argument open up! You have only to bring a charge, well or ill founded, against your probable judge in order to disqualify him from sitting on you. As the members of the High Court of Justice itself are not very numerous, an ingenious member of Parliament in England or Ireland might secure himself against all possible legal proceedings by including them in one indictment, no matter what, the next time his party consents to give him backing enough to move the adjournment of the House, or even by parenthetically abusing them in a speech on the Address. That a schoolboy, nay, a schoolgirl in white muslin and blue ribbons, should use such an argument as Mr. MORLEY'S would be natural. "I complained of the nasty old thing "[old beast], and of course she [he] gives me lines," is just what artless youth is fond of saying. But that Mr. MORLEY, that an ex-Cabinet Minister—or, if we are not to mention that, an ex-political writer of many years' standing—a critic, a man of unusual education, a man, it was thought, of unusual ability, should use it! Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S argument, which we have elaborated above, was sound; his review of Mr. MORLEY'S relief of "Irish "democracy" at the expense of "English democracy" capital. But Mr. MORLEY'S best answerer is himself, so long as he can indulge in such reasoning as this about Mr. DILLON and his judge.

THE ARCHDEACON AND THE PUBLISHERS.

IT is not every week, or even every month, that the British public is privileged to peruse so delightful a correspondence as that which has grown out of Archdeacon FARRAR'S contribution to the deliberations of the Church Congress. The Archdeacon, in enlarging upon the excellent, but not absolutely orginal, proposition that persons engaged in commerce ought to behave themselves as honestly as may be, referred in terms of holy indignation to "dishonest customs which tainted the trade of the "publisher," and to "sweating publishers who, without a "blush, would toss to the author perhaps a hundredth "part of what by bargains, grossly inequitable, they had "obtained." He had also an incidental fling at "advertise-"ments of egregious frauds." By these florid, but essentially simple, expressions, he roused the wrath of Messrs. CASSELL, the well-known publishers, to the extent of more than half a column of the *Times*. The Archdeacon, indeed, was proud to be able to explain that his own publishers were, "with scarcely an exception, intimate personal friends "with whom I stand on the most cordial relations"; but this mollifying phrase was written all too late to appease Messrs. CASSELL, and actually appeared in the same column with the amazing communication in which their outraged feelings exploded.

It seems hardly credible, but it is the fact, that Messrs. CASSELL dashed their own heads into the cap which the Archdeacon had woven for the benefit of the Church Congress. They thought they were "entitled" to take that liberty, because they "are well known as the publishers of "three of Archdeacon FARRAR'S most successful works." These three are the *Life of Christ*, the *Life of St. Paul*, and *The Early Days of Christianity*. Messrs. CASSELL positively boast that "we projected a work which was to be "a 'Popular Life of CHRIST.' The whole scheme of that "work, as well as its general character, was conceived in "this house." Nay more, it was "put into a concrete "form"—whatever that may mean—before, *faute de mieux*, the actual production of the work was entrusted to the distinguished author of *Eric; or, Little by Little*. Then the book was written and advertised; "in fact, we doubt if any "book of the kind [was there ever a book of the kind "before?] has ever been so extensively advertised," and it sold like anything. All this is piquant enough. That any human being, let alone a highly respectable, and even rather especially pious, publishing firm, should want to deprive Archdeacon FARRAR of the credit of having devised

the idea of a "popular" or comic edition of the story of the Gospels is sufficiently startling, but it is nothing to what follows. Messrs. CASSELL actually go on to make public, apparently without Archdeacon FARRAR having had the least intimation of their intention to do so, the exact amounts that the Archdeacon has received from them in respect of these books. Those amounts are respectable. In all, the publishers tossed to the Archdeacon, whether with or without a blush, the handsome sum of 8,738*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, and of that 1,405*l.* was voluntarily paid, in addition to the agreed price, on account of the great success of the *Life of Christ.* It is clear that they cannot have been the particular sweaters indicated. It is not to be believed that even a "Popular Life of CHRIST" brought its publishers 873,885*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*

It does not seem to have struck either Messrs. CASSELL or the Archdeacon that, in publishing these particulars, whether the figures are accurate or not, they were committing a most gross and unpardonable breach of the confidence which should regulate all dealings between men of honour. It might have been rather less outrageous, as Mr. WALTER BESANT and Archdeacon FARRAR have urged, if Messrs. CASSELL had stated what their own profit was upon each of the works in question. But it has, in fact, nothing whatever to do with any question at issue. When a man has made a contract whereby the other party takes all the risk of loss, and when that other party has paid him his legal due, and also made him a present of two or three times as much, their conduct is handsome, whether their own profit is 5*l.* or five millions. However, this is a subsidiary question. It is entertaining to learn from the Archdeacon's reply that he much regretted the "vulgar" way in which the *Life of Christ* was advertised, and prefers the more refined method of advertising the author of the *Life of Christ*, which consists in the plaintive statement that it went through thirty-seven editions, and that he has had books published, not only by Messrs. CASSELL, but also by six other well-known firms, "and others"; but this, too, is by the way. What calls for unhesitating censure is Messrs. CASSELL's conduct in publishing any of the details of their private dealings with a customer. It is quite as bad as a butcher publishing his patrons' weekly bills, which, for excellent reasons, he never does. It is very little better than a doctor writing in a book or a newspaper what is the matter with his patient—which, as we know, to the deep discredit of the profession, he sometimes ventures to do. It is possible to excuse the publication of an extremely vulgar book upon a sacred subject, on the ground that many people will not read any other sort; but to boast, without the author's leave, of the sum you paid him for it, is absolutely inexcusable. If the "cordial "relations" between Archdeacon FARRAR and Messrs. CASSELL are such that the venerable gentleman is still able to "stand on" them, they must be of an exceedingly substantial character.

LABOUR AND LIBERALISM.

IN a letter to the *Times* of Tuesday last Mr. ARNOLD WHITE led forth to view two most astonishing orders of men, who are supposed by some to hold between them the future of an ancient empire and the fortunes of a considerable portion of the human race. We had a pretty fair acquaintance with both of them before; but they make so strange an appearance, in a land and a time like our own, that we are not all capable of regarding them with the complete absence of hostile prejudice which Mr. ARNOLD WHITE may claim. He is, indeed, a very particular friend of the one class (or so we have always understood) and a typical representative of the other. Hence it is that his letter acquires a special interest and value.

Himself one of the captains and counsellors of the New Liberalism, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE is compelled by a pensive interest in the Social Question to remark upon certain peculiarities which have lately arrested his attention in conversing with the leaders of the Revolt of Labour. There was a great dockers' meeting the other night at which those peculiarities come out very strongly; and Mr. ARNOLD WHITE hardly knows how to reconcile them with the harmonies which he had hitherto found to exist between domestic virtue and political wisdom. Let us look, he says, at the speakers at this meeting. "So "far as is known, all are men of high character." Not only have they suffered for their cause (no specification of their injuries, however, is given), but "they abstain almost "to a man from the indulgences customary to their class. "They neither drink nor smoke; and men whose lives are "laborious and self-denying have nothing to learn in the "way of thrift." That does not necessarily follow; but since Mr. ARNOLD WHITE is satisfied on this point, we may safely take it that the leaders of the Revolt of Labour are saving persons as well as abstainers from beer and tobacco. And yet what does Mr. WHITE find, even from these speeches of Monday night? Men of whom so much sagacity might have been expected "were unanimous in "declaring that poverty must be abolished." Labour is not to compete with labour—must not compete; and yet the unskilled and unemployed must have a larger share of the good things of this world; more leisure for the unskilled, more good food for both. Now how is it that men who neither drink nor smoke, thrifty men who always go home to their tea, should talk such impracticable nonsense as this? That is the psychological problem which puzzles Mr. ARNOLD WHITE. If these reformers had produced a definite plan for the accomplishment of their intentions he would have had less to say; but, as he points out, "not a "word to that effect was forthcoming." Now what are we to make of this?

There is, of course, an answer to the question, but it is one which we are afraid Mr. WHITE would reject as unenlightened and incomplete. We should say, if we were obliged to reply offhand, that abstinence from beer and tobacco is no guarantee of wisdom after all. It might be said, nor of honesty either; but it is unnecessary to go so far on the present occasion. It is possible to find men of "high character," men who neither drink nor smoke and have considerable sums in the Savings Bank; men, moreover, who are eloquent speakers as well as irreproachable fathers of families, and yet who are Bedlamite politicians. It would appear, indeed, from certain passages in Mr. ARNOLD WHITE's letter that he himself is driving to this conclusion in the case of the Dock-Union reformers; but the rest of that epistle gives us no reason to hope that he is prepared as yet to discover similar anomalies in a higher sphere of observation.

And yet it happens that, while in the first part of his letter Mr. ARNOLD WHITE shows that high character, self-devotion, native eloquence, and unfailing regularity of life may exist together with extreme political fatuity at one end of the Radical Connexion, in the latter part he warns himself that all these qualities, plus education and study, do not prevent a similar growth at the other end. In Mr. TOM MANN declaring that poverty is going to be abolished Mr. ARNOLD WHITE examples the astonishing stupidity of Revolt-of-Labour apostles. In dealing with the Social Question himself, and in giving the dockers a lesson in practical politics, Mr. WHITE exemplifies the high-toned ineptitude of the school political to which he belongs. "Not a word" had the Revolt orators to say when it came to the question, How is poverty to be abolished? Mr. WHITE supplies the word. Astonished that "the fecundity of the half-fed" should receive no attention from Messrs. MANN and TILLETT, he presents it to their most respectable but unthinking minds, in terms which suggest that one might as well be an abstainer from beer and bird's-eye as from claret and cigars. Thus are the dockers addressed, in an exordium that would carry the signature of any one of the Thoughtful Persons of Mr. WHITE's school. "The steady transfer of de-"mocratic power to the hands of men ignorant of the laws "of hereditary transmission, unprepared to lay down "present ease for future good, and not willing to resist the "impulse of passion or desire, is the most perplexing "problem of our time." This problem must be met. It is obviously a mistake to transfer democratic power to the hands of men who limit the control of their passions to abstention from beer and tobacco. Democratic power in such hands is a public danger. To make it safe, self-denial must be carried further; and if the fecundity of the half-fed continues to receive no attention from the Committee of the Dockers' Union, unless the leaders of the Revolt, recognizing the connexion between a plethoric labour market and reckless marriage, relieve the one by forbidding the other, one of two things must be done: democratic power must be limited by a restriction of the franchise, or Government must regulate the People's connubial engagements. To be sure, the first alternative is only implied in Mr. WHITE's letter; but it is there.

What with the fatigue of running about to settle the Albert Dock dispute, and the moral strain of apologizing

for the stealers of cargo, the directors of the Dockers' Union have been much upset since this letter appeared; but there is very little hope that they will be able to adopt Mr. WHITE's suggestions when they do find time to consider them. Neither the Dockers' nor any other Union will voluntarily include in their rules any restriction upon the fecundity of their ticketholders. This, however, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE has foreseen; and therefore he has drawn up a series of "practical suggestions," five in number, some of which are for Parliament to take up. How thoroughly those suggestions have been considered is shown by the businesslike way in which they are presented. In the hands of less earnest and less convinced statesmanship they might have been thrown together in a cursory paragraph; whereas here they are marked off in sections and subsections —by 1 and 2, by (*a*) and (*b*)—after the manner of a draft Bill. The first proposal is to raise the age of marriage from twelve and fourteen to sixteen and eighteen; which would be very well, especially if marriage between young people of twelve and fourteen years of age is often celebrated. Next, compel male minors to satisfy the registrar or the clergyman that they are "able to maintain a family." Next, "pass a short Act enabling clergy and registrars to refuse to "celebrate marriage for reasons stated"; a suggestion that seems to be aimed at the marriage of "the idle, the un-"thrifty, the undersized." Next, "create a healthy public "opinion on the subject." This is to be the business of the clergy, who should not only preach upon it from the pulpit, but refrain from having large families themselves; their example—which at present tells the wrong way—would have a good effect on their parishioners. Next, "segregate "till old age habitual criminals and paupers, so as to prevent "the reproduction of their kind." The practicability of this suggestion is beautifully clear. We see it at work in a single flash of imagination, and recognize at the same instant that nothing could be more simple and effective. "JEREMIAH JONES, aged thirty-six, three previous convic-"tions: seven years with hard labour and perpetual inter-"diction of conjugal rights." This is what Mr. ARNOLD WHITE must contemplate; for, under the existing system, habitual criminals sentenced to lifelong imprisonment, or, if advanced in years, to shorter terms, are segregated till old age. Is there any other remedy? Yes, one more—crowning and characteristic: appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the effect of early and reckless marriages.

Here, then, we have an exhibition in one frame of the two orders of political intellect which claim the future between them. Mr. ARNOLD WHITE has drawn an excellent picture of both (for he is as thoroughly representative of Enlightened Liberalism as Mr. TOM MANN is of the Revolt), though he set out to limn only one; and now which is to be preferred for practicability?

THE PRESERVATION OF MONUMENTS IN EGYPT.

THE improved condition of Egypt under English rule has been so continuous and conspicuous, that it is extremely disagreeable to have any sort of reverse of the picture forced upon us. Yet it cannot be denied that the neglect and destruction of ancient monuments in Egypt which characterize the administration of those who are at present charged with the control of the antiquities of that country constitute a serious and important exception to the beneficial results of the British occupation of Egypt. The facts revealed in the correspondence on the subject by Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE, Mr. LOFTIE, Professor SAYCE, Mr. VILLIERS STUART, and other authorities, indicate a state of affairs that calls for the instant intervention of the Anglo-Egyptian Government. Under the present system the French officials who compose the Department of Antiquities permit the perpetration of disgraceful acts of vandalism. Whether these officials are powerless to punish offenders, as Professor SAYCE declares, or incompetent and shirkers of their duty, as Mr. LOFTIE and others affirm, the results of their neglect are admitted by everybody to be most disastrous. With the consent of the French and English Governments, represented by M. RIBOT and Sir EVELYN BARING, they were established in the direction of the Gizeh Museum and the custody of Egyptian antiquities. And now, as if inspired by the GALLIO spirit of Sir EVELYN BARING himself, who cares for none of these things, these guardians of the tombs and temples and treasures of Egypt do nothing but doze at the post of duty, as depicted in the excellent drawing "Mossoo "in Egypt," in this week's *Punch*. "Wake up, or you'll "have to go," Mr. PUNCH's view of the situation, is precisely what Mr. LOFTIE urges in his vigorous criticism of French control of Egyptian antiquities. Nor is it possible to arrive at any other conclusion. From all quarters come complaints of the rifling of tombs, the wanton defacement of monuments, the destruction of sculptures and inscriptions, and the unwarrantable dispersion of priceless relics. The scandalous neglect of any proper supervision of excavations is productive of incalculable evil. No European directs these operations, and the abuses that arise from the neglect of this obviously necessary precaution are notorious. In all parts of the land the destruction and mutilation of monuments goes on apace. Theft and unauthorized sales of valuable "finds" are common and unchecked. The law of treasure trove in Egypt unfortunately is unfavourable to the prompt acquisition of newly-discovered examples of art and archæology by the Government. The lesson of Dair-al-Bahari has not incited the authorities to remedy a bad regulation. That wonderful Treasury of the Kings was discovered and ransacked twenty years before the authorities heard of it. Under the present system there is nothing to prevent a repetition of the similar fate that attended the discovery of the tomb of KHU-EN-ATEN and his Queen, the contents of which were surreptitiously sold and scattered throughout the world. Despite the Department of Antiquities at Cairo, tombs and temples are left without protection. It seems, indeed, that every excavator or discoverer must be, like General GRENFELL when he laid bare the very important tombs at Assouan, his own supervisor and guardian. For the rest, things are left ruthlessly exposed to the desecration of the chance pillager or the worse operations of irreverent or mischievous visitors. To sum up, the new *Description de l'Egypte*, painted by eminent Egyptologists, is nothing but a picture of chaos and misgovernment. It is nothing less than the bitterest irony that this shameful indifference to the preservation of the monuments and records of ancient Egypt should prevail when travellers of all sorts and nationalities unite in testifying to the revived prosperity of the country under English rule. "More "mischief has been done," says Professor SAYCE, "during "the last few months to the antiquities of Egypt than had "been done during the previous half-century."

Everybody is asking, with Mr. LOFTIE, How long will the Egyptian Government permit the present neglect of the appointed custodians of Egyptian antiquities? If M. GREBAUT and his colleagues pursue their course of masterly indifference much further, there will be little left for them to neglect to conserve. One point is only too clear. The facts condemn them, whether they are incompetent, or whether they are incapable of the effective discharge of their duties. The Government should see to it that they amend their ways, or be replaced by men who will not be found wanting. No one pretends, possibly not even Sir EVELYN BARING, that the preservation of the monuments of ancient Egypt is not an extremely important object. No Government worthy of the name can afford to ignore this object. The prosperity of the country is intimately involved in it. Apart from the high, the inestimable, interests of archæology and history, it appeals with irresistible force to the many thousands of tourists who annually visit the Nile. We entirely concur in Mr. LOFTIE's protest against regarding the system at present in force as a reasonable excuse for "giving in to the inevitable." The Anglo-French agreement on the subject of the protection of Egyptian antiquities does not afford any ground for a despairing view of the situation. The Government is responsible for the literal fulfilment of that agreement. If the French Department of Antiquities fail to perform their share of the compact—and it is notorious that they have failed discreditably—it is the duty of the Government to reorganize the Department, and provide a stringent system of police supervision of monuments. It can scarcely be for lack of funds that nothing has been done, if it is proposed, as Mr. CECIL TORR writes, to subsidize the Opera at Cairo with 4,000*l.* annually, as an additional attraction to visitors. To provide for the safe keeping of antiquities now wholly unguarded were surely a better "plot of "State" than this extraordinary provision for the opera-loving tourist. The concession by which the preservation of the prodigious and imposing Temple of Karnak, threatened with utter ruin by the Nile waters, is entrusted to an English association, the "Society for the Preservation "of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt," may be taken as

a precedent for future action by the Anglo-Egyptian Government. It is a pity, nevertheless, that the Committee should, as Mr. POYNTER announces, have renounced all hope of the appointment of an official inspector of antiquities. We do not dispute the importance of the preservation of Karnak, but we fear that the work the Society is now engaged to carry out is nothing less than work for the Danaïdes.

UN-HISTORICUS.

IN one of his essays Dr. MARTINEAU describes a conversation with SISMONDI, who said that for him history divided itself into two sections, that which he had written and forgotten, and that which he had intended to write but had never learned. Irish history is not, so far as our acquaintance with his writings goes, one of the subjects on which Mr. JOHN MORLEY has written. If it were, we should be led to the conclusion that he had forgotten it. The alternative—that it is one of the things which he has never studied—is suggested by a passage in his speech on Tuesday in the Corn Exchange of Swindon. Why, indeed, should Gladstonians study the history of Ireland? The conclusions of the baser sort are imposed on them by the dictation of a party leader and the supposed exigencies of electioneering politics. Those of a nobler order—and among them, in spite of deteriorating influences subduing him to the level of the associates with whom he works, Mr. MORLEY may still be classed—do not claim any more animating motive than a sort of despairing hope that good may come from a measure in which a few years ago they saw only the menace of boundless evil. Some time since Mr. MORLEY described his attitude on the Home Rule question as one of gloomy acquiescence in an experiment which forces too strong to be resisted compelled a statesmanship at its wits' ends to try. He has talked himself at last into a more sanguine mood. The "envoy of peace "and hope from the democracy of England to the de-"mocracy of Ireland," as Mr. MORLEY describes himself, with a rhetoric modelled on that of the philanthropists of the French Terror, has forced himself into a cheerfulness which is really a triumph of faith, for it has no discoverable basis in reason.

Mr. MORLEY is not wholly able to lay aside the character of a philosophic student of history :—

> Qu'on fasse d'un faquin un conseiller du roi,
> Il se ressent toujours de son premier emploi.

The semblance of the man of letters and the thinker is fitfully apparent in most of Mr. MORLEY's platform speeches, though with less and less frequency and force as time goes on. In this respect he is becoming the mockery and ghost of himself. The single passage in which Mr. MORLEY essays this once familiar character in his speech at Swindon overtaxes the charitable interpretation of those who desire to think well of him. We will not describe it as an attempt to abuse the ignorance of the half-informed, or rather on this point wholly uninformed, crowd whom he was addressing. We are ready to believe that Mr. MORLEY shared—voluntarily shared—the ignorance to which he ministered. But this apology in the case of an historic student, a moralist by profession, an almost puritanic expositor of the ethics of discussion, is in itself an accusation only less grave than that from which it acquits him.

Mr. MORLEY told the good people who were listening to him at Swindon with open mouth and eyes and with closed intelligence that the over-population of the congested districts of Ireland was due to the Act of Union. It was the inevitable consequence of the abolition of the Irish Parliament. Mr. MORLEY pointed out that since the great famine of 1847 there has been in some of the congested districts of Ireland a positive increase of population, and that that increase has been greatest precisely in those districts where the holdings are smallest and the poverty is most abject. It is not necessary that "an envoy of peace and hope from the democracy of "England"—we dispute Mr. MORLEY's credentials and powers—should visit the democracy of Ireland for the purpose of making this discovery. It is familiar knowledge. It forms a main element in the contention of those who maintain that the evils of Ireland are social and economical, and not primarily political. It is a part of a general truth, so true as to be one of the commonplaces of moralists and social reformers.

Whatever may be thought of the practicability of these reforms, they have at least some connexion with the evil to be remedied. What does Mr. MORLEY say? He says that the over-population of Ireland is due to the abolition of the Irish Parliament, and would be cured or alleviated by Home Rule. It is charitable to assume that in the frenzy of partisanship Mr. MORLEY did not know what he was saying, and the assumption is the more easy because, though a man may sometimes be willing to mislead others, he usually avoids talking what he knows to be absolute nonsense. Mr. MORLEY says that the maintenance of the Irish Parliament would have kept a healthy public opinion alive in the congested districts which would have checked over-population. That is, an evil tendency, by being represented in Parliament, is converted into its opposite, and becomes a contradiction of, and restraint upon, itself. As a matter of fact, the Irish Parliament, instead of correcting the evil which he denounces, directly promoted it by two of its most important measures. One was the Irish Corn-law of 1784, which, by giving large bounties on the exportation, and imposing heavy duties on the importation, of corn, led, by the artificially high prices it fostered, to the breaking up of pasture-land into little arable farms, thus leading to that undue multiplication of small holdings, and that excessive increase of the population, which the legislation of the last fifty years has done a good deal to combat. The other measure in which the Irish Parliament contributed to the evil against which Mr. MORLEY pretends that it was a safeguard was the enfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, which led the landlords, for the sake of multiplying the votes controlled, to cut up their estates into small holdings. No doubt the Parliament was a Parliament of Protestant landlords, eager for high rents and political influence. But will Mr. MORLEY pretend that a Parliament elected by peasants, whose ingrained habits favour the division and subdivision of the soil, and controlled by the Roman Catholic priesthood, who always encourage early marriages and look with favour on a rapidly-multiplying population, will abate the evil? He knows that the result must almost of necessity be just the reverse. The false history and the false economy which would be pardonable in Mr. TOM MANN and Mr. BEN TILLETT are wholly without excuse in Mr. JOHN MORLEY.

HARDY FRUIT.

THE Fruiterers' Company is one of the least amongst the Livery Companies of the City of London, but it has performed a task which entitles it to something more than honourable mention. Not only horticulturists, but reasonable folk of every class who believe in the wisdom of developing our natural resources to the utmost, have been asking for years past that greater encouragement should be given to farmers and gardeners in their efforts to supply the public demand. Some steps here and there, more or less satisfactory, have been taken to meet the growing competition of foreign producers by an increased output at home; but very much remains to be done before we can say that British soil is yielding all that it can be made to yield for British markets. This is especially true of the hardy fruits and their commercial products, which need the greatest encouragement, and have hitherto received the least. What the Fruiterers' Company aims at doing is (in its own words) to promote the restoration and improvement of orchards, and the growth of hardy fruits in our homesteads and cottage gardens. To that end it organized the exhibition of apples, pears, and a few subsidiary fruits which has been held this week in the Guildhall, offering prizes and certificates, and laying itself out "to show "what excellent fruits can be grown in this country." Such being the objects and achievement of the Company, we are not going too far in claiming for it a title to more than ordinary consideration. It is impossible to forget what has been done in the past by the Horticultural and other Societies, but the work of the Fruiterers constitutes a new departure, and raises new hopes in the minds of horticulturists. Situated as we are in regard to foreign supplies and home productions, hemmed in by a ring of the keenest competition, and under a system of international commerce which (apart from all controversy) leaves the British fruit-grower absolutely without advantage in his own markets, the fact that a helping hand is stretched out to our orchardmen and gardeners from the City itself, by one of the much-criticized Livery Companies, and with the co-operation of the late and present Lord Mayors, is one of the very happiest

augury. Sir JAMES WHITEHEAD reminded his audience on Monday that a large sum of money is sent out of the country every year for hardy fruits which could well be grown at home, and which unquestionably will be grown at home so soon as the actual revolution in our agricultural ideas and methods has produced its natural effect. The exhibits at the Guildhall have shown what English apples and pears are at their best. It is not without reason that Sir HENRY ISAACS—who claims that he and his father have been first and foremost in bringing foreign fruit of the hardier kind to the English markets—described the exhibition as unique for the number, character, and variety of the competing samples. Every market in the kingdom would welcome and pay a remunerative price for any quantity of fruit equal to the poorest samples shown at the Guildhall. What more is necessary? We have the land, we have the labour, we have better sorts to-day than we ever had before. We know how to cultivate good sorts, and there is a practically unlimited demand for them. The only thing which the British fruit-grower must not expect is immunity from blights and inclement seasons. All else is *satis superque*. He has but to make the best provision possible against the occasional spites of a bounteous Nature, and he need not give up the battle with foreign producers. If he will contribute enterprise, labour, and perseverance, and if the City Companies will continue to stretch out the helping hand year after year—if growers and consumers make it a point of honour, as well as a source of profit, to revive the culture of British hardy fruits—it is still possible to recover much of our ancient national repute, which for the last generation or two we seem to have been steadily losing. There are some whose temperament is sufficiently sanguine to assure them, under such conditions, of a new tide of prosperity for the cottage gardener, followed by the solution of certain difficult problems of the sociological order.

One who is old enough to compare the fruit shows of twenty years back with that which attracted an eager and overflowing crowd to the Guildhall on Monday afternoon can form some idea of the progress already made in the revival of apple culture. It is desirable in every way to emphasize the record of what has been accomplished, because success begets success, and the later stages of development or reaction are wont to be more remarkable than the earlier ones. The generality of mankind will always follow in a flock the adventurous few who have first broken the hedge. It is safe to prophesy that, when Englishmen and Englishwomen fully realize that there is a prosperous movement in favour of the regeneration of English fruit, and especially of English apples, they will take to asking for them in the markets and shops, and crying up their merits on every possible occasion. There could be no question as to the enthusiasm with which many of the magnificent samples at the Guildhall were greeted this week. From the stupendous Nonsuch and Queen Carolines to the brilliant and redolent pippins, every variety of apple or pear, whether dessert or kitchen fruit, was scanned and criticized by men who know the good points of such fruit as others know the points of a horse or a picture. The verdict was not merely favourable, but it established the fact that a notable improvement in the average quality—for the four thousand five hundred plates of fruit entitled one to talk about averages as well as excellences—has resulted from the persistent efforts of the last few years. In truth, the neglect of English orchards had arrived at such a pitch in the last generation that men like Dr. HOGG and Dr. BULL of Hereford had no difficulty in enforcing the lessons which they drew from gnarled and rotting trees, from misshapen and ungenial fruit, and from the woful degeneration of favourite pippins and pearmains. It was on ocular demonstrations of this kind that we all came to be thoroughly ashamed of our home-grown fruit; and out of that shame springs the resolution to make England once more the natural habitat of the best hardy tree-fruit. It may be taken in general terms that the owners of large private gardens, and of orchards planted and cultivated for profit, are now fairly alive to the necessities of the case, but that small gardeners, working horticulturists, and tenant-farmers need more stimulus, more encouragement, and more instruction, in order to spread amongst them the fervour that leads up to success. This, as we understand it, is the end towards which the Fruiterers' Company is directing its attention. Few of the City Guilds have undertaken a more promising and serviceable task.

THE DOCK BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

WE are not at all surprised that some of those who, partly from political motives, partly from muddled humanitarianism, sympathized with the docker movement last year, are disturbed in the highest degree by the correspondence between the representative of the ALLAN line and Messrs. MANN and TILLETT—duumvirs of dock labour—which has occupied such a considerable place in the *Times* of this week. We do not observe that the duumvirs themselves impeach a single fact advanced by Mr. BECKET HILL, the mouthpiece of the firm, and they admit as fair an offer of his which, after their admission, was contumeliously refused by their constituents. We may, therefore, suppose that we have in these letters an unimpeachable account of the state of things to which the dishonesty of ecclesiastical and political charlatans and the folly of the British public have brought the trade of London. It is a very pretty state indeed. It seems that the coal-men and corn-men at the Albert Docks can, and do, earn fifteen shillings a day, if not more, by working up to five o'clock. Fifteen shillings a day is equal to the week's wage of not the worst paid agricultural labourer; it amounts (allowing value for the soldier's board and lodging) to about four or five times the wage of the man who may at any time have to meet dervishes or Ghazis in fight, and march day-long over burning sands; it is two or three times what the merchant seaman earns for hard labour and imminent peril; it exceeds the average income of a clergyman who has had a costly education and is thought fair game for all sorts of demands; the usual clerk does not often receive it after years of monotonous and uninteresting drudgery. But it is not enough for Messrs. MANN and TILLETT's lambs. They occasionally knock off work for "more"; they demand payment for the time during which they have knocked off work; they leave cargoes unloaded, to their employer's hopeless loss; they steal the goods; they swear at their paymasters; and they take just twice as long to do the work badly as Yankee labourers in the land of democracy take to do it well. And all this time there actually exist at the employer's expense, and on the very handsome terms of ten shillings or twelve and sixpence a day, "representatives of labour," who are powerless or who do not care to keep the overpaid, overfed, and overspeeched labourers to their work.

The most remarkable thing about this agreeable picture is, that it is practically unquestioned. The long reply of Messrs. MANN and TILLETT admits every assertion of Mr. HILL's. We own to a certain admiration of their honesty; if Mr. MANN's name had been "MORLEY" and Mr. TILLETT's "GLADSTONE," we fear the answer would not have been quite so straightforward. But as it is, we have the whole thing plain before us, and practically uncontested. In the ordinary course of things there would be two parties to the bargain (for the dockowners may be said to be mere outsiders). The shipowners would say, "There is a ship; we will give so much for unloading it or loading it. Who'll work?" If it was enough, there would be ample labour; if not enough, the shipowners would have to offer more. To this merely natural state of things come me cranking in Messrs. MANN and TILLETT, and say, "You shall only employ such and such men; you shall only employ them on such and such terms; and you shall only employ such and such persons to look after them." If anybody knows human nature—and it is a remarkable thing that, the longer the world lasts the less men seem to understand themselves—he knows what will happen, and did happen, in such a case. The favoured persons simply tell their employers, and the labour representatives, and the sacred heads of Messrs. MANN and TILLETT themselves, to go hang. Having much, they will have more; they will be kings o' the isle, they will have help to bear this (let us say sealskin) away where their hogshead of wine is. It could not be otherwise; it is not otherwise. And meanwhile a world of hungry rivals stands round expectant of the good things which this monstrous rout of privileged CALIBANS—though CALIBAN had more sense—are flinging from them. And Mr. ROBY, a scholar from Cambridge College and a large employer of labour, pledges himself to vote for their eight hours' movement; and all is merry.

THE TIPPERARY RIOTS.

THE result of the hearing of the summonses for assault brought against the police at Tipperary is only what was to be expected. After indulging their fill of abuse of the magistrates appointed to hear the cases, the counsel for the plaintiffs threw up their hands, bewailed their helplessness, and withdrew from the court. Mr. HEALY, for once, appeared to have exhausted his supply of insults. "We give no more evidence," he remarked to the Chairman of the Bench, with the air of one who delivers an ultimatum, and left the court with his friends. No other course was open to the magistrates than to dismiss the remaining cases, when the other plaintiffs, abandoned by their counsel, imitated Mr. HEALY's tactics. One and all, they repeated the same misgivings and exhibited the same helplessness. Mr. HEALY had left them defenceless, and they must follow Mr. HEALY's example and go. But they did not leave the court without a fairly successful emulation of Mr. HEALY's language and conduct. There were the same frivolous objections, the same disgraceful insinuations, the same grossness of abuse. Mr. J. KEATING, moving for an adjournment of his own case, did, indeed, appear to waver as to the grounds of his application. He was placed in grievous plight by the action of his counsel, who had abandoned him. Then he fell back on his profound conviction that he could not obtain a fair hearing from the Bench he insulted. Promptly did Mr. KEATING realize that his lack of counsel could be instantly supplied. So he showed his zeal for his case by declining any assistance and retiring from the court. Alderman DILLON's application for adjournment was equally farcical. He commented on the construction of the Bench in the abusive fashion familiar in a Tipperary court-house, and proceeded to dictate to the magistrates as to the choice of their Chairman. And in all this he professed to discern a strong case for adjournment. It were merely futile to regret the abortive termination of the proceedings. The result, as Mr. MORPHY remarked, was only what was to be anticipated.

Enough evidence was given, however, before Mr. HEALY determined to give no more, for the enlightenment of those English adherents of Parnellism who accepted with childlike faith Mr. MORLEY's recollections of the Tipperary riot. The case of young Mr. HARRISON, member for Mid Tipperary and Undergraduate of Oxford, though unhappily nipped in the hearing, was full of instruction. It is perfectly clear from the evidence of Mr. HARRISON that peace reigned in the precincts of the court-house until his arrival, and until he heard Mr. O'BRIEN "talking in a way that might be "described as excited." Then there appeared to be some hustling going on, and when Mr. O'BRIEN began his "pro-"testing" and his appeal for the entrance of the "people" the riot began. "Then the hustling increased" is Mr. HARRISON's own comment on the situation. He does not recollect hearing Mr. O'BRIEN call upon the people to "come on." That is, however, a small matter. The point is that his evidence shows that, whereas peace was the rule a moment before, a sort of free fight set in when the excited Mr. O'BRIEN began to protest. Then the hustling increased, and then Mr. MORLEY's "stripling"—Mr. HARRISON, to wit, who is over six feet in height and of breadth corresponding—appears to have received one blow from a bâton and found his manly throat in the grasp of a policeman. Mr. MORLEY's stripling was not, by his own admission, a peaceful observer of his excited fellow M.P. in the struggle at the entrance. He was beset on all sides, he declares, which looks obviously as if he had gone in for the row, and struck out till he hit somebody. And now he takes out a summons against the police for assault, as who should meddle in a fray and complain of a blow. Truly, for a stripling, Mr. HARRISON's conduct is amazing.

HENRY WHITE.

A FIGURE very familiar in more than one circle of London society has been removed from among us. Mr. White's best friend could scarcely wish his death had been otherwise. It is good to die in harness. It is a mercy to be saved long illness. Only on Monday was he made aware that his symptoms were dangerous. The same night he passed away in his sleep. He had worked while it was day, and it may truly be said that his works do follow him. There are few powers that count for so much in the complex machinery of modern life as a strong personal influence. It is not easy to explain why certain people are endowed with this regal sceptre—for it is nothing less—whilst others with greater natural gifts fail ever to obtain such sway. White's career at the Savoy is a striking example. The blank left in many homes by his death, the feeling of irreparable loss which comes to all who knew him intimately, or ever had to apply for his advice and help, will be almost incredible to those whose circle never touched his. Once inside, one was completely under the subtle influence and charm. White's thirty years' residence in one locality had enabled him to see a second generation arise, whom he had both baptized and married, and the sphere of his influence grew ever wider and wider. Sunday after Sunday the Savoy Chapel was filled to overflowing. It is on record of Fuller and of Horneck that the chapelyard was as full as the chapel, and this was often literally true of White. The congregation was composed of elements more various than perhaps any other in London. Often might be seen worshipping together there a prime minister, a celebrated actress, a leading journalist, a great specialist, a famous painter, the shopkeepers of the Strand, and the poorest of the precinct. Kind words and greetings followed in the vestry. Mr. White was never in a fuss. Like many busy men, he had always time to spare for others. His correspondence was enormous. The last week of his life was chiefly employed in making up the arrears of a short holiday. In ordinary times he often spent four hours a day in dealing out kindness, sympathy, and advice to those who applied to him.

He was a popular preacher, but not in the ordinary sense of the word. Though he took great pains to have his pulpit occupied by the most eminent clergy of the day, the congregation always preferred his modest sermons, generally honeycombed with acknowledged quotations, to the more ambitious efforts of strangers. Among many letters received by his friends, a member of the congregation writes, "In whatever sense of suffering and loss one had, he always seemed to be conscious of it, and to have something to say that made the sorrow nobler and more bearable." His sympathy was unfailing. As a man of the world, who mixed much in all ranks of society, he saw much, no doubt, of which he did not approve; but he knew how and when to speak, and he never made an enemy. The extreme urbanity of his manners may partly account for this fact, as also the more than usually judicious way in which he treated all subjects as well as individuals.

When he first became chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, perhaps the greatest pleasure he derived from the appointment was the power it gave him of advancing the interest of the boys of his school and choir. The most painful time of his life was when, unexpectedly, owing to a change of officials, he lost the post, and found himself pledged to expenses he could hardly meet without assistance. He bravely faced his difficulties; and the welcome with which his reappointment was hailed last year repaid him for much suffering. It is earnestly to be hoped that when his remains are committed to the earth to-day they may be permitted to rest in the place and among the people he loved so well.

VERTICAL FIRE IN THE FIELD.

EVER since Plevna, how to cope with troops availing themselves of head-cover with the patience and skill displayed by its defenders has been a burning question with thoughtful soldiers. The Turks there demonstrated that, even under an overpowering direct fire, troops in entrenchments may await the final assault with equanimity, and, emerging from their shelter at the supreme moment, may bring such a fire to bear as will effectually prevent their assailants from reaching the parapet, however much it may previously have been cannonaded. At Plevna the Russian artillery were enormously superior, and at an early stage of the final investment the Turkish guns were practically silenced. Occasionally the Turks would drop a shell amongst the men at work on the Russian batteries; immediately more than a hundred Russian guns would concentrate their fire on the Turkish redoubt whence this shot had come, and reduce it to complete silence. Yet the assaulting columns presently found to their cost that the Turkish spades during the night were more than equal to repairing the damage done by Russian shells during the day. The story of Penelope's web was reversed, and the night made good the day's destruction. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that, after the war was over, the Russian Field Artillery Committee was busy with the consideration of how similar contingencies might best be dealt with. The adoption of a field-mortar or howitzer was soon mooted, and at first aroused a somewhat heated controversy. Discussion, however, finally took shape in a series of experiments, which showed clearly enough that, in spite of the objections of some eminent officers, the demand for a field-mortar or howitzer was not altogether unreasonable. Experiments showed that a 6″ mortar capable of throwing an 81 lb. shell was under certain circumstances a valuable adjunct to the armament of a field force, and the only difficulty cropped up when a suitable carriage had to be designed for the same. The skill and energy of General Engelhardt were equal to surmounting this obstacle, and the new weapon was soon endowed with mobility equal to its power. Since this first commencement matters have been moving on a good deal, and now Russia alone of all Powers is in possession of specially organized

field-mortar batteries. Of these they have no less than eight of six mortars each, which are formed into two regiments, the first of which is quartered at Dünaberg, and the other at Bjelaja Zerkow, in the province of Riev. The latest pattern mortar with which these regiments are armed is composed of steel, and is closed at the breech with the same cylindro-prismatic-wedge mechanism which is in vogue with the other Russian field-pieces. Its calibre is 6 Russian, or 5·9 English, inches, and its weight rather more than 9 cwt. In addition to what is known as a "Fougasse" shell, with the large bursting charge of 12·5 lbs. of pyroxyline, it fires a shrapnel which holds 610 bullets and weighs 67 lbs. The projectile has an initial velocity of 275 and a maximum range of 3,200 mètres. Its carriage is of similar construction to the original one, which has been already referred to as the invention of General Engelhardt. A piece of ordnance which is possessed of such man-killing capacities as are represented by 610 shrapnel bullets, and which only imposes a burden of about 38 cwt. on the team which draws it, and which, moreover, is endowed with special advantages for the attack of troops occupying an entrenched position, presents in some respects almost an ideal field-artillery weapon. Its use is, of course, attended with serious drawbacks; but, nevertheless, its merits are sufficiently striking to have attracted a great deal of notice on the Continent. In France and Germany and in this country also the new arm has gained favour with many, and as an adjunct to existing armaments, at any rate, has come to be recognized and discussed, and in the German military press a "very pretty quarrel" is at this moment waging on the subject. One party, whose views have been ably represented by Major Keim, sees in the development of fire brought about by the introduction of a smokeless powder and the magazine rifle the necessity for an increased use of intrenchments on the field of battle. Other men, for whom General von Sauer appears as spokesman, anticipate a similar tendency in tactics, and as a consequence of it announce that the opportunity for vertical fire is at hand. General von Sauer, indeed, has so firmly embraced the new faith as to contend that not only will vertical fire from howitzers be indispensable against troops behind cover, but that even in the preliminary artillery duel which is to start the fight it will assert its superiority over that from guns of flat trajectory.

This is probably an extreme view, but General von Sauer has the courage of his convictions, and has endeavoured to refute the objections of his critics in a strongly worded reply which he has just published. It is freely admitted that vertical fire is invaluable in the attack of entrenched positions, and that the mere moral effect which it produces is immense. Close under a parapet even five feet high a man may squat in absolute security from the direct fire of ordinary field-pieces, and will come by degrees to regard their fire with indifference. The arrival of a big shell with a heavy bursting charge will, however, be a rude shock to his equanimity, and the consciousness that such a visitor may at any moment put in an appearance will do more to shake his nerve than many rounds that go screaming a few feet over his head. While General von Sauer restricted himself to enumerating the advantages vertical fire would confer on the attack under certain circumstances he carried opinion with him, and it is only his larger contention that has provoked opposition. He attempts to make good his proposition by showing how a battery of howitzers may take up a position so close behind the natural, or, at any rate, not specially created, cover which is to be found in all civilized countries that, though it can fire over them with great accuracy by means of an auxiliary mark, it will be perfectly secure from any direct fire which may be brought against it. Of course guns of flat trajectory can likewise turn such advantages of *terrain* to account; but in that case their lower angles of elevation compel them to keep much further from their cover, and, since a gun can always be hit behind cover by a projectile which has an angle of descent equal to the angle of elevation of the gun, even these will not be secure from the attack of their foes. The case of a railway embankment, which might intersect many a European battle-field, may be quoted as an illustration of what is meant. Suppose its height to be about eighteen feet, Von Sauer's howitzers might, from a position sixteen yards behind such an obstacle, easily be laid with the usual picket posts on an opponent, and cannonade him in absolute security themselves. Nor would the observation and control of their fire present very serious difficulties. A battery of ordinary field-guns, however, which desired to benefit by a similar protection, would have to withdraw to a distance of about eighty yards from it in order to be able itself to fire over it, and even then, although it might be concealed from its adversary, would not possess the same immunity from danger which the howitzers could claim. Not only this, but guns of flat trajectory placed as we have described would be very seriously cramped as to the scope of their fire, because they would always be compelled to shoot with not less than a certain angle of elevation, and consequently at not less than a certain range. The howitzers, on the other hand, would be far more effectively protected by the bank, yet, having high trajectories, would not be hampered to anything like the same extent. In the case of a railway embankment, which is a familiar feature in a landscape of the present day, there is a great deal to be said for Von Sauer's contentions. When he goes on to claim equal advantages from such cover as would be afforded by villages, copses, or such less solid objects his arguments are more controvertible, and have consequently been more hotly assailed. It would be equally impossible for either guns or howitzers to make use of picket posts in the authorized manner on the top of such obstacles—the observation of fire would become difficult, if not practically impossible, ranging would likewise be considerably interfered with, and, in short, the effect of fire would be reduced to a minimum, whatever weapons were in question. It is true that much may nowadays be done by a good method of signalling, and that the field-telegraph can also in many situations be made use of to aid the work of observation and the direction or control of fire, but a system which relies on such adjuncts and such assistance during the hurry and excitement of the battle-field is not likely to commend itself to the practical soldiers of any army. The advocates of howitzers and field-mortars would do well to put forward less extravagant pretensions for their favourite arm. A hobby, and especially a new one, is frequently in danger of being ridden to death. There is no doubt that vertical fire might be most useful in the attack of entrenchments, and the fact that the nation with most recent experience of that nature of warfare has to some extent adopted it in its armies pleads eloquently in its favour. It may also be admitted that the craze for high velocities and flat trajectories in field-guns has been carried to excess, and that the results thus obtained have not counterbalanced the disadvantages incurred; but neither must it be forgotten that there are many serious objections to howitzers or mortars for field service. If there is one fact which is more clear than any other in artillery tactics, it is that a larger quantity of ammunition than ever must accompany the guns into action. Artillery must be able to come into action early in the day, must cordially co-operate with their brethren of the other arms throughout the struggle, and must be prepared finally to make good their success or cover their retreat. To carry out such a duty efficiently, a large number of shell must be found in the limber-boxes, and it is this necessity which is responsible for the abnormal burdens which have been imposed on the teams which draw our field-guns. A 9-pounder equipment comprised not too many rounds, and if a 12-pounder is to be supplied it is clear that an important addition is likely to be added to the weight of its limber. It is not easy to see how large howitzer or mortar shells of the weights the Russians have adopted are to be provided for if the mobility of batteries is to be preserved. The introduction of many large-bore howitzers would also throw a heavy additional strain on the ammunition columns which toil in rear of a force, and would increase the number of draught animals required. While, also, it may be admitted that vertical fire would, in certain situations, be most effective, it must be borne in mind, too, that the effective zone of its shrapnel is very narrow, owing to the high angles of descent that its projectiles possess. A shrapnel which did not open, therefore, at the correct distance from the target would probably do little execution. With a high velocity, on the other hand, the effective zone of shrapnel is so deep that a shell burst considerably short of the best point for explosion might yet not be altogether ineffective. There are many, too, who expect much from shells charged with high explosives, and who think that with such projectiles guns may yet render a good account of themselves, even when pitted against earthworks. On the whole, we scarcely think that vertical fire will effect the revolution in warfare that its admirers hope, although it may prove a very valuable auxiliary, and even become indispensable where circumstances demand its aid.

SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE.

THE impending enlargement of the Great Eastern Railway Station in Liverpool Street will necessitate the removal of one of the most interesting specimens of Elizabethan architecture in London; though the announced offer of the building to the South Kensington Museum will save it from destruction. Sir Paul Pindar's house in Bishopsgate Street, not far from the "Railway Hotel," must sooner or later have come down. Already the demand for building space has robbed what was once a merchant's country seat of much of its ancient magnificence. Originally there was a garden in front of the house, and a park behind it, stretching away to Old Street. These have long since disappeared, though one of the park-lodges and some mulberry-trees, planted, it is said, to please James I., existed some fifteen years ago in the neighbouring Half-moon Alley. Nor can there be much doubt that the house originally extended some distance to the front and rear of the present building. Now all that can be seen from the street is a narrow front with two fine gable bay-windows, one above the other, very richly ornamented with panel-work. They are on the second and third storeys, some barbarian having modernized the ground-floor into a public-house bar. Within, a solid oak staircase leads to the room on the first-floor, which boasts a plaster ceiling covered with panelled ornamentation. As was the case with the complexion of the party as came from Flanders, it is probable that this ceiling is not "what it were"; still it is a remarkable specimen of Elizabethan domestic architecture. At the beginning of the present century the room also possessed a curious chimney-piece of oak and stone, of which an engraving is to be found in J. T. Smith's *Topography of London*. Above were two rude figures of

Hercules and Atlas supporting a conically-shaped globe, the general effect being that of two Rugby footballers effecting a "pass." Below were a male and a female figure emerging from fruit-baskets, which supported two tablets representing a stag-hunt. This chimney-piece was abolished in 1811, to render the room what its possessors were pleased to call "a little comfortable"; but to condemn the windows and ceiling to a similar fate would be an act of treason against antiquity. Their obvious asylum is the South Kensington Museum, where they would occupy but little space, and where, if the authorities were at all enterprising, they would form an admirable nucleus for an attempt to reconstruct an Elizabethan mansion.

Apart from being the builder of a beautiful house, Sir Paul Pindar was a sufficiently noteworthy man. He was born in 1566, and died at the ripe age of eighty-four. His house was built on his return from Italy towards the end of Elizabeth's reign; indeed, the chimney-piece bore the date 1600 A.D. We find him in the reign of James I. enjoying the reputation of the richest merchant in London, and both the British Solomon and his son Charles had frequent recourse to Sir Paul in their necessities. In 1611 he was sent by James as ambassador to the Grand Turk, and remained nine years at Constantinople. He returned with a diamond worth 30,000*l.*, which the King was anxious to buy on credit. This was not Sir Paul Pindar's notion of business, but as a compromise he lent it to James to wear at the opening of his Parliaments; the jewel was afterwards purchased by Charles. His monument in St. Botolph's Church commemorates his numerous benefactions to the poor of the parish, and when Charles I. and Archbishop Laud proposed the restoration of St. Paul's, Pindar came forward with the munificent offer of 10,000*l.* for the screen and south transept. His loyalty was repaid by Charles in characteristic fashion. When Pindar died, it was found that the Crown owed him and the other Commissioners of Customs some 300,000*l.*, and such was the confusion of his affairs, that his executor, in despair, committed suicide. It is probable that the decline of Sir Paul Pindar's mansion began soon after his death, until the remnant reached its present estate—that of a public-house. The room on the first floor is used for the monthly meetings of the "White Dog Club," established for the distribution of wood and coals to the poor—an institution boasting a respectable antiquity from 1788. There may be seen the presentment of the patron saint of the club, a poodle with his paw on a book and a pair of spectacles by his side. Can this have given Landseer a hint for his "Laying down the Law"? There, too, are the portraits of some of the club's benefactors, worthy citizens who flourished *circa* 1800 A.D. The artist has laid on the colours with lavish hand, but for all that they look rather out of keeping with their surroundings.

RACING.

IT is remarkable that the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Stakes, which was run for on Friday week, although one of the most valuable two-year-old races of the year, should not have brought out some public performers of a higher class. There had been a capital entry of something like 260 horses, among which were many of the highest lineage; yet, somehow or other, none of the two-year-olds that had run within 7 lbs. or so of the best form hitherto shown happened to be entered. Twenty-one horses came to the post, and the favourite was Mr. D. Baird's Petard, who had shown some very fair form. Lord Rosebery's recently named filly, Keroual, by Foxhall out of Kermesse, made the running at a tremendous pace, accompanied by Guardian, Lady Primrose, and Blavatsky. At the distance the four leaders were in a cluster on apparently equal terms. The favourite never reached them, and the only horse among the remaining sixteen that succeeded in getting fairly among the leading division was Valauris, who, it is said, had been shut in at one part of the race. After a very close struggle Blavatsky won by a neck from Valauris, who was catching her so quickly that it looked as if he would have won in a few more strides. Only a head behind him came Guardian, and a head behind Guardian was Keroual. Lady Primrose and Tittle Tattle were close up, and it was one of the prettiest races of the season; whether it was one of the most truly run ones is another question. Lord Calthorpe's Blavatsky is a chestnut filly by Doncaster out of Lotus, grandam by Newminster out of a daughter of Alice Hawthorn's, and she cost 1,950 guineas as a yearling—a sum which she repaid with interest by winning this 5,000*l.* stake. She is a pretty filly, and she struggled gamely on this occasion; but she has not grown so much as could be wished, and she does not at present look quite first-class. Her previous public form had consisted of eight defeats, and she started on this occasion, almost unbacked, at 20 to 1.

On Tuesday last the Severals Plate had a very fair entry. Inverness is a fine, powerful colt that had already run within, perhaps, 7 lbs. of some of the best form of the year. Mr. E. W. Baird's Flodden Field, if not on a large scale, is long and low, with plenty of bone, great width across the hips, and fine quality. Some of his form had been very good, although not exactly first-class. It was a splendid race, Inverness, ridden by George Barrett, beating Flodden Field, ridden by Tom Cannon, by a head. Surely it was a humiliation for Oddfellow, of whom such great things had been expected, to be entered for a Plate of 100*l.*, only open to horses that had never won a race worth 300*l.*, so late as October. He won it without much trouble. For the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate, Ringmaster had last year beaten Evergreen by a length. For the same Plate, Evergreen now beat Ringmaster, although, at weight for age, he was meeting him on 5 lbs. worse terms. For his age the most highly-weighted horse in the Flying Welter Handicap was Colonel North's High Commissioner, and within a pound of him was Lord Dudley's Formidable, who had not won a race this year. None of the six most heavily-weighted horses started, and the race was won by the lightly-weighted Magistrate, who, like Oddfellow, had not won a race before this year. For the Second October Nursery Handicap, Blavatsky, even with her penalty for her great victory at Kempton, stood a stone and a pound below the top weight; but she did not start, and here, again, a horse that had not won a race during the season was victorious, in Trenarran, who had run no less than nine times. The Clearwell Stakes was won very easily by Mimi, who had only one opponent. The day was terribly wet.

On Wednesday for the Select Stakes there was a grand entry, but there were only two starters, and the appearance of Signorina was expected with great interest. If Morion, Memoir, and Heaume had been started against her, it would have been one of the most interesting races of the season. As it was, her only opponent, the moderate Susiana, gave her a little more trouble at one part of the race than had been expected. The Royal Stakes entailed upon each starter the high stake of 200*l.*, with 120*l.* forfeit, or, if declared some time previously, 50*l.* Here, again, there were only two starters, and Orwell beat Fear Disgrace by ten lengths. In spite of carrying the highest weight in the handicap, Colonel North's Iddesleigh appeared to have a good chance of winning the Heath Stakes, and started first favourite; but the winner was the lightly-weighted St. Dunstan, a chestnut colt by Peter.

The Middle Park Plate is hardly as important a race as it used to be. There are other races for two-year-olds of greater value, and there is no betting upon it now before the day of the race. M. E. Blanc's Gouverneur, who had won the Rous Memorial Stakes at the First October Meeting, is a grand golden chestnut colt, on a large scale, by Energy. He probably stands over 16 hands already, and he is on short legs. In many respects he is very like his sire. The Duke of Westminster's splendidly bred Orion, from the two Derby winners, Bend Or and Shotover, is also a chestnut, and he was thought by some excellent judges to be the best two-year-old of the year; yet there were critics who thought he wanted scope, and considered his loins and back ribs a trifle light. Another son of Bend Or was Mr. Houldsworth's bay colt Orvieto, who had size, scope, and many good points; but he turned out his pasterns, and he had shown the white feather on more than one occasion, although on his best form he stood as high as any two-year-old of his year, and he had more than 5,000*l.* in stakes to his credit. Mr. H. Milner's Valauris, a chestnut colt by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite, had won his first race, and, as we have already said, he had very nearly won his second also, when he ran Blavatsky to a neck at Kempton on Friday last. He still looked backward, and a colt ought to be very fit indeed to win a Middle Park Plate. But, whether he was to win or lose, immense interest was taken in him, and with his depth of frame, grand shape, and abundance of bone without coarseness, this white blazed, white hind-legged brother to Seabreeze pleased many critics more than any two-year-old that had been seen in public this season. Even more admired by others was Mr. Noel Fenwick's lengthy, powerful, short-legged bay filly, Mimi, by Barcaldine, who had won her only races, the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, and the Sixth Zetland Stakes, as well as the Clearwell Stakes, at Newmarket. Gouverneur made strong running, followed by Mimi, who could not keep her place beyond the Bushes. Orvieto, Orion, and Valauris were next to Gouverneur as he came down the hill. In the Abingdon Mile Bottom the two latter were beaten. Orvieto seemed to be still pulling hard; but on ascending the hill he suddenly collapsed, and allowed himself to be passed by Orion and Valauris. In the meantime Tom Cannon brought up Siphonia with a rush, and challenged Gouverneur, who held his own to the end, and won a good race by half a length. Orion finished a couple of lengths behind Siphonia, and Valauris was fourth. Siphonia now beat Orion by more than the distance by which he had beaten her at Goodwood, where she had met Orion on 3 lbs. worse terms. In having been beaten by heads for two 1,800*l.* stakes, and by half a length for one of 2,260*l.*, Siphonia may have been unlucky. She has, however, the Richmond Stakes of 942*l.* to her credit. Although entered for the One Thousand and the St. Leger, she is not in the Oaks. Gouverneur is entered for most of the great three-year-old races of next year, as well as for the Eclipse Stakes and the Lancashire Plate. Valauris's defeat was qualified by the fact that he was not yet quite fit; and Orion is said to have been coughing. There can be no doubt that the race for the Middle Park Plate will form one of the principal bases of argument upon the prospects of the next Derby; and, if Gouverneur winters well, the question whether our greatest race is likely to be won in 1891 by a French horse will excite immense interest.

The entrance for the Cesarewitch had been a good one; but the proportion of horses that accepted was rather below than above the average. The margin of weight used by the handicapper—3 st. 2 lbs.—was not a very wide one, and it implied that no four- or five-year-old of very exceptional merit was

among the entries. Sheen, Trayles, Tyrant, and Father Confessor, all five-year-olds, headed the list with 9 st. 2 lbs. each; Gold was the most highly-weighted four-year-old, and Morion, as might have been expected, was given the top-weight among the three-year-olds; indeed he was handicapped, at weight-for-age, as a 7 lb. better horse than either of the four best five-year-olds. As we have had occasion to point out on former occasions, the great autumn handicaps are often almost as interesting, as summaries of public form on paper, as they are for the races they actually produce. If we compare the handicaps for the Cesarewitches of this year and last year, we find that Trayles, who was put on a par with Sheen on the late occasion, was made to give him 13 lbs. a year ago, while Father Confessor, who, as we have already said, was handicapped equally with Trayles and Sheen this time, was not even entered for the Cesarewitch last year, but was handicapped 27 lbs. below Trayles for the Cambridgeshire. Then, looking at the changes of weights during the summer, we find Shall We Remember made to receive 8 lbs. more from Morion than for the Free Handicap published before the Derby; and Galway, for whom forfeit was paid some time before the race, receiving the same increase in his allowance from Sainfoin. To the credit of the handicapper, however, it must be said that, on the whole, the season's racing has proved the Free Handicap to have been an excellent prophecy.

About the earliest horses backed for the Cesarewitch were Galway, Fitzhampton, Fallowchat, and Rathbeal; but, as was the case last year, it was the St. Leger that had the effect of establishing a regular first favourite. A year ago Davenport started for the St. Leger at 20 to 1 and ran third, six lengths behind the winner. He was handicapped at 7 st. 4 lbs. for the Cesarewitch, and was immediately made the favourite, being backed at the end of the Doncaster week at 5 to 1. This year Gonsalvo started at 200 to 1 for the St. Leger, and ran third, three lengths behind the winner. He was handicapped for the Cesarewitch at exactly the same weight as Davenport had been last year, and he was backed before the end of the Doncaster week at 8 to 1. On the Sunday of the following week, M. Ephrussi's Alicante won the Prix Royal Oak of 2,170*l.* at Paris in a canter, Puchero, who was handicapped 9 lbs. above her for the Cesarewitch, being unplaced. She was at once made an equal favourite with Gonsalvo at 10 to 1 for the Cesarewitch. A fortnight later she won the Prix d'Octobre at Paris very easily, and the next day she was backed for the Cesarewitch in London at 3 to 1. People were forcibly reminded of the French filly Plaisanterie, who was purchased as a yearling for 28*l.*, won a number of races as a three-year-old, and then came to England and won both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Last year Alicante had run third to Donovan and Chitabob for the Lancashire Plate, with such horses as Seabreeze, Minthe, and Enthusiast behind her; but this spring she had run second for the French One Thousand, and fifth for the French Oaks; she was then said to be a soft, peacocky filly that had lost her form, and she was put into the Cesarewitch at 7 st. 5 lbs. The opinion of the handicapper as to her recent improvement in form was shown by his placing her 20 lbs. above Ringmaster for the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate of Tuesday last, whereas for the Cambridgeshire he had originally put her only 5 lbs. above him. At the short odds of 3 to 1, eight days before the race, she was an abnormal Cesarewitch favourite. Davenport last year, and Kenilworth the year before, had both stood at about 5 to 1 at the same period, but 3 to 1 seemed a ridiculous price, especially as Alicante was bred rather for speed than endurance.

The "good thing" nearly came off; but one horse beat the French filly. This was Prince Soltykoff's Sheen, who was carrying 9 st. 2 lbs., the highest weight in the race, and the heaviest ever borne to victory in a Cesarewitch, although it should not be forgotten that the lowest weight now permitted is 6 st. instead of 5 st. 7 lbs., so that in reality Sheen's relative weight was not as heavy as that of Ténébreuse, when she won the Cesarewitch two years ago under 8 st. 12 lbs. At weight for age, again, St. Gatien's Cesarewitch was a greater performance by 18 lbs. Sheen was giving Alicante 7 lbs.—that is to say, about the weight of *Burke's Peerage*—more than weight for age. He is a bay horse by Hampton out of Radiancy, so his two grandsires represent Newminster and Voltigeur blood, while both his grandams represent The Baron. It is satisfactory that the Cesarewitch should have been won by a five-year-old which has worked hard throughout his four seasons on the turf, having run in twenty-one races, won nine of them, and landed something like 7,000*l.* in stakes.

Amphion won the Champion Stakes from Memoir and Blue Green, who finished in the same order for the third time this season. He had now, as a four-year-old, beaten the winners of the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger of the year—a feat which, so far as we can remember, had never been performed before.

MISS ROOSENBOOM'S FLOWERS.

THE artists are upon us again. Their army has but been bivouacking for a little while in the country, and now the vanguard is in sight. It is an Amazon who leads the first regiment, and the opening private view of the season, which was held last Saturday at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, was devoted to the work of a young lady of Dutch parentage and training. From her cradle, one would think, Miss Marguérite Roosenboom must have been marked out to be a flower-painter. What other profession was open to a maiden whose name, being translated, means Miss Daisy Rose-tree? More than that we have in one or two recent exhibitions noticed examples of her handicraft, and that they bear on their face the evidence of her Dutch training, we know nothing about her. She has talent, however, and she has undertaken to give a rendering of the floral world which is not the usual one.

Miss Roosenboom's flowers are mainly posies, each of the same sort and colour of blossom, arranged in strong interior light, against a background of deep shadow. In this they recall the old Dutch school of flower-painting, but in execution they are very broadly and loosely treated, with great simplicity, in the spirit of the latest art of Holland. The water-colour drawings are greatly superior to the studies in oils. The former, if seen from a considerable distance, are found to be effectively massed and highly decorative. The artist indicates with skill the general surface-texture of what she paints, and gains, at the sacrifice of almost all detail, a capital impression of relief in her masses. She resolutely ignores all the conventional traditions of flower-painting; she does not attempt to render the blossoms botanically or horticulturally, nor to distinguish specimens by their dots or stripes. She sees her posies with the eye of an artist.

It would not be fair to say, however, that she is free from all conventionality herself. Her view of her art is distinctly monotonous, and too limited to make a whole gallery, filled with one sort of bouquet, lighted up in the same way, against the same transparent darkness, very amusing. Miss Roosenboom is particularly skilful in obtaining the dazzling smoothness and exquisite luminous effect of a broad white waxy petal, as in her "Japanese Camellia" (14). But sometimes she gives this waxiness where it ought not to exist, and what she calls "White Roses" (8) are far too much like camellias. On the other hand, one of her camellias (18) is as transparent and papery as a blown white rose. She is afraid of full reds and purples, even where those colours are indispensable, as in "Petunias" (29). Her liquid touch is not quite strong enough for floral detail. In "Peonies" (42) the central mass of soft yellow anthers is well felt in form and colour, but the atmosphere in the midst of it looks like molten gum. These are the defects of the artist's impressionism; but she has a very pretty talent, and we do not doubt that her bunches of rhododendrons, dahlias, and tea-roses will find many admirers.

MONEY MATTERS.

FOR some weeks the City has been disturbed by rumours of financial difficulties likely to end in failures of considerable magnitude. They were originated by a house engaged in the South American trade. It had attempted to discount bills for a very large amount which had been accepted by one of our leading houses. Bankers and bill-brokers were unwilling to take so large an amount, and the accepting house put an end to the matter by itself taking up the bills; but the incident caused a general scare. It revealed a degree of distrust amongst those engaged in the discount market which had not been generally suspected, and naturally the public exaggerated the feeling, going so far as quite unjustifiably to mix up the name of the accepting house in the alarmist rumours that were circulated. Once the feeling arose, it went on spreading in other directions. Few people are able to say what it is they exactly fear, or whence they think the danger is likely to come, but that apprehension exists nobody can deny. In the first place, it is pointed out that the credit of the Argentine Republic and of Uruguay is shattered, that South American securities generally have depreciated, and that in consequence the holders are unable to sell without such a loss as most of them are unable to face. Many of those securities probably will prove to be perfectly good in the long run; but in the meantime investors will not buy them, and practically the money locked up in them, therefore, is so unavailable for the time being that it may almost be said not to exist. The bank failures in South Africa, moreover, are greatly depressing business there, are inflicting great hardship upon the shareholders, and are seriously inconveniencing customers. Nobody knows how far persons trading with or interested in South Africa may be affected by those failures or their consequences, and therefore they add to the general uneasiness.

Furthermore, the multitude of Trust Companies created during the past few years are now felt to be a danger. Rightly or wrongly, members of the Stock Exchange suspect that they were called into existence to take over securities which nobody else would buy; and consequently it is feared that their investments to a large extent are, if not worthless, at all events unsaleable. The shares, as a result, have become unmarketable; and thus the Trust Companies add to the serious lock-up caused by discredit in South America and South Africa. Again, the speculation in silver, it is clear, has been carried too far. The speculators have suffered from the stringency in New York, and it is feared that there may, in consequence, be a sudden collapse. Over and above this, the rise in silver has for the time being disorganized trade with the silver-using countries; while the American Tariff Act will, of course, disarrange trade with the United States. Lastly, the heavy fall in American railroad securities, which has now

been going on since the middle of June, has inflicted serious losses upon speculators. When the Silver Bill was first introduced, the opinion was very generally held in Europe and America that it would lead to such ease in the New York money market and such inflation of the currency of the United States that there would be an extraordinary rise in prices of all kinds. Both in Europe and America, therefore, a wild speculation in American railroad securities sprang up, and went on growing till about the middle of June. Then a sudden rise in the value of money in London gave it a check, a further and worse check was given by the stringency that followed in the New York money market, and now, although that money market is easy, the fall continues. The fall has crippled large numbers of speculators, and is expected, therefore, to end in some failures, while it has given rise to a suspicion that there must be some cause of serious distrust in the United States which is not generally understood.

Perhaps nothing illustrates more strikingly the apprehensive feeling of the City than the fall in Consols which has been going on since the beginning of June. At the end of May they were over 98½. This week they have been as low as 94½. There has thus been a fall of 4 per cent. in the interval. It is true no doubt that, when money becomes scarce and dear, bankers and other great capitalists are in the habit of selling Consols for the purpose of employing the proceeds in lending and discounting, and, of course, they have been doing so during the past few months. Sales of that kind, however, would not account for so great a fall. At this time last year the money market was as stringent as it is now. Every one then, as now, was expecting an advance in the Bank-rate to 6 per cent., yet Consols were then over 97; and, again, at the beginning of January, when the Bank-rate had actually been raised to 6 per cent., Consols were still over 97. The difference between the price at the beginning of October last year and in early January this year and the price now is not due to the mere dearness of money, but to the fact that now apprehensions exist which did not then. Those who have locked up a considerable part of their capital in securities which for the moment cannot be realized have to sell other securities for which there is a ready market to meet the engagements into which they have entered, and to strengthen themselves against sudden discredit that might arise. Moreover, bankers generally, knowing the state of feeling of the City, are aware that it is desirable to strengthen their reserves, and they likewise are disposing of part of their Consols. And this is likely to go on until either the fears are realized or the public becomes convinced that their apprehensions are exaggerated.

At the Fortnightly Settlement which began on Wednesday the rates charged to Stock Exchange borrowers were not so high as, under the circumstances, had generally been feared. They ranged from 5½ to 6 per cent., and all persons in good credit were able to obtain on those terms as much as they required. But within the Stock Exchange the continuation rates were stiff. They were especially so in the American department, where they ranged from 6½ to 9 per cent., and some of the weaker speculators were unable to arrange their accounts on any terms. In consequence there was a further fall, the lowest prices for a long time past being reached in the street after the Stock Exchange closed. The New York Stock Exchange seems to have been alarmed by the high rates of continuation charged in London. It is reported that there was heavy speculative selling, but probably the reports are exaggerated. For, looking at the persistent decline, it seems certain that the selling must be chiefly by actual holders. The carrying-over rates were heavy, also, on British railway stocks and on miscellaneous securities. Comparatively, the foreign market was firmer than any other, it being supported by the Paris Bourse, where the operators are still very confident. In the discount market money has been somewhat easier this week than for some time past, the distribution of the interest upon the National Debt having so increased the supply in the market that the discount-houses have been able to repay a considerable part of the loans they had previously obtained from the Bank of England. In consequence, the discount rate has declined to from 4¾ to 4⅞ per cent. It is understood that the demand for gold for Egypt is being to a large extent supplied from Paris, and on Thursday 128,000*l.* in Russian gold coin was likewise sent from Paris into the Bank of England. More, it is said, will follow. If a considerable amount is received, and if there are no further large withdrawals, it may not be necessary to raise the Bank-rate again. But there are doubts upon the point, and by many it is still feared that the Directors will have to raise their rate before long to 6 per cent.

The silver market has again been weak. The price fell on Tuesday once more to 50*d.* per ounce, it recovered on Wednesday to 50½*d.*, and fell again on Thursday to 50¼*d.* per ounce. The demand for India is very slight, and there is no demand for any other country. Consequently whenever American operators stop buying there is a decline in the price, and an advance follows when they purchase once more. Trade with the silver-using countries continues to be much disorganized by the rise in silver. Merchants in Calcutta have decided not to accept orders from natives for European goods until the 27th of this month, the object being to allow time for clearing off the great accumulation of stocks that has taken place of late. In Austria-Hungary the disturbance is so great that the Finance Ministers of both Austria and Hungary have had meetings to consider the question of resuming specie payments. There are many difficulties in the way of carrying out the project, and under the most favourable circumstances it must take a considerable time. But it is said that the two Finance Ministers have agreed in principle upon the advisability of the measure, and that an attempt will be made to carry it through if the two Cabinets accept the proposals of these Ministers. It is understood that the resumption will be in gold, and it is reported that for that purpose a foreign loan of 20 millions sterling will be necessary. Silver securities have declined in consequence of the weakness of the silver market, but not quite to the level of a little while ago.

The Board of Trade Returns for September are very satisfactory, though not quite as much so as at first sight they appear. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures shows an increase of about 15½ per cent. compared with the corresponding month of last year, and the value of the imports an increase of about 6½ per cent. It is to be recollected, however, that last month there were only four Sundays; whereas in September of last year there were five. It is also to be borne in mind that in September of last year the London Dock strike was not ended till the 20th of the month, and that in a great measure put a stop to exports from London. Lastly, it is notorious that the desire to escape the new duties imposed by the American Tariff Act led to an extraordinary increase last month in the imports into the United States of European goods. The increase in the exports last month, therefore, is to a large extent due to accidental and temporary causes, and the opinion is growing that the improvement in trade has now nearly reached its limit. It seems clear that the new American tariff must cause a considerable falling-off in the American purchases of our manufactures. For example, in the course of last year tinplates to the value of over 4½ millions sterling were exported from this country to the United States, but the new tariff raises the duties upon tinplates 120 per cent., and it seems, therefore, inevitable that there must be in the future a very great reduction in those exports. Gradually it is to be hoped Welsh manufacturers will be able to find new markets, but for the time being their trade must greatly suffer. In Sheffield, again, it is generally believed that the exports of cutlery from this country will be nearly altogether stopped. No doubt the price of cutlery in the United States will rise, and it may rise high enough to allow of some imports, especially of the better kinds. But the rise is hardly likely to be enough to enable the exports to be maintained on the scale of recent years. This, however, is only one of the causes affecting our export trade. The crisis in the River Plate countries must lead to a diminution in the purchases of British goods, and the same result must follow the crisis in South Africa. On the other hand, no doubt the rise in silver, if it is maintained, will stimulate exports to the silver-using countries; but it remains to be seen whether this will counteract the depressing tendencies.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

THE Third Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society at the New Gallery is interesting and pleasing. It is not quite so full as the preceding shows, but that gives greater room for the visitor to move about in. It does not present any very startling examples, such as the ever-delightful frieze of wool-work Bashi-bazouks of last year, but it is, on the whole, more business-like and less amateurish. The crafts which are specially insisted on this year are Furniture and Embroidery, but Designing for Glass Windows is also prominent. Let us say, before describing the Exhibition itself, that with the Catalogue are bound up some valuable little practical essays which deserve the attention of the public. These are signed, and bear the names of various young architects and decorators who are beginning to be favourably known to the public. Miss May Morris, the daughter of the poet, herself the exhibitor of several beautiful pieces of work, contributes two chapters on the materials and on the colours of embroidery, which show that she has inherited the gift of clear and picturesque language. Mr. Alan S. Cole's essay on the mechanism of embroidery contains six drawings of enlarged stitches, which are of real practical service, and Mr. Selwyn Image's little paper on design in embroidery has the merit of being the writing of a remarkably ingenious and thoughtful designer.

The entrance-hall of the New Gallery is devoted this year to miscellaneous objects, domestic sculpture, plaster panels, glass and giallo-ware, and fireplaces. The South Room is occupied mainly by cartoons for windows and plaster casts of decorative work for interiors. The embroideries and needlework generally are concentrated in the large West Room. In the North Room the furniture is set forth, relieved by wall-decoration as a background, and in the Balcony are books, pen-drawings, architectural illustrations, and bindings. It is to be noted that this year many of the leading firms of upholsterers have overcome their objection to exhibiting with the Arts and Crafts Society, but that they appear rather as the victors than the vanquished, since they do not obey the primary rule of the Society, that the designer and executant should have credit for their work by name. To do

this hardly suits the great London firms, and consequently we see in the Catalogue over and over again tell-tale entries such as this:—

SIDEBOARD
Designed by
Executed by

This is scarcely keeping to the rules of the game, and the Artists and Craftsmen must have been sore pressed before they submitted to this degradation of their plan.

The South Gallery, without displaying the special characteristics of the Arts and Crafts Society, presents artistic features of very positive importance. The place of honour is given to a charcoal cartoon, which is not new, but which we are always glad to see, "The Baptism of Eadwine" (22), by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, done for one of his great frescoes in the Town Hall of Manchester. In the centre of the hall, to the left, we are particularly pleased to find the nine learned and poetical cartoons made by Mr. Burne Jones for his famous windows at Jesus College, Cambridge (8). This wall is, indeed, almost exclusively devoted to Mr. Burne Jones, whose design for Arras Tapestry, a woe-begone Flora dropping untimely flowers (10), should not be overlooked; nor a very narrow, upright design, suggesting solemn browns and blues, for a window in Lanercost Abbey (1). These and other cartoons exemplify the originality and solid draughtsmanship of a painter who has long been praised, and who is now beginning to be appreciated. Of a very different class, and as modern as possible, are two excellent cartoons in oils, blazing with gold and scarlet, illustrating "Ancient and Modern Shipping," by Mr. Frank Murray (21, 28). These are to be executed in glass mosaic for the façade of a Marine Insurance Office at Liverpool; they are long, low compositions of a very effective nature, the treatment of the steamers in the second being particularly clever. Mr. T. M. Rooke's pale-coloured design, in oil and wax upon linen, for a ceiling, called "The Signs of the Zodiac" (52), is original, and has an eighteenth-century delicacy.

Underneath Mr. Madox Brown's cartoon is a case of books bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson (88). We are glad to see that this brilliant amateur has at last discovered how to give the backs of his bindings that slight convexity without which they split the first time that they are opened. His *Grettis Saga* here has the old bad hollow back, but the Tennyson of 1833, in citron morocco, is excellently bound. Another thing on which we congratulate Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is his present choice of books for binding. He no longer puts ten guineas' worth of tooling on the sides of a volume which can be bought for eighteenpence. He shows some discretion, at length, in his selection of really rare and beautiful books. We have always thought this fashionable binder cynically indifferent to the claims of literature; but if such excessive luxury as he indulges in is to be lavished on books at all, let them at least be in themselves precious. Here is a watch-case (88*h*) tooled by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, which is charming; we confess that watch-cases seem to us to lie more within this gentleman's sphere than editions of the poets. A case of sheets of Mr. Morris's *Roots of the Mountains*, illuminated by Mr. G. E. Reuter (85), is excellent work, but it pales into insignificance before the amazing sheets of Mr. Patmore's privately-printed *Amelia*, which Miss Bertha Patmore has illuminated with a genius worthy of the monastic masters of the fourteenth century (606). These are in the Balcony, and so are a collection of the editions printed at Oxford by Mr. Daniel, in Fell's type (642), which are interesting curiosities.

In the West Gallery we first meet with a collection of the silks and satins of Mr. Thomas Wardle, products of the English silk trade to the beauty and durability of which we have several times paid tribute. There is here a green silk plush, with a yellow pattern (100 Z), which is one of the most charming things of the kind we have ever seen. The cotton velvets in Mr. Wardle's other large case (108) also deserve close attention, and are a credit to English manufacture. Among the embroideries and tapestries, a very delicate and elaborate wall-hanging, representing "Earth, Air, Fire, and Water" (127), attracts the eye by its originality. We are not a little amused to find "the Uncrowned King of Ireland" an exhibitor at the New Gallery. Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell contributes an enormous "Irish National Banner" (113), with his autograph embroidered on the right-hand lower corner. We hope that it is not political bias that makes us think this flag of the future one of the most grotesque and hideous objects we ever saw. There is but little of the emerald about it; but, as the Catalogue describes it, "Sunburst breaking into Celtic cross, enclosed by Irish harp," is the central idea of the design. "Sunburst breaking into Celtic cross" is not a bad description of the present attitude of the party for whom this ugly banner is to wave towards that form of Christianity to which the Irish nation has been accustomed to pay respect. But this confused design, with its jangling emblems and discordant hues, is, from a merely æsthetic point of view, a poor exchange for the leopards of England. We can imagine no firescreen more popular in a nursery than that which Mrs. Jack has embroidered in wools on velveteen, of a woodland scene, enlivened by a squirrel, a hawk, and thrushes galore (139). Messrs. Wilson and Pomeroy's large fireplace (149, 150) is admirably modelled, but the pale blue and green and aqueous silver with which it is decorated seem to us far too delicate for the purpose. No one would ever dare to light a fire of coals in this ethereal fireplace. We must very cursorily refer to the beautiful, if rather naïve and rough, embroideries designed and executed by Mr. William Morris and his daughter. Miss Morris is certainly a very skilful needlewoman. The Royal School of Art Needlework exhibits a large wall-hanging, executed in pale blue, olive-green, and purple silks on linen (171), after a design of Mr. Morris's, which is extremely felicitous. Not more beautiful can have been the wonderful hangings which were stored so many centuries ago in the wardrobes of Sir John Fastolf, the tantalizing inventories of which come down to us with the *Paston Letters*.

The North Gallery is dedicated to furniture. There is great simplicity and unity in the inlaid "Sideboard" (277) exhibited by Messrs. Wilkinson, and it contrasts favourably with No. 274, which, in its baroque mixture of various woods, metal, pearl, sculpture, and enamel, seems to us to be a sort of helot, on which a lecture might be delivered as to what to avoid in this kind of work. Mr. Macmurdo's "Mahogany Settle with Canopy" (289) wants to be more heavily padded, but is admirably designed. On the wall behind these pieces should be noted two very fine panels, for repoussé relief, executed in gilt plaster by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy (282, 288); the designs, especially the second, are bold, original, and highly decorative. We know not what strange madness has taken Mr. Walter Crane; the panels of his portentous frieze in gesso (283–287) are extremely coarse in design and ugly in colour, and they are conceived in a spirit of trivial conceit which we lament to see in the work of a designer who once gave us great and legitimate pleasure. Mr. Crane produces too much, and is too little solicitous about the quality of what he produces, to inspire us with any sentiment but that of sincere regret. His work this year is extremely abundant—he positively permits himself to hang thirty distinct contributions of his own—and of much of it we can but wish that it had never left his workroom.

Some miscellaneous objects must be hastily enumerated, although we have no space here to do justice to their merits. Mr. S. Webb's "Portions of the Decoration of a Ceiling" (343), with elegant figures of women and amorini in very low relief, deserves great praise. Mr. Holman Hunt's circular picture-frame (353), in spun and embossed copper, is curious. Mr. Benson's chandeliers, lamps, and boxes are excellent specimens of competent and ingenious handicraft. Some of the least ordinary-looking pieces of work here are Messrs. Bell and Frampton's curious coloured panels (476), in fibrous plaster, gilt and stained with blue and green, with figures in low relief, for an altar-piece. Mr. Collie exhibits good examples of the beautiful little bronzes which he publishes, "The Sluggard," by Sir Frederick Leighton (496), "General Gordon," by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft (464), and "Peace," by Mr. Onslow Ford (475), little masterpieces which would form a most distinguished ornament to any large private house. These bronzes are cast, by the lost-wax process, at Frome, in Somersetshire, by Messrs. Singer & Sons. A pretty example of sculpture applied to homely uses is Mr. Reynolds Stephens's "Fruit Spoon" (460), in silver gilt, enamels, mother-of-pearl, and ivory. A collection of Elton ware (473), and a large case of Murano glass (504), must be the last objects which we recommend to our readers in this creditable and varied Exhibition.

THE THEATRES.

IT is easy to understand the attraction which Russian life, and more especially Russian novels, have for the playwright, who very naturally rejoices when he can lay his adapting hands upon some story or other which abounds with character and colour. The romances of the modern school of Muscovite novelists —the Tolstoïs and the Dostoievskys in particular—have furnished the dramatic author with material for a number of plays, which, however, for some reason not very easy to explain, have seldom been unqualified successes; indeed, it is a curious fact that the piece of this *genre* which ultimately found most favour with the English play-going public was not founded on the novel of a Russian author, but had its genesis in Ouida's *Moths*. The most perfect "Russian" drama which we have seen on our stage was *Michel Strogoff*, originally produced at the Châtelet some twelve years ago, with the versatile M. Marais in the character of the hero, and subsequently brought out at the Adelphi with Mr. Charles Warner and the late Mr. H. J. Byron as the exponents of the leading parts. Mr. Robert Buchanan's "new romantic play," produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Wednesday evening, is avowedly based upon Dostoievsky's novel, *Le Crime et le Châtiment*, albeit he informs us that he has "diverged as widely as possible from the plot, its characters, and its situations . . . . simply with the view of deprecating all comparisons between his play and a literary masterpiece."

Although we are not of those optimists who believe in the possibility of a regeneration of Russian manners and morals through the medium of the stage, nor of those who see in the Czar the incarnation of all evil, we readily admit that a playwright may be less usefully employed than in directing the attention of his countrymen to the enormities which, it is to be feared, prevail to a greater extent in the Russian political system than in any other. Agreeing, as we do, that an air of considerable unreality pervades *The Sixth Commandment*, it would be churlish to refrain from confessing that frequently we found the atmosphere of the piece as natural and true to life as if the scene had been laid in one of those rural English districts of which our dramatists are so fond and of which our playgoers never seem to

tire. Certain anachronisms there are, and most of them are unavoidable in the attempt to transplant pictures of Russian life to the banks of the Thames. For all that, we should have liked to see the young hero, Fedor Ivanovitch, made to look rather more of a Muscovite. As it is evidently not winter when the curtain rises, it may be pointed out that the costume of the drosky driver is much heavier than that worn by the genuine *isvostchic* during the burning heats of summer and the almost equally melting moments of late spring and early autumn. Serious exception has been taken to the sudden appearance of "Greek" priests when the murder of the moneylender, Father Abramoff, is discovered, and to the improbability of the "Greek" clergy in question singing a dirge over a Jew. As to these charges, it may be as well to point out, for the benefit of those who prefer accuracy of statement to fictional criticism of the rollicking kind, that the aforementioned clergy are not "Greek," but "Russo-Greek"—*i.e.* priests of the Orthodox Church; also, that even Muscovite "popes" (although some of them are a desperately bad lot) are not so devoid of humanity, when hurriedly summoned to the house of a murdered man, as to assure themselves that the poor wretch is one of their own co-religionists ere saying (or singing) a prayer over his body. The appearance of the correctly-garbed priests is a little startling, perhaps, but critics should at least recollect that stage exigencies are responsible for much, while it is obvious that a "good curtain" is obtained by bringing on the "popes" at that particular moment, whether that result is achieved by telephone or telegraph.

Admitting the probabilities or possibilities of the story, it must be conceded that the majority of the characters act as naturally as theatrical personages usually do, and that a great deal of the dialogue is admirably written. When you are dealing with a young gentleman of extremely Socialistic, if not Nihilistic, proclivities; one, moreover, without more than a few kopecks in his pocket, and apparently smarting under every form of provocation and annoyance that a man in his position can endure without resorting to that "leap into the darkness" which he is so anxious to take with the girl of his choice—under such circumstances it is not a little difficult to abstain from making him utter sentiments at once turgid, inflated, and superlatively bombastic. While his language must be by turns both violent and gloomily sarcastic, it evidently (he being a Russian) must not be quite "English, you know"; for revolutionary Nihilistic sentiments, spoken in St. Petersburg, couched in phraseology peculiar to Pall Mall or the Boulevard would sound ridiculous when uttered within sight, and almost within touch, of the Winter Palace. Fedor Ivanovitch, with whom everything in the world goes so persistently wrong, and who, it may be, is utterly wrong-headed himself, is, perhaps, a spouter of stale sedition; but, so far as regards his murder of Abramoff (who, by the way, is nowhere described as a Jew, though he appears to be something in the pawnbroking line; "a money-lender" the author politely terms him), we find him guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The young criminal's confession to his sweetheart Liza is overheard by his sister and his arch-enemy, Prince Zosimoff, by a rather clumsy device (the double-room trick), which is neither new nor particularly effective; and we have somewhat too much of the princely libertine's solicitation of Anna Ivanovna and her repulsion of the most assiduous suitor in the annals of the stage. The amorous Prince, however, is a definite creation; and Mr. Herbert Waring makes him a fascinating villain, whose pluck in the last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history of love and crime in Russia secures him a hearty cheer as he disappears into the darkness, bound for Siberia, which is close by. Mr. Lewis Waller's best moments were those during which he gave what his hearers in the Princess Orenburg's salon took to be a purely supposititious theory of the murder of Abramoff, his actual avowal of the crime to Liza, and his bearing throughout the whole of the last act—the hut of the "military outpost on the borders of Siberia." Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the play, Mr. Waller has made a distinct advance in his profession, and may now in all fairness lay claim to the gratifying position of the young man who has "arrived." Most cleverly conceived, also, is the Arcadius Snaminski (Head of Police) of M. Marius, who contrives to give us a Meissonierlike picture out of the mere outline furnished him by the author. The Dromoroff and Snaminski of this excellent comedian will take their places in theatrical history as among the most finished creations of this end of the century. Mr. William Herbert's phlegmatic Englishman is another complete success. The ladies are singularly efficient all round. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, as the persecuted Anna, struggles with one of those uphill parts which cause infinite toil to the actress without being capable of producing very much effect. The Liza of Miss E. Robins was a natural and pathetic piece of acting, all the more genuinely gratifying because somewhat unexpected. Miss Marion Lea's Sophia was marked by many a clever touch, and was refreshing and unmistakably diverting throughout. Mr. Ivan Watson contributed a very clever little character-sketch of an imbecile Russian General who poses as "the hero of Sebastopol."

A Gaiety burlesque is almost as composite a piece of work as a Chinese puzzle; a beginning and an ending it must necessarily have, but the construction of the middle seems to depend entirely on chance. The original manager of this playhouse (a genius in his own particular line of business) was wont to eke out the pieces produced under his direction by the introduction of some more or less striking novelty from the "halls," native or foreign; but a new generation sprang up which demanded a change of regimen, and the management, having once hit upon a prescription which satisfied the patrons of the house, now carefully "repeats the dose," with the result that all concerned are satisfied. So far as what, by a figure of speech, is still termed the "burlesque" is concerned, it is, as of yore, deemed necessary to make believe that a "story" runs through it, and that a plot is also to be discovered by those who will devote themselves to a strenuous search for it. But the plain fact is that the production (it happens to be called *Carmen up to Data* this time) is nothing more nor less than a piece of patchwork; such things as coherency and relevancy being entirely out of the question. There are beautiful women, and beautiful stage-pictures, and beautiful dresses; an abundance of that species of humour peculiar to those minor clubs whose titles are usually selected from the vocabulary of the horticulturist or the ornithologist; dances innumerable, and songs constructed on the familiar model. So Miss St. John warbles her ditties, fitted to dreamy waltz-melodies, and walks through her part with easy grace. To Mr. Lonnen is allotted a minatory song, supposed to be addressed to children, who are bidden to beware of "the Bogey man" (!); Mr. Arthur Williams tickles the ears of the "groundlings" (in the stalls) with an infinity of "gags," which, with the appropriate pantomimic gesture, are warranted to "go down" better than the most graceful lines of the poet; Mlles. Eva Greville and Levey, with their Terpsichorean sisters, acquit themselves as creditably as before in a couple of dances somewhat in the style of the *pas de quatre* in *Faust up to Date*, and Miss Letty Lind, in addition to dancing, gives "imitations" of what are supposed to be the cries of the denizens of the farmyard. It is hardly too much to say that the new burlesque is made by a scene and a song. Never has there been devised anything more completely charming than the picture (in the second act) of the bevy of fair smugglers, suggesting a "snowdrop" rather than a "rosebud" "garden of girls"; while it must be conceded that the "Bogey" song already referred to is of a character eminently qualified to "suit all tastes." This is one of the few ditties in the piece not claimed as original, but it is none the worse for that. Herr Meyer Lutz has succeeded even beyond sanguine expectation with the music, which, with its quaint reminiscences of Bizet and its admirable execution, is to be warmly commended.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN RUSKIN.*

MR. RUSKIN has become the darling of many Societies, who regard him with affectionate, but rather puzzled, adoration. The members of those communities are usually students who feel so little reliance in their own powers that they prefer to read, as it were, by companies, and to strengthen each other in the true path by consultation and discussion. To such well-meaning, if weak, brethren and sisters Mr. Ruskin's works are truly Delphic and oracular. He has spoken his mind on all conceivable topics; but the utterances of the oracle are cloudy and confused. They need interpretation, and, if the Councils exist, where is the Pope? Mr. Cook has endeavoured to help the Ruskinians, as others have tried to enlighten the befogged Browningite. The sacred writings are as numerous as those of Epicurus, and they are not only numerous but very expensive. A brief manual or guide-book to Ruskinism is therefore a necessity, and this desirable clue to the maze is what Mr. Cook supplies. There is some danger, he admits, of not seeing the Ruskinian forest by reason of the dense growth of the trees. Through that forest, to vary the metaphor, he blazes a way. Perhaps his method is not the best possible, and its deficiencies may be due to Mr. Cook's having originally written much of his book in a daily paper. Were we obliged to try to bring order into Ruskinism, we would adopt the historical method, tracing the evolution of Ruskinism from the earliest to the latest of the works in the canon. Mr. Cook is less systematic. He begins by showing that Mr. Ruskin's "Gospel," as he calls it, is not "news," but the application of old ethical ideas to the new interests and temptations of the age. One of these interests is tattle, one of these temptations is wordiness. Mr. Ruskin has not escaped being the victim of tattle, nor has wordiness been remote from him. However, he applies the Carlylean doctrine (if it can be called a doctrine), first to art, and then to life. But the applications are of notorious length, and discursive and inconsistent to an extraordinary degree. Who can make anything coherent out of all that wealth of words? According to Mr. Cook, the Ruskinian theory of art is very like Thackeray's. Art is imitation rising from delight; an expression of our gratitude for the beauty of the world. "From delight in the forms and laws of God's creation Art comes; to that delight it appeals." "The greatest picture is that which conveys the greatest number of ideas." But, alas! here is already matter for an endless discussion. How are we to test the doctrine? Which is the greatest picture? What ideas does Tintoretto's "Bacchus and

* *Studies in Ruskin.* By Edward T. Cook, M.A. London: Allen. 1890.

Ariadne," for example, suggest? Who is to decide which picture is the "greatest"? Is Mr. Ruskin to be the judge, or Mr. Frederick Wedmore, or "the man of moral sagacity"? We get no forwarder in this gospel; we cannot enter the Porch, so thronged with contending partisans is the Court of the Gentiles. We cannot reach the Temple of the True Life through the Gate Beautiful. How are we ever to find the road to Corinth if we must first argue with Sir George Beaumont about the "brown tree" by the wayside? All this matter—brown tree and all—meets us in Mr. Cook's first nine pages. Gospels should be, and in truth are, much more easy of access. A virtuous man may be none the worse for agreeing with Sir George about that brown tree. Nay, Mr. Ruskin himself, if anybody had been attacking that withered fig-tree, would doubtless have been subtle and eloquent in its defence. He is always eloquent, he is always subtle, his heart is almost always in the right place; but he is a sophist, when all is said and done, not an evangelist. Mr. Ruskin is "at once a puritan and a painter," says Mr. Cook. A queer puritan, an odd painter, he may be reckoned. He wants to eat his cake and have it; he loves the old like Scott, and how is he to keep the old order and revel in the new philanthropy? He cannot both eat his cake and retain the possession of that dainty; his gospel is wrecked on "that fond impossibility."

"The true artist is necessarily a man of true religion." This is a dogma of the Ruskinian gospel; but it is valueless. If we examine the history of art, we find that the artists called greatest by general consent were very far from being what general consent thinks religious men. So we have to select a new set of great artists, or to give a new meaning to "religion," or, perhaps, to try both processes. The best art may have usually been the fruit of which religion was the flower; but the flower had inevitably faded before the fruit was produced. Israel was of all nations the most religious; and what was the art of Israel? An *article de Paris*, an exotic and eclectic thing, borrowed from Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, and even executed by the hands of foreigners. It is not Samuel who builds the Temple, but the indifferent Solomon with a thousand chapels for wives of a thousand creeds. It is not David, but M. Renan's favourite, the large-minded and tolerant Ahab, who panels his palace with art in ivory. Not the Athenians who believed in a manifest Athene, but the generation of the Sophists, wrought the frieze of the Parthenon. All this is so manifest even to the undergraduate mind that we have to neglect the old standard of greatness in art for a new standard, an archaic ideal, and may at last call the *xoana* in fig-wood or olive wood, the rude idols, greater art than the Zeus of Olympia. This is all but juggling with words, an intellectual three-card trick; it is no corner-stone of a gospel. Indeed, gospels do not much concern themselves with art; and there may be more faith and goodness in a brick Bethesda than in a temple which bewitches the world.

It is notorious that Mr. Ruskin's gospel deals with "types," types which everybody can arrange for himself, which are mere *jeux d'esprit*; which are the playthings of decadence, of decadent Platonism as of decadent Christianity. The least Evangelical of the faculties is fancy, and Mr. Ruskin's genius, apart from the excellence of his heart, is fancy carried to the most gilded heights of *papier-mâché*.

As to life, Mr. Ruskin has "laid down the law upon everything." So absurd is the law in many cases that Mr. Cook frankly admits the necessity of distinguishing between genuine *logia* and the mere freaks of the master. The luckless societies and guilds, toiling after the truth in Mr. Ruskin, must learn to discriminate and to discern when the preacher is "amusing himself" with *obiter dicta*. And yet "unfaith in aught is want of faith in all," a pleasant quandary for the disciples. "Compassion for the Poor is the last word of Mr. Ruskin's books on Art." Truly, it is the rich who need compassion, if ethics are to be dragged into discussion of water-colours. So we pass into Mr. Ruskin's Gospel of Political Economy, where, as in all political economy, everything is as orderly as in the night attack on Syracuse. Mr. Ruskin is most properly anxious to teach people, "not how to better themselves, but how to satisfy themselves." But, though we can never be satisfied, we find a kind of substitute for satisfaction in being bettered. No more than any other teacher can Mr. Ruskin show us how to recover the quiet of some forms of ancient life, while retaining what is inevitable in modern life. We always return to that difficulty of his about the ironclad ships, which are ugly, complex, and inefficient, yet much more than able to destroy whole Armadas of beautiful old wooden ships. Meanwhile, Mr. Ruskin has done his best in practice, or what he believed to be his best, by an unsparing generosity, of which Mr. Cook offers many examples. Among his eminent disciples Mr. Cook chooses the author of the *New Republic*. Are these the fruits by which the Ruskinian gospel is to be known? or is the celebrated amateur road the way to the City? The Master assuredly suffers much from small talk on such topics, and it is rather irritating to read that the late Mr. Toynbee, as a foreman on the inefficient thoroughfare, "was entitled to appear frequently at those breakfasts which Mr. Ruskin gave to his young friends." Mr. Cook speaks quite frankly about Mr. Ruskin's eccentric lectures at Oxford. But he is perhaps mistaken when he says that "very few of our artists" have come from the Universities, unless poets are not artists. Of them, or of the best among them, the Universities have had much more than their share. Mr. Ruskin's Drawing School is treated of in a useful chapter; his "May Queens" interest us less, though here Mr. Ruskin's habitual generosity is more than habitually picturesque. The St. George's Farms (without machinery) have produced, we regret to hear, "little but a plentiful crop of disappointments." The Museum at Sheffield seems to be much more prosperous and useful. Mr. Ruskin's private economy in managing the publication of his books appears to be perfectly triumphant. Like the Greek sage in the *Politics* of Aristotle, Mr. Ruskin demonstrates that the wise man can be perfectly wideawake, and can make money if he chooses. On the whole, Mr. Cook's book leaves us with the impression that it is much less adequate and methodical than it might have been. It does not really trace the development of Ruskinism in Mr. Ruskin, and leaves that library of his works still "a mighty maze," without a very obvious plan. There is room yet for a more clear, condensed, and systematic manual of Ruskinism; and perhaps some one will set about making it, for the Ruskin Reading Guilds must need it sadly. It will not be a book that would suit the columns of the Newest Journalism.

NOVELS.*

WHO shall venture to say, knowing all that goes on in the world, and the things newspapers have to tell us, what matrimonial embroilments are or are not probable? Yet the novelists do seem a little hard on the "pensive public" (perhaps this is why it is "sad") in this direction. It complicates life so much, and strains the wearied modern mind which has so much to attend to. Here, for instance, in so far as we can summarize them, are the married and unmarried experiences of the two Miss Valentine Kremlecks as set forth in the novel *Vice Valentine*. They were cousins. The elder married, in apparently a clandestine manner while on a visit to friends, Mr. Osmund Wynter. The two separated after a few weeks, and Mrs. Wynter returns home to Pencarne as still Miss Valentine Kremleck. Mr. Wynter wanders aimlessly about taking no notice of his wife's existence. That existence ceases after four years without exciting particular attention from any one. Valentine, junior, has been flirting in secret on the moors and shores of Pencarne with Captain Dennis, but the gentleman declines to proceed to marriage. After a while Mr. Wynter comes in to a fortune and an estate, and, bethinking himself of the neglected Valentine Kremleck, he writes to beg she will resume his name, assume his property, live in his house, and spend his money. He in the meantime will continue to wander. Valentine, senior, being dead, and the younger cousin left in the lurch by Captain Dennis, the Kremleck family agree to a felonious impersonation, and "Mrs. Wynter" reigns at Wyntersholt. Captain Dennis, of course, reappears, and the old flirtation is resumed. Mrs. Charlton, sister to Captain Dennis, and formerly in love with Wynter, writes to the husband to say he had better come home and look after his wife. He does so, and, going for a walk soon after his return, and before visiting Wyntersholt, he discovers a beautiful young lady asleep under a hedge. He falls in love with her immediately, probably having wandered so long out of England that he has forgotten the manners and customs of Englishwomen. This, of course, is the younger Valentine, the fraudulent wearer of his name. Her mother had been a gipsy; so, of course, the hedge by the public highway seemed a natural place to have a nap in. It ends, of course, as has been evident from the beginning, by the unwedded husband and wife taking up life together, though the prospect is not serene for Osmund Wynter. Valentine's temper was naturally bad, and her experiences embittered it. She is always being described as fierce, hard, sullen, and rebellious. The author of *Vice Valentine* has devised strong situations; but she is scarcely equal to their demands dramatically. Nor, with the exception, perhaps, of the shadowy Cyrilla Charlton, is there any one in the story to feel sympathy with.

Bonnie Dundee is a pleasant enough Scottish novel having nothing more to do with Graham of Claverhouse than the fact that handsome Dr. Murdoch of Arbroath looked like him when he wore a particular kind of bonnet. What makes chiefly the pleasantness of the story is the Scotch dialect, in which many of the characters talk, the apt manner in which it is written down, and the natural way in which even the well educated among them who can and ordinarily do speak the English slip into their mother tongue when at all moved or speaking with the humbler folk. When Dr. Murdoch, the clever and accomplished physician, half in chaff and half in sympathy, informs the bashful young fisherman of certain interesting events, he drops his usual style:—"Weel, Jamie, you hae twa o' the nicest bairns ane can set e'e on, an a bonnie bit wifie a' to yersel'. You'll be a gey happy mon, Jamie, an' you'll no be wantin' mair; and thank the Lord, Jamie, I'm no i' your shoon!" It is a harder matter to convey dialects through the eye to the

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* *Vice Valentine.* By J. Ashworth Taylor. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Bonnie Dundee. By Max Beresford. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

The Dominant Seventh: a Musical Story. By Kate Elizabeth Clark. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

In Low Relief: a Bohemian Transcript. By Morley Roberts. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

A Harvest of Weeds. By Clara Lemore. London: Ward & Downey.

ear than people may think who have not tried. Let any one who doubts compare the talk of natives of the Southern States as set down by Mr. George Cable in his absolutely convincing manner with the ineffectual efforts of Mr. Howells to do the same thing. What mars the probabilities of the history of Dr. Murdoch and Alison Dean is the absurd manner in which heroic adventure is heaped on the head of the young lady, and the rather foolish *dénouement* of the murder mystery kept hanging over the Doctor. The author seems to be Scotch, from his familiarity with the country and the people, but he makes a distinct sacrifice of national bravery when he describes a crowd of men refusing to go out to sea in a storm to rescue townsmen perishing in their sight, and makes a girl succeed in saving the crew in a small boat, manned, so to speak, by herself and her doctor lover. If the feat were possible to a girl who had had a compound fracture of the arm a few months before and to the landsman surgeon who mended it, it was cowardly of the Arbroath fishermen to refuse to attempt it. Such romantic deeds—and there are many more ascribed to the gifted Alison—are more common in romantic imaginations than in actual life.

There is no pedantry so pedantic as musical pedantry. When it takes hold of a clever amateur slightly tinged with transcendental philosophy possession becomes complete. Miss Kate Elizabeth Clark's volume, *The Dominant Seventh*, announces itself to all the senses with its title, its "noteful" cover, and its musical resolution, as the work of one to whom music is the most important thing. The story may be said to pass in the very highly-decorated music-room of the McChesney family, rich New Jersey people, who play the Beethoven quartets and sonatas as commoner mortals do a game of whist. Some very queer foreigners, also dilettanti of the rarest quality, join the family performers; and wonderful things are done, of which the most wonderful is that at a particular part of a motif of Rubinstein a frightful face always appears in the air, and hysterics result. Later on, the queerest of the queer foreigners turns out to be a duke. He makes Miss McChesney his duchess; and, as the face in the air proved to be that of his lunatic wife, now defunct, all is explained and forgiven. It must not be supposed that Miss Clark's is merely a silly story. On the contrary, it has a great deal of cleverness and many clever sayings; and the talk about music, pedantic as it is, is good talk of its kind. But no one who has not "struggled in secret with the mysteries of counterpoint—with the meaning of subject, counter-subject, episode, stretto—and with the manifold complications and possibilities which may characterize even a strict and simple fugue"; who is not interested in Brahms and Wagner, or is indifferent to a crashing discord and the dominant seventh, need take up the book.

In Low Relief calls itself "a Bohemian Transcript," and supposes itself to be a study of studio-life in London. The "relief" is a trifle too low, and very few "Bohemians" would admit that the portraiture attempted here is good either in art or likeness. The range of view is narrow, and the manner of describing it crude. Mr. John Torrington, "a modern neurotic type," is a journalist in the worst sense of the word, as Mommsen said of Cicero. He has various acquaintances, who seem to spend their futile energies in brewing tea over gas-lamps in rickety studios; notably Mr. Arthur Gaskell, "a man of something the same disposition, who earned his living by the most precarious draughtsmanship"; and Mr. Paul Armour, an etcher of eminence, whose high attainments in self-culture are vouched for by "a shelf of books, among which were many English poets." In and about these art resorts, which are established in modest retreat at Camden Town, flits Miss Mary Morris, a model, and a most virtuous young woman, though somewhat indiscreet in her habit of visiting artists in their rooms at hours when modelling is not the question. Miss Morris is beautiful even beyond the necessities of her position; for, according to the author, "the pencil of Raphael and the pen of Dante might do her but scant justice." However, as she sat "for Tadema, and for a lot of well-known men," posterity will doubtless know her face. Miss Morris is naturally beloved by everybody, but principally by Mr. Torrington, who seeks to win her by asking her to tea, and reciting long screeds of his own poetry. With the good sense and care for her domestic future rarely shown by beautiful women, Miss Morris refuses the poet, and weds Mr. Armour, the eminent etcher. And Mr. Torrington consoled himself by writing some beautiful poetic prose in Latin.

Some stories have too little story and some have too much. *A Harvest of Weeds* has much too much. To begin with, the reader is involved in a group of baronets, a very thicket of baronets, all called Eric, and all married to widows with little previous sons, out of which he struggles with difficulty and pain. Those who get to the end of the three long volumes will admire the ingenuity which devised the matrimonial dilemma at the outset, and the patience which worked steadily on with the moment in view in which one Sir Eric turns out to be another Sir Eric, and the virtuous hero comes to his own again. But the passage from the first to the last point is fatiguing, not because of lack of incident or descriptive cleverness, but because the story is packed too full and the plot is too intricate for its importance. The author can tell of the life in an English country-house very pleasantly, and present young ladies and gentlemen of natural, if somewhat conventional, type; and had she chosen to confine herself to this and the appropriate love-making, an agreeable result would probably have been found. But the villany of the "magnificent" clergyman is portentous, and that of the "red-eyed" forger uninteresting. The detectives are of the commonest stage type, and there is a great deal too much of them. But of all the villanies of the villains, the most villanous was that of Major Buxton when "he laid in bed all the morning."

TWO BOOKS ON AMERICA.*

THESE two books on the great American Republic offer contrast enough in all conscience to those who like variety, although romance in different forms is common to both. The one carries us away to the rough seas and foggy estuaries on the north-western coasts of the States, and among the cliffs and wild cañons of the Rocky Mountains. The other transports us to the soft, sunny, and sensual atmosphere of a semi-tropical country, where "it is always afternoon," and where the exuberant luxuriance of the fragrant forests is being cleared for the cultivation of the orange and the vine. The one is full of thrilling adventure; in the other there is no adventure at all, and scarcely what can be called an incident. The one is written in the free and rollicking style of a western sportsman, though with the ready pen of a professional journalist; the other by a lady who prides herself on the poetry of her thoughts and the careful polish of sonorous periods. Both books are to be commended in their different ways, although the one is the feminine of the other, and we confess we have found *Cruisings in the Cascades* the livelier reading. The lady who writes *Florida Days* should be tolerably well known to English readers. She is the author of *John Ward, Preacher*, a semi-theological novel, somewhat in the vein of *Robert Elsmere*. The novel caused considerable sensation, and showed a certain originality, with talent of a peculiar kind. Those who read it cannot fail to remember Mrs. Deland's power of psychological analysis, though the analysing did not go very deep; her fondness for loitering to moralize as she went along, and the telling dramatic effects with which she illustrated the practical working of the hero's austere Calvinistic dogmas. *Florida Days* reminds us of it in many ways. Mrs. Deland's religious sympathies are again excited. She imagines the speculations of the sequestered Spanish nuns and the adventurers of their blood and faith, who, crossing the seas in the search for gold, brought their monkish missionaries along with them. And there is nothing in her volume more dramatic than her description of the negro meeting in the swamps, where half-savage ignorance catches fire at fervid fanaticism, and the wild demonstrations of the Christianized worshippers might be mistaken for the fetish rites they used to solemnize in Western Africa. The descriptions in general, like some of the admirable views which illustrate them, are done in an infinity of delicate touches with a subdued harmony of warm local colouring. There are fantastic thoughts and fancies in far-fetched language, with ideas so fine-spun that it is difficult as one reads rapidly to translate the poetical into intelligible prose. Like the accomplished author of *Eothen*, whom she seems to seek to imitate, Mrs. Deland is fond of epithets more imaginative and fanciful than expressive, as when she speaks of the "intreating" sea, gradually sapping and swallowing the friable beach. Indeed, there is much more of feeling than of fact in the book; and the author has tried so hard to avoid writing a commonplace volume of travel that, although she paints in some detail the chief city of Florida, so far as we can remember she never once names it. As her habit is, she is always pausing to moralize. She even asks—very unnecessarily, we think—whether the unlucky Spanish convicts of the fifteenth and sixteeenth centuries, as they toiled in heavy irons at hewing out blocks of the conglomerate shell-stone, "ever saw that a vast and beautiful meaning might lie in broken human lives." So she made futile attempts to cross-examine the "Crackers" as to their sentiments, in her anxiety to discover whether they did not find a charm in solitude with its rare opportunities for retrospective meditation. "Crackers," we may mention, is the nickname of the race of rough backwoodsmen on the lonely St. John River; a race who can dispense with necessaries because they have learned to regard them as luxuries. Not unnaturally the sorely-puzzled "Cracker's" only response was "an impassive stare at the gunwale of his canoe." But when Mrs. Deland's imagination is not cross-questioning the "Crackers" and the Spanish convicts it is often eloquently suggestive, as it is almost always picturesque. She talks pleasantly of the old Castilian captains and conquerors; of De Soto, who found his grave in the Mississippi he had discovered, and of his gallant successor, Ponce de Leon. She pays an honourable tribute to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, though she surely does the heroic Admiral some injustice when she speaks of his holding a knife to the throat of his victims. Drake was in the habit of exacting blood for blood when he bartered English steel for Spanish gold, but he did not butcher his prisoners like an Italian bravo of the period. Mrs. Deland's volume will hardly answer the purposes of a handbook for intending winterers in Florida, but the sketches of the seashores and the river scenery are charming and exceedingly likely to tempt them.

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* *Florida Days.* By Margaret Deland, Author of "John Ward, Preacher." London: Longmans & Co.

Cruisings in the Cascades: a Narrative of Travel, &c. By G. O. Shields. Sampson Low & Co.

Mr. Shields is a journalist and author, who recruits from the labours of a sedentary life by spending his autumns in the mountains. The alliterative title of "Cruisings in the Cascades" is American, and slightly absurd; for, except for an occasional lift in a canoe, all his sporting was done on foot. He tells us, what we had scarcely realized, how comparatively easily a sporting Chicago journalist can find opportunities of breaking his neck in hunting the wild game among frowning precipices and fathomless abysses. The railways that carry sleeping-cars and smoking saloons across the continent are in communication with services of swift steamers running up the far-reaching estuaries. There nature has sharply defined the border-line between lands that have been settled by the ranchman or reclaimed by the agriculturist and the stony solitudes, the snow-peaks and the glaciers, where the elk, the deer, the bear, and the antelope, and, above all, the aboriginal sheep and goats, are still to be found in abundance; though we fear that, like the buffalo, they are doomed to slow but certain extinction. The Cascade Mountains stretch away through the Oregon and Washington territories, till they gradually sink and subside in the forests of British Columbia. There are haunted peaks among them seldom trodden by human foot, such as that of Mount Tacoma, honeycombed with mysterious caverns, from which the superstitious Indians are scared by the shrieks and wails of restless spirits. Some of these caves are said to be fairy palaces in their fantastic splendour, whose glittering domes of the most vivid green are spangled and fringed with festoons of icicles. The mountain streams fed from the melting glaciers come tumbling down a succession of falls between the cliffs that form the side walls of the cañons. The broken and shelving banks of the torrent-beds are the natural approaches by which the sportsman, with infinite pains and toil, penetrates with his "possibles" to the heart of the mountains. Some stragglers of the Indians, who have been stamped out or driven into Reserves elsewhere, still eke out their living by hunting on the hills; and it is a godsend when their services as guides or porters are secured by the adventurous sportsman. The days are sadly changed for them, since they could slaughter any number of buffalo in the season, filling their wigwams with sufficient jerked meat for the rest of the year. Now they are struggling, for the most part, on the verge of starvation, and their main resource is in what the Scotch call the "kelts," or foul salmon, which are massacred or suicidally come to grief in myriads on the annual visits to their mountain spawning-beds. Enfeebled as they are, the salmon are dashed in their descent by the rapids against the rugged boulders and submerged snags; many of the maimed and mangled are cast ashore, and the Indians can literally shovel them out of the shallows. The fish, being out of condition and indifferently cured, not only is far from nourishing, but helps to foster epidemical diseases. Had Mr. Shields been the first to explore these regions, we might have been inclined to misdoubt his "traveller's tales" about the multitude of the salmon and the magnitude of the timber as well. But his talk about American trees, though almost as big and tall as the giants of the forests themselves, has been confirmed, in the main, by other travellers. Firs and cedars growing to 25 feet in diameter are covered with bark 14 inches in thickness, and there have been trunks which, when felled and trimmed, measured over 300 feet. With such sylvan resources, Washington Territory as well as British Columbia must have a grand future before them in the lumbering line; especially where railway branches are carried up the gorges. As yet the more remote reserves have been little drawn upon, for the rivers are almost impracticable for rafting, and the tree-stems like the salmon are shivered when floating down.

Mr. Shields's hunting adventures and experiences are thrilling in the extreme. Hardships of all kinds had to be faced manfully; the barest necessaries must be carried on men's backs by slow and difficult marches through the boulders in the depths of the cañons; the camp equipage had to be cut down to a minimum. Often the hunters had to rely chiefly on their rifles; and the game might be scarce and shy, or the sport stopped by tempests or snowstorms. There was always the chance that a premature snowfall might absolutely cut the line of retreat. It was no joke sleeping under the shelter of some rock, in driving rain and sleet, or with the thermometer below zero, although Mr. Shields used to set the cold at defiance in a patent padded sleeping bag, by which he is disposed to swear. Sure-footedness is indispensable, and any one at all inclined to dizziness had much better stay at home. A single slippery tree trunk, in frost or rain, spanning a torrent at the height of some fifty feet, is far from being the most commodious of bridges, especially when you are stepping it in hob-nailed shooting-boots. The hill goats and sheep have, of course, the awkward habit of frequenting the splintered peaks and narrow ledges on the most repulsive precipices. Frequently a slip would mean certain death; but a shattered leg, or even a sprained ankle, would be a calamity scarcely less serious when the sufferer is so far from surgeons and medical comforts. We confess that Mr. Shields in his playful American fashion succeeded in "taking a rise out of us" when he depicted dramatically such an accident as having happened to himself, when many days removed from the haunts of men, and in the company of two Indians of evil aspect. We resented it when the story came to an end with an "I awoke, and lo, it was a dream." But he makes some amends subsequently for the "sell" when he relates what had actually happened to a friend of his own; and the imagination can hardly conceive anything more disagreeable or even appalling than the situation in which a certain Mr. Westlake found himself. Accompanied by a single faithful Indian, he had managed to make his way, after many days' hard labour, to the head of an almost impassable cañon. There they found themselves at the foot of a precipitous peak, frequented by the goats of which they had come in search. So far it had been possible to bring horses, but here it became necessary to leave them. And they dared not picket them near the "camp," lest they should fall an easy prey to wild animals. The climbing was even worse than they had expected. The Indian, although a practised mountaineer, overreached himself in trying to recover a goat that had been shot; he lost his footing, and was dashed to pieces. Left alone in those solitudes, under the terrible shock to his nerves, Westlake found it far more perilous scrambling down than climbing up. He reached the camping-place to find that the animals had stampeded, and that the bears had been making free with his scanty store of provisions. With his blankets, his rifle, and a few pounds of flour, he started to retrace his steps, and had to "travel seven days before seeing the face of a human being or sleeping under a shelter of any kind." With that sensational anecdote we may bring the notice of Mr. Shields's book to a close, for it would be difficult indeed to cap such a climax.

THE DRINK QUESTION.*

THE author of this book, as the title-page informs us, is Dr. Kate Mitchell, "Member of the British Medical Temperance Association, Lecturer on Physiology, Temperance, and Health, &c." We are not favoured with any statement of the degree in medicine to which Dr. Kate Mitchell has attained. Her descriptions, however, of the anatomy of the human body are quite worthy of any male doctor. These, to be sure, could be taken from any work of authority; but we feel bound to admit that the knowledge of Dr. Kate Mitchell appears to be knowledge at first hand, and we are quite willing to believe that she might, if she chose, write M.D. after her name. The perusal of the opening chapter, although it is full of excellent observations, not quite new, upon Liberty and other subjects, and although the author shows her superiority to Mr. Mill by convicting him of contradicting himself in a single sentence in his essay on Liberty, led us to believe that there was some confusion of thought in the writer's mind; for moderation and excess in the use of alcohol were so inextricably mixed up that it was difficult to ascertain to which her observations applied. But towards the end of the book our doubts were removed by an explicit statement that by temperance she means total abstinence, "for" (these are her own words) "I do not recognize any half-way house." This is satisfactory; we know where we are—a glass of beer or a glass of claret at meals is alcohol, and the drinker of the same is not to be considered temperate; but if a man or woman is not temperate, must not he or she be intemperate? One or two other quotations will give the reader an idea of the kind of writing which Dr. Kate Mitchell, and we presume the British Women's Temperance Association, think conducive to the enlightenment of the public on the drink question. At p. 34 she says:—

> I never quite allow myself to trust the views or judgment of a man or woman who drinks (and I am now only referring to those who call themselves moderate drinkers), because I never feel sure of the mental clearness which has brought about the opinion.

What a curious world it must be to live in where the views and judgments of water-drinkers only are worth anything. At p. 33 she says:—

> Alcohol has been acting in the human system like a corroding fluid on any substance, insidiously working its way at, and gradually destroying the healthy human structure. Take, for instance, the case of our legislators assembled together in solemn conclave to discuss the affairs of the nation. How many of them come together with healthy brains, and therefore unclouded judgments, with calm clear minds, and therefore unprejudiced views? In the after-dinner hours I should say very few. The heated argument, the passionate personal debate, the scurrilous word-throwing, the jeers, insults, and contemptible threats are not always the result of a righteous indignation in a holy cause, they are too often the result of brains inflamed by alcohol.

Any comment of ours upon this outburst might spoil it, so we refrain. We can only meditate on the very strange ideas which get into the head of a lady doctor who is an advocate of temperate living. One more extract, and we think our readers will be able to form some idea of the calibre of Dr. Kate Mitchell:—

> It is the duty of the State to see that its members, be they men or women, are provided with sufficient means of subsistence, so as to prevent the spread of intemperance, with all its accompanying vices and crimes.

Such a sentence as this opens such a terrible vista of ignorance of economic laws that it is a hopeless task to correct it. If Dr. Kate Mitchell does not know that the State has no such duty as that which she suggests, her case is desperate. Doubts sometimes occur to us—suggested, we fear, by original sin—whether total abstinence (teetotalism is vulgar) is not more confusing to the brain than alcohol; and such extracts as we have given from this book do not dispel those doubts.

Dr. Kate Mitchell talks of the Temperance party. We all belong to the temperance party. We all advocate sobriety, even

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* *The Drink Question.* By Dr. Kate Mitchell. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., and British Women's Temperance Association.

in denouncing alcohol. Nobody desires, nobody advocates, anything but temperance; but what can be the use of writing a book of 254 pages to show that moderation in the use of any liquid in which there is a certain amount of alcohol is intemperance? We can only suggest that the book is written by a total abstainer, for total abstainers; but then the total abstainers do not want it. The real difficulty about the drink question is, and always has been, to define where moderation ends, and where excess begins; and if any competent person would apply himself to that problem he might do a great deal of good. But to try to persuade people that a glass of beer or a glass or two of claret is poison is absurd, and, moreover, hopeless. We will concede a great deal to Dr. Kate Mitchell. We will concede that some men and women could do quite well without alcoholic stimulants, and that the best that can be said of such stimulants is that they are not injurious in moderation, that they are sometimes useful, and that they add a great deal to the pleasures of life. We go with her altogether as to the evils of excess, and as to the ill-health and misery, extravagance, degradation, and ruin, produced by over-indulgence in beer, wine, and spirits. The remedy is the difficulty. Her suggestions as to remedy are meagre; if we understand them rightly, they are to shut up all public-houses, to treat all liquids containing alcohol as poisons—to be sold, we presume, at chemists' shops, possibly with an admixture, like soot with arsenic, that people might not be deceived as to their deleterious qualities—and to diffuse a knowledge of human physiology and of the effect of alcohol upon it by teaching in schools and elsewhere. This last advice is excellent; let the people know by all means the effect upon the system of all that they eat and drink; but let shams be avoided, and do not set up the bogey of alcohol before everybody who takes a glass of beer. There may be excess in many things which are harmless in moderation. As the author is a lady, we will instance smart bonnets and gowns and ornaments; these often lead, if indulged in to excess, to extravagance, misery, ruin, degradation. Would Dr. Kate Mitchell vote for shutting up all milliners' shops? This would seem to be the right course to pursue, for even a moderate indulgence in a thing which may lead to evil is wrong. The community cannot prevent the individuals of which it is composed of making fools of themselves; the attempt always fails. From what we see around us it is impossible to doubt the evils attending excess in alcoholic liquors; but even concerning them, it is desirable to be calm, and not to be led into excited talk. Alcohol as admixed in wine or beer, and even in the form of brandy and water, is not a poison, and it is absurd to say that it is. Many people drink beyond moderation every day for years, and live to a good old age. Many people get drunk every day for many years. It is a question of temperament. What is poison to one is not poison to another. Another thing may be said about fermented liquors. Could any one drink the same quantity of tea or coffee as is often drunk of beer with the same impunity? A couple of tumblers of tea or coffee with each meal would rather astonish our system, unless we are mistaken.

Has it ever been proved that a moderate use of stimulants in which there is alcohol in no great quantity shortens life? We had always been under the impression that Life Assurance Companies gave no preference to abstainers—possibly for one reason, that abstinence was never quite certain; but certain Assurance Companies are mentioned in this book which the author says give a reduction of premium to total abstainers. The figures she quotes are undoubtedly favourable to total abstinence, and the experiment is a useful one, as it may throw some more certain light than we now possess upon the question of the effect of stimulants upon health and longevity. The unlucky Alexis St. Martin, who has achieved an immortal name by reason of his having been the only man who has ever had a hole in his body through which the operations in his stomach could be viewed, is trotted out again, as he has been trotted out before. The appearances in his stomach after a quantity of alcohol had been given him were truly distressing to people who care for appearances in that region; but as his health was not affected "in a sensible degree," it is not at first sight apparent how he becomes a great example of the evil effects of alcohol. But when we find that his gastric juice was extracted in considerable quantities, it occurs to us that some queer appearances in his interior were not to be wondered at. Not one word, we observe, is said in the book about the dangers of water; but surely this is part of the "drink question." The water-drinker is supposed to be not only virtuous, but safe. Nothing could be more misleading. In many country houses, in most villages, in some towns, and everywhere on the Continent of Europe, water is about the most dangerous liquid any one can drink. The germs of typhoid fever are almost always communicated by it. Is it fair to conceal this in a book on the drink question? Why should not people be told, while they are being warned against beer, that it is hardly safe to drink any water that has not been boiled? Books like Dr. Kate Mitchell's do not get the drink question any "forrarder," while by their extravagance and onesidedness they alienate thinking and sober people who might be of great use to a real temperance movement.

THE METAMORPHIC ROCKS.*

THE rocks of which the earth's crust is composed have been roughly separated by geologists into three groups. As to the origin of two of these they have long been agreed. The one, the Igneous rocks, have solidified from a state of fusion; the other, the Aqueous or Sedimentary, have been deposited, directly or indirectly, by the action of water. But as to the third group considerable diversity of opinion still prevails. Some of its members approach in their general characters very near to the former group; others, again, bear so close a resemblance to the latter group that it is difficult not to assign them to a similar origin. Still, they differ from these in this respect, that the granules of which the original sediment was composed cannot now be recognized with certainty. All their constituents have crystallized, more or less, in their present position. Commonly they exhibit a parallel arrangement, to which the name foliation has been given. Thus, as these masses have certainly been much altered from their primary condition, they have been designated the Metamorphic rocks.

Rather more than half a century since it was generally believed that these rocks were memorials of a very early period in the earth's history, deposited soon after the solidification of the crust, when the ocean was at a high temperature and chemical action must have been more intense and rapid than in later times. Then came a change of opinion, and it was held that these rocks were once ordinary sediments which subsequently had been buried deep beneath the surface of the earth, and modified by the action of heat and water under great pressure. Thus a metamorphic rock might be a representative of any epoch in the earth's history. Such rocks might still be in process of manufacture; only those of late date were less likely to have been exposed to view by the removal of the overlying covering. But more exact methods of study, especially by means of the microscope, showed that this view, though theoretically possible, rested mainly on inaccurate observations, and could not be supported by valid evidence. Thus many students so far reverted to the old position as to maintain that, as a rule, if not universally, the metamorphic rocks belonged to and were altered at a very early period of geological history. But a few years since it was discovered that the importance of pressure, due to movements of the earth's crust, had been insufficiently recognized. Geologists, who, since direct experiment is rarely possible, should of all men be cautious in induction, are perhaps, as a rule, among the most hasty and rash in their generalizations. To many of them a brilliant hypothesis has an irresistible fascination, so that they rush headlong in pursuit, like children after a gaudy butterfly, heedless of the mental slough in which they may be plunged. So, at the present time, earth movements and dynamo-metamorphism, as it is commonly called, have become the favourite panacea, and the subject of rock-metamorphism is in danger of being thrust back into the confusion from which it appeared to be emerging.

Dr. Irving's treatise is virtually a protest against these exaggerated views of the effect of pressure and the narrowness of the new "Uniformitarians," who insist upon ignoring the fact—which is as well established as any other in geology—that this earth is a cooling globe, so that in early days any part of the crust within a short distance from the surface must have been at a higher temperature than it is at the present time. Dr. Irving also insists upon the importance of a more precise terminology and a more careful use of words, because in this branch of the science experience both has shown and continues to show that a confused nomenclature is apt to generate confusion of thought. The word metamorphism itself, necessarily vague, has been made yet more so by the indefinite manner in which it is commonly employed; some persons extending it to include slight changes in external form, like the deformation of a pebble by pressure; others to unimportant chemical changes in the constituents. The latter use can indeed be defended on the ground that it refers to a change in the structure of the mass; but the term then—as there are few rocks which have not undergone some alteration—becomes so vague as to be without value for scientific reasoning.

By way of rendering the idea of metamorphism more precise, Dr. Irving proposes to exclude from the term all such changes as cannot be included under the following heads:—Paramorphism, or chemical change within the mass, leading to new combinations of the constituents; metatropy, or changes in the physical characters of the rock-mass; and metataxis, or the change of order of the constituents, due to pressure. The division proposed is important, and to indicate it by a nomenclature is convenient; but we are not satisfied that Dr. Irving has done well to widen the rather restricted sense in which the term paramorphism was formerly employed—*i.e.* to indicate change mainly physical—so as to include distinctly new chemical combinations of the constituents of a rock-mass. For instance, a change such as the alteration of aragonite into calcite, formerly called paramorphic, ought, as it seems to us, to fall under Dr. Irving's metatropic division, so that it would have been better to have given to chemical change a term which would not incidentally lead to some confusion of thought on the part of a beginner. The well-known phenomena of slaty cleavage, and the so-called dynamo-metamorphism or "regional metamorphism," as it is termed in the vocabulary of some modern

* *Chemical and Physical Studies in the Metamorphism of Rocks, based on a Thesis (with Appendices) written for the Doctorate in Science in the University of London.* By A. Irving, D.Sc., B.A., F.G.S. London: Longmans & Co.

writers, fall under the head of metataxis. In regard to the effects of this as an agent of mineral change he utters a useful caution :—"We must distinguish clearly between quantity and intensity of heat (temperature). In great earth-movements resulting from lateral pressure, working slowly and gradually through a great period of time, it may be questioned whether—whatever the quantity of heat developed may be—it would be sufficiently concentrated to give the temperature required by the hypothesis." In a fourth division he places certain processes which do not precisely range themselves under any one of the heads designated above—namely, those in which the proportion of the constituents in a mass is altered by the subtraction of certain of them or the addition of others. Dr. Irving considers that such changes, when acting alone, do not "constitute true metamorphism, yet it must be admitted that in many cases, and especially in contact-metamorphism, they play an important part conjointly with other agencies."

Some pages are devoted to the examination of the very suggestive phenomena of "contact-metamorphism"—that is to say, of the alteration produced in rocks, especially of sedimentary origin, by the intrusion among them, at a later period, of molten masses. By this, under favourable circumstances, a complete recrystallization of the materials is produced, the constituents entering into new chemical combinations, and the process can often be traced from its first beginning, at a distance from the intrusive mass, to its greatest effect at the place of junction.

The essay concludes with some general remarks upon the main subject. To this, however, is subjoined a lengthy appendix, in which several of the questions noticed in the text of the work are either discussed at length or illustrated by quotations from other authors. Dr. Irving is evidently very well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and particularly with the writings of German authors, from whom the chemistry of geology has received more attention than it has met with in England; but his book includes many observations of his own, both in the laboratory and in the field, and indicates that he is very far from being a blind follower of authority. He has considerable power of destructive criticism, and not a few writers of repute—especially on this side of the Channel—fare ill at his hands. He is especially severe upon our English text-books of geology, in regard to their treatment of this branch of the subject; but we cannot say that his censures are ill deserved, for their authors, as a rule, seem only to allure the student to enter the fog in which they themselves appear to find a congenial dwelling-place. Dr. Irving's general conclusions may be most readily stated in his own words:—

> It is a vain and useless task to think of finding any one principle of metamorphism, since this is exhibited in nature in various degrees and in various phases. In the higher and more complex phases of change all the four principles discussed in this work are exhibited as having come into play not necessarily simultaneously, but in an order of succession determined by general laws of nature; in other words, the laws of nature being (so far as we have any possibility of knowing) persistent, unchanged and unchangeable, admit, however, of *an indefinite variation in the proportions* in which their operation is manifested in any particular field of action. The almost infinite variety of their collocations is not therefore so much a qualitative as a quantitative variation, and to these the variations in the phenomenal results must correspond. . . . We thus come to regard the Archæan series of rocks as representing upon the whole the primordial (first-formed) earth's crust, from which the siliceous materials of the sedimentary rocks have been for the most part derived. . . . The Archæan stage of the earth's history is thus seen to fall into a place in a natural order of development, and one more chapter is added to the history of the operation of that great Law of Evolution which is written upon all created things. As the mists and clouds thus disperse our intellectual vision begins to descry a *boundary to geologic time*, and the physical geologist begins to feel that over this question he can join hands with the astronomer and the natural philosopher.

The book, as is stated on the title-page, had its origin as a thesis written for the doctorate in science of the University of London, but since then it has been considerably augmented. It bears marks of this process of growth, and it would have gained as a literary production by being entirely recast. Books, however, of this kind appeal to a very limited class of students, and cannot be expected to be in any sense remunerative, so that their publication excludes the hope of gain, and makes actual pecuniary loss not improbable. Hence the author may be pardoned for shrinking from this heavy additional tax. In a subject so full of difficulty differences of opinion, even among the most qualified judges, must prevail, at any rate for some time to come, and a few of the author's arguments are certain to be questioned, and may not ultimately succeed in holding their ground. But these relate rather to matters of detail; his main conclusions are strongly supported, and will be difficult to controvert. The book will be of great value to students, not only as a critical summary of opinion and a suggestive exposition of the views of a geologist who adds to knowledge gained in the laboratory of the chemist much experience as a worker in the field, but also as a protest against an exaggerated estimate of the effects of pressure and a one-sided application of the principle of uniformity in geology.

FABIAN ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM.*

WE observe with concern, not wholly unmixed with amusement, that the Fabian Society does not like the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Graham Wallas speaks of the inept attacks on Socialism which come from the average cultured person who has been brought up on the *Saturday Review*; and then he proceeds with an agreeable inconsequence to admit, with much frankness, that the attack is not inept at all; that it is "not easy to guard against that tendency in human nature on which the argument is founded." Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Capaneus, the most formidable champion of these *Septem contra Societatem*, refers—perhaps "sarcastic," but perhaps also anxious—to "the advice of the *Saturday Review* that the Government should, for the sake of peace and quietness, hang Socialists." Did we ever give such advice? If so, no doubt there was good reason for it on the particular occasion; and we seem dimly to remember it as given less sweepingly and generally. But in general, though hanging might save some trouble, we could find a better use for Social Democrats than rope-stretching of the more violent kind. Let them have the rope and hang themselves, if they like, in the peaceful and metaphorical way, by writing Fabian Essays. So shall all parties be pleased, and perhaps some be benefited. If any be hurt, he must be of such a nature that he would probably have been damaged equally if there had been no Fabian Society in a world not greatly careful of its existence.

For, though it is the fate of most people who are in the wrong, when they get a pen in their hands, to write themselves down quite correctly, though quite unconsciously, we do not know any class of wrong-headed person who does this with more unerring accuracy and regularity than your Socialist. In the majority of cases he is a really well-meaning creature, and in almost all he is either a blind fanatic who is certain to commit himself in the headlong fashion of his kind, or one of those half-clever folk who have just enough cleverness to work deftly with a sharp knife at the branch on which they are sitting. We have just referred to Mr. Graham Wallas's admission. If any one will turn to the passage, which is too long to quote, about the chief danger to the stability of Socialism (p. 140), he will find that, after three long pages, Mr. Wallas has to take refuge in holding that the progress of education under Socialism will tend to produce and preserve in such matters "a certain general minimum of common sense. If this minimum is sufficient to control the central government, the debts of local bodies can be easily and sternly restricted." Oh what an "if" was there! On the whole, Mr. Wallas is our favourite of the seven. No one else does the childlike assumption of premisses, which with a feminine confusion of middles and a manly begging of conclusions makes up the whole logic of the Socialist, better than he. For instance; "it is easy to see that the Duke of Bedford is robbing the community of the rent of Covent Garden; it is not so easy to see that the owners of the vacant land adjoining Shaftesbury Avenue have been robbing the community for some years past of the rent which ought to have been made out of the sites they have left desolate." We are stupid, very stupid, and charity is a mere Christian virtue. But it would be very charitable of Mr. Wallas to enlighten our darkness to the extent of showing why one of these is "easier" than the other, and why the first is easy at all. It is easy, no doubt, to prove anything by saying that it is easy to see that it is true; but is that as satisfactory as it is easy? For instance, what would Mr. Wallas say if we said that it is easy to see that individualism and property-owning are natural and necessary things? We don't say anything of the kind; we offer arguments—bad arguments Mr. Wallas says, but good ones as, we have seen, he admits practically—to show that property and individualism are the results of the observed tendencies of man, and therefore the conditions under which alone these tendencies will work more or less smoothly. Mr. Wallas surely should, on the other hand, give us some argument to show why the Duke of Bedford is robbing the community by taking the rent which it suits and pays certain members of that community to pay him for allowing them and the community the use and benefit of certain property which he or his ancestors made out of the site. But he will not do anything of the kind. And the same unkind refusal meets us throughout, and not only in Graham Wallas, M.A., Oxford. Mr. Shaw, the captain of the team (who goes in twice to their once, by the way, a pleasant piece of human nature), begins with a lively paper on the Economic Basis of Socialism. He shows ingeniously enough how rent arises, and how it is subdivided and grows. And when he has done it, he says that this is "the economic analysis which convicts private property of being unjust from the beginning." The reader who has patiently followed Mr. Shaw from the said beginning pulls up short. Unjust? Where did the injustice come in? On the contrary, Mr. Shaw has shown us that at all the steps justice was most perfectly observed. His first squatter hands over his estate to a newcomer for half the value of the produce. This is the beginning. It is unjust, says Mr. Shaw, but that is just (we mean no pun) what he has got to show. Why is it unjust? Why, further, is it unjust for the tenant to sublet the holding at a profit rent? and so on. Mr. Shaw sketches the progress from squatter to labourer fairly enough, though of course not entirely as we should do. Still, we could accept his sketch. But we certainly shall not accept his "unjust" slipped in at the end. Nor will any one who understands the commonest rules of logic. If the thing is unjust because it leads to an ugly state of things which Mr. Shaw calls "illth"—that is to say, to the present inequalities of society—then we have a right to stop Mr. Shaw and request demonstration that this is the result of his "economic" causes,

* *Fabian Essays in Socialism.* By G. B. Shaw, S. Olivier, S. Webb, W. Clarke, H. Bland, Annie Besant, and G. Wallas. London: Walter Scott.

that it is not the result of perfectly different things—to wit, the physical, moral, and intellectual differences of individuals which collectively are visited on themselves and their posterity. Nay, we may go much further, wrest Mr. Shaw's analysis from his hand, and boldly show that, so long as its principles are adhered to, the rise of "illth" is impossible.

On the heels of Mr. Shaw with the economic basis follows Mr. Sidney Webb with the historic. Mr. Webb is "a person," as Michelet says of the French woman. He is LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, Lecturer on Political Economy at the City of London College. He is clever; he can talk of "even the Bishops believing and trembling." He is sure that the economists "know no more the earlier economic generalizations," which itself seems to be generalization from the lecturer at the City of London College to economists at large. Then comes William Clarke, M.A., Cambridge, who gives the industrial basis. As this is historic, too, the preceding article should perhaps have been called "political." William Clarke, M.A., Cambridge, is clever too, and severe on "the imbecile English King and the Tory English Bishops." These two essays, having chiefly to record facts and not to argue or give opinions except incidentally, are among the most valuable and least fallacious in the book. With Mr. Sidney Olivier, B.A., Oxford, who deals with the moral basis, we return to cloudland. We get from Mr. Olivier the rather interesting statement that "the phrase 'the fruits of each man's labor'" (it is to be observed that Socialists apparently write the American, not the English, language, their unbending consistency extending even to "behavior"—*behavior, behavioris, behaviori*, perhaps the comparative of *behavus*) "has, of course, no meaning." But, "of course," he will not tell us why. Indeed, Mr. Olivier is very long and very dull and a little pert, and we find no savour in him. Him follows Mr. Graham Wallas, of whom we have spoken, and who (as M.A. to Mr. Olivier's B.A. should be) is less crude, but even more cocksure. And then comes Mrs. Besant, who says (unhappy Mr. Bradlaugh! wounded in the house of his friends) that "the working day must be of eight hours," and who makes some absolutely charming admissions. The first is, "The shoemaker, with the wages he earns, will buy the tailor's products, and the tailor the shoemaker's." We have never seen the each-other's-washing theory put quite so well, and, indeed, only lovely woman would have the courage so to put it. The second is, "It is possible that, as the vast alteration of life-conditions proceeds, Jeshurun will wax fat and kick if, when he prefers to make microscope lenses, he is desired to make mirrors. *Under these circumstances Jeshurun will, I fear, have to accommodate himself to the demand.*" To the demand? Are we to turn heaven and earth topsy-turvy, to wade through seas of blood, if necessary, and come back to the demand, the very test of accursed individualism? O Daniela Besant, whom men call Annie, thou hast indeed come to judgment! But this is not the worst. In the great new time to come, in the earthly paradise in which this new Matilda is our guide, Mrs. Besant says "'work or starve' will be the alternative set before each communal employee." We are not equal, as Sir Charles Dilke's immortal carter said, to this occasion. We cannot even spare time after it to discuss Mr. Bernard Shaw talking glibly about "The Transition," or Mr. Hubert Bland talking rather waspishly, and with a particular sting for Mr. John Morley, of "The Outlook." That new presbyter should thus be old priest writ in monster capitals, that "work or starve" will be the alternative set before each communal employee, is, no doubt, the absolute truth. It is the truth which we ourselves have inculcated for years; and lo! here it forms part—surely a rather injudicious part—of the official programme of the millennium, the warranted gospel of the good time coming!

We may seem to have treated the Fabian Society lightly, and, in truth, it is very hard to take your modern Socialist quite seriously. By as much as he is less often a rogue or a complete fanatic than his older brethren, by so much is he more an object of compassion. To these graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who have learnt nothing where all men with brains should learn everything shall not the tear be wanting. How much less shall it be wanting to their unlucky dupes! These sheep, what have they done? At any rate, let there be honour to the one Fabian who has told them plainly down what steep place and whither they are rushing like certain less honourable cattle. Mrs. Besant will be admitted to be about the best man of the seven for brains, and not the worst for boldness, and she admits that the Socialist of the golden future will have to be guided by demand just as now, that it will be with him "work or starve" just as now. It will; so far Mrs. Besant, whether she be right or not in her interesting notion of the shoemaker paying the tailor's wages and the tailor the shoemaker's, just as the celebrated regiment drew bills from the colonel to the junior cornet and back again, is absolutely justified. In other words, the word is to be "as you were." After any number of somersaults extremes meet; and here is Mrs. Besant speaking like any Tory, sour with good sense and world-wisdom, of us all; nay, like that arch-Tory Solomon himself. It is well, it is excellent well; but is it exactly a lively prospect for the British workman, and will he be wise in committing himself to G. Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, LL.B., &c., William Clarke, M.A. (Cambridge), Sidney Olivier, B.A. (Oxford), Graham Wallas, M.A. (do.), and the rest, as captains of his industry? He must decide, and in any case the thing that is going to be will be. But, as Mrs. Besant, with that delightfully feminine rashness of hers, says, "Socialism will not have made 2 + 2 = 5." It will not; but, if so, what is the good of Socialism?

BOOKS ON SCIENCE.

We are pleased to see that the second edition of Sir Henry Roscoe and Professor Schorlemmer's *Complete Treatise on Inorganic and Organic Chemistry* (Macmillan & Co.) is appearing with commendable rapidity. The revision has reached the second part of the first volume of organic chemistry, the inorganic part being already completed. Great changes have taken place during the past six years in the branches of the science treated of in this particular volume, changes so great that it has been necessary to practically rewrite large sections of the work; while the increased size of the volume is a sufficient indication of the industry with which the study of organic chemistry has been prosecuted in recent years. The more interesting novelties in this revised edition are the elegant researches of Curtius on the fatty diazo-compounds, which led to the isolation of hydrazine; the work of Kiliani and of Emil Fischer on the constitution of the sugars; and the synthesis of several members of the sugar group by the last named. The results of the voluminous work carried on by Professor W. H. Perkin, jun., during the last few years on the polymethylene rings also find a place here. The authors have found it impossible, owing to the daily increasing number of the derivatives of furfuran, pyrrol, and thiophene, to include these bodies in this volume, as in the case of the first edition. They will be treated in a later part, along with other rings containing oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur. Numerous references are given to original papers, and several inaccuracies inseparable from a first edition have been rectified.

The Introductory Lessons on Quantitative Analysis, by Mr. John Mills and Mr. Barker North (Chapman & Hall), is a small volume of 85 pages, adapted to the requirements of the Science and Art Department and the practical examinations of the University of London. Its size, as well as its object, precludes any elaborate discussion of the more intricate problems of quantitative analysis, and indeed it consists only of the introductory chapters of a larger work by the same authors which is now in the press. The book begins with a general account of the usual operations carried on in the process of quantitative analysis, and a description of the necessary apparatus; but too little attention is drawn to the important fact that circumstances materially alter cases. A series of well-selected examples of simple gravimetric estimations is then given, the methods being clearly described, and in each case necessary calculations explained by a numerical example. This is followed by a description of some of the commoner processes of volumetric analysis and the preparation of standard solutions, and examples of estimations made in this way are given. While possessing little originality of treatment, the book will prove a useful auxiliary to teachers of practical chemistry, and be helpful to elementary students; though it should be pointed out that in quantitative analysis there are details of manipulation which can never be acquired except by careful personal instruction.

Mr. W. M. Hicks's *Elementary Dynamics of Particles and Solids* (Macmillan & Co.) is a welcome addition to the text-books on this branch of physical science. Though it is intended for the use of students whose knowledge of mathematics is quite elementary, the treatment is not at all what has come to be called popular, but is thoroughly scientific. An acquaintance with trigonometry has not been assumed in the text, and though trigonometrical functions occur both in the solved and unsolved exercises, probably the explanations on pp. 95-6 will be found sufficient to make them intelligible. The chief points of novelty in the presentment of the subject are that no separation has been made between statics and kinetics, the former being treated as a special case of the latter; the way in which the idea of mass and its measure is introduced; and the discussion of momentum before that of force. The three parts into which the book is divided are devoted respectively to the rectilinear motion of a particle, forces in one plane, and the motion of rigid bodies. In the first of these parts the superiority of Mr. Hicks's treatise over many similar ones published in recent years is decided; the two other parts, if not so strikingly superior, give an excellent exposition of the subjects discussed. Appended to the various chapters are sets of exercises to be worked, many of them requiring considerable skill.

Mr. F. W. Sanderson's *Hydrostatics for Beginners* (Macmillan & Co.) will be found to contain as much of the subject as can profitably be taught in class-room and laboratory to those whose knowledge of mathematics does not go beyond arithmetic and the elements of mensuration. The explanations are clear and the illustrations good. Several of the chapters have statements of easy quantitative experiments appended to them, in order that the reader may verify for himself the main principles of the subject. An attempt has been made throughout the book to adhere to a fixed nomenclature, each quantity and each unit being denoted by a distinctive name.

The title of Mr. A. G. Earl's book, *The Elements of Laboratory Work, a Course of Natural Science* (Longmans & Co.), is apt to be misinterpreted. Many people understand by the natural sciences botany and zoology, while they call physics and chemistry

physical sciences. Though it is admitted that this distinction is not sanctioned by universal usage, attention is called to it in order to point out that Mr. Earl's book is meant as an introduction to physics and chemistry, and not to botany and zoology. The author has endeavoured to arrange a progressive course of laboratory work which shall touch upon the chief problems, and point out the main lines of investigation, in physical science, and he has not attempted to explain any one branch in detail. The subjects he takes up are the measurement of mass; observations of changes of position and temperature; observations of certain mutual changes which are either common to all kinds of matter or exhibited by certain kinds of matter; observations which lead to the theory that all matter is made up of very small separate particles, and that space is filled with a medium, the ether; and the investigation of the composition of various kinds of matter. If the book is intended for young pupils in schools, the style in which it is written will be found too elevated, and the range of topics too extensive. For maturer minds under the guidance of an accomplished science master it may prove extremely useful.

From the title of Mr. John Mills's book, *Lessons on Elementary Physiographic Astronomy* (Chapman & Hall), it would be somewhat difficult to divine what it treats of. We are informed in the preface that it is intended to supply the student of elementary physiography with as much knowledge of physical astronomy as is required in preparing for the examinations of the Science and Art Department. It consists of two chapters, the first giving a description of astronomical instruments, and the second an account of the movements of the earth. The arrangement adopted by Mr. Mills seems to be capricious, though it may be the result of experience in teaching, or may have been prescribed by some syllabus. It is certainly the case that his method of exposition is not that which proceeds from the simple to the difficult. The book is well printed, and the illustrations are good.

Mr. Joseph W. Williams's *British Fossils, and Where to Seek Them* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is, as we infer from the preface, intended for young collectors, who are advised to acquire as a preliminary an elementary knowledge of physical geography, zoology, and botany. After an introductory chapter, the author gives an account—or rather an enumeration—of the plants and animals that existed in the Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Post-tertiary geological epochs. Along with this enumeration he gives diagrams of some of the fossils characteristic of the various epochs, and concludes with advice about the collection and arrangement of fossils. A glossary of terms is added at the end. It is difficult to see how collectors, particularly if they are young, are to recognize the vast majority of the fossils mentioned by the author, when neither diagrams nor descriptions of them are given. If the collector knows botany and zoology sufficiently well to distinguish between species, or even between genera, he will probably betake himself to the monographic literature which Mr. Williams himself has studied.

Dunman's *Glossary of Anatomical, Physiological, and Biological Terms* (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh) has been edited and supplemented with an appendix by Mr. V. H. Wyatt Wingrave. Notwithstanding the editing, there still remain in the glossary a few errors, mostly of pronunciation; and there are one or two in the appendix. Consultation of the book would have been rendered easier if the appendix had been incorporated in the glossary.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sedgwick's *Force as an Entity, with Stream, Pool, and Wave Forms* (Sampson Low & Co.) is, we are told, an engineer's, or a practical way of explaining the facts ascertained by science, and their relation to each other. The author in his preface seems to assume that scientific men confine their attention simply to the collection of materials in the shape of observations and experiments; he points out how an engineer by his training and the nature of his employment is pre-eminently fitted to handle such problems as are dealt with in the book; he acknowledges that there is little absolutely new in the views put forward, claiming novelty only for "the view that Light is a real wave travelling over the surface of a stream of attractive force, while Radiant Heat is a corresponding wave travelling in the opposite direction over the surface of a stream of repulsive force." He then proceeds to make a number of miscellaneous observations about the Anglo-Saxons having been entrusted with the most magnificent Empire the world has ever seen, about the benefits that would result to the world at large if they would systematically regulate and direct the world's colonization, about the Transvaal and the Soudan, and, finally, about the granting of Home Rule to Ireland. The concluding sentence of the book is:—"With the Miracles of Science, if we are right in our way of looking at them, we can throw such a flood of light on the whole inner man, as will make the most callous and the most careless stand awe-stricken, petrified with horror and amazement, at the sight of the tremendous energies at work beneath surfaces which seem so still."

Dr. Camilo Calleja's *Principles of Universal Physiology* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a compendium issued in advance of a complete work called *Universal Physiology*, which intends to reform the whole theory of natural science. Any adequate account of a work so stupendous as that of setting the whole scientific world right would obviously be here out of place. It may suffice to print the five conclusions in which the author sums up his physiological theory. They are:—

1. The object of universal physiology is to make the analysis and synthesis of cosmic mechanism, unifying all the theories of physics, chemistry, biology, and cosmology.
2. We admit the unity of substance and activity in matter, but not atomic unity.
3. The properties and forces of matter are simply the resultants of the intermotion of progene with atoms.
4. All physiological propositions and laws are subordinate to the principle of conservation.
5. We proclaim monotheism in sciences, admitting the causal unity of the universe, and rejecting all abstract or causing forces in nature.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THERE are not many books of which it can be said that they deserve to be read and read again, but *Pastor Pastorum* belongs to this select class. It is one of those books that have not been made, but have grown; the work of a veteran teacher who long ago perceived that the educational methods with which he was so familiar and certain portions of the Gospel reflected light on each other. "In the course of lecturing on the Gospels," Mr. Latham tells us, "being myself interested in questions of education, my attention turned to the way in which Our Lord taught His disciples. Following the Gospel history with this view, I recognized in the train of circumstances through which Christ led the disciples, no less than in what He said to them, an assiduous care in training them to acquire certain qualities and habits of mind, I observed also method and uniformity, both in what He did and in what He refrained from doing." Hence the title of the book *Pastor Pastorum*, the Shepherd of the Shepherds. The subject, though wide, is limited, but, in the course of its exposition, flashes of light are thrown in all directions on the relation and chronology of the Four Gospels and on very many texts and passages—the Temptation, the Denial of Peter, the words "to him that hath shall be given," or "the disciple shall be as his Master," the reason why the Apostles were sent forth in twos, or why one Evangelist enumerates them in pairs, another in little batches. Even where it is difficult to follow Mr. Latham's guidance, as in the explanation of the Parable of the Unjust Steward, which is taken to be a warning against

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* *Pastor Pastorum; or, the Schooling of the Apostles by our Lord.* By the Rev. Henry Latham, M.A., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Cambrdge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1890.

The Epistle to the Hebrews. With Notes, by C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ. By Emil Schürer, D.D., M.A., Prof. of Theology at the University of Giessen. Translated by Rev. J. MacPherson, M.A. Vol. I. Division I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. With Introduction by Canon Driver. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

An Appeal to Unitarians. By a Convert from Unitarianism. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, 1890. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

Isaac and Jacob: their Lives and Times. By George Rawlinson, M.A., F.R.G.S., Rector of All Hallows, Lombard Street, and Canon of Canterbury. London: Nisbet & Co

The Lives and Times of the Minor Prophets. By the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Denominational Reason Why. Twelfth Thousand, revised and enlarged. London: Houlston & Sons. 1890.

The Country Clergyman and his Work. Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology delivered in the Divinity School, Camb., May Term 1889. By the Rev. K. James, M.A., Rector of Livermore, Suffolk, late Fellow of King's Coll., Camb. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Apostles' Creed. Sermons, by Robert Eyton, Rector of Upper Chelsea, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Sub-Almoner to Her Majesty the Queen. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Alexander Heriot Mackonochie. A Memoir. By E. A. T. Edited by E. F. Russell, M.A., St. Alban's, Holborn. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Hands, Hearts, and Homes. Friendly Counsels to Working Girls. By the Rev. C. R. Ball, M.A., Vicar Designate of All Saints', Peterborough. London: S.P.C.K. 1890.

Sound Doctrine and Christian Ritual. By H. K. Lewis. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Who and What is Christ? By F. Roh, S.J. Translated from the Fifth German edition. London: St. Anselm's Society. 1890.

The Wider Hope. Essays and Strictures on the Doctrine and Literature of Future Punishment. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

The Credibility of the Christian Religion; or, Thoughts on Modern Rationalism. By Samuel Smith, M.P. London: Marshall Brothers.

The Synagogue not the Temple the Germ and Model of the Christian Church. By the Rev. J. Gall. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.

The Word in the School. By A. S. Lamb. London: Nisbet & Co. 1890.

Jesus the Prophet of God. By C. J. Street, Minister of the Free Christian Church, Croydon. Croydon: Pelling & Co. 1890.

In the Pronaos of the Temple. By Franz Hartmann, D.D. London: Theosophical Publishing Society. 1890.

Hymns for Elementary Schools, Original and Selected. Arranged by Wilhelmina L. Rooper, the Music edited by Duncan Hume. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The Congregational Psalmist. (Third section, Additional Anthems.) Edited by Henry Allon, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

harshness in the exercise of ecclesiastical discipline, there is plenty of food for thought. The ground conception of the book is that the Saviour came upon earth charged with a revelation "to proclaim that God loves men, and to open a way by which men should come to the Father," but that He could not and would not discharge this mission in such a way as to lay a violent hand upon mind or conscience. Two great problems were to be solved—in the moral sphere the reconciliation of Trust with Freedom, in the intellectual the bringing of the Infinite into the Finite in such a way that the Finite should not be deprived of its rights. It is in the subtlety with which Mr. Latham has traced the operation of the Divine respect for human independence that the merit of his book consists. Everywhere in the Gospels we discern "a tenderness of God in dealing with man, a carefulness so to reveal Himself as not to obliterate a man's own personality." Hence the perfect humanity of our Lord, which Mr. Latham emphasizes very strongly; so far so as to maintain that, "unless it were specially summoned, His divine prescience remained in abeyance." Hence, also, the peculiar characteristics of the Gospel revelation. "The divine light is, indeed, a lantern to a man's path; but it is a lantern that throws its light only in the direction that he who carries it has to go." "Christ did not reveal what men can find out themselves." Further, "all must be put into that form with which man's understanding can deal; the only spiritual creature he can conceive is man; the only ideas he can conceive are human ideas; his mind must work on the lines along which men's minds move." It follows that revelation cannot, and ought not to, amount to a rigorous demonstration. There must always be left a loophole for doubt. All that Mr. Latham says on this point is singularly subtle and instructive. Yet, further, the same regard for human liberty is pointed out in the Lord's miracles. Had these signs been worked before a jury of medical experts, they would have missed their mark, and produced mere stupefaction. No miracle was ever meant to be such as to appal or compel acquiescence. "If the fact of the Resurrection had been so attested that no sane person could doubt of the fact, if He had appeared in public, and appalled Pilate on his judgment-seat or Herod on his throne, then—strange as it may appear—by the very fact of the historical certainty being thus established, the moral significance of the Resurrection would be impaired." Mr. Latham takes those very doubts which some insist upon with triumph and some turn from with dread, and turns them into witnesses for the faith.

Those who have studied Dean Vaughan's Commentary on the *Epistle to the Romans* will know what to look for in his new Commentary on the *Epistle to the Hebrews*. It is marked by the same delicate philological tact, the same profound sense of the importance of every word and phrase. So excellent is the workmanship that we can only point out, and must not complain of, the limitations which the author has imposed upon himself. Dean Vaughan acts rigorously upon the rule of interpreting the Bible by the Bible. Every important word is traced with admirable patience and skill through every winding of its Biblical usage; and every Scriptural illustration is brought out and weighed in crystal balances by a skilful hand. Certainly no one who desires to understand the Epistle should neglect this book. On the other hand, there is much that the student will want to know for which he must go elsewhere. Even in respect of the language of the Epistle this want will be felt, for the Epistle to the Hebrews has close relations, not only with Biblical Greek, but with the terminology of Jewish or heathen philosophy. Some remarkable words (such as ἕξις, ὑπόστασις), and some remarkable phrases (such as "milk and solid food"), can hardly be understood without going beyond the Canon for their elucidation. Dr. Westcott found it necessary to quote Philo on almost every page, and Dr. Vaughan might have permitted himself a few well-selected references to that writer. In his explanation of the well-known difficulties of the Epistles, Dr. Vaughan does not appear to differ from the general run of English editors. Indeed there is not much new light to be thrown upon the interpretation. One modern view we should have been glad to see discussed by Dr. Vaughan. It is that of Professor Schürer, who explains the daily offering of the High Priest (vii. 27) by the fact that certain cakes of bread were offered daily in the Temple in the name of the High Priest. If this explanation is correct, it relieves us of the great difficulty of supposing that in this passage "daily offering" is merely a loose expression for the yearly offering of the Day of Atonement. Dr. Vaughan takes the Veil (x. 20) to mean, as generally supposed, the Lord's Flesh, and does not agree with the rather strained explanation of Dr. Westcott. At the end of the volume will be found a brief but pregnant excursus on inspiration, every word of which deserves quotation, but we must content ourselves with a single sentence. "The only true view of inspiration will be that which is the net result of a lifelong study of Scripture itself, with all freedom in registering its phenomena, and all candour in pondering the question What saith it concerning itself?"

Professor Schürer's writings are of the first importance to all students of the subjects with which he deals. In his *History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ* he takes for his field "that realm of thought and history in which the universal religion of Christ grew up," beginning with the age of the Maccabees, and ending with the reign of Hadrian, when the traditional law of the Jews was for the first time committed to writing, and took shape as the Talmud. The present volume embraces the political history of Palestine from B.C. 175 to the death of Herod the Great. It contains an elaborate list and critique of all known sources of information, and tells in an agreeable and yet minutely accurate way all that there is to be told about the events, characters, chronology, and archæology of the period. We have to notice also a translation of the first volume of Delitzsch's *Commentary on Isaiah*, containing an interesting biographical notice of the lamented author by Canon Driver.

An Appeal to Unitarians by a Convert from Unitarianism is a little volume that is well worth reading. The anonymous author explains in a very modest and intelligent style the reasons that gradually drew him over to the orthodox belief. They were partly a growing sense of the spiritual aridity of Socinianism, and partly—and this is the most singular and instructive part of the book—the disturbing effects of modern German criticism. The first was doubtless the governing impulse. The author wanted a religion and not a philosophy, and could not be satisfied with clever Unitarian sermons which "never gave a deeper insight into the meaning of a single text of Scripture." As to Scripture, he appears to have held the old Unitarian doctrine that the Gospels, including the Miracles, were true, but that they did not assert the Divinity of our Lord. To one holding this position, it must, indeed, have been "a knock-down blow" to find Mr. Tayler maintaining that St. John did assert the Divinity, that the Gospel bearing his name is a forgery, and yet that it is "the most spiritual and sublime of all the books of the New Testament." Here old-fashioned Unitarianism was blown to pieces by one of the pundits of the creed, and at the same time the highest spirituality was pronounced to be quite compatible with conscious imposture. Naturally this led to reflection, and it became obvious to the author that he must either fall back or go on. Happily he took the latter course.

The Passion Play continues to afford a fruitful theme to writers who would surely be better advised if they would leave the simple-minded Ober-Ammergau peasants some chance of retaining their simple-mindedness. Archdeacon Farrar's account of the play is perhaps the best that has appeared since Dean Stanley's. He expresses very clearly a doubt whether this "humble flower from the middle ages can long keep its bloom and fragrance" under the burden of what photographers, tourists, and writers to the newspapers understand as celebrity, and tells us that the villagers themselves are beginning to feel this doubt.

Canon Rawlinson's account of *Isaac and Jacob; their Lives and Times* is learned and instructive, but prosy to a degree that is sometimes comic. "Both Isaac and Esau," we read, "felt the solemnity of the occasion"—the occasion, that is, when the blessing was to be pronounced on the first-born. "But, as prophets in after times needed music to develop the prophetic *afflatus*, so Isaac felt that he required a certain amount of physical comfort to cheer and warm him to a satisfactory delivery of the thoughts that stirred his heart." The *but* is a little odd here, and there was surely no need to make this grotesque comparison between the effects of music and those of food. To the same series ("Men of the Bible") Archdeacon Farrar contributes *The Lives and Times of the Minor Prophets*.

The Denominational Reason Why gives a popular account of the principal divisions of the Christian world. The form, which is catechetical, is a survival from the pre-scientific age, and the points are not always well selected. But the plan followed, that of giving the *raison d'être* of each sect by means of quotations from its chief advocates, is excellent.

So few books have been written about the work of the country clergyman that Mr. James's lectures (originally delivered in the Divinity School at Cambridge) cannot but be welcome. They are thoroughly sensible, and show that Mr. James has studied the character of his people and the best mode of getting hold of them. We could wish that he had warned his hearers against the sin of managing overmuch. Also, Mr. James should not have touched upon the Allotment question without pointing out how greatly the vicar's religious influence may be hampered by an unsympathetic attitude on this burning question. We should infer that Mr. James lives under a model squire, that his people get all that is good for them, and submit, accordingly, to be drilled in a way that is not possible in one of those unenlightened democracies known as "open parishes."

Mr. Eyton's *Sermons on the Apostles' Creed* deserve attentive perusal for their considerable intrinsic merit, but still more for the light they throw on the position of a school of thought which has of late attracted close attention. They belong to the same family as *Lux Mundi*. The outcry raised against that now famous volume was caused mainly by the treatment of the notion of inspiration. Yet Mr. Gore maintained nothing but what Mr. Latham, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Westcott, and all our best and most trusted teachers maintain, that the nature of inspiration is to be collected by careful and reverent study of the inspired books. Far more serious, from a practical point of view, is the teaching of the Liberal High Church on the subject of forgiveness. It rests upon ideas familiar to the Alexandrines, and has a strong affinity to Scotism, which has always had a powerful following in the Roman Communion. To this extent it is not novel. Forgiveness, it maintains, is inexplicable, and for those who are baptized, and therefore, in fact, forgiven, it is needless that it should be explained. But the new doctors go further than this; and, in their zeal for the conciliation of science, use expressions implying that forgiveness is not only inexplicable, but impossible. Mr. Eyton, for instance, declines to consider how the life and death of the Redeemer affect the mind of God. No one could

quarrel with him for this if he kept steadily in view the fact that the Passion is, in some way or other, the real ground of reconciliation and of moral improvement. But this he does not do; and all he has to say to his hearers is, You are baptized, and that is enough. Even this might pass; but Mr. Eyton cannot assure his congregation that there is any such thing as forgiveness. "This state of not being able to see and receive God's love is the sinner's self-inflicted punishment. After looking at this, how vain it seems to think of God being merciful, and letting a man off punishment. How can you let a man off being what he is?" Surely by making him something different; and the touch of the Cross can make him different, in spite of strongest motive, heredity, environment, and hippocampus major. There is no such thing as self-inflicted punishment. Men do not inflict anything upon themselves; and, if they did, it would not be punishment. They do wrong, and they are punished. Sometimes they feel that some one who has a right to be obeyed is angry with them, they make proper submission, and "get let off." It is a matter of daily experience; and, though it may be difficult to explain, is by no means nonsense. What Mr. Eyton and his friends preach is sanctification, not redemption; that is to say, it is preaching for good people. Unfortunately, we are not all of us good. Many will feel that the thoughtfulness of the new school is of rather a pallid cast, and does not appeal, either to the head or to the heart, with anything like the same force as preaching of a much less cultivated sort.

A brief notice is all we can give to the *Memoir* of Mr. Mackonochie. Mr. Mackonochie was a worker, rather than a talker or thinker, and such characters do not make the best subjects for the biographer's art. But E. A. T. gives a clear picture of this resolute devoted man, who in ancient days might have been thrown to the lions, and in our confused modern times was cast to the attorneys.

Dr. Godet desires us to point out that in his *Studies on the Epistles* he did not intend to ascribe to Tertullian the opinion that Apollos was the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The semicolon on p. 336 ought to come before the parenthesis ("following in this Tertullian," &c.), not after it.

We have received also *Hands, Hearts, and Homes*, a set of practical, kindly, and rather amusing addresses to working girls, by the Rev. C. R. Ball; *Sound Doctrine and Christian Ritual*, wherein Mr. H. K. Lewis demonstrates that to superior people doctrine is unnecessary and ritual a mistake; *Who and What is Christ?* a translation of a little German treatise on the life, teaching, and miracles of our Lord, by Father Roh, of the Society of Jesus; *The Wider Hope*, a collection of papers on what used to be called Purgatory, and is now called Eschatology; *The Credibility of the Christian Religion*, by Samuel Smith, M.P. This is described in American notices as a "live pamphlet," but is really a very good and sensible piece of work; *The Synagogue not the Temple the Germ and Model of the Christian Church*, by the Rev. James Gall; *the Word in the School*, by Mr. A. S. Lamb; *Jesus the Prophet of God*, by Mr. C. J. Street; *In the Pronaos of the Temple*, by Dr. Hartmann, and two little musical volumes which may be found useful, *Hymns for Elementary Schools*, by Wilhelmina L. Rooper, and *The Congregational Psalmist*, a collection of easy anthems and Te Deums edited by Dr. Allon.

TWO MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.*

ADMIRAL SHORTLAND'S treatise on Nautical Surveying is not only full of interest to many naval officers and other professional men, but must afford much valuable assistance to students who are desirous of mastering the higher principles of triangulation at sea, in order to ascertain the "geodetic relations" and bearing of selected points or stations. The author's knowledge of the subject was of a thoroughly practical kind, being perfected during years of active service after careful training in mathematics. After assisting as sub-lieutenant in the settlement of Melbourne and survey of Port Phillip, Shortland obtained permission of the Admiralty to study at Cambridge, and, coming out seventh wrangler in 1842, was chosen a Fellow of Pembroke. On the North American Survey he was appointed to the command of the *Columbia* in 1844, and within five years was placed in charge of the Bay of Fundy and Nova Scotia Survey. In 1865 he was employed in the Mediterranean Survey, and soon after in taking soundings between Aden and Bombay. Shortland's account of the sounding voyage was printed by the Admiralty, and has received special praise, both at home and abroad, as a scientific and useful work, embodying much valuable information on deep-sea work.

The present work is at the same time mathematical and eminently practical. Of the latter feature, the directions for "examining" a sextant (Chap. II.) afford a simple example; since after a review of elementary points which proceed from "first" to "seventhly," there follow thirty-four pages of mathematical tests and reasoning, with detailed examples to show their practical application and the exact determination of errors due to observation. Besides chapters on latitude, difference of longitude, true bearings, base lines, and triangulation, there is a long account (over 90 pp.) of the ocean tides, with some instances worked out from actual observation. Other matters discussed are comparison of the astronomical and geodetic measures, projection—plane and mercatorial—sounding, and "running surveys." To conclude, this work, like so many others of which we have had reason to complain, is incomplete from want of an index.

Dr. Muir's name is already inseparably associated with the theory of determinants, and we formerly had occasion to remark upon his excellent manner of introducing many special forms which otherwise most English readers might never have known, or at least appreciated. The present volume is a proof of considerable research and labour on the author's part, his object being twofold—first, to collect and arrange all that has been written on the theory of determinants; secondly, to show to whom "every step in advance has been due," with actual data or evidence. Dr. Muir intimates that, had mathematicians not been so poorly provided with bibliographies, the initiatory and most laborious part of this undertaking would have been spared him. Moreover, as it appears, "two of the foremost nationalities of Europe" had failed in adequately sharing the work of historical research in this matter. France had taken comparatively slight interest "in any part of the subject"; and England, though contributing largely to the development of the theory of determinants, had been "content, as regards the history, simply to accept the results of German assiduity." It is to be remembered, however, that during what Dr. Muir afterwards calls the first period of his subject—namely, from Leibnitz in 1693 to Cauchy in 1812—the development of the theory was due almost entirely to the French intellect. His second period—from Gergonne in 1813 to Jacobi in 1841—gives the pre-eminence rather to Germany than to France. Binet and Cauchy are the leading names of the earlier period, as Jacobi and Schweins are of the latter. Being bibliographical, the book is furnished with two indexes—one of the mathematicians mentioned, and another of the classified results of their work under this head—to be superseded in the next volume of the work by "a complete index." On p. 34 we note two misprints (indices misplaced) in the "lemme" quoted from Lagrange.

* *Nautical Surveying.* By the late Vice-Admiral Shortland, LL.D. Published by his Widow and Children. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Theory of Determinants in the Historical Order of its Development. Part I. By Thomas Muir, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

NEWCASTLE.*

IT is very reprehensible in Mr. Clark, of Dowlais, to tell us so little about Newcastle. There must be plenty, of the kind he alone knows how to handle, about that odd little Norman keep, with its gigantic gate close by, about the curious downstairs chapel, and the double-barrelled fore-building; but he only refers incidentally to it in his *Mediæval Military Architecture*, and we must accept what Mr. Boyle tells us, without the usual resource, when castles are concerned, of being able to turn to Mr. Clark for confirmation or correction. These expressions must not be taken as any censure on Mr. Boyle, who has both done his work well and is extremely modest about it. But in judging of the merits or faults of a book of this kind the task is made more difficult when the authorities on whom we usually depend are silent. Mr. Boyle quotes largely from Mr. Clark, but it is on the construction of castles in general, and not on that of Newcastle Castle in particular. The fore-building is particularly puzzling. There can be no reasonable doubt that the double apartment in the basement is, as it is always called, the chapel; but the analogy of Dover would place a chapel in the fore-building, where is now the caretaker's lodge, a very elaborately ornamented chamber. But the whole building is in a late style of Norman, and we cannot argue as to its features from those of the Tower of London or of the Castle at Dover. As it is now, the situation at the foot of a slope, with the gigantic railway bridge rising in the air above it on one side, is altogether peculiar and anomalous. Looking townward from the bridge, we have it in the immediate foreground, a Grecian building containing law courts being on the right, and the Blackgate behind. The moat and all other surrounding defences are gone, and, with the exception of these three buildings, the Castle Garth, as it is still called, has nothing but some picturesque if squalid cottages to fill its area. Above it on the ridge, or what appears to be the ridge from where we stand, is the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, with its fantastic spire, so well known throughout the realms of civilization from Bewick's engravings. But the vast railway works dwarf everything else, and we soon recognize that the church and the castle are as nothing in comparison with the bridge in its importance to the headquarters of the coal trade.

Monkchester, as it was called before Robert "Curthose" built a fort in it, is by no means the grimy place one might expect. It compares very favourably with murky Manchester or shabby Sheffield, and looks well even when contrasted with its nearest neighbour, Gateshead. This is partly caused by the way in which the principal streets are laid out. They are wide and cheerful; and real architects, not builders only, have been employed to make stately designs for street fronts. What we see of this sort in stucco in Regent Street we see in stone at Newcastle. The first note, so to speak, is struck by the handsome Palladian portico of the railway-station; and the harmony is kept up by the numerous colonnades and pediments of fair pro-

* *Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead.* By J. R. Boyle. Illustrated by W. H. Knowles. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

portion to be seen at every turn. The curious deterioration of architectural design so visible in most English towns, and above all in London, is also to be noticed here; but, except in a mock Gothic building near the western end of the town, with a singularly ill-proportioned steeple, it is not yet very obtrusive. Stephenson's monument, by Lough, is quite redeemed by the beauty of the Town Hall buildings near it; and Grey Street, filled with fine banks, theatres, exchanges, and public offices, designed to set each other off to the best advantage, will not readily be forgotten by a visitor. Here and there an ancient half-timbered house looks in to make the street picturesque, the two old churches adding to the effect, and a few wretched modern buildings in the anomalous style, which will hereafter, we suppose, be called Victorian, but which most people at present recognize as of South Kensington, the style of General Scott and Mr. Waterhouse, are there, it is true, but are not common enough yet to spoil the view. Dobson, the architect to whom Newcastle owes most of its beauty, and Grainger, who gave his genius its opportunity, should be equally honoured by the townsfolk. Dobson's secret is easily found. He was willing to spend on his work what the designers of modern houses would not dream of employing—namely, a little thought. When he was commissioned to design the railway-station, we read that he spent three days in merely watching the traffic, the issue of tickets, the sway of the busy throng of passengers to this side or that, and, in short, in making himself generally acquainted with the necessities and the capabilities of the site. The result, both there and in the streets laid out by Grainger, is eminently satisfactory, and goes far to mask the blackness and bleakness inseparable from a majority of the streets of a manufacturing and commercial town. A fine riverside quay or embankment would make Newcastle one of the most beautiful towns in the kingdom, worthy to compete with York in its antiquities and with Belfast in its modern features.

The church of St. Nicholas is conspicuous everywhere. It is not, however, either very large or very handsome as a cathedral. From this point of view it is a parish church gone wrong. As a parish church it ranked, with St. Mary Redcliffe or St. James at Bury, among the finest in England. As a "bishop's-stool" it is amongst the lowest. Nor can anything be done. Alterations would not improve it. Had it been made, like one of the parish churches at Liverpool, a temporary or *ad interim* cathedral, it would have been better, as there would then be hope that Newcastle might some day boast a cathedral worthy of her other public buildings. There is much about it to admire. The famous steeple looks better than might be expected, the pinnacle on flying buttresses, which forms its central feature, being strictly subordinate to the whole design of the tower. It is on a much larger scale than the tower of St. Dunstan's in the East, in London, but it is probably smaller than the similar steeple which gave its name to St. Mary "le Bow," in Cheap. It is certainly more beautiful than the other examples at Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Mr. Stevenson has employed the same expedient in a new church in Perthshire with some success. The interior of St. Nicholas has a peculiarity which is left unnoticed either by Mr. Boyle or by the local guides. The floor slopes from the western door to the chancel, the effect being commodious for persons seated at the west end, but otherwise exceedingly unpleasant. The monuments are in many cases very handsome. Of the Maddison monument Mr. Knowles supplies a beautiful drawing, and it certainly deserves all the praise that can be lavished upon it. Church restoration has to answer for its removal from the west end of the nave for which it was designed. The Hall monument, though much smaller, is well worthy of notice, and Mr. Knowles figures it also. Although there is a Bewick Porch, in which are many memorials, there seems to be none of the great Newcastle artist Thomas Bewick. There is, however, a tablet to his chief pupil, William Harvey.

Bewick's house may still be seen in the churchyard, much as it was when he lived and worked in it. Its identity is marked by a tablet in the wall. Perhaps daylight was a commoner commodity in Newcastle than it is now; but it would tax very keen eyes to do the work Bewick set himself here under the dark shadow of the church and the heavy pall of coal smoke which now hangs over the town.

The municipal history of Newcastle is very interesting, and might well have been detailed at greater length by Mr. Boyle. Like too many modern writers he mixes up the town guild, the Merchant Adventurers Company, and the burgesses in general, so that it is impossible for us to gain any clear ideas from his few pages on this subject. A guildhall and a "town-house" were under the same roof, but some distinction was evidently made between them. The town belonged to the English crown from the time of Henry II., and we might expect to hear of early and curious charters. It became a county of itself in 1400, but did not obtain custody of the Castle or its Garth till the reign of George III. During the Great Rebellion it was, however, garrisoned by the citizens and their plucky mayor, Sir John Marley. In 1644, Newcastle was besieged by the Scots, who threatened to fire at the spire of St. Nicholas. To prevent this, Marley filled the steeple with Scottish prisoners. Eventually he had to evacuate the town, but held out in the Castle for some days longer. Marley escaped to the Continent, where he remained till the Restoration. Both the Castle and the archway, called the Blackgate, as some suppose, after a certain Patrick Black, who lived in the reign of James I., but, according to Mr. Boyle, because of its gloomy character, are occupied as museums by the local Society of Antiquaries, a flourishing body, now itself of some antiquity. They had both come to base uses, the keep containing a prison, and other parts of the premises being used for taverns and manufactories. An advertisement, quoted by Mr. Boyle, offers them as suitable for a brewery in 1782. At present the great hall of the keep and one of the adjoining chambers are used for meetings of the Society and for holding their library; and many relics of the old town have been preserved here, among them being a very handsome mantelpiece from the old Mansion House on the river side. It is carved with the apotheosis of James I.

Gateshead was to Newcastle very much what Southwark was to London, a refuge for escaped felons, "to a very evil example in the hinderance of justice." But the earl-bishops of Durham would not surrender their rights in the town, while the good folk of Gateshead disliked the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle as having "a great disdayne at the said town of Gateshed," and having refused them leave to enter the markets. Mr. Boyle devotes a fair share of his book to the town, which is still under separate government, and some of Mr. Knowles's prettiest drawings illustrate its antiquities.

PHILOSOPHIA ULTIMA.*

To take part in the never-ending and never satisfactory discussion on science *versus* religion is not a profitable task. Yet it is to this that the reader is invited by Dr. Shields in his enormous work. No doubt the author concludes with an ever-growing harmony between the opposing forces; but will either side be satisfied with that? The "eclectic spirit" is not to be despised; yet it is never satisfactory. Unless progress by some process of evolution is implied, there is little indeed to commend it. The worst of it is that the person who tries by its means to harmonize forces which have been antagonistic for centuries is sure to bear the wrath of both. Even as Mr. Pickwick was between the rival editors of Eatanswill, so will Dr. Shields be. In this country we are not without such trimmers. The Bishop of London delivered a "science sermon" some years ago which was as near trimming as one that gave the adversary everything he asked for could be. Dr. Shields is by no means so gratuitous. He holds that reason and revelation are things apart—using reason in the lower sense as equivalent to understanding. This is one of the great mistakes which occurs both in his first and in his second volumes. He abhors Comte and Hegel alike on account of their "miscalled philosophies of religion," while he is ready to embrace a follower of the latter (Principal Caird) because the Principal is supposed somehow to belong to the "Scottish School"—a supposition which would considerably widen the circle of the sect. It is plain that here, as elsewhere, Dr. Shields has made use of names and books from a passing reference. He has been satisfied with skipping through a volume, or with taking views at second-hand. Probably the latter is nearer to the mark than the other, for mistakes of this kind are constantly being made. To take two examples—it is not true that Jonathan Edwards was "orthodox"; and it is not true that either Hegel or Comte sought to "prejudge the powers and relations of the Absolute Intelligence without regard to its actual expressions." There may be some truth underlying the connexion of the two apparently distinct philosophies to which he refers, but it is a truth which he evidently does not see. Still further, the mediation between science and religion is given to philosophy only for the purpose of accomplishing and ending her own mission (vol. i. p. 276):—

> The reconciliation of Science and Religion is not only a distinctive problem of Philosophy, but precisely that one chief problem by the solution of which her own function is exhausted, her goal attained, her mission accomplished. In establishing the validity of human reason, in maintaining the authority of Divine revelation, in logically combining them as co-ordinate means of knowledge and pouring their blended light upon all classes of facts, she is but fulfilling that sublime ideal towards which her followers from age to age have been struggling with unquenchable hope and courage.

This is very pretty rhetoric—as pretty as it is unsatisfactory. The answer to these sentences is simple. If revelation be miraculous, then it cannot be harmonized with science; if it be not miraculous, then there is no need of such a harmony. On the other hand, if Dr. Shields had said instead of revelation "the religious spirit" he would have found the harmony ready to his hand. As Charles Kingsley pointed out long ago, that man makes a poor follower of science whose every step in her direction leads not to a deeper feeling of reverence and awe. If our author means a reconciliation between theological and scientific dogmatics he will have to wait a long time, for the simple reason that neither of these can present a united front. Christian dogmatics may be taken to mean what the Germans, the Dutch, the English and Scotch, and the Americans say. But who is to judge between them? This volume (vol. i.) answers, "Dr. Shields, to be sure"; but thinking men will not give in to an

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* *Philosophia Ultima; or, Science of the Sciences.* By Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Princeton College. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, Limited.

Catholic Manuals of Philosophy—Psychology. By Michael Maher, S.J. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

The Protoplast. A Series of Papers. By E. C. C. Baillie. Edited by John Baillie, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co. 1890.

eclectic enthusiast. There is no use in mincing the matter. The author has begun with a dualism between science and religion, and he heals it with a sticking-plaster. Philosophy is not only to bring but to gum together matters which, until he interfered, were hopelessly apart. And this interference is not to bring them nearer, but to show each its place—further than ever from the other. The one curious thing about all Dr. Shields's writing on this subject is that he makes philosophy, not a dictator, but an umpire, as in cricket. It is plain that we cannot carry such an analogy very far; but it is equally plain that to use it at all is to make a complete mess of his supposed reconciliation. The "umpire" must either be a negation or lean to one of the two sides. In each case his word is nothing. Arbitration needs a perfectly independent arbiter. Can we find such a one among the philosophers? Is it to be Lotze or Bradley? Is it to be Spencer or one of the Cairds? Or, as we have good reason to imagine, is it Dr. Shields? This last suggestion would put us all right. A cablegram would settle all the questions now disputed. We could all with more gentleness worry away at our special subject, knowing that we had a discriminating authority on the other side of the Atlantic. Has he not told us that philosophy, when distinguishing between science and religion, has no authority of its own? It is perfectly clear that it gets its authority from Dr. Shields. Before leaving this many-editioned and much-belauded first volume it is necessary to say that, with regard to French, German, English, and Scottish philosophy, the author is in a hopeless muddle. He must have devoured scraps here and there; but scraps are not digestible. What is really good in the volume is not to be found in any of its dogmatic judgments, nor in any of its somewhat silly attempts at eclecticism, but in two or three pages—the volume contains four hundred—wherein the catholicity of the philosophic spirit is upheld. This volume—although we do not remember to have seen it before—is old, and has passed through several editions. It has, however, been revised, and a second volume, quite new, has been added to it. The change from first to second is a remarkable one. In the former case we were led to believe that the *scientia scientiarum*, as Dr. Shields translates the Greek of Aristotle, was to be found in philosophy, which he himself plainly called in as umpire. In the latter, however, we find that a further and more difficult step has been taken. Philosophy is now understood no more merely as a stander-by at the game between religion and science, but as that one science which includes and explains all the others from theology to astronomy. This may be all right; but the eternal difficulty remains about what Dr. Shields calls "revelation." However much he tries to make a compromise between "then" and "now," it is perfectly apparent that he holds fast to the theory of miracle as recorded in the Bible. That God speaks once, and in a special place, is really his theory. Not once, but a dozen times, does Dr. Shields refer to the necessity of a revelation to complement the investigations of science. It must be pulled in, not as supra-natural, but as filling up a space which the sciences themselves have left vacant. Consequently the old position of the schoolmen is reversed, and theology, once the mistress of philosophy, becomes now her handmaid. Nevertheless, the difficulty remains that the baggage of the handmaid includes several startling things, such as immediate revelation, miracles, and so forth, which the other servant-sciences of philosophy have been able to dispense with. Present-day agnosticism will have as little to do with special interferences with the laws of nature as would the pantheism of some well-known German philosophies. But our author holds fast to his position. He even goes so far as to denounce Professor Flint because, in the latter's sketch of a final philosophy, "there is no hint of a theory of revelation as falling within the scope of philosophy, not less than a theory of knowing and being." Both of these theological professors would admit the possibility of a philosophy of religion; yet from such philosophy it is inevitable that special revelation and special miracles should be excluded. It is necessary to use the word "special" in this reference, since Dr. Shields admits, in another part of his volume, that "there are those (and they already form a large number) who can consistently hold the extreme theory of universal evolution together with the doctrine of absolute creation and find no insuperable difficulty in combining the two ideas in the conception of a personal Creator, immanent yet independent in his own evolving creation." This immanence of God in a growing world is quite as contradictory to the theory of miraculous intervention as it is to any theory of "independence." The latter term can only mean the power of an arbitrary will—perhaps once exercised but now no longer manifested in the world. In short, it is logically impossible to have both immanence and independence predicated of the same being. But Dr. Shields himself makes a much more serious mistake when he says, "Once inside an accredited revelation, reason herself is ready to accept mysteries and even paradoxes." By whom was the revelation accredited? By reason, of course. And she shows her wisdom by going "inside" it and readily accepting paradoxes. This is particularly like the entrance into the Roman Catholic Church. A man uses his reason but once, and that is when he denies it and delivers it up. This is scarcely the position which we should have expected to be taken up by a Princeton divine. He has greater if not yet perfect success when he treats of Theosophic Science, although here again he must expect to receive not thanks but blows from either side. Still his statement that "in the view of philosophy. . . . the very distinction between the natural and the supernatural vanishes" shows that he is much nearer the truth than possibly he imagines. A great deal too much has been made of these two words, as if they were logical contradictions, which they are not. Much time has been wasted and temper spent which could have easily been spared had the antagonists condescended to a first definition of the terms used in their argument. Dr. Shields's bulky volumes are not likely to attract the student, unless they are used as an encyclopædia. In that way they may be very valuable, although it is unfortunate that he has omitted to give chapter and page for every quotation. His conclusion of the whole matter is:—"As to each problem rival schools have been compared, extreme errors avoided, and resultant truths combined. The avoided errors are positivism and absolutism, atheism and pantheism, scepticism and rationalism. The resultant truths are an idealistic realism, a monistic theism, and an agnostic gnosticism." If this be not the perfection of eclecticism we shall have long enough to wait for that.

It has been noticed again and again that a philosophy which depends on authority is scarcely deserving of the name. Descartes, indeed, who was really the first Protestant in philosophy, was apparently willing to let his system, or any part of it, go if the Church had made objections. At that time the Church was probably too busy to study Descartes, and lost an opportunity of which its opponents have taken advantage. But the series of "Catholic Manuals" now being issued in England, of which *Psychology*, by Michael Maher, S.J., is the latest, are, as he distinctly informs us, founded on the teaching of Aristotle and St. Thomas, the latter being the principal authority quoted. Whether the Scholastics have formerly had less, or are now having more, than their due is not the present question. The real point is whether in logic, metaphysics, and psychology there has been no advance since their time. The present volume is mainly directed against the "sensist," or what is generally called the sensationalist school of thinkers, and leans more nearly to the Scottish than to any other psychology. One sentence near the end, which we italicize for ourselves, is quite enough to show how completely such a work is beyond ordinary criticism:—"The Catholic student of science must be prepared to admit that the Church is certainly capable of deciding on the point [*i.e.* evolution] if occasion arise. The Church in defining articles of faith may at times *indirectly determine a scientific truth, or a question of historical fact, and the Catholic must be ready to believe that an infallible authority will not be permitted to err in such matters.*" We are quite ready to believe that an infallible authority cannot err, with or without permission; and if the Catholic chooses to believe in Papal infallibility as to facts of science and history it is all right. Only, in that case, he should not study philosophy.

A book which is entering upon its fifth edition has fortunately no need of eulogy, since the fact is that we have no praise whatever to give it. *The Protoplast* is a silly, vain, and pretentious book, belonging to that particularly devout and Pharisaic school which sighs over any criticism that shows a different result from itself. It is sorry for those who disagree with it, and prays that the agreement may soon come, not by any breadth of concession on its own part, but by all the world coming to look through its spectacles. There is nothing more irritating to an honest hard-working Christian than such books as these; while they simply persuade the more educated to contemptuous silence. Well-meaning with bad result, authoritative without sufficient learning or experience, pietistic without energy or character, volumes of this sort, however widely diffused, have in them a distinctly bad tendency. *The Protoplast* is no exception to the rule.

YOUNG'S ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY.*

THE volume before us, though bearing all the traces of a common origin with its author's *General Astronomy*, reviewed a twelvemonth since in these pages, is, nevertheless, substantially a new work. That is to say, a smaller amount of (chiefly) the same materials has been thoroughly recast in the interests of a different class of readers. The former treatise was a College, the present is a High school, text-book; and the distinction is preserved by careful adjustment throughout to a lower level of acquirement. Difficulties are not, indeed, altogether pushed out of sight; there is no attempt at the "Kindergarten" style of teaching; rather, of the two, a bracing mental regimen is chosen for the pupils to whom it is desired to impart "an intelligent understanding, both of the facts of astronomy themselves and of the methods" by which they have been ascertained. The mode of instruction pursued is grave, simple, and direct; scientific terms are first clearly explained, and then freely used, the author rightly judging familiarity with them to be an important part of a complete education, with a far more satisfactory result, it appears to us, both as regards interest and improvement, than if, winding his way along circuitous routes of expression, he had sought familiarity to the prejudice of definiteness. Beyond, however, a schoolboy's usual acquaintance with the elements of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, no mathematics are needed

* *The Elements of Astronomy: a Text-Book for use in High Schools and Academies.* By Charles A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. London: Edward Arnold. 1890.

for following the text; and a comprehensive Appendix embodying discussions and developments of a slightly more advanced nature can be used in part, or not at all, as individual capacity and the discretion of the teacher may suggest. What is, indeed, requisite to genuine students of this book is the mathematical turn of mind, as it may be called—a certain native clearness of conception, an incommunicable aptness for perceiving the necessary relations of figure to space, and of number to time, which is the indispensable foundation of any truly scientific superstructure.

A particularly useful Supplement is formed by a brief description of the constellations, helped out by four maps large enough for the identification of the principal stars. The pursuit of abstract learning is wonderfully stimulated by personal association with the concrete objects treated of, and when those objects are "the pale populace of heaven," with their mysterious suggestions of beauty, of majesty, and of splendour, enthusiasm may readily develop out of the thin predilections of the class-room. And enthusiasm makes astronomers.

The preparation of an astronomical text-book is in these days a task of no slight intricacy, and demands on many points the exercise of a nice judgment. As a preliminary to its accomplishment, the claims of the new and old—both alike valid—have to be conciliated. On at least an equal footing with the traditional science of the celestial movements, exclusive, precise, sublime in its lofty superiority and unique in the infallibility of its predictions, must be admitted a revolutionary inquirer into celestial physics, an aggressive and versatile rival, disdaining no means that conduce to the gratification of its inexhaustible inquisitiveness. The results secured in marvellous profusion by the fertile ingenuity of its votaries cannot be neglected; yet a proportion of them strike many well-balanced minds as scarcely reaching the standard of certainty that would justify their inclusion in works of an elementary character. What is still unsettled should clearly be excluded; but in a rapidly progressive science there is always a wide borderland where probabilities of all degrees contend and compete to the bewilderment of the unskilled intruder. Nor is embarrassment at an end when the work of selection is accomplished. The methods of astronomical physics are so novel, so varied, and so penetrative of natural secrets, that no small difficulty attends the process of making their principles intelligible to beginners.

Professor Young's merit in overcoming it is all the greater. He is, indeed, exceptionally qualified to apportion the relative importance of various kinds of research. The distinction personally won by him as a solar spectroscopist has not warped his judgment into exclusiveness. His astronomical knowledge is wide, and his interests are catholic. He has no theories of his own to support, and he deals without passion or prejudice with the theories of his contemporaries. To some minds the "falsehood of extremes" is obvious and objectionable; to others the inconclusiveness of the mean. Our present author belongs to the first category. His estimates of new work and new thoughts are wise and calm; he gives them their due; but he is slow to believe in universal formulas of explanation. Nor, indeed, is there any sure prospect that the "Open, Sesame" to the citadel of cosmical knowledge will be pronounced for some time to come.

Silence, it has been remarked, is the counsel of the wise as regards the causes of stellar variability. But to writers of books this discreet course is not open; they must speak, if only to avow ignorance. Professor Young does little more, except in the case of the "eclipse-stars," which have since justified his view of their character; and he cannot fairly be held responsible for an opinion expressed with such reserve as that referring a large proportion of other kinds of light-change to a combination of a "sun-spot period" with axial rotation. The point raised is, however, of some importance. No one, we believe, can doubt the existence of a true analogy between solar and stellar vicissitudes who attentively compares the curves severally representing them. Each shows the same steep ascent to maximum, followed by a more gradual decline towards minimum, often interrupted, too, by a singular pause, as if a contemplated secondary rise failed of execution; in each the effects of a complicated periodicity are traceable, each reveals a similar degree of irregularity in the intensity of successive crises, and each records retarded and accelerated, or partially abortive, phases. Above all, the maximum of spotted area in the sun corresponds to the maximum of light in the star, the disappearance of spots to a comparatively quenched stellar condition. Hence the theory of obscuration by spots precisely *inverts* the obvious truth that the same kind of activity—however occasioned—displaying itself in the sun through the development of maculæ, faculæ, and coronal aigrettes, produces in stars the recurring luminous outbursts first ascertained with amazement in Mira, the "Wonderful" star in Cetus.

Professor Young thinks it "best to retain, provisionally at least, the old distinction between shooting-stars and the great meteors from which aerolites fall." Besides, "we know that an *aerolitic meteor* is a compact mass of rock," while "it is possible, and rather likely, that the *shooting-star*, on the contrary, is a little *dust-cloud*, like a puff of smoke" (p. 283). Be their nature what it may, there can be little doubt that ten to twenty millions of them are daily engulfed in the earth's atmosphere. Yet with inappreciable effects. The mass of our planet may indeed be augmented by this continuous bombardment to the extent of forty thousand tons a year; but, even so, "it would take about a thousand million years to accumulate a layer one inch thick on the earth's surface." The diminution in the length of the year which meteoric infalls are, in various ways, competent to produce, can scarcely, we are told, exceed one-thousandth of a second in a million years; while the yearly increment of terrestrial heat through the destruction of meteoric motion amounts, it is estimated, to the supply received from the sun in about *one-tenth of a second* (p. 286).

Of the work under notice the type and illustrations (all but a very imperfect little set of "light-curves" of variable stars) deserve high commendation; it is supplied with a capital index, a serviceable set of tables, and is disfigured by few errors of print. Moreover, the merit of clearness belonging, as by right, to the style in which it is written, is here and there pleasantly enhanced by a subdued savour of piquancy. We have, however, noticed at p. 234 one seriously misleading statement. The aggregate mass of the asteroids has not been determined at one-fourth the terrestrial mass; all that is known about it is that it must fall *below* that limit. Leverrier showed that a perceptible advance of the perihelion of Mars should result from their collective attractions *if* they reached the specified value; since no such effect is visible, he concluded that they do *not* reach it. For anything that appears, they may amount to no more than a hundredth, or a thousandth, part of it. English readers will be diverted at the author's solicitude lest horizon should be pronounced *hor'-ī-zon*, and Orion, *O'-rī-on*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LÉON BOUCHER'S *History of English Literature* (1) is not a large book, and its author, with pleasing but unnecessary modesty, seems to disclaim anything but the attempt to compile and set forth the consensus of the best indigenous criticism on his subject. We confess that we think that literary history, if it is to be good for very much, must be first hand, and that the too prevalent habit of either handing on with faithful docility, or of mixing and blending, with eclectic presumption, the opinions of others, is responsible for the extreme badness of many works of the class. But M. Léon Boucher's is not bad; it is, on the whole, decidedly good, and we are only sorry that the author did not give more scope to the "personal opinion" which he disclaims, and to the personal knowledge which we are sure he possesses. Even as it is, his book is a really remarkable *résumé*, the author's knowledge being, in the majority of cases, sufficient to save him from the great danger of writers who compile from eminent hands—the danger of combining views of literature which are diametrically opposed, or of selecting, it may be from the right authors, the wrong pronouncements. Into this pitfall—which, it is not too much to say, engulfed the last summary history of English literature in French, a book loudly praised by ignorant French critics, and formally crowned by those who should have known better—M. Boucher has very rarely fallen. On some authors whom it is most imperative to judge with independence and competence combined, for want of critical consensus—Thackeray and Hazlitt, for instance—he is sometimes not quite satisfactory; but it is curious that, where there are good guides, he generally has an instinct for and sticks to the best. On the whole, the youthful Frenchman who takes this book as an introduction to the subject has, and has for the first time, a guide who will seldom lead him wrong.

We have for so many years given particulars of the curious shoal of almanacks which appears at Paris each October that it is, perhaps, unnecessary to dwell on the major part of them (2). The *Liégeois* (triple, double, and simple), the *Prophétique*, that *à l'usage des jeunes mères*, those *de la mère Gigogne, des dames et des demoiselles, des Saints-Cœurs, du Savoir-vivre*, the *Parisien*, that of Mathieu de la Drôme (again in three sizes), the *Scientifique*, the *Comique*, that *du bon catholique*, the *Astrologique*, the *Parfait Vigneron*, that *de la bonne cuisine*, that *de la France*, that *du musée des familles*, have the usual curious mixture of snips from newspapers, with matter more or less bearing on their special titles, illustrations more or fewer, and in some cases a good deal of miscellaneous information, statistical and other. If the proud boast which appears on the cover of one—and we think more than one—of them, that "almanacks are to fifteen millions of Frenchmen the only source of knowledge of the fate of Europe, of the laws of their country, of the progress of arts, sciences, and industries, of their duties and of their rights," is true, the fact, we fear, would hardly be an answer to those scandalous ones who say that, of the more civilized nations of Europe, the French, whether the worst educated or not, are incomparably the worst informed. But it would represent a certain mass of rather undigested and unequally valuable information. Two or three, the most attractive of which can hardly be said to aim at information at all, escape this condemnation. The *Lunatique*, which stands midway between the principal comic almanacks and the general run, has some fair cuts. The *Almanach de célébrités* provides for those who have the not universally intelligible mania of covering screens, &c., with portraits, woodcuts of President Carnot, of the Dukes of Orleans, Montpensier, and Aosta, of the inevitable M. Eiffel, of Admirals Jaurès, Courbet, and Jurien de la Gravière, of MM. de Pontmartin, Augier, Labiche, and Chevreul, with not a few others.

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(1) *Histoire de la littérature anglaise.* Par Léon Boucher. Paris: Garnier.

(2) *Almanachs pour* 1891. Paris: au Dépôt Central des Almanachs (Plon, Nourrit, et Cie.)

The three almanacks which aim somewhat higher, æsthetically speaking, though, speaking ethically, somewhat lower than these, the *Almanach des Parisiennes* or Grévin, the *Almanach du Charivari*, and the *Almanach pour rire*, do not seem to us to be at their happiest. Perhaps it is that the styles of all the principal designers are very marked and now very familiar; perhaps, that the Naturalist movement has further encouraged tendencies which have always been somewhat pronounced in French writing and drawing of this kind. "Vingt-deuxième année," which is inscribed on M. Grévin's title-page, accounts for a good deal, no doubt; and the expression of the *poisson d'Avril* below it atones for much. But the satyress or fauness, opulent in curves, who supports the quarterly calendars, grows a little monotonous at the fourth repetition; and so do the young persons with impossibly short noses, their lovers with idiotically long ones, and their harridans of mothers in *concierge* array, who people the full-page cuts. Still the good lady who draws her *fantaisie héraldique* with for motto "L'un n'empêche pas l'autre" is pleasing. There is somewhat more variety in the *Charivari*, the chief spirits of which are MM. Henriot, Tézier and Draner, and the legends, at any rate, are as a rule better. Harridan number one, who when Harridan number two says sympathizingly "Comprends ça" to her complaints of the suffering she endured when her daughter was first lured away from her, rejoins "Mais ce n'est rien à côté du chagrin que j'ai eu quand on me l'a ramenée," is good. The *Pari mutuel* and the telephone defray a large part of the wit. On the whole, "Mars," who reigns supreme, though not alone, in the *Almanach pour rire*, keeps such charm as he has better than any of them. It is not very strong, and it is not infinitely various; but there is always a certain quality about it which redeems it from the merely vulgar and the merely stale.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS

OUTLINES of General Chemistry (Macmillan & Co.) is a translation by Dr. Walker, of Edinburgh, of the treatise of the learned German Professor Ostwald, of Leipzig. It is intended "to meet the requirements of the student who, while not intending to devote himself to the detailed study of general chemistry, still wishes to follow intelligently the progress recently made in this important branch of science." Mathematical formulas have as much as possible been abandoned in favour of clear exposition. The volume brings to the English reader the latest results of German research, and the proof-sheets of this translation have been read and revised by the author. The publishers take a new departure in issuing this volume. They give notice that the book is published "at a net price," the terms on which it is supplied to retailers not being "such as will enable them to allow a discount to purchasers." This seems to be a step in the right direction. The present system is rapidly becoming absurd and burdensome.

The British Empire is the subject of a handy little volume by Mr. W. G. Baker, of Cheltenham (Blackie & Son). It consists of two distinct parts, the first treating solely of the British Isles, and the second of the Colonies and Dependencies. The illustrations are very pretty and numerous, and the maps clear and good. We notice some little errors—as, for instance, at p. 22 we are told of three chains in the Himalayas, and the three are then referred to as "the two first" and "the two latter." But the account of India is, nevertheless, wonderfully succinct. There should have been some notice of the geological features of Gibraltar, and the picturesque newspaper account of a visit might well have been cut down to make room for it. Malta also deserves more than three-fourths of a page. There is a fine cut of the Houses of Parliament at Melbourne; but there should have been a line to say it represents a design, not a finished building. Under West Australia—which, by the way, colonists always call "Western"—there should have been at least mention of Albany as the most important port.

Parsifal (Putnam's Sons) is an attempt, as the title-page puts it, to find "Christ through Art," or to consider "Richard Wagner as Theologian," by Albert Ross Parsons. The greater part of the volume is taken up with a lecture on Wagner delivered in an episcopal church in New York. We may safely commend the essay to those interested, as all the chief arguments are stated in Wagner's own words, and very crude and fanciful many of them are. Wagner preaching against primogeniture is absurd. Where would he have been without the mad King of Bavaria? As to his religious views, we may concede that it is always difficult to define the religion of a genius and an artist whose enthusiasm enables him to carry out creative work and makes his moral yearnings less a creed than an emotion. An appendix contains miscellaneous quotations from Mill, Mr. Haweis, Mr. Spencer, and Swedenborg, most of them very irrelevant.

The enlarged edition of the *Handbook of Games* (Bell) bears some eminent names on the title-page, and more than a hint in the dedication that portions at least of the book are revised by "Cavendish." This is enough to secure a wide sale. The chapter on Billiards is particularly good and simple. Reversé—one of the most "time-eating" of games—is well described with more than a hundred diagrams; but "Berkeley" says it is still in its infancy, and no primary hard-and-fast rules can yet be laid down for correct play. We have also received a new edition of the *Class-Book of Geology* (Macmillan), by Archibald Geikie. From Messrs. Blackie & Son we have received two more of their science text-books—Mr. Draper on *Light, Heat, and Sound*, and Messrs. Harrison and White on *Magnetism and Electricity*. Another school-book is Mr. Selby's edition of Burke on *The French Revolution* (Macmillan), with voluminous notes. The book wants a table of contents, an index—the index is to the notes only—and some explanation of the meaning of the different types used in the appendix. But these omissions are hardly Mr. Selby's fault, as he is at the Antipodes, and has probably not seen his book through the press. His introductory chapter is admirable.

We have received a selection, by John Dennis, of Aubrey de Vere's *Poems* (Cassell), a handy and pretty little volume containing some very sweet verse.

Pasteur and Rabies (Bell) is the title of a little book by Dr. Dolan, written to show that, according to statistics, the famous French treatment is rather calculated to do harm than good; that cases of rabies have been more common in France since Pasteur's system was adopted; and that a disease, paralytic rabies, hitherto unknown in man, has been induced in some patients. Dr. Dolan thinks he can prove that the majority of people bitten by mad dogs recover. M. Pasteur claims to have saved some nine hundred lives in five years; but Dr. Dolan asserts that the mortality from this cause is just what it was, or, on the whole, a little higher. We have received *Lessons on Health*, by Dr. Newsholme (Allen). The remarks on water seem particularly sensible.

Zeno (Parker) is a novel "by A Lady," relating to "the master who, alone among men, emerged victorious from a dialectical contest with Socrates"—hardly a subject, one would think, for fiction, but well written and bright. It would not be very easy to say whether Mr. Lansdowne's *Reminiscences of Scotland Yard* (Leadenhall Press) is intended for history or fiction. It contains, at any rate, nothing much out of the common. *The First Lord Liftinant; and other Tales* come from Dublin, and bear no publisher's name. They have already appeared in a paper called the *Jarvey*, "the *Punch* of Ireland."

The Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems of Benjamin Franklin (Putnam) is edited, from *Poor Richard's Almanacs* for 1733 and the subsequent years down to 1758, by Paul Leicester Ford, who prefixes an entertaining introduction.

NOTICE.

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CHRONICLE.

Ireland.

THE event of the end of last week was the disappearance of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN. This came within the Irish notion both of the witty and the heroic; but it is agreeable to see that English Gladstonians were not entirely happy in the circumstances. Let us hope that, as it happened to Mr. BROWNING'S DE LORGES under his wife's skilful education, their "nerves will grow firmer." The farce appears to have been even more farcical than was thought at first, the two martyrs stealing off in a small yacht, which beat about the Channel for a week, chased (in the vivid imagination of Mr. O'BRIEN) by revenue cutters, and at last victoriously reaching Cherbourg. They have been, as a matter of course, inundated with interviewers in Paris, and have talked as might be expected, the agony of their flight being enhanced by the additional incident that they once saw the Coast Guard station at the Land's End, which, of course, meant chains and slavery. "When we were boys," no doubt, these things seemed heroic. The Court at Tipperary, with that scrupulous fairness which the Parnellites abuse in both senses, decided *ad interim* against the Crown in the matter of going on with the proceedings in the absence of Mr. O'MAHONY, who, it is painful to hear, is suffering from illness of so terrible a nature that it must not even be inquired into too narrowly, and is certain to relapse severely at the very notion of appearing in Court. Finally, the Crown agreed to strike out Mr. O'MAHONY "without prejudice" to his chances, which all will hope are great, of recovering from this lamentable attack of *dicastophobia*, or convulsions at the sight of judicial persons. A very important letter has been published from Mr. TUKE, the greatest and most impartial authority on Irish potato famines. Mr. TUKE can, unfortunately, draw nothing as an ultimate conclusion but the too certain moral that neither Coercion nor Home Rule will ever cure these famines, which are due to a combination of climate, soil, and "racial" habit and character; but he has plenty of good sense to offer on immediate questions. A very different publication of the week concerning Ireland is Mr. GLADSTONE'S curious "Appeal to the Tory House-"holder," on which we comment fully elsewhere. Mr. BALFOUR'S visit to Newcastle had scarcely begun at the period which this Chronicle covers, and his first speech was not delivered till after the *Saturday Review* went to press.

Foreign Affairs.

It is, on the whole, good news that the Conference at Rome between English and Italian representatives on the delimitation of the Egyptian and Abyssinian frontiers has broken up without any result. We are quite sure that England could not have justly or safely surrendered Kassala to Italy; and we are not sure that Italy could have been reasonably expected, after conquering Kassala, to pledge herself to hand it back just when it became valuable to the Egyptians. At present the bear is very comfortably at large, and there will be plenty of time for commercial transactions about his skin later. The absurd *canard* which assigned as the reason of the action taken by England the refusal of France (which has nothing on earth to do with the matter) to recognize the transfer of Kassala to Italy could hardly have been originated, and could certainly not have been believed by, any one but a Frenchman.——Fresh "atrocities" are being industriously reported or invented on the Armenian border, and the undoubted atrocities of Armenians in Constantinople are being used as occasions for accusing the Porte of cruelty to those who attack priests in their own churches. ——Meanwhile, OSMAN DIGNA, tired of being killed, has begun to be "broken up," and will, no doubt, show as much toughness and resolution under that dispensation as under the former.——It would appear that the telegraphic clerks further embroiled the Ministerial embroilment in Portugal last week by making Senhor CHRYSOSTOMO and General D'ABREU Y SOUZA two different persons, they being in reality one. At last the venerable statesman (who is said to be eighty) formed a Ministry; but, as in his opening statement in the Chamber of Deputies he declares that he cannot recommend the Chamber to sanction the Convention, he is of comparatively little importance to Englishmen. Things will take their course, and in all probability the connecting strip between Mozambique and Loanda will be lost to Portugal. The Portuguese appear to be greatly disturbed by the entry of British gunboats into the Zambesi, and by a report that the Mount Hampden expedition has entered Manica Land. The former fact is confirmed, and is within the constantly-maintained right of England, Convention or no Convention. The latter is not fully confirmed, but explained to some extent by a subsequent telegram affirming the concession of rights in Manica Land by one of its native kings to Mr. COLQUHOUN, as representing the British South African Company. It is improbable that any such concession, if in violation or excess of the Convention, will be sanctioned in England so soon; but, if it were true, Portugal would only have herself to blame for not making haste to accept the Convention, which assured Manica Land to her.——The Ticino revolution seems to have ended by the quiet restoration of the Conservative Government to power. The result would appear to do great credit to the tact and firmness of Colonel KÜNZLI, the Federal Commissioner.——Some interest attached to the report that the compromise between the German and the Czech parties, which it had been hoped would put an end to a very undesirable jealousy, had broken down.——The German Socialist Congress at Halle has produced nothing of much importance, except a declaration by Herr LIEBKNECHT against physical force and outrages of all kinds, which is sensible and creditable enough. But the Anarchist section will never listen to such counsels, and it is the Anarchist section of Continental Socialists who are formidable. A French assembly of the same persuasion has since met at Calais.

Correspondence.

Among letters we may select a brief condemnation of the McKINLEY Bill by Mr. GLADSTONE (by the way, what have Englishmen got to do with that?), an enormous flood of further writing on the interesting subject of Archdeacon FARRAR and his publishers, and a confirmation by Sir SAMUEL BAKER of the opinions already held by all good authorities on the importance of Kassala.——Mr. Speaker PEEL has laid, or nearly so, the ghost of the Jamaica "bauble" mace which he lately raised; but the suggestion that it is somewhere in the submerged ruins of Port Royal ought to stimulate treasure-seekers.——"ANGLO-EGYPTIAN" has followed up the discussion on vandalism in Egypt by raising the cry of danger to the Pyramids. It is a pity, however, to use such language as "the Pyramids do not belong to Egypt; they "are the inheritance of the world." Tall talk of that kind, even more inaccurate in fact than tall talk usually is, does no good and some harm.——An exceedingly sensible letter was published on Friday from the Duke of ARGYLL, in reference to the Eight Hours' Movement and to the new labour tyranny generally.

Speeches.

On Friday week Lord ROSEBERY made an agreeable speech on being made a burgess of Glasgow.—— On Saturday Sir CHARLES RUSSELL talked Home Rule at Burnley, and on Tuesday Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN did the same at Stirling.—— The Eccles election has also been fruitful in talking on both sides, and Gladstonians are hopeful that Mr. ROBY'S

capitulation on the Eight Hours Bill will win him the seat. Some interest was excited by the declaration of Mr. PILKINGTON, Chairman of Mr. ROBY's Committee at Eccles, of his thorough disagreement with the candidate's views on the Eight Hours Question; but, as Gladstonians justly point out, this does not matter. They intend to catch everybody's votes as far as they can, and Mr. ROBY will be all things to all men.——On Wednesday Lord SPENCER addressed a meeting at the Monmouthshire Newport, in which he made the astonishingly novel assertion that Gladstonians are the true Unionists, and Mr. CHAPLIN reviewed the past Session at Osbournby.——Mr. FOWLER and Mr. RITCHIE chiefly represented the two sides on the platform of Thursday, Mr. FOWLER protesting that the Opposition could never have even thought of obstructing.

Sport. The last day of the Second October Meeting at Newmarket provided some interesting racing. Memoir, who has been rather unlucky of late, ran away with the Newmarket Oaks; Mephisto, one of Prince SOLTYKOFF's bevy of good old horses, defeated Melody and Signorina for the Thirteenth Challenge Stakes; the Queen of the Hills colt completely cut down a rather large field for the T. Y. C. Nursery, and Lord DURHAM's Circassian, with, it is true, much the best of the weights, won the Newmarket Derby from one good and one excellent horse, Bel Demonio and Alloway. During the week there has been a good deal of second-class racing at Croydon, Newcastle, and Sandown, the double victory of Knight of Ruby in the Newcastle and Northumberland Autumn Plates being the chief noteworthy event.

Miscellaneous. A disastrous fire, in which several lives were lost, occurred in the City of London on Monday.——Ireland has been much occupied with celebrating the memory of Father MATHEW, respecting whom cynics have said that the reaction from his temperance preachings caused more whisky to be drunk in Ireland than had ever been known.——A service, interesting because rarely held, and very foolishly cavilled at in some letters to the *Times*, was conducted at St. Paul's on Monday by the Bishop of LONDON to "reconcile" the Cathedral—that is, in canonical language, to purge it of the stain of the recent suicide.——The lying-in-state at Olympia of Mrs. BOOTH and her subsequent funeral were both conducted with the execrable taste which has always marked the proceedings of the Salvation Army.——The Norwich Musical Festival began on Tuesday; and on the same day Peterborough Cathedral was reopened after its long period of repair.——The London County Council has, in that better mind which it has shown, at any rate at intervals, since its reassembling, determined to take action against sky signs.——The reported insubordination of the East Surrey Regiment appears to have been nothing more than one of the ebullitions of street larking and mischief in barracks which often precede embarkation for foreign stations, and are more likely than ever now that we enlist schoolboys.——The see of Rochester, vacant by the translation of Dr. THOROLD to Winchester, is to be filled by the Dean of WINDSOR. Dr. RANDALL DAVIDSON's Churchmanship is not to our taste; but he is admittedly an able and vigorous administrator, whose powers are rather wasted in the dignified ease of Windsor. On the most dangerous matter which divides the Church—the persecution of those who exceed in ritual, while those who come short go scot free—he is, if not sound, yet tolerant.

Obituary. The obituary of the week is unusually heavy. Professor THOROLD ROGERS, who died after being for some time in failing health, was a very well-known figure both in London and in Oxford, and his characteristics make it somewhat difficult to speak of him at this moment. That his ability was much above the average, his accomplishments considerable, and his erudition more considerable still, is the simplest and barest truth. Years of labour among the college accounts in his University and elsewhere, had made him by far the most learned political economist in Europe as regards the historical facts of economy, and little weight as could be assigned to him as a politician, he added largely to the political knowledge of those who knew better how to use the facts he collected. He was also in his way (and not a bad way) a scholar. He was much liked by some intimate personal friends, and in general society, when he was under sufficient restraint and in a good temper, he was a very amusing companion. It was all the more lamentable that he constantly mistook coarseness for wit and intemperance for strength. His manners and his judgment were on a par; and the reckless impropriety of his platform language once, at least, drew a warm remonstrance from the chairman of a meeting of his own political partisans. But these things to some extent brought their own punishment, and need be no more spoken of.——A very different specimen of the Professor was Mr. SELLAR, of whom we speak at greater length elsewhere—an elegant and admirable scholar in a style now unhappily growing obsolete, a man of letters as every scholar should be and is not, and the familiar and beloved friend of many good men.——Less known than either, Mr. A. J. DUFFIELD has not the less left to many men of many kinds a distinct sense of loss and the memory of a life spent in curious experiences, varied travel, and constant love for letters. Among his published works we may specially mention a novel, *The Beauty of the World*, and a volume of *Reisebilder*, lately issued, and entitled *Recollections of Travel*. In the pages of these, and of others of his books, may be found many marks of the qualities which endeared the author to those who knew him—brilliant flashes of humour, observation, and sympathy, and a touch of a quality which in its full perfection is called genius.——Lord LEE was a Scotch judge of merit; Mr. JOHN HANCOCK, of Newcastle, one of the greatest British authorities on taxidermy; General BELKNAP, an American politician in the intensest sense of the term; M CALMON, a French senator of the famous *centre gauche* type which has given some dignity but little strength to French Republicanism; Mr. DE SOYSA, a Ceylonese gentleman of vast wealth and beneficence.

Books, &c. The books of the week are the concluding volumes of Mr. LECKY's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (LONGMANS). But Mr. HORATIO BROWN has issued, with Mr. NIMMO as publisher, a stately and excellently informed volume on Venetian printing; and Mr. GLADSTONE's *Landmarks of Homeric Study* (MACMILLAN) must not be passed over.

IRELAND.

A FAR less clever man than Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR might have had good game in speaking at Newcastle last night. Mr. MORLEY gave a handle, Mr. GLADSTONE another, but the feats of the Tipperary elopers gave the best of all. It would be paying a very bad compliment to the astuteness of Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON, those runaway heroes, to say that the noise which their latest feat of running away has made is due to the period of its occurrence. For the period itself, no doubt, entered into their calculations. There is still little that is serious to fill the papers, and there are a great many more people to read those papers than there were a month ago. Politicians who calculate an effect as carefully as any actor are not likely (especially after leading up to it so carefully) to levant on the spur of the moment. It may also be admitted that the Press, grateful for a "subject," has somewhat played into their hand. That Nationalist organs should be noisily delighted is a matter of course; the expressions of delight were very probably written before the heroes escaped to America or France or some other receptacle of British offscourings. That English Gladstonians should have been rather puzzled and half-disgusted, but comforted by the thought that Mr. BALFOUR's wickedness will account for anything, is also natural enough. But some Unionist utterances on the subject might have been wiser. When any animal—let us say that old favourite of literary comparison, the skunk—behaves according to its nature, it is surely unnecessary to apply to it uncomplimentary epithets. On the contrary, there is something pleasant in the spectacle of the uniformity of nature, of things "coming true," as the naturalists say. No prank which combined theatricality, contempt for authorities, and appeal to the more puerile characteristics of the Irish people, especially if it had a spice of the merely disreputable in it, such as is involved in turning tail, and leaving dupes and victims to bear the brunt, could be anything but congenial to an Irish patriot of the modern type. An ingenious person calculating these conditions, and adjusting them to actual circumstances, might almost arrive *à priori* at the exact conduct of persons of Mr. O'BRIEN's stamp at any moment.

It should be needless to say that the talk about Mr. BALFOUR's discomfiture, about the trick played on the Government, and so forth, is the merest *blague*. Those who utter it do not believe in it; do not expect any but

the merest dupes to believe it. There are no means by which a man charged with a bailable offence can be prevented from running away, unless he proclaims his intention on the housetops. "Bail," say the Gladstonian apologists, who are uncertain whether they are disgusted with Mr. O'Brien or not, "is not parole." It certainly is not; if it were, no one would be wild enough to trust an Irish patriot out on it. The money of those patriots, moreover, is so very lightly come by, that doubtless they do not set any great store by it. And, besides, are they not gone, or going, to get more? The two thousand pounds, the "paltry two"—to borrow the catchword of an agreeable though forgotten play—are merely as the salt to the mine wherein American housemaids and others are to be the bounteous shareholders. With a slight variation on the apostolic words, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are fully content that other people and other people's money shall spend, and be spent, in the sacred cause. They are nobly prepared to be fêted by silly Frenchmen and sharp Americans, instead of renewing the contest of the breeches; to take a little trip at somebody else's expense to the land of the free, instead of abiding in the land of plank-beds. If Ireland were the tyrant-governed country which fools believe it to be, and liars describe it as being, the escape of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien might be the check to Mr. Balfour's king which the Gladstonians call it. As matters actually stand, the chief positive result is the demonstration that this tyranny is the fondest and most vainly invented of things; and that, if English rule in Ireland deserves reprehension, it is for the incorrigible determination with which it treats skulking conspirators as if they were honourable antagonists on equal terms and unscrupulous enemies of society as if they were respectable partners in a game.

The escaped patriots have reappeared at last, and wondrous is the tale they tell to French interviewers and others. It took Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon close upon six days to sail in the yacht of a prominent Dublin citizen to Cherbourg. Thirty-six hours is the average time for this voyage, but, in this instance, the elements were unkind. Naturally, "our Irish friends," as Mr. O'Brien says, were exceedingly uneasy at this lapse of time; but now they are reassured, he exclaims, with a noble scorn of the perils he had endured. Those fervid souls, our Irish friends, might picture the patriots all those six days buffetted by dreadful storms in the Channel, threatened by shipwreck, starvation, and all the woes that befall the hardy mariner. As a matter of fact, calm and fog chiefly made up their weather. They had, it seems, a "tolerable storm" at Guernsey, and were pursued by a ship "of unknown nationality" for nearly six hours, not without some sensation, Mr. O'Brien confesses, to both fugitives. As a writer of fiction should, Mr. O'Brien knows how to make the most of a tolerable storm and the incident of the pursuing ship. A chase in a storm, even when the storm is only "tolerable" and a landsman's, is always a popular device in boys' books or *When we were Boys* literature. Perhaps it was the Phantom Ship that so shook the patriots' nerves; perhaps it was their guilty fears. But beyond this episode there seems nothing more sensational to note in Mr. O'Brien's six-days' log than a threatened scarcity of water and a daring day in the doldrums off the Land's End in the very eyes of the Coastguard. There they lay one Sunday becalmed, no doubt chuckling to their courageous souls on the piquancy of the situation, yet only too happy when night brought back the fog and concealed them. "But "danger is immaterial," exclaims the hero of this pretty yarn, who had just performed the trick of giving leg-bail, and run away from another kind of danger. What are watchful Coastguards, tolerable storms, scant supply of water, the pursuing craft of the enemy? "Here we are safe," and great are the rejoicings of our Gladstonian friends, who never, no, positively never, were so completely at one with us. Such is Mr. O'Brien's sanguine view of the situation.

Like his fellow-patriot, Mr. Dillon was equally insistent upon the union of hearts between Gladstonians and Parnellites. All is well now that Mr. Gladstone has made himself understood by the conscience of his countrymen, though when this understanding took place Mr. Dillon does not inform us. It is as dark a saying as the renunciation of the dynamite policy by Mr. Dillon, which took effect "ever since Mr. Gladstone's speeches." We are not told what speeches they are that are thus vaguely referred to; but it would appear from Mr. Dillon's further announcements that Mr. Gladstone is not even permitted to father his own Home Rule scheme, or do what he will with his own. Asked by his interviewer if his (*i.e.* Mr. Dillon's) Home Rule scheme involves the separation of Great Britain and Ireland, Mr. Dillon's reply is, "Mr. "Gladstone has replied to that with our approval." Here, indeed, is an affecting instance of the union of Gladstonian and Parnellite hearts. Mr. Gladstone submitting himself to the patronage and approval of Mr. Dillon is the sorriest sight we have been compelled to witness since Mr. Gladstone's new friends were supposed to have renounced the resources of dynamite.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR^{NY}.

In the nick of time, just when the cultivated British public is rapt in blissful contemplation of Archdeacon Farrar, his publishers, his *Life of Christ*, and his other "popular" works on religious subjects, there reaches us from across the Atlantic a story which seems to have been made on purpose to show how, even in the production of authors of *Lives of Christ*, the United States can outdo us as completely as they can in every other department of human activity. As Boston is to Boston, Mass., as Dickens is to E. P. Roe, and Mrs. Oliphant to Miss Amelie Rives, so is Archdeacon Farrar to his counterpart in the United States. Like a shadow of gigantic size thrown on a sheet by a light just behind the figure, the American Archdeacon may be said, in sporting phrase, to "represent" our Archdeacon "at" a ridiculously light weight—or, to use a mathematical figure, perhaps better suited to the gravity of the topic, the American representative may be described as Archdeacon Farrar "raised "to the power of New York," and symbolically written "Archdeacon Farrar^{NY}."

Archdeacon Farrar^{NY} is a person named Talmage. Just as the Archdeacon is the most popular of English preachers (see the *Times*), Talmage is the most popular of American preachers. He draws crowds such as British churches never knew to some "tabernacle," or other American joss-house, at Brooklyn, either the same as that formerly "run" by the lamented Beecher, or another. As the Archdeacon is "popular" (in his style), Talmage is farcically vulgar. Where the Archdeacon is unctuously patronizing, Talmage is brutally blasphemous. The Archdeacon's books are rhetorical and verbose, Talmage's are mountainous in their diction and inhumanly long. This is almost enough to establish the parallel, but the coincidence of a fortnight ago is so striking as to be almost incredible. At or about the time of the Church Congress here a circular was sent round to editors of American newspapers. It informed them that "on or about the 29th of September" there would "appear in three or four thousand newspapers "of the United States an elaborate and illustrated review "of Dr. Talmage's *Life of Christ*. The combined circula-"tion of these newspapers will be some 30,000,000. In "addition to these reviews, Dr. Talmage will preach a special "sermon on the 28th of September on the life of Christ. ". . . your intelligence will inform you of the remarkable "influence of so much newspaper talk." Therefore, went on the circular, "We advise you to make yourself familiar "with the prospectus, and also begin the canvass by getting "the leading people of your community to subscribe, and "then making a thorough canvass secure a large list of "orders." A "preliminary circular" on the same subject had set forth that any editor publishing the review, which would be "in an entertaining style," and also paying one dollar for the plates which would accompany it, would receive gratis a copy of the work, the subscription price of which would be ten dollars, "in the elegant edition de luxe "binding." That is, as a commentator has pointed out, each of the 3,000 or 4,000 editors was to pay one dollar, and insert a three-column advertisement, and receive in return a ten-dollar book.

The circulars gave further interesting particulars, tending to show that Archdeacon Farrar^{NY} is as far ahead of his English original as his publishers are of Messrs. Cassell & Co. They told how he had been at work on his book for thirty-five years, and, perhaps best of all, how, "with the "purpose of verifying what had already been written . . . "the Doctor made an extended pilgrimage through the "Mediterranean countries, Egypt, and the Holy Land." The notion of Talmage making a pilgrimage for the purpose of adding the "benefit of his personal inspection"—the words are in the circular—to the weight of authority in

favour of the accuracy of the Gospel narrative undoubtedly out-FARRARS FARRAR. It almost seems to justify the coarse language of a certain "man who had read an advance copy "of the book," and was "interviewed" about it. He said:—"The book itself is a rare conglomeration of per-"nicious nonsense, in which TALMAGE is held up and displayed "and extolled and advertised, while poor CHRIST, in the "story of His own life, plays a minor part." This is abusive, and even vulgar; but how is it for a criticism on *The Life of Christ*N Y ? The circular further adds that "the results of the years of study and the Eastern pilgrimage "will be crystallized in a book of some 600 large quarto "pages, containing over 400 illustrations . . . . the "title of this book will be 'From Manger to Throne,' and "the volume will embrace a new Life of CHRIST, a history of "Palestine and its people, and [mark this] a graphic account "of Dr. TALMAGE's celebrated journey. Preparations "have been made for an immense edition of this work, and "it is certain that it will have the largest sale of any book of "modern times." This remarkable history of Yankee piety, enterprise, and good taste is heralded in the Transatlantic journal from which our information is derived by the head-lines:—"TALMAGE'S GIGANTIC 'AD.'—HOW HIS 'LIFE "'OF CHRIST' WILL BE BOOMED TO-MORROW.—30,000,000 "Newspaper Readers to Have the Advertisement Spread "Before Them in the Guise of an Honest Book Review." And very proper head-lines, too. A short extract from the work itself is given. It begins:—"I [TALMAGE] have "found a new Bible"; and it ends by the boast that he has found "a new book of LUKE, since I read its twenty-"third chapter on the bluff of Golgotha, at the place where "there is room for but three crosses." It will be observed that this sentence supplies most interesting corroboration of the assertions, not only of ST. LUKE, but also of the other Evangelists. It is all truly surprising, and shows what might and, we are much afraid, would have become of Archdeacon FARRAR if he had happened to be raised to the power of New York.

PRAISE FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

AT its last meeting the London County Council gave further evidence of a steadier spirit, and of a disposition to stick to its more needful duties. No matter what may have determined the change—the chastening of experience, the medicine of criticism, the moderating effect of impecuniosity, the fear of ratepayers, with a day of judgment in view—it is a wholesome and a pleasant change.

One piece of business which the Council dealt with on Tuesday in an incidental way does not seem to have been sufficiently considered yet from an important point of view. The acquisition of parks and pleasure-grounds for the ever-thickening population of London is beyond doubt a good thing; and so is the broadening of streets, the facilitation of traffic, and much else that costs a great deal of money if handsomely carried out. But, though attention is given to it in a very spasmodic way, and though, even so, years of time and millions of money have been spent upon it, no business before the local authorities of London is comparable in importance with the drainage into the Thames. This is not, perhaps, the most appropriate season of the year for making that remark. Winter approaches, and cholera does not, so far as we are aware, though much has been heard of its appearance this summer on various lines of route to the port of London. But the fact that this panic-striking malady has been on the move again, noticeably last year and much too plainly this, should remind County Councillors and all concerned that a hot summer and a cholera visitation would probably drive London wild with a condition-of-the-Thames question. No very severe epidemic would be necessary to produce that result, with Special Commissioners from the newspaper offices sniffing in every reach of the river, and fetching up samples in their own bottles at every state of the tide. With all the Committeeing and all the cash that has been expended on the river, the utmost that can be said for the result is that the conversion of the Thames into an absolute sewer has been delayed. The impurity of its waters is less menacing than it would have been but for the intervention of main-drainage schemes; but, though its condition has not been a newspaper topic lately, the Thames is in an abominably filthy state, and has not yet been prevented from becoming a danger of enormous magnitude. Remedy is not inactive; but the evil is constantly increasing, and the remedy itself is accused of having added to the danger in a dangerous way—namely, out of sight. The bed of the river in its lower reaches is said to be loading more and more with a foul deposit flooded back by the tides; and this, no doubt, is what Mr. ÆNEAS SMITH was thinking of when he said at Tuesday's meeting that "the whole of their sewage scheme from Bark-"ing to Crossness was a sham and a failure." Of one thing we may be pretty sure, at any rate. Given a certain state of the atmosphere, such as in previous years has raised a most palpable and noxious effluvium from London's great highway, and if therewith cholera broke out upon the river's banks with half the violence of its last visitation, the chances are that panic would drive local authorities into sudden expenditure-schemes that would leave very little for the purchase of parks at Brockwell or Bostal Heath. The purification of the Thames, or rather the prevention of its becoming a tidal pestilence, is a difficulty so far beyond the calculations and the capability of those who originally attempted to deal with it that something like despair seems to have settled upon the whole business. But it is not a business that can be let alone, like the building of a pyramid or the excavation of a Channel Tunnel. However great the difficulties it presents, they must be overcome; and every other demand upon the resources of the London population, or the care of its representatives in Vestry or Council assembled, is far inferior to that which arises from "the pollution of the Thames." However, the work is going on. It is not neglected. A fee of 500*l.* has been paid to Sir BENJAMIN BAKER (this alone would be enough to show how the matter stands after years of costly experiment) to report on the whole question; and as Sir BENJAMIN BAKER is a new and unexhausted authority, his report may be looked for with hope. Meanwhile, 28,000*l.* for another "sludge ship" to assist the dismally disappointing operations at Barking.

"Sky-signs" more particularly engaged the attention of the London County Council on Tuesday, and here the right thing was promptly resolved upon. The Building Committee reported "the erection of sky-signs on various pre-"mises in the metropolis" without leave or license of the Council; and as the Committee considered these sky-signs dangerous as well as otherwise objectionable, they recommended that proceedings at law should be taken by a test case. It would appear from this recommendation that the Committee itself is in doubt as to whether sky-signs may not be erected without the Council's leave; and it does seem questionable whether these structures, or any but the worst of them, can be forbidden under the provisions of the Building Act. Bye-laws to regulate them and diminish their danger might be passed, but this (fortunately) is not all that the Council aims at. No mere regulation, probably, could do away with the danger of these structures; certainly not with the monstrous disfigurement they inflict upon a city which has suffered enough from one sort of "enter-"prise" and another already. Since Mr. HUDSON's offence (presently withdrawn and apologized for) directed public attention so strongly to that gentleman's worthy bacon business, a rage for sky-signs has broken out amongst the more energetic shopkeepers of this "great metropolis." Invention is set at work to produce designs taller, broader, and more striking than any before exhibited; and unless an effectual check be put upon this novel means of advertisement, it will become almost ridiculous to spend more money in beautifying a city by no means the least beautiful in the world. Spite of ambitious failures in all directions, London town is far more sightly than it was in our fathers' days. What the cost has been in taxation and out of private pocket cannot be fully estimated, but it must amount to a prodigious sum; and now the sky-raking advertiser is to spoil all for the sake of gaining a trade advantage over his more decent and scrupulous competitor in beef or bacon. It is quite intolerable. Even though sky-signs added nothing to the peril of fire, wind-storm, and thunder-storm, there would be ample cause for forbidding them altogether. That is the purpose of the London County Council. What power the Council may have to do away with these latter-half-of-the-nineteenth-century edifices appears uncertain. In all likelihood municipal authority is insufficient for the excellent end in view; which is not merely to lessen the danger of sky-signs—that might be done by means that increased their hideousness—but to abolish their use outright. A test case, well chosen and carefully prepared, will reveal what can and cannot be done without resort to Parliament. Should it appear that existing powers suffice, very well. If not, then, with a judicial

decision to show the present limitation of its powers, the Council will ask Parliament for full authority.

This course seems to us a wise one and much to be applauded. For once, at least, boldness and discretion combine in Spring Gardens policy; and the Council will have its reward in the hearty approval of the whole community. We feel sure that its Parliamentary Committee need not be afraid this time (if, indeed, it ever knew fear) of asking too much of the House of Commons. Too much will not be asked if the Committee make it clear that what they propose is to make a clean sweep of advertisement erections above house roofs. The sky-sign of which Mr. HUDSON's is the best-known example is only a development of humbler but quite sufficiently hideous structures set up in various parts of London years ago. It will simplify matters extremely if it is decided that—after a given time—all such offences shall be removed; or certainly that no addition to their number, whether rather dangerous or very dangerous, partially or completely obstructive, somewhat unsightly or absolutely hideous, shall be allowed. Official time would be sadly wasted in disputation over degrees of ugliness in a matter like this; and it would be wise to avoid suspicions of favouritism and the heartburnings of the unsuccessful applicant who saw a rival advertiser—haply in the same street—hoisting a permitted sign.

HIS OWN SOUL.

IT may be two or three years since Mr. FRANCIS GALTON entertained the world with the contrivances of sundry persons who asserted, in answer to leading questions, that they nourished in their minds imaginary visual renderings of numbers, from one onwards. There were pictures of the contrivances, and "very gay, very foolish, indeed," they looked to the unscientific eye. An anonymous person has now produced something of the same sort on his or her own account, under the title of *Soul Shapes* (London: FISHER UNWIN), in a large, precious volume of the best paper, with fairly good print and enormous margins. The subject of it is souls instead of numbers—that is to say, it purports to explain how the author mentally sees souls. It is "Dedicated to the Blue Soul."

All souls are divided into two classes—"surface souls" and "deep souls." All souls known to the author, except one, are of several colours, or shades of colour. "The "Soul-Colours are five in number—namely, yellow, red, "blue, brown, and grey"—and sometimes *w* and *y*, the author must surely have intended to add. All shallow or "surface" souls are chiefly yellow, and all deep souls are chiefly brown. Moreover, they are divided into divisions, and the divisions are indicative of qualities and capacities, like the patches on a phrenological chart. Some divisions are red, and these denote qualities which are "forcibly "developed or artificial." Pictures are given of four specimen souls, or rather, of three specimen souls and one individual soul. Following the pictures are explanations of what the shapes and colours mean.

The first picture is of a surface soul. It is highly irregular in shape, and has a general look of a decayed octopus. Like most other souls it has three main provinces, representing Intellect, Morals, and Affections. The Affections, which consist of Generosity, Sympathy, Devotion, and Constancy, are rather darker yellow than the rest. They look as if they were a more solid part of the octopus, or not so far gone. There are also two patches of red, and these, we regret to say (because it shows that they are forcibly developed or artificial), are Religion and Duty. The surface soul is in danger of being troubled by "emotions," indicated by little spiral coils, and if it has too many "gets by degrees into a floppy "state that is not at all healthy." Surface souls are not any worse than deep souls, but are commonly found among poets, artists, musicians, "especially actors," and women. The deep soul in the next picture is like a small, square brick, of a dirty brown colour. It is quadrilateral, and fairly symmetrical. It has four red spots, but the picture does not say what they are. As a deep soul is deeper or thicker than a shallow soul, it is superficially much smaller. "Deep souls are to be found in great number among Philo-"sophers, Scientific People, and Philanthropists," and Men. The third picture is of a "mixed soul." It is deep (and brown) in the middle, and shallow (and yellow) all round. It is of a regular oval shape, and bears a strong resemblance to a poached egg seen through yellowish glass. "SHAKSPEARE's Soul must have looked something like this." The last picture is of a blue soul. It looks exactly like a jelly-fish, turned blue by cold or emotion, or some suitable chemical substance. It is circular, and blue all over. "Blue shows goodness," and the author has never known any blue soul except the one of which this is a picture. It consists of Sympathy, Discernment, Affection, Generosity, Worship, Enthusiasm, Humility, Courage, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love of Nature. "It is impossible "to give any idea of the beauty of this Soul [to which, "it will be remembered, the volume is dedicated]. The "colour is of the purest blue; it sparkles like a sapphire "[the illustrator has failed to suggest this effect], and is "surrounded by a sort of brilliant iridescence." There are no divisions between Intellect, Morals, and Affections, as in souls of other colours. They are all merged together in the qualities enumerated above. "ST. FRANCIS of Assisi "had a blue soul." Who can be the happy individual who owns the soul depicted by the author? The task of speculation would hardly be less endless than interesting, and we will therefore merely record our conviction that the blue soul is lodged in the person of the author of *Soul Shapes*.

ROWDIES AND RANTERS.

MR. LESLIE ROBERTSON deserves well of the public, or at least of every one who hates unnecessary noise. The obsequies of Mrs. BOOTH have lately absorbed the energies of the Salvation Army, and in the rural haunts of the Salvationist there was for a time comparative pause. But the case of Chelsea, or, to speak more specifically, of Cheyne Walk, is rather a hard one. The ordinary Londoner, however indifferent he may be to disturbances during the week, values the relative repose of Sunday. Whether he goes to church or chapel or prefers to meditate at home, he desires, not unreasonably, a somewhat calmer atmosphere than that of his working hours. Unfortunately, his weakness is the Salvationist's opportunity. It seems to be the theory of Mr. BOOTH's disciples that, if you keep a man awake when he wants to go to sleep, or make him listen when he wants to read, or rob his armchair of its attractions, and finally drive him out of his house, you conduce in some mysterious manner to the welfare of his soul. It may be, of course, that the preachers of the pavement, with their "orchestra of salt-box, tongs, "and bones," merely wish to provide employment for the Recording Angel, whose post will certainly not be a sinecure so long as they pursue their practices. But, whatever their motives may be, their behaviour is a serious nuisance, and Mr. SHEIL has not acted prematurely in doing something to abate it. Mr. LESLIE ROBERTSON, of Cheyne Walk, described his sufferings in a manner which will come home to thousands of fellow-victims. "Close to his dining-room windows he was sub-"jected to the din of concertinas, a cornet, a big drum, and "a sort of Salvation Army style of preaching which was "most objectionable." Magistrates are not critics of style. People may preach any gospel they please in any language they think fit, provided always that they do not offend public decency or disturb the public peace. It may seem strange that Mr. ARMYTAGE, the defendant in this case, who appears to be an educated man, should believe this kind of grotesque exhortation, and still more grotesque anathema, to be productive of really religious sentiment. But, if he does seriously hold this belief, he has a right to hold it, and to argue him out of it would be impossible. Only he and his friends are no more at liberty to shriek and play outside a man's dining-room window than the inmate would have to rush out and assault them with a stick because he did not happen to like their music or their doctrines.

The defendant's counsel endeavoured to impress Mr. SHEIL with the novel and interesting, but not particularly relevant, fact that "preaching in the highways is one "of the best-established practices known to Christianity." Mr. SHEIL's retort was neat and effective. "At the time "people preached in the highways," he said, "the Act of "WILLIAM IV. was not passed, and under that I shall "convict your client, and order him to pay a penalty of "forty shillings, and twelve and sixpence costs—distress, or "fourteen days." The standard of magisterial humour is not so high nowadays that this terse and vigorous repartee ought to pass wholly unnoticed. It need hardly be said

that an attempt was made to bring Lord COLERIDGE's ruling in the Whitchurch case into the service of the defendant. In commenting upon that remarkable summing-up, the suitable close of an extraordinary trial, we pointed out that its consequences might be equally mischievous and widespread. Mr. SHEIL, however, managed to evade it, and, indeed, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, though he espoused the cause of the Salvationists with somewhat unjudicial vehemence, scarcely laid down any novel proposition of law. His observations rather went to show that the prosecution had not proved the facts stated in opening, than that, if proved, they would not have constituted an offence. At all events, Mr. SHEIL was so clear about the law that he refused to state a case, and unless the defendant can get a mandamus, which is not likely, it must be assumed that Mr. SHEIL is right. Two points ought to be mentioned. In the first place, the complainant's counsel said that "the real Salvation Army had, "by request, gone away from the place," but that Mr. ARMYTAGE's "corps," which seems to be exempt from the discipline which Mr. BOOTH imposes, would not follow their example. This shows that the Salvation Army is the cause of worse evils than itself. In the second place, Constable PHILLIPS "deposed that the police did not themselves com- "plain of the obstruction, as the traffic at the spot was not "great, but the inhabitants complained." This is satisfactory, because it shows that the Act of WILLIAM IV. prohibits even a partial obstruction of the thoroughfare, and does not merely apply to instances of complete stoppage.

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THE scheme of pensions for uncovenanted workmen which was put before and approved by an extraordinary general meeting of the Great Eastern Railway Company on Tuesday acquires additional interest from the labour disputes which have been so rife recently. These disputes, in a manner, culminated in the dispute between the ALLAN line and the corn-porters, of which we gave some account last week. Although the corn-porters' case has practically gone by default, no man being so hardy as to lift up his voice in their favour, their restiveness continued long, and it appears to be impossible at certain of the London docks to rely on a steamer being loaded or unloaded in a given time, not merely on an emergency (such as that which has happened in a case later than that of the *Grecian* and *Tower Hill*), but in the ordinary course of business. In the particular instance it appears that an agreement has been at last come to; but whether that agreement will be kept is another matter. It is no wonder that employers are taking measures to remedy a state of things so intolerable. One means is the formation of a corps of permanent "free" labourers, independent of the Union rules, and willing to exchange the alternation under the old system of fat and lean weeks for a reasonable fixed wage. This offensive-defensive movement ought to extend to other docks and other trades, and if it does so the power of the Unions for evil will be almost entirely destroyed, while the state of things which, it is alleged, Unions remedy—to wit, the existence of a crowd of irregularly paid and employed casual labourers—will either cease or be much mitigated. It does not, however, follow that Unions need be entirely abolished; for there are still functions which they may legitimately discharge, and which, when their most dangerous weapons are wrested out of their hands, they could discharge, not merely without offence to the law, but without any to the well-being of society. Only the employers must not commit the fault which those of their class are peculiarly prone to commit, and which has precipitated all the revolutions of the world. They must dismiss the maxim that "Half a loaf is better than no "bread," make no terms with the Unions, and fight for liberty with no huckstering war of compromise and half-heartedness, such as that which has made it almost hopeless to help the Irish landlords.

Offensive measures, however, are only half the battle. The one strong point of the otherwise indefensible system of Trade-Unionism is the appeal, not only to sentiment, but to reason, which the condition of the aged labourer in an advanced and over-populated society makes. In earlier and simpler stages the difficulty does not occur. Even quite recently, in less crowded and hurried days, few people thought of turning out an old tenant, an old labourer, an old servant. There was a corner for him somewhere, nominal duties, the "run of his teeth" at least. Nowadays this is impossible; even the landowner, though he still does it to some extent, cannot do it universally. The labour employer, with his thousands of workmen all clamouring for the top-wage of the market, and most of them unwilling to do a stroke of work, even at that top-wage, if it inconveniences them, would be a bankrupt in a year or two if he even attempted it. The limited company, which is gradually swallowing all employership, has, without extraordinary general meetings, almost certain opposition, and a costly fuss, no power to do it at all. Accordingly, some kind of superannuation fund for labourers not at yearly wages becomes a very important thing indeed. It takes away from the worker that most harassing of all thoughts, "I am, perhaps, provided for as "long as my strength and my wits last; but when they "fail, what then?" which weighs on classes much higher in what is called the social scale. It knits the strong bond of interest between employer and employed; it affords opportunity for the display of the most difficult of all the virtues, a rational and discerning charity, in adding to the men's contributions. That it is gall and wormwood to Trade-Unionism itself is scarcely in its disfavour. We give no opinion on the details of the Great Eastern scheme, which is avowedly tentative, but which seems to be on the whole cautiously, and at the same time generously, framed, so that a good workman will have the maximum of benefit, and even a bad one will not be able to allege that anything that is his has been kept back when he is dismissed or dismisses himself. But there is no doubt that this system of combined insurance and deferred pay is the "word of the enigma" in times such as ours, when the personal relation between employer and employed is constantly growing weaker, and yet the dependence of each on the other for their own and the general welfare is constantly increasing.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE REVOLVER.

THE occurrence of another fatal outrage in the Kingsland Road has once more drawn general attention to the case of WALTER HARGAN, now under sentence of twenty years' penal servitude for manslaughter. The facts of that case, which naturally and inevitably excited a good deal of public interest, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. There was a row in a pothouse, and HARGAN, an old soldier, interfered for the protection of the landlady. On leaving the premises he was followed by three of the ruffians. He drew a revolver which he carried about him, and deliberately fired three shots at them. His aim was good. One of the three, supposed to be an idiot, but apparently possessed of more sense than his companions, threw himself on the ground, and the bullet intended for his head passed harmlessly over his body. The other two were killed on the spot. HARGAN was indicted for murder, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced by Mr. Justice CHARLES to the punishment already described. The latest victim of Kingsland barbarity is GEORGE HUDSON, a Dalston chair-maker, who met his death by violence early last Saturday morning. As two men are in custody on the charge of killing HUDSON by beating him about the head, it would be improper to remark upon the particulars of the crime. But this latest murder, as it certainly seems to have been, whoever committed it, illustrates the condition of the district, and incidentally throws some light upon the moral, as distinguished from the legal, qualities of HARGAN's offence. It is quite plain that the Kingsland Road has been for some time infested by gangs of roughs, who commit violent assaults with comparative impunity. HUDSON may or may not have been one of them. He was drinking in their company, and they seem to have been on more or less friendly terms. HARGAN was a stranger to the men he shot, and bore a most respectable character. If he had not carried a revolver he might now be at liberty. But, on the other hand, he might be dead. A letter signed "Englishman," which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* at the end of last week, suggests the probability of the latter alternative, and shows that in the Kingsland Road, if anywhere in London, a decent man may excusably carry a deadly weapon. "Some time ago," writes this correspondent, "I had occasion to accompany "my father, who had business to transact in Kingsland, and "during the time in which he was engaged I passed my "time away in walking up and down the street. Quite "suddenly I became aware of the fact that my pre- "sence had attracted the attention of several public-house "loafers, who, after cursing my impertinence in presuming

"to perambulate their sacred thoroughfares, waited until "my back was turned, and then dealt a heavy blow at my "head." "Englishman" defended himself with nature's weapons. "In less than a minute I had the whole gang "upon me, and was getting a severe handling when assist-"ance arrived." He concludes by observing that, if he had had a revolver, he should have used it as HARGAN did, and might have met HARGAN'S fate.

Now, of course, it may be said that "Englishman" begs the question, and assumes HARGAN to have been acting in self-defence. If HARGAN had reasonable ground to believe that his own life was in danger, he was justified in taking the lives of his assailants, and was entitled to an acquittal. If the HOME SECRETARY were even now convinced of that fact, he would doubtless order HARGAN'S immediate and unconditional release. Mr. HERBERT STEPHEN has argued in the *St. James's Gazette* that the evidence, of which he procured the shorthand notes, does not bear out that hypothesis, but that, on the contrary, HARGAN was not in any actual danger when he fired. Had it been otherwise, it is difficult to imagine that a London jury, directed by a competent judge, would have found him guilty, much more that such a penalty would have been imposed. But, assuming that the verdict was right, it does not follow that the sentence is not excessive. The discretion of a judge in cases of manslaughter is absolute. The sentence may be penal servitude for life, or a day's imprisonment, dating from the opening of the Commission, and involving instant discharge. The discretion of a judge is not always the same thing as judicial discretion, and by some tribunal or other sentences must be occasionally revised. It was impossible at the trial to give evidence as to the reputation and career of HARGAN'S victims. But there can be no doubt that they were professional rowdies, "members," as HARGAN'S solicitor puts it, "of a gang of roughs and des-"perate characters who infested the neighbourhood of "Kingsland." It would not be safe to lay down the principle that people of this sort could be shot on sight, because little mistakes might from time to time occur. But it seems rather hard that an old soldier should spend the best part of his life in a "shameful slavery" because he has done a public service in an illegal and irregular way.

MR. GLADSTONE APPEALS.

THE document addressed by Mr. GLADSTONE as an "Appeal to the Tory householder" (but why not lodger?) in a quarterly periodical, or collection of essays, which is called *Subjects of the Day*, which has reached its third number, and which is published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, could hardly be otherwise than interesting. It is interesting because of the tone of its reference to the Liberal-Unionists, which can be most forcibly pictured by imagining a High Priest of BAAL addressing the Tory householders of Judah, and referring in passing to those seven thousand of his fellow-Israelites who had not bowed the knee to his idol. It is interesting because of its admission that there is such a thing as a Tory householder who is not a duke or a University man, or some other "child "predestined of the deil." It is very interesting because of its further recognition of the plea—long ago urged here and in other quarters, but hitherto almost neglected by Mr. GLADSTONE and his lieutenants—that one would like to hear some argument for Home Rule different from shrieks about Mitchelstown and Mr. O'BRIEN'S breeches on the one hand, and from Mr. MORLEY'S gloomy warning that the Irish will never be happy till they get Home Rule, and that while they are unhappy they will make themselves so intensely unpleasant that they must e'en have what they cry for. But it is most interesting of all because of the absence from it—an absence of which, though it is rash speaking on such a point, we verily believe Mr. GLADSTONE himself to be unconscious—of the very thing that it pretends (we use the word in no offensive sense) to give. Mr. GLADSTONE assumes—nay, he politely enough asserts, with little beating about the bush, that the Tory householder does not think, and he offers him subjects for thought—the continued discontent of Ireland, the thirteen seats won in five years, the block of Irish business in Parliament, the drop of Irish population and the failure of Irish wealth to keep pace with English, the expense of the present system, the experience of other nations, and so forth. He asks plaintively, "Why?", considering all these things, the Tory householder will kick against the pricks? And all the while he does not see that he has not come near this "Why" at all in his own remarks, and that almost every one of his own contentions might be granted for the sake of argument, and the Tory householder's objection to giving Home Rule remain as good as ever.

It may be that Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to rule out all Tories who do think, and in that case of course there is nothing to be said. If he is not, we can give him a very short and sufficient answer—the answer of Tory householders who think, who had before 1886 given more years than Mr. GLADSTONE had, by his own confession, given months to the study of Irish history, who are thoroughly acquainted with the state of Ireland, and not exactly ignorant of any one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Continental, Colonial, and American parallels. That answer is twofold. First, none of the evils which Mr. GLADSTONE points out is necessarily, demonstrably, or historically the offspring of Union as opposed to Home Rule. Secondly, the admission of Home Rule instead of Union in such a State as Great Britain and Ireland is necessarily, demonstrably, and historically certain, as far as the same causes may be trusted to produce the same effects, to produce not merely aggravations of these very evils, but new and worse evils still. We say that the population and wealth arguments do not touch the question, because the facts can be accounted for in other ways; that the foreign and Colonial parallels are no parallels; that Home Rule would probably, if not certainly, give the Imperial Parliament far more trouble than coerced Ireland does; that the probable, if not certain, reconquest of Ireland by main force would, in expense and evils of all kinds, dwarf the present inconveniences; that a semi-independent Ireland once practically crippled us, and that we will not run the risk of the same thing again; that we will not put those who trust us, and are loyal, at the mercy of those who know neither loyalty nor trust. This is the Tory householder's "Why," and he can give Mr. GLADSTONE twenty more wherefores to back it up if they be wanted.

POISONING BY VESTRY.

THE Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the Paddington Vestry recently declared that diphtheria in Paddington was "no new thing." During the last ten years, he added, it had been known in that parish and in Kensington. "The cause," writes Mr. E. H. CARBUTT, "is "not difficult to discover"; and Mr. CARBUTT discovers it in the "foul, suffocating smell" that comes over the district at night, and is so strong that "it positively wakes "people who are sleeping with their windows open." Like the prevalence of diphtheria, the abominable and dangerous nuisance of which Mr. CARBUTT complains is no new thing. The nuisance and the diphtheria have arisen and are thriving together. Whether we regard them as cause and effect, as Mr. CARBUTT does, and marvel at this last product of "our much-vaunted sanitary science," is a matter of secondary importance. The nuisance is intolerable, and must be put down. The matter has been brought to the notice of the Vestries of Kensington and Paddington repeatedly, and nothing has been done. Nor is there any prospect that anything will be done until the perpetrators of the nuisance are indicted. Mr. CARBUTT wants to know if the Vestry is powerless. It seems, from the interesting letter of Mr. LLOYD, who writes from Campden Hill, that the Kensington Vestry is only too powerful. It appears that the sickening smell that wakens sleepers, and leaves them with headache and sorethroat and fever, is caused by the burning of the refuse of the parish on the waste land known as the "Brickfields" in North Kensington. We believe it is no secret that this disgusting operation is done in the name of science, and has received the blessing of a kind of scientists. But this explanation does not appease the offended noses and suffering throats of the inhabitants of Campden Hill and its neighbourhood. The choice of such a locality as "brickfields" for a scientific experiment of this sort is not without ingenuity. When the foul and filthy air is wafted so far and so strong as to stir some vestryman, it is so natural in him to allay expostulation with a convincing reference to the brickfields. "It is only "the brickfields!" is his cheerful rejoinder to the plaints of the outraged ratepayer.

Brickfields are not altogether pleasant places to sleep

near or to sojourn in, but they are paradises in comparison with the nocturnal atmosphere of Kensington in a stilly night with the scientific refuse-burning in full blast. Those who know somewhat of the miscellaneous nature of the scourings of dust-bins would not care to risk the chance of such a venture. No earthly brickfield ever produced the sickening smell that has made night horrible in Kensington of late. The experiences of some recent Sundays on Campden Hill, owing possibly to extra fuel and "damping" on the Saturday night, can only be compared to the voyage down the Fleet, past Bridewell to the Thames, immortalized in BEN JONSON's poem. There is not an incident of that doughty deed that is not vividly suggested to the sleeper awakened by the deadly odour in the small hours of morn, when the vital powers are at their feeblest. The Rev. T. J. GASTER is properly sensitive to the nocturnal smell, "something like tar and sulphur," of which he complains in Peckham, and shrewdly suspects to be something its authors are ashamed of, or are afraid to produce in the day, when people are wide-awake. Mr. GASTER is less unfortunate than the people of Kensington. A night of tar and sulphur were a welcome change at Campden Hill, where an alterative of some kind—tar or sulphur, for example—would be a boon to all Kensington. At Peckham, says Mr. GASTER, "it comes in the night only," no man knowing whence; at Kensington they are not always so cautious, and everybody knows the source of the nuisance. Mr. J. E. LATTON-PICKERING, Mr. W. HIGGINS-JACOB, and others, write letters in corroboration of Mr. CARBUTT's statement. Mr. LATTON-PICKERING wishes to know if it is not time that Parliament prevented such nuisances. Mr. HIGGINS-JACOB suspects some parochial person of the superfluous deed of stirring up the dust-hole refuse of Paddington by night, and thus causing a horrible stench. That such deeds should be done in the dark is very hard upon nature, who is ever doing her best to purify the atmosphere of London at night, when the activity of London's smoking cauldron is considerably abated. But the local authorities seem determined to make our night air as foul as the day. If our days are smoky, our nights shall smell, is their wise decree. Seeing that complaints are fruitless, now is the time for action. Those persons who write to the papers to ask if Boards are permitted to do that which is forbidden to the individual can easily solve a question which, in the matter of nuisances, ought never to be asked. The burning of refuse and offal at the Kensington "brickfields" is an abominable nuisance, and any sufferer therefrom may proceed to indict the perpetrator of it. He will not lack support or witnesses. It is a strong proof, indeed, of public apathy or ignorance of the law that this obvious course of action has not been taken before. Perhaps it is so very obvious that it has not been done, and what is open to any ratepayer to do is neglected by all.

MR. LECKY'S NEW VOLUMES.

WE congratulate Mr. LECKY on the completion of the valuable series of studies to which he has given the name of *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, and of which the concluding volumes—the seventh and eighth—have been issued this week by Messrs. LONGMAN. They close, if our conjecture be right as to the origin of the work, under the same patriotic impulse in which they had their birth. We have imagined, on what we take to be internal evidence, from the character and proportion of topics in the first two volumes, that they may have had their occasion and inspiration in Mr. LECKY's indignation at what he conceived to be the misreading of Irish character and the falsifications of Irish history embodied in Mr. FROUDE's *English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, which preceded their publication by three years. The chapters which were devoted to this subject seemed to be the essence of the volumes of which the chapters dealing with English society were the vehicle. If it was by an accident of this kind that Mr. LECKY was led to the larger field which he has surveyed and described with admirable completeness and skill, the accident was a fortunate one. The setting has become at least as valuable as the gem which it enclosed. Mr. LECKY found possibly that he could not tell the story of Ireland in the eighteenth century without telling that of England too. Things in relation can only be understood together. Traces of this origin, if we have rightly guessed it, are impressed on the work from its beginning to its end. The space devoted to Ireland is greatly in excess of that given to any other subject. If our computation be correct, it occupies at least three and a half of the eight volumes in which the story of England in the eighteenth century is told. The two volumes which have just been published are devoted to it exclusively. We are far from complaining of this. A book is the more interesting, not only to contemporaries, but to subsequent generations of readers—audience of whom we do not doubt Mr. LECKY will have—for bearing traces of the movements of thought and feeling in which it was generated. Beginning, on our supposition, in one of those literary controversies which it is Mr. FROUDE's peculiar fortune to provoke, it closes in the crisis of that great political conflict in which the future both of England and Ireland are made the stake of a gambler's adventure. For the moment Mr. LECKY's volumes are likely to be regarded as if they were not the history of England, but only the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century, and even as a contribution to the electioneering and party strife of the hour. To take this view of them would be to do a great injustice even to those chapters which deal with Ireland. More than half of the eight volumes, as we have said, is occupied with other topics. Mr. LECKY's history is, indeed, several histories in one. The growth, development, and revolt of the American colonies, the history of Scotland before and since the Union, the sources and course of the French Revolution, the conflicts of the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratic elements in the English Constitution, the religious and philosophical movements of the eighteenth century, its manners, literature, and art, are all treated with an amplitude of knowledge, a penetration into general causes, and a discernment of the influence of individual characters, which make Mr. LECKY's volumes the best presentation that we know, not only of the phenomena, but of the *noumena*, of English life in the eighteenth century. It is, if we may say so, a translation of the material facts of history into the intelligible world. Mr. LECKY is what is called a philosophic historian. He does not plead the cause of party with MACAULAY, or picturesquely "stage" history with CARLYLE, or make it a propaganda of empire with Mr. SEELEY, or deal in large abstractions with GUIZOT, or in sagacious constitutionalism with HALLAM, or in brilliant storytelling with Mr. FROUDE, or in pleasantly ambling narrative like Lord STANHOPE's. His is a sort of *media scientia*, intermediate between bare abstractions and minute detail, grouping and arranging events and tendencies, and tracing them from their causes to their effects. His style reflects the character of his mind, lucid and flexible, alive in every sentence and turn of a phrase with thought, and nicely and easily adjusted to it, neither cramped and choked with too much meaning, nor flaccid with too little. So much it may be necessary to say in order to recall to the reader the varied topics of *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, which might be ignored in consideration of the one theme which occupies exclusively its concluding volumes.

In the preface to this final instalment of his work, Mr. LECKY expresses a misgiving that the scale on which he has told the history of the eight years which ended with the Act of Union has marred the due proportion of his work. He at first had thought that one volume of moderate size would contain all that it was necessary to say; but he found that, if a story so complicated by contradictory evidence, by shiftings of popular sentiment and changes of policy on the part of statesmen, so stained by guilt and grotesque folly, were to be intelligibly and fairly told, the historian must give not only his judgment, but the materials on which his judgment was based. Nearly every assertion is controverted. There is no unanimity in the judgment of character. Mr. LECKY gives his readers the opportunity of judging for themselves, aiding them, indeed, by his own interpreting intelligence, and still more by the example of a temper at once judicial in its equity and of a kindly humanity. An air of serene truthfulness breathes through his volumes. He is constitutionally unable to understand the temper of mind which, to use his own expression, deals with historical facts as a child deals with his box of letters, which "picks out and arranges those letters, and those only, "which will spell the words on which he has previously "determined, leaving all others untouched." So is party history written. So Mr. LECKY has made it his aim not to write. He thinks of a future generation which may be able to judge better than that which he now addresses, to what extent he has succeeded in his aim. No doubt

partisans will pick out of his pages missiles which they can hurl at each other. These volumes are a perfect arsenal of offensive and defensive weapons. But, though Mr. LECKY's example may not be at once imitated, it will not be without its silent and gradual effect upon the tempers of men. His impartiality of rebuke and praise will be turned to account by unscrupulous partisans; but it will make them a little less unscrupulous. Mr. LECKY goes great lengths with those who denounce the methods by which the Act of Union was passed, and shows that the time of doing the thing, as well as the manner of doing, was ill chosen. Speaking as a matter of first impression, which further consideration of the facts and arguments of Mr. LECKY may qualify or reverse, we are inclined to think that his judgment on the conduct of PITT errs on the side of harshness. Mr. LECKY, however, insists—and, by his ample concession of all that can be conceded to the assailants of the English Minister, may bring the more rational of them to perceive—that the question of conduct then and the question of policy now are entirely distinct. It may have been wrong, in the time and manner in which it was done, to abolish the Parliament of GRATTAN, FOSTER, and PLUNKET. It does not follow that it would be right to establish a Parliament of DILLONS, O'BRIENS, and DAVITTS. "To place "the conduct of affairs in the hands of loyal, trust-"worthy, and competent men is," Mr. LECKY remarks, "not the sole, but the most important, end of poli-"tics." We are told that we ought to trust the leaders "of the Irish people. But in Ireland political leader-"ship has largely passed into hands to which no sane "and honourable statesman would entrust the task of "maintaining law, or securing property, or enforcing "contracts, or protecting loyal men, or supporting in "times of difficulty and danger the interests of the "Empire." English political leadership has not escaped demoralization. The factious competition for the Irish vote "has produced coalitions and alliances to which the "worst period of English party politics in the eighteenth "century can afford no adequate parallel; apostasies and "transformations so flagrant, so rapid, and so shameless "that they have sunk the level of public morals and the "character and honour of public men to a point which has "scarcely been reached in England since the evil days of "the Restoration or the Revolution." This is the true note to sound; and we are glad that Mr. LECKY has the courage to say boldly what many think, though from considerations of old political connexion and personal friendships, they cannot bring themselves to say it. Yet if Englishmen, confused by considerations of expediency and policy which they cannot very nicely weigh, are to be stayed in the downward course on which they are rushing, it must be by appeals to their sense of personal and public honour, duty, and decency. On the Home Rule question the previous question of loyalty and honesty should be moved. Mr. LECKY has shown, we think conclusively, that at the time of the Union the great body of the Irish Catholics, and especially the clergy, either favoured or were indifferent to the Union; and that now, except as a means to possession of the land, and as a pure political change, the Irish tenants care little for it. It is an affair of the conspirators and politicians on this side of the Irish Channel and on that. But on these points, and some others, we propose to speak in a more detailed notice of Mr. LECKY's volumes.

FATAL FIRES.

AMONG the many fires in London recorded this week, the fatal disasters on Monday at Smithfield and Whitechapel, both occurring in workshops, were outbreaks of extraordinary suddenness and intensity. They exemplify once again how little can be effected by the best Fire Brigade system when highly inflammable or explosive materials are at hand. At the Smithfield fire the men with engines and escapes were admirably prompt, turning out from half a dozen different stations at the same minute, yet, so rapid was the spread of flame from the ignited vapour of naphtha employed in the workshop, they were too late to save life. It is doubtful, indeed, if their presence on the spot with their saving appliances at the moment of alarm could have entirely prevented the loss of life that followed. Naturally a panic seized the workpeople, who rushed to the windows, and dropped to the street by improvised ropes of calico, or jumped direct without such aid, as the two poor women, who have since died, leaped from the burning house in Colchester Street. In both cases there is really no question of exits, so instantaneous was the catastrophe. The terrible fire reported from America, at the Leland Hotel, Syracuse, shows that the means of escape may exist, and yet be ignored by the panic-stricken people. The iron ladders affixed to the outside of the building from the windows, as is common to most American hotels, were, it appears, forgotten by many occupants of the Leland Hotel, and these excellent escapes were chiefly used by the firemen in rescuing the people.

The frequency of fires caused by inflammable oils has inevitably led to much discussion of the working of the various Acts passed to regulate the storage and sale of petroleum. There have been great and alarming outbursts, like the Farringdon Road fire last month, and numerous smaller yet fatal cases, of which Captain SHAW's last Annual Report is extremely instructive. The fire at the hat factory in Smithfield demands an exhaustive inquiry. The public should be re-assured that all that can be done for the protection of the lives of working people is provided by recent legislative enactments. Yet, with the fullest acknowledgment of the virtue that lies in the licensing system, the regulations as to the storage and sale of dangerous oils, it is clear that much good must result from the more stringent supervision of workshops and factories where such inflammable commodities are in daily use. Proprietors and foremen—not to speak of the workpeople concerned—can do more, by constant care and watchfulness, for their own protection, than any code of Government regulations. The latter are excellent and necessary, no doubt, yet they must needs break down unless supported by some rigid preventive rules adapted to each workshop by the masters and loyally observed by the men.

While it is not easy, we admit, to prevent the recurrence of such disasters as that at Smithfield, there are other fires, terribly frequent and fatal, that are absolutely preventible, and at a very small outlay on the part of lamp-manufacturers. The lives of three children were lost the other day through the thoughtless attempt to extinguish a lamp by blowing down the glass chimney. The lamp exploded, as lamps commonly do when thus treated, and of such cases some seventy are recorded in London alone in one year. In the country they are quite as numerous, and the percentage of fatalities is as high and is increasing. Now this loss of life may be stopped by the addition to all cheap lamps for table use of the simple mechanical extinguisher fixed to the better class of lamps, by which the flame is quenched as readily as the electric light is by the switch. The small additional cost involved in this improvement would be cheerfully borne by purchasers, and one of the most fruitful sources of fatal fires would be promptly stopped. There is no power of control over careless people and others who upset lamps, and thus destroy their own houses or furniture and endanger their own and others' lives. This class of fire, which comprised one hundred and fifty instances in London during the year, must be left to the fireman. The preventible class of disasters should speedily be abolished by the combined action of public opinion and the lamp-makers.

PROFESSOR SELLAR.

THE death of Mr. Sellar, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, is in more ways than one a serious loss to Scottish learning and to Scottish society. Educated at the Edinburgh Academy, of which when only fourteen he was "dux," or captain, and at Glasgow University, Mr. Sellar was thoroughly Northern in his early training. At Glasgow he won the Snell exhibition, that common path of Scotchmen to Oxford, and also gained a Balliol scholarship. A Fellowship at Oriel, while Oriel Fellowships were still the most distinguished prizes for senior men, followed. Mr. Sellar, at Balliol and at Oriel, became the friend of many distinguished men; of Mr. Matthew Arnold, of the late Principal Shairp, of Sir Alexander Grant, to speak only of those no longer with us, and, among others, of the Master of Balliol, who was his tutor. After writing two excellent critical studies on Lucretius and Thucydides, in the *Oxford Essays*, he became Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. That place of learning was less populous with students then than it is now; but it was happy in a learned and friendly society, of which Professor Ferrier, Principal Tulloch, Professor Veitch, Principal Forbes, and Professor Shairp were members. There was no more agreeable and humorous community, and the students were fortunate indeed who listened to the lectures and enjoyed the undisturbed attention of such teachers. Leaving St. Andrews, Mr. Sellar undertook the much

more serious task of teaching "the Humanities" to far larger classes at Edinburgh. In his second as in his earlier chair he displayed the same very unusual power of exciting keen interest in ancient literature, of awakening thought, and stimulating industry, without the very faintest condescension to claptrap and popular appeal. He was not at any time a critical scholar of the severer type; he had the scholar's accuracy, and his distaste for eloquent negligence; but there was nothing in him of the pedant or the literary martinet. As a rule, men who regarded the classics as living literature used then to be somewhat careless of minute accuracy and elegance. This was not Mr. Sellar's fault. He combined the discipline of accuracy with the true sentiment of literature. He did not make Horace or Ovid, Virgil or Catullus, seem dry and crabbed; still less, if possible, did he perorate vaguely about their literary merits. His volume on the *Roman Poets of the Republic*, like his *Virgil*, and we are inclined to think in a still higher degree, contains the essence of his academic teaching. Before his brief and fatal illness began he had been working hard at, and we believe had nearly completed, his book on Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius. In repeated journeys to Italy he had studied the scenes in which they wrote, and the places of their birth. It is much to be hoped that this book, delayed by the failing health of Mr. Sellar's later years, may be found a complete and worthy successor of his earlier volumes. His criticism was lucid, temperate, schooled by sincere research, inspired by the most genuine love of the best poetry and of nature.

An admirable teacher (as the successes of his pupils from first to last declare), an accomplished and earnest critic, Mr. Sellar was, if possible, even more to be esteemed as a man and a friend. In him there was nothing either of the pedant or of the pedant's affectation of being a worldling. He was sincere, generous, loyal, upright, honourable, and humorous. No man was less disposed to wear his heart on his sleeve, none had a heart more kindly, none was capable of more tenacious, tender, and lasting affection. His country home was a centre of enjoyment to all his neighbours of every class; no house, even in Scotland, was ever more widely hospitable. In all his life was an exemplary blending of what is kindliest in the Northern character with what is most refined in Southern learning. Whoever knew him alone among men of letters might have believed that men of letters were free from vanity and ignorant of jealousy. There may be some who regret that the duties of his chair led him to concern himself rather with the Latin than with the older, nobler, and more original literature of Greece. Greek had, no doubt, his first love. But, unlike many Scottish professors, he preferred to work in the leisure of his vacations at the appointed subject of his chair, not at something else perhaps more congenial. The life of a scholar is not rich in incident, and this is not the time or place in which to write at length about Mr. Sellar's career. Many a name is more familiar to the world than his; but no man can be more sincerely, and deeply, and permanently mourned by those whom he chose for his friends, by all who knew him as he was, an inspiriting teacher, an excellent scholar, a distinguished critic, and, in the highest sense which the words can bear, a kindly and stainless gentleman.

VAUCLUSE.

NOT every one who halts at Avignon makes his pilgrimage to Vaucluse in these days. The time has quite gone by when a sportsman like the Chevalier de Seingalt could "mingle his tears with the consecrated water," and invite the echoes to answer "Laure," when he called "Petrarch." The most sentimental of modern visitors would behave like that young woman whom he holds up to scorn, and regard such an enthusiast with "anxious gravity," while seeking a chance to escape. When somebody mentioned Napoleon at that famous gathering of wits recorded in the *Peau de Chagrin*, a cry arose "C'était un grand homme!—n'en parlons plus!" That is our attitude towards Petrarch, mostly. But those who contemn the antique usage, and quit Avignon without seeing Vaucluse, miss a short excursion agreeable to every taste, and interesting to the thoughtful. Leaving the city by the Porte du Rhône, we follow a shaded boulevard between the ramparts and the river as far as the Porte St. Lazare. That first stage of the drive tempts one to linger. M. Viollet-le-Duc had not reached this portion of the circuit when the fall of the Empire put a stop to his excellent restorations. The matchless wall is perfect, but several of the towers have lost their beautiful *consoles*, and the overhanging mâchicoulis will not stand unsupported evidently. Englishmen should keep a guilty silence when it is question of preserving historic monuments; but, all the same, it is discreditable to the Republic that the good works of the Empire should be dropped. Old buildings reared against the walls were pulled down elsewhere, but here they remain, and new ones are rising also—of such solid construction that the encroachers must surely be licensed. We pass the ruined bridge of St. Bénézet, and those who examine it will not feel inclined to dispute that such a structure was raised by miracle—in 1177—to stand six hundred years. There are miracles in which the supernatural has no share. Across the broad Rhône stands Villeneuve, a wondrous petrefaction, with streets of roofless palaces, great halls full of shrubs or growing vegetables, and cloisters where ingenuous youths assemble to practise stone-throwing, with figures and inscriptions for the target. The fortifications of Villeneuve, the French outpost, were stronger than those of Avignon, if less picturesque; but nothing remains besides shapeless heaps of masonry, the grand donjon built by Philippe le Bel, to command the Pope's bridge, and the stately portal of the Abbey between colossal round towers.

It is a pleasant road towards Vaucluse, shaded for the most part by an avenue of planes, and here and there by a dense array of cypress, very strange to unaccustomed eyes. So closely are they planted that no ray of light nor breath of wind can slip through the tangled foliage. Dwellers in these parts must always reckon with the mistral. A landowner, who has the means, encircles his property with such a rampart, and again runs "traverses" of cypress across the fields. Stone walls are not impenetrable to the mistral, if there be a window or a door, at least; but these leafy barriers, of astonishing height, prevent the crops being absolutely blown away. One disadvantage of the system would be found grave in other countries. There are many hundred yards in this highway where twilight begins long before sunset at midsummer, owing to the cypresses on one side and the planes on the other. It must be black as a coal-mine there after the sun goes down—the darkness that can be felt. But no one seems to fear thieves or tramps in this happy realm of Provence. At the village of Le Thor, which crowns the upland, Vaucluse is pointed out, a mere shadow on the face of lofty, naked hills that bar the horizon. Our spirits rise at that sight—it must be an extraordinary spot indeed! Some miles further the avenue of planes is doubled—two rows on either hand. Pretty villas and gardens ablaze with colour come in sight, a plain but agreeable group of buildings carries the inscription "Ecole Communale." Dazzling white it is, just finished and not yet occupied; but the approach and the grounds about are already gay with flowers. They think here, apparently, that school should be made attractive first of all. And then, suddenly, we find ourselves skirting the town of L'Isle. Would that English manufacturers would take that drive—such of them as could grasp the significance of what they saw. Our people are so used to the ugliness and dreariness of their industrial towns that they have learned to associate those conditions with prosperous trade. By nature's law, they think, a thriving factory must be gaunt and bare, its surroundings more or less grimy. They would perceive their error at L'Isle. It is a rich and a very busy little place, occupied especially with silk-weaving; but none of those establishments are seen on the river front. We note, however, in the space of three hundred yards or so, a flour-mill, a manufactory of sulphates, of *constructions mécaniques*—whatever they may be—*couvertures de laine*, a dye-works, and two of plaster. One of them on English soil would stamp out beauty in its neighbourhood; but here they succeed each other, and leave not one disagreeable trace upon the memory. Those who have driven through L'Isle along the Sorgue—for we speak not of parts unvisited—recollect the scene as one of the prettiest and quaintest in their experience. Four rows of plane-trees, not to be excelled for girth of trunk or luxuriance of foliage, keep the road cool at noonday, shadow the ground-floor of the factories on the right hand, and conceal the upper part. Upon the left, between old but solid embankments, a delightful stream races by—one of the swiftest in Europe—the famous Sorgue. It is, in fact, a "rapid" at this point, clear as crystal, shallow, green with streaming water-weeds, but broad enough for boats. Women are washing clothes all along, upon a step built for their use in the embankment. On the other bank, beyond an avenue, rise the quarters evidently of working people, tall, old, stained, but solid-looking, and gay with flowers in every window. Not a detail of the picture but is pleasant to behold. One understands how children brought up in scenes like this gain an advantage over our workers in the sense of taste and originality of design. Probably enough the drains are queer, and the conditions of life in general such as would shock our sanitary enthusiasts. But if it be so, the strong health of the people makes a mock of science. The Provençal is a stalwart race, but men as robust as any, and children as wholesome-looking, are seen among the factory-hands of L'Isle.

A little further, at a turn of the road, Vaucluse comes into sight. Certainly it fulfils the utmost expectation of those who looked for a surprise. Even so near as this one can hardly think that a valley with human habitations lies behind that mere split in the bare wall of stone. It must have been a "secret place," indeed, when Petrarch sought refuge there, for the heights were clothed with wood within the memory of living men. To the destruction of these the extreme nakedness of the hills is due. Covered with snow in winter, swept by the mistral in spring, and baked in summer, the rocks are washed clean. They have no more trace of verdure on their crests than hills of the Egyptian desert. A long way down, the clefts are outlined by a hardy growth of shrubs. Grey, shimmering plantations of olive succeed. But when green appears at last, on the lower slopes, it is strangely and beautifully bright. The whole landscape, indeed, has a peculiar fascination, which grows upon the eye. When the last rise is surmounted, one looks down upon the outer valley, with the Sorgue galloping through it, a river impassable, though its course is not yet a mile long. They say that the strongest swimmer could not reach the other bank before he had been carried all the way to L'Isle! If this be exaggerated, one of our champions would find a novel and a lively exercise in demonstrating the fact. So deeply, wonderfully green is the narrow valley that painters regard it with despair. They dare not

put such colour on a strip of canvas. In the midst stands an island, on that a big factory, which would shock the sentimental traveller sadly, could he recognize it; but a dense grove of poplars leaves nothing visible except the tall chimney—which does not smoke, to-day at least. Further on, at the mouth of the valley proper, the ruins of "Petrarch's Château" come in view, crowning a lofty hill upon the right; it was the residence of his friend and patron, Philippe de Cabassol. Here the poet and the bishop held their long talks far into the night, until the servants turned out with torches to seek them in the oak-woods. There is not so much as a bramble about the ruins now, apparently. A few yards beyond lies a cluster of "hotels" and cafés and factories—the village of Vaucluse.

It is not really disappointing—at least, not much. If they could only suppress those tall chimneys, which do not smoke to-day, the rest would not be obtrusive, putting sentiment aside. And the standing wonder of the Sorgue claims all attention. You can scarcely find time to laugh at the famous monument raised in Petrarch's honour by the Athénée Society of the department in 1804; it was designed after the model of Trajan's Column at Rome, but somehow it "came out" in the likeness of that object which diverts the passer-by at Ludgate Circus. You hasten to the river. At this point it has been in existence, as one may say, a very few moments; it has flowed three hundred yards, or less; and the bridge that crosses it is a hundred feet long, with no room to spare at Midsummer! Is there a phenomenon like this in the world? An exquisitely pretty stream it is, bounding and tumbling in mad haste over a bed green as a meadow. Pliny noted this peculiarity in his account of the "noble fountain in Gallia Narbonensis"; adding that cattle were so fond of the weed they browsed upon it with their heads under water. That breed of cattle appears to be extinct. Leaving the bridge, you run the gauntlet of old women and deformed natives who make a blameless livelihood by selling photographs, immortelles, bouquets of dried flowers, pamphlets on Petrarch, and lays on Laura. The naked hills close in, descending to the very margin of the river. The few yards of ground comparatively flat are occupied by a café, which announces on a big placard that here, and not elsewhere, stood Petrarch's house. It may be so; these people have long memories. Here—perhaps—was the spot which Petrarch likened to the *cella* where Cicero used to practise oratory. "So much at least is certain—that my little house lends itself to study." It lends itself nowadays—the site at least—to drinking beer under a striped awning. And half a dozen French tourists are taking advantage of the opportunity. This was not the "transalpine Parnassus sacred to Apollo." Another café stands upon that memorable spot—always subject to "perhaps." It was backed, Petrarch wrote, "by rocks and thickets inaccessible, where birds alone can make their way." The enterprise of the nineteenth century has made a mock of the birds, and planted a paper-mill in their inaccessible retreat. In fact, one really cannot fix one's mind upon poetic legend and sentiment when factory succeeds café in a procession uninterrupted, and aged or decrepid persons offer you a bunch of dyed weeds at every step. It is well to make the best of things. These industrial establishments might be a great deal uglier, and a great deal more conspicuous; for they stand upon the very verge and encroach upon the stream, half-hidden from above by trees and rocks clothed in verdure. But their chimneys protrude, and presently one gets vexed. This hallowed spot which kings used to visit has become what they call a "rising place." Sympathetic tourists are welcome, but bagmen preferred. The marvel of a river which will carry a boat ten yards from its source and a steam-launch within a hundred has been fatal to its romance. It may represent what you please to enthusiasts; but the *enfant du siècle* recognizes "water-power" running to waste.

Happily the marvel remains unimpaired, and very much of the beauty too. Dismissing, as best one may, those cafés and chimneys, one climbs a rocky path towards the *fontaine*. There yawns a cave, the Trou de Coulobré, where dwelt a dragon in times past, that behaved after the manner of dragons. It would still be imprudent to hint a doubt—did not St. Véran destroy the monster? Was he not canonized for that public service? They have some awful legends in these parts. Behind the cliff ahead stand the ruins of Beaume de l'Hôte, beside the fathomless pit of Aven, which swallowed the bodies of the victims whom the châtelain enticed to his abode. Historic stories also are terrible enough. The Malendrins, a peculiarly ferocious banditti, took refuge here when hard pressed; they looted Petrarch's house in his absence and burnt it to the ground. So—it is less than ten minutes' walk—astonishing how close nine factories and cafés unnumbered can pack!—we reach the famous grotto from which springs the Sorgue, a river at birth. In this summer season it is a round pool beneath the cliff, barred in front by a slab of rock; but when the water rises to its fullest, in autumn and spring, it swells to the roof of the cavern, and pours over the slab in a cataract. At such times the fig-tree is submerged—that most renowned of all living fig-trees, which clings to the bare stone above the grotto, and thrives from generation to generation without soil or water visible, excepting such floods. M. Reboul estimates the outflow at 50,000 litres the second—say, 13,000 gallons. The pool is some thirty feet deep on the near side, but beyond, its bottom fails altogether. M. Reboul could not sound this inner gulf within a line of a hundred mètres. There is strong reason to think that the underground lake communicates with Mont Ventoux, near forty miles away. A great chasm opened in that range in 1783, and the crystal waters of the Sorgue ran muddy for a long while after. Persons who care nothing for Petrarch or even for his Laura may take interest in a wonder like this.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—RHINOCEROSES.

RHINOCEROSES are now so common in menageries and so many have been seen at the Zoo that it is difficult to realize that until the early years of this century only about half a dozen of these animals had been seen in Europe since the time of the Roman Empire. Yet so it was, and consequently the accounts of the earlier authors teem with the most marvellous stories, not only of the appearance, but also of the manners, of these creatures. But, if their stories were marvellous, their pictures were even more wonderful, most of them representing an impossible creature clothed in what was apparently intended for a highly ornamented suit of armour. The first of these wonderful drawings is said to have been made in Lisbon in the year 1513 from a rhinoceros sent from India to Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and was engraved at Nürnberg by Albert Dürer; and here we may add that the King, after trying all sorts of experiments to prove the ferocity of this rhinoceros, sent the unfortunate animal by sea as a present to the Pope: but "in an access of fury it sunk the vessel on its passage." The following are examples of the stories to which we refer. One veracious author informs us that "a full-grown rhinoceros measures fourteen feet from the ground to the highest part of the back, and the legs are so remarkably short that, with all this height, the belly comes near the ground." It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that an animal of this immense size should be able to "toss up a large bull," as we are told the "old ones" were in the habit of doing whenever opportunity offered. From another source we gather that the rhinoceros—the African black rhinoceros, apparently, in this case—was most distinctly an animal to be avoided, as "when he attacks a man he lays hold of the middle of his body, and throws him over his head with such force that he is almost always killed with the fall. This done, he comes and licks him, and his tongue is so rough and hard that it brings off the flesh from the bones. He likewise serves other animals in the same manner after he has killed them." This being so, it is reassuring to learn that "he very rarely attacks mankind, unless he is provoked or meets with a person with a red garment," and that "when he is seen running along, it is pretty easy to avoid him, because he cannot turn about very readily, so that when he is about eight or ten feet distant, a man needs only go one side, and then he will be out of his sight." The rhinoceros, however, though so fierce and untameable, had apparently one soft spot in its heart, which often led to its destruction, for "it is said by Albertus, Isidorus, and Alumnus, that above all creatures they love virgins, and that unto them they will come, be they never so wilde, and fall asleep before them, so being asleep they are easily taken and carried away." Finally, the horn of the rhinoceros was supposed to possess wonderful medicinal properties and to be an antidote to poison—a belief which held its ground until quite the end of last century, for Dr. Brookes, writing in 1763, says "It has been usually said that the horn of a rhinoceros will fall in pieces when poison is poured therein. At the Cape they have cups made of the horn, which are mounted in gold and silver. When wine is poured therein it will rise, ferment, and seem to boil; but when mixed with poison, it cleaves in two, which experiment has been seen by thousands of people."

Rhinoceroses, of which five or six species are known, are found only in the African and Indian regions; and though they vary much in appearance, they all of them have large unwieldy bodies, supported on short legs, with three toes on each foot, skins which are thick and unyielding—so much so, in the Asiatic species, as to "necessitate the formation of deep folds to enable them to move their limbs with any facility"—and either one or two horns, which differ from those of other mammals not only in their position (placed as they are on the animal's nose), but also in their structure, as they are "composed of modified and agglutinated hairs." At the present time there are five individuals at the Zoo, representing three species, one African and two Asiatic, namely, one common African black rhinoceros (*R. bicornis*), two hairy-eared rhinoceroses (*R. lasiotis*), and two Indian rhinoceroses (*R. unicornis*). Three of these are old inhabitants of the Gardens, one of the Indian rhinoceroses having been presented to the Society so long ago as July 25, 1864, while the female hairy-eared rhinoceros was purchased in 1872. This animal, "Begum" by name, is said to have been captured in rather a curious way, having had the misfortune to walk into a quicksand, from which it found it impossible to extricate itself. And, lastly, the African black rhinoceros has lived in Regent's Park since 1868. This animal is specially noticeable as being, to quote the official "Guide to the Gardens," "the first specimen of this animal brought to Europe since the days of the Romans."

Though a far larger number of Asiatic than African rhinoceroses have been seen alive in Europe, the latter are, we imagine, far better known in this country—by report, at least—than are their Asiatic congeners, the result of their being found very

plentifully in what was, without exception, the finest game country in the world, and thus, naturally, being fully described in every book relating to travel or sport in South Africa. Much has been written about the number of species of rhinoceroses found in Africa, some authors contending for as many as five species; but the best authorities are satisfied with two, the black rhinoceros—so called, though in reality it is of a dark slate colour—and the white or square-mouthed rhinoceros; both of them are two-horned and smooth-skinned; but the former, among other points of difference, has a long pointed and prehensile upper lip, and feeds on leaves and branches, while the latter has a short upper lip and feeds on grass. The black rhinoceros is found all over the continent—the animal in the Zoo was captured in Upper Nubia—and is therefore in little present dread of extermination; but the range of the white rhinoceros is—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, was—limited to Southern and South Central Africa, with the unfortunate consequence that it has been practically, if not absolutely, exterminated. On this subject Mr. Selous made some interesting remarks in an article which appeared in the *Field* on August 16 last. He says:—

> It was within a mile of this spot (near the river Se-whoi-whoi, in Mashunaland) that two years previously (*i.e.* in 1883) I shot two white rhinoceroses (*R. simus*), the last of their kind that have been killed, and perhaps that ever will be killed, by an Englishman. They were male and female, and I preserved the skin of the head and the skull of the former for the South African Museum in Cape Town, where they now are. I shall never cease to regret that I did not preserve the entire skeleton for our own splendid Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, but when I shot the animal I made sure I should get finer specimens later on in the season. However, one thing and another prevented my visiting the one spot of country where I knew that a few were still to be found, and now these few have almost, if not quite, all been killed, and to the best of my belief the great white or square-mouthed rhinoceros, the largest of terrestrial mammals after the elephant, is on the very verge of extinction, and in the next year or two will become absolutely extinct; and if in the near future some student of natural history should wish to know what this extinct beast really was like, he will find nothing in all the museums of Europe and America to enlighten him upon the subject but some half-dozen skulls and a goodly number of the anterior horns. In 1886 two Boer hunters got into the little tract of country where a few white rhinoceroses were still left, and between them killed ten during the season; five more were killed during the same time by some native hunters from the Matabele country. A few were still left, as in the following year, 1887, myself and some English sportsmen saw the tracks of two or three in the same district, but could not find the animals themselves. Some of these last remnants of their race may still survive; but it is not too much to say that long before the close of this century the white rhinoceros will have vanished from the face of the earth. . . . The subject of the extinction of this huge quadruped has a melancholy interest for me, who remember that less than twenty years ago it was a common animal over an enormous extent of country in central South Africa.

The extermination of the white rhinoceros is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, as it is one of the inevitable results of the extension of the settlements in South Africa; but that no museum in Europe or America should possess a specimen—if we except the young mounted specimen, about the size of a large pig, in the British Museum—is curious, and very much to be regretted, and we are pleased to see that Dr. Sclater has called attention to the fact in the columns of *Nature*, "in the hope that the attention of the several exploring parties now traversing Mashunaland and Matabeleland may be called to this subject, and that in case of a straggling survivor of the white rhinoceros being met with, it may be carefully preserved for the National Collection at South Kensington." He draws attention to the following differences in the forms of the heads of the two species. First, the different formation of the lips already mentioned; secondly, the size and shape of the ears; "in *R. bicornis* the ear-conch is much rounded at the extremity, and edged by a fringe of short black hairs which spring from the margin. In *R. simus* the ear-conch is much elongated and sharply pointed at its upper extremity, where the hairs which clothe its margin constitute a slight tuft. While the upper portion of the ear-conch is much more expanded in *R. simus* (than in *R. bicornis*), in the lower portion the two margins are united together for a much greater extent, and form a closed cylinder, which rises about three inches above the base." Thirdly, the shape of the nostrils, "which in *R. simus* are elongated in a direction parallel to the mouth, while in *R. bicornis* they are more nearly of a circular shape"; while, lastly, the eye in *R. simus* appears to be placed further back in the head than in *R. bicornis*. Another point of difference, mentioned by Mr. Selous, is that the square-mouthed rhinoceros walks and runs with its nose close to the ground; while the black rhinoceros carries its head high in the air. In conclusion, we can only say with Dr. Sclater that "the country in which alone (as it is possible, but by no means certain) the last stragglers exist being now within the British Empire, it is clearly our duty to endeavour to obtain and preserve examples of the great white or square-mouthed rhinoceros for the use and information of posterity."

MONEY MATTERS.

THE crisis in South Africa, and the bank failures which are the outcome of it, are less serious, no doubt, than the crisis in the River Plate countries; but they contribute largely, nevertheless, to the very apprehensive feeling which has prevailed in the City for some weeks past; and the gross mismanagement which has been brought to light by the failures intensifies their effect. The Union Bank of Cape Town, though it had but a small paid-up capital and a very small reserve, was established more than forty years ago, and did a large and, as was generally supposed, a very flourishing business, the smallness of the paid-up capital being made up for by the fact that the liability of the shareholders was unlimited. The breakdown reminds us of the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank. The whole of the capital and reserve were swept away, and in addition 411,000*l.* was lost. That is to say, the liabilities exceeded the assets, without counting the capital or reserve fund at all, by over 411,000*l.*, and practically the loss is due to the unwarranted credits given to a Mr. Lippert. In April of last year his liabilities to the Bank, so far as were known to the Directors, were over 142,000*l.* But the cashier gave him further credits amounting to over 152,000*l.*, raising his total liabilities to somewhat over 295,000*l.* Somewhat later the Directors made him further advances amounting to 110,000*l.*, and in March of the present year they made still further advances, bringing up the total amount of credit given to Mr. Lippert to the enormous sum of 478,913*l.* The interest which accumulated on this vast sum somewhat exceeded 75,542*l.*, so that when the Bank closed its doors Mr. Lippert's total indebtedness to it amounted to 554,455*l.*

The failure of this institution caused a run upon the Cape of Good Hope Bank, partly because it was said that the largest shareholders of the one were also the largest in the other, and partly because it was believed that the Cape of Good Hope Bank had lost heavily on account of advances made to speculators in land and gold ventures. The run continued for about a month, when at last the Cape of Good Hope Bank had also to close its doors. At a meeting of the shareholders called by the chairman, he acknowledged that half the capital had been lost. He added that the De Beers Diamond Company had offered assistance, and that the majority of the Board were in favour of accepting it; but that he himself felt prohibited from doing so, as a clause in the Trust Deed required the shareholders to be called together whenever half the capital disappeared. In conclusion, the Chairman stated that, according to the best estimate which could be framed so soon, the total bad debts amounted to 264,000*l.* But he expressed a hope that in the end twenty shillings in the pound would be paid. The Official Liquidator now estimates the minimum loss at 464,000*l.*, and recommends a call of 30*l.* per share. The Bank is over half a century old, it had a paid-up capital amounting to 175,000*l.*, and it had a reserve fund of 40,000*l.*, making together 215,000*l.* The nominal value of the shares is 40*l.*, of which 10*l.* have been paid-up, and there remains a liability of 30*l.* on each share, which, if all paid up, will produce the sum of 625,000*l.* No one ventures to hope, however, that if a 30*l.* call is made it will all be paid up—firstly, because, as already stated, many of the shareholders are already shareholders in the unlimited Union Bank, and, secondly, because many others have suffered from the collapse of speculation in land and mining property, and from the depression which has ensued upon these failures. As a matter of course the suspension of the Cape of Good Hope Bank caused a run upon several other institutions. It is said that the Natal Bank was saved only by the intervention of the Government, and for a while fears were entertained that other banks would be swept away. It is hoped now, however, that no further failures will take place. In the meantime the shareholders are threatened with ruin. Those of the Union Bank are in the same situation as the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank were; that is to say, they are liable to the last penny they have in the world, and the great majority of them no doubt will be reduced to absolute poverty. The shareholders in the Cape of Good Hope Bank are liable only to the extent of 30*l.* per share; but even that, it is to be feared, will, if not actually ruin, at all events greatly impoverish, the majority of them.

The evil consequences of the failures are not confined to the shareholders. In the case of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, the Standard Bank of South Africa offered 10*s.* in the 1*l.* to the depositors, and it was believed that the Government would also aid, if aid were absolutely required. That may to a very large extent relieve the depositors, but to some extent they must suffer, and the other customers of the two banks will suffer still more. The wealthy amongst them will find no difficulty in getting accommodation from other banks. But there are many customers no doubt who, without being wealthy, are yet desirable clients of a bank, and who will not so easily be able to open accounts with institutions they do not know. For a while, therefore, they will be unable to obtain the accommodation they require, and they may thereby be placed in extremely embarrassing circumstances. But the worst effect of all is the shock that two such failures have given to credit throughout South Africa; the suspicions they have spread that other banks are perhaps not much better managed than those that have been brought down; and the fears that will continue for a considerable time that the difficulties of all kinds which must follow such failures and such a shock to credit may have other consequences at any moment. Enterprise throughout South Africa, therefore, has been checked by these failures. Property has gradually depreciated, and depression has been increased. In London, too, the shock has been felt—firstly, because it has reduced still further the value of all South African securities; and, secondly, because it has induced the fear that institutions and houses trading with or interested in South Africa

may suffer, if not directly from the failures, yet indirectly from the after effects of these failures.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount, although in many quarters they were expected to do so. The reserve is very low. On Saturday last the Imperial Bank of Germany raised its rate to 5½ per cent. During the past two months the Imperial Bank has lost over 7 millions sterling in gold. At the same time its note circulation has increased by nearly 8 millions sterling, owing to the enormous advances made by the Bank to those interested in new issues; particularly, it has lent almost the whole amount required to those who applied for the German and Prussian Government loans brought out last week. The Bank therefore requires gold. In Austria-Hungary, too, the money market is stringent. The Austro-Hungarian Bank on Thursday of this week, following the lead of the Imperial Bank of Germany, raised its rate to 5½ per cent. Stock Exchange borrowers, it is reported, are paying from 7 to 9 per cent. for loans. Lastly, in New York the reserves of the Associated Banks have been falling rapidly of late. Apparently, however, the Directors of the Bank of England have reason to think that not much gold will be taken for Germany. They refuse to sell bar gold or foreign coins, and at the present rate of exchange it does not pay to take sovereigns. No doubt, also, they count upon the reluctance of the Imperial Bank to add to the apprehensiveness of the London money market. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received from abroad 565,000*l.* in gold; but nearly 200,000*l.* went into the internal circulation. The reserve has, therefore, in spite of a reflux of notes, increased only 600,000*l.*, and does not much exceed 11 millions. It is satisfactory, however, that the Bank has now control of the outside market. The great banks are supporting the policy of the Bank of England, and the bill-brokers and discount-houses are showing great reluctance to discount bills. During the week, therefore, the Bank has done a large discount business; and in the outside market the rate has been 5 per cent., as much as 5¼ per cent. being occasionally asked.

The price of silver continues to fluctuate. It dropped on Tuesday to 49¾*d.* per ounce, and on Wednesday to 49½*d.* per ounce. The latter is 5⅛*d.* per ounce lower than the highest point touched at the beginning of last month. But on Thursday it recovered to 49¾*d.* It is evident that the speculation in silver was much larger than was generally suspected. The speculators have been defeated by the stringency in the money markets of the world, and their difficulties help to aggravate the difficulties in the stock markets generally. The speculation was not confined to Europe and America, but extended to India, China, and other parts of the Far East, and it proceeded far too rapidly. From this cause alone a certain reaction was inevitable; but the reaction has been rendered more severe—firstly, by the stringency of the money market; secondly, by the disorganization of trade in the silver-using countries in consequence of the rise in silver; and, thirdly, by the fact that the demand for silver everywhere outside the United States has been checked, while a stimulus has been given to the production of silver. With the decline in silver there has been another sharp fall in silver securities. Four and a Half per Cent. Rupee-paper, for example, at one time on Wednesday was under 82, a fall of about 10 from the highest point reached, and all other silver securities have fallen in proportion. Mexican Railway stocks, for instance, which were run up partly because of the rise in silver, and partly because of the expected benefit from the Settlement, of the subvention, have fallen heavily during the week. And there was a further fall on Thursday, when it was found that there was no dividend for the Ordinary stock. No doubt silver securities and silver itself have been somewhat affected by the very uneasy feeling in the City, and the disturbance it has caused in the Stock Exchange. But the speculation in silver and silver securities contributed more powerfully to bring about that uneasiness than the uneasiness has led to the fall in silver and silver securities.

During the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which ended on Friday night, four failures occurred, and on the same evening the cheques of five other members were returned, and four failures have since occurred, making a total of eight since the beginning of the Settlement; and one other member has had to close his accounts. On Monday and Tuesday rumours continued to circulate that several other failures were impending, and that outside of the Stock Exchange important houses were embarrassed. These rumours, though in many cases prompted either by malice or folly, and in nearly every case grossly exaggerated, tended to increase the uneasy feeling which had prevailed for two or three weeks before. The prices of all securities in consequence continued to fall, and on Tuesday evening almost all departments of the Stock Exchange looked as if a panic were impending. On Wednesday morning the markets opened with a gloomy tone; but in the course of the day there was a decided recovery. It was said that the houses which had been talked about, and which were really in difficulties, had obtained the assistance they required. It was discovered that other rumours were unfounded; and it was hoped that the Directors of the Bank of England would not on Thursday raise their rate of discount, while the fact that no gold was taken for Germany helped also to restore confidence. The public, however, still holds aloof, and it remains to be seen whether the end of the depression has yet been reached. It is noteworthy that American railroad securities have fallen more than any other stocks in the Stock Exchange. Even Argentines have not given way as much. From this it seems evident that the selling has been to a large extent a forced liquidation—that is to say, that capitalists who had locked up an inconvenient proportion of their capital in securities for the moment not marketable, have been selling securities which were readily saleable, and that speculators have been compelled to sell because of the fall thus brought about, their margins having run off, or the differences against them having increased too much. It is possible, too, that the McKinley Act has helped to aggravate the fall in American railroad securities. It has already led to a great rise in prices of all kinds in the United States; but dearer materials and higher wages must increase the working expenses of the railways, and as previously few of the Companies were earning very large dividends, much increase in the working expenses would seriously trench upon the dividends. It remains to be seen whether the amalgamations and combinations that have been going on will enable the Companies to avoid wars of rates, and to exact higher charges. On the other hand, there has been much less fall in international securities than might have been expected. Those securities are exceedingly high, the Berlin Bourse is weak, and the Berlin money market is stringent, yet the fall in international securities has been comparatively slight. The explanation is that the great operators in Paris have bought so freely that they keep up prices. The Bank of France, it is to be recollected, is enormously rich, and money, as compared with other countries, is very cheap in France.

THE PARLIAMENT OF PAMIERS.

THERE was a time, as most people know, when Languedoc was no more a part of France than was the county of Barcelona on the other side of the Pyrenees. It was not till the reign of Philip Augustus that the great steps were taken in the formation of the French kingdom in the shape that it has since held. When he succeeded the king who reigned in Paris had no seaboard under his control. The Duke of Normandy and of Aquitaine, who held the mouths of the three great rivers, was himself a king in England with more available resources than his suzerain. The Count of Flanders in the north-east and the Count of Toulouse in the south were in practice equally independent. By the end of the reign the great Angevin dominion in the north and west was half of it annexed to the French Crown, a sharp lesson of French power had been taught to the Count of Flanders, and the first great steps had been taken towards the incorporation of the county of Toulouse and the neighbouring fiefs with France. But the conquest of the mouths of the Seine and the Loire was after all merely the recovery of what had long before been ruled from Paris or Laon. The dominions of the Count of Flanders were not all of them destined to become parts of France. In the south, French rule, laws, language, religion, and French lords of the soil, too, were introduced for the first time, and permanently established.

Moreover, in the south another influence was ousted. It had seemed as if the House of Barcelona, ruling as kings in Aragon and as counts in Provence, were about to become the chief power between the Alps and the Pyrenees. They were the natural heads of the Languedocien nation. Dialects of the same Romance language were talked in their dominions, both in Spain and in the Imperial Burgundy, in the fiefs which they held nominally under the French Crown—Albi, Nimes, and Carcassonne, and throughout all Aquitaine. The same poetry flourished throughout all these countries. The same heresies, Albigensian, Waldensian, Manichee, or Paulician, or what not, according to the temper of the historian, existed in these limits. The same toleration allowed intercourse with Jews, Moors, and Greeks, and even gave a special form of oath to be used by Jews on admission to office in one town at least, Montpellier, if not in more. The same views of morality also prevailed where the Langue d'oc was spoken, and in a not very particular age were sufficiently eccentric to scandalize even Paris. Pedro II., King of Aragon, Count of Barcelona, viscount in Nimes, Albi, and Carcassonne, overlord of his brother in Provence, and brother-in-law to both the elder and the younger Counts of Toulouse, a troubadour, moreover, both in taste and manners, seemed to be the only natural head to this nation when once the yet greater warrior and troubadour, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, was gone, leaving no undisputed heir. It was still apparently an open question at the beginning of the thirteenth century whether Aragonese or French power would prove the more attractive. Circumstances seemed to tend in favour of an Aragonese kingdom astride of the Pyrenees, till the crusade against the heretics of the Langue d'oc gave an opportunity for the assertion of French rule, supported by the introduction of French adventurers seeking lands. This vicarious conquest of Toulouse for the French Crown by the arms of the Crusaders was something like the conquest of Ireland for the English Crown by the Norman adventurers from South Wales. Or, to take a later parallel, the settlement of the Cromwellian soldiers in Ireland may be compared to the settlement of the Crusaders. A strong religious zeal became the ally of a strong desire for possessions in both cases, and in both it was truly the religious zeal that gave the invaders the energy and cohesion necessary to effect the conquest.

The elder Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester in England and Count de Montfort l'Amauri, near Paris, was probably no bad representative of the Crusading army which he commanded. He was as relentless against the heretics as an Ironside against the Papists, as irreproachable in his manners, as keenly alive to the advantages to be won from the spoils of the enemy. His character and career undoubtedly throw some light upon those of his still more celebrated son in England. The first invasion of the Crusaders, gathered from France, Burgundy, Champagne, Normandy, Britanny, Germany, and England, overthrew resistance everywhere. The Count of Toulouse endeavoured to make terms, and the efforts of others were isolated and unsuccessful. The city of Toulouse itself was too strong to be reduced immediately; but the smaller towns and castles fell rapidly in 1210 and 1211, till at the end of 1212 Montfort felt himself able to organize the country which he had conquered. The season forbade further operations against the Count de Foix in the Pyrenees. As the anonymous chronicler of Languedoc tells us:—

> Quand lodict Conte de Montfort vit que autra causa no podia far, va s'en tornar desa en Pamias, la ont mandet ung gran conselh et parlamen et ayso per y metre usatges et coustumas.

The Parliament of Pamiers foreshadows to us the great Parliament of the younger Montfort after Lewes, in both its circumstances and its composition. As to the latter assembly there came only five earls and eighteen barons, but no less than one hundred and twenty ecclesiastics, with knights, citizens, and burgesses, so from Pamiers the lords of Languedoc were generally absent, but the clergy attended to the summons of the champion of the Church, and the Third Estate was also represented. As in so many cases in England in the thirteenth century we find a Committee appointed to draw up articles to be confirmed by the Parliament. It consisted of the Bishops of Toulouse and Conserans, a Templar, a Hospitaller, four French and two Languedocien knights, and two Languedocien burgesses. This, and other examples of Parliamentary organization in Languedoc and Aquitaine, antecedent to similar expedients in England, seem to suggest that the connexion between England and Aquitaine, and the personal experience of Montfort and Edward I. in the latter country, may have influenced the course of our Parliamentary Constitution, though they certainly did not originate it.

There are three great objects aimed at by the forty-six articles drawn up at Pamiers—the extirpation of heresy, the establishment of French influence in Languedoc, and the conciliation of the lower orders. To secure the first object the clergy were admitted to extraordinary privileges. Unless "mercator aut uxoratus," exceptions that illustrate the social life of the clergy in Languedoc, they were to be free from any sort of tallage by lay lords, and the privilege was extended to the men of the clergy and of religious houses. Heretics were to be incapable of holding fiefs or filling offices. Even if reconciled to the Church, the latter disqualification was to continue, and they were forbidden to live even in the place where they once lived as heretics. Their houses were liable to seizure as sites for churches and parsonages where such were wanted. There is throughout an assumption that heresy and general laxity went hand in hand, and the tone of the legislation resembles closely that against the Papists in England and Ireland. We find a foretaste of Elizabeth's scheme for enforcing attendance in church by fines. People are to go to church on Sundays and feast-days and hear all the mass and all the sermon. Heads of households are responsible for attendance by their families, and are to pay fines, half to their lord and half to the clergy, for their absence without good cause. Churches were not to be fortified by laymen; the embattled church-tower might remain apparently as a village fortress in the control of the clergy. The social legislation is worthy of a Scotch Presbytery. There are to be no markets on Sundays. "Item, meretrices publice ponantur extra muros." The supremacy of the French was secured by a wholesale appropriation of land by the Crusaders, Montfort himself taking the county of Toulouse. The erection or restoration of castles without his leave was forbidden; and without his leave for ten years no heiress or widow was to marry except to a Frenchman. The lords who had fought against him were summarily expelled. Towards the commons on the other hand, provided they were not heretics, the articles are humane and reasonable, and remind us strongly of the provisions made by the popular party in England on many occasions when seeking support in the same order. Poor widows are freed from taxation, the tallaging power of the lords is restrained within the limits of custom; no man is to be imprisoned or kept in hold if he can give sufficient bail for his appearance to take his trial; villein labour and sustenance are to be regulated according to custom. The rights of the commoners, *homines villarum*, in woods, waters, and pastures, are to be preserved according to the custom of the last thirty years, as confirmed by the oaths of the oldest inhabitants or otherwise. Hard and one-sided as Puritanism, the religion and morality of the Crusaders were yet such as to give them an advantage in war and politics over the tolerant and sensuous civilization of the Languedoc. This superiority they decisively vindicated within a year on the field of Muret, which established the decrees of Pamiers.

Pedro II. of Aragon, supported by the exiled Count of Toulouse, the Count de Foix, and other barons of Languedoc, crossed the Pyrenees in 1213 to repel the French invasion. A letter from the King to a lady of Toulouse, declaring that for her love he had come upon the adventure, fell into the hands of Montfort. We seem to hear the fine triumphant scorn of the Ironside in Macaulay's Naseby ballad—

> Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
> When you kissed your white hands to your lemans to-day—

in the comment of the Count:—"We are sure of victory; for think you that God will suffer his work to be undone for the sake of a lady's love?"

James the Conqueror, the son of Pedro II., says in his Chronicle that his father and his army were overthrown as much by their bad discipline as for their sins. The two went hand in hand, no doubt. The quiet admission by the son of the reason, which must be read in the original, why his father was obliged to sit at mass on the morning of the battle, certainly goes far to explain his defeat. There were eight hundred to a thousand men-at-arms with Simon, and about twice as many of the Aragonese, but the *morale* of the former was far superior. The infantry on either side were not really engaged. After the battle of the horsemen the Crusaders fell upon and slaughtered the Tolosan citizens, who formed the bulk of the footmen against them. The real action was a cavalry *mêlée*, in which Montfort outgeneralled and outflanked Don Pedro. The King "had many marching in his coat," and two French knights, Alain de Rouci and Florent de Ville, who had sworn to kill him, rode upon one of these counterfeits and unhorsed him. Seeing the ease with which he was overthrown, they cried, "It is not the King, for he is a better knight." "No, he is here," answered Pedro, close at hand. Whereupon the Frenchmen surrounded and slew him. Montfort, similarly beset in the *mêlée*, had kept one opponent at bay with his sword while he unhorsed another with a blow from his fist on the chin, the kind of blow, we have it on high authority, to be given to an opponent when you "do not wish him to get up again." The rear-guard of the Aragonese had but feebly supported the van, and on the death of the King becoming known they abandoned the field, leaving the infantry to be destroyed. Muret, though but a skirmish in comparison with Bouvines, fought the next year in Flanders, must rank with it as one of the battles that established the French kingdom. The subsequent death of Montfort before Toulouse transferred the fruits of his conquests and arrangements to the French Crown. The destruction of Aragonese influence in Languedoc sealed by Muret was much more important than the long subsequent expulsion of the English from Aquitaine. The latter was a foreign influence, at least from Henry III.'s reign onwards, and sure at last to give way; while Aragonese rule north of the Pyrenees and at the mouths of the Rhône would have been in some respects a more natural arrangement than the extension thither of French power, and needed a special effort for its destruction. Geographical, in fact, triumphed over linguistic and national affinities; for south of the Pyrenees the nominal French supremacy was done away with at the same time that it became real north of the mountains.

THE RABELAIS GALLERY.

We should like to send an intelligent person who knew not a word of the writings of Rabelais to the interesting and clever exhibition of paintings by the late M. Jules Garnier, which is now on view in Cockspur Street, in what used to be called Waterloo House. We should like to discover what impression of the Master he would form from these one hundred and sixty illustrative designs. We fancy that he would conjecture the *Gargantua* to be a romance in which a very large man took a prominent, but not central, position; that this large man was a kind of lawgiver to a race of very rough mediæval peasantry, who became classical peasantry on occasion; that cruelty, and especially the effusion of blood, took a main place in this romance; and that, on the whole, it was of rather a tragical complexion. He would notice a considerable jollity expressed on the faces of a few monks and stout burgher personages, and a decided insistence upon plumpness in womanhood and redness in wine. But we very much doubt if the general impression would be other than violent and sinister, bringing with it an uneasy sense of the general prevalence of pain.

So much, indeed, seems to have crossed the mind of M. Hugues Le Roux, who writes the critical preface to the Catalogue. He seems to have felt the violence of these scenes, the rarity with which M. Garnier has dwelt on that frank and jubilant laughter which is traditionally connected with the name of Rabelais. M. Le Roux points out, ingeniously enough, that we quote too often the lines:—

> Mieulx est de ris que de larmes escrire,
> Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme,

and that we entirely overlook the melancholy of the age, the public misery which made Rabelais describe himself as

> Voyant le deuil qui vous mine et consomme.

There is some truth in this idea. France was, indeed, harried pretty freely in the sixteenth century. Blood was flowing faster than wine, and no true picture, even of *Gargantua* itself, can be painted which ignores the misery. At the same time, and without condemning M. Garnier for his independent point of view, a series of illustrations of Rabelais in which gaiety, the joy of life, the triumph and splendour of physical exuberance, are relegated to a place of secondary importance does not and cannot give us a final presentment of the great *épopée* of Pantagruelism.

Three previous attempts have been made to illustrate Rabelais exhaustively. That of Gustave Doré, which was published in this country but for a short time and on very poor paper, if we mistake not, is less known than it deserves to be. Its light was swallowed up in the greater glory of *Les Contes Drolatiques*, in which Doré achieved a very high success. The designs of Robida are full of vivacity and humour, and they show us, without doubt, if not exactly the text of *Gargantua*, at least "Rabelais laughing in his easy chair." The etchings of Bracquemond for the edition published by Lemerre are less known. M. Jules Garnier, who died this year at the age of forty-three, was a brilliant pupil of M. Gérôme's for twenty years, and made himself prominent in Paris by work which sometimes attracted attention rather by its extravagance than by its merit, although this is considerable enough when M. Garnier tried to do his best. His "Borgia s'amuse" was the art-scandal of 1884, and he succeeded it by a painting still more outrageous. It is only fair to him to say that, having won a very great notoriety by such questionable means, he did not repeat the extreme audacity of these too-celebrated works.

The exhibition of his one hundred and sixty Rabelais pictures, however, will not altogether belie the previous reputation of the painter. The series occupied him less than three years to execute, and this produces an average of more than fifty oil-paintings, some of them of great size, each year. It is hardly to be expected that they should show much finish. In point of fact they are sketches, rapidly improvised and cleverly touched at the right places by an adroit artist who knows at what limit of incompleteness the public will perceive that it is being invited to look at studies. That limit M. Garnier habitually passes, but he does not go further beyond it than he is obliged to go.

There is much in the exhibition which the student of Rabelais will enjoy. He will note, for instance, that the artist has deeply read the text, and has entered into the Master's meaning as closely as he could. Gargantua, sitting down to table, in a blue cap, after his return from church, when "he ate, according to the season, meat agreeable to his appetite" (20), is excellently conceived, with a jollity of leer and eagerness of eye that are genuinely Rabelaisian. The long list of his games has given M. Garnier opportunity for eighteen canvases (21–38), some of which are admirable studies of odd sports. From the artistic point of view, perhaps, the best is No. 34, in which a young man in a white satin doublet, slashed with blue, and blue breeches, is playing cup and ball, well relieved against a dark background.

The artist lingers long and lovingly over the first book of *Gargantua*. His treatment of the scene of "The Bakers of Lerné" (39), with the well-massed and pale-coloured figures crowded against a sunset sky, is really very good; but the picture of how Friar John of Entoumeures, with his cross, made of the heart of a sorb-apple tree, smashed his enemies in the vineyard (41), is rather horrible. We are glad to turn to the spirited figure of Picrochole (42) in "a full war apparel." "The Council of War of Picrochole" (43), with the hero seated, as a sort of red-haired Louis XI., his blue hose crossed, at a table, listening to the Duke of Smalltrash, is very well drawn. The "stately fountain of fair alabaster, upon the top of which stood the three Graces," at Thelème (55), and the "Natatory" (56), with its "admirable baths in three stages," are made the excuse for compositions of rosy bathers in graceful positions very agreeably grouped.

Occasionally M. Garnier sets his sixteenth-century traditions wholly aside, and succeeds in giving us classical or Renaissance groups which are very delicate. Among these we must praise a beautiful design of Love approaching the Muses, and being subdued by their dignified charm (105), for which M. Garnier has dipped into a certain discourse made to Panurge by Rondibilis. In this case M. Garnier has certainly found a pearl in his oyster. Not less charming is the engagement of "Le bon Bacchus" with the Indians (158), which, it will be recollected, was executed in mosaic as one of the ornaments of the Temple of the Holy Bottle at Chinon. Perhaps it will be held by devoted Pantagruelists that the artist has not entirely succeeded in his representation of the humming of the Bottle (160); but this is not because he has not done his best. Here he has spared no pains. The noble priestess Bacbuc is sitting (we may pedantically observe that in the text she is kneeling), and has poured out of a generous flask a pale red wine that hums and bubbles in a great glass of opal. Immediately after this, it will be remembered, was heard the word *Trincq!* and Panurge was instructed in the secrets of the oracle. M. Garnier has painted a large and buxom female preparing to have a good straight drink; but he has hardly risen to the level of the mysteries. Perhaps, after all, he has not, with all his cleverness and vivacity, quite heard "le mot de la dive Bouteille."

TREE-PLANTING IN TOWNS.

If it is true of sanitary as of political movements, that what Lancashire thinks to-day all England will be thinking to-morrow, there is a prospect of some very useful work being done in our large towns which has hitherto been despaired of by our more advanced sanitarians. Manchester has recently become alive to the necessity which exists for brightening and ornamenting its sombre streets by planting trees in them wherever suitable openings can be found or made, and an influential Committee has been formed, comprising, in addition to many members of the Corporation and its leading merchants, the chief men of science, forestry, and gardening in the county, to make preliminary inquiries as to the most suitable trees and shrubs to plant, and their requirements as to soil, atmosphere, and climate. A circular issued by this Committee has already brought in a good deal of useful information on the subject which is of interest to other large towns as well as Manchester, and which intending tree-planters would do well to study. As a proof of its determination to have some sort of greenery in its streets and open spaces, the Committee has devised a system of planting shrubs in large square boxes, which has proved satisfactory, the common holly having succeeded admirably during the first year; and it is proposed to extend this scheme, and invite the residents of the houses near which the boxes are placed to take charge of them. This is an experiment which is common enough on the Continent. Among the numerous suggestions which have been made is, that in very wide streets the trees should be planted down the middle of the streets, and not on the sides, as is usually done. This plan has many things to recommend it; the trees would grow under more favourable conditions of light and air; they would not interfere with, but rather serve to regulate, the traffic, by dividing it into two streams; and the area of many wide, dusty streets would be diminished and the expense of repairs reduced. It would, moreover, remove the objections of some residents in towns, especially shopkeepers, who are prejudiced against trees as unhealthy, or as unbusinesslike, or as liable to harbour roughs and mischievous boys, especially when seats are placed under them. A wide street like Portland Place would be much improved by being planted in this way, and the refusal of the residents to have trees planted immediately in front of their houses by the Public Gardens Associations might thus be overcome. From the Manchester Report there appears to be some doubt whether the plane-tree, which flourishes in London under the most unfavourable conditions of soil and air, is likely to stand the climate of Lancashire, as it does not ripen its wood properly in that colder and damper district of the North of England; but the warmer and drier atmosphere of towns is favourable to the early fall of the leaf of all kinds of deciduous trees, and we trust the plane will not be passed over without a fair trial.

The Lancashire people are fully alive to the fact that the principal impediment to the success of their undertaking is the dirtiness of the atmosphere from gaseous and carbonaceous impurities, and a sub-Committee of scientific experts has undertaken to examine and analyse the air of Manchester and London microscopically and chemically under different meteorological conditions and at different elevations. Analyses of this kind have not been systematically made in this country, although the reports of the late Dr. Angus Smith contain much valuable information collected while he was acting as Inspector under the Noxious Vapours Acts passed by the late Lord Derby. In Paris, however, inquiries of this kind are carried on daily, and, as they are neither difficult nor very expensive, it is to be hoped that the small fund which is being raised to enable the sub-Committee to begin its operations will soon be forthcoming. As these inquiries would be of the highest value to other towns, the Government, the Royal Society, and the British Association and the British Medical Association might reasonably be expected to contribute to the fund. Such an inquiry would serve as a stimulus to the Smoke Prevention Societies, which are at present in much need of a fresh start; it would widen their horizon, and add to their numbers a new class of sympathizers. The fumes of sulphur, resulting from the consumption of coal, are the chief enemies of the town gardener. Trees which come latest into leaf—such as the plane, ash, walnut, acacia, and mulberry—thrive best in London, because many domestic fires have been discontinued when they burst into leaf, and their foliage remains healthy long after the earlier leafing trees, like the lime and horse-chestnut, which have been exposed to a greater amount of smoke. Some careful and continuous observations have been made from this aspect of the question by Schroeder, Reuss, Stoeckhardt, Roberts, and others with singularly uniform results; and as the time for planting is at hand, a short list of trees and shrubs, arranged in the order of their hardiness or powers of resisting our town atmospheres, will be useful:—(1) elder, spindle-tree (*Euonymus*), yucca; (2) plane (*Platanus*), almond, aucuba, ivy; (3) poplar, mountain-ash, common holly, rhododendron; (4) elm, ash, hazel, Portugal laurel, arbor vitæ; (5) birch, lime, oak, common laurel, araucaria; (6) sycamore, horse-chestnut, beech, arbutus, laurustinus, yew, cedar, deodara; (7) pine, Scotch fir, larch, fruit trees to blossom and ripen their fruit. The last group are very intolerant of smoke, and though they are often found growing in new suburbs where the houses have encroached on their domain, it is useless to plant them afresh in a smoke-infected district. The preservation of the old trees in our parks and old-fashioned suburban gardens is a question of not less interest than the planting of young trees. The smoke has, no doubt, much to do with their premature decay, especially in the case of their higher branches; but the greater dryness of the soil, and the drier climate of large towns, are responsible for much of it, and these are conditions which must not be lost sight of by the Manchester Committee.

THE DECAY OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

THE American press is deeply concerned for the fate of rural New England. It is being rapidly depopulated. Scarcely any part of the civilized world, not even the clays of East Essex and North Lincolnshire, has been so heavily hit by what with doubtful accuracy is termed the "depression of agriculture" as the wintry valleys and stony uplands that have been the cradle of so much that is vigorous in American life. What in England may be fairly called depression, since the whole country comes within the region depressed, should, in America, be spoken of simply as a shifting of the centres of production. Under this process the farmers of New England and Old England have been about equal sufferers, with this difference, however—the Englishman, either in the shape of owner or occupier, is almost compelled to face the difficulty. Emigration, as an alternative, could only be possible or desirable for a fraction of the strugglers. The New Englander, however, has had infinitely greater facilities and greater temptations for such a migration, and he has yielded to them so generally that the statistics of decline may well cause agitation in the minds of those who are left behind. If the State of Indiana were to develop some grave and unforeseen defect, and half of its people were to deport themselves into Colorado, no one would very much care except the remnant who were compelled to cling to the sinking ship. But the desertion of the old homesteads of New England appeals most strongly to the sentiment of all Eastern Americans, and an American upon a topic of this kind is the most sentimental of living men.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut, in New Hampshire and Vermont, hundreds of farms that twenty years ago were considered as snug and sound financial properties proportionately to their value as farms in Kent or Essex at that time were, have been actually abandoned. Old abiding places where generations of hardy, God-fearing, intolerant, close-fisted yeomen tilled the soil with profit and content, have returned to the clutch of the forests and thickets from which they were rescued with such toil and pain two centuries ago. The proprietors have gone West, or into the manufacturing towns, and have been unable to find at any price buyers and cultivators for their abandoned acres. It is no question of inaccessibility to railroads and conveniences, for New England is as well supplied with such things as Yorkshire. Indeed, it would seem to be the railroads that have killed the country. The factories that, under Protection, have sprung up throughout the whole North-East, have by their high wages drawn away the farmers' families from the agricultural districts, while a perfected railway system supplies these manufacturing centres with Western produce at prices which defy local competition. It is not only that great breadths of old farming lands have been actually abandoned; but capital farms, close to towns and thriving villages, well tilled and presenting every apparent comfort and opportunity to the intelligent working farmer, are unsaleable. Details come from all parts of New England, and from all classes of people, that to any one who remembers what a solid and convertible article a good farm in the Eastern States was twenty years ago seem inconceivable. Americans even of that part of the country for whose especial benefit Protection has been maintained are beginning to realize the cost of such maintenance, and to understand that others besides the unfortunate Southern farmers have got to pay the piper. Village schools—and no surer barometer of New England prosperity could be appealed to—have shrunk here from a hundred scholars to twenty-five, there from sixty to eighteen, and in some cases collapsed altogether from want of support. Not long ago a Vermonter was met in a London shipping-office taking his ticket for Brisbane. He had first left his father's farm eighteen years ago, shipped as a seaman, and finally drifted to Australia, where he had married and become naturalized. On this occasion he had been over with his Australian wife to see the old folks in Vermont. His father he found still cultivating the ancestral two hundred acres, but under widely different circumstances. When the son left home in 1871 the farm would have fetched thirty-five dollars an acre any day in the open market, and yielded an abundant living to the family. In 1889, however, the old man was working twice as hard as of yore, and making less than half as much, and had tried in vain to sell at fifteen dollars. His neighbours had nearly all gone West. Their farms had been sold for a song to a great New York shooting club, enclosed in a ring fence, and abandoned to game and to gamekeepers!

Nor is it only from New England that the cry of depopulation comes; for in a single county in Northern New York four hundred farms are reported as unoccupied. This is worse than anything this country can show. The causes of this decline seem numerous and complex. Emigration to the cheap and fertile lands of the West is, of course, a leading and obvious one, and the Yankee farmer possesses in the highest degree the qualifications for a successful emigrant. Moreover, his exile is generally shared by so many of his old neighbours and kinsfolk that the transition has come easier to him than to most people. The high wages of the manufacturing towns and villages have been another serious drain on the country population; brought, as they have been, almost everywhere within sight of the glare of city life. The very enterprise and intelligence with which the New Englander is generally credited causes him to fall a ready victim to such fascinations. One of the most curious phases of the present condition of rural New England is, that depression and decay are actually more obvious in the neighbourhood of flourishing towns than in the remoter districts. It might be supposed that, with such an abundance of consumers close at hand, a ready market would be found for all those smaller and perishable products that to a working farmer, with a working wife, such as is the rule in New England, are generally most profitable. The wholesale supply system, however, even to the extent of the most perishable articles, such as milk, seems to have been developed in the North-Eastern States to an extent unknown in this country, and the local farmer is left absolutely in the cold, with the further consolation of having to pay double prices for every manufactured article he buys.

Though the winters in New England are long and the land not generally rich, still such drawbacks in a natural state of things would be far more than compensated for by the completeness of its civilization, density of population, and central position. The majority of its farms are not one whit poorer than much of the land that in Great Britain is cheerfully cultivated. They have upon them houses and buildings and fences of the most substantial kind, have been generally well farmed, produce good crops of oats, potatoes, and hay, and are furnished with pastures both sweet and fresh and watered by never-failing streams. It seems incomprehensible that such estates should by the hundred be lying derelict. But the fact, unfortunately, is one beyond dispute.

In anything connected with American agriculture, however, one element should never be lost sight of, and it counts for much. This is the universal distaste of the young American for farming. He sees in it the one career which contains no future possibilities of fame or fortune, unless, perhaps, by going West. He despises it as drudgery, and shrinks from even the very modified isolation life upon an Eastern farm implies. He turns up his nose at the homespun of his fathers, honestly believes that farming is a vulgar pursuit, and knows no peace till he has secured the broadcloth and the pittance of the city clerk. The very girls will not marry farmers if they can help it, but aim at something more "genteel." What in this New England question seems most of all to disturb many excellent patriots is that the Irish Celt, who has shrunk from all pioneering work, is beginning to creep out of the cities with his politics and his priest, and to usurp the sacred soil of the deacon and the preacher. It is to be feared that, even with desolation as the only alternative, there are many excellent and patriotic Yankees who would prefer it to this; and some have even the audacity to say so.

REVIEWS.

THE LAKE DWELLERS OF EUROPE.*

DR. MUNRO was lately asked by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries to deliver the Rhind Lectures on Archæology, and to choose as his topic "The Lake Dwellings of Europe." It is a subject on which popular ideas are of the vaguest. From an authority as old as Herodotus, we hear of men dwelling in houses built on platforms in lakes or marshes, we know that similar nests are still inhabited in New Guinea, and we have all heard vaguely of the Zürich lake dwellers, and of *crannogs* in Ireland and Scotland. But what we do not all know is the various dates of these lacustrine houses, the space of time during which they have been occupied, the nature of the civilization enjoyed there, and the causes of their decline. Though they have only been scientifically investigated since the discoveries on the Lake of Zürich, some thirty-five years ago, the extent of their diffusion is already known to be vast, and the learning about them is dispersed in scores of museums and hundreds of erudite tracts. Dr. Munro and Mrs. Munro had therefore a great piece of work before them. They began by examining the sites, remains, and collections of central Europe, and Dr. Munro studied and prepared a bibliography of the writings on lake dwellings. The result of his researches, in six copious and copiously illustrated lectures, is not easily to be condensed. In brief, the age of lake dwellers extends from the Neolithic time, or age of smooth stone weapons, through the period of copper weapons—a transition—of bronze and of iron, till English forces besieged the crannogs of Ireland, in the sixteenth century, and Mr. Edward Vaughan lost his life in leading the attack on a prehistoric fortress.

Scientific study, and Dr. Munro's summary thereof, starts from the dry weather of 1853-4, which depressed the levels of Swiss lakes, and laid bare the ancient piles on which villages were erected. These piles had been cut with blunt tools. The remains found included axes and adzes of flint in horn handles. A bronze armilla and a bead of amber were also found in the Lake of Zürich; but the deposit, on the whole, was Neolithic, stone axes and adzes being wedged in handles of horn. The relics of Obermeilen (fig. 1) are of stone and bone, with one pretty bronze tomahawk head. This illustrates a constant feature—the mixture and overlapping of periods of culture. The dredger brings all up confusedly, the old and the not so old; we can hardly examine *strata* in a lake dwelling. Thus the Grosser Hafner, in Zürich, "supplies a wonderful medley of antiquarian objects, apparently of all ages," stone, bone, bronze (including "an elegant vase"), finger rings,

* *The Lake Dwellers of Europe.* By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

amber, glass, and pottery, beautiful, but apparently not wheel-made. It is impossible, especially without illustrations, to give an idea of the vast variety of objects, indicating the long endurance of human habitations on one lake site; while different ages of civilization and artistic skill melted into each other. The curious may compare (fig. 7, No. 11) a hafted flint knife, from Vinelz, with fig. 3, No. 7), a decorated bronze spear-head from Wollishofen. Compare the former, again, with a flint knife in Dr. Lumholtz's recent work on the natives of Queensland. The modern Australian is only a little lower than the Vinelz lake dweller; while the bronze spearhead is of classical purity, with beautiful spiral incised ornaments. Bows of yew, five feet long, have been discovered at Robenhausen; the pottery in general, and the ornaments, are far beyond the resources of modern barbaric races.

Turning to Italy, we find M. G. de Mortillet suggesting in 1860 research in the lakes of Lombardy. The visits of antiquaries were well rewarded in Lake Varese and elsewhere, while remains called Terremare, in the valley of the Po, turned out to be, so to speak, a kind of inland lake dwellings or *palafittes*. The Isola Virginia proved to be "a gigantic crannog" of piles. On the top layer was a coin of Marcus Aurelius, in the second two fragments of bronze, in the third were polished stone tomahawk heads, in the fourth a flint saw with a wooden handle. Here, then, were pretty well-defined strata, yet later diggings showed the usual blending of periods, the surface having been disturbed by agriculture. Among the celts are one or two of jade, and here it may be said that Dr. Munro leaves the puzzle of the jade weapons unsolved. Mr. Max Müller thought they might have been brought by Aryans from Asia, and this would be a happy proof of his theory of the Asiatic origin of the Aryans. But science takes a distinction between Oriental jade and the jade of the lake dwellings, while no jade, or none in any appreciable quantity, has been found anywhere in the region of the lake dwellings, in spite of the offer of a reward. Probably it was brought in through ancient commercial traffic, as beads and cowries pass from hand to hand, and as amber must assuredly have been introduced. But whence was the jade transported? To that question there seems no satisfactory answer. Like most lake dwellings, this of Isola Virginia has been destroyed by fire, "towards the close of the Bronze age, or the beginning of the Iron age." The inhabitants were hunters, fishers, and tillers of the soil; in angling they used bronze-eyed hooks. The Italian flint arrow-heads are of very elegant and delicate manufacture. The Terremare, at first taken for elaborate kitchen middens, prove to have been settlements of people in the same stage as the lake dwellers; built on piles supporting beams. When the space below was choked up a new stratum was erected; the surface of the old was the basis of the new *bacino*. They chiefly belong, with Neolithic survivals, to the early Bronze age. Very similar methods of building, with similar relics, are found in Dithmarschen, in Friesland, and elsewhere.

Coming nearer home, Irish crannogs have interested science since Dr. Petrie and Sir William Wilde examined them in 1839. Sir William read a paper to the Irish Academy on remains at Danshauglin in 1840. This was a settlement of the Iron age; there were "no brazen weapons." Ornamental designs of great beauty were found carved in bone; they resemble those of Irish manuscripts. A queer iron pipe was found; what was smoked in it? There were elaborately pretty small-tooth combs; there were iron saws, pincers, daggers. A siege of this crannog is recorded (848 A.D.) in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. The bronze dishes, brooches ("late Celtic"), and pottery are all excellent; and there are traces of the use of enamel. Here is a civilization far more advanced than that of Swiss lake dwellers and far later. Only the ancient method of defensive building, on an island, artificial as a rule, is the same, or similar, in periods widely divided.

In Scotland, Mr. Joseph Robertson, in 1857, introduced the formal study of lake dwellings. Those which he examined were in Loch Bachory and Loch Canmor; while others in Loch Dowalton (Wigtownshire) were described by the Duke of Northumberland in 1863. In 1879 Lochlee, in Ayrshire, was examined, and generally Ayr, Dumfries, and Wigtown counties hold most of the best known Scottish specimens, though probably the remote tarns of Morvern would yield agreeable results. At Dowalton the piles and mortised framework of oak attest very considerable skill and industry. A pretty bronze pot here is marked P. Cipipolibi, and, of course, is of no prehistoric date. A piece of Samian ware was also found. The Lochlee Crannog must frequently have escaped the notice of Robert Burns, whose father was tenant, to his sorrow, of this unremunerative farm. The warden substructure is most workmanlike, but the date must be old, as stone axe-heads are found, in company with bronze and iron utensils, fibulæ, and bridle-bits. Loch Rushton is remarkable for a piece of early "smashing," a false gold coin, probably Saxon. There were also finger-rings of gold, and a polished rock crystal. Dr. Munro concludes that these dwellings were forts occupied by the Celtic peoples, in their conflict with Angles, Picts, and Scots, from the departure of the Romans to the English conquest of Strathclyde. As to the whole question of race, he attributes the oldest lake dwellings to early Neolithic invaders of Europe, who came from the Black Sea and Mediterranean up the Danube, and so to the central lakes. Iron, brought in by a new people, in their hands ruined the Swiss lake-dwelling communities. From the first, even in the Stone age, the people were civilized enough to be weavers, potters, husbandmen, and keepers of domesticated animals. Bronze was imported, and bronze weapons were imitated in unalloyed copper. Bridle bits, and even wheels, prove that horses were domesticated. Tinfoil was used in the decoration of pottery. Religious objects are scarce, and not very devotional looking. So much for Swiss culture; in Scotland and Ireland we find the lake dwellers in the Iron stage and Post-Roman. Dr. Munro inclines to think that the first Celtic invaders of Ireland and Scotland got the art of island-building from the dwellers in pile-villages in Central Europe, and retained it long after it was obsolete on the Continent. When later harassed by English, the Celts fell back on their primitive mode of fortification. "It is as defenders, not as conquerors, that the Celts constructed their lake dwellings." Dr. Munro defends this plausible hypothesis against several critics. The chief objection, we think, is the great comparative lack of early crannogs. Even as conquerors the Celts would find them useful, and, if they did not, they would lose the art and the idea long before they, in turn, had to stand on the defensive. But perhaps, in similar circumstances, so simple an idea of defence might occur to people of any race in a not very advanced civilization. In all periods these lake dwellers, whatever their race, had great aptitude for art; indeed, their relics are much more artistic than ours will seem when antiquaries dig in the dustheap that London will one day be.

Dr. Munro's book is infinitely rich in detail, is very clear and systematic, and has every aid that can be given by illustration, index, and bibliography. It is a great addition to the valuable series of Rhind Lectures, and the Scottish Antiquaries set an excellent example to our own and to the English Universities.

ATLASES AND TOPOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.*

SUPERLATIVES are seldom more out of place than in dealing with elaborate works of reference, such as atlases, which are a kind of encyclopædia in their way, and which generally have some particular merit each of its own. It is enough to say that of atlases which, scale and price being taken into consideration, can be compared with Messrs. Johnston's well-known *Handy Royal Atlas* we hardly know more than one, or at most two, which could sustain the comparison, while it has in its own way advantages over these. It is extremely "handy" in size, not exceeding that of a good-sized folio of the old sort. Yet it has an advantage which not only most small atlases, but most large ones too, lack—the advantage of being so bound that every map from the first to the last opens up nearly flat, if not quite; so that never is there the irritating depression in the centre which sometimes conceals the very place you want, and still oftener interferes with the tracing of a continuous route. Its fifty-two maps, counting the frontispiece or North Polar chart, are excellently divided, and still more excellently worked up to date. If we were advising on the composition of an entirely new atlas (a thing very seldom undertaken), we might, indeed, make some suggestions here, as in other cases. For instance, now that Africa, as a whole, has been taken as a European province, we should say that, after the general map, the best division would be South Africa (as here), Central Africa (as here); but then, Northern Africa, divided in two maps on the parallel, say, of 15° E. down to 5° N. But it was not Messrs. Johnston's fault that the Anglo-French and Anglo-Portuguese agreements came just too late to be included in their map. On the other hand, the Anglo-German delimitation and Mr. Stanley's discoveries did not. The vast amount of new exploration and political changes in Central Asia, using that term widely as extending from the Caspian to Siam, and from Lake Baikal to the Gulf of Bengal, have been incorporated. So has the more recent political and geographical information as to Australia, New Guinea, and Borneo; the numerous additions to our knowledge of North-Western Africa (though such a disposition of the maps as we have advised would be of special advantage here as regards the Niger), the recent discoveries in Greenland, and the extensions, less aided by Englishmen than most others, but constantly proceeding, of our knowledge of the great central terra-incognita of South America, all appear. It is not less important that they appear in a right way. Few people who have not to make constant and large use of atlases know how difficult the mechanical presentation of them is, and what a difference the non-insertion or the over-insertion of mountains, and the like, makes. The *Handy Royal* has always been very good in this respect, and if it is of course inferior to its own great exemplar the *Royal* of the same publishers, or to the larger edition of Mr. Stanford's *London*, it can hold the crown of the causeway with the best of all others.

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* *The Handy Royal Atlas.* New edition. London and Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston. 1890.

New Five Shilling Atlas. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer. London: Religious Tract Society. 1890.

Résumé of the Publications of the Ordnance Survey. London: Stanford. 1890.

Thorough Guides—Surrey and Sussex. By C. S. Ward. London: Dulau. 1890.

Madeira and the Canary Islands. By A. S. Brown. Second edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

For a small, strong, cheap atlas of the school type, Messrs. Longman's *New Five Shilling* may be recommended. We do not altogether like its plan, which is, however, the most modern of such plans—few towns marked, elaborate contours of the heights of land and depths of sea, mountains heavily scored in the German style, bright physical colouring, and so forth. But there is unquestionably a demand for such things, and there can be no objection to the supply when it is as well done as it is here. The cheapness of the book is remarkable, and the number, arrangement, and mechanical production of the maps all that can be reasonably desired.

The present *Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer* of the Religious Tract Society is, it appears, the fourth which the Society has issued in half a century, the dates being 1840, 1852, 1877, and the present year. It is needless to say how much our knowledge of Palestinian topography has been enlarged even since thirteen years ago, and the present issue appears to have incorporated with great pains and success the results of Major Conder and other explorers.

Comparatively few people, we are inclined to think, are aware how far the new Ordnance Survey of England has progressed. The old Survey, once famous, and justly so, in the land, has got into rather bad odour by the continued selling of it long after the maps have become totally obsolete. It was begun nearly a hundred years ago, and, as far as England was concerned, all but the extreme Northern counties were finished sixty years since. The consequence is that, as everybody who has trusted it in out-of-the-way parts knows, it is utterly untrustworthy. Not that the Survey was bad, but that railways, roads, buildings, enclosures, names, and everything else have been taking liberties with it ever since, while in some cases, as we can testify from actual experience, streams and other non-conventional landmarks may have existed when Her Majesty's engineers delineated them, but certainly do not now. About a generation ago the question of beginning again suggested itself, and, though the progress has been "slow, dooms slow," owing to the parsimony of Government, a good deal has been made. The immediate aim was at "cadastral purposes," and if anybody does not know what a cadastral purpose is, it is hardly necessary to say that he has no right to exist. For this sacred object twenty-five-inch and six-inch to the mile maps were ordered, the latter of which are, we believe, quite, and the former nearly, complete; together with a five-feet or ten-feet scale for towns. But it is scarcely necessary to say that, except for cadastral purposes, and when a man is buying, selling, or otherwise intermeddling with land, maps such as these, even the six-inch, are no maps. You do not want a map of the road from London to Windsor which would half cover the wall of your study, much less one which would paper a pretty good sized dining-room. The one-inch scale is *the* scale. It suffices even in difficult country for the wants of the pedestrian; it is not too large to give a decent space to any county or riding on a wall or in a folded map. We believe that few people know how far it has proceeded on the new Survey, and the information will be found in a very useful pamphlet issued by Mr. Stanford, the agent for the maps. It may be added that it has an additional advantage over the new large-scale maps, from which it is reduced, in that it is still engraved on honest copper with honest acid, and not photo-zincographed or bedevilled in any other fashion, and another over the old one-inch survey, that its sheets are smaller (twenty-one inches by sixteen instead of forty by twenty-seven). Although there is a great deal still to be done, it being necessary to reduce this map from the larger scale, which has been done first, much progress has been made. Reversing the old order of progress, the north, from Berwick to Preston (almost) on the west and Hull (almost) on the east, is complete. Elsewhere the work has been done from several centres. The whole coast from Cromer, or rather Overstrand, round nearly to Christchurch, is complete, and the inland maps of this series embrace all the home counties, and run with some gaps and cantles to Swaffham, to Bedford, and then down a line running through Chipping Norton and Hungerford to Lymington. In the west the greater part of Cornwall is done, with the Holsworthy and Oakhampton district of Devon, while another patch in South Wales, and a last and larger one, from near Conway across to Newark, and from the Peak almost to Shrewsbury, is also available. As the Survey appears to be completed, it must be a mere matter of money how soon the mechanical work is turned out, and Parliament is stingy enough towards such things. But the public demand cannot be wholly without effect, and ignorance of what may be had on demand naturally does not stimulate this. Only we should like to urge on the Ordnance authorities the importance of keeping the maps up to date. "Soothful bards have said," not that "they wished them under arbour bough with Asia's willing maid," which is, however, quite possible, but that they have bought sheets of this new Survey in which railways, not of to-day or yesterday, are still unmarked. There is no sort of difficulty in avoiding such things, and no private firm would make any. An intelligent sergeant of engineers at Southampton, furnished with a monthly *Bradshaw*, could give the necessary directions, and see that they were carried out. It would be a pity if the new Survey, like the old one, were allowed to grow obsolete before it is finished.

The *Surrey and Sussex* of the "Thorough Guide" Series is uncommonly late for the present holiday season. But these home counties are less subject to the difference of holiday and no holiday than more distant ones, and give the Londoner, in especial, ample temptation and room for autumn, winter, and spring excursions. We are glad to see that the new volume of this excellent series carries out to an even greater extent than its forerunners the principles of guide-book compilation which we have insisted on here for a good many years. Only two, we think—and we would there were not even those two—of the numerous maps are on the practically useless quarter-inch scale, and there are capital town plans (the greatest of all boons to the traveller) of Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Brighton, Eastbourne, and Chichester. For these things of themselves we could be content to bless Mr. Ward only, if the absence of a little cursing were not the worst of compliments in criticism. We shall, therefore, say that he is, as he has been before, a little prone to calling places "dull" (no place, rightly understood, is dull, and no place with the sea in front of it and the sky overhead can be), and that he does not gibbet and anathematize, as he ought, the name of the unreverend ruffian who gutted Hurstmonceux. Naylor it was, we believe, and may nails longer than those that held Prometheus rive his gizzard for a good thousand years in purgatory. Fault otherwise we find none, though perhaps in special neighbourhoods special intelligence might do so, and merit there is much.

Mr. Samler Brown's compact and useful guide to Madeira and the Fortunate Islands (if he would tell us what language he imagines "*Islæ* Fortunatæ" to be, the sole crow we have to pluck with him would be plucked) has reached a second edition, and has been equipped with much new and useful information about these popular resorts. Already English hotels are rising by dozens in Grand Canary and Teneriffe; and probably before long the same will be the case in Palma, Hierro, and Gomera, if not in the more African and arid Fuerteventura and Lanzerote, where a man compulsorily "goes in for camels," like Mr. James Harthouse, but where you can live for three shillings a day, including wine. On the other hand, the bloom is being a little restored to Madeira, which was for a time under a cloud. In some respects Mr. Samler Brown is the very model of a guide. We hardly know another writer of his class who writes so little "about it and about it," and comes so directly to the point. Of talkee-talkee, even about Guanches, there is hardly any; the very dragon-tree does not beguile Mr. Brown from the austerity of a model examination answer. But for distances, paths, prices, the number of beds to be expected at this and that Fonda, the places where you should not drink water, and all such things, he is a pearl of commentators, and all in scarcely a hundred pages, with good, though uncoloured, maps. His name, if we may jest on names, really ought to be Sampler and not Samler.

NOVELS.*

A MODERN MILKMAID is a rather interesting story in three thin volumes. Why thus thin and three? we may ask. There is really not more than enough material to make a decent-sized book, but by the artful aid of enormous type, wide spacing, and blank pages innumerable, this proper measure is evaded. The professed novel-reader must have his way, however, and three volumes, we take it, are a token of his way. "Lecky possessed a somewhat large nose of no particular make . . . his colouring might have been Italian in its pallor and its darkness. As a matter of fact, he was by birth an Irishman." Rather a queer description of a hero. Still, we rather like Lecky. Lecky it was who "found" the modern milkmaid, who was utilized by her stern old grandmother in this menial capacity. The old lady only regretted that her Esther was not sufficiently muscular to perform the more laborious duties of the farm. A nice woman, no doubt, but not the one to set bonds on genius. So genius fretted. Lecky found Esther in the fields, crying bitterly under a hedge, where a blackbird piped; and, at the first sound of her voice, knew that he had found a jewel. He made her sing to him then and there, and the upshot of the trial was that Donnithorpe Lecky, the person with "a somewhat large nose of no particular make," and singing-master and organist to boot, undertook the musical training of the inspired milkmaid. The dreadful grandmother had a horror of secular music, and stipulated that her granddaughter's répertoire should not extend beyond hymns. And hymns Esther and the artful Lecky practised, hymns of a pronounced operatic flavour. Lecky had resolved that his protégée should become a prima donna of the first quality, and therefore they practised hymns. Lord Coombe, the largest landed proprietor of Fairdellshire (why not say Hampshire?), like the rest of the characters in this book, was chiefly remarkable for his nose. As far as we can discover, it was a kind of pothook, and must have been a source of considerable annoyance to its noble owner. His daughter, Lady Blanche, was engaged to be married to Captain L'Estrange, a handsome animal in the army, who on several occasions was guilty of conduct unbefitting an officer and a gentleman. Blanche, in spite of her engagement to the handsome captain, is in love with Lecky, whom she had met in London before he accepted the post

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* *A Modern Milkmaid.* By the Author of "Commonplace Sinners." 3 vols. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

A Born Coquette. By Mrs. Hungerford, Author of "Molly Bawn" &c. 3 vols. London: Spencer Blackett. 1890.

The Folks of Fernleigh. By Emily Foster. Manchester: Brook & Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1890.

of organist at Fairdell. L'Estrange has an affectionate esteem for his affianced bride, and nothing more, but conceives a guilty passion for Esther at first sight, while that damsel is throughout the humble adorer of her singing-master. L'Estrange's passion at once fascinates and repels Esther. This feature of the story is very cleverly worked out. He was not altogether an agreeable admirer. "Do not look at me like that," she said on the occasion of their first meeting; "you make me feel as though I had no clothes on." This valuable gift of the Captain's must have been embarrassing at times, when people like to feel that they *have* got something on.

To Lecky Esther entrusts herself body and soul. This is unfortunate; for Lecky is an Agnostic, and soon under his influence Esther knows none other gods but her art and her master's will. Indeed, this misguided damsel was inclined to think the Kingdom of Heaven a poor sort of place, and from the teaching of the local curate, Mr. Harvey, she is led to "fancy the blessed land nothing but well-made beds in rows, like a hospital." Personally we believe this to be a mistaken view of the case. Out of all this tangled skein of love affairs a prima donna has to be evolved on the invitation of Lecky. Herr Schuberter, a professional friend, comes down to Fairdell to try Esther's voice, and is delighted with the result. He warmly invites her to come to him in London (he is a married man) whenever she is in difficulty, and provides her with money for the purpose. Soon after this Esther and her grandmother are invited to visit the grounds of Castle Coombe, and on that occasion Captain L'Estrange, who was always contriving to take poor Esther at a mean advantage, ran across her path. "He bent his mouth to hers. But between their lips, like a severing sword, there cut the air a sharp call of Esther! Esther!" The Captain, a man of few words, was painfully monosyllabic on that occasion. The grandmother appears on the scene, and carrying her granddaughter away in high dudgeon, tells her that her mother was betrayed by a near relative of this Captain L'Estrange, forbids any more music lessons (even the poor innocent hymns), whips her, and sends her supperless to bed. Esther sees that her hour is come. She knots her sheets into a rope, puts the Herr's money in her purse, and descends into the arms of the ubiquitous Captain, whom however she escapes, and, running to the railway-station, she takes train, and places herself under the hospitable roof of Herr Schuberter. Meanwhile, Lecky has made a declaration of love to Lady Blanche, and has been rejected, owing to his refusal to leave Esther's musical training in other hands. Esther made her *début* on the operatic stage with great success, and Lecky, who has heard that her name is discreditably linked with his, sets matters straight by marrying his pretty pupil. On the night of the wedding Blanche runs away from Castle Coombe to avoid being married to L'Estrange, and throws herself at Lecky's feet to beseech his love and protection. He bids her leave the house; but Esther, having overheard their conversation, comes to the conclusion that she is in the way. She leaves the house, and is found by L'Estrange (this time accidentally) wandering about in the snow well-nigh insane. To tell what follows would be to give away the whole plot. In spite of many weak points in construction and style, *A Modern Milkmaid* is not uninteresting. The *motif* of Esther's flight from her husband is ridiculously inadequate. Surely it lay within her power to attract to herself any shreds of affection which Lecky might have lavished on the infatuated Blanche. She should have held her position as a true woman. There are many bright touches of description in the book; and, although the author of *Commonplace Sinners* does not deign to go to Nature in every instance at first hand, this ingenious lady may one day write a really clever and successful novel.

There is not so much to be said about Mrs. Hungerford's new book, *A Born Coquette*. It is of the usual order of architecture to which the author of *Molly Bawn* schooled us in our earliest youth. How well we know them all! That household of romping Irish girls; that old, old butler (with brogue), left *in loco parentis* by the dear departed saint; the usual commonplace accessories! All the girls in this book are pretty. Penelope was the beauty of the family. She had a "peach-bloom" complexion, and eyes of "Irish blue"; but Nan, the eldest, is more saucy, and her mouth was "perfectly adorable"; while Gladys, the third girl, had those "undecided features which might or might not prove perfection possible." In the second volume we are told that Nan's neck was "boneless as a new-born babe's." But we cannot regard that as an additional attraction. It sounds too acrobatic. Our own impression is that the newest of new-born babes has a bone or two in its neck. At least we know we had. There are three young men, all more or less bound up in the career of the born coquette. The good one is not very interesting. He "suffers" a good deal, one way and another; but the bad one, Boyle Ffrench, is absolutely vile. He had a bad habit of fixing his eyes somewhere. Sometimes on Nan's hair, and sometimes on the tesselated pavement of the conservatory. It must have been very embarrassing. Nan boxed his ears when he made insulting proposals to her, just on the eve of his departure for India. It must have done him a world of good. On arriving in India he departed with his Colonel's wife to "the hills," and seems to have had a good time. On one occasion Nan went out yachting with the good young man. They get carried out to sea, and eventually make Milford Haven. To avoid scandal, Nan and the good young man are made one. The storm affair is the less excusable as but for it the career of *A Born Coquette* as a book would have stopped short with the first volume.

Miss Emily Foster is known, we believe, in the North of England as a writer of "temperance" fiction, and there are signs of this recurrent madness in *The Folks of Fernleigh*. It appears that Canon Littleton might have lived a little longer if he could have "given up alcohol"; but he couldn't, so he died. This book is very simply written, and seems suitable to be given away as a prize to schoolgirls.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.*

CHAUCER'S Canterbury Tales, by J. Saunders, is a handy little volume, which does not contain the whole text of the *Canterbury Tales*, but only extracts from them, with a running commentary and explanation of each, and with some valuable chapters explaining all that a student ought to know in order to read them with comfort and profit. The origin of this revised edition has been related in the *Academy* and elsewhere, and may be briefly told as follows. The book in its original form was contained in three of Charles Knight's "Weekly Volumes." The late Daniel Macmillan, of Cambridge, admired it, and advised all his pupil-customers to buy it. Among them was Dr. Furnival, who has been helping Mr. Saunders with this new edition. The account of the characters in the Prologue is so good, and gives such a capital sketch of the different classes of society in Chaucer's time, that Mr. Churton Collins said he must have it for the use of the students at his University Extension lectures. He asked why some publisher did not reprint so excellent a book, assuming that its writer had been long dead. Whereupon Mr. Saunders asserted that he was alive and well, and would re-edit his book himself. Mr. Dent, who had attended Mr. Collins's lectures, undertook the publication, and Dr. Furnival got the Chaucer Society to allow its Ellesmere MS. cuts of the Tale-tellers to be used in the book.

Abridgments, epitomes, "elegant extracts," "Beauties of ——," and the like, are, as a rule, only useful for those who wish to "get up" a superficial knowledge of a book for examination purposes, and who do not take sufficient interest in their author to read him in the original. But in the case of Chaucer this rule does not altogether apply. Much of his language is unintelligible to a reader who comes to it without previous training, and especially when he finds it clothed in the antique form beloved by Dr. Morris. "He who first opens Chaucer," says Sir Walter Scott, "is so much struck with the obsolete spelling, multiplied consonants, and antiquated appearance of the language, that he is apt to lay down the book in despair, as encrusted too deep with the rust of antiquity to permit his judging of its merits or tasting its beauties. But if some intelligent and accomplished friend points out to him that the difficulties by which he is startled are more in appearance than reality, if by reading aloud to him, or by reducing the ordinary words to the modern orthography, he satisfies his proselyte that only about one-tenth part of the words employed are in fact obsolete, the novice may be easily persuaded to approach the 'well of English undefiled' with the certainty that a slender degree of patience will enable him to enjoy both the humour and the pathos with which old Geoffrey delighted the age of Cressy and of Poictiers."

Mr. Saunders is well qualified to act as Scott's "intelligent and accomplished friend." He takes a middle course, neither reproducing the original nor yet completely modernizing it, but telling each story as far as possible in Chaucer's words, resolving inconvenient or difficult passages into prose, supplying a glossary at the foot of each page, using modern spelling where practicable, and carefully accenting those words which, in accordance with the principles by which Chaucer was guided in composition, require to be pronounced in a different manner to that now in use. We may add that, besides omitting many lines which are too difficult for any but advanced students, he has also judiciously expurgated the Tales, and thus removed one grave objection to the reading of Chaucer by young people. Leaving the "circles" to count "weak" rhymes, and revel in antique spelling and philological puzzles till they cannot any longer see the wood for the trees, he has endeavoured to enable his countrymen to enjoy and understand the work of the earliest of English poets. As an American humourist has observed, "Chaucer was a clever man, but he couldn't spell." We cannot in the nineteenth century understand the complete indifference to spelling which seems to have prevailed in the fourteenth; but this is surely a reason against preserving that spelling as a sacred thing. There is no gain, as Mr. Gilman points out, "in printing *ayeyn* in one place and *ageyn* in another, nor are *yaf, yeue, yive, yate* any better forms than *gaf, geve, give, gate*, especially when we know that *ageyn* is allied to the old English *ongean* and the German *gegen*, and that *g* was the original consonant in the other words." The ordinary reader does not know this, and does not want to know it. He reads for the story, and if he cannot follow the story because of the archaisms by which it is overlaid, he throws it down, and takes up a modern novel. He does not want to study Old English, Old High German, or Grimm's Law. If he once feels the magic of Chaucer's style, he may be led, out of love for the poetry, to

* *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.* Annotated and Accented, with Illustrations of English Life in Chaucer's Time, by John Saunders. New and revised edition, with Illustrations from the Ellesmere MS. London: Dent & Co.

investigate the language in which it was written; but he is not likely to reverse the process.

Wordsworth's "Cuckoo and Nightingale" Mr. Saunders forbears to criticize; but he argues with some success that "Mine Host of the Garter," in Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is drawn from Chaucer's jovial Harry Bailey of the "Tabard." It is strange that, while he points out the materials to be found in the Tales for a romance of the middle ages, he does not mention *Ivanhoe*, in which Scott has avowedly drawn "Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx" after the "Monk" in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, as appears by the lines prefixed as motto to the second chapter. "Cedric the Saxon," also, was probably suggested by Chaucer's "Franklin." It must be remembered that shortly before writing *Ivanhoe* Scott had edited Dryden's works and also reviewed Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*.

But it is not merely England in the middle ages of which we read in Chaucer. Almost every story worth preserving which was current in his day has been preserved by him, so that his works really form a compendium of the literature of the world up to his own time. On the slender thread of the Pilgrimage to Canterbury all the gems of the dark ages, real or false, contribute one after another their quaint shapes to form a necklace. "Chaucer," says M. Taine, "is like a jeweller with his hands full; pearls and glass beads, sparkling diamonds and common agates, black jet and rosy rubies, all that history and imagination had been able to gather and fashion during three centuries in the East, in France, in Wales, in Provence, in Italy, all that had rolled his way, clashed together, broken or polished by the stream of centuries and by the great jumble of human memory, he holds in his hand, arranges it, composes therefrom a long sparkling ornament with twenty pendants, a thousand facets, which by its splendour, variety, and contrasts may attract and satisfy the eyes of those most greedy for amusement and novelty. . . . The characters speak too much, but, then, they speak so well."

The interest of the book is considerably enhanced by the quaint cuts, representing the various Canterbury pilgrims, which Mr. Saunders has been permitted to reproduce from the Ellesmere MS. Altogether, the book forms an attractive introduction to the study of Chaucer, and we sincerely hope that it will be appreciated as it deserves.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.*

WE have here about the usual number of volumes allowed at a time to country subscribers by circulating libraries, with perhaps something like the average variety of subject affected by the supporters of those institutions. In dealing with them we propose to take "the improving book" first, although we suspect that in so doing we are setting all precedent at defiance. The author of *The Victories of the British Army in the Peninsula and the South of France from* 1808 *to* 1814 has made up his book from Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* and Gurwood's *Duke of Wellington's Despatches*, and he himself very candidly describes it as an epitome in one volume of the twenty volumes comprising those standard works. Being well indexed, it should form a useful book of reference for small libraries whose owners cannot afford either the space or the money for Gurwood's and Napier's ponderous compilations, and it may also be of some service as a "handbook of cram." Like all epitomes, it is a little dry, and reading the double accounts of each battle—the first according to Wellington's official despatches, and the second according to Napier's history—reminds one of wading through a long account of a current event, first in one newspaper and then in another—a somewhat wearying process. It is a question whether, if it was desirable to epitomize Napier's and Gurwood's books at all, it might not have been better to epitomize them into one continuous narrative. If the author had done this, and sacrificed the student for the sake of the general reader, we think that he might have produced a more popular book; yet for purposes of study, and still more, perhaps, for those of reference, his work may be more useful as it stands. There is one point, however, on which we do not hesitate to express our unqualified regret, and that is the absence of maps. They are almost essential in a handbook of this kind, and, if supplemented by diagrams of the battles, they would have added immensely to its value.

Next to this work of history we will take a classical romance. Now, in order to succeed, it is necessary that an historical romance should be an exceptionally interesting book, and this we cannot call *Nero*, good as it is up to a certain point. The story of Nero is too familiar to most readers to form an exciting subject for a novel. It is true that the author has claimed "the same freedom the dramatic author has long regarded as his indisputable privilege when dealing with historical material." Instead of making Nero guilty of the death of Britannicus, he makes him horror-stricken at learning that it was not the result of natural causes; he crucifies St. Paul instead of beheading him; he makes Poppæa die in childbirth from an accident, instead of being kicked to death by Nero; and he represents Nero's conduct during the burning of Rome in a somewhat unusual light; but, notwithstanding these and other variations from the more commonly accepted traditions, he never succeeds in exciting us. He spins out his scenes and conversations in a manner highly conducive to skipping; and we greatly doubt whether he will convert ordinary people, whom he considers "misled by the usual conception of" Nero's character, to his own opinions. Nevertheless, there is some good work in the book; moreover, the very fact of the author taking a view of his own about Nero's character gives it a certain interest, and his readers may amuse themselves by finding the authorities which support some of his theories.

Now we come to a book which may practically be called historical and cannot be called romance. In *Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay* Mr. William Root Bliss gives a sketch of colonial life on the coast of Massachusetts from about 1679 to 1754. Comparatively few Englishmen are aware of the very great love of Americans for things that are old; and the officials of the Heralds' College will, we are sure, bear us out in saying that those Americans who have, or imagine that they have, a claim to a pedigree of any length will hunt it out with a perseverance, not to say a pertinacity, worthy of "the greatest people on earth." After all, English families that can trace their descent to the times of the Conquest take an interest in the doings of their ancestors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so why should not Americans? And one of our own writers on genealogy, Mr. P. F. Hodgson, says with much truth that many Americans are "descended from families of standing and position, who from motives of honour and patriotism were compelled to leave the old country centuries ago, and at a period when the predecessors of many of our modern gentry were only their servants or dependants." Mr. Bliss has collected many quaint and interesting accounts of seventeenth- or eighteenth-century American life from old records. Some of these concern the "Justes of the peac." This official seems to have been very active in fining delinquents for "profain Swaring," "Larfing" "in the time of Publick Devine Sarvice," and "Prophanning the Sabbath." One culprit protests that his offence was committed through "axatant"; but another admits that he threw his enemy down, "poled his hare and rubed his Ears." We read of a little colony that became convinced of the "nesesiti" of limiting each proprietor to "thurtitoo nete catel." The entries in some of the old memorandum-books of the farmers are curious. In one of these an exchange is mentioned of "two hox sets" (hogsheads) "of melases for my turpen tine." This orthography shows good cause for a later entry to the effect that "biniamin tupper" (Benjamin Tupper) "came to my hous to ceep scool." It was, indeed, high time to engage the services of what another colonist described as "a Skoll master" "to teach childered and youth to Reed and writte." We modern Englishmen object to our dogs being muzzled. What should we think of a law providing that every "dog Bitch or dog kind" should be fettered for forty days from April 20th, by "haveing one of theire forefeet fastened up to their neck so as to prevent their digging up of fish," which were at that time of year put into the ground in order to manure it. Most edifying are the descriptions of the religious services in the meeting-houses. A great brass-bound hour-glass was put upon the pulpit's edge, and the minister was expected to continue to preach as long as any sand was running. Moreover, constables were appointed to keep "ye doores fast and suffer none to goe out before ye whole exercise bee ended." Surgery and dentistry were administered with the same severity as theology. "One might have an aching tooth jerked out by the fall of a ten-pound weight tied to it, or the pain might be destroyed by pressing quicklime into the cavity." We merely give these as specimens of the odds and ends of past times with which the book is filled.

We proceed next to fiction founded on fact. Mr. Jessop's new volume, entitled *Gerald Ffrench's Friends*, consists of half a dozen stories of the Irish in California between the years 1873 and 1878. Their object "is to depict a few of the most characteristic types of the native Celt of the original stock—as yet unmixed in blood, but modified by new surroundings and a different civilization." We are told that every incident is "based on fact," and that some "are mere transcripts from actual life." One of the best chapters is the first, which describes "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Aigle," a Nationalist journal, so called because "the aigle is universally regarded as the burrud of freedom." "Deep be her talents in the black heart of the saxon opprissor!" It is a bright and entertaining little book.

Now we come to nothing but novels, pure and simple (?) A singularly disagreeable collection of characters is submitted to the study of the reader of *The Triumph of Manhood*. Perhaps

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* *The Victories of the British Army in the Peninsula and the South of France from* 1808 *to* 1814. By Robert O'Byrne. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

Nero. A Romance. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated from the German by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford. New York: Gottsberger & Co.; London: Trübner & Co.

Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay. By William Root Bliss. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Gerald Ffrench's Friends. By George H. Jessop. London: Longmans & Co.

The Triumph of Manhood. By Marie Conor (Mrs. Leighton). London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

The Witch of Atlas. A Ballooning Story. By H. Park Bowden. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

A Ne'er Do Weel. A Novel. By D. Cecil Gibbs. London: Remington & Co.

Mrs. Fenton. A Sketch. By W. E. Norris. London: Longmans & Co.

The Silver Whistle. A Novel. By Nacby. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

the least objectionable in the whole party is the heroine. Wonderful to relate, "she was a girl," and we are told that "there is nothing sweeter on earth, nothing purer, nothing holier, nothing that in its essence is so nearly divine." Observe, however, that "the divineness of girlhood has nothing of primness in it." Certainly not, at least in these latter days! "The heroine thought rarely of love. When she did think of it, it was reverently, fearfully, as a grand mysterious something." This young lady, full of divineness with nothing of primness, encountered a creature on whose "features were printed the indubitable signs of an evil inner nature and an outward career of vice." But he was quite cast into the shade by her papa, of whom we read that, on one occasion, "every pore of his flesh listened." Her mamma, too, begins by "battling with a lie," and ends by trying to murder her husband, who has already murdered the man with the evil inner nature and the outward career of vice. Somehow or other, with all the murder and smallpox, the clandestine meetings and the clandestine marriages, "the inner consciousness" of the mother, the "soul-tortures" of the father, and the "thoughts that dwell deep down, and are never clarified by utterance" in the daughter, the novel fails to excite, fails to interest, and, most of all, fails to please the reader. In the course of the three volumes are several ridiculous inaccuracies; but it would be waste of time to point them out in detail.

The Witch of Atlas, "A Ballooning Story," is a very smart little comedy. Its improbabilities—they cannot quite be called impossibilities—are so good-humouredly and coolly presented to the reader, that he receives them without protest, while many of the descriptions are so able as to lend an atmosphere of reality to a story which might otherwise have appeared terribly far-fetched. This is the first novel we can call to mind that treats of love-making six or eight thousand feet above the earth, nor do we remember any book that gives a better description of ballooning. Perhaps it is more interesting and entertaining when the characters are up in the skies than when they are on terra firma; partly, no doubt, because in the latter case they are generally ill in bed after a serious ballooning accident; but from end to end the story is bright and entertaining, and it is not a page too long. Indeed, we were disappointed when we found that we were not to make just one more ascent in the balloon with the charming heroine.

A Ne'er Do Weel is a fat one-volume novel, and it is as heavy to read as it is heavy to hold. The hero is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and the scenes are laid partly in Scotland and partly at the Cape. The Zulu war is "worked in," and the plot ends with a very unsatisfactory marriage. It is a decidedly weak specimen of the art of novel-writing.

Mr. Norris's sketch, *Mrs. Fenton*, is lively and clever. It would be difficult to criticize it thoroughly without spoiling the interest of the story for those who have not read it, which would be a pity, as it is a very readable little novel, in spite of a few weak points, both in its plot and in its characters. The latter, however, have been pretty carefully studied, and are on the whole well drawn, with considerable variety and individuality. The author is wise enough to limit their number, so that his reader's whole attention may be concentrated upon the few that are presented to him. The heroine, Mrs. Fenton, is the most prominent character of the book, although we see nothing of her in the early part of it. When she does appear she comes, as it were, with a bound upon the stage, and carries the house with her until the fall of the curtain. The hero and the "second lady" seem to have been purposely made a little weak in order to set her off. We like the story better than the spelling. "Favor," "neighbor," and "endeavor" are certainly recognized in America; so also is "traveled"; but we don't like them in England. "Offense" is rarer than "offence"; "skeptical" is ugly; "theater" and "specter" are hideous; "willfulness" looks wrong, and "gayety" is abominable. If Mr. Norris must needs do this sort of thing at all, wi duz he not rit ufonistikaly?

It would be difficult to find a more Irish book than *The Silver Whistle*. The subject is Hibernian, and still more Hibernian is the style. As to the latter, there is scarcely an Irish virtue or an Irish vice that is wanting in it. It is alternately charming and provoking, pretty and slovenly, clever and confused, pious and profane. Just as the author is becoming amusing she spoils her wit with a pun; when she has got her plot and her characters so hopelessly involved that we are on the point of throwing her book down in despair, she obtains our forgiveness and regains our interest by a smart sally or an irresistibly entertaining situation; sometimes her descriptions are wonderfully true to nature, at others they are even more wonderfully opposed to it, and her whole work is an extraordinary combination of sense and nonsense. Her political views with regard to Ireland are so orthodox, and her exposure of boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and American-Irish intrigue is so excellent, that we could wish that every Gladstonian should read her book, were it not so palpably absurd in many places as to offer dangerous opportunities of blaspheming to the enemy. To attempt any description of this meandering story, its tangled plot, or its dense swarm of characters, would be impossible in the space at our disposal; but we may give one specimen of its style. A horse—a "grand topped" horse with plenty of bone, and no mere light pony—was in a burning stable, and too frightened to make any attempt at escape. Perceiving this, the hero,

> with a desperate wrench of the true British athlete's power, "tore the halter" in two; and, grasping a wisp of his mane in one hand, and getting his other arm tight round his fore-legs, he dragged him along on his side with a marvellous strength, such as he did not know until that moment he possessed, until he got him safely out into the open yard, singed and terrified almost to death, but otherwise unhurt.

Those who care to take the trouble to sift the wheat from the chaff in this wildest of novels will be repaid by finding a good deal of the former.

DUBLIN RECORDS.*

THE municipality of Dublin has so little of its ancient spirit left that this publication, which has been issued by the authority of the City Council, will come to many as a pleasant surprise. There are few cities of the same size, wealth, and importance in the United Kingdom about whose history the public in general seems to know and to care so little. Mr. Freeman has not yet included it in his series of *Historic Towns*, and the chief authorities on the subject were, till lately, marked for the most part by a rare combination of dryness and inaccuracy. Dublin, as an English city, began life as a colony of Bristol, to which place it was useful as an emporium of slaves and other articles looked upon, even in the tenth century, as contraband in more civilized ports. But Mr. Gilbert has not been forced to touch upon these early and painful episodes, and begins with the charters of the Norman kings, the first being that granted in Dublin by Henry II. in 1171 or 1172. Mr. Gilbert has already edited a volume of old Irish charters for the Rolls Series, and some of the documents then first printed are included in the present collection. Others, which are more strictly municipal and local, are now printed for the first time from the corporation archives. Like London, Dublin has her *Liber Albus*, or White Book, and has also a Chain Book, and rolls of municipal Acts which commence as far back as 1447. Henry's charter is very brief, but one granted by Prince John in 1192 is considerably larger and fuller, and was extended and confirmed in 1200, and again in 1215, after he had become king. For centuries these charters were recited in all royal grants as the foundations of municipal legislation. "So late," we read, "as 1887, the charters of Henry II. and John were produced in a court of law in sustainment of rights of the Municipal Corporation of Dublin"—rights, we may add, which have suffered more from the extraordinary attitude towards the Government assumed by the present representatives of the original grantees than they did in all the centuries which have elapsed since the English king was first called "Dominus Hiberniæ."

This attitude, which it is impossible not to notice as a curiosity of contemporary history, is made the more remarkable by a few minutes' examination of the contents of Mr. Gilbert's compilation. We hear so much talk nowadays about nationalities and their rights that we cannot read intelligently without constant occasion to dwell upon the lists of the names of these old burgesses. Mr. Gilbert, aware, no doubt, of the great importance in municipal history of mere lists of names, has given us plenty. We have had occasion in late years to dwell on the significance of the lists of London citizens recently unearthed by Mr. Lyte, Dr. Sharpe, and other investigators, and Mr. Ferguson has taught us how much of regular historical narrative may be deduced from such lists. We, therefore, instead of turning from them, welcome gladly the longest and at first sight least interesting of the Assembly Rolls of the fifteenth century, and before them the records preserved in the White Book. We know who were the citizens in the twelfth century. Henry addressed his charter to the men of "Bristowa," and confirmed their right to inhabit and hold his city of "Duvelina." John, while prince and "lord of Ireland," also addressed the men of "Bristowe," to whom his father had given "Divelina," and only at the very end of the century are the citizens called citizens of Dublin. It is, therefore, evident that, until the dawn of the thirteenth century, the Bristol element must have been strong among the burgesses; and, no doubt, could we recover lists, we should find Bristol names largely predominant. Those which occur in the middle of the thirteenth century are remarkable for the total absence of any Irish or national element. We have documents witnessed at this period by men who might have been free of any English city. Warin de London is side by side with Thomas le Poitevin; Walter Spiciarius stands next to Radulf le Porter; William Dubelday transfers his rights to what is now College Green, but was then, no doubt appropriately, called "Hogges," to William Colet; and about 1250 we find a few citizens assuming names from their estates, so that men, otherwise evidently as much English as Roger Palmer and John de Hereford, who sign with them, are distinguished as "Philip de Balymor" and "Robert de Castelknoc." These are strictly local names, and cannot have been Irish. In the middle of the fifteenth century an Irish name, William Donagh, occurs frequently; but for the most part the citizens have English names, and as time goes on many of them are the same as those borne by members of the present Corporation. In 1453 we meet with Rowe, Eustace, Waryng, Blake, Walsh, Bernwall, Rothwell, Blakeney, Savage, and other very

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* *Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin.* By John T. Gilbert. Dublin: Dollard.

typical English names; the Celtic element being represented by Donagh, and perhaps by Byrne. In the following year a strict edict against the Irish was promulgated. All manner of Irish blood was forbidden a residence within the walls; "and women—that is to say, Irish nuns—Irish clerks, and Irish journeymen, Irish 'prentices, Irish servants, and Irish beggars—men, women, and children," were expelled, excepting such as had lived for twelve years in the city. A few years before it had been enacted that no one was to be refused the city franchise, "provided he be of free condition, and not of the Irish nation."

The citizens lived in a continual state of siege, and the archives are full of warlike preparations and precautions against the Irish enemy. In 1448 we read, among the ordinary regulations, that the master and wardens of the Guild of St. George "shall be entitled to one good cow out of every prey of cows taken by the mayor, bailiffs, and commons of Dublin." There was also a Guild of Trinity, which seems to have been of a military character. A century or so later the Irish seem to have gained a footing in the city, and from that time we read of rebellions. Christopher Talbot, for example, in 1542, has an allowance made to him because three cottages of his in Ship Street were burnt in the last rebellion.

Some of the regulations printed from the Assembly Roll are very curious and do not always place city life in the most favourable light. In 1454 it was ordered that no man of law should plead in the court for any manner of man or woman, but that "every man and woman shall tell harr owne talis as they hath don of oldo tyme with holpe of the courte." The same regulation is re-enacted in 1455, when the "supportyng of the Recorder" is offered to the witnesses. About the same time it was ordered that "no manner of beggar dwelling within the said city nor scholar" shall walk at night begging, on pain of forfeiting "what may be found on them and their bodies to prison." Four hundred years ago Dublin had earned the reputation she still enjoys for dirtiness, and we have the King himself complaining of it through the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant. The nuisances in the streets, he remarks, infect the air, and produce mortality, fevers, and pestilence; and the fear of pestilence prevents the coming thither of lords, ecclesiastics, and lawyers. The King commands the Mayor to remove swine, and to cleanse the streets and lanes, and, further, to expel all Irish vagrants and mendicants. Similar complaints of the state of the Dublin streets are frequent, some of them as far back as the time of Edward III. The river, which at first is called the Avenlyf or Auenlyf, is a constant offender, as it is still, and evidently neither King, Lieutenant, nor Mayor could cure the filthy habits of the people.

The strictly municipal history of Dublin should be interesting. Richard II. is sometimes said to have formally granted the title of "Lord" to the Mayor; but the Charter of Richard III., by which the Mayor and Recorder were made Justices of Oyer and Terminer within the city is more likely to have originated the usage. Of late years, when the Lord Mayor has frequently been in active opposition to the Queen's Government, there was something almost ludicrous in the continued exercise of this right. Owing to a change in the forms of procedure under a recent Act, it became unnecessary to include the name of the Lord Mayor in the commission, and it has accordingly been dropped, and we have no longer the anomaly of a judge on the Bench in active sympathy with the criminals he was supposed to be condemning. A question of purely historical interest arises. Does the Mayor cease to be entitled "Lord" and "Right Honourable"? Until quite lately a complete misapprehension on the subject of these titles prevailed; but it has been shown with some probability that the Mayor of London had the title of "Lord" from the time it was applied to judges sitting in Court. If this be its real origin, and not any special grant, in the case of London, it may well be the same in Dublin. The Mayor may have been called "Lord" from the time he became a judge, and not from any special grant. If such grant ever existed, it has not only perished, but all record of it has perished also, and the only charter which comes to help us is one, not from Richard II. or Richard III., but from Henry IV., who gives permission "to the Mayor and his successors in office to have a gilded sword carried before them—in honour of the King and of his faithful subjects of the city of Dublin—in the same manner as the sword is borne before the Mayor of London." This is the only grant which bears upon the question; and it might be plausibly argued that, as it was given before the Mayor was made a judge, so it remains in force when the Mayor ceases to be a judge; but it would be going too far to assert that the title of "Lord" accompanies the sword. On the whole, we may perhaps assume that the title of "Lord," which is first used by the Lord-Lieutenant in the reign of Charles II., was never formally granted to the Mayors, who, however, received a sword from Henry IV., a collar of SS. and a cap of maintenance from Charles II., and a chain of office from William III. As to whether the Mayor ceases to be a "Lord" and "Right Honourable," that is a question as hard to decide as it is to name the date at which he received those titles.

SCIENCE NEW AND OLD.*

THE appearance of a new volume of Sir William Thomson's collected papers, with additional matter now published for the first time, is always an event of considerable interest and importance. Several of the essays in the volume before us are already well known and have taken rank as classics, notably the articles on Heat and Elasticity contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Equally well known are the paper on Underground Temperature read before the Edinburgh Royal Society in 1860, the paper on the Secular Cooling of the Earth, read before the same Society in 1862, and the paper on the Rigidity of the Earth, read before the Royal Society in 1862. In the second of these papers a "middle path," not generally safest in scientific speculation, but perhaps so in this case, was taken between the views of the catastrophic geologists and those of the uniformitarian school, and the conclusion was arrived at that the consolidation of the crust of the earth took place not less than ninety-eight nor more than two hundred million years ago. But the papers which will be read most eagerly by mathematicians and lovers of science are those in which Sir William Thomson enters into the delicate problems connected with the luminiferous medium. He has, as everybody knows, a virtual monopoly of the more sober and serious of those etheric speculations of which we have lately heard so much. If he cannot tell us precisely what ether and electricity are, and how they are related to ponderable matter, we may feel pretty sure that nobody else can. This is a subject which, to quote his own words, "I have been considering for forty-two years—night and day for forty-two years. I do not mean all of every day and all of every night; I do not mean some of each day and some of each night; but the subject has been on my mind all these years." At the conclusion of the address on Ether, Electricity, and Ponderable Matter, delivered last year before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, he says:—

> And here, I am afraid, I must end by saying that the difficulties are so great in the way of forming anything like a comprehensive theory that we cannot even imagine a finger-post pointing to a way that can lead us to an explanation. That is not putting it too strongly. I only say we cannot now imagine it. But this time next year—this time ten years—this time one hundred years—probably it will be just as easy as we think it is to understand that glass of water, which seems now so plain and simple. I cannot doubt that these things, which now seem to us so mysterious, will be no mysteries at all; that the scales will fall from our eyes; that we shall learn to look on things in a different way—when that which is now a difficulty will be the only common-sense and intelligible way of looking at the subject.

But if Sir William Thomson cannot say what electricity is, he shows us, at any rate, very marvellous analogies between the effects produced by it in the ether and certain corresponding effects produced by known forces in substances with which we are familiar. With the "viscous fluid" analogue and the "elastic solid" analogue before us, leaving so much unexplained and yet explaining so much, we can hardly doubt that in due time the problem will yield to inquiry. In the article on a "Mechanical Representation of Magnetic Force," now published for the first time, several new links are added to the chain. The idea that the ether which transmits luminous and electrical disturbances is something in the nature of a jelly—an incompressible elastic solid, without intrinsic rigidity, and yet endowed with what may be called gyrostatic rigidity, is now widely accepted; yet no one is more careful than Sir William Thomson to point out that his ether is "a merely ideal substance," and that enormous difficulties still remain to be overcome. On pages 505–509 of the present volume a popular illustration is given of a medium having the properties of an incompressible fluid and no rigidity except such as is given to it gyrostatically. The model (two-dimensional) consists of a number of rigid squares with their neighbouring corners joined by endless flexible inextensible threads. In each square a gyrostat is supposed to be fixed. The lesson was enforced, as those who were present will remember, by the familiar experiment of spinning the gyrostat.

> Do not imagine [said Sir William] that a structure of this kind, gross as it is, is necessarily uninstructive. Look at the structures of living things; think of all we have to explain in electricity and magnetism, and allow, at least, that there must be some kind of structure in the ultimate molecules of conductors, non-conductors, magnetic bodies, and non-magnetic bodies, by which their wonderful properties now known to us, but not explained, are to be explained. We cannot suppose all dead matter to be without form and void, and without any structure; its molecules must have some shape; they must have some relation to one another. So that I do not admit that it is merely playing at theory, but it is helping our minds to think of possibilities, if by a model, however rough and impracticable, we show that a structure can be produced which is an incompressible frictionless liquid when no gyrostatic arrangement is in it, and which acquires a peculiar rotational elasticity or rigidity as the effect of introducing gyrostats.

Most people who have studied the theory of Heat are probably more familiar with "Carnot's function" than with the fact that its inventor was the grand-uncle of the President of the French

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* *Mathematical and Physical Papers.* Vol. III.—*Elasticity, Heat, Electro-Magnetism.* By Sir W. Thomson, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Clay & Sons. 1890.

Reflections on the Motive Power of Heat, &c. From the original French of N.-L.-S. Carnot. Edited by R. H. Thurston, M.A., LL.D., Dr. Eng., Director of Sibley College, Cornell University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology. By Major-General A. W. Drayson, F.R.A.S. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1890.

Republic, and son of Bonaparte's celebrated War Minister. Although Carnot's conception of the nature of heat was erroneous, he saw very clearly, and he was the first to see, the conditions of the conversion of heat into the maximum of mechanical energy. His principle, that work can only be done by heat when there is a transfer of heat from a body at a given temperature to a body at a lower temperature, with the modifications proposed by Rankine, Clausius, and Sir William Thomson, still holds a prominent place in Thermodynamics. In short, the *Reflections on the Motive Power of Heat* is a work of extraordinary merit, and the idea of publishing a translation, and a life of the author (who wrote the essay at the very early age of twenty-eight, and died at thirty-six), together with a reprint of Sir William Thomson's article, was a happy one. Unfortunately the English, or rather American, dress in which the work is presented leaves much to be desired. At the outset, we are a little dazed by the dedication of the book to the present M. Sadi Carnot. It is written in the old fulsome style, and terminates unexpectedly with the announcement that the President of the French Republic "is himself deserving of enrolment in a list of great men which includes that other distinguished engineer, our own first president, George Washington." After this, who shall blame Mr. Dick in the matter of King Charles's head? But we could have pardoned this patriotic outburst if the translation itself had been accurate. Opening the book at page 66 we find a blunder, *ef* for *ik*, in the description of the reversible engine. In the note on the next page we are told that it is assumed that when a body has undergone a cycle of changes and has returned to precisely its original state it contains the same quantity of heat that it contained at first, "*or else* that the quantities of heat absorbed or set free in these different tranformations are exactly compensated." The words "or else" should be "or in other words." At page 62 we are referred to "Note 13, Appendix B." There is no such note. In "Note B, Appendix B," which seems to be intended, the bulb of a thermometer is twice referred to as "the bowl." After so curious a mistranslation we are hardly surprised to find in the *Life* the statement that "Carnot took part voluntarily in the gayest plays, abandoning himself to lively chat." It would be easy to multiply instances. In the introduction, which is apparently Mr. Thurston's own composition, but reads in some places as if it were a translation, we are told that "Nicolas-Leonard-Sadi Carnot was, perhaps, the greatest genius, in the department of physical science at least, that this century has produced." "Bacon and Compte (*sic*)," says Mr. Thurston, "were such in philosophy." And again, "It is this man who has done more than any contemporary in his field, and who thus displayed a more brilliant genius than any man of science of the nineteenth century." Carnot's fame is too well established to need such undiscriminating and ungrammatical eulogy.

Those who have hitherto been content to believe that the axis of the earth has "a slow conical movement" had better pause, and consider their position. The accepted views of authorities are not always right; or, as General Drayson tersely expresses it, "the mere sing-song mutterings of the village softy may contain more truth and real science than the long-incubated opinions of the overcrammed dogmatic theorist." According to General Drayson, the earth has, not a slow conical movement of its axis, but a "second rotation." In other words, the axis describes *two* cones, united by their apices at the earth's centre of gravity. The entire operation is performed once in every 31,686 years. The bearings of such a discovery "lays in the application on it." General Drayson's theory enables him from a single observation to calculate the polar distance of a star for any future date—a feat far beyond the intellectual calibre of "certain gentlemen who have distinguished themselves by rushing in where more prudent persons would hesitate to tread." He has told them so; and they characterize his discovery as "a vague theory with which they do not agree." He has plied the Royal Astronomical Society with nautilus curves, and has been met, he says, with polite pigeon-holing. This is very sad; but there is, perhaps, some little excuse to be made for the Royal Astronomical Society. For, according to General Drayson, "when a novelty is brought forward in connexion with any science which has been imagined to have arrived at a state of perfection, it appears as though this novelty completely disarranged the mental machinery of those persons who were the supposed authorities at the time." And, moreover, there is comfort for General Drayson in the reflection, duly set forth in the preface, that "those persons who consider that personal abuse and the parrot-like repetition of hitherto accepted theories will disprove facts, will occupy in the future a position corresponding to that in which the opponents of the daily rotation now luxuriate."

SWITZERLAND.*

WHILE flocks of English-speaking people take their pleasure every year in Switzerland, comparatively few know anything more about the history or political constitution of the country than the legends of Tell and the oath of Rütli, the names, perhaps, of one or two famous Swiss victories, something vague about Calvin, and that they are travelling in a Republic. As, however, Swiss history is peculiarly interesting and instructive, and has, moreover, to no small extent been decided by the physical conditions of the different cantons, an acquaintance with it would certainly increase the pleasure of any rationally-minded tourist. A study of this volume—one of the "Story of the Nations" series—will, as far as history is concerned, be an excellent preparation for a tour in Switzerland. It is clearly written, trustworthy, and, with perhaps one exception, well arranged. The one point on which we think the authors mistaken is that they devote too much space to times when there was no Switzerland, and consequently no Swiss history. The original League was German, and the reader is likely to be confused by finding the story of how that League was formed, grew, and absorbed Romance elements introduced by an account of the Celtic Helvetii. However, the book as it stands presents the history of the various peoples that have inhabited the lands now called by the common name of Switzerland from the earliest times, and indeed begins before written records; for the first chapter is on the lake-dwellings and their inhabitants. From the reign of Charlemagne down to the thirteenth century our authors have to do with events not easily separable from the history of the empire at large, but, save in a few passages, they have managed to keep pretty close to their special subject. They have shown good sense in their mode of dealing with the two or three famous legends of the early days of the League; they tell the stories, and, instead of spoiling them by picking them to pieces, and attempting to separate the probable from the improbable, have simply pointed out that there was a time in which events more or less like those celebrated in the legends may well have taken place.

The most attractive period in Swiss history, the fourteenth century, which saw the gradual formation of the League of the Eight Cantons and the wars of the Confederates with Hapsburg dukes and Burgundian nobles, is described here with a fair amount of spirit. The League of the Eight Cantons was completed about the middle of the century by the adhesion of the city of Bern, already mistress of several outlying districts. Surrounded as they were by powerful and unfriendly neighbours, the allied cantons naturally sought to strengthen themselves by the acquisition of territory, which they gained, sometimes by alliances, sometimes by conquest, and not unfrequently by purchase. Early in the fifteenth century the dominion of the League was extended beyond purely German or Burgundian lands, for Uri seized the Leventina from Milan in revenge, as is stated here, for some high-handed proceedings of the Duke's officers in the market at Varese. The eagerness with which the allies struggled to obtain subject lands sometimes led to intestine quarrels, and the terrible defeat inflicted on the Swiss at Basle by the Armagnac companies, under the Dauphin Louis, was an incident in a war between Zürich and the other Confederates for the possession of the Toggenburg heritage. The war with Charles the Bold was, as our authors point out, occasioned by the aggressive policy of Bern, stimulated by the intrigues of Louis XI., who used the League as the means of crushing his most formidable enemy. At Nancy, where the Duke met his death, the Swiss fought, not as the forces of the Federal Diet, but as volunteers in the service of René, and the battle is, therefore, "linked with that period of mercenary service and foreign pay which became the curse of Switzerland." We have a readable account of the Reformation in German and in Western Switzerland, and of the stern rule of Calvin in Geneva. Constitutional matters receive adequate attention; the two institutions peculiar to the Swiss, the Initiative and the Referendum, being briefly and clearly explained. By the Referendum, which is of more practical importance than the Initiative, measures adopted by the Federal or cantonal assemblies are on the demand of a certain number of voters—we are speaking of the facultative Referendum—referred to the decision of the people. The Swiss, it is observed here, "are naturally averse to [*sic*] needless changes," and the Referendum, though introduced by the advanced Democrats, has proved a Conservative institution. Had it been part of the English Constitution during the last few years, we should probably have been saved from some mischievous experiments made simply to satisfy meddlesome wirepullers and a few pushing office-seekers. It is suggested in this book that the Swiss are more fitted by education than any other people to exercise this power. This may be true; but at the same time it is certain that, as was pointed out in these columns in a review (April 13, 1889) of the interesting volume entitled *The Swiss Constitution*, by Sir F. O. Adams and Mr. Cunningham, the Swiss peasant who is called upon to vote for or against a law for "improving supplementary schools"—to quote an instance given here—has a less difficult problem to solve than an English labourer when he has before him the election addresses of two rival Parliamentary candidates, each promising to urge or oppose the adoption of several different measures, to say nothing of the vast number of issues as to which his vote practically gives his decision, and has to pronounce on the comparative merits of the two programmes.

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* *Story of the Nations—Switzerland.* By Mrs. Lina Hug and Richard Stead. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

RECENT CALENDARS OF STATE PAPERS.*

"THE Domestic State Papers calendared in the present volume extend over only nine months, but these are among the most important in the whole history of England." So writes Mr. Douglas Hamilton, the editor of one of the two volumes before us. As in those nine months the "New Model Army" was formed, and the battle of Naseby was lost and won, few will dispute his opinion. The papers are, as might be expected, mostly of a military character, and they give much information, not only about the remodelling of the army and the campaign which resulted in the battle of Naseby, but also about the operations of the previous autumn. "The events immediately preceding and following the second battle of Newbury are those which more particularly call for careful attention, as it was these which led to the remodelling of the Parliament's forces." Of this indecisive battle (October 27th, 1644) we have here an account in two letters from the Parliamentary Commissioners with the army, Sir A. Johnstone and John Crew, M.P. They name Cromwell among a number of other officers. "Major-Gen. Skippon hazarded himself too much, Sir W. Balfour used great diligence, there being but few field officers of horse; while Waller, Haselrigg, Harrington, Middleton, Cromwell, Crawford, Holborne, Col. Greeves, and others did very good service." When, in spite of "this victory" of Newbury, the King was allowed to relieve Donnington Castle, there was great wrath at Westminster; and it was this "dishonour," as it was termed, which led to Cromwell's charges against the Earl of Manchester, to the adoption of the "New Model," and the passing of the Self-Denying Ordinance. Mr. Hamilton's remarks upon these measures, and upon Cromwell's part in them, are of much interest.

It has often been pointed out that the King, in consequence of the capture of his correspondence at Naseby, suffered morally even more than materially by his defeat; and, as the editor observes,

> Wonder has frequently been expressed by historians at the carelessness of the managers of the King's affairs in trusting so incriminating a correspondence to an ordinary waggon following in the train of the Royal army, and consequently at any moment liable to mishaps in transport from place to place. But it does not appear to have been noticed that a still greater carelessness was evinced by the retention of these letters in the form of the King's drafts, whereas the originals which were sent to the Queen and his other correspondents were almost certainly in cipher, and consequently much less easily read when intercepted. . . . . The real danger attaching to their publication appears to have been scarcely recognized by Charles. . . .
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> In their compromising character, there is a series of letters in the present volume only inferior to those taken at Naseby. These are known as the Sherburn Collection, from their having been taken in the fight near Sherburn, in Yorkshire, where Lord Digby, the Principal Secretary of State to the King, was defeated, and his letters and papers taken and sent up to Westminster.

These Sherburn letters throw much light upon the efforts of Henrietta Maria to obtain foreign intervention in her husband's favour, and upon the scheme of bringing over the Duke of Lorraine with his followers to reinforce the Royalists. Noteworthy, also, is Lord Jermyn's letter from Paris, May 8, 1645, touching a certain Colonel Fitz-Williams, with whom the Queen was negotiating, and who believed that he could raise in Ireland ten or twelve thousand men for the King's service in England. The attempt to employ Irish troops in the Civil War was "resented by the Houses at Westminster as the employment of the red Indians at the American revolt was by the colonists. They considered it a thing that no civilized people could tolerate;" and accordingly they expressed their intolerance of it by the Ordinance decreeing that no quarter should be given to any Irishman who should be taken in arms against the Parliament. Major-General Richard Browne, in his report of the defence of Abingdon in January 164⅘ affords us an instance of the carrying into execution of this order. "Among other prisoners we took five Irishmen, all belonging to Prince [Rupert's] regiment, whom I caused instantly to be hanged in the market place, according to an Ordinance of Parliament."

Certain poetic compositions connected with the execution of Archbishop Laud have been found among these papers. Two, of which portions only are given, are hostile and sufficiently brutal. Laud's middle-class origin is not forgotten:—

> Remember now from whence you came,
> And that the grandsires of your name
> Were dressers of old cloth;
> Go bid the old men bring their shears
> To dress your cloth and save your ears,
> Or pawn your head for both.

The third, an "Elegy upon the Life and Death of [Arch]bishop Laud of Canterbury," is in another strain. The paper is endorsed W. 19, "which might suggest that it had been seized amongst the poet Edmund Waller's papers when he was committed to the Tower"; but "it is certainly not in Waller's handwriting." Despite obvious faults, the elegy opens with a certain sonorous stateliness:—

> Can Britain's Patriarchal Peer expire,
> And bid the world good night, without a choir
> Of saints to sing his requiem, and toll
> A blessing bell unto his dying soul?
> Shall he steal to his rest thus, and not have
> A blazing star to light him to his grave;
> Nor warning "Pace"? no volley-shot of thunder
> From Heaven's artillery, to strike with wonder,
> To ring alarums in the world's dull ear,
> And rend the universe with panic fear?

The other book is the second part of the first volume of the *Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding* (edited by Mrs. Everett Green), the first part of which we noticed in February last. We need therefore only remind our readers that the "Committee for Compounding" was the engine by which the Long Parliament raised money from "delinquents"—*i.e.* Royalists—who were willing to come to terms, in order, by sacrificing part, to save the remainder of their estates. In times of revolution a good many pecks of dirt have to be eaten by all who have not the souls of heroes; and one cannot be hard upon the men who, under the pinch of poverty and with ruin staring them in the face, abjectly profess their repentance for services rendered to the King, even though one may feel sure that, had the game gone the other way, they would have been only too ready to vaunt their activity and loyal zeal. Nicholas Blincoe, of Waltham Abbey, who "was at Oxford"—presumably as a Royalist—"but never bore arms," "begs the House of Commons to accept him as the father did the prodigal son." So the ex-Town Clerk of Chichester "was led out of the way by threats and force, but returns as the prodigal, in repentance and with tears, resolved never hereafter to offend, but to sacrifice life and fortunes in the Parliament's service." His fortunes, it seems, amounted to 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a year, of which thirteen pound odd "is by his office." Further, the poor man "has a wife and six children, also six orphans entrusted to his care." The Committee for Compounding "propose a fine of 40*l.*," more than a year's income. Fifty pounds is accepted from William Copeing, who, "being greatly in debt, was . . . induced by evil companions to become a trooper in the King's army." "On returning home in dislike of the King's service," he was made prisoner, "and endured a hard imprisonment for three months, with such extremity of cold that his toes rotted off." Henry Fetherstonhaugh of Kirkoswald represents that, being a scholar at Oxford, seventeen years old, he "was there seduced by the [Royalist] ministers, who speciously pretended the right and justice of that cause, vehemently imprecating the guilt of our bloods on their own heads if it were otherwise, or if such of us as should be slain herein died not glorious martyrs." Another beguiled and repentant innocent is Edw. Sandys, a minor, who,

> being a younger brother and fatherless, was by his mother placed at school in Essex; there he was seduced by the insinuation of one of his schoolfellows to forsake his book and run away into the King's quarters, where he endured great hardship and want for a season, his mother refusing to afford him any relief.
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> Growing to more ripeness of years, it pleased God to give him a sight of his errors. . . .

So young Sandys made his submission, and got clear with a fine of 40*l.*—the poor fellow's whole fortune being 500*l.*, which he was to receive on coming of age.

Even the high-spirited Countess of Derby—she who had defended Lathom House—pleads, albeit in no unworthy tone, to the Protector for compassion. She

> was sequestered for delinquency supposed to be committed during the life of her husband, and, as she conceives, is the only woman that ever was sequestered for acting on that side to which her husband adhered. . . . If there be no other motives to compassion, pleads that she is a stranger, born a Protestant, and a widow, and mother of five fatherless children; prays that His Highness in his clemency will not think fit that there should be more severity used against her than others. Most of the compositions of the highest delinquents have been but at two years' purchase for inheritance, whereas hers is at three years' purchase for her crazy life.

There is an earlier and more piteous appeal from her son, Lord Strange, afterwards the eighth Earl of Derby:—

> His wife, child, and family are utterly destitute, all his father's estate being either under sequestration or otherwise disposed of; two of his sisters have been twelve months prisoners in Liverpool, without any allowance, so that they have not a morsel of bread, but by the charity of neighbours are kept from starving. Neither he nor his brothers ever offended against Parliament, but have constantly behaved with all humility and thankfulness for the clemency shown them.

Among other names of note we remark that of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the future Earl of Shaftesbury, who found salvation (as doubtless he would have said if he had lived now-a-days) early in 1644. Then we come upon the petition of Sir Oliver Cromwell, *alias* Williams, of Ramsey, and Colonel Henry Cromwell, his son. The old knight states himself to have been sequestered at the beginning of the war "for some opposition he should make against the Parliament's forces under the command of Lieut.-General Cromwell," his famous nephew. Lastly, we pause upon the affairs of the Powell family,

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* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I.*, 1644–1645. *Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by William Douglas Hamilton, F.S.A., of H.M. Public Record Office and the University of London. Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1890.

Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding, &c., 1643–1660, *preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Cases*, 1643–1646. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1890.

known to fame as that into which Milton, neither to his comfort nor to theirs, married. In the case stated for the widow Anne Powell, there occurs the well-known, and no doubt truthful, description of "Mr. Milton" as "a harsh and chollericke man," against whom she durst not prosecute her legal claims for fear of injuring the position of her daughter, "he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space upon some other occasion." Altogether, as we glance over the pages, they bring home to us a sense of the manifold private miseries of which history takes no account, or which at most it notices only in vague generalities.

KOVALEVSKY ON EARLY INSTITUTIONS.*

MR. MAXIME KOVALEVSKY is known to many students in this country as being eminent among the limited number of scholars who have seriously given themselves to the comparative study of the laws or customs of the family and of property in their early stages. Since we have lost Sir Henry Maine, and more lately Fustel de Coulanges, there is probably no one living who has a wider or better deserved reputation for competence in this field. Unluckily for the majority of European scholars, a great part of Mr. Kovalevsky's work is still accessible only in the Russian language. An accident, which we must regret for the sake of education in Russia, but, save so far as it may have been unpleasant to Mr. Kovalevsky himself, cannot pretend to regret otherwise, has this year enabled us to read some of this work in French. Mr. Kovalevsky is a professor of history in the University of Moscow, and has for some time been on indefinite leave of absence for reasons best known to the high authorities at St. Petersburg. Some say that Mr. Kovalevsky was instructed to give a course of lectures on the Russian Constitution, and humbly represented that he could not lecture on that which did not exist. Thereupon he was told that a Russian Constitution (for academical purposes) there was and must be; and when he still humbly protested that he could not find any such thing, he was advised to travel outside the Russian Empire until his perception became acuter. So it is related of a certain Oxford tutor how he cut short an earnest undergraduate's troubles about the universe. This undergraduate, minded to be an interesting young man and looking for outpourings of sympathy, confided to his tutor that he could not find a personal God. But the tutor knew his man, and the answer was unexpected. "Very well, Mr. X., if you have not found a personal God by seven o'clock this evening you must go down." Only Mr. Kovalevsky is not a person to be treated like a priggish undergraduate, even if the Russian Minister of Public Instruction were qualified to play the part of a wise tutor. We do not know whether Mr. Kovalevsky is any nearer to finding a Russian Constitution; but meanwhile, instead of lecturing at Moscow, he has lectured at Stockholm and Oxford, and the Stockholm lectures are in print. They were delivered and are published on behalf of a literary foundation which seems to be of recent date. Apart from a certain number of misprints in ordinary French words and in foreign proper names, for which a Swedish printing-office may be excused, the book is handsomely produced. The worst thing about it is a defect still prevalent among Continental books, and especially volumes of collected lectures or articles, the total absence of an index or analytical table of contents. A work of this kind, which is full of various and detailed evidence, is difficult to follow or appreciate without more guidance than bare headings of chapters; and the reader is almost driven to make an index for himself. Doubtless he will have a certain reward in knowing the book much better when he has made it; but still he will not be satisfied.

Mr. Kovalevsky considers the archaic type of the family in relation both to marriage and kinship and to the origin of private property. Readers interested in these matters need not be reminded that they have been the subject of much controversy, or that in some cases the controversy has been as acute as if it had been concerned with modern politics and not with prehistoric society. Mr. Kovalevsky's temper and discretion are excellent. He cites his predecessors chiefly to praise and confirm whatever they have made good; and when he differs with them it is in measured and courteous language, whether it be with Maine on one side or Fustel de Coulanges on the other. It is, indeed, specially to be lamented that Maine never had such an opportunity as this book would have given him of justifying or revising certain parts of his work in a non-controversial manner. He would have found Mr. Kovalevsky ready to meet him half-way, or at any rate to build him a golden bridge. For one thing, Mr. Kovalevsky is free from the vice of having cocksure theories of what the primitive condition of human society was. He does use the word "primitive," but is careful to explain that he uses it in a relative sense to denote the earliest definite stages of family life of which anything is known. In this sense he applies it to the "matriarchal" condition of the family. He holds, in other words, that the most ancient known form of human family life is that in which kinship is traced through females, and a man is known as the son of his mother, and not as the son of his father—if, indeed, the father is known at all. At the same time Mr. Kovalevsky refuses to accept the hypothesis, maintained by some recent writers, that this state of things arose out of a still more primitive state of sexual anarchy. We always find rules and restrictions of some kind, though they are widely different from those which can be found in any society of a modern type. So far Mr. Kovalevsky agrees with the MacLennan school (as we may shortly call them), as against Maine and (again to use a compendium) the high Aryan school generally. But he points out that the difficulties experienced by the newer school were partly their own fault. They collected facts from the history and manners of almost every race of mankind except those which have taken the leading parts in civilization—the Aryans and the Semites. "Les deux grandes races dont l'évolution constitue l'histoire même de l'humanité sont à peu près omises par leur écrits." It was not surprising, then, that writers who, like Maine, combined a thoroughly classical training with a cautious temper should turn a deaf ear to their novelties.

Mr. Kovalevsky cites evidence for the relatively primitive "matriarchate" from a pretty wide field, and strengthens the case on the Aryan side by the results of his own inquiries in the Caucasus. In addition to certain marriage customs which look very like survivals from polyandry of the Nair type, it appears that in some Georgian tribes the maternal uncle of a slain man is the proper person to take up the blood-feud, and that when it is compounded he takes the chief share of the fine. In Germanic and Slavonic tradition there are also traces of kinship on the mother's side having been the most important of family bonds, if not the only one. The maternal uncle or nephew is the avenger of blood; the murder of a brother or a mother's brother is less expiable than that of a husband or father. As for the evidences in classical Greek literature (among which Mr. Kovalevsky strangely omits the story of Antigone), we confess that they seem to us too slender to build much upon. They suffice to answer the objection that, if Greek society was once matriarchal, there ought to be traces of it in Greek legends; for, if we grant the probability of such a state of things in prehistoric times, these passages, in which maternal kinship is exalted, are such traces as we might expect to find. But they are not so strong or unambiguous as to prove anything directly. Thus it is quite true that Lycaon, the son of Priam, begs quarter of Achilles on the ground that he is not the full brother of Hector. But in the first place Achilles wholly declines to admit his appeal, and in the second place Lycaon is not a Greek. If one were inclined to refine upon Homeric incidents (which we are not), the inference would seem to be that the Homeric Trojans were still in a more or less "matriarchal" condition which, by that time at all events, was foreign to the Homeric Greeks. Again, in the case of Orestes, as presented in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, let us allow, for argument's sake, that the victory of Apollo over the Erinyes is certainly a victory of the patriarchal over the matriarchal idea; but then, how are we assured that the idea represented by the Erinyes is really Hellenic, and is not rather a survival from the religion and manners of some prehistoric people whom the Hellenes displaced? A similar difficulty hangs about almost all the Indian evidences, such as the well-known case of the polyandrous Pándava marriage in the Mahábhárata. Semitic evidence, again, is hardly conclusive. Certainly Gideon (Judges viii. 19) avenges the sons of his mother upon the kings of Midian; but there was obviously no one else who could do it; and the context shows the idea of succession through males as fully established ("Then the men of Israel said unto Gideon, Rule thou over us, both thou, and thy son, and thy son's son also," v. 22). The witness of Egyptian antiquity would be of capital importance if it were definite; but at present it does not lead to any conclusion save that kinship through females and kinship through males were both recognized in very ancient times. Mr. Kovalevsky suggests that the rule of tracing descent through the father may have been of sacerdotal origin. This may be so; but, if so, it is curious that the process has been the other way in the history of Hindu law, where the relaxation of strict agnatic rules, especially in the Bengal school, is of Brahmanic and comparatively modern introduction. We must wait on the progress of Egyptology for more light; and meanwhile it would seem, taking the historic civilization of the Mediterranean basin all round, that the matriarchal theory is still only an admissible hypothesis. Our own inclination, in proceeding from the known to the unknown in this matter, is to give considerable weight to the analogies of the development of archaic societies in other matters. It is known that the formation and growth of institutions has taken very similar courses, even in detail, in many cases where imitation is out of the question. And, on the whole, we are disposed to think that the Mediterranean nations from whom all Western civilization is directly or indirectly derived did at some time pass through a "matriarchal" stage of society. We do not think, therefore, that the patriarchal state can be safely called primitive in any acceptable sense of the word, even as regards Greek, Roman, or Hindu society. But in any case the transformation to the patriarchal state was in these cases singularly complete and early, and from such indications as exist we should conjecture that it was rapid. If the supposed immemorial patriarchate of Aryans and Semites disappears, the peculiar character of the transformation remains to be accounted for, and the problem certainly lacks neither interest nor difficulty.

Indeed, Mr. Kovalevsky can give us only a vague picture of

* *Tableau des origines et de l'évolution de la famille et de la propriété.* Par Maxime Kovalevsky. Stockholm: Samson & Wallin. 1890.

the normal mode of transition from a matriarchal clan to patriarchal families. It is supposed that the difficulty of finding sustenance for a large clan would compel it to disperse in smaller family groups, and that these smaller groups, consisting generally of one couple with their children and slaves, would become patriarchal by force of circumstances. The one piece of distinct evidence of a state of transition appears to be that in some Red Indian tribes, whose constitution is in a general way patriarchal, it is a matter of choice whether a newborn child shall belong to and be brought up in the father's or the mother's clan. One explanation of the strange custom known as the *couvade* is that it is a symbolic fiction belonging to this transition. The father is compelled to pretend to be a mother before he can acquire the authority over his child which belonged to the mother in a more ancient order of things. Mr. Kovalevsky seems to have no doubt that this explanation is the right one; and it certainly hits off the elaborate clumsiness of archaic reform. But there have been other and hardly less plausible explanations; and once more we seem to be driven back upon a general estimate of probabilities which is not as yet reducible to rule. From the constitution of the archaic family we are naturally led to a problem closely implicated with this, and quite capable of having practical bearings for our modern uses, that of the origin of private property, and especially property in land. Mr. Kovalevsky's knowledge of the history of village communities in Russia and other Slavonic lands has enabled him to bring us notable contributions of material as well as the benefit of his judgment. Our account of his results must be reserved for another article.

MARKET HARBOROUGH PARISH RECORDS.*

PROBABLY the most enthusiastic and patriotic of the inhabitants of Market Harborough would not claim that his town held one of the foremost places in English history; and yet this volume of extracts has more than local interest, and will lead antiquaries to look forward with some anticipation for the volume which is to succeed it. The editor has aimed at supplementing the information given by Nicols rather than making a fresh history. The town is peculiarly situated, for it is in two counties and in four parishes. There are other intricacies which need not be mentioned. Market Harborough is, of course, mentioned in Domesday, and it is a place laudably attached to ancient customs, and has duly held its Tuesday market for a period of more than six hundred and sixty years, as is shown by the fact that in 1219 Rothwell was ordered to change the day of its market from Monday, on which it was then held—to the alleged detriment of Harborough market, on the same day. Two years later the King allowed Harborough market to be changed from Monday to Tuesday, for what reason is not stated. The jealousy of market towns with respect to their privileges is further shown by the fact that these two rivals were seven miles apart. Those who think that current pronunciation is always a corruption where it differs from the current spelling may be invited to consider the fact that Rothwell is now pronounced "Rowell" by its inhabitants, and is so spelt in the document of 1219 just referred to. The first known rector and the first known vicar of Bowden appear in 1238. The vicar was appointed by the rector with the consent of the patron of the living. The first mention of Harborough Chapel appears in a taxation-roll of Bishop Lexington. The oldest of the town documents now remaining belongs to the first half of the thirteenth century, and contains the names of two fields—Tongsty and Scirdy Kotys—which can be traced in succeeding documents down to the enclosures of 1776, a period of 500 years. Edward I. gave the manors of Bowden and Harborough apparently as part of the dower both of Queen Eleanor and of his second wife, Margaret of France. The place was a thoroughfare town, and in the same reign we find complaints of Northamptonshire burgesses being made to pay toll there in spite of their chartered exemption. We find also the son of the Harborough chaplain arrested at Northampton Fair on a charge of having stolen a couple of overcoats and two swords, a charge of which all admirers of clerical family influences will be glad to learn he was deemed innocent. In 1292 Robert of St. Albans held the benefices of Essendon and Great Bowden, and in consideration of the zeal for religion shown by his declared intention of becoming a Crusader and going to the Holy Land at his own charges, was allowed to retain the profits of both benefices on condition that due rites were performed and the cure of souls not neglected. But this Papal dispensation is dated only a few days before the fall of Acre, and it is not likely that the militant Churchman was called upon to take the cross. A militant Churchman of another kind was Master Roger, who in 1294 received sentence of greater excommunication until he made amends for having laid violent hands on Master Richard, both of these worthies being clerks of Bowden. In 1320 the burial-ground of Great Bowden had to be "reconciled," having been polluted by the violent shedding of blood. In 1343 there is a record of a field "*Ubi Godwynes oxe moriebatur*" (*sic*), and the name of that place was "Godwin's Ox" for at least 300 years, "a clear proof," observes Mr. Stocks, "that one amongst the many sources of field names is to be found in simple local facts, the memory of which soon passed away, though the name remained." In 1380 the inhabitants successfully claimed exemption from payment towards the expenses of the members of Parliament on the ground that their lands had been held by the Crown since the time of the Confessor. Two years later there was a heresy hunt, and William of Swinderby, the hermit priest who had been convicted of heterodoxy, was restored to the church on condition that he read a recantation in eight churches of the diocese on eight successive Sundays. One of the places in which he was thus to abjure Wycliff was Harborough Church. There are many interesting documents referring to the connexion of the district with the great family of Scrope. There are, in addition to the documents from which we have quoted, a number of wills of various ages, and, as matters of literature are not frequently referred in these old records, it may be interesting to note the passages referring to books in the will of Geoffrey le Scrope, Rector of Great Bowden and Canon of Lincoln. We find the bequest of 20*l.* to Baliol "Hall" for the purchase of books; to Master Richard le Scrope a copy of Ostiensis and Beringarius; to John of Bawtrey "the little book which begins thus:—'Cum Cubas dicas,' in red ink"; to Sir John Burgh his Sarum Breviary, "so that after his death it shall be in remainder to the priory and monastery of Kirkaby for the souls of my sisters de Lutterell and Hathern and for my soul in perpetuity"; to Sir Robert of Preston "the 6th book of the Decretals and the Clementines each with its gloss"; and to Sir John Feliskirk the little book called *Forma Fratris Monardi de Casibus*. The dignified ecclesiastic leaves among his many bequests two which evidence the curious custom of giving special names to drinking cups. One of these vessels was called "Nuts," and had a cover and giit foot; the other, which was known as "Boll," was of silver, and had on its cover the arms of Lord Scrope, the owner's brother. He also mentions a silver mug, with a cover, having the letter "Y" on it.

Such are some of the many curious matters revealed by these documents, and it is due to the editor to say that, whilst carefully attending to details, he has also attempted to summarize broadly the general impressions which a careful study of them is likely to leave upon a judicious antiquary. He says:—

> It is needless to point out at length the enormous differences made by things we use now as a matter of course, by good roads, by the post, by canals, and above all by railways and electricity. But beneath all these, and perhaps in spite of them, there are features and institutions which can be traced back so far that we altogether lose sight of their first beginning. The manor, the churches, and perhaps, above all, the Tuesday market, have a long ancestry, and those who use them now are only doing, under different conditions, what others before them did more than six hundred years ago. Rockingham is no longer a royal castle in the royal hunting forest, Braybrook Castle is no longer a baron's stronghold, the Trussells of Marston, the Harcourts and Beauchamps of Kibworth, the Latimers of Burton and Corby, the Bassetts of Sutton and Weston, have passed away, at all events from this district, together with the great abbeys and the military orders, once so dominant a feature in English life; but life in towns like Harborough, and villages like the Bowdens, is still the life of the English community, and is healthy and prosperous in so far as duty to the community is recognized and discharged faithfully under the wonderful conditions of modern times (pp. 157-8).

This lesson of the essential identity of the past England and the present, the unbroken continuity of local and national life, is one that needs to be strongly and continually impressed upon the present generation; and the lesson, if well learnt, whilst it will not prevent any useful reforms, may hinder rash changes, and will certainly deepen that sense of public spirit and public duty without which the community cannot exist.

* *Market Harborough Parish Records to* A.D. 1530. By J. E. Stocks, M.A., assisted by W. B. Bragg, two of the Trustees of the Town Estate. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

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*VOCES POPULI.**

THE humour of Mr. Anstey is so bright and facile, and at its best so genial in expression, there is not the slightest chance that it should fail in its appeal to those who have the gift or those who enjoy it in others. There is no risk of its leading to estrangement among friends, as when Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt fell out concerning Butler, and as when the discussion of Swift's humour causes, as it has and will, strange disorder in the ranks of the humorous. Mr. Anstey's humour is not of this recondite quality. It engages all and sundry, as with a quickening spirit, on the instant; and it has never made a happier show than in *Voces Populi*. These diverting illustrations of the unaffected colloquies and conversations of the British people possess all the charm and suggestiveness of a great artist's first designs. They are vigorously sketched and aptly dramatized. They may be said to gain greatly by their collection in book form from the pages of *Punch*, where from week to week they delighted all readers, if only because now the range of Mr. Anstey's observation and the keen, easy play of his humour may be correctly estimated. Mr. Bernard Partridge's clever drawings must also be accounted a valuable acquisition. They realize Mr. Anstey's types, in many instances, with perfect success. Mr. Partridge's third-class passenger who is not for "takin' a libbaty"; the head butler announcing that "the tapestry along the walls is Gobbling"; the Hyde Park orator, though not

* *Voces Populi.* By F. Anstey. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

obviously an Irishman, as he should be; the strong-minded matron with three defenceless children—these and others could not be better in spirit and in illustrative force. It is surprising how true and fresh these amusing *Voces Populi* are, and yet familiar do they sound as the oft-heard yet unregarded humours of the crowd of sightseers at a picture gallery, the Lord Mayor's Show, "at a Show Place," and so forth, all reproduced with admirable spontaneity and drollery of contrast. The dialogue of the good boy and the bad boy at the restaurant, and of the Prosaic Persons be-puzzled in a Bond Street exhibition; the exquisite intercepted talk at a theatrical *première*, the rival juniors at a legal Luncheon Bar—to cite a few examples—are all of that rare order of entertainment that leaves us agog for more of its kind.

NEW ETCHINGS.

WE have received from Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. etchings of two famous and admirable pictures. M. L. Kratké has spared no pains in rendering the stately Constable called "Hampstead Heath," with its vast expanse of open country illuminated by showery light. This is a conscientious etching, and as a sort of topographical study or elaborated key to the composition it leaves nothing to be desired. But it is a little wanting in colour, the touches are dry, and it cannot be said to reproduce the splendour and exuberance of Constable. The leaden sky of storm-cloud and azure, however, is well expressed.

M. G. Creux, if we have read the name aright, has been happier in his treatment of "Le Joueur de Flûte" of Corot, with whom he is probably in greater sympathy than M. Kratké is with Constable. The scheme of this picture is well known. Two columnar masses of foliage combine with a tufted rock to divide the background into two shafts of that exquisite light which Corot loved, the light that is made of successive veils of diaphanous atmosphere illuminated by an unseen sinking sun. The solemn poetry of this work is well preserved by the etcher; though even here, if we are not unduly censorious, there is that dryness of touch which the French etchers of the latest school all more or less affect.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE might have called this article "French Literature in English"; for, as it so happens, we have before us a considerable number of translations, which it may be useful to notice together while the autumn crop of the Paris press is still delayed. Very early notice was taken in these columns of the excellence of M. de Maupassant's *Pierre et Jean*, which Mrs. Bell has translated (very fairly), and Mr. Gosse has edited in the *International Library of Fiction* (Heinemann). Albeit *amicus Plato*, we do not altogether agree with Mr. Gosse's general introduction to the series, or with his particular introduction to this very striking and admirable book. It is, saving Mr. Gosse's respect, an entire begging of the question to say that "life is now treated in fiction by every race but our own with singular candour"; the difference thus glanced at may be to our credit or to our discredit, but it is not fairly to be described in these terms. However, if this is Mr. Gosse's opinion, he has a right to it as an opinion. It is more unfortunate that, being quite strong enough to criticize on his own bottom, he should have gone to Mr. Henry James for weak criticism, quoting as "just and felicitous" the statement that "it is the best of M. de Maupassant's novels, mainly because M. de Maupassant has never before been so clever." Many examples might be taken from Mr. James to show how clever a man may himself be, and yet not be a critic, but this is of the best of them. For the goodness of *Pierre et Jean* lies precisely in the fact that M. de Maupassant has seldom or never let his prodigious cleverness interfere and meddle so little with his solid genius. *Boule de suif*, his next best thing, is cleverer than *Pierre et Jean*, *Monsieur Parent* is cleverer, *Les sœurs Rondoli* is a great deal cleverer. But in this really great book the author has risen above mere cleverness, has dropped *atelier* tricks and smartness, and has worked quietly and sincerely under the inspiration and in the face of Nature. As we are in a fault-finding mood, let us add that Mr. Gosse should not, though, no doubt, he has done it by inadvertence only, follow the bad example of those who say "De Maupassant." "M. de Maupassant," but "Maupassant" is the rule, though we admit that it is broken by the baser sort in France itself, and almost unknown in England.

For Mr. Robert Bruce Boswell, the second volume of whose blank-verse translation of Racine (Bohn's Library: Messrs. Bell & Sons) has just appeared, we are sincerely and unaffectedly sorry. The harsh sentence of Prometheus—

> μόχθον περισσὸν κουφόνουν τ' εὐηθίαν—

is, we fear, the only one to be pronounced on his attempt to give blank-verse renderings of Racinian tragedy. It could not be done in the days of our ancestors; and it cannot be done now. Whether a very clever man, after reading the rhymed tragedies of Dryden for years, and thoroughly penetrating himself with their style, could do it we know not. We think he might do Corneille, but not Racine. At any rate, Mr. Boswell is hopelessly "out of it." Let any one read this:—

> Ah, yes, you love him, base deceiver!
> The savage conduct that you paint so well,
> Those arms that you have seen stained red with gore,
> Fury, and flames, and Lesbos burnt to ashes,
> All these have stamped his image on your heart,
> And, far from shuddering at their remembrance,
> It even gives you pleasure to repeat them.

To repeat such lines as these gives us no pleasure whatever, and we only do it to show in the best manner possible how impossible Mr. Boswell is as a translator of Racine.

It is stated in a note at the end of the volume entitled *Sainte-Beuve's Essays on Men and Women*, edited, with a critical memoir, by William Sharp (Stott), that the translations are by Dr. William Matthews and Miss Harriet Preston, a fairly well-known American gentleman and lady of letters. As their consent has, no doubt, been obtained to the reproduction, we do not quite know why their names do not appear on the title-page of what is, in effect, their work, especially as we have not perceived wherein the "editing" by Mr. William Sharp consists. His critical memoir, however, is of some length and elaboration. It opens with the statement that Mr. Sharp has "for ten or twelve years been a sympathetic reader of Sainte-Beuve." This is autobiographically interesting, and must have been very good for Mr. Sharp's soul, but the results of it are not so perceptible as we should have liked either in his style or in his matter. A "vivisectionary knife," and "a frequent remoteness of shaping emotion," are not less or more Sainte-Beuvian in form than "*de* Vigny" and "*de* Broglie" are Sainte-Beuvian in accuracy (Sainte-Beuve has a note on this very subject, which Mr. Sharp's thirteenth year of reading will doubtless reach), or than the laudation of such crude stuff as the "scientific criticism" of M. Hennequin and some English imitators of his is Sainte-Beuvian in judgment. However, as Mr. Sharp says that "It is, broadly speaking, scarcely to be gainsaid that with us criticism as an art has no acknowledged existence," we must not be too hard on him. For he as well as others must clearly underlie his own sentence, even if his charitable qualification of a "few brilliant exceptions with marked limitations" be extended to Mr. William Sharp himself. The translations are very fair, and deserved an introduction better informed, better written, and less pretentious.

Miss or Mrs. Preston (for we do not know which she is, and we have seen her called both) appears by herself—and so not in worse company—in a very well printed and pretty reprint of her translation of Mistral's *Mirèio* (Fisher Unwin). The work, which is a good many years old, has a pleasant modest preface, and is readable enough, though it is perhaps not excessively faithful to the manner of the original (as, indeed, the translator frankly admits), and though that original is not equally admired by all judges.

The Select Poems and Tragedies of Victor Hugo (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a medley of a great number of translations by almost as great a number of different hands. Some are pretty good, some very bad, and a great number very indifferent; which is, on the whole, exactly what was to be expected. But few, if any, are new, and therefore criticism of them is unnecessary. It is, we think, the fullest collection yet published.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SIR GEORGE BURNS, Bart.: His Life and Times, by Edwin Hodder (Hodder & Stoughton), is the biography of the eminent steamship-owner of Glasgow who was one of the first promoters of Atlantic liners, and the introducer of steam in the trade between Glasgow and Belfast, in 1829. Sir George Burns died last June, in his ninety-fifth year, a few weeks before the celebration of the Jubilee of the Cunard Company, of which he was a founder. His name is intimately associated with the steamship trade of Glasgow and Liverpool. With Samuel Cunard and David MacIver he signed the first contract with the Government for the carriage of mails between Liverpool and Boston and Halifax. While still a youth he saw Henry Bell's first steamer, the *Comet*, start on her first voyage from Glasgow to Greenock, and the promptitude with which he made up his mind on the subject, while most shipowners were yet waverers, shows how deeply he was impressed by Bell's experiments. His career, as set forth in Mr. Hodder's extremely discursive volume, appears to have been one of uninterrupted success. There were no staggering failures in his life, such as make piquant the record of certain "men who have made themselves." Success attended all his enterprises, and, as Mr. Hodder puts it, in his effusive way, his "life was designed to be beautiful from beginning to end." But Mr. Hodder's language is not merely effusive. It is terribly diffusive. One name introduced in his narrative leads to another, and so on, and so on, till we are astray in a maze of minor recollections, much of which is nothing but padding. One characteristic anecdote of Sir George Burns would far outweigh the pages of comment, written in the style of the tracts of the period, which Mr. Hodder supplies. If he could, as he says, have filled a volume with recollections, it is a pity he has been so sparing of that entertaining material. When he says that Sir George Burns was "shrewd and far-seeing, always on the alert, ready

to set sail whenever the right wind blew," he says the thing that is intelligible, if a little obvious. But he indulges in the vain rhetoric of eulogy when he writes "the 'beauty of holiness' shone and sparkled in every word and action, and made the merry laugh and genial smile as impressive as prayer and praise." And this is by no means the worst instance of Mr. Hodder's defective sense of propriety and proportion.

The eighth and concluding volume of the *Henry Irving Shakspeare* (Blackie & Son) appears with a preface by Mr. Irving and a "General Introduction and Life" from the pen of Professor Dowden. After a graceful reference to the labours of his co-editor, the late Mr. Frank Marshall, introducing an appropriate tribute to Mr. Marshall's work by Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Irving returns to his first and steadfast conception of Shakspeare as "playwright first and man of letters afterwards." Despite the school of critics, of whom Mr. Irving speaks, who think the poet's dramas are not for the stage at all, there is no doubt that his view will never lack popular exemplification nor popular sympathy. While we have actors Shakspeare will always be acted, if only because he has been acted. All that is stimulative in the annals of the stage, from the traditions of Burbage and Garrick, Kean and Macready, to the example of Mr. Irving himself, renders it unlikely that there should ever be any loss of influence in what is the most honourable ambition in the actor. On another matter Mr. Irving is almost apologetic. No sane person would accuse him of a Cibberian act of "improvement" because he has indicated certain lines or passages that could be dispensed with in representation. Mr. Irving, it is true, has done this "for the use of students." But his suggested "deletion" is, we think, of genuine value to actors, and is a distinctive feature of an edition which well deserves to be known as the "Actors' Shakspeare."

There are few literary enterprises, in the way of compilation, so certain to arouse divergent opinions among all sorts of readers as selections of poetry. This expectation is increased tenfold when the faith of Christianity and the doctrine of the Christian Church inspire the poetry, as is presumably true of *Lyra Consolationis* (Longmans & Co.), selected and arranged by Claudia Frances Hernaman. This little selection, intended for the consolation of mourners, is drawn from the poets of the last three centuries. To quote the Preface, "It is based on those clauses of the Apostles' Creed in which the Church confesses her belief in her Lord's Crucifixion, Death, and Burial; in His Resurrection, Ascension, and Coming again." Nothing is included, we are assured, that accords not with this design; yet we find at p. 135 certain stanzas from *Adonais* that can scarcely be "words of cheer" to those for whom the book is intended. There may be more than the unsophisticated can detect in the line

> No more let Life divide what Death can join together;

but the reader of Wesley, who is represented in the same volume, may only regard it as an incitement to suicide.

Mr. J. Pierce's sonnets and lyrics, *In Cloud and Sunshine* (Trübner & Co.), show genuine sympathy with the moods of nature and a ready command of expression in suggesting them. Mr. Pierce's method is pictorial rather than interpretative. He pleases, frequently, the contemplative spirit, both by the sentiment and the descriptive power of his verse.

Faithfulness and *Blessed be Drudgery* (Glasgow: Bryce) are two very small booklets by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, composed of brief moral essays, and bound in what appear to be real boards, a binding that simulates the surface and grain of wood. The discourses of Mr. Jones on the dignity of labour, on friendship, faithfulness, and other inexhaustible themes are designed to cheer the downhearted and afflicted. A kindly preface by Lady Aberdeen serves to introduce these American books to the English reader.

Among recent translations we have a selection from the minor writings of Balzac—*Don Juan; and other Stories* (Walter Scott)—and a version by S. J. MacMullan of *Senilia* by Turgénieff (Bristol: Arrowsmith); a curious collection of sketches, suggestive of a novelist's note-book, written during the last years of the author's life, and re-entitled *Poems in Prose* by their first editor. Several of these thoughts and outlines are strikingly fantastic.

The new volume of the "Camelot" series, *The Annals of Tacitus* (Walter Scott), comprises a selection from Tacitus, "the strongest, the austerest, the most pregnant of all the Romans," as Mr. Arthur Galton, the editor, has it in his well-considered historical introduction. The selection is made up of Gordon's translation of the first six books of the *Annals*, the description of Germany, and the Life of Agricola.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the translator of the *Pensées d'une Reine*, by Carmen Sylva, claims for *The Thoughts of a Queen* (Eden Remington & Co.) a moral superiority over the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld. The comparison suggested in his preface is really based on the judgment of "the ingenuous young lady," and on such a question no person of sense would accept the verdict of "any candid, simple-minded person." There are some neat and shrewd sayings in the collection, though we cannot join Mr. Edwards in praising their originality. The first we chanced on, "A little contradiction animates conversation," which, says Mr. Edwards, "is piquant to hear from a Queen," is the same as Cowper's

> Discourse may want an animated No
> To brush the surface and to make it flow,

and yet inferior as an epigram.

We have also received a new edition of *Miss Tommy*, by Mrs. Craik (Macmillan & Co.); the fifth edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting and Preserving Trophies*, with numerous illustrations (Simpkin & Co.); *F. R. H.; and other Stories*, by W. H. Stacpoole (Dean & Son); *Harmony in Praise*, compiled and edited by Mills Whittlesey and A. F. Jamieson (Boston: Heath); *Creation's Hope*, by Marcus S. C. Rickards (Buller & Son); and *Sonnets*, by R. E. Lofft (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

THIS has been a week of severe speaking. Mr. BALFOUR's long-expected Newcastle campaign began very well on Friday week with the usual succession of short speeches at clubs and suchlike places in the afternoon, and a set address after dinner in the evening. In this first set speech Mr. BALFOUR devoted himself chiefly to Mr. MORLEY, and especially to that part of Mr. MORLEY's recent utterances and conduct which is connected with the suggestion that the Parnellite party ought not to be opposed as foes, but taken into council as coadjutors and advisers. Indeed, this part of Mr. BALFOUR's work may be said to have been spent on upsetting the contention of Gladstonians that Mr. PARNELL and his friends have been whitewashed by the Commission. Lord SPENCER had the extreme misfortune to be reported as talking on Irish matters at the same time as Mr. BALFOUR, and on the same day some very curious evidence was given at Tipperary on the subject of boycotting.——On Saturday Mr. BALFOUR continued his examination of the Tipperary incident, still devoting himself almost entirely to Mr. JOHN MORLEY's action in and remarks on it, and reviewing both in a manner which was certainly damaging enough. In the evening of this day Mr. BALFOUR delivered a non-political address on scientific education in giving away the prizes at the Newcastle Science and Art Schools.——On Monday night, at Newcastle likewise, Mr. MORLEY took up the wondrous tale to rejoin to Mr. BALFOUR as Mr. BALFOUR had replied to him. It was not generally thought, even we believe among Gladstonians, that his answer was very complete; but there were some amusing passages in it. Mr. MORLEY's admission that "he might not have gone to "Tipperary if he had not been in Ireland," seems to show that he has "been in Ireland" to some purpose.——Overlapping Mr. MORLEY, and increasing day by day during the week, there has been the further attraction of Mr. GLADSTONE's Midlothian tour, beginning on Monday with the usual carefully calculated roadside speeches and refusals to speak, the chance musters of admirers, the bringing up of pretty babes and sucklings to present flowers, and all the familiar rest of it. An enthusiastic author, by the way, this week dedicates a book to Mr. GLADSTONE as "the Friend "of Humanity." Has the reading of the *Anti-Jacobin* gone out of fashion? Tories certainly can have no reason for grudging Mr. GLADSTONE the benefits of the title.——Lord GRANVILLE, it should be said, had done heavy father to Mr. MORLEY, and was shown as a proof that the Gladstonians are the real Liberals, since they can produce such a Lord GRANVILLE as this. A good many minor speeches were also delivered on Monday.——Mr. GLADSTONE's first set speech was on Tuesday, in the presence of Lord ROSEBERY, and Professor BLACKIE, and the Skye Land League in full Highland costume, and everything proper; but the address itself has drawn fewer superlatives from Mr. GLADSTONE's admirers than usual. Perhaps they were disappointed by the prominence in the feast of Mitchelstown—a repeated cabbage, a tinned delicacy not even freshly opened—to the exclusion of the fresher fare of Mr. HARRISON's broken head. But Mr. GLADSTONE has got his Mitchelstown pat, and it would be hard to expect a speaker who talks so much of, though he attends so little to, the warnings of age to learn a new lesson. Mr. GLADSTONE has discarded so much of the usual apparel in dealing with this subject that he must have had to scrutinize his person carefully before discovering any rag to throw off on this occasion. He found it, however, and protested that the Irish people ought to hate the law, and that it was "perfectly wonderful" they did not break it oftener. It is to be hoped that he did not speak, as the *Daily News* reports him to have spoken, of the murdered Inspector MARTIN as "an officer who, un-"happily, lost his life through the errors he was led into "in a very cruel act, in the arrest of an excellent priest." If he did, an arrest is, with Mr. GLADSTONE, a "very cruel "act," a brutal murder a merely "unhappy" incident. On the same day with this report appeared a letter of Mr. BALFOUR's taking up some points in Mr. MORLEY's rejoinder, and in due course surrejoined to by Mr. MORLEY.——Meanwhile the misconduct of the defence at Tipperary had at last become too great for the long suffering of the magistrates, and Mr. SHEEHY, M.P., was on Tuesday committed to gaol for contempt of Court. It may be observed, by-the-bye, that the solicitor for the defence, Mr. V. B. DILLON, had previously written a characteristic letter upbraiding Mr. BALFOUR for prejudging the case. What Mr. MORLEY has been doing Mr. DILLON forgot to characterize. Mr. DILLON, who may be described as the "letter-"writingest" solicitor ever known, has subsequently exercised his pen on the change in the proceedings against Mr. HARRISON, on Colonel CADDELL, and probably on many other things and persons.——Mr. GLADSTONE's second Midlothian speech, on Thursday, was, naturally enough, occupied with jubilation, even to the extent of a kind of *Nunc Dimittis*, over the Eccles election. He, however, rather naïvely betrayed disappointment as to the amount of the majority, and his utterances on the Eight Hours may be commended to those (if there be any such) who honestly deny that this question settled the contest. Before the election Mr. GLADSTONE spoke very unfavourably of the Eight Hours Movement; during it he endeavoured to withdraw his condemnation; since it he has provisionally extended direct encouragement to the miners at least (and they were miners at Eccles) who insist on eight hours. Any more wanted?

The Eccles Election.

This election, in which, from the close nature of previous contests, unusual interest had been taken, ended on Wednesday by the success of the Gladstonian candidate, who polled 4,901 to his opponent's 4,696. This is a disaster, and we have no desire to deny it. In ordinary times the transference of less than three hundred votes on a poll of nearly ten thousand would be a very small matter; but these are not ordinary times. Mr. ROBY was no doubt an unusually strong candidate, uniting the intellectual distinction, which is the rarest of all qualities among Gladstonians, with commercial aptitude and influence, and with long practice as a local politician. But Mr. EGERTON was a very good candidate too; and that there was no flinching on the part of the Tories is shown by the fact that there was a positive increase in his poll. It is, therefore, impossible not to conclude that Mr. ROBY's ingenious fishing with all sorts of nets landed a sufficient number of those professedly Unionist Liberals who, according to the besetting sin of the Liberal party, put this and that private interest, crotchet, or fad, before national concerns. This is the greatest danger of the Unionist alliance, and it must be looked to seriously by those concerned, or Conservatives will begin to ask themselves whether they are or are not getting ware for the rather abundant money they have paid for the Liberal vote.

Foreign Affairs.

Particulars were received on Monday respecting the entrance of the British gunboats on the waters of the Zambesi—an entrance which was, as might have been expected, not attended by any of the melodramatic incidents pictured by Portuguese imagination, but which, though entirely in accordance with the unvarying attitude of England, has still further enraged the Portuguese mind. The information as to Manica Land is at present less complete, and it is not yet certain whether the chief with whom Mr. COLQUHOUN has pretty certainly had negotiations does or does not inhabit part of the

territory reserved by the Convention to Portugal. As has already been pointed out, the delay on the Portuguese side in accepting that Convention would debar her from making any complaint even if it were so; but it is more probable that some time of grace will be allowed to the infatuated politicians of Lisbon.——The irreconcilable "Young Czech" party in the Bohemian Parliament appears to have received a rebuff, and the compromise between Czechs and Germans may have a chance. Meanwhile the inconveniences of Home Rule, even where there is something of a real nationality concerned, are excellently illustrated.——Much excitement was felt in the United States over the murder of Mr. HENNESSY, Chief of the New Orleans Police, by, as it is supposed, a branch of the Sicilian Mafia.——It was announced on Tuesday, but contradicted next day, that negotiations on the subject of the Egyptian-Abyssinian frontier would be renewed with Italy. There would be no harm in this, provided that Kassala is not surrendered.——The reports of Armenian sufferings are well kept up; but even Russian organs acknowledge a vast improvement in the condition of Crete.——Very curious details, on which we comment elsewhere, were published on Thursday respecting the famous German Slave-trade proclamation.——In the United States a testimonial has been presented, none too soon, to WALT WHITMAN; but it is a pity that the chief actor should have been an offensive quack like Mr. ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Correspondence. In the early part of the week Mr. GLADSTONE was hard at work explaining away his Eight Hours utterances, which were well brought home to him by Mr. HOWORTH.——A writer signing himself "SOUDAN" differed with Sir SAMUEL BAKER about the importance of Kassala, while agreeing as to that of Berber. It is sufficient to reply that geography and history both require that the Kassala district shall be in the power of whosoever is to command the Nile.——Colonel HORNBY, of the East Surrey Regiment, gave an emphatic contradiction to the reports of insubordination among his men at Guernsey before their embarkation, and, in effect, confirmed what was surmised here as being the real explanation of the matter. ——The epistolary complaints of Vestry smells have continued, with a vigorous abundance proportional to that of the smells themselves; and a decidedly amusing letter of the candid-friend type has appeared on the Egyptian monuments question signed "AN EIGHT YEARS' RESI-"DENT."——Mr. STANLEY has drawn attention to the discreditably small amount of the subscriptions for placing a steamer on the Victoria Nyanza, in which task there is some fear that the Germans will forestall us.——Lord BRASSEY has made some suggestions for making "Gib" a less uncomfortable and unpopular place for the British soldier to garrison; and attention has been drawn to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's notions of quotation from Lord SALISBURY. These seem to be modelled on the celebrated citation of "There is no GOD" as a text of Scripture.——Further complaints have been made, and a formal explanation offered by Dr. TRISTRAM, in reference to the "Recon-"ciliation" service in St. Paul's. Both those who maintain that it should not have taken place, and those who hold that it should have taken place sooner, seem curiously to mistake the position of the Church of England. It is of the essence of that Church—first, to abandon no canonical tradition without reason; secondly, to apply none without due consideration and investigation of precedent in unusual cases.

Sport. On Tuesday, the first day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the interest was lessened by the bad field for the Criterion Stakes, which M. BLANC's Gouverneur, the Middle Park Plate winner, had at his mercy and won as he liked. But Mr. ROSE's Bel Demonio (in blinkers) won the Two Hundred Sovs. Plate easily, and Mr. PADDOCK's Rowington the Maiden Plate well, while the victory of the PRINCE OF WALES's Pierrette in the Criterion Nursery Handicap was, as always, popular. On Wednesday the Cambridgeshire was carried off by the favourite, M. EPHRUSSI's Alicante; while Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD's Godwit won the New Nursery Plate, Lord PENRHYN's Noble Chieftain the Flying Stakes, and Lord ROSEBERY's Corstorphine (though lame) the Dewhurst Plate. On the third day the Free Handicap provided a very interesting race, the Duke of PORTLAND's St. Serf winning well from the light weight Martagon, and the other starters being Blue Green, Surefoot, and Sainfoin, each of whom might put in solid claim to have been at one time or another the best three-year-old of 1890. Baron DE ROTHSCHILD's Haute Saône (with, it is true, a huge advantage in weight) defeated Mephisto and Dog Rose for the All-Aged Stakes, while Bumptious and Retribution ran a dead heat for the Cheveley Stakes.

Miscellaneous. On Tuesday the Duke of EDINBURGH unveiled, at Plymouth, the statue of BRITANNIA, which was erected in commemoration of the Armada. ——The London County Council has agreed to purchase the seventy-four acres of well-timbered ground known as Bostall Woods.——The demanded extradition of CASTIONI, the alleged slayer of M. ROSSI at Bellinzona, has attracted some attention at Bow Street this week.——On Tuesday the United Kingdom Alliance met at Manchester, and the cats at the Crystal Palace.——The Harveian Oration was delivered this day week by Dr. ANDREW; and on the same day the Bishop of DOVER was consecrated.——The Corporation of London, like its County Council, has resolved to take up the subject of the water supply seriously—a perilous adventure, but certainly not an idle or superfluous one.——Mr. STANLEY took his degree at Cambridge on Thursday with due honours.

Obituary. The obituary of the week was opened by the well-known violinist, Mr. SAINTON; and by a once scarcely less known artist in a different kind, M. SIMONIDES, a forger of manuscripts of the greatest skill.——In writing about Sir RICHARD BURTON, whose death at Trieste, so long his home, was announced early in this week, something of the same difficulty may be felt which was felt last week as to Mr. THOROLD ROGERS. Sir RICHARD, whom it still seems more natural to call "Captain" BURTON, was a man of vast practical energy, of multifarious ability, of immense—though somewhat desultory and irregular—information, and of literary faculties which were actually considerable, and would, with a little discipline and self-criticism, or attention to the criticism of others, have been very great indeed. He had, in very large measure in each case, two of the gifts which no amount of study will give a man, and which often go together—the gift of the traveller and the gift of the linguist. His dash, his resource, his endurance in practical affairs, his appetite for knowledge, and his brazen-bowelled capacity for study were all extraordinary. If at the same time he was insubordinate and impracticable to the last degree as an official, cantankerous, almost insanely egotistical, wantonly contemptuous of what others respect in matters religious and moral, and not too generous to rivals, it can only be said that the pity of it was greater than the blame.——Another, though different, example of what Americans irreverently, but not unkindly, call "the "crank" was the Rev. Dr. GALBRAITH, a very learned and very eccentric Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, who was first a strong Tory and then a red-hot Nationalist.——Mr. HENRY WALLIS was an excellent engraver of a school which is now alas! at the last gasp, and which shows no signs of near resurrection.

Books, Art, &c. The Winter Season of the Royal Italian Opera opened on Saturday last.——On Thursday night, at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT appeared, seemingly with dubious success, in MM. SARDOU and MOREAU's *Cléopâtre*.——Not a few books of interest (which we hope to review in due time) have been published during the week. The chief are Mr. LANG's expected Life of Lord IDDESLEIGH (BLACKWOOD); Captain BARTTELOT's *Diaries and Letters* of his ill-fated brother (BENTLEY), with a pretty sharp polemic against Mr. STANLEY; and a very beautiful volume on the *Finding of Wineland the Good* (the alleged Icelandic discovery of America), by Mr. A. M. REEVES (Clarendon Press). Messrs. BLACK have issued the first part (*Waverley*) of a new and wonderfully cheap sixpenny edition of SCOTT. The print, though small, is excellent, and the edition has some modern elucidations which the lapse of three-quarters of a century has made by no means superfluous. But we rather wish the size had been smaller, and the page not double-columned.

MR. MORLEY AND MR. BALFOUR.

WE can sympathize, we confess, in no inconsiderable degree with those old-fashioned people who regard a public dispute between a Minister and an ex-Minister of the Crown over the merits of their respective admini-

strations as a somewhat undignified spectacle. We can join them, indeed, in deploring it, and only part company with them when they say, or if they imply, that it is not only deplorable, but avoidable. Here, however, we are compelled to bid adieu to them; since unfortunately it appears to us to be no more possible for a Minister in possession to decline controversy of this kind when conspicuously challenged to it by a predecessor in office than it would be for him to turn a deaf ear to the summons of the party manager and evade the recurring obligations of the stump. All that can be said of the particular passage of arms which has just taken place between Mr. MORLEY and Mr. BALFOUR is that its provocation was eminently gratuitous on the challenger's part, and that the exceptionally copious ingredient of the personal which has been infused into it was entirely of his infusion. We do Mr. MORLEY the justice of believing that his attack on the CHIEF SECRETARY was not as maliciously inspired as at first sight it might have seemed to be. It is to be regarded rather as an example of that flurried violence into which even the mildest of men may be betrayed in his attempts to escape from a desperately false position in which he is uneasily conscious of being an object of ridicule. This is how Mr. MORLEY doubtless felt when he made his speech at St. Helen's, and, hitting out rather wildly around him in his chagrin and vexation, he naturally enough fell foul of Mr. BALFOUR. For the late Chief Secretary—though wanting, *ex vi termini* as a Gladstonian, in the deeper sense of humour—is not without a certain intellectual appreciation of the ridiculous; and he must have chafed a good deal at the exercise which he has himself given to this faculty in others by his visit to Tipperary. We do not say that he could have avoided that adventure; perhaps he *had* to go; was captured, and could not get off. Or, at any rate, we prefer that hypothesis to the painfully lame explanation that, "being in Ireland," and knowing that "an "unconstitutional trial was going to be held over a friend "of mine, I was not going to take a boat and come over "to rest in my arm-chair and meditate upon Irish affairs, "and leave him to go and face this ordeal." "I am not," Mr. MORLEY added, proudly, "I am not made like "that." But Mr. MORLEY is not made very unlike that, because he took a remarkably speedy departure from Tipperary, leaving the Removables to do their unconstitutional work unwatched by him, while, by a curious irony of events, the friend whom he left "to face this ordeal" declined to face it, but himself "took a boat" instead. Perhaps if Mr. MORLEY had remained Mr. O'BRIEN would not have run away, and perhaps Mr. SHEEHY would not have been despairingly driven to commit contempt of court and get seven days' imprisonment—a punishment, by the way, which, considering how frequently it has been earned without being inflicted in the course of the trial, might without impropriety, we think, have been forborne in this last instance. The Chairman observed that the Court "had "allowed forbearance to degenerate into weakness," which is true; but committals for contempt of court should take place before this point is reached, or not at all.

To return to the CHIEF SECRETARY and his assailant, we may note further, in absolution of Mr. MORLEY from the suspicion of personal rancour, that the rash and inconsiderate character of his attack is in itself a testimony to its freedom from anything worse than petulance. Deliberate malice would have chosen its weapons with more discretion; and if Mr. MORLEY had really wished to damage Mr. BALFOUR, he would hardly have ridden a tilt at him in which a little forethought must have shown him the certainty of his being unhorsed. Anything more shockingly infelicitous than his selection of the two main points of attack on his successor has seldom occurred in political controversy. His opponent's reply to these two charges is described by their author as a *tu quoque*—a recondite piece of Latin which is very frequently on the lips of those Gladstonians whose logical training has not been carried far enough to enable them to perceive that the English party system necessarily elevates the *tu quoque* into the one most relevant and effective of all party arguments. Mr. MORLEY may be credited with understanding this, and of appreciating the real strength of a Minister's position who is able to show that his Ministerial conduct and Executive acts are amply covered by precedents in the records of his predecessors. Indeed, the late Chief Secretary shows his appreciation of this—in spite of his sneer at *tu quoques*—by his manifest anxiety to "distinguish" his policy and personal habits as an Irish Minister from that and those of Mr. BALFOUR. It must be very disconcerting to him, however, to find himself so ill provided with the means of rejoinder as he appears to be, and we can hardly help suspecting that Mr. MORLEY now almost as sincerely regrets having attacked his successor for absenteeism, and for employing magistrates who have taken part in maintaining order to try the promoters of disorder, as he regrets having accompanied "the stripling" to Tipperary. When ex-Secretary A says to Secretary B, "Why, you are never in Ireland," and B replies, "Come, "that's too good from *you*, who were only there five days," it is a little weak for A to rejoin indignantly, "That is a "shamefully unfounded charge; I was there more than five "days, though how many more I decline to say." Similarly, when reminded that, after a riot which was to the scuffle at Tipperary as a University "bear-fight" to a revolver "difficulty" in a Colorado bar-room, Mr. Ex-Secretary A employed the magistrates in command of the police to try the rioters, it is not very impressive for him to reply, "Oh! is "that so? I will go and look up the facts. But in the "meantime please to remember that I appointed a Royal "Commission to inquire into the riot." And it becomes still less impressive when a gentleman with an awkward memory writes to the newspapers to remind the public that one of the ex-Secretary's Commissioners severely condemned his conduct in allowing so long a time to elapse before the inquiry was instituted.

We need hardly say that we regard this point in the controversy between Mr. MORLEY and Mr. BALFOUR as far more important than any of the others. We do not pretend, of course, to be superior to a human feeling of curiosity as to the exact number of days which Mr. MORLEY *did* spend in Ireland during his term of office, and also as to whether he knew how many more than five they were altogether when he indignantly declared that even on his last visit to Ireland he was there longer than that. In other words, we should like—idly enough, it may be—to know exactly when it was that it dawned upon Mr. MORLEY that he had "put his foot in it" in taxing Mr. BALFOUR with absenteeism; and when he first knew, or whether he even knows now, exactly the depth to which he has thrust the foot by this singularly ill-considered accusation. We quite admit, however, that the dispute on this point is one of small importance. Neither need we greatly concern ourselves with Mr. MORLEY's excited account of the doings at Tipperary—natural enough even as to its hysterical inaccuracies from a sedate gentleman of studious habits, who suddenly finds himself in the thick of an Irish row—nor with Mr. BALFOUR's cool and destructive analysis of the account aforesaid. It was, indeed, hardly necessary for the CHIEF SECRETARY to demolish evidence to which no one acquainted with the witness, and able thereby to measure his capacity for calmly observing and correctly reporting a street-scrimmage got up in his honour, could ever have attached the slightest weight. And there was still less occasion, we think, for Mr. BALFOUR to pursue his adversary from the platform into the columns of the *Times*—least of all, for the purpose of pressing home a point which Mr. MORLEY is much too acute a disputant not to have apprehended from the first. We repeat that the really important question raised in the controversy, and the only one on which the CHIEF SECRETARY's refutation and exposure of his assailant was a work worth doing, was that involved in the charge of employing the same Irish magistrates in executive and judicial duties with respect to the same offences and offenders against the law. On this question we shall know more, perhaps, when Mr. MORLEY has had an opportunity of consulting the records of his official career; but we are even now in a position to conclude from his silence that Mr. BALFOUR's reply to him is tolerably complete, and that his ill-judged accusation has been the means of reminding the public what to an eyewitness of the terrible Belfast riots of 1886 has been well described as "the melancholy and blood-"stained *fiasco* of his own attempt at administration."

BEECHAM'S CAREER.

MR. RICHARDSON EVANS, in the *National Review*, pleads for the creation of one more Society. So much the worse, the reader may be inclined to say in his haste, for Mr. RICHARDSON EVANS. But he will not, if he is a person of sense and taste, adopt the Scotch minister's

modification of DAVID, and say it at his leisure, when he learns that Mr. EVANS's Society is one for the suppression of mural and celestial advertisements. Moreover, the new body, when it is formed, if indeed it be not formed already, will not be obtrusive, or self-congratulatory, or gregarious. It need not subscribe, it need not discourse, it need not even dine. It has only to wage war, separately and individually, by the legitimate weapons of argument and persuasion, against the accursed thing. Mr. EVANS preaches an eloquent sermon on the absurdity of the supposed connexion between ugliness and utility. Is an advertisement more emphatically to business what steam power is to commerce, if we may quote the vilest antithesis in the world, because it stands in the place where it ought not? There are two answers to this question as to most others. It may be urged that the object of advertisements is at all costs to attract notice, and that the attraction of repulsion is the most powerful of all. But there are ways of meeting this apparently serious obstacle. Suppose that during the period of shaving, erroneously believed by GEORGE ELIOT to be one of peculiar mental lucidity, a Londoner has enjoyed for some years, in the absence of fog, a clear view of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's great dome, only inferior to BRUNELLESCHI's. Suppose—and hypothesis, as Mr. BALFOUR has recently remarked, is unfettered by probability—that one fine morning, instead of St. Paul's, he sees O'MULLIGAN'S Irish Whisky—Warranted to Kill at Forty Rods—in gigantic letters across the sky. He may, of course, suddenly remember that he is out of that particular commodity, that he likes it when it will bear dilution, and that forty rods is a good distance. That is yielding to the promptings of evil, and encouraging the devastation of the modern Goth. Mr. EVANS counsels a higher and a nobler course. Let that man, he says in effect, resolve that, whatever whisky he drinks, it shall not be O'MULLIGAN'S, and let him exhort his friends to act upon the same determination. He might, perhaps, run some technical risk of involving himself in the meshes of conspiracy. But in that form of exclusive dealing he will have the general support of a law-abiding community.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, the picture of ROBINSON writing to the *Times*. It is one of Mr. DOYLE'S happiest efforts, and stern self-complacency has seldom been better portrayed. But the worthy people who address indignant remonstrances to the public press against the flagrant offences of Mr. TOUTWELL or Messrs. PUFFAWAY promote in their innocence the enormities against which they contend. For, after all, posters and sky-signs must be paid for; whereas if one sinner should repent he obtains gratuitously the best advertisement of all. What is "Cow-"hided Again," to say nothing of the physical suffering, compared with this sort of thing?—"SIR,—We have "read with painful interest, and with a sincere desire for "self-improvement, the admirable letter from *Facit In-"dignatio*, which appears in your columns this morning. "Had we conceived it possible that the inscription in-"viting purchasers for our excellent soap (as used by His "Royal Highness the Duke of CLARENCE and AVONDALE) "would interfere with the prospect from Highgate Hill, "we should never have dreamed of erecting it. The cha-"racters are only twenty feet long by three feet broad, "which may be called the minion of advertising. How-"ever, we are convinced that we were in error, and "the offending structure shall at once be removed. We "are, sir, your obedient servants, O. K. BOGUS & Co., "makers of soap to the Royal Family, nobility, and higher "gentry, 70 St. Mary Axe, E.C. N.B. Cakes consigned "with punctuality and despatch. A pound of tea given "away in every twelfth packet." If it were permissible for mortal man to foretell the nature, and for a mere critic to speculate on the career, of Messrs. BOGUS, prophecy might busy itself in the reconstruction of the twenty-foot alphabet. Another protest, this time from Hampstead, and yet another withdrawal, accompanied by a still more unctuous apology. The heavens above us, and the walls around us, must be protected, if at all, by some less dovelike and more serpentine manœuvre than a contribution to the literature of the silly season. Mr. EVANS, who is fertile in suggestions, could scarcely be expected to refrain from suggesting a tax. Unfortunately taxes are imposed in order to raise a revenue, and if this particular tax did not disappoint the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it must needs disappoint Mr. RICHARDSON EVANS. Advertisements may or may not be fitting objects of taxation; but no advertisements, no tax.

That pills should be advertised on bathing-machines may, perhaps, be regarded as a tolerable nuisance. A bathing-machine is not beautiful in itself, although it sometimes contains beautiful objects. Sails are, as Mr. DILLON says in his idiomatic French, a different pair of sleeves. Few simple things are capable of affording more enjoyment to the eye than a brown sail, and brown sails give pleasure to thousands who do not know why they are pleased. Yet there also the defacing hand of the advertiser may be found. Indeed, it is difficult to escape any longer from a pest which haunts the smallest village as well as the largest town, which is equally conspicuous on the Pyramids and in the Underground Railway. There is a famous passage of CICERO in which the owner of the Tusculan villa describes the close companionship of books. They entertain one at home, says he; they go with one in one's travels; they share our season in town; they rusticate with us in the country; we enjoy their society both by day and by night. It may seem an exaggeration to say that advertisements follow us when we climb up into our beds; for they are harmless enough when they flutter on the counterpane from the pages of a magazine. But really that is almost the only refuge left. A distinguished foreign diplomatist who visited London some years ago deplored his inability to decide, or to promise any assistance in deciding, a very important question. Wherever he went he saw that two rival vendors of mustard each asserted his own condiment to be the best. On every other topic the diplomatist's English friends were able and anxious to enlighten him. On this they were evasive or dumb. Mr. EVANS is tolerant and sympathetic. He can admire long lines of warehouses. He becomes poetical on the beauties of railways. As he justly observes, the excuse that London is so bad that it cannot be made any worse breaks down under the test of examination. "It may be that, of the thousands of human "beings who every hour stream across the bridges, those "who have eyes to perceive and souls to feel are hardly to "be reckoned by the score. I have even known persons "who pretend to culture maintain seriously that the Surrey "side is one long panorama of unmitigated and irredeem-"able ugliness. The multitude are subdued to the "element in which fate has ordained that they shall live "and move and have their being." So far Mr. EVANS, improving upon SHAKSPEARE, and arguing against himself. For, surely, if the mass of mankind do not care about beauty, there is no more to be said. No public action will be taken to gratify the æsthetic sense of a few superior persons.

This, indeed, is exactly what Mr. EVANS himself maintains in another part of his essay. He contends, with great force, that the average feeling of society is against disfigurement, and that outrages upon appearances are deeply, albeit too silently, resented. Unhappily, it is one more case of everybody's business. Posters and sky-signs, and pictures of hideous women with dyed hair, are an appeal to public opinion. They depend upon public approval and public disapproval would put an end to them. If it were known that a large number of people had bound themselves, with or without an oath, to deal with no one who resorted to these vile arts, there would very soon be a change for the better. Meantime, something might surely be done by investing County Councils and other local bodies with adequate powers. A man has no more right to push his own trade by destroying the pleasures of his neighbours than he has to block up their outlook with a dead wall, or to deafen their ears with a brass band. Mr. EVANS would go further, and "schedule" views, as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S Act schedules ancient monuments. It is dangerous for reformers to excite ridicule, though they must sometimes run the risk. But it is difficult to think without a shudder of a factory or a hotel being run up on a conspicuous spot below Richmond Terrace (the Surrey, not the Whitehall one). Mr. EVANS puts his case with admirable moderation and good humour, affronting few prejudices, and treading on few corns. He welcomes modest effects from humble causes. "If every tourist who finds a pretty place spoiled," he says, "would only tell the innkeeper so, an appreciable "benefit would result." One need not be a Socialist, except in the sense of the word which makes a Socialist of every one, to believe that the common interests and comfort of a great city should be protected from the restless and unscrupulous greed of enterprising tradesmen.

THE BAGAMOYO PROCLAMATION.

IT would be a pity if interest in home politics diverted attention from the very curious documents published on Thursday morning respecting the famous alleged proclamation of license in slave-dealing at Bagamoyo by the Germans last month. The German sense of humour, though undoubted and sometimes very strong, is peculiar and one-sided; nor are we quite sure that many Germans will fully perceive the humorous side of this matter. We ourselves are, we think, in a fair position to appreciate it; for, though Englishmen, we by no means belong to the rabid anti-slavery faction—it would, perhaps, be fairer to call it now tradition—which regards any countenance given to the institution as a direct giving place to the Devil. But the comedy of this incident would be the same to us if it had concerned the selling of cloves, or of white instead of black ivory. It should be observed that we have before us only the German, not the English, official statement; but Colonel EUAN SMITH could not put the matter more conveniently for our purpose than Dr. MICHAHELLES and the *Reichsanzeiger* have put it already. A little history of it, with a few interspersed comments, will dispose of it better than any elaborate discussion.

This little history is divided by the Germans themselves into two parts. The first deals with the question How did the document ever come into existence at all? Why, thus. A certain SOLIMAN BEN NASR, "on his return from Europe," excogitated it to satisfy the demands of his countrymen, and submitted it to "the chief of the station." That was all. The chief of the station "deposited it among his papers "without going further into the matter," and how it ever became public he does not know. SOLIMAN doesn't know: nobody knows. But it is surmised by grave and cunning German men that some wicked ones, wishing to create a prejudice against good Germany, stole it, and issued it as official. Very wicked were these men, no doubt. But what neither Dr. MICHAHELLES, nor the *Reichsanzeiger*, nor anybody else, seems to have troubled themselves about is the question, How did the "chief of the station" come to deposit among his papers ("take to avizandum," a Scotchman might say) a scheme openly permitting and even recommending the slave-trade, instead of returning it to that wise SOLIMAN, and saying, "My good man, you "must be mad. We can no more approve this, or anything "like this, than we can fly"? Did not this unaccountable omission of his rather justify SOLIMAN, or somebody else, in thinking that the chief of the station was, if not *château qui parle*, at any rate *femme qui écoute*? But let us go on. On September 13 Colonel EUAN SMITH wrote privately to Dr. MICHAHELLES enclosing the pretended proclamation, and requesting information whether it was genuine. Instead of at once replying that it was not, Dr. MICHAHELLES let five days pass, and only answered at the end of those five days—a delay which he himself seems to have thought so awkward that he apologized for it on the score of certain mysterious inquiries. Of the subsequent, and on the part of Dr. MICHAHELLES rather "huffy," correspondence on the subject of Colonel EUAN SMITH's refusal to give up the names of his informants without orders from headquarters, and to supply the name of the *Times'* Correspondent, under any circumstances, we need not say much. There will hardly be two opinions among Englishmen on these points—on the latter more especially. A quainter illustration of the peculiarity of German notions on the subject could hardly be produced than the request that an English Resident should supply a name of which he could have no official cognizance, and which, if he knew it unofficially, he could have no right officially to divulge. But that is a matter possessing no bearing on the general question, which is interesting and twofold. First, "How "did that chief of the station come to receive and retain, "without indeed approving it, but without disapproving or "even commenting on it, such a compromising document as "this sprout of SOLIMAN BEN NASR's brain?" Secondly, "How did it come to take five days as between Zanzibar "and Bagamoyo for an official to answer the plain "question, 'Have you officially published this?'"

THE NIGHT SMELLS OF LONDON.

AT the last weekly meeting of the London County Council a petition was presented, signed by numerous residents in South Kensington, who complained of the objectionable smells arising, it is said, from factories erected in the district within the last few years. The matter was referred, as is usual, to the consideration of the Sanitary Committee. This complaint of factories in the South Kensington district may, we fear, set some of the long-suffering inhabitants on a false scent. There may, of course, be new factories in the neighbourhood, each with its own new and original smell. But there is no possibility that any human nose, however sensitive, should confuse these smells with the smell that works in darkness, the indescribable stench, whose source is the refuse-consuming "brickfields," or the last new patent "destructor." Other smells there are, as irrelevant correspondents in the newspapers are eager to demonstrate. Some of these smells are ancient and fish-like, such as are to be expected in Billingsgate; and some are novel and disquieting, such as might try a dictionary-maker to define. But these odours are insignificant compared with the deadly nocturnal pest which, by a pleasing euphemism, is ascribed to the "brickfields." This week we have a fresh and abundant crop of complaints, with very little suggestion of remedy. It is comforting, perhaps, that Dr. GEORGE WYLD should be happy in assuring the inhabitants of Kensington that the smells do not come from the sewers. No one for a moment imagines that they do. The smell, the smell that beggars description, the smell that is far above sewers, comes, as Dr. WYLD rightly surmises, from the brickfields, where they burn the refuse of dust-bins. That it is "worst at night" may possibly be due, as Dr. WYLD suggests, to "the "absence of the entangling action of our coal smoke." What this action is only a "scientist" could explain, and only a scientist could derive any consolation from the explanation. We prefer the simpler explanation that the stench prevails at night because of the common impression that illegal deeds may be more safely done in the darkness. Nor are the sufferers from this abominable nuisance greatly encouraged by the letter of the Rev. A. W. JEPHSON, whose account of the "destructor" set up by the City authorities is, however, very instructive, if a little belated. Mr. JEPHSON says he is advised that the law cannot be set in motion unless it can be proved that persons have been made ill by the smell. At Kensington, by the way, this kind of proof will be forthcoming when required. But, if the inhabitants of Blackfriars and Lambeth have not been poisoned outright, "doctors have "sworn," Mr. JEPHSON adds, "that the smell retards the "recovery of the patients" in the Waterloo Road Hospital. Mr. JEPHSON has complained much, and carried his complaints to officials of all sorts. He thinks that the answer of the Corporation, who have erected the destructor, is "complete as far as it goes." Any one who complains is shown the "scrupulous cleanliness of the yard," at the base of the chimney, where, of course, no smell can be detected. We fail to see in this "answer" any completeness whatever. It is a mere show, a making clean the outside of the platter.

Excepting on the principle that an inspector of nuisances is free to perpetuate nuisances, it cannot be conceded that Vestries and others charged with the sanitary control of a district can commit any nuisance they like, if only the nuisance be on a grand scale. Such, however, appears to be the view of not a few persons who complain of the disgusting night smell from the Kensington "brickfields." A correspondent in the *Standard* indicates a better road to action than is suggested by wails of helplessness and summonses to hold indignation meetings. He refers to summonses of another description, and shows that Vestries occasionally do their duty, as the Chiswick Vestry did when they prosecuted the owner of a brickfield, and obtained the necessary injunction. But what is a body—an individual body—to do when it is a corporate body that offends? This is the question that appears to perplex many who are eager to be up and doing. For them there is the County Council, whose powers, we imagine, are more than sufficient to grapple with the case. For the present, at least, the inhabitants of Kensington are left to endure the evil smell, as in the past. They may extract what comfort they can from the letter of Mr. A. E. FRANKLIN, who represents the Kensington Sanitary Aid Committee, whose attention has been for some time directed to the nuisance. The Kensington Vestry, according to Mr. FRANKLIN, state that they cannot obtain their costs if they prosecute; therefore, private funds and energy must do the work. From this statement it seems that the Kensington Vestry have determined to do nothing. And this conclusion—if, indeed, the Vestry know what person or persons should be prosecuted—is as intolerable as the nuisance itself.

FRANCE.

THE French Ministry and the majority of the Chamber —that is to say, a majority large enough for practical purposes, though hardly for honour—deserve praise for having begun the Session, which opened on Monday, well. The Ministry has made it quite clear that it does not intend to perpetuate disturbance by prosecuting the Boulangists, and the Chamber has refused to vote for the election of the Senate by universal suffrage. From these two acts the charitable onlooker may, without feeling too feebly benevolent, conclude that the Ministry does intend to devote itself to business which ought to be attended to, and that the Chamber is not as yet disposed to begin another series of political adventures. It requires, indeed, some little charity to see much merit in either decision. The Boulangists of all shades, degrees, and dates are doing the work of the Republic for it so briskly and effectually that it would be an act of extreme folly not to let them alone. Still the Republic has so completely accustomed the world to see it commit acts of extreme folly that even a moderate display of wisdom must be taken as a proof that it is on the upward path. To those whose preferences are for the monarchical form of government this might, under certain conditions, be an unwelcome spectacle. We do not think it need be in this case. The contest in France is not between a Republic and a genuine monarchy, but between parties who, whatever they may dub themselves, all alike appeal to the popular favour and vote. A monarchy which appeals to popular favour differs from a republic only in name and ornament. It is, therefore, possible for the most convinced monarchist to look at the fight with impartial indifference, or, if he leans to one side or the other, to prefer the party which is in office. It is not at all our interest, as things go, that an important neighbour should be disturbed by political charges which could only mean doubt and some degree of annoyance to us. No French Government can ever be really friendly to England; but this one has many motives to keep quiet, or at least to confine hostility to words and diplomatic obstinacy. A successor might very well have, or believe that it had, other interests.

The incidents which occurred on the opening day of the Session were sufficiently ridiculous. Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon must have felt themselves in congenial company when they heard the Boulangist deputies clamouring for a prosecution which they knew would never be undertaken. Very Irish-French was the fiery defiance of M. Paulin Méry, who demanded a thunderbolt because he had conspired and would continue to conspire. He might have studied in the school which has trained Mr. Shaw Lefevre. The great French duel was not wanting, of course. MM. Reinach and Déroulède, the heroes of the encounter, will die (in their beds) without discovering how very absurd a duel is when one gentleman misses and the other gentleman's pistol misses fire. It is only less perfect than the historic duel in which one gentleman was wounded and the other fired in the air. The French duel was not the less funny because the gentleman whose pistol missed fire refused to stand another shot from the gentleman who missed. The circumstances which followed the (somewhat) meritorious rejection of the proposal to elect the Senate by universal suffrage have their touch of absurdity too. As soon as it was clear that the motion was beaten, thirty-six Republicans of the majority hurried to change their votes, which, by the rather amazing rules of the Chamber, they are allowed to do. They were willing to help to defeat a change of revolutionary appearances; but they were also anxious not to quarrel too thoroughly with the parties in favour of the scheme. So, having voted No, they at once rushed when it was clear that no immediate bad consequences would follow to vote Yes. The absurdity of this candid manœuvre is sufficiently obvious; but so is the importance of it as a proof of the unstable character of the new Chamber. There is a party in every Parliament which would like to vote always in this way; but it is very rarely so open in its gyrations as these six-and-thirty Republicans. These Messrs. Facing-both-ways may hold the balance any day in Paris, and if they do, what reliance can be placed on the stability of any Ministry or any institution?

TRADES-UNIONS.

UP to the time of the famous Docker demonstration the thought that the Trades-Unions might some day form into a federal body, with intent to enforce particular claims with all the weight of a general strike, disturbed nobody very much. From the London Dock strike, however, it appeared that combinations of this formidable kind might be attempted, though not, perhaps, for some years to come. One year has passed since then, and we are now promised an immediate "federation of labour" on the one side, and a corresponding federation of capital on the other.

Alarmed by the far too successful combination of the various kinds of labour employed in the shipping trade, and seeing, as we may all see, that submission to its capricious and outrageous tyranny means submission to ruin, the shipowners resolved to enter upon a common defence of their interests. Before any plans for the purpose had been definitely settled the attacking party announced that this unexpected "federation of capital" was to be met by a closer federation of labour. "The "whole of the Trades-Unions which are in any degree, "directly or indirectly, concerned with the shipping in-"dustry" are to combine under one directorate. Sailors, firemen, dock-labourers, wherrymen, miners, gas-stokers, coal-porters, bargemen, carters, and "other kindred trades" are to be represented in a Federal Council; and should any one of these trades become involved in a labour dispute, the Council may call upon the whole body to cease work in order to bring the employers to reason. The contrivers of this combination hope to extend its operations far beyond its immediate object—the regulation of the shipping business of the United Kingdom. It is, indeed, "regarded as "only the initiative of a federation of labour throughout "the universe"; but at present the intention simply is to federate the three millions of workers included in the Trades-Unions named above.

The announcement of this counter-move to the Shippers' Federation appeared on Monday. It was no news to the shippers, probably; and next day we were informed that, seeing how completely and irreparably such a labour combination might ruin their trade, they had all but determined on resorting to the most violent measures of reprisal at their command. On provocation, of course; and only if the systematic tyranny by which their trade is crippled goes on. "The members of the Shipping Federa-"tion find themselves rapidly driven to the necessity of "taking the extreme course of ordering that every one of "their ships in the United Kingdom shall be laid up till a "more reasonable state of things can be brought about." These were the terms of an announcement which, alarming as it is, cannot have been quite unexpected. It was carefully stated that no decision had been taken. This was not what the shippers had resolved to do, but what they felt they would soon be driven to do; and, in view of that very probable obligation, consultation and inquiry at the various ports had been already set afoot.

This part of the story seems to be true, at any rate, and it may be all that is true. But that serious inquiry should be made into the practicability of stopping the whole shipping trade of the country for a time, as the only effectual means of coping with rapid and certain destruction, gives us quite enough to think about. Not long ago it could still be said with plausibility, as well as satisfaction, that we need not be in the least afraid that the British working-man would fail to understand his own interests. He might strike here or there, but he was perfectly well aware that no one would suffer more speedily or more sorely than himself by "driving trade out of the country"; and therefore he could be trusted not to carry his demands too far. This was always a mistake. That the working-man would abstain from pressing for the utmost wage and the most of leisure that could be forced from his employers, if he understood that work must become scarcer for himself in consequence, was a completely erroneous supposition. His whole way of life inclines him to make the most of to-day, leaving the future to those who have a discernible future before them; and now that a kind of philosophers teach him that what he squeezes from the capitalist will be no loss to trade, but only a diversion of excess profits which will equally be spent to the good of trade, the worker has less scruple than ever about fighting for all he can get. Therefore, we do not feel sure that the menaced action of the Shipping Federation will check the conspiracies of the Labour League in

the least. The leaders of the Labour party have doubtless observed that, no sooner had the counter-stroke of the shipowners been rumoured, than hasty assurances were volunteered that the matter had really gone no further than the stage of meditation; and that no one could be justified in saying that so grave a step had been even formally discussed. With the exceeding confidence in their own power which the Unionists are amassing, they will probably take these deprecatory statements as evidence of "funk"; the shippers are frightened at the sound which they themselves have made. It will be extremely difficult to convince the leaders of the Labour revolt that the Shipping Federation will venture to go the length of "laying up every one of their ships in "every part of the United Kingdom"; and, even if the menace were credited, it is doubtful whether it would not be dared. We may depend upon it that there is joy for many a revolter in the thought of the tremendous commotion that would ensue if a certain body of capitalists were to open a war of industry that would distract half the trade of the country in one way or another. And yet what is to be done if the Labour Federation continue its present courses, which are not only grossly tyrannical in their effect on individuals, but steadily ruinous to a vast body of trade? The story of the way in which the Messrs. ALLAN were dealt with is fresh in memory; the *Ariadne* case has been well exposed, and the *Shipping Gazette* declares that it is a "typical "case": "hundreds of similar ones are occurring all round "our coasts." If so, then it is certain that an organized system of oppression, which orders free men to work on no terms but those which are marked out for them, is surely destroying an important branch of trade already enfeebled by the competition of Continental ports. That the shipowners have a good right to meet strike-compulsion with tactics of a similar kind cannot be denied; nor can it be denied that unless they do take the course which they are said to be dreaming of, no means are likely to avail to save them from ruin. And yet not only the immediate consequences of laying up the ships in all the ports, but doubt of how far the conflict might extend or what shapes it might take, by no means commend the prospect of defensive retaliation even to the boldest minds. One thing we can well believe—that "things are coming to a head," that "there must be a trial of strength before many "weeks are over." And it is a reasonable calculation that a sharp struggle now may be preferable to the endurance of ever-advancing encroachments, which, we must remember, will surely be applied to every industry in the United Kingdom before long if it is seen that the tyranny succeeds. But the Shipping Federation is well advised to exhaust every other remedy that can be invented, whether it promise to do little good or much, before it adopts the extreme course of stopping trade at all the ports. It should be publicly seen and thoroughly notorious that every other expedient has been tried before that one is resorted to. More particularly, the appeal for free labour, and the call upon the governing authorities to protect it, even by the free use of baton and bayonet (if we may venture to name such things as sometimes indispensable for the maintenance of liberty and law), must have proved palpably ineffectual.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

ENGLISHMEN have waited patiently enough for the Portuguese to settle their Ministerial crisis and decide what they will do, one way or the other, in the matter of the Convention. There are considerable inconveniences in the plan of submitting complicated agreements to the decision of popularly elected Assemblies. But in England, which has the doubtful honour of having invented the system, these inconveniences have at least been made as small as possible. If the Opposition, for instance, had mustered sufficient force to defeat the Heligoland Cession Bill, the Ministry would have gone out at once, and the incomers, whether they maintained the Anglo-German Agreement or not, would have signified their intention to Germany without the least delay. While Senhor HINTZE RIBEIRO and Senhor MARTENS FERRAO and Géneral CHRYSOSTOMO D'ABREU Y SOUZA have been attempting to form Ministries and expressing opinions about the Convention, events have been going on fast in Africa itself. We do not know precisely yet what has happened in Manica Land. But every one who had attended to the matter must have anticipated the Colonial contention, which was not formally announced till Wednesday. Mr. CECIL RHODES, it seems, in his double capacity as Premier of Cape Colony and business head of the British South African Company, protests that, as the Portuguese have not chosen to ratify the Convention, they are not entitled to benefit by their own misdeeds, and that the Company's agents are free to make what arrangements they can with the native chiefs and tribes in what is certainly not actually, and what the Portuguese do not care to take the trouble of registering by the means open to them as nominally, Portuguese territory. We say that this contention might easily have been anticipated; we will even add that there is no small plausibility in it. We do not, however, think that the English Government ought to admit it exactly as it stands. The very appearance of bullying or snatching ought to be avoided in reference to a bargain which, though we believe it to be not only fair, but exceedingly generous, toward the weaker party, is undoubtedly one between a weaker and a stronger.

But we do think that a time ought to be fixed, at the expiration of which, if Portugal does not choose to avail herself of the benefits of the Convention, matters will be allowed to take their course. What that course will be it is not hard to predict. The Portuguese may from time to time despatch expeditions like that which lately attacked the Makololo from Mozambique, and that which is now said to be on the point of attacking Bihé from Loanda; they may kill some natives, devastate some districts, capture and substitute some flags. But it is perfectly certain that they have neither the means, nor the energy, nor the colonizing skill really to occupy a twentieth part of the districts they claim, or even a very large part of those assigned to them by the Convention. On the other hand, accidents excepted, the stream of colonization which is setting northwards from the Cape is almost certain to continue to flow. If matters are left to themselves, there may or there may not be sanguinary encounters between the Cape adventurers and the Portuguese garrison; but, whether there are or not, no very long stretch of years will see Portugal restricted to far narrower limits than those which are at present offered her under the Convention. Add to this that, by General CHRYSOSTOMO's own avowal, there are financial as well as international matters which it is urgent to settle; and the folly, from the Portuguese points of view, of allowing things to slide should be sufficiently manifest. Englishmen need pay no attention to the Anglophobe splutter of some Continental journals, to the effect that the "selfish policy of "England" is "endangering the monarchical principle" in Portugal. But they are bound to pay some heed to the danger of such collisions as are above referred to, and to the very unfair restrictions sought to be imposed, with no return, on the enterprise of an English colony. Except in matters of form, there is no room for modification in the Convention itself.

MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

THERE are reasons for thinking that Mr. GLADSTONE has almost entirely lost the power, never very conspicuous in him, of apportioning the matter of his oratory judiciously among its various subjects. On no other supposition would it be possible to explain the astonishing speech with which he opened the series of Midlothian performances, on Tuesday last, and dismayed and confounded even some of the most hopeful and faithful of his adherents. They expected, of course, that he would begin with Ireland, and they assumed that he would have something to say about Tipperary; but they never in their most desponding moments imagined that he would fill out an entire speech with these topics, that he would rehearse the ancient fables at such mercilessly tedious length, that he would descant for two stricken hours on such "far-off, dead, unhappy things" as the conveyance of Mr. O'BRIEN through the railway station at Charleville, and such "battles long ago" as the Mitchelstown massacre. Yet so it was; and Mr. GLADSTONE's opening oration on Tuesday last is absolutely uncriticizable in consequence. The Edinburgh Corn Exchange can never have made acquaintance with such an unmixed mass of husks and chaff before. To review the discourse seriously would involve so wearisome a re-threshing of threshed-out controversy, so disgustful a re-hashing of thrice-boiled

colewort, that we absolutely decline the office, and propose to leave Mr. GLADSTONE's oratorical "progress" unnoted until he got as far as West Calder.

In his speech at the last-mentioned place, there was something more than Mitchelstown and Tipperary. There was not a little about the Eccles election, and more Gladstonian "fighting by the book of arithmetic," in which you need never be beaten; there was something childish enough, it is true, about party-names, and the wickedness of the party who do not want to repeal the Act of Union in calling themselves Unionists; and there was a little, though of a significant character, about the proposed method of dealing with the representation of Ireland under Mr. GLADSTONE's newest new Disruption Scheme. His exposition on this point was a little confused by his confounding Mr. DILLON the elder, the "respected father of a highly respected "son" (who will adapt the *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior* formula to the expression of the increased loyalty of the son to the British Crown?), with Mr. THOMAS DAVIS, and mistaking Mr. DAVIS for a member of Parliament. But this, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, was "quite immaterial"—or, as Mr. TOOTS would say, "of no consequence"—and the point, the important point, is that somewhere, at some time, some Irish agitator, no matter who, considerately observed that he did not want the "raw Repeal of the "Union," but was quite willing to consent to such a modification of it as would allow Ireland all the advantages both of local independence and Imperial representation. That is the important point, and whether Mr. DAVIS or Mr. DILLON or Mr. Anybody Else said it, Mr. GLADSTONE now recognizes it as inspired truth, and is quite prepared to subject the raw Repeal of the Union to cookery after this recipe in his next Home Rule Bill, and will serve it up to the next Parliament, with better hopes of its being relished. We have had something like this promise before on more than one occasion, but never before in such precise and definite terms. It is unnecessary, we should hope, to remind any one that the promise implies and involves a further undertaking to perform a feat which Mr. GLADSTONE has declared to be "beyond "the wit of man" to accomplish; and his revised programme, therefore, will scarcely be complete until he supplements it—as, no doubt, he shortly will—with a plan for the achievement of the impossible. At the very point at which the announcement of such a plan would have most happily and opportunely come in Mr. GLADSTONE gave his hearers the tantalizing intimation "that he would "not trouble them further to-day about Ireland," because he considered that that was not the purpose of the day's visit.

This purpose was, it appears, to discuss the condition of the labouring population, with special reference to proposals for the legislative limitation of the hours of labour. The subject, as everybody knows, and as the eminent gymnast's hearers were especially conscious, is a very ticklish one; and it is, perhaps, not surprising that he was a good long time in reaching it, and that he dallied a good deal on the way to it with such not strikingly relevant subjects as the Septennial Act and the "one man one vote" principle. There is no reason, however, why we should linger with him, for more, at least, than the moment required to note the happy phrase that it "is one of the aspirations of the Liberal party" to shorten the term of Parliaments. If he had substituted, or will allow us to substitute, the word "Opposition" for the word "party" in the above formula, we will admit it to give a precisely accurate account of the situation. When, however, we at last reach the Labour question and the Eight Hours Bill, we are thoroughly repaid for the time it has taken us to get there, for a more delightfully Gladstonian deliverance on the subject we do not remember to have met with. Mr. GLADSTONE, as we all know, has been much aggrieved by Mr. HOWORTH's references to this subject. He thinks it very hard that, when he was talking about an Eight Hours Bill for miners only, he should have been directly or by implication charged with favouring an Eight Hours Bill for all trades alike. The former stands, he is now careful to insist, on a totally different footing from the latter. Though Mr. GLADSTONE is, he assures us, "not a miner"—was not even born in a mine, it would appear—he has been in a coal-pit a sufficient number of times to have the feeling that eight hours of every twenty-four are quite enough for "any human being to labour under such conditions." And, since his visits to coal-pits have naturally not inspired him with any particular feeling as to the way in which the hours of labour should be limited to eight, he apparently thinks that this side of the question may be quietly ignored. The whole point at issue, the whole gist of the controversy concerns the question whether combination on the part of miners is not, or should not be, sufficient to secure any necessary limitation of hours, and whether it is just and wise to impose such limitation by statute. Mr. GLADSTONE has, of course, no opinion of his own and no counsel to give. He can be liberal enough of platitudinous generalities on the subject of self-help, and liberty, and so forth; but when it comes to a concrete question upon which votes will turn, and may be endangered by the pronouncement of a definite judgment, no such judgment is forthcoming. The matter is perfectly open for freer and more unprejudiced consideration.

Even on the crazy Socialistic project of an Eight Hours Bill applicable to all labour Mr. GLADSTONE could not bring himself to say one single courageous word. There was a certain parade, indeed, of firmness and decision about his statement on this subject; but it is found, when examined, to be the old time-serving formula a little disguised. "With respect to the Bill for restricting labour generally "to eight hours, I will now say," said Mr. GLADSTONE, greatly daring, "that I do not give that Bill, and will not "give such a Bill, however long I may live, any considera-"tion until I see the Bill before me; for I have very grave "doubts whether any man could put such a Bill into "form." We have been aptly reminded that Mr. GLADSTONE used to say much the same thing about Home Rule in the days when Mr. BUTT was its advocate; and this very speech of last Thursday contains, as we have pointed out above, an undertaking to accept a political arrangement which "the wit of man" has been declared incapable of reducing to statutory form. There is nothing in this statement of Mr. GLADSTONE's to prevent his conversion by the first fairly ingenious amateur Parliamentary draftsman who has mastered the tolerably well-known art of throwing mischievous and unworkable restrictions on private liberty into a plausible body of statutory technicalities. What does it matter whether a man could or could not "put such a Bill into form"? What would the social and industrial arrangements be like which it would create? And is Mr. GLADSTONE afraid to condemn them or not? That is the question which he evades, and which we might have been quite sure beforehand that he would not face.

WILD SURREY.

FEW capital cities command within a range of forty or fifty miles the large and varied wealth of natural beauty that is brought as it were to the doors of London in the hills, woods, and commons of Surrey. Newland's Corner, on the Guildford Downs, and Leith Hill, in which the southern spurs of the Dorking range culminate, are justly frequented points of vantage, not only affording extensive views, but approached in every direction through country not to be surpassed in attractiveness anywhere between the Thames and the Exe. And the main roads of Surrey are peopled with the cycling tribe in summer, and by no means desolate even in winter-time. For a general survey of the country the lines of these roads are by no means amiss. From London to Brighton eastward, to Horsham and Arundel or Midhurst and Chichester in the centre, or to Portsmouth going out on the western boundary, they run across the natural zones formed on either side of the range of chalk downs that stretch under various names from Farnham to Merstham and beyond, and again by the watershed of the Thames basin; and the traveller by any one of these routes may see, without quitting the high road, fair samples of the many kinds of Surrey scenery. Nevertheless, the cyclist, unless he alternates cycling with riding or walking, and all others who confine themselves to main roads, will have but inadequate notions of Surrey and its borderlands. English scenery is on a small scale, as we are reminded quite often enough; but the smallness has its compensations, and variety is one of them. Even among British scenery the features of Surrey are not of the first magnitude, and the richness of detail which redeems them from insignificance is not only peculiarly English, but peculiar in England. In these heather-covered wastes and abrupt wooded hills Ben Jonson's saying is fulfilled, "In small proportions we just beauties see." Picturesqueness, as distinct from sublimity, depends much more on relative than on absolute dimensions; and Leith Hill, with its scant thousand feet above the sea-level, dominates its landscape quite as effectually as many an Alpine group is dominated by peaks which the height of Leith Hill ten and twelve times multiplied would fall short of. Really great mountains, besides, are seldom seen at anything like their full stature; their roots are already in high ground, and two-thirds, or even one-half, of the sea-level height is commonly as much as can stand clear. Eng-

lish atmosphere, again, the atmosphere of our much reviled island climate, comes to our aid with its illusions. Every one who has walked in the Alps and in England knows how an eye trained in England underestimates Alpine distances, and, conversely, how an eye fresh from the Alps will exaggerate them here. On a fine, but slightly misty, winter's day, with snow lying, we have stood at Newland's Corner and seen St. Martha's Hill raised almost to Alpine rank, the intervening valley unfathomable by reason of the mist floating in it, and the peak emerging beyond at a distance, and consequently a height, which one might imagine almost anything one pleased.

Let none suppose, then, that the smallness of Surrey hills and valleys makes them of small account to the lover of nature. Certainly those who seek the more massive emotions by land or water must go elsewhere. There is nothing in Surrey to stir one to the same feelings as the Mont Blanc range or the Falls of Niagara, or even the Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, which, we believe, Americans allow to be a creditable rapid for a second-class river. But then there is nothing of that scale in England. It is true that Surrey, along with the whole south-east region of our island, lacks visible water of even minor streams. By a characteristic accident, the best famed of Surrey rivers is the "sullen Mole that runneth underneath"; so has Milton's vacation exercise made it known to many who have never seen it, or perhaps asked where it might be. Thus the fame of the Mole consists precisely in not being seen. What constantly happens in the sandy soil in the western part of Surrey is that the waters one would expect to appear as a brook make no sign till one comes upon a chain of ponds, generally reduced to artificial definiteness and order, towards the lower end of the valley. Such ponds are grateful upon a near view, but, being commonly surrounded by woods, are seldom visible at any distance, and there are many that a traveller on the highroad would never see or suspect. But we shall have to make a good journey to the west before we are better off in this respect. In most parts of Kent the landscape is more waterless, if possible, though in other respects it has much more of the quality called "smiling" by our ancestors. On the east the wildness of Surrey shades off into the well-to-do and well-kept air of Kentish woods and parks, as on the south it passes even more gradually, and perhaps more harmoniously, into the rich rusticity of Sussex. Hampshire, on the other hand, is at its wildest along the Surrey boundary, from the dry sands of Aldershot to the meres and heaths of Woolmer Forest that seem to guard the fat hop lands of Selborne, and look westward at the steeps of the chalk hangers immortalized by Cobbett's rides. Concerning the county boundaries there are other matters of which we shall not treat, such as their meanderings and re-entering angles, and the straggling of parishes, and how the dogs of Surrey that adventure into Hampshire come back with woful tales of the land of slavery where there are muzzles; for these things do not belong to the present subject. But we may mention that in Woolmer Forest, and even well into the south-western corner of Surrey, the little black Hampshire pigs do not forget the laudable customs of the New Forest, and run about alone with no small cheerfulness and independence.

Surrey is most itself, perhaps, in the central region to the south of the Guildford Downs. It would be hard to make out a finer drive of equal length than can be made from Guildford, round Leith Hill, to Dorking. The road comes out on Merrow Downs at Newland's Corner, and the view opens all at once on St. Martha's Chapel in front, and to the right, over Godalming and the towers of Charterhouse, the crest of Hind Head, and the still more distant mass of Blackdown; to the left a complicated system of ridges and folds leads up to Ewhurst Mill, a solitary landmark which is apt to baffle the pedestrian by becoming invisible as he nears it. Descending into the valley, one goes past pretty bits of village and farm, and here not unrefreshed by a stream, and turns off by way of Abinger to the noble Scotch firs of Parkhurst, till Leith Hill discloses its tower, masked up to the last moment by the woods and the slope of the ground. It is a drive of admirable variety, combining the grace of unspoilt English country with Alpine perfumes and the spaciousness of airy heights. And yet those who drive have seen only half. The walk from Guildford over the downs to Newland's Corner is clear gain, for the driving road has next to nothing to show so far; and the downs, if one follows the ridge eastward, offer endless variations and by-ways. There are charming glades and thickets, and little sheltered clearings that invite midday rest; only let no traveller leave paper littering about, as he is a true man and fears the woodland gods. It is good to continue the high-level route (let unbending mountaineers laugh or frown as they will) to Ranmore Common, and to allow a good margin of time for rambling. How to lose the way in a strictly limited space is a thing excellently demonstrated by Surrey woods if one will fall in with their humour. From Leith Hill, too, the walker has his choice of ways, including a delectable field-path right into Dorking, which may be found with little pains by those who deserve to find it.

Beyond these downs to the east it must be confessed that one begins to doubt of being in pure country. The roads are too trim, and the telegraph posts too thickly set, and there is a smell of County Council in the air, and Croydon seems an aggressive outpost of Cockneydom, watching the poor honest tramp, like the demon in one of Lord Lytton's poems, to "catch him, with long fingers, by the head." And yet there is not always the more sun and air the further we go from London. We have known a day when a bank of sea-fog rolled up to the south face of the downs as far north as Merstham, and lay steadily against them, and we were glad to find clear sunshine in the Caterham valley.

Guildford and Godalming are as typical Surrey towns as they are central. Both are of name as ancient as the Domesday survey, and both have marks of respectable antiquity to show. Guildford must have the pre-eminence as a model country town exhibiting a little epitome of English history. The decayed Castle, now made the keep of nothing more warlike than a pleasure-ground, bears witness to the middle ages, and the alliance of Humanists and English reformers has left its mark in the Grammar School; while the Anglicanism of the seventeenth century, not yet embittered by the Civil War, is represented by the pleasant little red-brick college—for it is by constitution a true college—of Abbot's Hospital. Modern buildings there are, as must be; but there is grave offence in none, and a good deal of merit in some. Moreover, the town is well furnished with both churches and inns, and the inns are good. Nature and man have done well by Guildford in equipping it as a centre for excursions. But the pure pedestrian will perhaps think still better of Godalming, which offers a singular variety of routes. One is within easy reach alike of the chalk downs to the north and the more interrupted hills of the greensand to the south, where, below the hollies and pine-woods of the summits, lanes wind out into the weald, fringed by ancient beeches with mighty spreading roots that have knit the deep-cut banks into natural walls. These hills overlook a region of copse and wood, still thick enough for villages to lie concealed in it. Or, striking west from Godalming, we may pass either along the ridge now crowned by Charterhouse, or in the sheltered valley beneath, and contrast the fine landscape gardening of Peperharow with the wild commons that, not far beyond, stretch without a break to the Frensham Ponds and the Devil's Jumps, with the mystery of whose number, added to that of the flukes in a rotten sheep's liver, and others not less potent, Cobbett demolished the Unitarians to his own satisfaction. These commons were swept a few years ago by a great fire, which has left the soil still black. They offer the most complete solitude that can be found within forty miles of London, being surrounded only by small villages.

We may be thought to be looking back to enjoyments and opportunities that are fled with the summer. But the more one sees of English country, the more one comes to understand that no season is without its charms expected and unexpected. If the days are short, we can in this country make our walk short and yet various. Like the smallness of our scenery, the fickleness of our climate brings its own compensation. We may have cold showers in August, but we may also have spring-like days in January. Close on the new year we have sat out on the Surrey hills basking in warm sunshine, looking down on the dense mist that filled up the valleys to within a hundred feet of us; and by a happy coincidence of light and mist-level we have seen, about the same time of year, a very fair Brocken spectre. The bleakness of the approaching winter is tempered by the warm colours that linger in heather and bracken, sensibly touched with the scarlet of the turning whortleberry leaves; and the south-west gales are made half welcome by the whiff of salt that comes up on them from the Channel. And the sky is always with us, our insular sky, jealous of its beauties, but full of swift surprises when it displays itself. A sunset over the South Downs, or the changing march of sunshine and shower across the Surrey weald, may teach one better than any critic how true to nature was the vision of Turner and of Constable. We may fall, certainly, on days of monotonous dull cloud, which have their virtue, too, for painters and Anglo-Indians. Did not Anson's sailors, coming up from tropical heat, hail the "chearful grey sky" that hangs on the flank of the Andes? And when the wind is in the north-east, it is no fault of Surrey that the natural vices thereof are aggravated by London smoke. That one black wind excepted, atmosphere and colour are never wanting in the wilds of Surrey. We have brought an Italian friend to admit, after a course of rambles in the southern part of the county, that English air is not incapable of the Italian blue.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

A SERIES of seven concerts, the programmes of which are principally made up of such familiar works as *Judas Maccabæus*, *Elijah*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and "Hear my Prayer," and the second act of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, cannot be said to constitute a Festival of much interest to any but local amateurs. Even the less-known works performed last week at Norwich were not particularly well chosen. Schütz's *Lamentatio Davidi*, for bass solo, four trombones, and organ, stood alone as the representative of music before Handel, while living English composers were represented by Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal* and incidental music to *Ravenswood*, Mr. MacCunn's *Ship o' the Fiend*, and Mr. German's *Richard III.* Overture, none of which, however great their merits, can lay claim to being considered as novelties. The only programme of

real interest was that of Wednesday morning's concert, when the one new work of the Festival, Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, was produced. It may probably be said that it was a daring experiment for Dr. Parry to select words which had already been made use of by Handel; but the style of the two composers is so totally different that the experiment was warranted. Handel, assisted by the ingenious Mr. Jennens, treated Milton's words with scant reverence, and twisted them about in a fashion which would not be tolerable nowadays. Moreover, he thought it necessary to add a third part, "Il Moderato," in order to bring the work to an effective ending. Dealt with in this manner, the poems presented but little difficulty to the composer, who found in them sufficient material for the usual string of airs and choruses which constituted a Cantata or Oratorio in those days. Dr. Parry's method is very different; with him, as with all the best composers of the modern school, the poem is the source of his inspiration, and to illustrate the poet's meaning is evidently his chief aim and endeavour. The difficulties which this system entails are obvious, especially when the words (as in the present case) have not been primarily intended for musical setting. Without entering into a detailed analysis of the work it would be impossible to explain how Dr. Parry has set himself to overcome the obstacles in his way. As to his success there can be no doubt. The happy combination of true English melody, the melody of the schools of Purcell and Arne, with the breadth and force of the German masters of the present day, a combination which first became marked in the composer's *Judith*, still characterizes every bar of *L'Allegro*. The work is laid out for chorus, orchestra, and soprano and bass solos, and though apparently simple in structure, it makes considerable demands upon all the executants. To the soprano are given a succession of solos representing the character of Mirth, while the solos of *Il Penseroso* are given to the male voice. The choral numbers, which form the most important part of the work, contain some of the composer's happiest effects. Nothing could well be better than the settings of the lines descriptive of sleep, beginning "And when the sun begins to fling," or of the concluding portion, "But let my due feet never fail"; both are admirable alike for breadth of melody and feeling; and almost equally good are the soprano solo and chorus, "Haste thee, nymph," in which the composer has successfully held his ground against one of the few numbers of Handel's work which are still popular. It would be easy to point out many other passages of great interest. Even at a first hearing, the loving care which had been bestowed upon the setting of Milton's words was most apparent, and an examination of the pianoforte score shows that in no work has Dr. Parry taken more pains to attain that marriage of music and poetry which the poet sang. It speaks very highly for his powers that such a result should have been attained without sacrifice of the general breadth of the effect; but, though the latter quality will undoubtedly appeal most to the general public, it is as a musical illustration of Milton's poems that Dr. Parry's new Cantata will have most value to the musician. As such it must be regarded as little short of a masterpiece. The performance at Norwich was in almost every respect excellent. The chief honours lay with the chorus and orchestra; the soprano solos were sung by Miss Macintyre, whose beautiful high notes almost atoned for her extremely faulty enunciation. In ordinary librettos the words are sometimes best not heard; but with Milton no syllable can be spared, and it was a serious drawback to hear the mispronunciations and incoherent utterances of which Miss Macintyre was guilty. Mr. Alec Marsh, who sang the bass part, is chiefly known as a light opera singer. At the last Norwich Festival he achieved considerable success in Signor Mancinelli's *Isaias*, but unfortunately since then has devoted himself to a very different style of composition. The result was apparent, not only in *L'Allegro*, but throughout all the performances in which he took part. It is not too late for the faults of style which he displayed to be remedied, and it is to be hoped that he will benefit by the unanimous criticisms which his performances last week elicited; for it would be a great pity if a singer who in many ways is so promising should spoil his prospects by continuing in a mistaken course.

The other soloists who were heard at the Festival were Mmes. Nordica, Lehmann, Damian and McKenzie, and Messrs. E. Lloyd, M. Humphreys, B. Davies, F. Novara, and Brockbank. The singing of Mme. Nordica and Mr. Henschel on Friday evening in the second act of the *Flying Dutchman* was one of the events of the week, and they were ably supported by Miss McKenzie as Mary, Mr. Novara as Daland, and Mr. Davies as Eric. The American soprano was less well suited in the soprano music of *Elijah*, to which her pronounced operatic style is hardly fitted. The same remarks apply to Mr. Marsh's singing of the part of the Prophet, the scene with the Widow (Mme. Nordica) being given as if it were a love-duet. Far better was his performance in the scene with the prophets of Baal, in which he showed that he may still attain a high position as an oratorio-singer. Besides taking the solos in *L'Allegro*, Miss Macintyre was heard in the *Dream of Jubal* and *The Martyr of Antioch*, in both of which works Mr. Edward Lloyd sang with his usual power and excellence. Miss Liza Lehmann, who in London is almost entirely known as a singer of *Lieder* and ballads, invested some of the minor solos in *Judas Maccabæus* with an unusual degree of interest. She also gave an admirable performance of the solo in Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," besides taking part in *Elijah*, and in the two miscellaneous concerts, in the second of which she introduced a charming song by Francis Thomé, which had been orchestrated by the composer for the occasion. The choral singing throughout the whole week deserves high praise. It has been the fashion to speak contemptuously of Norwich choruses; but if they were always as good as that of the Festival which has just concluded there would be but little cause for fault-finding. The tenors were perhaps a trifle weak, but the general body of voices had been excellently trained by Dr. H. Hill, the chorus master, and the singing was marked by correctness, spirit, and refinement. The orchestra was led by Mr. Gilbert Betjemann, and conducted, with all his accustomed ability, by Signor Randegger.

Looking at the Festival as a whole, though the general standard of the performances has been high, it cannot be said to have been of much value to art. English musicians are practically dependent upon country festivals for the production of new works, and though the Committee at Norwich must be commended for bringing forward Dr. Hubert Parry's Cantata, it might surely have been possible to obtain some other novelties as well, not devote two evenings to the very miscellaneous concerts given on the 16th and 17th. A new work, for which a commission had been given to Mr. Hamish MacCunn, could not be got ready in time; but there are many other young composers who deserve a hearing, even if nothing could be obtained from musicians of the first rank.

POWER AND POVERTY.

WE are every day reminded that in this country the power is in the hands of the working classes, and that a considerable section of them is dissatisfied with their economic condition. What we experience now in England is what has happened in all other countries when democratic institutions have been precipitated. Political power is placed in the hands of classes who are as ignorant how to use it as they are determined to use it to their own advantage. We deplore their ignorance, though we cannot condemn their aim. One object of government is to further the happiness of the people; and, if the solidarity of all classes be thoroughly borne in mind, nothing could be better for the whole nation than that the interests of the workers should be furthered. But, unfortunately, it is not among the ranks of our sturdy artisans that geniuses can be found able to cope with the many economic and social problems which are pressing forward from all sides. In this respect the Gladstonians have been disappointed; for their opinion always was that the extension of the franchise would supply the solution of those questions which had proved too tough for their leaders. Unable to frame special measures that should realize their hopes, our working classes seem to have made up their mind that Parliament ought to make them happy and comfortable, and they evidently intend to make Parliament unhappy and uncomfortable until it does so. In fact, the protective spirit which has so dragged down the Continental nations has invaded our country. Self-reliance seems gone, and every effort towards improvement, all initiative, are expected from Government. The Government is called upon to supply work, to build dwellings for artisans, to educate the children, to superintend our drinking, and to protect the gambler's purse. When anything untoward happens there are always scores of wiseacres ready to cry out for Government to interfere. The worst feature of the situation is that candidates for Parliament and would-be popular leaders, strongly imbued with the prevalent protective spirit, are eager to achieve a cheap popularity by outbidding each other in their advocacy of Socialistic measures. The Radicals unblushingly confess themselves Socialists; and, if we examine their programme, it is clear enough that complete Socialism is the final goal they strive for. Were it not so it would be absurd in them to describe their measures as progressive. Unfortunately there are men even among the Conservative ranks who, either from want of reasoning power or by way of expediency, join in the cry for State Socialism. And as honest and patriotic resistance to the popular tendency is by demagogues and Socialistic leaders branded as want of patriotism and enmity to the people, it is very certain that, what with the vigorous advocacy on the part of the many and the feeble stand made by the few, Socialism threatens soon to be within the range of practical politics.

It is, therefore, time to look the impending danger in the face. For we take for granted that all who have realized for themselves what Socialism really means understand that it is a danger, not only to our Empire, but to civilization. There was a time when Socialism was the mere stock-in-trade of the Sunday street orator, and when precautions against its spread would have only given it a prestige which it then utterly lacked. But now, when it is fast becoming the dream of the working classes, the programme of a reckless faction, the religion of cultured enthusiasts, and the earthly paradise of popular poets, it would be worse than folly if our statesmen were to ignore this modern craze. But it is imperative to bear in mind that it is not by the agitation of street Socialists that the growth of Socialism is to be gauged. Their influence rises or falls with the success or failure of strikes. The real danger lies in the feverish competition between the two parties in furthering State-Socialistic legislation, or, in other words, the introduction of hosts of Acts, every one of which in-

terferes in a more or less degree with the liberty of the individual, and tends to fasten all responsibility on Government. During the last ten years more than three hundred such enactments have been passed, and many of these compel further legislation of the same dangerous order. Thus, for instance, having State-regulated the size of the rooms in houses, the rooms become too expensive for one family, and instead of having one family in one small room, three or four families are crammed into one large one. Having thus interfered once in the matter of dwellings, we must proceed further, and establish nightly inspections of every room, or stand accused of having made matters worse than they were before. Before long we shall feel compelled to have recourse to State-built and State-managed dwellings, and, consequently, one step alone in the wrong direction brings us close up to Socialism. There are signs of the same retrogression towards State despotism and slavery in our legislation with regard to schools, factories, shipping, mines, railways, banks, provident societies, and many kinds of trades and institutions. In this way we are rapidly retrograding at a mathematical ratio towards the patriarchal forms of government, from which our civilization emerged under such tremendous difficulties.

The task of staying this insidious growth of Socialism, so to say, smuggled in amongst us under the cloak of grandmotherly legislation, naturally and necessarily falls to the Unionist party. But to do this more energy is needed than has been expended hitherto. Foreigners tell us that our taciturnity and extreme reserve render us poor propagandists; and the result is that classes, and even whole nations, such as Ireland and India, whom we strive our utmost to benefit, do not understand us. Englishmen, it is said, when sure of the purity of their motives, and when engaged in a good cause, will display any amount of activity and coolly risk their lives; but, despising talk, they will work on silently and expect to be judged by their actions. If this be true of English character in general, it is certainly specially true of Conservative Englishmen. The majority of Unionists are the sincerest well-wishers of the working classes, and they adhere to Unionist principles because of their faith that such principles alone will lead all classes of the nation to progress and prosperity. But the majority have a natural reluctance to parade their good intentions, and they are, moreover, under this difficulty in their conflict with the Gladstonians, that the best political measures are not easy to understand, while Socialistic quackeries, in reality disastrous to the whole working class, appear on the surface as desirable reforms. In the times we live this party disadvantage should be an extra incentive to activity and outspokenness. The individual Unionists, and especially the Cabinet, should strenuously aim at throwing a vivid light upon the various questions of the day. The fallacious nature of Socialism should be mercilessly exposed; the maudlin dreams of the Utopians who strive to subject the working-man to State tyranny should be scattered to the wind; the great truth that no reform represents progress unless it promotes and secures individual liberty should be clearly established; and the Unionist policy in general should be lucidly expounded.

But the indispensable condition for success is an intelligent, clear, and practical programme. There are a dozen fallacies, each of which would furnish a telling cry to irresponsible Radicals —such as land nationalization, national workshops, State-owned railways, State-regulated working hours, State-managed emigration, &c. But the Unionist party, whose aim is higher than the placing of a ring of men in power, can only adopt such measures as constitute a real solution of the problems before us. The first duty of Unionist statesmen is, therefore, to agree about such remedies for genuine grievances and such reforms as will gratify legitimate aspirations. This may involve the untying of hard knots and a difficult selection between proposed solutions of the labour problem. The very fact that the Government made such attempts would secure their popularity with all thinking men. Above all things, the intelligence of the working classes should not be underrated.

Our difficulty is, that masses of the people who hold the power demand a larger share of the wealth which this Empire is reputed to possess and is capable of producing. The working classes are not guilty of any foolish demand to appropriate existing wealth. What they want is to participate more fully in the wealth they are instrumental in producing. That their desire, a natural one enough, is not beyond realization becomes manifest when we take a general view of the question based on first principles. On the one hand, more wealth in the possession of the workers is the very thing to benefit trade, industry, employers, and capitalists. It would transform our country into what we so much want—a market for our goods. On the other hand, we find that the fundamental cause of discontent among the working classes lies in the excess of labourers over the demand. It is this disproportion which creates the intense competition among themselves, gives to the sweater his opportunity, lowers wages, reduces the consuming power of the people, curtails trade, produces apparent over-production, and drives the people into combative and exclusive Trade-Unions in the hope of monopolizing the meagre opportunities of labour. Were it not for this scarcity of labour, Trade-Unions would soon lose their antagonistic and Socialistic character, and their mission would become provident, co-operative, and productive. Besides, the want of lucrative labour and the competitive system are the sole *raison d'être* of Socialistic preachings. And this excess in the supply of labour over the demand—the root of all our evils—is not natural. It is, in fact, the great anomaly of our age. Do what we will we cannot get over the postulate of the economists—namely, that wealth is accumulated labour. Why, then, is there a halting demand for what creates wealth, when the demand for wealth is more intense than ever? Is there a lack of raw material? Far from it. Our colonies contain an incalculable supply of latent wealth so far only superficially explored. Communication has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, yet the workers are not called upon to transform that raw material into wealth. All this points to the fact that the obstacle which stands in the way of labour is artificial. So far all economic creeds and all political sects agree. They differ only about the nature of the obstacle, and consequently as to the means by which it should be removed. Some Gladstonians—deserters from the Cobden school—say that individual freedom cannot do it; it must be given up, we must go back to the expediency of the ancient empires, and adopt compulsory work under Government—in other words, we must have a Government-supervised division of labour. The bi-metallists say we must retain division of labour through free exchanges, but reform and expand our mediums of exchange. The Henry Georgists affirm that if the land was possessed by the State there would be no scarcity of labour. The advocates of Free-trade in Capital assert that opportunities of labour are scarce because modern labour cannot be performed without capital, that capital and labour are divorced through the prohibition of capital-distributing banks, the true mechanism for exchanges and the natural channels of co-operation between capital and labour.

The solutions so far proposed may be divided into two groups —the socialistic and the economic. It should not be difficult, for any one who takes the pains to study the subject, to show that State-managed work and State-managed supplies would give rise to evils incomparably graver than those we have now. The proposed economic remedies should be thoroughly investigated, and, if found defective, new propositions should be encouraged. By pursuing this course the Unionists will convince the nation—at least all that is best and most intelligent in it—that their aims are above mere party politics, and that they are bent on securing the highest good to the country; they would cut away the ground from under the feet of the professional agitator, and arrest the rising tide of Socialism and anarchy. Should it be found after thorough investigation that no economic remedy can be discovered capable of bringing about prosperity and contentment among the working classes, and that we must trust to slow and gradual progress as hitherto, the nation would then, no doubt, empower the great Unionist party to maintain order, protect liberty, and save the people from Socialistic slavery and degradation.

CAVALRY RAIDS.

CAVALRY is much in people's mouths just now, and the "arme blanche" seems likely to enjoy its own again. Time was—not so long ago either—when its value on a modern field of battle was supposed to have disappeared; but when the German manœuvres began to show how it might be handled, even in large masses, during the crisis of an engagement, it began again to hold up its head, and has come in for so much notice that there now are even indications of a jealous feeling towards it on the part of the infantry. It needs no great acumen to discover that if both sides in a campaign shroud the movements of their forces behind the orthodox veil of horsemen, one side or other will soon rush in to tear that veil aside, and must then be opposed in equal force, if what is in rear is to remain concealed. Cavalry collisions on a large scale are, therefore, sure to occur in front of the opposing armies in any future campaign on the Continent, and in them the dragoon may still look forward to opportunities for displaying his dash and training as of old. His admirers are confident that later on, too, in the surges of the fight he will be as indispensable as ever, even though an opening for him may not so frequently crop up as in the days when the decision of the action frequently rested with him. Without stopping to enter into any controversy on this part of the question, we may, however, say that we believe that the earliest and most congenial rôle of the trooper, the sudden raid or foray, has certainly not become obsolete. The leader of horse—born, like the poet, and not made—has ever had a spice of the freebooter in his composition, and a strong dash of the gambler, too, if he were ever to snatch success from fortune. An enterprising cavalry hanging on the enemy's flanks and rear, and cutting in swiftly as fleeting occasion offers on his communications, will go far to change the aspect of a campaign; and the mischief that may be done in this way has rather been increased than diminished by our modern civilization. Telegraphs and lines of rail have come to be looked upon as almost indispensable to the existence of an army of to-day; and a few resolute and skilful hands and half a dozen pounds of guncotton will suffice to place such adjuncts *hors de combat*, at any rate for some time. Supplies and stores may be captured when in a railway truck as easily as in a country cart, and their loss will be as unpleasantly felt as ever by the troops in front. The very latest European war supplies an instance of such a raid, although it was not undertaken without infantry, in the dashing reconnaissance across the Balkans effected by General Gourko in July 1878, when he carried dismay into the heart of Turkey, destroyed parts of the railroad

and telegraph on the principal lines, and gained a great deal of information as to the Turkish movements. The foot soldiers he was obliged to take with him naturally imposed a drag on the rapidity of his movements, and it is probable that he would have gladly exchanged them for mounted infantry. The composition of a cavalry division in our service seems to render it peculiarly fitted for such enterprises, and gives it considerable defensive power without unduly fettering its freedom of movement. Such a body, should we ever have to take part again in civilized warfare, would usually be formed of two brigades of cavalry, with four machine guns, two batteries of Horse Artillery, and one battalion of mounted infantry, which would have two machine-guns attached to it. A force so composed should, under an energetic and skilful leader, be equal to almost any emergency, and need look for little extraneous assistance or support. What would not Hodson have done with a weapon of such strength and pliability? and what did not the Confederate General of horse, J. E. B. Stuart, accomplish with a far less efficient one? For, brilliant as have been the exploits of cavalry soldiers, nothing perhaps has surpassed the feats of that "gallant prop of the South."

The story of his raid in front of Richmond in 1862 still figures as the brightest example of what calculated audacity may accomplish even in modern war. The Federal army in June of that year regarded the fall of Richmond as so certain, and their own part as so thoroughly an offensive one alone, that any attempt at attack on the part of the enemy, excepting directly from the front, was totally unexpected. The line of rail connecting their camp with the White House was allowed to remain almost unguarded, and only a small force was left to watch their depôts on the Pamunkey. In war it is the unexpected which always happens, and so it was in this case; for on the 12th of June General Stuart got together 1,200 of his cavalry and a couple of guns, and, stealing out along the Richmond and Fredericksburg railway, bivouacked that evening at Hanover Court-House, twenty-two miles to the front. The object of the expedition was kept a profound secret, and was known to General Stuart alone. No trumpet sounded, the men crept silently to sleep, and the little band passed the night thus crouched in the forest beneath the very eyes of the Federal pickets. During the night Stuart took into his confidence his three most trusted officers, and at daybreak the troops were under arms and on the road to Hanover Court-house. Here they encountered, first a small, and then a formidable, body of the enemy's cavalry, quickly routed both, burnt their camp, and captured some of their horses. A smaller man might have remained satisfied with what had already been accomplished, and would have made for home the way he came. The boldest is often the safest course, however, and Stuart seized the idea of taking his opponents by surprise, and marching round the rear of their entire army. Taking precautions to mislead them ere he started, he turned his horse's head towards Turnstall's Station, and kept steadily on. A squadron was detached near Gullick's Landing on the Pamunkey to burn the stores and whatever ships might be lying there, and another, well led by his two aides-de-camp, was thrown forward, and succeeded in cutting the telegraph and capturing the small guard at the station. While they were busy obstructing the line of rail the train which connected the besieging army with its base was seen approaching. Putting on full steam, the engineer disregarded the call to surrender, the engine brushed aside the incomplete obstructions, and the train, rushing through a volley of musketry, succeeded in escaping to the White House and giving the alarm. But the main body of Stuart's horse had had better luck. They succeeded in capturing a large train of some forty waggons and several prisoners, and likewise burnt a railway bridge. Finally, to make the romance complete, they rested at a sutler's stores. He willingly offered them his hospitality, and was intensely mortified when he discovered as they rode away whom he had been entertaining. About midnight they started again for home, and made for the Chickahominy, which they endeavoured to ford near a broken bridge. The water, however, was too deep, and a bridge had swiftly to be constructed with whatever material was at hand. The difficulties and risk of such an undertaking were immense, for the Federal cavalry were on their track, and the men laboured in momentary expectation of an attack. At length, partly by swimming and partly by means of the crazy structure, the free-booters and their prisoners crossed the stream, and two days after they had left Richmond re-entered the city with 165 prisoners and upwards of 200 horses and mules, besides having destroyed a large amount of stores, and acquired a knowledge of the country and of the position of the enemy's forces. And all this had been accomplished within forty-eight hours, and with the loss of only one man! Well might the citizens be proud of Stuart, and well may the American army cherish the memory of his ride as one of the most dashing deeds which the annals of war record. And, adventurous as it was, it is by no means to be classed amongst mad escapades, which, however magnificent, are not to be regarded as war. Stuart himself has given similar examples of what cool audacity may be equal to; so, too, did Sheridan when he passed behind Lee, played havoc amongst that general's line of railway communications, destroyed the depôts in his rear, routed Stuart's cavalry, and killed their gallant chief. What has been done we may rest assured will again be accomplished, and future leaders will not shrink from enterprises such as their predecessors undertook.

It may be that we shall never witness again a Murat charging at the head of seventy squadrons, as the young German Emperor is said to have done, to the satisfaction of the umpires, at the German manœuvres a year ago. It may be that the feats of a Seydlitz on the battlefield will never again be equalled, and that, if shock tactics are resorted to, it must be only in exceptional cases when the price that will infallibly be paid is not considered too excessive to attain the object in view. Nevertheless, apart from scouting duties, the intrepid cavalry leader will find openings in raids and forays, such as we have described, when his arm may again assert its value. But similar rapid dashes may likewise be possible even during the progress of a great battle, and, if skilfully conducted, will not necessarily involve an extreme sacrifice on the part of the horsemen. The question how the flanks of a long loose line of attack are to be protected continually crops up, and has as yet received no satisfactory solution. Here lies the weakness of infantry and the opportunity of the cavalry. A young active man endowed with quickness, decision, and knowledge of ground, at the head of a comparatively small body of men, may often find occasions for a sudden swoop from behind cover, and may throw into confusion, and at any rate delay, the advance of foot-soldiers, whose ideas are concentrated on the foe in front of them, and whose nerves are more or less in a state of tension. While, also, the action of cavalry, supported by Horse Artillery, may be of the greatest assistance to an army acting on the defensive by extending the line occupied by its troops, and consequently compelling an enemy, who attempts to attack them on a flank, to commence his movement at a great distance away, and to make a wide détour, it may find opportunity to take part in the actual fight, to throw itself with effect on the head of his columns as they seek to gain the vantage-ground. To work cavalry and horse artillery in this manner it is necessary to use them with boldness, to take full advantage of the rapidity of movement which they possess, and to utterly fling away all ideas of looking to infantry for support or assistance. Self-reliance, a quick eye, and a happy audacity on the part of the chief, and complete confidence in his powers on the part of those behind him, are the chief factors of success, and where they exist sudden raids, such as we have described, may surprise the enemy even on a modern battlefield as completely as amongst his vedettes, or on the flanks of his line of march.

THE OPERA.

ONCE more an attempt is being made to abrogate the absurd decree of fashion that London shall only have operatic performances during the summer season. Signor Lago, who is known as an impresario of experience, opened Covent Garden Theatre last Saturday for a series of performances of Italian opera at popular prices. His prospectus—comprising, as it does, such interesting works as Gluck's *Orfeo*, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, and Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, not to mention other more familiar operas—is sufficiently promising for his venture to deserve the good wishes of all those who do not want to see opera become a mere fashionable monopoly. So far the performances have been highly meritorious. *Aïda*, which was chosen for the opening night, served to introduce two of the numerous new singers whose names occur in Signor Lago's prospectus. The sisters Ravogli, who undertook the parts of Amneris and Aïda, are evidently artists in the best sense of the word. Mlle. Sofia Ravogli has a flexible soprano voice, and sings with taste and expression; but her merits are overshadowed by those of her sister, Mlle. Giulia, a mezzo-soprano of extensive compass and considerable power. Her performance of Amneris was one of the best of that difficult part which has been seen at the Italian Opera; both vocally and dramatically it was an impersonation of great excellence, and did much to secure the success of the opera. She is possessed of extremely expressive and mobile features, and her gestures, which are always graceful and consistent, are sometimes really impressive. Her appearance in Gluck's *Orfeo*, in the title-part of which she has achieved great success in Italy, will be looked forward to with interest, for she is evidently well suited for a part which has never been satisfactorily played since the retirement of Mme. Viardot. The Radamès on Saturday last was Signor Giannini, a tenor who has sung previously in London. He has a voice of extensive compass and great beauty, and sings well; these are sufficient merits to atone for a stage-presence which is but little adapted to realize the ideal heroic lover. As the Egyptian General his appearance was especially unfortunate, for his dress was singularly unbecoming. Signor Galaasi, who is also familiar to opera-goers, gave a roughly-vigorous performance of the part of Amonasro. Both chorus and band were well up to the mark.

Neither the performance of the *Huguenots* on Monday nor of *Faust* on Tuesday was as good as that of *Aïda*. For some years managers in England have fallen into the habit of giving Meyerbeer's opera in a slipshod and careless fashion. This was the case at Covent Garden last summer, and it was hardly to be expected that Signor Lago should set about mending matters. In Tuesday's performance the part of Raoul was taken by Signor Perotti, a tenor from Trieste, who after singing for some time at Leipzig, was heard at Drury Lane on the occasion of the first performance in England of Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* some nineteen years ago. The upper register of his voice is exceedingly good, and he is evidently an experienced actor. His high chest

notes in the duel scene were given with telling effect, but as is so often the case, the rest of the voice has been neglected for the sake of the upper register, and his production is uneven and occasionally faulty. Still, he is a useful artist, and, like Signor Giannini and Mlles. Ravogli, entirely free from the besetting sin of modern Italian vocalization, the irritating *tremolo*. So much cannot be said for Mlle. Peri, the Valentina, whose fine and powerful soprano is greatly marred by this defect. If she could get rid of it, she would probably be a very acceptable singer, for she acts and sings with real dramatic feeling. The Margherita di Valois was Mlle. Stromfeld, another *débutante*, who has a light soprano of no very remarkable quality, though her execution is, on the whole, neat and finished. As the Page, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli entirely confirmed the good impression created by her Amneris; she is by far the best representative of the part who has appeared for a long time, and her singing and acting were quite admirable. As San Bris and Nevers, Signori Galassi and Padilla were efficient, but the Marcel of Signor Merolles left to seek. The chief interest in the performance of *Faust*, which was given on Tuesday, lay in Mme. Fanny Moody's Margherita—a part which she sang once last spring in the Carl Rosa Opera season at Drury Lane. Without being as good as her Mignon—which was by far the best part in which Londoners have had an opportunity of hearing her—her Margherita was a distinct success. Her voice is pure and sweet in quality, and she sings with a refreshing degree of earnestness and conviction. The "King of Thule" song was excellently given, and an attempt was made to encore her rendering of the Jewel song, to which she very wisely declined to accede. Her acting is good and intelligent, though she would do well to reconsider the advisability of introducing a burst of hysterical laughter at the end of the scene of Valentine's death. It was entirely inappropriate, and savoured too much of the provincialism which so disfigured the recent performances of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Of the rest of the cast there is not much to be said. The tenor, Signor Suane, may have a good voice; but, if so, he successfully disguises it under one of the worst *tremolos* which has been heard even at the Italian Opera. Mr. Franco Novara assumed his accustomed part of Mephistopheles. Mlle. Costanzi, the Siebel, has a pleasant voice, but it is hardly strong enough for so large a house as Covent Garden; Signor Padilla was thoroughly efficient as Valentine. The absurd plan of performing the Church scene in the Market-place before the death of Valentine is still persisted in, though the incongruity is so apparent that it is a mystery how it ever came to be adopted.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE action of the Directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company in Barton's case has forced into public discussion the question of forged transfers of railway stocks. The pertinent facts of the case may be very briefly stated. London and North-Western Stock, standing in the name of Mrs. Barton, was sold in 1887, and some of the names to the deed of transfer were forged. The sale was duly registered in the books of the Company, and since then the purchaser, who acted throughout in perfect good faith, has been receiving the dividends. In 1887 Mrs. Barton discovered the forgery, and demanded that the Company should again register her name as the owner of the stock. The Company refused, the matter came before a Court, and decision was given in favour of Mrs. Barton. Under this decision the Directors of the Company, of course, had no option but once more to register Mrs. Barton's name as owner of the stock. But, in doing so, they cancelled the registration in favour of the purchaser; and, not only so, but claimed back from him the dividends he has received for nearly sixteen years, as, of course, Mrs. Barton under the judgment never ceased to be the rightful owner of the stock, and therefore was entitled to all the dividends. The purchaser is advised that he has no remedy in the matter. But, if so, every holder of railway stock in the kingdom finds his interests menaced. How can he tell, if he purchased this stock, that the signatures to the transfer were not forged? And the question becomes the more serious when it is recollected that now trustees may invest trust funds in railway stocks. Consequently, the provision which a man has made for his widow and children may be utterly lost, and they may be reduced to poverty without any fault of his or theirs. Very properly the principal provincial Stock Exchanges have taken up the matter, and have put questions to the several railway Companies as to how they are disposed to act in such a case if it arises. Strange to say, the Committee of the London Stock Exchange does not seem to have co-operated with them, or to have taken any action of its own. But, though it is interesting to find that the Midland Company takes a more liberal and a juster view than the North-Western, it would not be enough, even if all the other Companies assured us that they would make compensation to innocent purchasers, for a new Board of Directors, or a General Meeting of the Company, might at any time arrive at a different decision; and, further, the North-Western would probably continue its present policy. Nothing short, therefore, of an Act of Parliament will restore full confidence in railway stocks after this judgment.

It is urged that the railway Companies are as innocent as the purchasers, and that there is no sufficient reason for throwing the loss entirely upon them. But there is this great difference between a private purchaser and the railway Companies, that the former has no means of detecting a forgery, whereas the latter had. Every Company has—or, at all events, ought to have—the signature of every holder of registered stock; and, therefore, has, or ought to have, the means of comparing the signatures of a transfer with those signatures in its books. No doubt a clever forgery may deceive even an expert, and the Company therefore may lose. But still the Company has means of detecting the forgery, whereas the purchaser in the market has none. We would point out further, that the loss is more imaginary than real in the case of a railway Company. The loss of a small sum may be ruinous to an individual, to a great Company it is trifling; but that is not the point. What we would particularly direct attention to is, that if the Companies generally accept voluntarily, or are compelled by Parliament to accept liability for all loss arising out of forgery, the shareholders gain in the way of security more than they lose in a slight temporary decline of dividends. In such a case they would naturally form an assurance fund to cover all compensation for loss through forgery, and every shareholder, therefore, would be perfectly insured against loss, which would more than make up to him for any slight falling off in the dividend in one or two half-years. It is sometimes asked how the compensation to an innocent purchaser is to be made. If a stock has been sold by means of a forged transfer, and registered in the name of B, and if the forgery is discovered, and A is once more to be registered as owner of the stock, in what way is the stock to be found so that B shall not lose what he has paid for and supposed to be his own? Is there to be an issue of so much capital? And, if so, is not that a watering of the stock? We venture to think that there ought not to be a fresh issue of capital. In case of compensation for accidents, the money has to be found out of revenue. Similarly, the money to compensate an innocent purchaser ought to be found out of revenue. Therefore the innocent purchaser may be compensated by cash, or the cash may be used to buy for him in the market an equivalent amount of stock to that already registered in his name, but which, it turns out, is not legally his. It is to be hoped that the Stock Exchanges throughout the country will continue their present agitation, and will introduce in the coming Session a Bill throwing upon the Companies the liability in the case of forgery, of course where the purchaser is not a party to the crime, and at the same time directing that the compensation shall be made out of revenue, and not out of capital.

The joint-stock and private banks appear to have grown tired of supporting the Bank of England in protecting its reserve, for this week they have at times been taking bills as low as $4\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. This is a most unwise course, and, if persisted in, will make inevitable an advance in the Bank-rate to 6 per cent. The whole stock of gold held by the Bank is considerably under 20 millions. Within about a fortnight probably three-quarters of a million will have to be sent to Scotland to allow of the usual expansion of the note circulation at this time of the year. If in addition there should be any foreign demand, a rise in the rate cannot be avoided. Indeed, there is a rumour in the City that an order for gold for Germany was given, and that the rate would in consequence have been put up on Thursday, but that the order was cancelled. The Imperial Bank of Germany, as we stated last week, has for some months been losing large amounts of gold, and in consequence has raised its rate to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. As yet very little gold has been taken from the Bank of England for Germany, as large amounts have been received from Paris and St. Petersburg; but gold will certainly be taken from London if rates fall here. On the other hand, no gold is coming to this country except occasional remittances from Australia. The Bank of France refuses to part with any more. There is no chance of getting any in New York, where the reserves of the Associated Banks have again fallen below the legal minimum. None is coming from Russia and none from the other Continental countries. But in the present state of the stock markets an advance in the Bank-rate to 6 per cent. would be unfortunate. Already there is overmuch uneasiness. If operators were to find greater difficulty in obtaining accommodation, their position would be even more embarrassed. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the joint-stock and private banks will recognize that, in underbidding the Bank of England, they are endangering the safety of the whole market, and in the long run acting contrary to their own interests, and that in future they will support the Bank in making the 5 per cent. rate effective.

The price of silver, like that of everything else, is affected by the uncertainty of the money market and the scare upon the Stock Exchange. On Thursday it fell as low as $49\frac{1}{4}d.$ per ounce. As soon as confidence returns, and money becomes more abundant, there will probably be a revival of speculation. The speculators, as matters stand, have been defeated partially, the price having fallen $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ per ounce since the beginning of last month. But they are not likely to confess themselves defeated as yet. True, the rise in price is stimulating production, and has disorganized business in the silver-using countries. True, also, Austria-Hungary is discussing the adoption of a gold standard; and true, likewise, there are rumours that other Continental States will sell the metal. Still, the United States will go on buying 54 million ounces every year, and on the strength of that

speculators will hope for a further advance; while it is possible that the Silver party may begin to agitate for the adoption of the single silver standard. In the meantime, silver securities are depressed, along with silver, and with all other securities dealt in upon the Stock Exchange.

The relations between employers and employed in the shipping trade are strained, and a struggle sooner or later is not improbable; but the statement of the *Times*, though reiterated, that preparations have been made by employers for a general lock-out, and that it may be ordered at any moment, is not believed in the City. Nothing to justify it is known, and hasty and unjustifiable action by the shipowners would put them clearly in the wrong.

A delegate of the Argentine Government is daily expected in London to open negotiations with the great financial houses interested in Argentine finance, for providing the money to pay the interest, not only on the National Debt, but also on the debts of the provinces which are bankrupt, and for arriving at some compromise respecting Cedulas.

RACING.

THE penalties had overhandicapped Baron de Rothschild's Mardi Gras for the Great Sapling Stakes of 1,000*l.* at Sandown last week, and Mr. H. Ransford's Gold Ring, a muscular, if not very large black colt by The Miser, to whom he was giving 16 lbs., won by a neck from Lord Hastings's Breach, a big, slackly-made bay filly by Hagioscope. There was a splendid race between the two very fast chestnut horses, Juggler and Dog Rose, for the Albany Stakes. At Goodwood, when receiving 5 lbs., Dog Rose had beaten Juggler by three-quarters of a length, and now at even weights Juggler exactly confirmed that form by winning by a neck, although 11 to 10 had been laid against him. In the spring Juggler was handicapped a stone above Dog Rose; but there is evidently only about a couple of pounds between them at present, and they are probably the best horses over five furlongs in training. With Tom Cannon on Juggler and Watts on Dog Rose it is not likely that any mistake was made in the riding. The Orleans Nursery Handicap was won easily by Melody; but it was an unusual thing to see a winner of the Woodcote Stakes handicapped 37 lbs. below the top weight in a Nursery; and, as the colt to whom that weight was assigned was put into another handicap 7 lbs. below Gouverneur, Melody was evidently considered 3 st. 2 lbs. under the best form of her year. Considering the ease with which she now won, and also her very fair race against Mephisto and Signorina for the Great Challenge Stakes, we are inclined to think that this good-looking filly had been much underestimated of late.

The Houghton Meeting, at Newmarket, began on Tuesday, and the abolition of the Monday's racing was welcomed very heartily by most people. The good-looking but ill-tempered Bel Demonio won his first clear victory of this season—we are not forgetting his dead-heat for the Great Eastern Handicap—in the Plate for 200*l.* He now beat Gavotte, who is considered about a stone below the first class at weight for age. An official prophecy was given on the Criterion Stakes in the Free Handicap for two-year-olds, in which Gouverneur was esteemed 26 lbs. better than Gay Minstrel, to whom he was now to give only 10 lbs. He won very easily by three lengths; but some critics thought that he hung towards the rails in rather a suspicious manner at the finish. The Prince of Wales won the Criterion Nursery with Pierrette by a head from Aurora, to whom she was giving a stone.

For the Dewhurst Plate, on Wednesday, Lord Rosebery's Corstorphine—better known as the filly by Foxhall out of Chopette—was fancied, on account of her good third for the Lancashire Plate. There were rumours, too, that she had been privately tried to be more than a stone better than Keroval. In now beating Siphonia by half a length at 4 lbs. she about maintained the value put upon her, for the Free Handicap, of 2 lbs. below Siphonia. She walked away very lame after the race. Révérend, who was third, ran very fairly, considering that he was giving Siphonia 3 lbs. more than weight for sex.

One of the first bets after the publication of the weights for the Cambridgeshire was 20 to 1 against Surefoot. The next day 33 to 1 was laid against Signorina. When Surefoot had been unplaced for the St. Leger he did not at first go down in the Cambridgeshire betting, although he very soon disappeared from it altogether. Signorina, however, advanced to 12 to 1, and in less than a week she stood at 10 to 1. The history of this filly is very interesting. It had been the popular opinion that her superiority over the other two-year-old of last season was to be measured by stones, rather than pounds, and even the well-known fact that she had not wintered well did not prevent surprise when she was handicapped this spring, at weight for sex, with Surefoot, and only 3 lbs. above Memoir, to whom she had once given 16 lbs. and a beating by a length. That Major Egerton had not undervalued her was proved in the Oaks, when Memoir beat her by three-quarters of a length. This performance, coupled with the weights at which Lactantius subsequently beat her by a head at Sandown in June, showed that she was this summer about 5 or 6 lbs. below the estimate formed of her in the Free Handicap; so when she was put into the Cambridgeshire at 5 lbs. below the best three-year-old form of the year, her chance could only be fancied on the supposition that she had regained some of her two-year-old form during the preceding three months. This was assumed to be the case until she only beat Susiana, for the Select Stakes at the Second October Meeting, in a somewhat slovenly style; a dubious victory, which was followed two days later by a defeat from Mephisto, who had 10 lbs. the best of the weights, at weight for age and sex. Yet, although in the latter race she ran as well, or even better, than she had been estimated in relation to Mephisto for the Great Eastern Handicap at the First October Meeting, she became an outsider in the Cambridgeshire betting. Long before her final downfall she had been surpassed in favouritism by more than one rival. Mr. G. Masterman's Tostig had run Gonsalvo to a head at Liverpool in July, and he was now handicapped 3 lbs. below him. This colt had not had a very successful career; in his early two-year-old days he was said to have been 10 lbs. or 12 lbs. better than Prince of Tyre, but he never ran within many pounds of that form in public. He was bought this summer by Mr. G. Masterman, and "Mr. Abington" has a share in him. It was reported that he had improved immensely of late, and that he was as good at weight for age as Snaplock, who had been handicapped for the Cambridgeshire 13 lbs. more than weight for age above him. On the Saturday after the First October Meeting he was first favourite at 9 to 1. Not long afterwards a new first favourite was made in the French filly Alicante, and she held her own, at about 8 to 1, until the race for the Cesarewitch. When she had run second, within a couple of lengths of Sheen, for that race, she was backed at 4 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire; for, said her admirers, she was far more suited by make and shape for the shorter race than the longer one. It was true that she would have 7 lbs. more to carry for the Cambridgeshire than she had carried for the Cesarewitch; but that, they believed, she would be able to do with success. She is a fine, lengthy chestnut filly, with grand shoulders; but she is a trifle leggy and long-backed, nor has she as much muscle as could be wished. Mr. G. Lambert's Judith, a chestnut filly by Beau Brummel, with good shoulders and wide hips, but not quite perfect in her middle piece, had run within half a length of her for the Cesarewitch, and for the Cambridgeshire Judith would meet her on 7 lbs. better terms. If speed rather than staying power were Judith's strong point, it seemed that this advantage in the weights would probably enable her to beat Alicante, and before the Cesarewitch she had never started for races above a mile in length; indeed, her three only victories had been won over five furlongs. The question was whether, after all, her pace was her highest virtue? Unquestionably she had run like a stayer for the Cesarewitch; but why was that the first long race for which she had ever been started? Was she run "out of her distance," as it is termed, in the Cesarewitch, or had she been run out of her distance in her previous races? The fourth in the Cesarewitch was Mr. J. Daly's Victoricus, who, after having been backed at one time at 13 to 1, started at 40 to 1. At the Bushes he had been running better than anything in the race, and some people hold a theory that this is the spot at which to judge of the prospects of the Cesarewitch horses for the Cambridgeshire. For the latter race he would have an advantage of 2 lbs. more over Judith, and as he had shown great speed in coming across the flat it might be that this would enable him to beat her. He is a well-shaped bay colt, with rather an ugly head, by the hunter-getting sire, Victor.

It was rather remarkable that a few days before the race the first eight favourites were three-year-olds. Among these the best reputed form of the year was represented in Lord Hartington's Morion. This powerful, short-legged, deep-bodied bay colt by Barcaldine had beaten Sheen at 2 lbs. less than weight for age. At 12 lbs. more than weight for age, Alicante had only been able to get within two lengths of Sheen for the Cesarewitch, and now she was to receive 15 lbs. from Morion; so on this form Morion seemed to have the best chance of the pair—that is to say, assuming that Sheen had beaten Alicante in the Cesarewitch by speed, a point which was more than doubtful. Morion's presence in the race gave it a great interest; for if this grand colt, which, unfortunately, had been unentered for any of the great three-year-old races, could have won the Cambridgeshire under his heavy weight, in addition to his important handicap victory in the Royal Hunt Cup, he would have retired for the winter full of honours. In the same stable was Oddfellow, a lengthy bay colt by the same sire, with great substance, but rather too long in the back, and somewhat lazy in his movements, who had been reported in the spring to be about as good as Morion in private, although his subsequent public form had told a very different story. He was now to carry 7 st. 7 lbs. and to receive the enormous allowance of 20 lbs. from Morion. One pound higher in the handicap was Mr. Douglas Baird's handsome, but rather short-bodied, bay colt, Martagon, by Bend Or, who had cost 2,800 guineas as a yearling, and had almost repaid his purchase-money in stakes, mainly by means of valuable "seconds." His record of public form was not very high, with the exception of his second to Amphion for the Lancashire Plate in a rather unsatisfactory race; but he was favourably handicapped. This colt was in the same stable with Victoricus. Another candidate at the same weight was Mr. J. Hammond's beautiful, if slightly "peacocky," bay colt, Garter, by Hampton, who had been unplaced three times this year. The handicapper's opinion of this colt appeared to have scarcely changed at all since the early spring, in spite of his three hollow defeats; and it was

doubted whether he had been thoroughly trained on either of those occasions. Mr. H. F. Barclay's Galway, a powerful and big-boned, but not at all coarse, black colt, by Galliard, who had been handicapped 3 lbs. above Garter in the spring, and had, like him, been beaten three times this season, was now placed 1 lb. below him. It was said that he had been tried to be within a trifle of Surefoot. Only 4 lbs. from the bottom of the handicap was Captain Machell's good-looking colt, Belmont, who had been handicapped to give away as much weight as 23 lbs. last autumn, and had once beaten Bel Demonio at even weights. He had not run in public during the present season before the Cambridgeshire.

Mr. Arthur Coventry deserved great credit for getting the field of twenty-nine horses off, to a good start, at the second attempt. The pace was exceedingly fast from beginning to end. The first, third, and fourth favourites—Alicante, Tostig, and Victoricus—with Belmont, were in the front rank from the start, although Galway and Narrator led for a short distance. When they had run about two-thirds of the distance, Lord Hartington's Morion, who had started second favourite, was evidently tiring under his heavy weight, and was about to receive his first defeat as a three-year-old. Tostig, Victoricus, and Alicante were now leading, and the field was already widely scattered owing to the speed at which the race was being run. As they came down the hill from the Bushes Alicante went up to Tostig, who began to show symptoms of defeat, although he had hitherto appeared to be "pulling double." In the Abingdon Bottom Alicante was leading, and the second place had been taken by Belmont. As she came up the ascent, Alicante had the race completely at her mercy, and she won by two lengths, while Belmont beat Tostig by four lengths for second place. Victoricus finished only half a length behind Tostig. The Cambridgeshire was won by a filly that had been beaten for the French One Thousand, and had been unplaced for both the French Oaks and the Grand Prix de Paris In the latter race Oddfellow had been third and Alicante ninth or tenth; now, when meeting him on 7 lbs. worse terms, she won, and Oddfellow did not finish in the first dozen. With Alicante out of the way a very clever coup would have been brought off with Belmont. That, however, failed; nor did the "good thing" with Tostig quite come off. Alicante is by that most celebrated representative of Touchstone, Hermit, out of a mare representing Birdcatcher blood on Touchstone, and this again put on Birdcatcher blood. A very large sum of money must have been won from the English Ring by French backers. Independently of any winnings by M. Ephrussi, the owner of Alicante, one French backer alone is said to have won 16,000*l.* by her victory in three bets.

St. Serf's race for the Free Handicap for three-year-olds on Thursday leaves him far higher among the horses of his year than he stood when put into this handicap before the Derby, and if he has not won either of the so-called classic races, he has at least won several of a very high class and earned a good round sum in stakes. The form which he now showed, at the weights, makes it probable that there was some reason for the excuses made for him in his races for the St. Leger and the Lancashire Plate, nor can there be any doubt that in both of these races he nearly came down in a scrimmage.

In our notice of the Cesarewitch we might have said that, in addition to St. Gatien's, Robert the Devil's performance in winning that race was a better one, at weight for age, than that of Sheen. On the other hand, we did too much honour to Ténébreuse, as we referred to the original handicap for her Cesarewitch, forgetting for the moment that the weights had been raised after the acceptance, in consequence of forfeit having been declared for all the horses handicapped above 8 st. 1 lb. Sheen's victory in the Cesarewitch, however, was a very meritorious one, and it has been considerably magnified by Alicante's success in the Cambridgeshire.

EXHIBITIONS.

WE need a new word that shall describe paintings and drawings which are accurate and pleasing, and which yet cannot truthfully be called art. If this word could be invented, the first use to which we should put it would be to qualify the sketches and drawings of birds, which are produced so frequently, and so much to the satisfaction of the public, by Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A. A new set of them is now on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries at 148 New Bond Street. They are very much what we have seen before. They are approved of by naturalists, because they give exact reproductions of the external forms and colours of the birds; by philanthropists and people who subscribe to the Animal-Agony column of the *Spectator*, because they represent the poultry in sentimental and comic attitudes, and by the public generally, because they are bright and lively, and remind those who look upon them of the Zoo. We stand, in turn, with these three classes, and try to admire. We thoroughly sympathize with the real love of birds, and desire to spread that love, which the painter shows. We admit that his drawings have many popular merits, and we are just working ourselves up into a laudatory mood, when, as the poet says, "the Devil whispers behind the leaves, 'It's pretty—but is it art?'"

Mr. Marks gives himself away in a triumphant preface to the Catalogue. "Whatever doubts," he says, "I might have had as to the success of the Bird Exhibition of last year, they were entirely dispelled before it had been open a week." It is a pity to blow the trumpet so loud as this, because it is sure to take some perverse individual or other up to the large drawing of "Demoiselle Cranes" (44) or to the "Spotted Tinamous" (17), with a breast from which the element of pity has been extracted. Why be unduly merciful to a gentleman who is in Mr. Marks's condition of rapturous self-confidence? Why hesitate to point out that no artist could ever have painted these flat muddy-coloured cranes against a vague landscape background to which they stick without the smallest relief, or this study of little brown birds, drawn and painted as a child might do them? These, of course, are very bad examples of Mr. Marks's work. We take them because he seems so immensely pleased with himself. He is often, in a decorative way, quite successful. His two "Gray-breasted Parrakeets" (103) are soft and pretty. His "Pagoda Owl" (54), a flat-headed, brown, sullen fellow, is really admirable. Some of his sumptuous macaws and cockatoos are happily characterized. But we turn from the subject to the technique only to be dismayed. Mr. Marks's playful confidence in his own footing with the public has led him to perpetrate the joke of hanging among his paintings of to-day a frameful of pencil scrawls which he performed when he was a little boy (124), and he makes merry over their deficiencies. He must beware; the advance which he has achieved since then in technical handicraft is not so enormous that he can venture to emphasize the difference between now and then.

There is one work of fine art in the exhibition. Mr. Ouless's "Portrait of H. S. Marks" (125), which hangs on the western wall, is a superb example of the masculine and highly-wrought painting of a very accomplished artist. We are sorry to note that since we saw this portrait last the pigments have visibly darkened.

At the fourteenth exhibition in the Hanover Gallery, 47 New Bond Street, are to be seen some interesting specimens of Continental art. Among these, the most important is a large composition by Professor Constantin Makowsky, "The Toilet of a Russian Bride" (1), probably the only characteristic example of the work of Makowsky which has been seen in this country. It will reveal to English amateurs a very remarkable painter. Makowsky, who was born at Moscow in 1839, is regarded by some critics as being at the head of contemporary Russian art. Our readers may remember the sensation created at Paris in 1878 by his "Bachi-Bazouks" and "Carrying of the Holy Carpet to Cairo." The picture in the Hanover Gallery represents a bride of the close of the seventeenth century. Her hair is being dressed by an elderly lady in waiting, while her female friends, variously engaged, are grouped around her. This is a fine specimen of antiquarian painting, evenly and fully lighted, with much variety of expression, and great, but not exaggerated, magnificence of costume. It is now exhibited, we understand, for the first time, being on its way to Paris.

A figure-composition by Corot is rare enough to make "La Famille aux Champs" (83), which is in beautiful condition, a very interesting picture. In a characteristic soft Corot landscape is sitting a mother, in blue dress and striped dark red skirt, posed in profile to us, and holding transversely on her knees a grave infant, which gazes out of the frame. In the background a man is tying faggots. Above this Corot hangs a very fine Rosa Bonheur, "The King's Mate" (32), a study of a lioness, couched, staring at us with burning eyes of amber. This was painted in 1874, when the painter was at the height of her force. Two Courbets are very characteristic examples of that master's roughest and most savage productions in landscape. A rude "Ravine" (25) in the Jura, with a cascade at its foot and a convulsive row of snow-peaks against a sky of Courbet-blue, is more artistic than a "Lake Scene in Switzerland" (62).

We have enumerated the most striking works at the Hanover Gallery, but there are others which are worthy of attention. Those who delight in the high finish and Spanish vivacity of Domingo will be pleased to see "Shall I risk it?" (21), a fluffy red kitten venturing to pat a bee; a delicate blush-rose bud hanging out of the darkness overhead. Here is a powerful half-length of "An Arab Chief" (37), attributed to Fortuny; a pretty little highly finished scene outside a doorway, a groom holding a horse, called "Waiting" (55), by David de Sauzea; and several of the once-admired interiors and sea-scapes of Eugène Isabey. There is great vigour in "At Biarritz" (75) by Alfred Stevens; it represents a girl in the latest Parisian fashion, standing with her back to the shore, having laid her parasol on a parapet; behind her we see the whole busy life of the beach, with the blue sea beyond, and the line of the promontory that bounds the bay.

THE GLADSTONIAN'S GLADSTONE.

[They appointed another officer, who unhappily lost his life through the errors he was led into in a very cruel act in the arrest of an excellent priest, namely, Father MacFadden, upon the sham charge of murder.—*Daily News.*

They appointed another officer of the police, who unhappily lost his life in an affair relating to another very cruel act in the arrest of a priest—namely, Father M'Fadden—upon the charge of murder.—*Times.*]

AN excellent and worthy priest arrested after mass;
A brutal crowd assembled where the constables must pass;
A gang of savage ruffians, with blackthorn club in hand,
And bludgeoning by dozens the Inspector in command;

A wretched man with head and face "all weltered in his gore,"
Left dying, beaten senseless, at his reverence's door;
A venerable rhetorician owning to the fact
That all this was connected with a "very cruel act."
And problem:—To determine his remark's exact intent,
And what it was that venerable rhetorician meant.

Some deemed this problem difficult, some seemed inclined to doubt,
And some reporters scarce were sure they had found his meaning out.
Those words, "a very cruel act," occurring in a breath
With that most ghastly story of Inspector Martin's death,
Suggested, it would seem—if their report aright we read—
Some vague associations with that sanguinary deed.

But these men lack authority, their word we cannot take
For anything that venerable rhetorician spake;
To find the one correct report on which we may depend
We must consult the venerable rhetorician's friend.

And *he*—he doubteth not at all; the phrase did not confuse
The intelligent reporter of the faithful *D--ly N-ws*.
To boggle at the passage would, he thinks, denote the dunce;
He "spots" the "very cruel act" unerring, and at once;
Mixes not up the central crime wrought at the chapel-gate
With such mere casual episode as that of Martin's fate,
But knows that Mr. Gl-dst-ne meant, nor doubts it in the least,
Not the Inspector's murder, but the capture of the priest.

Then blessings on the candour of this trusty devotee,
For who should know the meaning of his god as well as he?
And, thanks to him and his report, it matters not a jot
If the construction he adopts be accurate or not.

If Mr. Gl-dst-ne *didn't* speak as he was understood,
This most obsequious follower thinks that he might and should.
If Mr. Gl-dst-ne *doesn't* mean that "cruel acts" would cease
By discontinuing arrests, not murders of police,
We know that this supporter staunch can see no reason why
His chief should not denounce the one and pass the other by.
In short, the moral portrait which such trusty henchmen limn,
If not the Grand Old Man himself, is what they see in him;
'Tis the Gladstonian's Gl-dst-ne here that into being starts;—
We thank them for the picture from the bottom of our hearts.

REVIEWS.

A BOOK ABOUT DAHOMI.*

MAJOR ELLIS has written quite a respectable number of books about Africa of varying quality. His first work, the *Land of Fetish*, was somewhat superficial in treatment, but distinctly readable, and gave one a fairly accurate impression of the mode of life led by white men in Western Africa, with some cruelly humorous remarks on the pomp and ceremony affected by certain West African governors. Encouraged by the favourable reception accorded to his first book, Major Ellis produced too rapidly a succession of volumes which had little to recommend them either as to originality of information or careful writing. He reached his lowest depth of "book-making" in *African Islands*. Since the publication of that last-named book, however, Major Ellis has gone on steadily improving in the quality and style of his writings on African subjects. His *Tshi-Speaking Peoples*, a description of the inhabitants of the Gold Coast Colony, though it was more a careful compilation founded on the work of other writers and more specialist students of African languages and anthropology than the outcome of his own independent research and first-hand observation, was still a useful book *as* a compilation, and offered, besides, some carefully-arrived-at conclusions drawn up by Major Ellis from the premisses put forward by others, it may be, but in some cases unearthed from obscure publications, and clearly set forth for the first time by Major Ellis, acting as editor. And now *The Ewe-speaking Peoples*, a book descriptive of the kingdom of Dahomi, follows on this previous study of the Gold Coast tribes, and shows a still greater improvement both in literary style and scientific observation. In fact, *The Ewe-speaking Peoples* is the first really valuable book that Major Ellis has written—a book that will be an almost necessary adjunct to the libraries of African students and politicians interested in Africa. Much of it is compilation; but the author is perfectly honest in the acknowledgment of his indebtedness to other and older writers. Major Ellis's own knowledge of the Ewe-speaking peoples is chiefly confined to what may be called British Dahomi; that is to say, that part of the Gold Coast Colony which lies to the east of the Volta river, the capital of which is Quittah (Keta). His description of the Dahomian system of religion and the animistic beliefs of the people is exceedingly interesting. Though, perhaps, not wholly adapted for "general reading," the account of the worship of the God Legba—at once the Priapus and Amor of the Dahomians—is of value to anthropologists; as are also the notes on circumcision and on the marriage ceremonies. Major Ellis further clearly shows to us the real *raison d'être* of those large "colleges" of *hetairai* which are so characteristic of the social organization of the independent heathen Negro kingdoms of West Africa. These women are not merely dissolute persons, prostituting themselves for gain; they are the "wives" of a god (especially of Dañh, the python god), and in the first instance they surrender themselves to the embraces of the priests who are the god's representatives. Afterwards, in their excessive zeal, they see their deity shining through the eyes of every comely man, and become somewhat general and indiscriminating in their amours.

That remarkable regiment (some 3,000 strong) of fighting women whom we call Amazons, and who are so peculiarly distinctive of the Dahomian army, receives full illustration at Major Ellis's hands, and his information on this subject is comprehensive and correct. This female corps, which forms perhaps the most formidable section of the Dahomian army, "was raised about the year 1729, when a body of women who had been armed and furnished with banners, merely as a stratagem to make the attacking force seem larger, behaved with such unexpected gallantry as to lead to a permanent corps of women being embodied. Up to the reign of Gezo, who came to the 'stool' in 1818, the Amazon force was composed chiefly of criminals—that is, criminals in the Dahomi sense of the word. Wives detected in adultery and termagants and scolds were drafted into its ranks; and the great majority of the women given to the King by the provincial chiefs—that is, sent to him as being worthy of death for misdemeanours or crimes, were, instead of being sacrificed at the 'annual custom,' made women soldiers."

The Amazons are known in Dahomi by the title of "The King's Wives" and "Our Mothers." Their status is actually that of wives to the King, and any infidelity on their part to their royal husband is punished by a most terrible death if discovered, even though they may be only "wives in name." They find this enforced celibacy hard to bear, and, in spite of the hideous fate which awaits them on discovery, they frequently indulge in intrigues. Nevertheless their severe military training and the orgies to which they are addicted have done much to unsex them, and one can almost see in this experiment a commencement of some special "neuter" class of working, fighting females like the working, fighting neuters among the ants and bees, in whom the sexual instinct lies dormant and undeveloped.

Major Ellis brings out well the dreary conditions of existence that afflict almost all independent, uncontrolled negro communities. He leads one to realize that the black man's worst foe is the black man. Bad as are the Arabs, once their preliminary slaughter is over, they settle down to something like organized security for life and property; they do not look upon continual bloodshedding as a religious function to be constantly and regularly repeated. In Dahomi and most other kingdoms which are independent of Arab or European control human sacrifice is regarded as a necessary, right, and proper institution, an article of religion, in short, to be scrupulously observed. In reckless, ghastly bloodshed, in the grinding tyranny of an absolute monarch and an unscrupulous priesthood, Dahomi puts all other known negro States in the shade. It is very desirable that this scandal to humanity should be brought to an end, which can only be done by an expedition like the Ashanti war, and the shattering of the kingly power in Dahomi; but the question arises, Who is to do it? France seemed likely to take up the invidious task the other day; but, fearing to find in it another Tonkin, she wisely contented herself by exacting from the King of Dahomi a recognition of her protectorate over the tiny State of Porto Novo. Dahomi therefore remains an independent "unprotected" State, though its seaboard is divided into narrow strips of French and German territory, and it has but a tiny bit of independent coastline at Whydah, where, moreover, there is a small Portuguese port. On the north and east, British dominions or spheres of influence abut on Dahomi, and we should view with some apprehension a seizure of that wicked little kingdom by one of our European rivals, because it would threaten our continuity of influence between our great Niger protectorate and our rich Gold Coast Colony. The Mohammedan tribes at the back of Dahomi have, however, concluded treaties with the Royal Niger Company, and it is to be supposed that our interests in this "Hinterland" are fairly protected, even if Dahomi some day meets with the punishment it richly deserves. All these and other questions are suggested, illustrated, or answered in the valuable and timely book which Major Ellis has written.

* *The Ewe-Speaking Peoples of the West Coast of Africa.* By Major A. B. Ellis. 1 vol. London: Chapman & Hall.

NOVELS.*

THE reading of many novels is rendered laborious by the number of characters which have to be remembered and

* *Sons and Daughters.* A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

Mount Eden. A Romance. By Florence Marryat. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Two Masters. A Novel. By B. M. Croker. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Sliding Sands. By Henry Cresswell. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Lover or Friend? By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

A Marked Man: some Episodes in his Life. By Ada Cambridge. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

kept distinct in the mind; it is therefore a relief to take up Mrs. Oliphant's *Sons and Daughters*, and to find that only four are offered for our consideration. They are encased in one volume of modest size, and they consist of two fathers and their only children, a son and a daughter. The parents take one view and the children another. Hence this story. One of its leading questions relates to a point of honour connected with trade and bankruptcy. The author's code is a very high one; yet she appears to us to make her heroine sail a little near the wind when she secretly pays her own private fortune of 10,000*l.* to her lover's banking account, in order that he may fulfil a stipulation made by her very kind and indulgent father, that he must settle that amount upon her if he wishes to marry her. The hero, though scrupulous to the last degree, was an ass. His father was a merchant, and it was his parent's wish that, after he had spent some years at Eton and Oxford, and made a tour of a few months in America, he should "step at once into his place in the business." We should have thought this proceeding a little hurried; but no matter. The dutiful son, however, refused to go into his father's business on any conditions; he was much too high-principled for merchandise, and he thought it a very wicked act to buy in a cheap market and sell in a dear one. Nevertheless his father sent this unbusinesslike youth to look after his estate in the West Indies, which was in confusion, and out of this confusion he extricated it with consummate tact and skill. In the meantime the father's firm suspended payment. We do not fully understand why the father's West Indian estate escaped ranking as an asset, on the plea that it was "personal property." Moreover, a landed estate is not personal property at all, but real property. His own father having failed, the lucky fool has the offer of a place in his intended father-in-law's house of business. This also he refuses; but at last he agrees to take it under protest. Finally, he escapes even this good offer. If we had been writing *Sons and Daughters*, we should not have allowed such an ungrateful donkey to be happy for ever afterwards. It is needless to say that a novel by Mrs. Oliphant is more or less well written. But what, may we ask, has the *St. James's Gazette* done to offend her that she should go out of her way to write about the "soothing articles on nothing in particular with which that journal abounds"? Is this a case of the reviewed turning reviewer?

Mount Eden is another novel about a merchant and business matters; but it is a bank that breaks in this instance. If real houses of business were as unstable as those of fiction, there would be a perpetual panic in the money-market. Here, again, we have a novel with the rare merit of not being unnecessarily spun out. It has a very fairly contrived plot, which rather gains than loses through no attempt being made to conceal its issue from the reader, who is evidently intended to recognize the missing heir at first sight. The chief excitement of the book consists in the anticipation of the moment at which the heroine will discover his identity. The very perfect hero behaved abominably to his father in allowing him to believe him to be drowned. He sinned again, in our opinion, in proposing to the heroine when she went all alone to his solitary cottage for advice at night. When at last the heroine is informed that the hero is the missing heir, the news is sprung upon her at dinner, of all uncomfortable, unwholesome, and inconvenient times. The villain—one of whose offences, by the way, was that he "overheated" his cousin's horses—is rewarded with an annuity of 500*l.* a year for forging and stealing and making himself generally disagreeable. The heroine, a young lady who never dresses for dinner, and owns a beautiful place and a property worth 15,000*l.* a year, is perfectly aware of the rascality of this miscreant; yet she allows her dearest friend to marry him without a word of warning. This stupid act is not unskilfully brought about by the author, as she makes her heroine consult a man friend, put the case awkwardly before him, and then misunderstand his advice. This, at least, is natural enough. In many other parts of the book the author shows considerable knowledge of human nature, with not a little originality.

The "two masters" whom the heroine tried to serve in the novel bearing that name were her father and her husband. The master whom she served best was the former, and as he was half crazy, she got into considerable trouble with the latter by so doing. The very varied characters introduced into this book are described with some power, and if the work never rises to anything better than a very fair light novel, it never falls below that familiar standard. The incident in which the heroine, when dressed in full bridal costume to be married to an old man with 40,000*l.* a year whom she hates, changes her clothes and bolts, while her maid leaves her, as she supposes, for a little private devotion, is brisk, pleasant, and bright. The description of the country home of an impoverished Irish landlord is excellent, and that of the efforts of the children to keep their invalid mother in ignorance of the disasters which have befallen the family, by keeping the rooms in which she is confined as nice as ever, and stinting themselves to supply her with luxuries, is very touching. The poor invalid even complains to a newcomer that her daughters "actually prefer those shabby old clothes to new ones," and declares that she is "tired of talking to them about new frocks." In a novel containing a murder, a suicide, a lunatic, and several detective policemen, there is quite enough that is beyond the limits of ordinary life without introducing a violent mad-dog incident unnecessarily. There is a good deal of spirit in a chapter entitled "The Worm Turns," but we doubt whether an overbearing sister-in-law would have yielded so submissively in real life; nor does it seem clear to us that a wife, believed by her husband to be unfaithful, and left by him, during his absence on foreign service, as a sort of prisoner in the charge of his mother, would have the right suddenly to assume the reins of household government, claim the keys, and order everybody about as mistress of the establishment. We venture to doubt, too, whether the detective had such "a beautiful case" against the murderer as the author appears to think. The finding of a broken sleeve-link belonging to him on the spot where the murder was committed would not necessarily convict him; for it was admitted that he had gone to the place not long afterwards nominally with the object of searching for evidence against another person, and it might have been that it was on the latter occasion that he lost part of his sleeve-link. Then can any one, who knows anything of detectives, believe that, on arresting the murderer in his sitting-room in Paris, they would allow him to go alone into the room adjoining and stay there for five minutes. There are many lively conversations and good scenes in the course of the three volumes, but they are joined together by a needless chain of small details, which occasionally becomes wearisome. Emotional readers, again, might object that the temperature of the heroine's love for her husband is, at its highest, far from tropical. There are many worse faults in a book than careless correction of proofs; yet a succession of misprints is wearying. "Hit own" for his own, "you uncle" for your uncle, "I hope yon are coming" for I hope you are coming, and "expensive" for expansive disfigure an author's pages and irritate his readers.

The principal character in *Sliding Sands* is not the hero, but the fool, if the author will forgive us for thus describing him. This fool was a clever young man with ascetic features, which "offered a type of almost ideal, pensive intellectuality," and he had "restlessly-scintillating eyes." The earlier chapters of the novel are devoted to getting this creature married to a girl whom he does not love, and in love with a girl whom he obviously cannot marry. Eventually the fool is disposed of, and the hero, who has appeared occasionally in the course of the story, marries the object of the fool's affections. Both hero and fool are on the staff of a provincial newspaper, and the heroine is a contributor to it. Most of the characters in the book are connected with this provincial daily, and the possibilities of romance afforded by local journalism appear to have been the leading idea on which Mr. Henry Cresswell founded his story. The best-drawn character is that of the paralysed old editor, whose paper stands to him in the place of wife and child. His kindness to young authors and his care never to allow their productions to appear in his own columns until they have been well tried in those of other editors are decidedly amusing. Then there is a novelist and journalist who thoroughly understands the art of advertising himself. He turned everything to good account. When it was necessary that he should undergo an operation, he dictated a few lines of a serial story while waiting for the surgeons, arranging that the editor should add a note giving information of that fact, and observing that when the public would read them he would "be hanging between life and death." After his wife had met with a fatal accident he built a cenotaph upon the spot, bearing in the inscription a list of the books written by her sorrowing husband. In the heroine it is possible to trace a certain relationship to *A Modern Greek Heroine*, and, of the pair, perhaps the latter was the strongest character, in a literary sense. There are certain words and expressions in the book which are not to our taste. For instance, "Hebetude" and "watchet eyes" might, we think, have given place to more familiar terms. Then "cannot attract attention anyhow else," "reflecting upon Mr. Forman's behaviour to his staff distinctly ill-naturedly," "arrangements made yesterday between the late Mr. Forman and me," and "signed yesterday by the late Mr. Forman and me," sound somewhat awkward, although they may not actually violate the rules of grammar. We are not very fond, again, of a Frenchified use of the word "but," such as "But I am enchanted to accept"; "Oh, but do you know this is very amusing"; and "'But certainly,' answered Mr. Green." It is a pity that this novel, which has many merits, has been so heavily padded.

From the romance of a newspaper office we pass to the romance of a schoolmaster's house. *Lover or Friend?* consists of 943 pages of dreary chatter and uninteresting detail. Yet we should like to say something favourable of this inoffensive book. It is tolerably "natural"; it has a pretty cover, and—yes, we may say conscientiously that there is nothing in it that would raise a blush to the cheek, &c. &c. The characters, as a rule, talk very nicely and precisely. "I wonder if he be" is most correct. "Was it my clothes or me?" does not sound quite so good. Of course somebody says "Cela va sans dire," and when a guest is late for dinner, instead of naughty words being muttered, elegant regrets are expressed that he should "commit such a solecism." The great length of this novel and the many long hours that we have spent in reading it incline us, by way of a pleasing contrast, to make our review of it as short as possible.

The great gospel preached in *A Marked Man* is that nobody ought to be a clergyman. Early in the story "a fiery-souled and frail-bodied young deacon," having come "to the conclusion, after a hard struggle, that it would be wrong for him to become a priest," shook himself free from his clerical frock. The hero himself, in spite of the commands of his father, the prayers of his mother, and the if-you-won't-do-it-you-don't-love-me argument of his young wife, refused to have aught to do with the accursed thing, and the piece of perfection, who eventually

married his daughter, "had been a clergyman, little as he looked like it"; but "a fine intellectual rectitude, the habit of a mind trained to precision of thought, withstood the degenerating process to which it was subjected, and carried him by the straight road of honour out of the false position into which family influence and youthful inexperience had led him." "The artificial skin fastened on him by the Church when he was young and undeveloped" had become "too tight," and he "expanded beyond the limits within which it could bind him without splitting, like the shell of a chrysalis in spring." We are told that more parsons have uncomfortably tight skins than is generally supposed; for "the inadequacies of that inelastic integument to the growing soul that inhales the outer air in spite of it must be felt by a great number who carefully conceal them." The author's strongest point is description, an art in which she often shows skill of a high order. It is in her plot that she is weakest. She marries her hero twice and his daughter once; she kills his two wives; she kills him—and that is all! At no part of the book does the reader feel the least anxiety as to how it will end. It is a sort of double-barrelled novel. At the end of the first half there is an interval of twenty-five years. During the first half of the story the scene is laid in England, and during the second in Australia. The hero's delight at the death of his first wife is quite pathetic. "I *am* glad," he says, "I am, I am! I am glad as a man who has been kept in prison is glad to be let out." His daughter has "views" about marriage. She submits to the ceremony in her own case, but is "convinced that the marriage system is altogether a mistake—an anachronism, a clumsy contrivance for keeping society together that we ought to have improved upon long ago." Her intended husband—the ex-clergyman—admits that there is much force in all this; but he does not think the times are quite ripe for the entire abolition of the rite. Her father dies at the end of the third volume, avowing that he cannot "see any glimpse—any hope at all—of anything to come after"; and when she reminds him, as he is sinking, of "Arnold's paper in the *Fortnightly*," and suggests that, although "no one can tell," it is just possible that there may be some sort of hereafter in which he may meet his second and much-beloved wife, he replies "in a groaning whisper" that, much as he should like to have her restored to him in the flesh, she would present no attractions to him in the form of "an angel or a spirit." Shortly afterwards "the life that had so ill satisfied him was at an end," and so also is the novel.

BOOKBINDING.*

SEVERAL costly and copiously illustrated books on bookbinding have lately been published for amateurs. The second edition of Mr. Zaehnsdorf's work, enlarged, is not of this class, but one in a series of technological handbooks. The author addresses the producer, not the consumer; he gives practical directions, and prints of machines; he deals not at all, or very little, in anecdote, and consequently his book is more useful to the workman than interesting to the book-collector. No book will make an artist; but, taken in company with practice and teaching, Mr. Zaehnsdorf's treatise is, no doubt, useful enough. His brief sketch of the history of binding is as slight as possible, and devoid of precise dates. Inaccuracy is carried to the pitch of promising an illustration of Derome, and then giving, as Le Gascon's, a binding of the *Troupe de Voltaire*, by no means written while Le Gascon was alive to bind it. As to the details of work, they can only be criticized by experts. We are glad to see that Mr. Zaehnsdorf's tastes are in favour of handwork, as opposed to machinery, and that he protests against sewing good books with wire—a hideous outrage. The author quotes a piteous protest from the *Athenæum* against those who crop a volume's honest dimensions, and says that he has hung it up, printed large, in his shop, "as a constant caution and instruction to the workmen." For decoration Mr. Zaehnsdorf prefers Le Gascon, maintaining that he "brought bookbinding to its highest point of richness and finish." Among his technical directions the quaintest is, "Take up one of the pieces of gold upon a large pad of cotton wool, previously greased slightly by drawing it over the head." Very great practice, as well as natural taste and accuracy, is needed in tooling, and to ascertain the exact degree of heat needed in the tools can be acquired only by long experience. We learn that books are seldom *doubles* now, amateurs preferring ornament outside. On the other hand, old examples of this method are valued at exorbitant, and even absurd, prices. There is some interest in the description of making leather mosaics or inlaid works, and Mr. Zaehnsdorf says that seven months were expended on a book decorated in this manner by his house. He remarks that "the art of binding in vellum seems to be entirely lost at the present day," and seemingly considers it *vile damnum*. "Its imperishable nature is its only recommendation." He admits that a first-rate workman must be born a bookbinder, and does not stop to wrangle with pedants who maintain that binders are now even more scarce than poets in France and England. Unlike Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Zaehnsdorf does not candidly criticize his rivals and contemporaries. He is right; and yet the world (which lacks good taste) would have enjoyed a few strictures on Mr. Sanderson and M. Lortic. The chapters on washing and cleaning books will interest even amateurs who set their faces against all *lavage*. A cleaned book is often a ruined book. The wise wait for a copy in better condition. "Unfortunately, very little is known among bookbinders as a body about cleaning." They are not very satisfactory folk to deal with always. Mr. Zaehnsdorf might warn them against throwing away old fly-leaves with the autographs of famous old owners. Here follow two brief anecdotes of binders, or rather of the same binder, in the style of Hierocles:—

I.

An amateur having taken Furetière's *Roman Bourgeois* to a binder in the October of one year, found it in the October of the following year lying untouched on the very table where he had laid it down.

II.

A binder having bound Grimarest's *Vie de Molière* in red morocco, in a short time the back turned white and tore across from top to bottom.

III.

A binder having received a volume to bind, lost it.

Possibly the stuff for cleaning the leaves was in this case accidentally applied to the leather. One valuable piece of information Mr. Zaehnsdorf gives:—turpentine in the binder's paste is sovran against bookworms. The little work has a capital glossary and index, and the illustrations are neatly and cleanly done. The error, already noted, about Derome and Le Gascon, is probably due in part to a misplacing of two plates.

* *Bookbinding.* By J. L. Zaehnsdorf. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.

THE SHORTER POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES.*

FROM time to time admirers of Mr. Robert Bridges's very distinct and charming verse have put forth plaints that its value is not sufficiently recognized by the general public. The general public rarely takes any notice of such plaints. But if it did, it might retaliate with some force that it has been anything but easy for any one to acquaint himself with Mr. Bridges's work, especially with those shorter poems which, as we hold with Edgar Poe (and without his possible prepossession in the matter), always contain the best poetry. Two of the "books" into which this little volume is divided are avowedly made up of poems originally printed on two different occasions in pamphlet form; and to print in pamphlet form is to court the embraces of oblivion. Others come from a volume which has, we think, been long out of print, and which, as Mr. Bridges's own phrase of "my final selection from" it frankly enough hints, contained some immature work. Others, and some of the best, have never been printed at all; yet others have been only privately printed. To very few persons, we think, will the larger part of this volume—which, though it only contains some hundred pages, is closely, but very elegantly, printed—be familiar. For this coyness of his we do not altogether praise Mr. Bridges. In comparison with the disgusting self-advertisement too common in the present day, it is an undoubted virtue, and even the vicious side of it is a not ignoble infirmity; but the crime of the bird who can sing, and deliberately sings in the wilderness, approximates to the crime of the bird who can sing and won't. However, it is but ill graced to reprove Mr. Bridges at the moment when he has made amends.

As is fitting in the case of a writer whose work is so little known, we propose rather to quote than to discuss in this review, a proceeding the more to be preferred because Mr. Bridges's poetical characteristics require no very large expense of critical prælection. Though an extremely scholarly, he is at his best (as most men are at their best) a very simple, writer. He once indulged himself in experiments in a "New Prosody," which we do not think a success, and of which we are not sorry to find that he has not reprinted many examples here (the original "pamphlet," alas! reposes in some doubtless perfectly safe but undiscoverable nook, and we cannot find it for comparison). Sometimes, though rarely, he further indulges in unnecessarily exotic words. We do not ourselves like "nenuphars" and "myosote" in English verse, and we think "spathe" might be left to the scientific man; but blemishes of this kind are exceedingly rare and of little importance. Beyond legitimate poetic transposition of words, there is absolutely no element of obscurity in Mr. Bridges's style, as shown here. Further, he is quite free from the curse which weighs on so much contemporary verse, the curse of trying to be fashionably "thoughtful." His verse is, indeed, as full of thought as it is accomplished in form and melodious in sound; but it abides by the principal things, and does not busy itself with the things that are not principal. And thus it is that its author can write like this:—

Thou didst delight my eyes:
  Yet who am I? Nor first,
  Nor last, nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize;
  Nor this the only time
  Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight mine ear:
  Ah! little praise; thy voice
  Makes other hearts rejoice,
Makes all ears glad that hear;
  And short my joy: but yet,
  O song, do not forget.

* *The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges.* London: George Bell & Sons. 1890.

For what wert thou to me?
How shall I say? The moon,
That poured her midnight noon
Upon his wrecking sea;
A sail that for a day
Has cheered the castaway.

Here the anticipation of "castaway" in "his" is perhaps rather Greek than English, and a little forced; but otherwise the piece is distinctly in the great manner, perfectly simple in language, admirable in harmony, rich and not too profuse in pictorial suggestion, complete in thought. It strikes one of Mr. Bridges's highest notes, a note which, though never merely imitative, suggests the poets of the middle seventeenth century. Here is another and sufficiently different piece:—

The cliff-top has a carpet
Of lilac, gold and green,
The blue sky bounds the ocean,
The white clouds scud between.

A flock of gulls are wheeling
And wailing round my seat;
Above my head the heaven,
The sea beneath my feet.

That is, no doubt, in a lower kind—a kind more artificial, so to speak, more deliberate, less determined by poetic emotion, and more limited to the *poesis* which is simply *ut pictura*. It may need, too, a little attention to perceive how completely it attains its own end—that of rendering the scene with only a suggestion of subjective feeling. But it does this, and so is admirable as art. Still we should never compare verse of such a kind to the other, whereof here is a fresh and again delightful example:—

Love on my heart from heaven fell
Soft as the dew on flowers of spring,
Sweet as the hidden drops that swell
Their honey-throated chalicing.

Now never from him do I part,
Hosanna ever more I cry:
I taste his savour in my heart
And bid all praise him as do I.

Without him nought soever is,
Nor was afore, nor e'er shall be:
Nor any other joy than his
Wish I for mine to comfort me.

Nobody who has an ear (an appendage less universally attached to the human head than might be thought from appearances) can fail to appreciate the music of this, which sets in one continuous swell. Even "chalicing," which in some moods some might call "affectations," is justified by the fact that it gives the right sound at the right moment, as well as conveys the intended image in the right place and way.

Two longer poems of singular beauty—"I will not let thee go" (which is as a song not too far below the famous sonnet which they say Drayton wrote, while some are certain that it can be only Shakspeare's, "Since there's no help, come let us kiss, and part"), and "Long are the hours the sun is above" (a piece rather different in manner from most of Mr. Bridges's, but very beautiful)—deserve particular attention, but from their length can hardly find admission here; and the same reason must exclude divers pieces on the Thames. That river from the "dear city of youth and dream"—a phrase not to be forgotten—downwards past another home of still earlier youth, and perhaps still more hopeful dreaming, seems to have had a large share of the poet's affection. As we turn over the pages again, there are twenty things that we should like to quote:—the yellow sea poppy who

Is fed with spray for dew and caught
By every gale that sweeps the sea;

who

Has no lovers like the red
That dances with the noble corn;

the fine elegy, more directly in the school of the seventeenth century than any other—

Assemble, all ye maidens, at the door;

the charming triolet, better known than anything else of Mr. Bridges's, from its appearance in anthologies—

When first we met we did not guess
That love would prove so hard a master;

"There is a hill beside the silver Thames," one of the river pieces above noted, in which the author comes close, though with curious differences, to Mr. Matthew Arnold; the song "My bed and pillow are cold," and others. But one more we must give in full:—

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents—
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Fear not an empty tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast, now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Here, as in some other poems, Mr. Bridges, following great examples, ends, it will be seen, with a diminuendo rather than a crash, as some use and others like. But here and elsewhere his verses are choicely good, and sure begetters of delight in the fit reader.

STATE PAPERS, IRELAND.*

IN this volume, which extends from October 1592 to June 1596, we have the records of the period immediately preceding the outbreak of Tyrone's rebellion. Philip II. was determined to revenge himself on Elizabeth by raising up trouble in Ireland, and many of the Irish chiefs were eager to forward his designs; for, besides having each his own ends to serve, they believed that their religion was endangered by the increase of Elizabeth's power, and listened willingly to the Roman Catholic clergy whom Philip employed to excite them to rebellion. In January 1593 Bishop McGawran, titular primate of Ireland, and six other bishops met Hugh Roe O'Donnell "in great council," and assured him that Spanish armies were about to land both in England and Ireland, and that they had decided that he was the "most fittest" to be general in Ireland. McGawran also produced a Papal warrant for Brian Oge O'Rourke to succeed to the possessions of his late father, Sir Brian. After the meeting he went off to Maguire's country, and excited him to invade Connaught. Six months later he was slain in the Maghery with seven or eight of the Maguires. Meanwhile Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, complained bitterly that he was unjustly suspected of disloyalty by the Lord Deputy and the Council, and offered to bring Maguire to them to make submission on terms. Maguire, however, continued the war; and, though there can be no doubt that he had been urged on by Tyrone, the Earl found himself forced to take part against him in order to avoid being involved in open rebellion, for which he was not yet prepared. He, therefore, marched with Bagenall, the Marshal, against Maguire, and defeated him at Belleek on the Erne. The Earl, who was slightly wounded in the engagement, considered that his conduct in this affair ought to be taken as a decisive testimony of his loyalty. As, however, the Lord Deputy had full information concerning certain secret meetings between the Earl, Maguire, and O'Donnell, he warned Burghley not to trust him, and Sir Geoffrey Fenton pointed out to the English Council that the only way to "extirpate Maguire" and prevent all designs of foreign invasion would be to draw the Earl into England; for his absence would insure the good behaviour of "all the staggering potentates in Ulster" (p. 193). Fitzwilliams, as Mr. Hamilton remarks in his preface, not only knew Tyrone thoroughly, but also worked in complete accord with his English colleagues, so that the Earl was confronted by a united authority. Unfortunately Sir William Russell, who succeeded him in the spring of 1594, was jealous and overbearing, and quarrels arose between some of the Queen's chief officers at a time when union was specially needful. In August O'Donnell and Maguire, with the help of a large body of Scots, besieged Enniskillen, O'Donnell declaring that he would not leave the siege "until he had eaten the last cow in his country." Sir Henry Duke and Sir Edward Herbert attempted to relieve the place, but were defeated with great loss, and wrote that they were thankful that any of their men escaped alive. Their defeat "made the traitors very insolent and proud." On hearing the news Tyrone went to Dublin of his own accord, and "without standing on any terms for his security," offered his service to the Council, promising that he would shortly send his eldest son to remain in Dublin for his education. In spite of his protestations, however, Sir Richard Bingham was convinced that the Earl had himself contrived the siege of Enniskillen.

In the summer of 1595 Tyrone's "staggering course" ended in open rebellion. In June the Burkes murdered their captain, George Bingham, "as he sat writing in his chamber in Sligo Castle," and made themselves masters of the place. A few days later Tyrone gathered his forces, "cut three months' victuals," and destroyed Armagh, leaving only the cathedral standing. He received a letter from the titular Bishop of Killaloe promising him immediate help from Philip of Spain, and on the death of Tirlough Lynagh O'Neill assumed the style of "The O'Neill," which was in itself a defiance to the English Government. The Lord Deputy defeated him and his allies, Maguire and O'Donnell, in the "Moyerie," near Armagh, the Earl and O'Donnell running away at the head of their troops, and about a fortnight later the rebels were again routed in the Newry. Nevertheless the war was not carried on with adequate vigour. Elizabeth could not bear demands for money, and her captains in Ireland were crippled by her un-

* *Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland, of the Reign of Elizabeth* 1592, *October*—1596, *June*. Preserved in the Public Record Office. Edited by Hans Claude Hamilton, Esq., F.S.A., late an Assistant Record Keeper. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890.

willingness to send them supplies. But little progress could be made even with the most necessary works of fortification, and the soldiers were ill provided with clothes and food. Even the troops which came from England were a ragged lot. "In the two companies last sent over," Sir John Norreys wrote, from the camp in the Newry, "there are not twenty men like to prove soldiers, the rest are poor old ploughmen and rogues." Tyrone made repeated offers to come in on his own terms, professing a desire for the Royal pardon, while at the same time he assured the King of Spain that, if he would send him aid, "religion and the Kingdom of Ireland would flourish." "Heretics," he said, "shall fail in Ireland within a year, like smoke in presence of the fire" (p. 406). At the risk of incurring her displeasure, Elizabeth's officers told her plainly what the Earl's projects were; he could not be content with less than absolute power as the "Prince of Ulster"; he and his allies demanded first of all freedom of religion, they were not really anxious for peace, they only wanted to gain time, and unless they saw that the Queen would "proceed roundly with a war" there was danger that all "would to wrack." Elizabeth, however, was set on a pacification. Burghley told the English captains "how much she misliked the excessive greatness of her charge"; the very name of Ireland "sounded harshly" to her, and she was displeased when he laid before her their requests for supplies. She would not see that the most economical course open to her was at once to spend any sum, however large, that might be needed in order to crush Tyrone and his allies beyond hope of recovery. Matters dragged on in a miserable fashion; the Earl made numerous truces or "cessations" to enable him to receive help from Spain, and the English officers quarrelled amongst themselves, and received repeated rebukes for not bringing the rebellion to an end without making so many demands on the Queen's purse. Charges were laid before the English Council against Sir Richard Bingham either by the "rebels of Connaught," or, as he believed, "by factious persons about the State" acting in their name. He begged the Queen not to appoint Norreys and Fenton to inquire into his conduct, asserting that Norreys was trying to have his brother made governor of Connaught in his place, and that Fenton had long been his personal enemy. Norreys wrote home that Sir William Russell and the Irish Council were scandalously addicted to bribery and the selling of offices, and that he could no longer bear "the disgraces openly put upon him by the Lord Deputy," or "the dealing used in matters of justice." On May 25, 1596, Elizabeth ordered that Tyrone was to receive his pardon. About the same time Russell wrote to Sir Robert Cecil, declaring that the Earl "seeketh nothing but to win time, and hath been promised help from Spain." Rumours were rife as to the landing of Spanish forces, and Ireland was "fast drifting into the great rebellion known as Tyrone's." Mr. Hamilton's preface, from which we quote these words, will be found of some service as a guide to the contents of these papers. We do not, however, like his plan of devoting several pages to the papers given in a previous volume, and less space than need be to those immediately before him. His abstracts are well written, and though he is perhaps inclined to err on the side of abundance, the letters which he has printed at full, or nearly full length, are judiciously selected.

THE METHODS OF PUBLISHING.*

THE amusing and instructive correspondence recently conducted in the *Times* with so much vigour and acrimony makes the appearance of this volume peculiarly opportune. The fictitious curiosity aroused by the publication of the private business dealings between a pet cleric and a prominent firm of publishers may even gain Mr. Sprigge a circle of readers beyond the comparatively small class to whom he directly appeals. No book of the kind of any value has been published since the late Mr. James Spedding, now many years ago, issued a short essay or pamphlet on the half-profit system. That system, which he therein exposed with so much moderation and good sense, has now fallen into general disfavour; and a manual of wider scope, intelligibly arranged and clearly written, should be invaluable to persons engaged in the production of books of whatever kind. Mr. Sprigge's treatise possesses these qualifications, and it has the further merit of being eminently readable. This last quality will be appreciated by readers who have to go to the book for information; but the work mainly deserves to succeed on account of the skill and care which characterize its arrangement. Having paid this tribute to the excellence of Mr. Sprigge's general conception of what kind of book was wanted, and to the manner in which he has carried out his conception, we propose to point out where he appears to us to be mistaken in his general conclusions. It must be borne in mind that this book is stamped with the *imprimatur* of the Society of Authors; it is, therefore, permissible to suppose that the information and advice it contains represent the collective knowledge and wisdom of the Chairman and Committee of the Society, and that Mr. Sprigge speaks at their instance and more or less at their direction. Many authors, reading the prospectus of the Society, must have been struck by the statement that one of its aims and objects is to "define Literary Property." Speaking of literary property, then, in a note to the preface on page (i), Mr. Sprigge says:—"Its existence has been denied, on the ground that all ideas are free, so that no one can claim a monopoly in them. The assertion appears to have been made in all gravity." We do not know who the wiseacre was who denied the existence of literary property; but when he said that ideas were free—that is, ideas that have been published in the form of writing or as a lecture—he was quite right, and we here repeat the assertion "in all gravity." The law of copyright does not protect the idea, but the form in which the idea is published; and therein it differs from the law protecting the infringement of patents, which seems to aim at something of the kind. It is absurd to compare property in a published book to property in a gold-mine, or to a bank-note. It would be just about as foolish to say that the knowledge and skill of the physician or surgeon belonged to either in the same sense as the fee which he receives for applying his knowledge. After this it does not seem at all wonderful that the Society should be anxious to define literary property.

But when Mr. Sprigge comes to the question of publishing he is on much surer ground. In regard to the mass of fiction which appears every year, and which is paid for by its authors, he makes the cheering announcement that it "results in no profit whatever, except to the publishers, who *rightly*" (the italics are our own) "take care not to lose by such transactions," and he wisely declines to consider other than saleable fiction. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, whenever Mr. Sprigge is drawing any general conclusion on the publishing question, "saleable fiction" occupies his mind to the exclusion of every other kind of book. This will help to explain the wide difference of opinion which exists between the Society of Authors on the one hand and many respectable publishers on the other. Mr. Besant is never tired of reiterating the maxim "There is no risk in publishing a book." This is true enough in regard to a work of fiction even by an unknown writer, provided always that it bears the stamp of one of the great publishing firms on the title-page. There is no class of book which can be so easily judged, whether in regard to its literary merit or its chances of popular success. The mere fact that such a book is issued by a firm which is known to employ competent readers will ensure the sale of a sufficient number of copies to the libraries to pay for the production of the work. In proof of this contention we may instance the advertised book-lists of the newer publishing firms who cannot command a sale at the libraries. These will be found to contain comparatively few works of fiction, and those few are not of the kind which would, in any case, be seen in Mudie's List. We believe that in the publication of almost all books, other than the fiction which is saleable at the libraries, there must be some risk; but even if there is not, it is difficult to see why the Society of Authors should concern themselves so much about the matter. Except in the case of books published on commission, the publisher is never either an agent or partner of the author. In one case the publisher buys the book outright, when he pays or ought to pay the author such a sum as will represent the present value of the amount that would be paid under the half-profit, or royalty, or any other system. When the writer is well known this sum can be determined with some approach to accuracy. However that may be, the publisher is in the position of a tradesman buying goods from, let us say, a manufacturer. And if, on the other hand, the publisher takes the book on the half-profit or royalty system he may be said to be in the position of a manufacturer who has acquired the sole right of manufacturing something patented. The real grievance under which authors labour, now that the half-profit has been so widely abandoned, is the difficulty or impossibility of checking a publisher's sale and stock account.

An ingenious person once suggested to us that this might be met in some degree by swearing in all publishers and printers in the same way in which brokers are sworn. If this were done, a publisher who rendered a false account could be prosecuted for a criminal offence. But, as the law now stands, an author does not find it worth while to proceed against a dishonest publisher with no money and less repute. What, however, we wish to insist on is that a publisher who embarks his capital and uses his skill and judgment in making or maintaining a business has a right to the same profits as any other tradesman. Whether there is risk in a book or not, it is the money or the credit of the publisher which is employed in its production, and no Society of Authors will ever make publishers lend either one or the other on terms unremunerative to themselves. We recommend the Society of Authors to strive after increased and progressive royalties and improved means of recovering them, and to abandon the attempt, promised in Mr. Sprigge's volume, to find an ideal system of publishing. In its search for this ideal system the Society is unconsciously adopting the faith of Buddha and looking forward to annihilation. In conclusion, a word of praise must be said of the careful manner in which the estimates have been compiled. The allowance for advertisements seems to us rather small, but a very wide difference of opinion exists on this point even among good publishers. It must be borne in mind that some publishers of repute have been known to advertise with a prodigality that exhausted all profits—a most unpardonable, ignorant, and foolish proceeding.

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* *The Methods of Publishing.* By S. Squire Sprigge. London: published for the Society of Authors by Henry Glaisher. 1890.

KOVALEVSKY ON EARLY INSTITUTIONS.*

(Second Notice.)

WE shall now go on to the latter part of Mr. Kovalevsky's Stockholm lectures, which deals with the growth of individual rights and individual property within the patriarchal joint family, the subjection of property in land to communal regulation, and its emancipation in modern times. One point made by Mr. Kovalevsky is, in our opinion, of the first importance. Whether it is actually new or not Mr. Kovalevsky has made it his own by connecting it with existing facts of Slavonic society which are within his peculiar competence, and have in part been observed and collected by himself. This point is that the Indo-European village community is not anterior to the joint family, but on the contrary has been developed from it. And it seems to us that, if this be made good, important consequences may ensue for the comparative history of Romanic and Germanic law. We know that in Roman law there are abundant vestiges o the patriarchal family, "joint in food, worship, and estate," which is still the foundation of the Hindu law of property administered by our Courts in India. For this it is enough to call to mind the name and nature of *sui heredes*, who even in the Roman authorities of the classical period are declared to have rights not derived from the person of their ancestor. We do not know that any vestiges of an ancient Roman village community have yet been discovered by the most ingenious German followers of Von Maurer's school. Again, we do know that the Roman conception of *dominium* as the basis of property rights is quite different from the Germanic idea of *Gewere*—guaranteed possession or right to possess, the *seisin* of English mediæval law—which under modernized forms has not yet lost its hold on our own legal system. Quite lately Professor Hamaker of Utrecht, reviewing an English work on Possession in the Common Law, and coming with a fresh mind to its summary of English doctrine, formed the conclusion that the Common Law does not at this day recognize anything fully equivalent to the *dominium* of the Roman lawyers. And we believe he was quite right. It would seem then that *dominium*, so far from being a necessary and primary legal concept (as theoretical jurists, mostly not looking beyond the Roman system, have assumed), is a peculiar and relatively late one. Further, Mr. Kovalevsky's thesis, if established, makes it conceivable that the "village community" stage had no existence, or only a transient and unstable existence, in the Roman development of private property. Is it too much to conjecture that this was the case, and that to some such cause the singularly modern and advanced character of the Roman law of property is due? The process which was spread over the Middle Ages in Western Christendom, which is still far from completion in Russia and other Slavonic lands, and which in parts of India is only beginning to be felt, must in any case have been completed in ancient Rome in a time which was ancient for Cicero and for the Decemvirs. Thus we are brought to the same conclusion which the transformations of the family have already indicated. The problem of the flexibility of institutions and precocity of social invention in a minority of nations which have led all the others—a problem to which Maine first adequately called attention in his *Ancient Law*—will not be abolished by modern anthropology. Data may be changed and the ground shifted; the problem remains. But we must return to our text.

There is at least one excellent reason, Mr. Kovalevsky points out, why separate property could not be the common type in primitive times. In a primitive state of society the individual can get nothing by himself, and therefore has no chance of claiming anything for himself. He cannot hunt or fish alone. The desire of permanent possession and powers of disposition can arise only when permanent wealth has been accumulated; even then it is probable that for a long time only objects of immediate personal use were capable of being private property. Food, arms, ornaments, and at a somewhat later stage captives, were, in Mr. Kovalevsky's opinion, the earliest kinds. And even in these cases the antiquities of both Roman and Hindu law point to a gradual and not undisputed acquisition of rights by the individual as against the family. Meanwhile the joint family is now recognized as an ancient Teutonic institution, and exists as a living Hindu and Slavonic one. Mr. Bogišić, who has codified the customary law of Montenegro with admirable success (and whose name is altogether too much for the Swedish printer), described the South Slavonic form of joint family several years ago. Mr. Kovalevsky has, within the last ten years, found examples in Great Russia. The family does not, in Roman any more than in Slavonic society, consist merely of a husband and wife and their children under the absolute government of the husband, as earlier writers imagined. It is a complex group of persons originally connected by kinship, *consanguinitas hominum*, as Cæsar says of the Germans; but it includes dependents, and the eldest or worthiest male who rules the group is not a despot. His powers may be large in some ways, but they are limited by custom. *Patria potestas* is regarded by Mr. Kovalevsky as derived, at a relatively late stage, not from a natural right of the father as such, but from the right of property attributed to the husband over the wife's children when wives had come to be regarded as themselves a kind of property. On this point he is distinctly at variance with Maine, who insisted on identifying Roman *patria potestas* with the general authority of the eldest male ascendant in the Aryan undivided family. We will not follow Mr. Kovalevsky through one class of evidences of the archaic joint family, to which he gives a chapter; we mean the survivals of ancestor-worship and of customs connected with the sanctity of the family hearth. Not that these evidences are less interesting or important than others, but they are already familiar to English readers through such works as Dr. Tylor's. We may say the same of the question how monogamy came to be the rule of the most advanced races of mankind, and an essential element in the Western conception of the patriarchal family. Saving for such people as Mr. Denman Ross, whom Mr. Kovalevsky most properly dismisses as incompetent, the existence of the joint family, with joint property, or rather use and occupation, may be accepted as a normal stage of archaic society. We have to consider the causes and manner of its dissolution.

Fortunately the process is well within the range of modern history in one case—that of Russia. The Russian village community, with its system of periodical partition, dates only from the sixteenth century, at which time the joint family was still the prevailing type. Individual desires and ambition have made themselves felt in Slavonic communities later than elsewhere, and the whole process can be observed. The desire of the younger adult members of the group to be their own masters appears to be the principal and sufficient moving force. Compulsory powers of requiring a partition obtain recognition, and, being freely exercised, break up the old family system in Russia, as in India; and at the same time, but in an earlier stage of development, Montenegro offers an exact parallel to the Roman *peculium castrense*. The joint and indivisible rights of the members of the family to be supported by the family property become converted into shares. As regards land, these shares are not assigned as several parcels of territory; nevertheless, they are as much individual property as the undivided shares of co-heirs in modern law. A strictly agricultural community, quite distinct from the old joint family, is formed by the rearrangement and alienation of shares. Then, as increased means of sustenance are called for by increasing population, fresh land is taken into cultivation, sometimes by individuals, oftener by groups which may be regarded as colonies of the older community. These colonies are apt, after a time, to merge in the body from which they were offshoots. By the repetition of these processes very large communities are formed, embracing in some cases thirty or more villages and hamlets. As for the periodical redistribution of the land itself, which has been taken for an original element of the agricultural community in the West, it certainly belongs to a later stage in Russia. The smaller landholders, being a majority, force repartition upon the minority in order to preserve an approximate equality; this is naturally not effected without opposition, and it is a long time before re-allotment at fixed intervals becomes the rule. But when a period does get fixed, it is almost uniformly one of three years, in accordance with the prevailing usage of three-course husbandry. These facts occur in widely separated parts of Russia, both north and south. Among the Cossacks of the Don Mr. Kovalevsky found, as late as 1877, an aggregation of no less than seventy villages, answering in all material points to the greater *marks* of mediæval Germany. The division of every share into parcels dispersed or "lying abroad" in the several fields belonging to the community was practised in much the same way as in the common fields of England, and there seems to be no doubt that the object was to give every one an equal portion of the various qualities of land. Viewed in the light of this complete and recent history, Mr. Seebohm's explanation of the common-field system, by referring its peculiar character to a servile origin, appears to be untenable. There is no reason why the similar effects observed in England should not be sufficiently accounted for by similar causes operating in a remoter past. The point is of such importance that it may be well to give Mr. Kovalevsky's statement of the Russian practice in his own words:—"Le souci de l'égalité a occasionné un lotissement en parts égales dans les différents champs de la même commune, ces champs se distinguant entre eux par leur fertilité et leur situation plus ou moins avantageuse." In short, the allotment system of tillage in common, so far from being primitive, is an archaic Socialist revolution, which nips in the bud the growth of uncontrolled individual occupation. Exactly the same thing is found in the North of India. The absorption into the communal territory of lands reclaimed by individuals, after individual enjoyment even for more than one generation, has also been observed in Java. We must not be supposed to admit that Mr. Seebohm's theory cannot be successfully fought on British ground. In North if not in South Britain there are clear examples of agricultural communities both ancient and free. Such is the burgh of Newton-upon-Ayr, described in Mr. Gomme's recent volume *The Village Community*. It is true that we cannot safely make general inferences from urban to rural customs, and also that in some cases communal freedom can be shown to have been preceded by lordship. But a type that may be exceptional in the particular region does not the less exist, and is not the less awkward for the makers of universal theories which refuse to leave room for it.

Mr. Kovalevsky concludes that in Western Europe the formation and dissolution of agricultural communities must have gone through the same stages as in Russia. Every phenomenon preserved for us in the fragmentary evidence of early mediæval his-

* *Tableau des origines et de l'évolution de la famille et de la propriété.* Par Maxime Kovalevsky. Stockholm: Samson & Wallin. 1890.

tory has its counterpart in the later and fuller Slavonic history. We are a little disappointed that Mr. Kovalevsky has not gone into any details on this head. In particular, he does not at all consider the influence of Roman habits and ideas in accelerating, checking, or modifying the transformation of Germanic society and customs. Knowing as we do from modern history how strong is the tendency of half-civilized nations to imitate the ways of a superior or more compact civilization, and from mediæval history how much deliberate imitation of Roman institutions and forms there actually was, we can hardly believe, merely because there is no recorded evidence, that unrecorded usage escaped the like influence. And the case made by Fustel de Coulanges for the persistence of Romano-Gallic institutions under the Frankish monarchy is one that at least demands patient examination. However, Mr. Kovalevsky is quite within his right in leaving these matters to Western scholars. On the other hand, our young scholars who have a mind to pursue this kind of inquiry might do a great deal worse than learn Russian. It is a pure accident that Mr. Kovalevsky has written in French this time.

RECENT MUSIC.

SOME forty years ago a considerable disturbance was caused amongst the teachers of singing in England by the publication of a new and, as it was then considered, a startling method which was advocated by an Independent minister of Plaistow, in Essex, named John Curwen. The controversy respecting the movable doh versus the fixed doh raged, as such controversies do, with a vigour that defied description, and to the philosophic outsider with a fury that was the cause of much amusement. The Tonic Sol-faists maintained that under their system it was possible to train children to read music at sight in half the time and with half the trouble that were expended under the prevailing system, which was promptly dubbed the Notation system; and the Notationists, with uplifted nose, overwhelmed their opponents with the ridicule which it is always the privilege of an older system to bestow upon a newcomer. Much good printer's ink was wasted on the controversy for some years, whilst the very practical founder of the Tonic Sol-fa method set to work to prove that his theory, at least, worked well in practice, and by the year 1857 the first Tonic Sol-fa children concert was held at the Crystal Palace. During these forty years the method has had full trial, and is now that which is adopted in the Board Schools of London, and probably at this time numbers over 500,000 pupils in England alone. Whatever may be the imperfections of the system, there is no doubt that it appeals to the child mind and utilizes symbols with which the child is already familiar. Hence its undoubted success as a method. Mr. John Taylor, a well-known musician and organist to Her Majesty the Queen at Kensington Palace, acknowledging the fact of the success of the Tonic Sol-fa method, has written a manual under the title of *How to Teach Sight-Singing*, which, while adopting the principle of the Tonic Sol-fa method, still adheres to the Notation system. The manual is well devised as a complete instruction book for both teacher and student, each page being divided into columns giving respectively the matter for instruction and the method for instruction; so that the student, if he be so minded, may see for himself how the teacher is expected to elucidate the special points in the lesson. Whether this method will supersede the Tonic Sol-fa system time alone will show; but it is undoubtedly a praiseworthy attempt to settle the controversy which still exists between Tonic Sol-faists and Notationists. The Tonic Sol-fa party claim that there is no difficulty in reverting to the Notation system for the purpose of reading the ordinary musical notation, and this claim has certainly been sustained in a majority of cases; but it would be as well if the two parties could see their way to uniting, if it be possible, in one universal method which would result in a termination of their disputed excellences. This Mr. Taylor aspires to bring about by his manual, and we sincerely wish him every success. The book is published by Messrs. George Philip & Son, of Fleet Street.

Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co. send us two songs, both of which have for their subject the sea. The first, which is named "The Sea," is one of the only two manuscripts left by the late Signor Ciro Pinsuti, the copyright of both having been secured by the publishers, as we are informed on the cover. It is a fine effective song, in the composer's happiest style, full of variety in treatment, and will undoubtedly be successful. The other, "By a Southern Sea," by Lord Henry Somerset, is a pretty little sentimental ballad of the usual drawing-room style, and will be much admired by those who care for such things, being quite inoffensive, though not particularly original.

"Three Legends," for two violins, by J. Jacques Haakmann, are thoughtfully written for the instrument, and are very pleasing music. The second, *allegro ma non troppo*, is perhaps the one which we should prefer, but they are all good and void of claptrap. Gustave Ernst's Opus No. 17 consists of two pieces for the pianoforte, entitled "Lurline" and "Second Gondoliera," both good specimens of this composer's work. "Lurline" is a graceful, if, perhaps, somewhat too restless a production, while the "Gondoliera" necessarily suffers by suggesting a long line of compositions with the same title, some of which would be very difficult to surpass. Those who know Gerard F. Cobb's songs will not be surprised to hear that "A Reconciliation" is a really fine composition. It is so refreshing to the weary critic to light by chance upon something that may be safely called a work giving evidence of genius, that he is likely to let his pen run away with him, and find himself saying things which he may regret afterwards, when his enthusiastic gratitude to the composer has had time to cool, so that perhaps we shall be on the safe side if we say that all those who have a soul above the ordinary twaddle of the drawing-room ballad should make themselves acquainted with the songs of this really gifted composer. The publisher of these compositions is Mr. Charles Woolhouse.

From Messrs. Orsborn & Tuckwood we have received a number of pianoforte pieces and songs. The former consist of "Roundelay," by Carl Malemberg, a pretty country-dance in B flat; "Abbey March," by D'Auvergne Barnard, an easy and effective piece; "The Baroness," a graceful gavotte, by Dudley Powell; "Zélé," by Victor Vienôt, a sort of superior polka; and Book No. 27 of the *Vesper Voluntaries*, by J. E. Newell, containing a series of not very difficult, but well-written, organ-pieces which should be welcome to the amateur organist. Of the songs, "Neighbour Joan," by Cecil Winn, is a humorous trifle; and "Madelina," by M. Piccolomini; "Dreamtide," by Edwin M. Flavel; "A Mother's Vigil," by Alfred Rawlings, and "The Last Parade," by Edward St. Quentin, are all effective. The nine original songs in Cecil Winn's *Juvenile Album* are all charming, and "Pit-a-Pat Polka," by Theo. Bonheur; "The Flower Maiden Waltz," by D'Auvergne Barnard, and "The Royal Duchess Waltz," dedicated to the Duchess of Fife, by Robini, are all good pieces of dance music.

A well-written "Gigue," by Julius Arscott, and two songs, "The Song of the Gipsy," by Thomas Morton, and "Serenade," by Harwood Vaughan, both above the average, have reached us from Messrs. Marriott & Williams.

LANDMARKS OF HOMERIC STUDY.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S new book on Homer is a very long summary of his conclusions. These are already well known to special students of what he calls Homerology. It is convenient to have them in a form so far from verbose; but a volume so condensed is inevitably rather dry. It cannot compete, as a view of the whole topic, with Mr. Jebb's "Primer" of Homer; nor, indeed, does Mr. Gladstone aim at making a popular sketch of the Homeric question. He tells us what he has decided on for his own part; he does not give many details, nor trace the whole controversy. The recent labours and conjectures of Germans, and of Mr. Leaf, himself a very Germanic commentator, are scarcely within Mr. Gladstone's scope, though he pays Buchholz a deserved compliment. Two or three curious points may be noted. Mr. Gladstone has still a belief in Lauth's Homeric Egyptology, he spells Greek phrases in English characters, and he is very inconsistent in his spelling of Homeric proper names. He still writes Odysseus, not Odusseus, as one might expect.

Mr. Gladstone begins his work by showing how Latin influences and the mediæval predominance of Virgil (whom he does not call "Vergil") darkened Homeric study for many hundred years. Another difficulty, he thinks, was the opinion that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, born after the "barbarizing invasion of the Dorians," and so "cut off from the heroic period." For our own part, it seems to us that Homer looks on the truly heroic period as far behind him; his heroes are much more powerful than the men of his own age. But he still lives in an age of institutions of all sorts wholly unlike that of historic Greece. Mr. Gladstone, most correctly in our opinion, lays stress on the consistency of the *Realien*, of the institutions, manners, arts, utensils, and so forth, in Homer. They are consistent, again—though this appears to interest Mr. Gladstone less—with what prehistoric inquiry, folklore, and comparative anthropology tell us about human existence, in analogous conditions, among other races and under other skies. Analogues to the use of stone, bronze, and iron; to the marriage customs, to the building of ships and halls, to the use of the chariot in war, to the poetical formulæ, and so forth, may be found among Zulus, in the Sagas, in mediæval France, in ancient Egypt, and elsewhere. All the *Realien* described by Homer are known to have existed elsewhere, though not in exactly the same combination. Mr. Gladstone regards the consistency of the *Realien* as helping to establish the unity of the poems. An examination of Apollonius Rhodius and of Quintus Smyrnæus will show that the most accomplished Greek imitators could not keep up this consistency; a skilled antiquary of to-day could be more successful in that effort than the Rhodian or the Smyrnæan.

Mr. Gladstone now deviates into a slight and, perhaps, considering his narrow space, superfluous history of the study of *Realien*. He begins with the learned Feithius, whose mysterious disappearance is the thing best known in his career, and he comes down to Buchholz; but he omits an odd and interesting essay published at Belfast early in the present century. This is hardly justice to Ireland. On the whole, the *Realien* show cause for believing (1) in the unity of the poems; (2) in "the

* *Landmarks of Homeric Study.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

nearness of the poet to the men and things he deals with." We prefer to say, "the nearness of the poet to the institutions which he describes." He is not "near" Odysseus, nor near Circe, nor near the Trojan horse, all that is pure legend and myth.

In the term "Unity" Mr. Gladstone includes both poems. "It will probably be found that any departure from the hypothesis of singleness embarrasses much more than relieves the inquirer." The supposed discrepancies in manners and myths between Iliad and Odyssey Mr. Gladstone traces to the fact that the former deals with the inner circle, the latter with the outward zone, of Hellenic life. In short, the Iliad is an epic of military life, the Odyssey a romance of outlandish adventure. It would be odd if matter so fluctuating as myth, so relative as manner, were the same in both works. But Mr. Gladstone does not, of course, insist on the true Homeric origin of "every word between the twa boards of the buik," nor that events and personages are historical. "All that is absolutely required" (by the acceptance of the poems as an historic whole) "is to admit that the Iliad and Odyssey exhibit to us a true rendering of life and manner at a given time, and within a given local circumscription." He does not pretend to discuss "the idea of linguistic manipulation without corresponding departure from manners." However it happened, the manners of the poem are consistent, the language is even more a medley, a tongue never spoken, than the style of our English Bible. As to the events recorded, Mr. Gladstone takes no stock in the "Solar theory," where everybody and everything is the Dawn, the Sunset, the Storm, and so on. The myths and legends were introduced by the poet for various purposes—mainly because they were relics of the national past, and he was labouring in his art to consolidate a nation.

Curiously enough, considering his belief in the unity of the poems, Mr. Gladstone does not believe that they were originally written, or that the Achæans knew any form of writing "available for the transmission of poems exceeding, respectively, 15,000 and 12,000 lines." But why not, if the Achæans, in close contact with Egypt and Phœnicia as they were, could write at all? The difficulties about material are immensely exaggerated by Wolf. Potsherds, blade-bones, skins, leaden-plates, papyrus, were all within easy reach, and all are known to have been used as writing materials. They would not, in their ruder forms, suffice for a reading public, but they would suffice for a poet's MS. There is one example in mediæval French, of a Trouvère's will. He leaves his son the MS. of his *Chanson*, by reciting which he has always lived well, and he bids his son see that nobody else gets a copy. Now a Greek tradition, clearly older than the growth of a literary public, tells us that Homer dowered his daughter with a copy of one of the minor epics attributed to him. Such a dowry could have no value, except either in modern copyright or in such circumstances as those of the old *trouvère*, when only the very few could read and write. If we agree with Mr. Gladstone about Homeric unity, we fear we must differ from him about early writing in Greece. The Odyssey is at best as consistently *charpentée* as *Tom Jones* or the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Whatever the date of its existing form, we cannot be persuaded that it was thus composed without the use of writing.

Mr. Gladstone now examines Homer as a nation-maker. "He had to launch into the world what we may call the Greek idea. . . . It is part of his design to isolate his race. . . . Uplifting this race and its ideal out of the mass of things human, he furnishes it with its grand point of departure . . ." Then follows a less interesting discussion of Argives, Danaans, and Achæans, well worked out in detail. The ethnological problem is difficult or impossible, and the prayer of Achilles to Pelasgian Zeus (Iliad, xvi. 233-249) may be interpreted in almost the opposite sense from that ventured by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone thinks, curiously enough, that Odysseus represents an amalgamation of Phœnician with Hellenic stock. To most readers the wandering hero seems Greek of Greek.

As to religion, Homer made, or rather blended, that of the Greeks. A recent German writer on *Psyche* has shown that the Homeric period in religion is a break or fault in the religious *strata*. Homer omits much that is truly ancient, as ancestor-worship, which we find existing after him in historical Greece. He gives the purest and noblest form of all the legends, very unlike Hesiod, the Orphics, and the local "sacred stories." Mr. Gladstone (p. 61) lays stress on this latter fact; perhaps he lays too much stress on the foreign elements in Greek religion; but to discuss this would lead us far afield. It is certain, however, that the Homeric gods are very composite figures, as, indeed, what gods of a composite nation are not? The elements are difficult to disentangle. As to "primeval traditions," "the Messianic idea," and the rest, the arguments are a two-edged sword, though Mr. Gladstone does not seem to be aware of it. More interesting to us is the fact that Homeric religion is higher in character than the popular Greek religion and ritual; that it reads like a protest against that queer barbaric creed, and that it is a break in the historical series of religious *strata*. This is important, as another testimony to the unity of the poems.

On the simpler topic of Homeric morals Mr. Gladstone writes clearly and succinctly, "The average Hebrew of the earlier historical Books of Scripture falls short of, rather than exceeds, the moral stature of the Achaian Greek." Into Homeric politics we shall not follow Mr. Gladstone. Greece died of Home Rule, but never mind that. He shows great ingenuity in defending even the Doloneia as essential to the Iliad. As to geography, Mr. Gladstone places the land of the Læstrygonians in the north, and justifiably. The home of these prehistoric Norsemen is described by Homer as a *fiord*, in the land of the midnight sun. There is no mistaking the origin of that tradition. The Cimmerians, of course, are only the Læstrygonians in winter; the Læstrygonians are the Cimmerians in summer; but Homer did not understand that. Stories of the remote north would come south with the winter, of which there are examples in Egypt, and, we think, in Mycenæ. We cannot follow Mr. Gladstone into his Babylonian speculations, rather would we say *tu ne quæsieris*. The subject is not yet ripe, and least of all is it ripe for treatment by amateurs. This is the least satisfactory part of Mr. Gladstone's little book, which is, perhaps, on the other hand, the most satisfactory of his essays on Homer.

A MODERN CRITIC.*

MR. JOHN A. STEUART has thought proper to give to the world his views concerning the work of some score of living writers of fiction, poetry, essays, and the like. He prints them with a sententiousness which is really not common, and for which it is impossible not to be grateful to him. By his selection of a title he challenges comparison with the *Letters to Dead Authors* of Mr. Andrew Lang. This is perhaps not the most judicious thing that could be done by a gentleman whose name is entirely unknown, and whose work is not remarkable for any quality except that already indicated. It is the more unfortunate because it raises a hope of parodies. Fairly good parodies are, to many people, a somewhat easy kind of composition; and, on the other hand, bad parodies may be ridiculous enough to lighten the task of a reviewer. But Mr. Steuart does not attempt parody of his victims. His style is all his own—at least, it is all uniform, and nothing but sententious. "Now," he remarks to Mr. Ruskin, "while saying frankly that I consider you a man of genius, I should not be disposed to call you a Titan." He is, indeed, sometimes sloppy. He credits "some one" with having "aptly and truthfully observed" that pessimism "disenchants and ungifts us," and to Mr. Whittier he is good enough to observe, "Of you it might be said what you yourself have so feelingly sung of Burns." Perhaps he would be less depressing if such little blunders occurred oftener; but they are unfortunately rare. For the most part, we have to be content with such entertainment as is to be derived from the vulgar affectation of the second person plural. Mr. Steuart probably cannot understand how a locution which is apt enough when respectfully used in somewhat fanciful work by a graceful writer like Mr. Lang can be affected and vulgar when it is conveyed by a commonplace and extremely prosaical author like himself. No one who peruses his essays will have any difficulty in accepting the phrase.

One of the essays is addressed to Mr. Lang himself. It contains no apology for having made use of his title as a lure for the unwary, but consists mainly of condescending, indiscriminating, and unmeaning patronage, qualified by a strange superstition that Mr. Lang is, above all other writers, in the habit of failing to appreciate, and being "so persistently 'down' on" American authors in general, and especially Mr. W. D. Howells. Mr. Steuart does not condescend upon particulars, and our acquaintance with the published works of Mr. Lang is not sufficient to enable us to call to mind the writings of his which have produced this impression upon Mr. Steuart's mind. But he decides that Mr. Lang much resembles Thackeray, and wishes he would write a greater number of serious sonnets.

On the whole, like most men who criticize with an assumption of familiarity, Mr. Steuart is extremely fulsome. He detects genius with surprising frequency, and, although he is nauseously civil to almost every one, his particular favourites are Mr. Lowell, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Buchanan. Indeed, "so long as we have writers writing books like *God and the Man*, there is still hope for the literature of our country." The concluding essay is about Mark Twain, and is obviously of humorous intention; but whether it is intended to convey that Mark Twain is the funniest fellow living, or that he is a dull dog, or—which seems just conceivable—represents Mr. Steuart's idea of a parody of Mark Twain's style, is a question capable of infinitely more discussion than Mr. Steuart and his volume are worth. We must congratulate Mr. Blackmore. A picture of each of the other victims is prefixed to the appropriate essay, but there is none of Mr. Blackmore.

TWO BOOKS ON BEASTS. †

ON the first page of *The Big Game of North America* the merits and virtues of every contributor are set forth at length. "Why," asks the Introducer, "should I write on behalf of the noble, the pathetic, the conscientious Number 1; the careful, painstaking Number 2; the eloquent, the enthusiastic, the poetic Number 3; the gallant champion of the hounds, Number 4; the venerable

* *Letters to Living Authors.* By John A. Steuart, Author of "Self-Exiled" &c. With Portraits. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

† *The Big Game of North America.* By Men Who Have Hunted It. Edited by E. O. Shields. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Wild Beasts and their Ways. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

lover of nature, Number 5; the genial, big-hearted Number 6; the nature-loving Number 7; the careful naturalist, Number 8; the ever-fresh and interesting old hunter, Number 9; the sturdy, cautious Number 10; the eloquent, the beloved Number 11; the flowery Number 12; the earnest, enthusiastic Number 13; the arduous mountaineer, Number 14? I need not—I will not presume to do so." But if it be necessary that readers should be acquainted with these characteristics, they must be informed. The articles do not speak for themselves. In all that varied list of epithets "flowery" is the only one we recognize *de visu* until, to be precise, the 203rd page. Weeds, in a sense, may be called flowery. But they bear no fruit. The man, or woman, or child who can read the first ten chapters of this bulky volume must equal the most patient of animals in his capacity for labouring upon the driest nutriment. One of the contributors addresses an imaginary comrade:—"If you are a cuss as writes, you will send a description of this scene to some sportsman's paper. . . . Then you will wander off and gush about rose-tinted forests, and the winds sighing requiems through the pines." This reads like a bitter sarcasm upon the gentleman's collaborateurs, for such is their style precisely—with the most singular and incredible interludes. Thus one of them—the eloquent and beloved Number 11, unless we miscount—after dwelling on the rose-tints and the requiems, so to speak, suddenly takes up this strain:—

> Added to all the other stimulants of the scenes I was moving in, was the unquenched and unquenchable tenderness for the noble boy who led the way before me; tall, powerful, manly; his face browned by exposure to almost the hue of his rich brown hair, and his dark hazel eye beaming with affection for the father for whom he had planned this very hunt a year ago, and when (*sic*) he was two thousand miles away.

The reader supposes that an outburst of this kind will lead up to something—not at all. It is only a casual description of a son by a fond parent *à propos* of nothing at all. The two potter along in blameless dialogue, missing deer as often as hitting. So do most of the essayists—which is an honest touch of nature. But he who assails the "cuss as writes" does not mean to be hard upon his fellows evidently. For none of them are more flowery than himself.

These artless compositions are prefaced by facts and hints useful for one who meditates a shooting trip to America; but he may find them all elsewhere, in a shape much more convenient. With the chapter on the grizzly bear a better style is introduced. Mr. Rainsford maintains that only two distinct species of bear exist between Mexico and Alaska—the Black and the Grizzly, of which the Silver Tip and the Roach-back are varieties. It is pleasant to note that Sir Samuel Baker timorously inclined to the same view, with little experience to guide his instinctive judgment. Moreover, he disputes both the size and the ferocity, which are articles of faith in America. No doubt a grizzly is a terrible beast when he attacks; but he will always get away if he can, even though wounded. In that case the brute has "a peculiarly exasperating way of rolling over and over like a ball, at great pace, roaring the while." Only once in his experience has the writer been charged, and then he was in the way of the bear's retreat. Sergeant Francis Long, of the Greely Arctic Expedition, supplies a pleasant little paper on the Polar bear. He seems to think that there are several varieties. A habit of the black bear new to us is described by Colonel G. D. Alexander. "A week or two before going into winter quarters the bear selects some marshy ground or a slough, across the side of which he can make a promenade night and morning before bedding. The place must be soft enough to permit his feet to sink a foot or more in the mud; and his steps are the same distance both going and returning, just as regular as the steps of a veteran sentinel. After the bear has selected the place, and stepped on some fifty or seventy yards, he turns and retraces the same steps until satisfied. The time is either in the morning about daylight, or just before sunset." No explanation is offered. Such "steppings" are a favourite spot for hunters to lie in wait.

Passing the grey wolf, the lynx, the wolverine, the racoon, and the wild cat, Dr. M. E. Ellzey gives his views upon "Foxhunting in Virginia." He does not even allude to the current notion that the red fox was introduced from England. No unwinged creature, thinks Dr. Ellzey, equals this American species in swiftness. "It is doubtful whether a first-rate specimen of the red fox, taken at his best in point of condition, can either be killed or run to earth by any pack of hounds living." Six or seven dogs make a "nice pack" in Virginia, but some prefer thirteen. Three neighbouring gentlemen may own and keep them. "Splayed bitches" are the favourites. The best in the writer's experience were black and tan of colour. Speed is the first point of excellence. He does not believe that any dogs "bred, owned, trained, and run in England can kill our red foxes." When fox-hunting is established as the national sport, a breed of hunters will be produced in due time; whence we conclude that there is none at present.

Veterans like Sir Samuel Baker stand astride of two ages, as it were, in the chronicles of Sport. When they were young the realms of savagery teemed with big game—but hard to get at, and when found difficult and dangerous to "bag" with the imperfect weapons of the day. They have lived to see communications opened with nearly every shore under heaven, and breech-loading guns that penetrate the armour of a crocodile as easily as the skin of a deer—but the game is vanishing fast where it has not yet vanished altogether. This record of adventures could not have been compiled before the latter end of the nineteenth century. No young man could possibly match it now, though he lived and hunted to the years of Nimrod; in the next generation several of the animals described will be extinct; and, in all probability, if the world follow its present course, wild beasts will be improved out of existence within fifty years. The American bison has gone, and Sir Samuel Baker adds his testimony to the mass of warnings that all other big game of the Northern continent are doomed. In twenty years, says he, the Indian buffalo will have disappeared. Constantly he alludes to the rarity of beasts in districts where he himself beheld them "swarming." Revisiting the Hunter's Paradise described in his earliest book—the shores of Minneria Lake, in Ceylon—he found it "a scene still lovely, but almost devoid of game." The author does not dwell on this point of view; but his book has peculiar interest if so regarded. We can fancy the emotion of our great-grandsons if they chance to take it up, and read page by page of thrilling spectacles and deadly perils and glorious triumphs, of beasts strange to them except in museums and menageries; of a world, in short, abounding with manly joys which has passed away.

And in reading they may probably ask whether Sir Samuel Baker ever missed a shot? The question occurred to ourselves, and we have taken some pains to answer it conscientiously. At an early stage of his career, it seems, the great hunter decided that he "could not afford to miss." And accordingly he "got into a habit of shooting straight"—a pleasing and useful habit to acquire, but not always attainable. Having adopted it, Sir Samuel Baker found great advantage therein. Our researches fail to detect any single instance of a miss. Once upon a time, indeed, he was victim to an accident, and wounded a stag in the fore-quarter. Once, also, a royal elephant received his shot without damage visible; but General Valentine Baker and all the shikaris present comforted him with an assurance that his bullet "struck in exactly the right place"—only it "deflected." This was a conical ball, which is only less objectionable than the hollow "express." The pronouncement of such an authority is decisive in questions like these. Again and again throughout his volumes Sir Samuel Baker inveighs against the hollow ball, illustrating his denunciation with story after story and disaster after disaster—a surprising number of them fatal. That system, however, has many powerful advocates, and such reiterated assaults upon it are sure to provoke reply. But it is not in shooting alone that the author seems to have cultivated the habit of success. Facing a rhinoceros calf with a sword, for the purpose of taking the creature alive, he finds it necessary to strike, and "severs its neck completely, leaving only the thick skin of the throat, to which the head was still attached." The neck aforesaid was "about fifteen inches thick." It is unnecessary to add that this sword was not English nor German make, but pure Arab, borrowed from one of the Hamram followers, in whose family it had been for several generations. With a European weapon, however, a real Andrea Ferrara claymore, shortened, he sliced a large wild boar just behind the shoulder, cutting it "halfway through." Nor is it with cold steel alone that Sir Samuel Baker has distinguished himself. He tells us candidly that throwing stones with a definite aim was never his "pride," because he seldom indulged that practice without hitting a friend by mistake. On one occasion, however, when he was sitting with Lady Baker in Consul Petherick's courtyard, upon a covered "square" raised some height above the ground, a savage boar, escaping from its den, charged up the steps. "Fortunately a long rhinoceros horn, weighing about ten pounds, was close at hand; this I immediately seized with both hands, and was just in time, when the boar was half way up the steps, to hurl it with all my strength." It knocked the aggressor senseless, and he was recaptured. These incidents are mentioned to show how admirably qualified by nature was this great shikari to meet the perils of the chase. It is pleasant to observe the indignation of his rebukes to the mere amateur, who kills for the sake of killing. The merciless gunner, says he, who loves slaughter, is "the curse of the nineteenth century." Sir Samuel Baker himself had hundreds of men to feed in Africa, scores, as a rule, in India. But on the Rocky Mountains, where his few attendants destroyed fifty times the game needful day by day, he determined to kill no more, but only to admire. "In accordance with this determination, I took great pains on many occasions to obtain a shot, and after long stalks, having gained a magnificent position, I raised my rifle, took a most deadly aim, and touched the trigger—having carefully kept the rifle on half-cock. Away went the buffalo to live for another day, instead of being slaughtered uselessly, to rot upon the plains, or to be devoured by wolves, or buried in the soil by bears. This sort of stalking afforded me much pleasure, but it did not suit my American attendant. 'Well,' said he, 'if you came all the way from the Old Country to shoot, and you won't shoot when you've got the chance, you'd have done better to stay at home.'"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE task of writing about the late M. Scherer has been executed with taste, and (allowing for the not ungraceful partiality expected in such things) with judgment, by M. Octave Gréard (1), an Academician and a typical representative of the purest French culture of the University type. M. Gréard has

(1) *Edmond Scherer.* Par M. Gréard. Paris: Hachette.

evidently to make a little allowance for his friend's rather irregular and partly exotic, though full and varied, training; and he makes no secret of the fact, noted by all competent critics, and constituting no small blot on M. Scherer's critical record, that he was always an unsafe judge of what he disliked, and that his dislikes were neither few nor weak. Obliquely, too, M. Gréard, Academician and academic as he is, may be thought to glance with something of kindly contempt at the somewhat "meticulous" care which M. Scherer bestowed on such things as dates. Not Macaulay himself could triumph more magnificently over a sinner in this respect than M. Scherer; and he was much less often right than Macaulay. But, with these faults, and the additional ones of a lack of humour and a lack of catholic enthusiasm, M. Scherer had great merits, to which his eulogist does justice. His nature inclined him, and his education confirmed the inclination, to a certain priggishness and an excessive attention to what may be called the state of his literary and other souls. He was always balancing the accounts of his religious belief, and, if there was a halfpenny wrong, deciding that the belief and not he was in fault. So that at the last he came from a decidedly orthodox Protestant to be almost purely agnostic. But in literature, and to some extent in politics, he was a very valuable critic, sensible, acute, and well informed, as few critics are.

A fresh instalment of the *Journal des Goncourt* (2) (which is now, thanks to the operations of fate, the journal of but one of them, for it begins after Jules's death) cannot but be interesting. One may be, and we are, by no means minded to share the enthusiasm of those who think the MM. de Goncourt, and even M. Edmond de Goncourt by himself, fit to be classed among the masters of style. One may regard the perpetual and avowed search for the document, the constant effort after an artistic view of things, as unreal, Byzantine, mischievous. One may suspect the complete *bona fides* and originality of some of these reflections professedly of twenty years since, and one may question both the good nature and the accuracy of some references to other people's behaviour and words. But reminiscences of the siege-and-Commune period by a writer of undeniable skill and of great opportunities for knowing what, at least, literary people thought and said, could not be other than interesting; and we shall take an opportunity of reviewing them at greater length than is possible here. M. Renan is, perhaps, the person who comes worst out from M. de Goncourt's somewhat Carlylian style of reminiscence; "Théo," as was to be expected, comes best. The whole picture of the state of Parisian thought and feeling at the time of the war is valuable, even though, as we have suggested, it is sometimes a little difficult to be certain that it is an absolutely original and unrevised report of the impressions of the moment as recorded at that moment itself. One fact, however, is curious, if true, that "la viande de cheval" is a "viande de mauvais rêves et de cauchemars." There were so many causes for these things besides horseflesh diet!

We have nothing to say against M. Doutrepont's careful editing of the interesting thirteenth, or very early fourteenth century, paraphrase or imitation of the *Ars Amatoria*, in Norman dialect, called *La clef d'Amors* (3), except the old and irreconcilable complaint of those who think linguistic study only a means in the study of literature against those who think it an end. Not much more than twenty years ago M. Tross printed (and printed very beautifully) the *Clef d'Amour*, and we fear the demand for old French literature is scarcely greedy enough to make even so pretty a book inaccessible now. That the edition is not, in the estimation of to-day, critical, is probable, or rather certain; just as, no doubt, in another thirty or fifty years the Paul Meyer or Gaston Paris of the day will shake the head over M. Doutrepont's own. But there is plenty of periodicals and transactions of learned Societies in which its shortcomings might have been set forth and remedied, instead of devoting a new edition to it, with half the *chansons de gestes* unprinted, and the great prose Arthurian romances for the most part inaccessible. Still this is, we say, an old and seemingly a vain complaint. We must, we suppose, take what we can get and be thankful for it; and, indeed, the *Clef* is quite worth having.

We may notice more briefly the second, third, and fourth parts of Dr. Schoetensack's compact, useful, and learned *French Etymological Dictionary* (Heidelberg: Winter; London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); two parts of MM. Lecène et Oudin's cheap and well-executed *Classiques populaires*, *Goethe* by M. Firmery, and *Cervantes* by M. Lucien Biart; and certain works for desk or school use. Of these Mr. McLaughlin's *New Letter Writer's Manual* (Paris: Garnier; London: Hachette) may be strictly business-like in the business parts, but is not a little quaint in its miscellaneous departments, "To a Young Lady Seen with Difficulty," and the like. The second part of Laughlin's *French Course*, by Mr. T. H. Bertenshaw, seems practical enough. So is M. Calais's *Wellington French Phrase Book* (Nutt). We are glad to see this as a proof that in a school which has acquired some reputation for the teaching of "modern" subjects in a "modern" way, one of the very best old devices, that of getting by heart, is encouraged and not discouraged. "All others is cagmaggers" in comparison.

(2) *Journal des Goncourt*. Deuxième série, premier volume. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Bibliotheca Normannica—La clef d'Amors*. Edited by O. Doutrepont. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A MANUAL of Wood-carving, by Charles G. Leland, revised by John J. Holtzapffel (Whittaker & Co.), provides as practical and thorough a course of instruction in the art of wood-carving as can be given in the form of a handbook. Time was when what are called the industrial arts flourished; there was then no need for handbooks. The craftsmen of those dark ages managed to do without manuals. In wood-carving, for example, the men of Nuremberg, specimens of whose work are given among the admirable illustrations of Mr. Leland's manual, did their best without the assistance that books afford. And their best comprises examples that are not to be bettered. But those simple yet fruitful times are beyond recall. We can no more revert to the old order than revive the system of craft guilds. Nothing, perhaps, better exemplifies the changed conditions under which artistic training is now carried on than the acknowledged necessity of books. We have handbooks, more or less technical, upon every conceivable branch of art, many of which profess to teach what never can be taught through written exposition. A common defect of such guides is, that they prematurely incite the ambition of the learner. Mr. Leland's handbook is absolutely free from this error. It teaches the pupil how to use his tools and material by acquiring a thorough acquaintance with both; what kind of work he is first to put his hand to, and the precise moment when he must stay his hand and proceed no further, until he is perfected in the rudimentary lessons. Such patient, explicit, step-by-step teaching as Mr. Leland's is indeed the only road to excellence. Beginners in wood-carving, Mr. Leland rightly observes, are so anxious to produce high-class and elaborate work that they neglect those elementary lessons in groove-cutting with a gouge which he urges should never be abandoned until properly mastered. Mr. Leland does well in repeating his warning on this subject in the first three or four lessons of this excellent manual.

Southern War Songs, collected and arranged by W. L. Fagan (New York: Richardson), is an illustrated volume of comely appearance, put forth as "the largest and only collection of Confederate songs published." The poetry of the Secession war, however, has been collected in book form before this by Northern and Southern editors. Many of the songs in Mr. Fagan's volume we have met before in other collections. Others, mostly derived from Southern newspapers, have the charm of novelty, if distinguished by no other mark of grace. On the whole, the compiler is wise in declining to claim "poetic merit" for all the lyrics he has gathered. It is enough that they were sung by eight millions of fervid and uncritical patriots. There is a clear note of patriotism in such pieces as the War Song of North Carolina and "The Southern Flag." The sentiment of such songs as "All quiet along the Potomac to-night" is true and affecting. Some of the most stirring and original of these songs were obviously written by soldiers whose names are now lost. We do not know the writer of "The Confederate Oath," that very fiery lay; and the animated stanzas

> Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails,
> Stir up the camp-fire bright, &c.

that celebrate "Stonewall Jackson's way," were found on the body of a sergeant, killed on the battlefield at Winchester, Virginia.

Captain G. J. Younghusband, in *Frays and Frolics* (Percival & Co.), treats of the arts of war and peace, campaigning and sport, in Afghanistan, the Soudan, and the North-West Provinces. His sketches of life in the camp or on march are excellently bright and moving. With equal spirit and sympathy does he describe a day's hawking or pig-sticking, a brush with Afghans on the hills, the attack on Ali Musjid, or Lieutenant Hamilton's gallant defence of the Residency at Cabul. One of the pleasantest chapters in this pleasant little book is devoted to setting before "youngsters who have done a year's soldiering" the advantages of service in the Indian Staff Corps. Captain Younghusband admits there is much to be said on both sides, though nothing could be more seductive than the picture he paints from his own conviction. Such enthusiasm as he shows for his own branch of the service, and his own regiment, the Corps of Guides, is nothing less than delightful reading in these days. And, it may be added, the zeal in this instance is as well founded as it is persuasive.

The army chaplain in action, as he is displayed in the Rev. Arthur Male's *Scenes through the Battle Smoke* (Dean & Son), is an inspiring figure. Mr. Male has certainly not been content to scent the battle from afar. His recollections of Afghan and Egyptian campaigns are very lively in style and diversified in incident. Mr. Male's book yields a keen sense of the author's excellent spirits, and health, and boundless activity. The reader who is arrested by Mr. Sydney Paget's exciting picture of "The Rev. Arthur Male and Friend running the Gauntlet at Jellalabad," will not be disappointed when he compares the artist's representation with the author's recital. The situation demanded coolness and courage in the highest degree. It was literally a case of walking the gauntlet, and the sequel showed how narrow was the escape of both men from the knives of a fanatical and furious mob.

Famous Musical Composers, by Lydia T. Morris (Fisher Unwin), a thin compilation of brief notices, is like a collection of snippets gathered from a dictionary of music and musicians, made up of

bald facts baldly put forth, the mere dry bones of biography. Some rude portraits adorn the trite pages.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon's *A Very Young Couple* (White & Co.) deals with the old theme of the groundless jealousy of a young wife, whose suspicions are fanned by a mischief-making relative—an aunt this time, not a mother-in-law. Mr. Farjeon's story is, however, fresh and ingenious. The working out of the misunderstanding between husband and wife and its final solution are suggestive of stage treatment, that should be effective in the form of a farcical comedietta. Moved, perhaps, by Mr. C. F. Keary's example, the husband, who is a novelist, has undertaken to write a novel that shall be all "letters" in conjunction with a lady novelist of high fame. They interchange "copy" through the post; and her letters, couched in mysterious and warm terms, fall into the hands of the simple yet suspicious wife. Hence a pretty imbroglio.

In *The Weapons of Mystery* (Routledge) Mr. Joseph Hocking illustrates the dangers of hypnotism and other dreadful powers, some of which are decidedly occult, with a fearless determination to thrill the imaginative and credulous reader. His success, we think, should be complete. He is a master of cheap sensations.

As "mysteries" are now estimated, Mr. Lethbridge Banbury's —*The Lumley Wood Mystery* (Hutchinson & Co.)—is by no means bad. The story is somewhat slack in construction; but the heart of it is sound enough, and it has the advantage of a clever illustrator in Mr. J. B. Partridge.

Mr. Froude, of the Oxford University Warehouse, has produced a set of extremely pretty "Finger" New Testaments, to match the "Finger" Prayer Books of last year—the well-known India paper of the Clarendon Press permitting between five and six hundred pages to be got into the thickness of not much more than a quarter of an inch. The print is also marvellous clear though marvellous small, and the various bindings are in more than the trade sense "elegant."

Among new editions we have received *The Story of the Heavens*, by Sir R. S. Ball, LL.D. (Cassell & Co.); *Mountaineering in Colorado*, by F. H. Chapin (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Good News of God*, by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan & Co.); *Under the Deodars* and *Wee Willie Winkie*, by Rudyard Kipling (Sampson Low & Co.); *Campbell's Poetical Works*, Aldine Edition (Bell & Sons); *Disenchantment*, by F. Mabel Robinson (Methuen & Co.); *A Mariage de Convenance*, by C. F. Keary (Fisher Unwin), and Mr. J. G. Wall's *Dictionary of Photography* (Hazell, Watson, & Viney).

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They should be addressed to the Secretary of the College, from whom information as to the duties and emoluments of the Chair may be obtained.
The new Professor will be expected to enter upon his duties on January 6, 1891.
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CHRONICLE.

Foreign Affairs.

THE principal interest in foreign affairs at the close of last week lay in the celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Count MOLTKE.——It was also announced that the first step has been taken to carry out the Anglo-French African Agreement by the appointment of English Commissioners to execute the delimitation of the Gambia and Sierra Leone. This is an important business, though far less important and less difficult than the similar operations between Lake Tchad and Senegambia will be.——Fresh, though not serious, disturbances are reported as having broken out in Ticino, and others in Fribourg at the opposite side of the Confederation.——On Tuesday the States-General of Holland received formal intimation of the KING's inability to govern, and had laid before them a proposition for regency.——The reciprocal misbehaviour—for there seem to have been even more than usual faults on both sides—of the deceased German KUNTZEL and his followers and the Sultan of VITU has brought a troublesome little affair on English, not German, shoulders; and the SULTAN, proving recalcitrant, punishment has had to be administered by Admiral FREMANTLE. There is little doubt that the Arab slavers, having been beaten in their attempt on the Germans, are now "trying it on" with the English; but something of the sort was almost certainly to be expected. Vitu, which attempted serious resistance, was captured by the fleet on Monday or Tuesday with trifling loss. It is by no means impossible that this intimation that Great Britain has teeth as well as Germany may do some good, though it is a pity, doubtless, that the transfer should so soon have been marked with blood.——The sinister rumours as to the Mashonaland Expedition are fully contradicted, and the force is said to have already turned its swords, not, indeed, into reaping-hooks, but into prospecting picks.——In the Greek elections the TRICOUPIS Government lost so much, and the Opposition, especially the section led by M. DELYANNIS, won so much, that M. TRICOUPIS has resigned, and his rival has been called in. This is to be regretted, not in that M. TRICOUPIS is more than relatively good, but in that M. DELYANNIS is quite positively bad. It can hardly be forgotten even by the average Englishman how his reckless folly very nearly set the Eastern question in a blaze again the other day; and in the temper in which the CZAR still is towards Bulgaria a firebrand-flinger at the head of affairs in Greece would be a serious thing. However, as M. TRICOUPIS is suspected of having latterly become Panhellenic and filibusterous, "Mad JOHN" may have become harmless and law-abiding. We confess, however, that we do not like this "may" as security for the peace of Europe.——The Bulgarian Parliament has opened with a good speech, temperate but resolute, from Prince FERDINAND.——Very frequent and somewhat contradictory rumours have been started of new negotiations between England and Portugal, but nothing solid is known.——The Behring Sea question has been regularly re-opened at Washington this week. At present Lord SALISBURY's well-known despatch holds the field, and it has to be seen what the other side will do or say. There are fresh troubles, or renewals of the old troubles, in the other and much more difficult Fishery question—that of Newfoundland.

Home Politics.

News was received this day week of Mr. BALFOUR's progress, without an escort, through Mayo. This tour, which was prolonged through the wildest and remotest parts of Connaught, seems to have annoyed the Nationalists in Dublin—*not* the people on the spot—even more than Mr. BALFOUR's playing golf at North Berwick. So hard is it to please them—or, perhaps, so easy do they fear it will be to cut the ground from under their feet.——The appointment of the Scotch Solicitor-General, Mr. DARLING, to a judgeship was made public on the same day. Sir CHARLES PEARSON has been appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland in Mr. DARLING's room.——Mr. STANHOPE spoke politically in Lincolnshire, and Lord COLERIDGE non-politically in London, on Tuesday. The L.C.J., it would seem, does not think much of leading articles. Men of wit may diagnose from this that writers of leading articles have not always thought much of the L.C.J.——On Thursday there was a good deal of speaking. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, at Kilmarnock, preluded Lord HARTINGTON in reply to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. COURTNEY delivered a characteristic address at Torpoint, in which, saying in the main very sensible things about Ireland, he made the exception of "independence" necessary to persons of his idiosyncrasy in reference to the Tipperary prosecutions. Mr. SCHNADHORST, that bright example of the power of Gladstonism unaided by any force but argument to influence the political judgment, was entertained in London. Cardinal MANNING received and addressed a deputation of Jews.——The Tipperary prosecutions have pursued their dreary and confused way, and the sanction of boycotting has been applied by the advanced guard of Mr. PARNELL's party to a girl named MARY FLANAGAN. They meant to murder her father; by an unfortunate mistake they murdered her. Of such is the kingdom of Mr. GLADSTONE.

Correspondence.

An extremely painful correspondence, on which we comment fully elsewhere, has taken place between Mr. STANLEY and the representatives of Major BARTTELOT, and has given occasion to a vast deal of interviewing and gossip; while some rather ill-considered eulogies of the late Sir RICHARD BURTON have had the natural effect of stirring up Captain SPEKE's friend and companion, Colonel GRANT, to speak certain truths.——On Friday morning "B" addressed himself to Mr. GLADSTONE and his treatment of the Plan of Campaign. But we fear this is breaking, not a butterfly, but a polyp, on the wheel of "B."

Mr. Gladstone's Scotch Tour.

Mr. GLADSTONE's third great—or, at least, long—speech was delivered at Dalkeith this day week. It had to do chiefly with Scotch Disestablishment and Scotch Home Rule generally, points on which, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. GLADSTONE is showing himself a very bright specimen indeed of the aged gentleman whose education has been neglected, but who is trying to repair the misfortune. He has discovered that he does not love the Union with Scotland much better than the Union with Ireland; that he does not love the Established Church of Scotland at all; and that defence of the Church is "sheer Toryism." We have no particular objection to this last phrase ourselves, but it must be, from Mr. GLADSTONE, and to the very considerable body of perhaps illogical persons who call themselves at once sincere Liberals and sincere Churchmen, very interesting. The fourth vial was opened at Edinburgh on Monday, and turned out a very singular olio of contents, touching all sorts of matters. Mr. GLADSTONE protested as usual that, if the Government will only bring in good Bills, they shall not be obstructed (Did he ever hear of the great game of "I think: "you call"?); and rejoiced in a way which, if the speaker were younger, we fear we should have to call senile, over his own cleverness in keeping his next Home Rule plan quite dark. One of the most amusing things in the speech was a pathetic entreaty from Mr. GLADSTONE to Gladstonian faddists. Certainly it can hardly be said to be out of place in itself; but still, is Mr. GLADSTONE the man to make it? As long as his candidates have the admirably capacious swallow which Mr. ROBY and—not to be invidious—many others with him have shown, the fads of the faddist will

not do Mr. GLADSTONE any harm. If his candidates were to develop scruples, it might, indeed, be awkward; but then they would hardly be his candidates. On the off-days Mr. GLADSTONE made some non-political speeches at different places, which were, as such speeches by such a man must almost necessarily be, interesting enough. But he would do a great favour to many deserving persons if he would tell us where he obtains paraffin candles at fivepence a pound which are as good as the wax or spermaceti candles of old time. On Wednesday, at Dundee, the McKINLEY Bill and Art chiefly occupied Mr. GLADSTONE. In reference to the first we may again ask, What have Englishmen to do with that? If Americans choose to tax themselves, they have surely a perfect right to do so without our interference, so long as they do not impose (as in this case they have not imposed) differential duties to our special prejudice and the special benefit of others. If an American were to call Mr. GLADSTONE's comments impertinent we could hardly object. Still it may comfort weak-kneed Free-traders to know that this outrage to the great goddess Free-trade does not alarm her mightiest high priest. As for minor matters, Mr. GLADSTONE characteristically went out of his way to butter Citizen CARNEGIE and said some ingenious and unobjectionable things about Scottish art. It is really a pity that some operation cannot be performed on Mr. GLADSTONE which would make it impossible for him ever to talk politics. He would be quite valuable.

Law. On Monday Justices DAY and LAWRANCE decided against Mr. CONYBEARE on the question whether or no his School Board seat was forfeited by his conviction under the Crimes Act, and (not to the credit of English law) a fresh suit on the subject of the St. Paul's reredos was begun before the appeal on the old has been decided by the House of Lords.——The attempt to fix pecuniary liability upon the persons concerned with the late Irish Exhibition failed before Mr. Justice KEKEWICH on Tuesday. Such exhibitions do not appear to be lucky; for on Wednesday it was also reported that a petition for the liquidation of the Edinburgh Exhibition had been presented in Scotland.——The Queen's Bench Division has had before it a case of real interest about "a blue of beer," a delightful local Welsh term which (we regret to have to agree with Mr. Justice HAWKINS and Mr. Justice STEPHEN) is illegal. Everything nice will be illegal soon.——The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder in what is called the Hampstead case against ELEANOR WHEELER, *alias* Mrs. PIERCEY, on Tuesday.

Sport. The last day of the Houghton Meeting was by far the most interesting to those who regard racing from other points of view than those of the betting-ring, Prince SOLTYKOFF's Sheen meeting, with a year to the good, two pounds to the bad, and at exactly even betting, General BYRNE's Amphion, on a two miles course, for the last of Mr. ROSE's 1,000*l.* plates. That is racing. The four-year-old, good as he is, could not hold his own with Sheen (for whom running was made by Lusignan, while two other light weights started), and Prince SOLTYKOFF's horse won by three lengths. At Lincoln and Lewes this week nothing very interesting happened.

Strikes. It was announced early this week that the Australian mining and shipping strikes were practically at an end, the employers having won all along the line. This, from further intelligence, would appear to be somewhat premature; but there is little doubt that the success of the employers has been great. At the same time came the good news that the London Dock Companies have revolted against Union tyranny, that Union tickets will no longer be demanded or recognized, and that Labour representatives must earn their twelve and sixpence a day in some more laborious fashion. It is to be hoped that this good spirit will be maintained and will spread. The Dockers' Union advises its clients to take this change, which does not affect any of their real advantages, "lying "down"; and this may at least be taken as evidence that strikes are not as much in the ascendent as they were recently.

Miscellaneous. Almost everything necessary to justify the Reconciliation Service in St. Paul's was supplied last week by the Church Association, who protested against it; while two days later the coincident disapproval of Lord GRIMTHORPE and Mr. VOYSEY may be said to have set the matter beyond doubt.——On the same day Mr. Justice STEPHEN passed the very moderate and well-considered sentence of seven years on WALTER LYONS, the Plumstead murderer.——CASTIONI was committed at Bow Street, despite the "political" nonsense, on the charge of murdering M. ROSSI.——On Tuesday there was laid before the London County Council a very extensive plan for reorganizing the dwellings in certain East End districts—a plan whereon the Council not unwisely paused.——A deputation from all the leading railway Companies waited on Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH on the same day to protest against the new schedules of rates.——The Chapel Royal, Whitehall, has been closed by the QUEEN's order. Although a building of the highest interest, the Chapel, as a chapel, has no antiquity, and, indeed, is not a chapel at all, having never been consecrated, and its restoration to other uses need not, therefore, be regretted.——The dogs succeeded the cats on show at the Crystal Palace this week.

Obituary. Mr. CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE had a name as much in the mouths of men as any Englishman's, and one, perhaps, as heartily and unjustly abused. Unsuccessful authors abused Mr. MUDIE because he did not buy their books, or not enough of them; successful ones (sometimes) because he bought too many, and prevented other people from buying for themselves; bad ones because he boycotted them, good ones because his wares interfered with better reading. Probably none of these curses affected Mr. MUDIE much, and whatever one may think of the circulating library system, it must be admitted that in respect of it he did with his might what his hand found to do.——Mr. McCORMICK was an Arctic traveller of great age, and scarcely excelled experience.——Sir LUMLEY GRAHAM, a retired Crimean officer of merit, who met with a carriage accident a month ago during the cavalry manœuvres, was again thrown from his carriage by the bolting of the same horse on Saturday last, and killed.——Dr. ARMITAGE had been a great supporter of the movement for educating the blind.

Books, &c. Mr. FROUDE's *Lord Beaconsfield*, the first of a new series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers" (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), appeared at the beginning of the week, and we comment on it elsewhere.——Mr. NIMMO has splendidly issued the late Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL's splendid *Artists of Spain* in four volumes.——A pamphlet in French, which may produce some effect on at least French Catholic opinion, has been issued on *Mgr. O'Dwyer et les Nationalistes Irlandais* (McCORQUODALE).——The third volume of that very interesting work of undevout imagination which it pleases M. RENAN to call *Histoire d'Israel* has also appeared in France.——M. LEFÈVRE's adapted *Roméo et Juliette* has been produced with success at the Odéon in Paris; and Mme. ALBANI made her first appearance this season in *La Traviata* at the Royal Italian Opera on Thursday night.

OVER AT LAST.

IT may safely be assumed, we think, that the speech which Mr. GLADSTONE delivered last Saturday was, of the whole tedious series, the one on which he had bestowed the most thought, and the probable effect of which formed his principal subject of anxiety. No extraordinary penetration is required to see that this champion waiter upon the Providence of the polling-booth is not at all comfortable on the subject of Scotch Disestablishment; and there is no great conjectural rashness in surmising that one main cause of his discomfort is due to a deliberate act of his own. We shrewdly suspect that, if Mr. GLADSTONE could recall his vote on Dr. CAMERON's motion, he would be very glad to do so. He strikes us as casting a longing eye at that comfortable seat on the top of the fence which he so long occupied, and from which last Session he so inconsiderately descended; and we quite believe that he has of late asked himself with increasing frequency whether there ever was really any overmastering reason for getting down. Reason, no doubt, there was of a sufficiently, or what then seemed a sufficiently, urgent kind, though we need not say that it had no relation whatever to the absurd pretext on which Mr. GLADSTONE justified at the time, and has now again justified, his vote in favour of Scotch Disestablishment. It is, of course, the merest fetch to pretend that, after having twice abstained from voting on this motion on the plea that the wishes of Scotland on the subject had not been ascertained, he had become suddenly convinced, by the result of the bye-elections, that the mind of the country was made up to disestablish its Church. We may take it as tolerably certain that it was not the Scotch

constituencies that were engaging Mr. GLADSTONE's anxious attention at that moment, but the Scotch members, and that he came to the conclusion that, in order to give a vote which would quicken their Parliamentary loyalty, it was worth his while to run the apparently but slight risk of anticipating by a little—but a very little—the jump, to be almost certainly predicted, of the Scottish cat. Nor would he now question the wisdom of this calculation if he felt equally sure of the facts on which he founded it. His uneasiness arises from the circumstance that he does not now feel equally sure of those facts. He perceives too late that a good deal of what he thought indifference, if not antipathy, to the Scotch Establishment was merely the inaction of defenders whom his own vote has now awakened to a recognition of the seriousness of the attack upon that institution, and that though it is of course impossible for him to remount the fence again, he must not too confidently assume that he has alighted on the right side, but must endeavour to keep up through the palings as much amicable communication as possible with the party in the other field. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech at Dalkeith is instinct with this perception from end to end. If any one doubts that, let him consider all its hesitations and compromises on the question of the position which Disestablishment is to occupy in the Gladstonian programme, and compare them with the language which he would have used on the subject, and the insistence with which he would probably have dwelt on the bargain of Home Rule for Ireland against Disestablishment for Scotland if he had only felt sure of his ground.

With the rest of his speech at Dalkeith we need not long concern ourselves. It contains many gems of Gladstonian casuistry for which it would be a delight to us, did space allow, to provide such a setting as might serve to bring out their full lustre; but we must reluctantly leave unnoticed both Mr. GLADSTONE's revised statement of his views on boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, and the inimitably inconsequent arguments which he founded on the Salford boycotting conviction. If any of those "hard-"headed Scots," whom Mr. GLADSTONE apparently assumes to be gullible by the rawest of fallacies, should really have been taken in by this one, we will merely ask them whether they have considered the application of Mr. GLADSTONE's argument—which is, in effect, that if a given state of the law secures personal liberty, the mode of administering that law is immaterial—to the proceedings of the English law courts in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We must pass on, however, from this fascinating subject to another of greater importance, which occupied a portion of one of Mr. GLADSTONE's last week's speeches, and was then touched upon by us accordingly, but which he has now more fully dealt with in his closing address at Edinburgh. We refer, of course, to the new Home Rule scheme, so far as its author vouchsafes to disclose it, and in particular to that highly important modification of it—the proposed retention of the Irish members at Westminster. On this Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude is more Gladstonian, in the very latest and very worst sense of that word, than on any other part of the question. We remarked last week that Mr. GLADSTONE's undertaking to devise a plan for retaining an Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament after the establishment of Irish Home Rule was an undertaking to perform the impossible; to do that, in fact, which he had declared it beyond the wit of man to accomplish. He has been moved, it seems, by the repetition of this criticism in a letter from a correspondent, and he characteristically replies to it by denying that he ever declared it beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme for retaining the Irish members of Parliament. What he said, he now alleges, was, that it was beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme for that purpose which "would not be open to objection, or would be "free from inconvenience." It would be inexcusable paltering with truth on our own part to refrain from describing this statement by its right name. It is a falsehood pure and simple. Mr. GLADSTONE said not a word about objections or inconveniences. What he said was, that it was beyond the wit of man—absolutely, unconditionally beyond it—to do what he has just declared it to be indispensable to do if the Irish members were to be retained in Parliament; namely, to devise a plan for distinguishing between Irish and Imperial affairs. That is a complete account of Mr. GLADSTONE's words; that is the entire sum and substance of the passage of which he had just given the above-quoted gloss, and if his admirers, and especially his Scotch admirers, had not already shown, in the impossibility of opening their eyes to the true character of their idol, we should like to submit to them the two following simple questions—first, whether they do not think that honesty and veracity are at least as essential qualifications of a statesman as of a footman; and, secondly, whether there is one of them who, in detecting a servant in so audacious and unblushing a denial of the truth as that of which Mr. GLADSTONE has here been guilty, would hesitate for a moment to give him his dismissal?

Apart, however, from the bearing of this shameless piece of mendacity on the question of character, it is material as exhibiting the Home Rule policy to which Mr. GLADSTONE stands committed. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that his new version of what he said in 1886 is as correct as it is, in fact, distorted, and that his proposition, then as now, was merely one to the effect that the wit of man could not devise a plan for retaining the Irish representatives at Westminster which would not be open to objection, or that would be free from objection. It will still remain the fact, even after accepting this version, that he has never indicated or has pronounced it possible to indicate any method of distinguishing between Imperial and non-Imperial affairs, while at the same time he has offered us no new reading of his declaration that some such principle of distinction must be discovered if an Irish representation is still to form a part of the Imperial Parliament. In other words, he has not yet explained away the statement that "there cannot be a "domestic Legislature in Ireland dealing with Irish affairs, "and Irish peers and Irish representatives sitting in Par-"liament at Westminster to take part in English and "Scotch affairs." By this proposition, which he declared at the time to be "universally admitted," he still apparently abides, and, however, therefore, he may now qualify or misquote his utterance of 1886, he is still planted now as then between two avowed impossibilities—the moral impossibility of allowing Irish members with a Dublin Parliament of their own to sit at Westminster and intermeddle in English and Scotch business, and the material impossibility of so discriminating English and Scotch from Imperial business as to prevent their doing so. And, inasmuch as a material impossibility will not permit itself to be expressed, while a moral impossibility will, the inference which we must apparently draw is that Mr. GLADSTONE will be compelled to recommend to the Imperial Parliament the monstrous absurdity of a scheme under which Irishmen would be permitted to assist in legislating for Englishmen and Scotchmen, while they would enjoy the privilege of legislating for themselves in complete freedom from English and Scotch interference. Either this, or Mr. GLADSTONE will be forced to substitute for it the less inequitable, but more revolutionary, proposal to set up three, if not four or five, separate Legislatures in various parts of the United Kingdom, with an Imperial Parliament dominating the whole. No wonder Mr. GLADSTONE ridicules the idea of his consenting, until the eve—or, for all we know, until after the result—of the next election, to indicate any one of the "multitude of modes" by which Irish representatives could be retained at Westminster under a Home Rule scheme. There is nothing particularly virtuous in trying to cajole a nation into taking a leap in the dark. But if it were a virtue, it would in this case be one of those which are manufactured out of a necessity.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS REARGUARD.

WE had hoped that it might be unnecessary, except in the way of peaceful and uncontentious reviewing, to take further notice of the squabbles between Mr. STANLEY and other members of his expedition. Even the publication of the avowedly, and in the circumstances naturally, polemical volume which Major WALTER BARTTELOT has devoted to the vindication of his brother's memory would not necessarily have brought about the frustration of this hope, while the volume which Mr. HERBERT WARD—another person concerned—has simultaneously produced is, except for a temperate protest against Mr. STANLEY's treatment of his subordinates, almost uncontentious. Mr. JAMESON's diary, so strangely treated by Mr. STANLEY, is not yet out. Mr. ROSE TROUP's version (which, if not wholly favourable to Major BARTTELOT, is very unfavourable indeed to Mr. STANLEY) and that of Mr. BONNY (which is not dissimilar) have only been given in the untrustworthy form of inter-

views. It was our purpose to have waited till all possible narratives had appeared in proper form, and then, by comparing and fusing them together, to complete the careful examination of all the documents in the case which has from time to time been laid before the readers of the *Saturday Review*, and which should have put them in a good position to judge this painful and delicate matter.

But Mr. STANLEY's letter to the *Times* of Monday, and still more the outrageous and unrepudiated insinuations of a published conversation of his, make it difficult, if not impossible, simply to pursue this course. Major WALTER BARTTELOT's book made some kind of answer from Mr. STANLEY almost unavoidable. It is, as we have said, written in avowed polemic, and with some heat and passion. Mr. STANLEY and his advocates may urge from it the conclusion that incompatibility of temper between the captain and the lieutenant showed itself very early, and that the disposition in which BARTTELOT took up the command of the Rearguard was ominous of difficulty. Major WALTER BARTTELOT has somewhat unwisely complicated the matter by attacking the EMIN Relief Committee and the British East Africa Company; and he has disclosed a state of things among the Rearguard officers, except as far as his brother and Mr. JAMESON were concerned, of tale-bearing, of grumbling, of mutual jealousy, and so forth, which is not pretty, and could not well have come to good. But he has once and for all made clear what was from the very first pointed out here, that Mr. STANLEY's own instructions were by no means disregarded, and that the real secret of the evil lay—first, in the ill-omened agreement with TIPPOO TIB; secondly, in the imperfect confidences of Mr. STANLEY to his lieutenant; thirdly, in the false play of UGARROWA and other Arabs; and last, or rather most of all, in the weeding out of all the best men of the expedition to go with Mr. STANLEY himself, and the leaving to Major BARTTELOT a motley mob of sick, disaffected, and weak riff-raff, with crushing loads to carry, and an all-important position to hold. He has, further, as he was easily able to do, made an exposure of Mr. STANLEY's subsequent words, and has printed a letter of Mr. STANLEY's to Sir WALTER BARTTELOT, the bad taste and bad judgment of which are almost incredible. Mr. STANLEY might have continued his plan of silence; he might merely have said (as he does say) that there is more to come, and he will answer it all together. Unfortunately he has adopted the very worst and most indefensible of all tactics of reply, by adding vague threats of terrible disclosures if he is driven to extremities, and hints that Major BARTTELOT's friends had much better be quiet. Now this, we tell him frankly, is quite intolerable. It is a shabby fashion of self-defence in all cases; in this case it is inconsistent alike with the praise and with the blame of Mr. STANLEY's own previous utterances. Moreover, if all sorts of terrible things were disclosed, they would still leave untouched the facts that Mr. STANLEY's chafferings with the slave-traders invited disaster, that his instructions were either purposely ambiguous or most unfortunately obscure, and that he left his lieutenant a practically impossible task. These "I could an I would," these "You'd better not," these innuendoes and menaces, are utterly unworthy either of a gentleman or of a sensible man. Let Mr. STANLEY (when he reaches America, since by the embargo laid on his accusers he has delayed the accusations till the eve of his start) speak out. Let him say the worst he has got to say, drop his admitted practice of secreting and garbling documents (the former a dubious, the latter an unpardonable, thing), and leave the public to judge. And, in conclusion, as a last piece of advice, let him "pontify" a little less. He has done a great work, and we have frankly acknowledged it. But these Veiled-Prophet ways of his, these affectations of mysterious and oracular superiority, have been carried too far; and if he carries them a little further Englishmen will begin to think that they cover something not less ugly—though it may be ugly in a different way—than what was covered by the veil of MOKANNA himself.

"A LARGE ORDER."

NEVER since Philanthropy became a recognized profession has it assumed a form so high as that upon which "General" BOOTH bases his appeal to the charitable in the stout and extremely complex volume entitled *In Darkest England, and the Way Out.* Mr. BOOTH requires a million pounds sterling to "save" some three millions of destitute people. His scheme embodies numerous features common to other philanthropic schemes, in the past or still existing, with certain notions of his own that tend to give a specious comprehensiveness to the whole. It is "a large "order," as Mr. BOOTH properly admits, to go a-begging for a million of money in order to test the value of a gigantic speculation. We use the word "speculation" advisedly, without in the least hinting a doubt of Mr. BOOTH's philanthropy. For let the true estimate of Mr. BOOTH's philanthropy be of unexampled force and richness, be it equivalent to the combined fervour represented by fifty Dr. BARNARDOS and fifty GEORGE MULLERS, the scheme of which he gives the somewhat slack outlines is none the less a speculation. It is quite as much a speculation as that of the British East Africa Company. And this fact renders it all the more necessary that the charitable wealthy should examine very closely and thoroughly every section of "General" BOOTH's scheme as laid down in his book. The suggested similitude to the EMIN Relief Expedition naturally occurs to the reader of the opening chapter, even if the title itself were less significant than it is. The ingenious parallelism instituted by the author between his proposed work of rescue and restoration and Mr. STANLEY's victorious advance through the Equatorial forests is carried quite far enough for picturesque effect. It would not do to pursue it much further. According to Lieutenant TROUP, as reported by the industrious interviewer, Mr. STANLEY has "no more philanthropy than my boot." Now Mr. BOOTH, as everybody knows, possesses all Mr. STANLEY's qualities of leadership and organization, with the philanthropy added thereto. It would never do for Mr. BOOTH to regard other workers in the field as a sort of Rearguard, hopelessly "stogg'd" on the way, encumbered by jealousies and sectarian differences of opinion. Great is the pity, therefore, that he should head his remarks on existing charitable institutions, "very excellent in their "way," with the opprobrious term "charities' charity," and complain of their want of concerted action. This is not acting in charity towards that philanthropic vanguard which may some day, if Mr. BOOTH's many-branched scheme becomes even in part an accomplished fact, turn into a pitiful, disconcerted Rearguard. "They may ladle "out individuals here and there," admits Mr. BOOTH, but they cannot drain the bog. The Salvation ladle, perhaps, may take up whole boatloads at every venture. Let us concede this unspeakable capacity; yet is there no danger in this indiscriminate hauling from the waters of want, crime, destitution, and misfortune, merited or undeserved? Can it be said that fully one half of the leading features of Mr. BOOTH's scheme will not work confusion among many excellent schemes now in working order, if it does not actually mar some altogether? If Mr. BOOTH could buy up, to use a figure that serves in this instance, those philanthropic schemes or institutions that undoubtedly do little good, or considerable mischief, and could show value for his million, that were, indeed, a happy and desirable result. But is there any reasonable expectation that he can do as much? We trow not. Unless he is prepared to work harmoniously with the really sound and fruitful schemes now in operation, it is hard to see how he can avoid doing as much injury to them as good by his own efforts. The harm, at least, is certain; the good is problematical.

Mr. BOOTH may, of course, plead that his scheme is so large, and the need is so great. There is no denying either plea. But reasonable men do not ask, of a speculation, is it big; but, rather, will it work? This "Darkest Eng-"land" scheme is a great deal too big to be practicable, too complex to be worked under one head and centre, too cumbrous to be disciplined with the discipline of the Salvation Army. It is big enough to attract the irrational love of big things which is a characteristic of the popular imagination. Mr. BOOTH applies the ridiculous phrase "Greater Eng-"land" to the colonies, whereas "bigger England" is what he means. It is proposed by his scheme to transform a multitude—"the submerged Tenth" they are called—of persons who suffer from a chronic state of destitution into self-helping and self-sustaining communities. The absolutely destitute, the man out of work, is to be fed and clothed, set upon his legs once more, and work found for him. He will pass a kind of probationary season with the first community or "City Colony," and then, at discretion, be passed on to the "Farm Colony," a vast establishment in one of the Home counties, where he may acquire "a know-

"ledge of agriculture" or some other industry that may fit him for emigration to "the Over-sea Colony." Now it is obvious that, if Mr. BOOTH's figures are correct, the "City Colony" would soon be "full up," especially with the attractive offer of "Food and Shelter for Everybody"—not to speak of employment—advertised far and wide between "Plymouth and Peterhead." Among the population of the "City Colony" there will necessarily be the "won't work at any price" class, or "moral lunatics," as Mr. BOOTH quaintly calls them. What is to become of those who do not pass the ordeal of the "City Colony"? Are they to be turned adrift, and then, still impenitent, to be arrested as "moral lunatics," to be confined in the asylums Mr. BOOTH proposes for the safe custody of the drones? Those who know anything of the art and practice of agriculture need no indication of the hopeless impracticability of the "Farm Colony" scheme. And the closer the examination of this "Darkest England" project, the more do such awkward questions arise.

MR. FROUDE'S "LORD BEACONSFIELD."

THE volume on Lord BEACONSFIELD, with which Mr. FROUDE opens a new "Series" of *The Queen's Prime Ministers* (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), lends itself, not merely by its subject but also by its handling, better to treatment in this part of our columns than to regular reviewing. Although Mr. FROUDE has had access to private papers, and has given some fresh and curious information (as, for instance, in regard to Mrs. BRYDGES WILLYAMS, the eccentric old lady who conceived a platonic affection for Mr. DISRAELI and made him her heir), the book contains neither a methodical survey nor a regular criticism of the whole subject. Mr. FROUDE, indeed, mentions most of Mr. DISRAELI's literary work, and criticizes it on the whole fairly well, though he has a remarkable over-estimate, comparatively speaking, of *Lothair*. But his political *compte-rendu* is full of curious gaps, and sometimes seems (if we may say so without giving offence where none is meant) intended to set forth rather the political ideas of Mr. FROUDE than the political history of Lord BEACONSFIELD. There are large discussions of the future, but somewhat insufficient surveys of the past; and, where there are surveys of the past, the author's eyes appear to be too often fixed on JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, and too seldom on BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Because Mr. FROUDE had difficulties forty years ago with the Tractarian Movement, and to this day regards it as some (not all) disenchanted lovers regard their lost mistresses, we have references to it which are quite disproportioned, if not quite irrelevant, to the biography of a man whose chief practical connexion with the subject was the unhappy Public Worship Regulation Act. Because Mr. FROUDE takes particular interest in Ireland and the Colonies, he comes, or very nearly comes, to the conclusion that Lord BEACONSFIELD's fall and the subsequent misfortunes of England are due to his having failed to use the whole power of his 1874 majority to arrange these matters to Mr. FROUDE's liking. In short, the book, though admirably written, as anything of Mr. FROUDE's is sure to be, and very interesting and stimulating to read, is, to adopt musical language, much more a capriccio than a sonata.

On one point we may dwell at a little greater length, for it gives a rather conspicuous example of that crotchetiness and will-worship in politics which are popularly supposed to impair the political worth of the literary man. This is Mr. FROUDE's criticism of the events of 1875–78. With his "Elizabethan" ideas it might have been supposed that he would be a "Jingo" to the core. On the contrary (for no reason that we can discover, except that the Eastern question prevented his cherished but exceedingly vague desires in Ireland and the Colonies from being attended to), he is dreadfully wroth with Jingoism, and goes near to pronounce all the misfortunes of 1880 a judgment on Mr. DISRAELI for his sins in this respect. Nay, while he elsewhere speaks of, or at least alludes to, Mr. GLADSTONE's political proceedings as they deserve, he actually commends the engineer of the Bulgarian Atrocities agitation for, perhaps, the most capital example of his political malfeasance. We must say that this inconsistency weakens Mr. FROUDE's position as a political critic very considerably. We do not mean that the position of the opponent of Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy in the East is necessarily weak; but it must be consistent with his other positions, and this is not so consistent. That the ill success of the policy, which Mr. FROUDE apparently regards as an argument against it, was due to that action of Mr. GLADSTONE and others which he approves never seems to have struck him at all. This is a serious flaw in the book, and there are others like it. For instance, though Mr. FROUDE is angry with Mr. DISRAELI for the most disputable act of his life—that of "Shooting Niagara"—it seems to be less on the merits than because Mr. GLADSTONE, not having Reform to work with, had to take to Irish affairs. In fact, though the book gives us a great deal of new light on Mr. FROUDE's dislike of the Roman Church and the anti-Protestant party in England, on the apostolic lives of the clergy of the as yet not disestablished Church of Ireland, on the author's views as to the decadence of English character, on his admiration for Mr. CARLYLE (which he has surely sometimes shown in odd ways), and so forth, and though it is from first page to last a most interesting book, we do not know that it is a very important contribution either to general political history or to particular political biography. It is neither particularly novel nor particularly "fructuous" to sum up by saying that Lord BEACONSFIELD was "a Hebrew to the end," was "English only by adoption," and "never completely "identified himself with the country that he ruled." Anybody can see and anybody can say that. The really important thing is that, whether from pure patriotism, or, as some would have it, from the same kind of *égoïsme à deux* which is at the root of some other loves, he loved this adopted country and worked for its greatness in a fashion which no statesman since Mr. PITT has even approached. That is the glory which will be more and more his as time goes on and prejudices fall away, and in the light of which his faults and shortcomings and un-Englishnesses, though neither few nor small, will become of very little account.

A SCHEME OF "MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM."

THE Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council had to listen, on Tuesday, to some vigorous expostulation from one of the most competent members of that body, Mr. BRUDENELL CARTER; and though Mr. CARTER spoke very plainly, perhaps roughly, he did not exceed the demands of the occasion. For the Committee has some very offensive little ways; it too often works by methods of ignobly clever trickiness (see the ever-memorable Bow Bridge Bill for boundless examples); and in reporting what had been done about the Removal of Gates Bill the Committee again offended in a petty but significant way. Referring to a correctional motion made by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL in the House of Commons, and adopted to the displeasure of the Committee, their reporter interpolated the observation that Sir EDWARD CLARKE was "a "resident in Russell Square." The innuendo is obvious. As a resident in Russell Square, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL may have been thinking of his own personal benefit and convenience when he suggested an amendment to Clause 4 of the Removal of Gates Bill. If this insinuation was denied by the Committee, the newspaper reports do not mention the denial; and the words by which it was conveyed, and which are meaningless for any other purpose than its conveyance, were allowed by the Council to stand.

The Council having been wrought to some warmth over the exposure and accomplishment of this shabby little piece of business, presently proceeded to another which was rightly described as the most important that has ever been submitted to its judgment or its votes. Lord COMPTON moved the adoption of a report from the Housing of the Working Classes Committee; a report which, as he said, em-"bodies the first big scheme that has been brought forward "by the Committee," though it is not in the least degree likely to be the last if it be sanctioned and set in operation. A certain area in Bethnal Green, comprising twenty streets, 730 houses, and a population of more than 5 500 persons (men, women, and children), has been marked off by the Committee for its operations. The district is in a most unsanitary condition. The houses are, for the most part, small, old, dilapidated, and too closely built for ventilation; the result of these and other conditions being that the death-rate in "the Boundary Street area" is nearly twice as great as in the rest of Bethnal Green. There is no reason to doubt this account of the wretched fifteen acres, and no propriety, therefore, in questioning the need of interference on behalf of their population and its neighbourhood.

The scheme of interference proposed by Lord COMPTON'S Committee is this, so far as it can be understood as taking a definite shape. The London County Council is to get possession of this area, to sweep away its foul abodes, and either build or see to the building of more wholesome houses for the poor. This is to be done at the cost of the ratepayers, of course; and the estimate is (we know what estimates usually are in relation to actual expense) that 300,000*l.* will be wanted for the purpose.

The Committee is not only uncertain, apparently, as to how the scheme is to be carried out, but is under some difficulty as to the classing and the naming of it. To call it a street-improvement scheme seems to be the prevalent idea; but those who are most in sympathy with the objects of the Committee (direct and indirect), and who probably understand them best, describe it as the bold and determinate adoption of "Municipal Socialism." That is certainly what it looks like; and we possibly discover one of the reasons for the presentation of the scheme when we mark Lord COMPTON'S fervent hope that "we shall be able to do "something to improve the condition of the working classes "in the short space of time which remains to us as a "Council"; in other words, "which remains to us before "we have to seek re-election." At present, however, we may put all that aside to consider whether the proposal is a workable scheme, and what its consequences must be should its adoption be decided on at Monday's meeting of the Council. We are all agreed that the object of it is a good one, so far as it relates to the wretched inhabitants of the "Boundary Street area," and inasmuch as it is dissociated from calculations prompted by the approach of a general election. Radicals may leap to support it, Conservatives may decide to leave it unopposed, on account of those calculations; as to which, all that can be said is that they are extremely bad grounds for either party to go upon. But they will be indefinitely worse if the objections to the scheme are as grave as they certainly appear. Some of these objections have been already brought before the Council, and we may hope that they will be pressed with unflinching force at Monday's meeting. This point, for one, has to be cleared up. The Council has enormous powers under Act of Parliament to compel the owners of foul dwellings to set them in order at their own expense, and even to clear them away. The "Boundary Street "area" is described as exceptionally neglected and unwholesome; then why are not the owners of the houses on it brought to book with exceptional severity? Is it proposed that, because the neglect has been so great and the result is so intolerable, the public shall provide a remedy at its own cost? As Lord LINGEN puts it, the Council is asked to say, "Here is a neighbourhood so hopelessly "bad that we shall not put the law in force against any "of the house-owners in it; if it were a less bad neigh-"bourhood" (*i.e.* less disgraceful and less profitable to the house-owners), "we might proceed to put the law in "force." Is that really what the Council intend to say? If so, where is the sense of it? what the justice to the ratepayers? and what is likely to be the effect on the owners of similar property though not quite so bad at present? There is the further consideration that, if this is the beginning of a policy—as we must suppose, since there are dozens of "areas" in London like that in Bethnal Green—what is the cost likely to come to, and what are its bearings on the general question of finance? Then we are told that the "Boundary Street area" must be dealt with as a whole; though yet the work of clearance may be done by sections. This brings us again in presence of an old difficulty—the thrusting of hundreds of families into areas already overcrowded while improvement is going on, and where in most cases they remain. The Committee sees that it must have "the means of re-housing, however "temporarily, some of those displaced," but in what way Municipal Socialism is to play the part of landlord to those displaced we have not yet heard. In fact, the Committee offered no detail to the Council; though whether because they hardly liked the look of it and wished to break the matter gently, or because the scheme was too recently resolved upon to allow of time to settle details, is a matter of doubt. Neither can we yet believe that the Council is to become house-builder and landlord, though that interpretation has been put upon the scheme; the assumption being that the "Boundary Street area" of twenty streets is to be the site of a collection of County Council Lodging-houses, and the first of many such. Should that be the intention, the Council is at full liberty to carry it out; the power to build and let lodgings having been committed to the Council by Mr. RITCHIE, in the Act for which a vote of thanks was given to him at last Tuesday's meeting. Though Lord COMPTON pleaded for instant decision —on the ground that "they must have a scheme cut and "dried, so that they could advertise it for three con-"secutive weeks in November"—it is some satisfaction that the majority of the Council hesitated to make the leap into "Municipal Socialism." Reconsideration on a future day was agreed to; and it is possible that even the most advanced of London County Councillors may seriously ask themselves, in the meantime, what the ratepayers who elect them may think of a three-hundred-thousand-guinea plunge of this character, with rates already standing at between six and seven shillings in the pound. Monday's meeting of the London County Council is likely to be a memorable one.

MR. BALFOUR'S "PROGRESS."

MR. BALFOUR has completed his official tour through the West of Ireland, and has returned to Dublin laden, no doubt, with much useful information as to the districts which he has visited. It may, however, be doubted whether his additions to his own stores of knowledge are as great—they are certainly not half so surprising—as those which he has made to the knowledge of certain other people. Among those we do not, of course, include the Irish agitator, or even the English mischief-maker of the ILLINGWORTH and SHAW LEFEVRE type. These two sets of persons knew well enough from the outset—the former at first hand, and the latter by information filtering unwillingly through them—that the legend of Mr. BALFOUR'S violent unpopularity in Ireland was of a purely mythical character. They were quite prepared, though uncomfortably and uneasily prepared, to find the CHIEF SECRETARY welcomed, not only with cordiality, but even with something like enthusiasm, by the Irish peasantry; and, though the warmth of his reception has probably exceeded even their expectations, it has, no doubt, been only an annoyance to them, and not a shock. On the other hand, we should not at all wonder if to a more highly placed and less confidentially treated mischief-maker like Mr. MORLEY it has been a matter of genuine astonishment. It is only too probable that Mr. MORLEY, fed too exclusively on diet expressly provided for him by the Parnellite leaders, had swallowed the story of the "Downtrodden People and the "Detested Tyrant" whole, and that it is a matter of genuine astonishment to find his rival received with cheers instead of rotten eggs, and triumphal arches instead of indignation meetings.

As to the rank and file of the Gladstonian party—we mean the simple souls who are deceived instead of deceivers, and who have a confused notion that, whether Mr. BALFOUR'S policy is right or wrong, it is bitterly resented by the Irish peasantry—the reports of his progress can hardly fail to have at least some salutary effect upon them. It must, for one thing, have impressed them much to find that the kind of priest who has become so odiously prominent in connexion with the cruel oppression of one part of their flocks by another, and the combination of the latter to rob a third section, is not, as they had been told and had believed, a type and exemplar of the Irish parochial clergy; but that scores and hundreds of Irish parishes enjoy the services of a pastor who will do nothing to aid and abet boycotting, and has no associations with the Plan of Campaign. Men like these have been brought to the front in numbers by Mr. BALFOUR'S visit, and their sincere solicitude for the sustenance of their poorer parishioners during the coming winter has led them to give almost impassioned expression to their sense of Mr. BALFOUR'S zeal and good will. In short, it may be said that the events of the last week in Mayo and Galway have simply revealed to multitudes of Englishmen a new Ireland—an Ireland in which the hysterics of Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON might never, for all that appears, have been displayed, or no denunciations of English Ministers and English rule have been ever heard—an Ireland in which the indigent cultivator seems to be as reasonable and docile as the English agricultural labourer, as well disposed towards those who are willing to assist him, and as grateful for their friendly aid. It would be a mistake, of course, to exaggerate the importance of these displays of feeling. The people who make them are impressionable and impulsive,

and no doubt would cheer an agitator to-morrow as readily as they applaud a Minister to-day. But it is enough to know that, though they might cheer the agitator, they obviously would not believe him, and that they have the same admiration and respect, and we may add even regard, for those who rule them firmly and justly as at all periods of their history the Irish people have invariably displayed.

JUDGE AND JOURNALIST.

"SIR," said the despairing sage to his able and assiduous friend, "you have only two subjects, your-"self and me. I am sick of both." BOSWELL had at least two subjects. Some people have only one. A very recent convert to the Church of Rome has already written a couple of articles on his conversion, respectively disguised under the misleading designations of "Cardinal NEWMAN" and "Canon LIDDON." The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of ENGLAND, always ready to oblige, has been delivering what a sagacious commentator calls a "genial" address to the Lolesworth Club on Public Speaking and Public Speakers, and especially on one great public speaker. A distinguished man of science recently said of an eminent statesman, "I can "stand anything about him, except his damned humility." The humility of Lord COLERIDGE is a blessed humility, suggestive of MOSES in his least exalted moments, not of Lord ERSKINE "rising in consequence of an allusion to "trial by jury." In shedding its mild radiance over Mr. KITTLE and the rest of the East End, it brought into strong, though doubtless unintended, relief the virtues of its owner. Lord COLERIDGE began by saying that he should endeavour to deserve the compliments of Mr. KITTLE. Who could be humbler than that? It is true that Mr. WINDHAM made the same remark in reference to the praise of Dr. JOHNSON. But the "personal equation," if we may say so, is somewhat different in the two cases, and the superior personality is not on the side of Mr. WINDHAM. Lord COLERIDGE was not content with endeavouring to satisfy the requirements of Mr. KITTLE. He frankly acknowledged his inferiority to HANDEL in the composition of "great original works." Among the varied accomplishments of HER MAJESTY'S judges, the production of oratorios, operas, or even "over-"tures," has, we believe, yet to be reckoned. Lord COLERIDGE'S immediate predecessor could sing a good song, and a learned Law Lord renders BEETHOVEN on the piano. But for the most part the Superior Court of Judicature depend for their musical honours upon Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, unless, indeed, the Salvation Army, as in duty bound, chant the praises of the CHIEF JUSTICE to the accompaniment of their tom-toms. Lord COLERIDGE protests that he is neither original nor creative, and his reasons are characteristic. He cannot compose overtures, and he cannot, like ROCHESTER or his "old friend Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE," talk about "Nothing." ROCHESTER, as is well known, celebrated that theme in verse, and Sir STAFFORD in prose. An ideal topic for Lord COLERIDGE would be "Nobody," or "The Least of "GOD'S Creatures."

Lord COLERIDGE must naturally have a good deal to say about oratory. He was himself a noted orator at the Bar, he made at least one speech of consummate excellence in the House of Commons, and he has heard some of the best speakers who ever lived. It is a first principle of public speaking to put oneself on good terms with one's audience, and Lord COLERIDGE did not neglect this art at the Lolesworth Club. He certainly began in a queer fashion enough. The "iniquities of the island of Cuba," the "pro-"ceedings of Germany and Portugal on the East Coast of "Africa," are a long way from the conduct of debating societies and the art of debate. Mr. RUSKIN once laid down the principle that crystals could not be discussed without Cistercian architecture, nor Cistercian architecture without crystals. Lord COLERIDGE abruptly departed from Cuba, and plunged into the unity of mankind. "They "were all," he remarked, with his promised avoidance of originality, "inhabitants of the same vast city, "subjects of the same QUEEN, and creatures of the same "GOD." It is impressive to hear a Chief Justice pleading for the masses as the undergraduate pleaded for the Dons, though Lord COLERIDGE would have been more in accordance with rhetorical rules if he had followed DOGBERRY'S famous injunction and "written GOD first." It would sound rather odd to say "We are all Judges of the "High Court, we are all lawyers, we are all Englishmen, "we are all made of flesh and blood." But it is much that Lord COLERIDGE should have admitted the common origin of himself with the members of the Lolesworth Club, as ERSKINE, in the immortal parody, acknowledged that he was distinctly lower than the angels, and, in regard to many of his faculties, a finite being. Having thus put his hearers at their ease, and given them a good conceit of themselves, Lord COLERIDGE, with that genuine modesty which marks all he does, assumed that no one would be acquainted with the addresses he had delivered at Birmingham and Exeter. Even if one is a Chief Justice, one cannot always be attacking the Attorney-General, and the process of sneering at all journalists except Mr. STEAD is capable of producing fatigue. Were it not better done as others use—such as Lord DERBY, whom imagination fondly pictures on the throne of Greece, "Doing his best to "quench all enthusiasm and crush all self-satisfaction"?

Perhaps it did not take a Chief Justice to tell us that "fine language was worthless unless it was founded on "thought, and thought had little value unless it was sup-"ported by knowledge and fact." Worthless, no doubt, in the highest sense, it is. But before MILTON and before ARISTOPHANES, possibly even before AGAMEMNON, eloquence prevailed over truth—at least, in the minds of those who did not know the truth, but heard the eloquence. Lord COLERIDGE proceeded to combat the proposition that "eloquence had left the Bar, only lingered in Parlia-"ment, and was almost leaving the pulpit." This is a hard saying, and may, in our opinion, be, without difficulty, disproved. But Lord COLERIDGE'S method of controversy is strange, if we must not say original. He names four great advocates, all of whom are dead. He expatiates upon the late Cardinal NEWMAN, and mentions that he never heard the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH or Dr. LIDDON. He cites three members of Parliament, among whom the only survivor is in his eighty-first year. There remains the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, aged sixty-nine, to back up Lord COLERIDGE in his perfectly sound doctrine. Yet nothing has been heard from Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and Archdeacon FARRAR has not written a protest to the *Times*. Lord COLERIDGE is not a dull man, and he must have had some reason for favouring the Lolesworth Club with a string of instances which, so far as they are relevant, upset his own theory. One is reminded of POPE'S famous couplet, and of the still more famous explanation. BOSWELL puzzled his head over the lines—

> Let pious Foster, if he will, excel
> Six Metropolitans in preaching well.

What could POPE have meant by them? "Sir," said the Doctor emphatically, "he meant to give pain to somebody." More interesting than Lord COLERIDGE'S motives, however, is his description of Sir WILLIAM ERLE as "the greatest of "all the advocates who, in his time, had adorned the pro-"fession, and supreme in the art of forensic speaking." If this be a correct estimate, and it is not likely to be a prejudiced one, Chief Justice ERLE combined in himself the usually distinct qualities of a verdict-getter and a verdict-giver. In his time, and in the time of his predecessor Sir NICHOLAS TINDAL, the Court of Common Pleas was at its very best.

At the Jubilee Dinner of the Oxford Union, seventeen years ago, Dr. LIDDON proposed in a vivacious and elaborate speech the toast of Literature, coupled with the name of MATTHEW ARNOLD. In teaching them all the art of criticism, said Dr. LIDDON, urbanely, the late Professor of Poetry had taught them even to criticize himself. Mr. ARNOLD did not like it. Lord COLERIDGE does not like the Press, to which no one, not even a humble Chief Justice, is sacred. In one of his recent harangues he said, in effect, that he never met a journalist without wondering why he ever read a leading article. There are people who do not feel themselves profoundly impressed with the conversational brilliancy and general knowledge of all HER MAJESTY'S Judges. But so long as a judge understands the law which he administers—that Lord COLERIDGE will admit to be an indispensable qualification—his other gifts, or the want of them, are his own affair. It is conceivable that Lord COLERIDGE'S journalistic acquaintance may have failed to find an opportunity for getting what is vulgarly called a word in edgewise. His latest complaint is, that leading articles, unlike eloquence, may be "ordered." The antithesis is a curiously bad one for a professor of style. A leading article may be eloquent, and a speech which is meant to be eloquent may be very much the reverse. Moreover, there

is a profession with which Lord COLERIDGE was once not obscurely connected, where eloquence is frequently "ordered," though it is not so frequently obtained. Lord COLERIDGE cannot really believe, whatever he may amuse himself by saying, that his own position twenty years ago, or Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's position now, is solely due to their knowledge of law, and has no connexion with their powers of speech. The immediate abolition of journalism by law would be attended with certain inconveniences, and would, perhaps, not produce all those consequences which Lord COLERIDGE seems to expect from it. We need not enlarge upon the losses which might ensue. One is enough. Lord COLERIDGE's words could not be reported, nor do we quite see where he would get the material for his recondite allusions to Cuba and East Africa.

MR. GLADSTONE'S IDEALS.

IF it be agreeable—as it is and must be—to the natural man to accumulate sound reasons for despising the judgment of an adverse critic, there should be many members of the "classes" in these islands to whom Mr. GLADSTONE's article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* must have supplied very pleasant reading. The Tory, the Churchman, the landlord, English and Irish, nay even the average Englishman who still prefers his own country to others, will have found in it abundance of reassuring matter. If any of Mr. GLADSTONE's countrymen belonging to these orders have ever felt uneasy under his denunciations and reproaches—if they have ever been disposed to ask themselves whether his professedly unfavourable view of them may not have some justification in fact—if, in short, they have at any time been haunted by the anxious self-inquiry whether it is really to the prejudice of the critic, and not the faults of the criticized, that the unflattering criticism is due—they may read Mr. GLADSTONE on the "Gospel of Wealth," and take heart. When any man has a poor opinion of us, and we wonder whether we deserve it, it is of great importance to ascertain who and what are they whom he admires. If they are men whom we ourselves admire, we feel it at least possible that our depreciator's contempt may be as sound an instinct as his admiration; while, if the contrary is the case, we are proportionately relieved to find that we have escaped association with the sort of company into which his praises would have brought us. In the instance before us this sensation of relief could hardly be more complete. For many years past Mr. GLADSTONE has hardly had a good word for his own country and countrymen, their character, manners, institutions, and opinions, or a bad word for our "kinsmen beyond sea," and particularly for our cousins in America. This, of course, has been unpleasant to us, and, as America has in its time undoubtedly produced some great and many worthy men, we may some of us have asked ourselves, not without searchings of heart, whether it is these types of American character which Mr. GLADSTONE has had in his eye, and whether "the best kind of "Englishman" is really so far inferior to these types as our eminent critic appears to believe. What a sudden dispersion, then, of our anxieties, what an instantaneous and mirthful revulsion of feeling, is it to discover, as we do, from this article, that Mr. GLADSTONE's ideal American citizen, the man he has all along had in his eye as the model for his unworthy countrymen, is—Citizen CARNEGIE!

We confess to taking more interest in this encouraging proof of the utter degradation of our censor's ideals than in the subject which he treats of in his article. His way of talking about—and we may say to—this "remarkable "person," as he calls him, is in the highest degree instructive. His "courage and frankness—both of them superlative"; those "attendant virtues which walk in the "train of a munificence not less modest and simple than "it is habitual and splendid"; his doctrine and practice as regards the use of wealth, which it is "my humble "office" to "make definitely known in some quarters "into which they may not yet have penetrated"; his "noble" plan of almsgiving, which "I feel indisposed to "turn away from regarding" without "offering, from an "immeasurable distance, a humble suggestion"—such are some of the rankly-scented flowers of adulation with which Mr. GLADSTONE's paper is full. Let us do him justice. He was not wont to grovel in this seemingly abject manner before mere wealth, and he is not altogether doing so now. We grant that, if Mr. CARNEGIE had inherited the money instead of making it, Mr. GLADSTONE would not admire him nearly so much. But what he does idolize in Mr. CARNEGIE is the next most vulgar thing to the heaping up of money-bags, and that is the achievement of material success by the ordinary money-getting qualities, and the employment of wealth when obtained for purposes of self-advertisement, for the gratification of a feeling of self-righteousness, and for the propagation of political doctrines largely rooted in the passion of envy. In each and every one of these practices, Mr. CARNEGIE has an active competitor in Mr. GLADSTONE, and it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that he should have in him a warm admirer also.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

SOMETHING like an epidemic of volcanic activity is in progress just at present. We recently heard of the sudden eruption of Mombacho, a volcano supposed to be extinct; then came the news that Kilauea is showing signs of exceptional activity, and now Ætna has given warnings of an eruption. These three occurrences in different parts of the world can hardly be more than a coincidence, but they draw attention to the subject, which is very little understood. Mombacho is a mountain about the same height as Vesuvius, situated near the town of Granada, in Nicaragua, one of the Central American Republics. It lies on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, between that and the Pacific Ocean. The region abounds in active volcanoes, but Mombacho has never been counted among them. There is of course nothing new in the eruption of an apparently extinct volcano, but the phenomenon is sufficiently rare to be interesting. Kilauea, on the other hand, is always more or less active. It is not a mountain, but an immense crater in the side of Mauna Loa, one of the great volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. As one of the wonders of the world it has been described by many travellers. The main crater is nine miles in circumference, but only a small portion is usually in full activity. Adventurous sightseers descend into the hollow amid jets of sulphurous steam, walking on a thin crust of lava, often hot enough to burn the soles of their boots, until they come within sight of the boiling cauldron at the bottom. The heaving surface covered with a sulphurous scum, and the huge waves of glowing molten lava which are now and again cast into the air or up against the rocks, to fall heavily back into the solid sea, form one of the strangest and grandest sights in nature. About sixty years ago the crater was in full activity, and continued so for a long time until in the year 1840 the weight of the lava broke a subterranean passage, 27 miles long, through the side of the mountain, and it flowed into the sea. The lava stream was altogether 40 miles in length and half a mile wide. It took two days to reach the sea, and continued flowing for three weeks. This was only excelled by the great eruption of Skaptar, in Iceland, in 1783. The lava stream on that occasion was 50 miles long, 12 to 15 miles wide, and from 100 to 600 feet deep. It flowed in full force for 2½ months and with gradually slackening velocity for six months longer. The volume of lava thrown out has been reckoned equal to the entire mass of Mont Blanc.

Much attention has been paid by men of science to the laws regulating volcanic eruptions, but the only conclusions they seem to have been able to formulate amount to this:—that prolonged inactivity goes with severe eruptions, frequent or incessant activity with slight ones. This is not saying very much, but it is interesting when taken with the most generally accepted theory of the cause of eruptions. They are believed to be due to steam generated from water admitted through cracks in the earth's crust. The required heat is ascribed to friction caused by the crushing and grinding which accompany the shrinking of the earth's crust upon its centre; while the cracks, through which water is admitted, are supposed to be at the bottom of the sea, and are explained by subsidence of the ocean floor under the immense weight of superincumbent water, amounting sometimes to several tons on the square inch. All these are of course pure conjectures; but there are several facts which lend them probability. Almost all volcanoes are near the sea; most are islands, and the rest on the coast. The only real exceptions are the two Thian Shan volcanoes in Central Asia, some 1,500 miles from the sea; but they are near large lakes which may supply its place. Of the rest, the most distant from the sea are Fragua (156 miles) and Sangay (112 miles). The latter is a mountain 17,000 feet high, one of the Quito group, and curiously enough the most active of known volcanoes. It has been continuously in eruption since 1728, and more than 230 explosions have been counted in an hour, forming an almost continuous roar. If we consider the volume of matter poured forth by such a mountain, there is no difficulty in imagining a cavity beneath it vast enough to communicate with a crack in the bed of the sea 100 miles or so away. Another fact corroborating the theory is that, according to the *Challenger* and other deep-sea soundings, the deepest holes in the floor of the ocean occur in volcanic areas.

Water may, however, be admitted into the interior of the earth without supposing a crack at the bottom of the sea. The pheno-

menon is to be witnessed in Europe, and it is somewhat strange that the students of seismology, as this science is called, do not appear to have had their attention directed to the fact. In the island of Cephallonia, one of the Ionian group, two streams run directly from the sea into the land, and disappear in the bowels of the earth. The place where this occurs is about a mile from Argostoli, a small town and port. The two streams are at no great distance from one another, but quite independent. One has been opened up for some hundreds of yards. It flows straight in from the sea for a few yards, then turns at right angles, and runs for some distance parallel with the shore and close to it. Then it turns again towards the sea, and, running of course deeper and deeper, doubles completely under itself, thus forming a loop, and finally passes out of sight deep down in a landward direction. In this course it turns two mills, which will give some idea of the strength of the current; one was erected in 1835 by an Englishman, the second in 1859. There is no tide in the sea here, and the flow of the salt-water brook is perfectly steady and continuous. The other stream has only been opened up a short distance, but is of about the same size, and disappears in the ground in a similar way. Argostoli is out of the regular travelling routes, and only visited by local traders and yachts, which will account for this curious phenomenon having attracted so little attention. Various absurd explanations of what becomes of the water have been offered. It has been supposed to evaporate somewhere; but as it starts at sea-level and flows at a good pace deeper and deeper down, while the land rises higher and higher above it (for the island is mountainous), it can obviously never reach daylight again. Then it has been compared with the rivers which in other parts of Greece run underground here and there. But these rivers are all above sea-level, and ultimately find their way into the sea, which is impossible for the Argostoli streams, as they would immediately cease flowing upon communication being established at the other end. It is obvious that they flow into some subterranean reservoir, and the ultimate destiny of the water is quite satisfactorily explained by the theory of volcanic eruptions. We may imagine that the reservoir is emptied by periodical cataclysms, and indeed the inhabitants say that an earthquake occurs there regularly every 100 years; or that it feeds some distant volcano, such as Vesuvius or Stromboli. It is also extremely probable that similar phenomena occur elsewhere in volcanic districts, but have not been observed, as this would not have been had it not happened to be near a town. If this be so, it furnishes an explanation of the very varying behaviour of volcanoes, some of which are literally as regular as clockwork in their action, while others are in the highest degree irregular. Those belonging to the former class are probably fed by some steady-going regular influx like that of Argostoli, whereas the sudden, unexpected, and terrific outbursts of the second class are due to the occurrence of some fresh crack in the ocean floor or to the sudden enlargement of one already existing.

AT THE LYCEUM.

As was to be expected, a second visit to the Lyceum strengthens our original impression of the charm and beauty of Miss Ellen Terry's acting as Lucy Ashton, and the excellence of Mr. Irving's performance as the Master of Ravenswood. The whole of the third act, where the scene of betrothal occurs, offers one of the finest and most convincing examples of concerted acting that has been witnessed at the Lyceum. The scene at Wolf's Crag, in the second act, is still not so lucid in presentment as it should be. Here, at least, Mr. Mackintosh's Caleb is a trifle too fine in his expression of humour. The part needs breadth. The mirth of Ravenswood and the Ashtons is almost unintelligible. Mr. Mackintosh should, as all good comedians ever have done, take the audience into his confidence. But leaving these points of acting for the present, there are certain matters suggested by further hearing of Mr. Herman Merivale's play over which the actors possess little or no control, though they concern the studious playgoer very considerably. Something has already been said on the difficulties that beset him who would adapt the *Waverley Novels* to the stage. Not a few of these stories could very well be put on the stage by the art of the adapter of the hour, the art that is merely an ingenious form of cabinet-making or carpentry. In the *Bride of Lammermoor* the chief difficulty must be accounted, in no spirit of paradox, nothing less than an inestimable advantage. The novel, in fact, is a drama ready to the hand of the adapter. The story possesses all the dramatic elements, and is, moreover, charged with the very spirit of romance. There is the unseen, yet ever-present, hand of destiny directing the fate and fortune of the last of the Ravenswoods. There is that never-failing source of dramatic action, the course of true love, deflected for a while by selfish worldlings, yet victorious in death. And for those who need a moral and the point of it, there is the moral of the Poet Laureate's *Aylmer's Field*, and there does not exist in literature or in drama a more masterly treatment of the familiar theme than Scott's. In *Ravenswood* Mr. Merivale has, wisely in the circumstances perhaps, ignored the dramatic solution of the original. He has evaded what is admitted by everybody to be the *crux* of the adapter or dramatist of the novel.

This being so, and without withdrawing from our original commendation of Mr. Merivale's caution in this matter, it is not a little significant to note that the catastrophe in *Ravenswood* is the weak point in the play. Moreover, Miss Ellen Terry's fine acting in the last scene, where Lucy Ashton's lover takes his share of the betrothal ribbon and ring from her and abandons her, does itself powerfully suggest to many that the actress would have triumphed in the scene as shaped by the imagination of Scott. In the brief moments that follow the flight of Ravenswood, Miss Ellen Terry more than indicates in the thrilling accents of horror and remorse that betray her sudden awakening to the terrors of the situation how completely she could have been victorious in a more exacting scene. The Sir William Ashton of Mr. Alfred Bishop is entirely outside Scott, though the performance is more tolerable in the first three acts than after. But the part is, in some ways, also outside Scott. In the first scenes he is an indulgent father; in the last he takes a decided, if not a very active, part with Lady Ashton against Lucy. His position in the last act is inexplicable. He shows no love for his daughter, whom he loved so well. He does not desire a union he should, and did, desire both for her sake and sound policy. He, who never had any respect for Bucklaw, stands by and sees his daughter sign away happiness and life without a protest. Then, again, Hayston of Bucklaw was a gentleman, not a mere hectoring braggart, as Mr. Terriss appears to imagine in the first three acts, nor a heartless brute, as he shows in the last. Having declared he would not sign the contract if the lady were unwilling, he persists in the fulfilling of the contract in the face of the most obvious and pathetic self-betrayal of the young lady's feelings. It is true that Mr. Terriss turns his back upon Miss Ellen Terry, and Bucklaw behaves not as a lover should, yet his lack of observation does not affect the question. And this, and other points of the kind, are not so much as superficially suggested to the reader of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Lady Ashton, again, played by Miss Le Thiere as if she were a scold and a shrew, is a dreadfully trying person to the romantic playgoer. But, when all is said that should be on what is unsatisfactory in the catastrophe of Mr. Merivale's play, the two leading parts, the Master and Lucy Ashton, are transferred to the stage with admirable fidelity and force of presentment. Mr. Henry Irving is never anything but persuasive and successful in the romantic drama. His Ravenswood is a marvellous realization of Scott's picturesque, romantic, and unhappy hero. He looks and plays the part with the spirit and sympathy that cannot but delight all who have any joy in romance.

The very effective climax of the tragedy as now played at the Lyceum has most inexplicably been contrasted with the *finale* adopted by Fechter to the supposed disadvantage of the present play. From what has been written in certain quarters upon this interesting subject, we can only imagine that an imperfect recollection of the scene as played by Fechter, combined perhaps with the glamour that ever clings to the performances of great actors in the past, are chiefly responsible for the curious impression that Fechter's last scene was more striking and dramatic than that in *Ravenswood*. In Fechter's version there was a species of apotheosis of Lucy and Edgar, not a little odd, and decidedly meretricious. The clouds appeared to open, revealing the slowly ascending figures of the two lovers. After the first night, however, they were revealed on a rock, surrounded by a rising sea which was supposed to overwhelm them. A pretty picture this; but in what respect it can be said to be dramatic, it is impossible to say. Between Fechter's *finale* and Mr. Irving's there is only the negative and positive sides of comparison—the good and the bad. After the duel with Bucklaw, Mr. Irving's rapid exit, followed by Mr. Mackintosh's thrilling recital of the fatal ride and its tragic ending, make up a scene that is not less intensely dramatic than finely imagined.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Stock Exchange Settlement which ended on Wednesday evening was a very anxious and difficult one, though less so than had been apprehended. Indeed, at one time it was looked forward to with actual dread. It will be in the recollection of our readers that between the last Settlement in September and the first in October, there was so great a fall in many classes of securities, especially in American railroad and Argentine securities, that the mid-October Settlement was one of the worst for many years. No fewer than eight members of the Stock Exchange were declared defaulters, and many others avoided failure only because they received assistance from their friends or from powerful financial houses. Outside the Stock Exchange, too, some considerable firms had to be assisted. But, as one very great operator who had speculated on an immense scale had not arranged his accounts, no real relief was felt when the mid-October Settlement ended. The fall in American railroad securities continued for a week or ten days afterwards, and rumours flew about that this house and that were in difficulties, that certain members of the Stock Exchange could not possibly get over the next Settlement, and that even financial houses of high standing were in need of help. The rumours were on the face of them absurd for the most part, and very often they were set going by professional wreckers, but they added to the general uneasiness. At length, however, the accounts of the great operator just

referred to were arranged, and then a more easy feeling followed. Still there was no recovery in prices, and up to the very last moment considerable apprehension prevailed with respect to the Settlement just got through. It began on Monday morning most favourably. So far had the liquidation of bad business been carried that the demand for loans from bankers and discount-houses was comparatively very small, and bankers were able to obtain no more than 5 per cent.—that is, Bank of England rate. Within the Stock Exchange itself, too, rates of continuation were very easy, much easier than they have been for a considerable time. Even on American railroad securities, which have fallen most heavily, and therefore are looked upon with most suspicion, the carrying-over rates were only from 6 to 7 per cent., speaking generally. In the market for international securities rates in the morning ranged from about 4 per cent. to 7 per cent. But later in the day rates declined very rapidly, especially on Russian, Spanish, and some other foreign Government securities. On Cedulas and the like discredited securities rates were only about 9 per cent. In the home railway market rates were invariably easy. When all this became clear a better feeling sprang up, yet business did not increase, nor did prices advance. On Tuesday, the second day of the Settlement, there was general expectancy, every one seemed afraid to commit himself, and there was scarcely any movement one way or other. Throughout the greater part of Wednesday there was again little movement; but in the afternoon disquieting rumours once more began to circulate. They grew thicker and more alarming as the day advanced, and although no failures were announced, markets closed extremely depressed, in a state indeed bordering upon panic. The cheques of four members were returned through the Clearing House late in the evening, and next day one of these was declared a defaulter. On Thursday there was another fall, and continued uneasiness.

It seems evident from all this that the liquidation is carried very far, though not yet completed. In the case of the international market there is still in many directions a large speculation for the rise; but it is carried on for the most part by foreigners, and it rests for its support on the Paris Bourse. Against that, however, is to be set the fact that there is a considerable speculation for the fall on the part of English operators. In the home railway market it is clear that speculators have been closing their accounts in all directions, and that stocks, therefore, have largely passed into the hands either of investors or of great capitalists. Still the sales continue, and the market is weak. In the American market sales have been on a still larger scale. Immense masses of stocks have been disposed of in New York, and very large quantities too have been taken over from operators whom it was not thought safe to press too hard by bankers, financial houses, and powerful members of the Stock Exchange. Yet prices go on falling. Although, then, the position is greatly improved, yet it is to be feared that we have before us still a considerable period of depression, and even anxiety. The investing public in this country, in Germany, and in the United States is holding aloof from the markets. Here at home it is known that there is a great lock-up of capital in Argentine and Uruguayan securities, in Trust Companies, in American and other Brewery Companies, and the like; and investors therefore are allowing their money to remain on deposit with their bankers rather than invest it just now, as they think it not improbable that while rates of interest and discount are so high, and the lock-up of capital is so great, there may be a further decline in prices. In Germany speculation has been carried altogether too far, and the public as well as speculators proper are overloaded just now. In the United States there has been a considerable speculation in Trusts, in industrial Companies, in land, and in houses, and there has been a good deal of over-construction of railways. There has been a great lock-up of capital in consequence, and there is general distrust on the part of the public. Such being the state of affairs in three out of what may be called the four great capitalist nations of the world, it is difficult to see how there can just yet be much recovery in prices. If there should be a recovery, it is hardly likely to last long, and not improbably it will be followed by a further fall. Whether there will be a recovery depends, of course, upon whether any of the rumours that are again being circulated turn out to be correct. It need hardly be said that some of the rumours are palpably untrue; they are set afloat by persons who wish to profit by another fall in prices. But their circulation threatens everybody, and may consequently make it difficult for some persons who are embarrassed to get the accommodation they require, and, this being so, may bring about further failures. Should that happen, there must be another decline in prices. Even if it does not and alarm continues, it is difficult to see how quotations can be kept up.

The widespread uneasiness affects the money market, and in turn is affected by that market. The joint-stock and private banks, knowing that there is a great lock-up of capital, and perceiving that the fall in prices has brought heavy losses upon operators, are acting more cautiously than they have done for years. Not only have they sold a portion of their investments in order to increase the balances they keep at the Bank of England, but they have also called in loans from the Stock Exchange. In so doing they have compelled operators to lessen their accounts, for this action has been taken not by one bank, or even by a few banks, but by the banks generally. But forced sales, of course, brought down prices, and every fall increased the embarrassments of speculators. At the same time bankers, being aware of all this, have been particular in the kind of stocks they accepted as security for loans, and this again has added to the embarrassments of speculators, who found that they could not borrow upon investments which hitherto have been accepted by their brokers as cover for their operations. Thus the difficulties of the Stock Exchange and syndicates and financial houses have helped to make money both scarce and dear. At the same time bankers have been warned to be more careful by the smallness of the Bank of England's reserve. So many new issues of all kinds have been brought out in this country for some years past that we are now indebted to the rest of the world, which, in consequence, is able to take gold from us in large amounts. The Bank of England, therefore, is almost always in danger of losing gold, and finds it by no means an easy task to keep up its reserve. At the present time the Bank's reserve does not greatly exceed 11½ millions, and the outflow of gold to Scotland is only just beginning. It usually amounts to from half a million to three-quarters of a million. If, therefore, a foreign demand for the metal of any magnitude were to spring up, the Directors would be compelled instantly to take action to protect their reserve. There is thus an uncertainty whether the Bank-rate may not before very long be raised to 6 per cent., and this has influence not only upon bankers, but also upon the Stock Exchange. At the moment there is no foreign demand to create alarm, but one may arise quite unexpectedly, and at all events the state both of the Berlin and the New York money markets is such as makes it doubtful whether a demand may not arise.

The price of silver this week has again been fluctuating. On Wednesday it advanced to 49⅛*d.* per ounce, but on Thursday fell ¾*d.* to 48⅜*d.* per ounce. The movement on Wednesday seems to have come almost entirely from India. When the price fell to 48⅛*d.* the Indian banks began to buy. It would seem also that in India and China speculation was once more encouraged, and buying from the Far East sent the price up in the course of a few days about a penny per ounce. There does not seem to have been much support in the United States. Indeed, the Wednesday price was only slightly higher than Tuesday's price. Evidently the lock-up of capital in America caused by the speculation in silver as well as in land, houses, industrial securities, and railways appears to be so great that there is little inclination now to speculate in any direction. The money market, too, is very uncertain, and the banks appear to be cautious in lending. But in the Far East money has become very easy. For some time past, for instance, the coin and bullion both in the Bank of Bombay and the Bank of Bengal have been steadily increasing. Part of this is due no doubt to the large imports of silver early this year, but largely it would seem to be the result of the disorganization of trade caused by the rise in silver. The banks being well supplied with money, and interest and discount being low, speculators are once more encouraged by the fall in silver, buying it largely. The speculation, however, is a dangerous one. As we have just been pointing out, it can hope for little support from America, and still less from this country, and, therefore, it may break down at any moment. Meantime the recovery in silver led for a while to some recovery in silver securities; but these are affected more or less by the general state of the stock markets, and that is unfavourable to much recovery in any Stock Exchange prices. The improvement, therefore, was lost on Thursday.

Dr. Plaza, the delegate of the Argentine Government, has arrived in London, and has opened negotiations with the great financial houses interested in Argentine affairs. It is said that he is prepared to take back from the great houses the Buenos Ayres Waterworks. It will be recollected that nearly two years ago a Company was brought out here for providing Buenos Ayres with drainage and waterworks. The capital was ten millions sterling. The public refused to subscribe, and the issuing houses and syndicates, the promoters, and so on, are believed to have been obliged to take up the larger part of the capital. Now it is said that the Argentine Government is willing to arrange for taking back the works. On other points little information has been as yet afforded. Dr. Plaza speaks in very hopeful terms, and the representations he has made are considered to have been very favourably received by those to whom they were addressed. But how he intends to deal with the debts of those provinces which are not able to pay the interest, and especially what he proposes with regard to Cedulas, is as yet unknown.

The new Tariff Bill laid before the French Chambers is a highly Protectionist measure. As was generally expected, the Government has decided not to renew the treaties of commerce expiring in February 1892. It proposes instead two tariffs—a general tariff imposing the maximum duties on all countries which apply Protectionist duties to French goods, and a special tariff imposing minimum duties in the case of countries which grant concessions of any kind to France. Where a surtax or an interdict is applied to French goods the Government is empowered to retaliate. The discussion of the Bill will of course take a long time, and in any case the measure will not come into effect until February of 1892. But its tendency must be to reduce still further the trade of this country with France. Probably when passed it will be even more Protectionist than in its original draft.

The Labour disputes are causing much anxiety in commercial circles, where it is feared that strikes may occur that will throw trade out of gear. Little real apprehension is felt respecting the alleged intention to lay up ships generally. Most people think

that a lock-out of the kind would be impossible, firstly, because the interests of shipowners are so diverse; secondly, because some shipowners are under strict obligations; and, thirdly, because the interests that would be affected are so vast. But that the relations between labour and capital are growing so strained that they must affect trade injuriously is generally felt, and just now trade is suffering from the disorganization caused by the McKinley Act and the Silver Act, both American measures; the one checks imports into the United States, and the other disturbs both the import and the export trade of the silver-using countries. The crises in South America and South Africa are also having a depressing effect. For three weeks' running now the Railway Traffic Returns show that there is but a small increase in the goods traffic; indeed, on several lines there is a falling off, but the passenger receipts continue to be very good.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH PASTELLISTS.

YET another art society, founded on the old academic pattern, with a President, elected members, a Council, and outside contributors. The Society of British Pastellists, with Sir Coutts Lindsay as its head, has opened its first exhibition to the public in the Grosvenor Gallery. The Pastellists are forty-three in number, which is just twenty-three too many, and we are sorry to see that they have laid for themselves all the little traps which have wrecked or spoiled artistic societies in the past. The artists whose names are given in the list of the Council are sixteen in number, and these would have been quite enough to start the Society with. It is always a misfortune, too, to begin with absentees among the members. No less than ten of the British Pastellists have not taken the trouble to contribute to the first exhibition of their Society, and among these names are those of the artists best known to the public—Mr. Watts, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Theodore Roussell, and Miss Clara Montalba. The show is largely supported by the Glasgow school, to whose work in oils we were introduced at the Grosvenor last year; and to a less extent by the Cornish schools. The Impressionists and the Incoherents are neither wholly absent nor too prominent; they add a discreet note of gaiety to the affair.

On the first rapid survey, the most remarkable works seem to be those contributed by Messrs. Tuke, Blanche, Arthur Melville, J. J. Shannon, Swan, Fernand Khnopff, E. J. Gregory, McLure Hamilton, and Mrs. Jopling. Mr. Henry Tuke has been given the place of honour, and deserves it, for his "Leander" (132), which has nothing Greek about it, but represents a Cornish youth in the act of preparing to plunge from very Cornish rocks into a pearly sea. From his earliest successes, Mr. Tuke has been remarkable for the admirable quality of his flesh seen in full daylight. This careful and learned study will increase his reputation among artists. It is a pity that the modelling of the legs below the knee is not carried further; but the relief of the head and torso against the sky is excellent. M. Fernand Khnopff, who is a Belgian pastellist, exhibits a huge composition, called "Lawn Tennis" (89), consisting of seven full-length figures of young ladies, apparently waiting for an eighth to come and make up two sets. These figures, very cleverly foreshortened, and drawn with elaborate care, are placed in an empty green landscape. This is very capable, but not very interesting work, pale and uniform in tone. Much more remarkable as a work of art is the same artist's "Le Silence" (180), a youthful maiden of grave demeanour in a long light blue blouse, with brown gauntlets, placing a finger on her lips. This is very striking.

The Parisian artist, M. J. E. Blanche, is a copious exhibitor at the Grosvenor. His "Study for Stained Glass" (18) is an object-lesson for our English pastellists, who too often seem to think that to dash the crayons about and make a dazzling discord is all that need be done. M. Blanche's study is very simple and powerful. It represents a grave, pallid child in a dark-blue dress, with an orange kerchief round her neck, standing rather stiffly against an oak door. It would be difficult to give an effect more directly or with less sense of effort. M. Blanche's other contributions are portraits, usually heads, executed with the same quiet directness. Mr. Arthur Melville is an artist of a very different kind. His work always displays observation, originality, some sense of colour; but it is violent and crude, as though of malice prepense. His "After the Play" (21)—a man putting on a lady's cloak, with the staircase full of figures seen in full light at the side—is clever and forcible, but garish to the last degree. His little landscapes on the coast of Suffolk are more pleasing. Mr. McLure Hamilton's pastels would hardly on this occasion rise above mediocrity if it were not for the two studies, hung in one frame, of "Mr. Gladstone" (271), taken at Hawarden on the 3rd of September, 1890. These are masterly sketches, and are so curious and interesting, with the intimate impression they give of an old man of genius absorbed among his books and papers, that they may be considered a real addition to portraiture. No recent portraits of Mr. Gladstone have been so good, if we may be allowed to say so with all proper reserve as to "artistic merit."

Some small works at the Grosvenor Gallery have a greater interest than their larger and more ambitious neighbours. Mr. Swan's extraordinary power in the characterization of animals comes out in his studies of jaguars and tigers (215–218); the head of the beast in profile is particularly good. Mr. Stott (of Oldham) is more happy this year than he has been for some time past; the chalks seem to suit him better than oils. His little landscape called "Sandpools" (83) deserves no other epithet than exquisite for its extreme freshness and simplicity—a strip of blue sky, and a bluer tidal pool in a yielding expanse of soft, dun sand. We have never been able to see what some people detect in Mr. Stott's Alpine sketches; but his "Sapphire Glacier" (39) is a good example of this class of his work. His "Portrait of a Child" (101) is ingenious. Mr. Albert Moore does the Society of Pastellists the honour of being an original member, and he exhibits a graceful figure-subject called "A Bathing Place" (68). "A Girl's Head" (72), by the same artist, has a point of intense colour in a beautifully-painted yellow pansy. Mr. Albert Moore also contributes a very slight landscape, called "Near Home" (94). A small study (210), apparently from the model who sat for his "Leander," is an excellent example of Mr. Tuke's work direct from nature. No one should miss a brilliant little specimen of the pastel-work of M. Peter Severin Kröyer, one of the most talented Scandinavian artists of the day, distinguished for the rapidity with which he improvises with the crayon. His "Danish Artists in Civita d'Antino" (80), all sitting in white loose costumes round a merry dinner-table, is a characteristic example of his luminous and vivid treatment of chalks.

We can but mention, as interesting or admirable in their degree, Mr. James Guthrie's "Primevère" (95), a Spanish lady in a bright yellow dress; Mr. Elwell's "Portrait of the Macebearer to the Mayor of Beverley" (235); the landscapes of Mr. James Macbeth; and Mr. P. W. Steer's impressionist studies. The Gallery is adorned by some charming domestic bronzes by eminent sculptors, almost all old favourites, and including among them well-known figures by Messrs. Thornycroft, Ford, Frémiet, Falguière, Barye, and Sir Frederick Leighton.

RACING.

ONE of the most interesting races of the year has been that for the third of Mr. Rose's Plates of 1,000*l.*, which was run for on the Friday of the Houghton Meeting. After his victories at Ascot, Manchester, and the Newmarket Second October Meetings, General Byrne's Amphion was considered the best horse, of any age, of the season; yet Prince Soltykoff's Sheen had shown himself to be such a grand stayer by winning the Cesarewitch under his heavy weight, that many people believed him able to give Amphion 2 lbs. over the two-mile course on which Mr. Rose's race was to be run; for Amphion was supposed to be best over a mile, and he had never won a race over a longer course than a mile and a half. It was thought such a fine point between the pair that they were made equal favourites. Prince Soltykoff started Lusignan to make the running, as a strong pace would be in Sheen's favour, and very prejudicial to Amphion. The moment the flag fell Lusignan rushed forward and led the field very fast, about half a dozen lengths in front of Sheen. He had only run about half the course when he was tired out, and from that point Webb had to make his own running with Sheen. Before reaching the Bushes Tom Cannon brought Amphion towards the front, and he urged him to make an effort in coming down the hill; but the prolonged pressure had been too much for him, and he ran very wearily into the Abingdon Bottom. Sheen won with great ease by three lengths; Amphion was second, and Oddfellow was third, only a length behind him. The question as to whether Sheen or Amphion is the best horse of the season can hardly be said to have been definitely decided by this race. Unquestionably Sheen is the better stayer; on the other hand, our most valuable races are run over courses of from seven furlongs to a mile and a half, or a mile and three-quarters if we include the St. Leger; so that the best horse up to a mile and a half, or a mile and three-quarters, may be considered the most valuable racehorse. We are still in the dark, however, as to the relative powers of Sheen and Amphion at middle distances. The former is probably at his best over two miles or more, and the latter over about a mile, although it is true that each has won over a mile and a half; but if both are a trifle out of their distances over a course of that length, it is impossible to say at present which it would suit least. Amphion is a grand, handsome, weight-carrying chestnut, the only fault that we have ever heard found with him being that he is a trifle upright in his pasterns, a point on which we will not venture to express an opinion. Sheen is an evenly-made bay, with plenty of muscle, and showing a great deal of quality. Very great has been the success of the three 1,000*l.* plates so generously given by Mr. Rose. Two of them have been won by Sheen, and one has been won by Queen's Birthday, and all three have produced exceedingly interesting races.

The racing at the Newmarket October Meetings appears to leave Sheen the best five-year-old, Amphion the best four-year-old, Morion the best three-year-old colt, with either Memoir or Alicante the best three-year-old filly, and Gouverneur the best two-year-old colt, with Haute Saône the best two-year-old filly. Corstorphine may be as good as she is good-looking; but her upright joints are likely to be much against her. An interesting commentary on some of the public form of the year has been

published since the Cambridgeshire in the weights for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, a capital handicap made by Mr. Topham and Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, the Assistant Handicapper. With or without reason, there were bitter complaints at the Houghton Meeting of a heavy plunger or some heavy plungers obtaining stable information, and taking the bread out of the mouths of owners by backing their horses for immense sums as soon as the betting opened. It seems to us that anybody has a right to back whatever horse he pleases for any amount of money that he is sure he can pay if he loses; but as to the iniquity of inducing either jockeys or trainers to reveal the private information of their employers, "for a consideration," there ought to be but one opinion.

On Tuesday last, at Lincoln, the Great Tom Stakes brought out eighteen horses, or only one short of the field that ran over the same course for the Lincolnshire Handicap in the Spring, and among the starters was the Rejected, the winner of that race. The winner on this occasion was Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Carrick, who had been beaten in half-a-dozen previous attempts this season, and consequently got into the handicap within 3 lbs. of the lowest weight. He is a neat, well-shaped, compact, and rather squarely built brown colt by Springfield. One of his grandsires and both his grandams were direct representatives of Touchstone. On Wednesday the Lincoln Autumn Handicap produced a pretty race, the three leading horses being separated by necks only, with old Tommy Tittlemouse close up. The winner was Weever the trainer's Good Lad, who had started an extreme outsider. Neither of the three favourites was placed.

Some people regret the sale of Robert the Devil's exceedingly good-looking and very speedy son, Mephisto, for exportation to Germany; but his want of gameness when collared may console us for his loss. It is probable that there are much heartier lamentations in this country over the 34,000*l.* which are said to have been lost to two Frenchmen through Alicante's victory in the Cambridgeshire. It is but fair to the owner of that filly to say that he made handsome donations to the Newmarket charities.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE annual winter exhibition of oil paintings at Mr. T. McLean's Gallery, 7 Haymarket, is not so interesting as usual. There are few novelties, English or foreign, and the prevalence of obvious "pot-boilers" is rather depressing. We know not who Mr. G. Bauernfeind is; he may be conjectured to be a Bavarian and a new man. It is certain that the honours of Mr. McLean's Gallery are his this year. His "Gate of the Temple, Jerusalem" (6) is very striking. A grim Turkish soldier, balancing his long carbine, squats on a carpet at the doors of the sacred building, and we gaze outwards, through some trees, to a neighbouring mosque. This little picture is exquisitely illuminated, and the surface-painting of the marbles and of the carpet is very fine. Mr. G. Bauernfeind's "Gate of the Great Mosque of Damascus" (28) is much larger, and not quite so refined; we see, too, in this example that the painter is not so successful with the human figure as with genre. But the architectural part of this picture and the distribution of light are excellent. "The Blonde" (3), by M. Gustave Jacquet, represents the head and bust of a high-coloured damsel in white satin, with knots of roses in her robe and hair—a highly-finished piece, which, like most of M. Jacquet's heads, looks as though it were painted on porcelain. A Diaz, "A Glade, Fontainebleau" (29), bears the date 1866. The glade opens, and reveals a blue sky with white and woolly masses of cloud. This is a fine composition, executed a little too much as if it were tapestry. The paintings of C. Seiler exhibit to excess the high finish and scrupulous smoothness of surface delighted in by a certain school of German genre-painters.

Among the English work, particular attention is called to a series of ten studies in colour for what the Catalogue calls "celebrated pictures by Ernest Crofts, A.R.A." (14–23). One of these, the "Hougoumont" of 1882, achieved a success which may warrant the use of the much-strained word "celebrated." The others are not important. All are war-pictures conceived and carried out in the Düsseldorf manner with which Mr. Crofts seems to be imbued. Even in the studies they are not large in line or rich in colour, but pinched and unconvincing. Mr. L. B. Hunt, whose large "Kinlockewe" (38), a misty Highland landscape with cattle, hangs in a place of honour, has achieved the feat of imitating the style of Mr. Peter Graham so perfectly that it is hardly possible to tell which is which. Neither Mr. Brett, with an island, nor Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, with a shrine, nor Mr. McWhirter, with a birch-tree, nor Mr. Davis, with white cattle crossing a stream, does more than remind us how well we have seen these subjects treated by these artists elsewhere.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons' Winter Exhibition is also open; and this is on the whole rather more interesting. There are at least two new pictures which are well worth seeing. M. de Munkacsy's "A Tender Chord" (8) is a return to those sentimental compositions of figures in seventeenth-century dress in which the eminent Hungarian painter made his early successes. An elderly bearded man, with a glass of red wine arrested in his hand, sinks back in a great chair, on the back of which a younger man is leaning, and seems transported with the tones of a viol which a girl, seated in the window, plays to them. The three heads are beautiful, and the whole composition is very graceful and harmonious. The painting, as grows to be more and more the custom with M. de Munkacsy, is a little thin and loose in places where the workmanship has not amused him. Every inch of the surface amuses Mr. Alma Tadema, and his "Promise of Spring" (55) is the direct opposite of the Hungarian picture. It is a minutely, brilliantly, and rather tightly finished example of the sort of Roman genre which it pleases Mr. Alma Tadema now to give us. A girl is seated, under a blossoming pear-tree, on a marble seat, while a somewhat angular youth stands at her side adoring. Where M. de Munkacsy is so happy in the spontaneous sensibility of his figures, Mr. Alma Tadema is weak; his Romans, in this instance, look posed and stiff. But the canvas contains, as ever, miracles of exquisite technique.

Among other works not seen before, or not observed, we find a very refined little Troyon, "A Quiet Pool" (53), of course with cows; a marvellous example of François Flameng at his best, "La Cour de la Reine Jeanne à l'Alhambra" (97), each figure in which is a study; a curious and very slight grey sketch of "The Thames at Blackfriars" (17), painted by Bastien Lepage when he was here in July 1881; and "A Difficult Passage" (39), a girl returning from the well past a row of idle Guardsmen, by Jules Girardet. Of the latest Spanish school we have seen no recent specimen more brilliant than "The Procession of the Rosary" (77), by José Gallangos, characterized in a most marvellous way, and containing heads, and an arrangement of white tones, which might have been signed by Fortuny. José Benlliure's "Taking the Veil at Seville" (74) is of course very good, but not so striking.

Several old favourites of the public are to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's—the "Of a Fool and his Folly" (50), by Mr. Briton Riviere; Mr. Waller's "In his Father's Footsteps" (61); Sir J. E. Millais's "Pomona" (92); and John Linnell's "Approaching Storm" (29), a picture greatly admired when it was first seen in 1873, but now strangely violent to the eye in its forced tones of orange and blue. A full-length figure, "La Pêcheuse" (75), by M. Bouguereau, appears to be quite new. It is not a successful attempt to rival the Jules Bretons of a later generation than M. Bouguereau's.

THE OPERA.

THE strain caused by a constant change of programme has made itself felt in more than one direction at the performances of Italian opera at Covent Garden during the past ten days. Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, which had been originally announced for Thursday, the 23rd ult., was replaced by Verdi's hackneyed *Trovatore*, in which Mlles. Sofia and Giulia Ravogli appeared as Leonora and Azucena respectively. The former has hardly sufficient voice for the part, though she is a conscientious and painstaking artist, but her sister sang and acted so admirably as almost to infuse some degree of interest into a part with which opera-goers are only too familiar. As far as vocal qualities go, she was well seconded by Signor Giannini; but unfortunately his Manrico shows that he is absolutely without any power as an actor. Nevertheless he is to be commended for having more sense of dramatic propriety than most representatives of the part, for he declined to emerge from his prison in order to bow his acknowledgments to the public for his share in the famous *Miserere* scene. Signor Galassi was a very unsatisfactory Conte di Luna; his singing throughout the opera was rough and wanting in finish, and his intonation was occasionally very faulty. He has an unpleasant trick of jerking his notes out which is most disagreeable and inartistic. On Friday, the 24th, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* served to bring forward the Polish soprano, Mlle. Stromfeld, in an important part. Without being a particularly sympathetic singer, she understands the art of making the most of the means at her command. Her voice is naturally not strong, but it has been carefully trained, and in the Mad scene she sang with much brilliancy. Signor Padilla, who appeared as Ashton, is well known in London, and is always acceptable; but of Señor Suane, the Edgardo, the less that is said the better. He is reported to have been greeted in his own country as a successor to Gayarrè; but if this is the case, the Spanish critics must be singularly incompetent to form an opinion, for a feebler singer has seldom been heard on the operatic stage. In the earlier part of the performance he seemed to make some attempt to overcome his vicious *tremolo*, but before long the bad habit asserted itself with undiminished strength, and his unvocal utterances were painful to listen to.

While wishing every success to Signor Lago's spirited enterprise, it is impossible to bestow unlimited praise upon the performance of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, which attracted a large audience last Saturday. The work has not been heard in London for so long that considerable interest was felt in its revival; for, though it contains much that is tawdry and meretricious, many of the scenes are admirable for dramatic force and vigour. With two such good representatives of the principal characters as Mme. Fanny Moody—the Alice—and Signor Perotti—the Robert—it might surely have been considered worth while to bestow more care upon the revival than was done. The opera doubtless suffers from undue length, but with a performance which begins at half-past seven, there can be no excuse for the merciless cuts which were made

in the score. Not only were whole scenes omitted, but the *ensembles* were hacked about in a manner which was utterly disastrous to the composer's music, and the general mounting was quite unworthy of the traditions of Covent Garden. The scene of the resuscitation of the nuns may not be conceived in the best taste, but it need not be made ridiculous, and the stage directions should not have been so entirely ignored as to make the members of the *corps de ballet* calmly walk on to the stage instead of arising from their tombs. Dancing has been so much neglected at the opera for so many years that it requires little short of a revolution to reform it. In most operas the ballet is of but little importance; but in *Robert le Diable* the effect of the greater part of the third act depends upon it, and it would be better not to perform the opera at all than to present it in a manner which cannot fail to provoke laughter. It is pleasanter to turn from these unsatisfactory features of the performance to Mme. Moody's excellent singing as Alice, in which part she has had some experience in the English version played in the provinces by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Her pure voice and excellent method were eminently satisfactory; in the great duet with Bertram in the third act, and especially in the final trio, her singing was of a very high degree of merit. She was ably supported by Signor Perotti, whose fine chest notes and dramatic style make him a thoroughly efficient representative of the part of Robert. The Isabella was Mlle. Stromfeld, whose voice is scarcely strong enough to do full justice to the music. Mr. Charles Manners, who appeared as Bertram, has a fine bass voice and sings well. His singing contributed not a little to make the magnificent trio in the fifth act by far the most satisfactory feature in the whole performance. His practice as an actor, first at the Savoy, afterwards with the Carl Rosa Company, stood him in good stead. His make-up might be improved, perhaps; but his reading of the part is both original and commendable. The fact that most Bertramos are sticks does not prove, as some seem to think, that Meyerbeer meant the part to be solemnly walked through. Mr. Manners acted it, and acted it well, and so disturbed the Camarina of operatic tradition. Both orchestra and chorus showed signs of want of rehearsal, and more than once a disaster was only averted by Signor Arditi's presence of mind and experience. The performance of *Faust* last Monday was chiefly interesting owing to the appearance of Miss Macintyre as Margherita, a part in which she has already been frequently seen in London. Her singing of Gounod's music, though familiar, will always be heard with pleasure; and on Monday her performance was as charming as ever, in spite of the poor support afforded her by a very indifferent Faust. The "King of Thule" ballad and Jewel Song were delightfully given, but the young Scotch soprano is best in the concluding duet and trio, in which her beautiful high notes tell with extraordinary effect. As an actress she is inclined to be too conscious, but everything she does is marked by intelligence, and evidently carefully thought out, and she will certainly improve greatly by experience. Signor Merolles replaced Mr. Novara as Mephistopheles, and gave a fairly satisfactory performance of the part, the music of which is better suited to his voice than that of the other characters in which he has appeared this season.

If the taste of the English public in musical matters were not governed by entirely indefinite rules, it might seem strange that so artistic and interesting an opera as Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* has failed to become a favourite in this country. Though the book, which Signor Boïto prepared from Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, is somewhat involved in plot, yet it is admirably written and full of strong situations, and in no opera is the interest better sustained to the very end. Ponchielli's music is a happy combination of Italian melody with the dramatic spirit of the French school, and the whole work is vigorous and full of life. Probably the fashionable public upon which Italian opera depends for support consider *La Gioconda* too serious in subject and style, while the limited number of amateurs who are usually supposed to form the musical public refuse to admit the possibility of a work being artistic which is so thoroughly un-Teutonic in its spirit. Be this as it may, Ponchielli's masterpiece has always failed to attract, though every successive performance must convince an unbiassed hearer that it is a work of great merit, and one which will survive the temporary eclipse from which it appears to be suffering. For these reasons its revival last Wednesday was very welcome, especially as great care had evidently been bestowed upon the performance. Though the cast would not compare for general excellence with that when the opera was first produced in 1883, yet, with a few exceptions, the characters were very adequately filled. Mlle. Maria Peri, who undertook the arduous title-rôle, is not a singer whom English audiences are likely to care for. Her voice is good, and she sings with dramatic feeling, but her style and method are defective, and she has a continual tendency towards exaggeration. As Laura, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli once more showed what an excellent artist she is; her share of the duet with La Gioconda in the second act—one of the most effective numbers of the opera—was admirably sung, and throughout the work she was always most efficient, although it was the first time she had appeared in the character. In the small but important part of La Cieca, Miss Grace Damian, who is well known as an oratorio and concert singer, made a successful *début* on the operatic stage. Her voice told with very good effect in the *ensembles* of the first and third acts, and she sang the air "Voce di donna" with real feeling. The part gives little opportunity for acting, and in this respect Miss Damian will probably improve; for her singing shows that she is endowed with dramatic feeling. Signor Galassi gave a rough but not ineffective representation of Barnaba; the Alvise of Signor Fiegna was very weak, and robbed the fine scene with Laura in the third act of much of its effect. The Enzio of Señor Suane was the most serious defect in the performance; both vocally and dramatically it was entirely inadequate. Orchestra and chorus left little to be desired, and the whole opera was mounted far better than any other work which has been given this season.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS ACTORS.

[The daily organ of the Parnellite party in Dublin warns Mr. Balfour not to misinterpret the "civility" of the Connaught peasants: whereat the anxious English Gladstonian is for a moment comforted.]

OH! but *may* we believe it was merely civility?
  Much reasssured shall we be if we may;
Peace would return to us, thus with facility
  Balfour's reception explaining away.

Fain would we banish thus airily, breezily,
  Vague apprehensions that burden the breast;
Gloomy suspicions that haunt us uneasily
  Reading accounts of his tour in the West.

Full fain would we hope 'tis the Minister's vanity
  Makes him interpret men's sentiments ill,
And in mere demonstrations of Celtic urbanity
  Fancy the voice of a people's good-will.

No doubt, then, while crowds have been shouting "God bless you!"
  Aside they have whispered, "You know what I mean;
This is hardly the way you'd have heard us address you
  If wholly spontaneous our greetings had been."

"Hurrah," too, "for Balfour!" "Long life to your honour!"—
  Here, also, a like explanation will do,
For "Balfour" meant doubtless "O'Brine" or "O'Connor,"
  Or maybe "Hurrah" was ironic for "Boo"!

It is pleasant to think that the priests who extolled him,
  And feigned to be blessing him, secretly cursed;
That in "hoping to see him again" they cajoled him,
  And wished they might see him—well, anywhere—first.

And yet . . . . well, and yet as we note the condition
  Of things in each district when Balfour arrives,
The uneasy—perhaps the unworthy—suspicion
  We thought was completely extinguished revives.

Let us own it with frankness, we cannot but wonder
  Where Irish "civilities" commonly stop;
We *cannot* get over that arch he went under
  Inscribed with the legend of "Welcome" atop.

And O why, and O why did the good Father Grealy
  Proclaim him "the greatest"—what language high-flown!
Do but hear it, J-hn D-ll-n and T-m-thy H-ly—
  "Of all benefactors that Ireland has known."

For if these are the methods of distant politeness
  Reserved for unpopular guests, it were hard
To define the precise animation and brightness
  By which they would indicate friendly regard.

Yet discretion should social hypocrisies season;
  The poet, remember, felt bound to reprove
That too conscientious comedian—with reason—
  Who kicks you downstairs to dissemble his love.

One can warmly approve of a little exertion
  To moderate mutual antipathy's jar;
But—arches triumphal to hide an aversion!
  'Tis carrying matters a trifle too far.

REVIEWS.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF LORD IDDESLEIGH.*

IN that ingenious modern fashion of so-called reviewing which demands that the hapless critic of a daily paper shall hurry out a *compte-rendu* of a new book before he has had time to read—much less to think about—it, any point which will fill space without requiring reading is obviously a gain to the victim. Accordingly it is not wonderful to find that such reviewers of Mr. Lang's *Life of Sir Stafford Northcote* have fixed with much unanimity on the oddity of a professed non-politician writing the life of a man who, though much else to his friends, was, as far as the public is concerned, nothing if not political. Some

* *Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh.* By Andrew Lang. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

have mourned, others have laughed, at this; but we have a subtle theory that all are mistaken. In the first place, it is not in nature for a man, and a clever man, and, conceal it as he may try to do, a rather ardent patriot, to be quite so ignorant or quite so incurious of politics as Mr. Lang Socratically makes himself out here. Such a man may not have a specially political head, he may assort his opinions as oddly as the real Colonel Newcome, or the, as we hold, histrionic Mr. Lang. But the genuine mugwump is the genuine fool, and Mr. Lang and folly are many miles asunder.

No; the true explanation of the remarkable attitude displayed in these volumes lies, we are convinced, elsewhere. When the intention of publishing a Life of Sir Stafford Northcote was first announced, most well-informed people wondered how on earth it was going to be done. It was neither like the deceased statesman's representatives, nor like the editor, to break the decent seal of secresy which is imposed on such recent and controversial political transactions as those which preceded Lord Iddesleigh's death, as those which attended the coming of the Conservative party into office after the great Budget drama of 1885, as those which cluster round the resignation of Lord Derby twelve years ago, and even as those which attend that of Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel, at a distance of time nearly double as great. We can easily imagine some people suggesting such a thing, but not people of the name of Northcote; we can still more easily imagine some people doing such a thing, but not people of the name of Andrew Lang. How then get out of the puzzle? The answer seems to have been "Let us get an editor who will in the adroitest manner feign ignorance of politics, and so shall it be possible not to talk politics at all, and to give no information on these and other difficult points." Whether this design was a wholly excellent one, whether it would not have been better to follow the older plan, and wait till a real *Life*, a *Life* fully explanatory, and if necessary frankly polemical, could be written without indecency is a very different question. But there can be no doubt of the remarkable skill with which what is done has been done. Mr. Lang contrives, by judiciously insinuated phrases and adroitly jumbled expressions of opinion, to represent himself as a kind of male Rosa Dartle in politics, really anxious to know, and sorry if he makes a little confusion, expressing equal dislike of the Transvaal Convention and that greatest stroke of modern English statesmanship, the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, sufficiently misogladstonic, and yet not very complimentary either to Mr. Disraeli or Lord Salisbury, and full of other ingenious contrasts. Thus he disarms the most ferocious criticism. When we shut the book we are exactly as wise on the above disputed points and others as we were when we began it. We have not been told anything about the state of politics when Sir Stafford entered public life, or about their history during his career. We do not even receive any full criticism of his peculiar political attitude—an attitude in which some people see the finest traits of English political life, and others an exemplification of a rather early sarcasm of Lord Salisbury's, which Mr. Lang quotes with apparent and just approval:—"It is open to other nations to doubt whether it is possible, under any circumstances, that the English nation could learn the art of government."

We do not, we say, get any of these things; but we do get a very delightful book. The introduction contains a character or portrait of the subject, which, both for the excellence of the writing and the delicacy of the character-drawing, surpasses anything of the kind that we have recently read, and may not too audaciously challenge comparison with Clarendon himself. We never give such praise lightly, and we give this without hesitation. Always when we have to deal with Sir Stafford as a man, always when the crushing foot of the great political ox does not impose itself upon Mr. Lang's silver tongue, the work is done, "so well as it could hardly be done better." In taste, the most difficult and rarest of all the qualifications of a biographer, that which is most required and least frequently shown in that style of biography of which Lockhart set the fashion, Mr. Lang has, as it seems to us, made not a single slip throughout the two volumes. He has selected from the private documents at his disposal enough personal matter to flavour the narrative, and in the selection he has most carefully eschewed anything that may even possibly offend those who are living. Sometimes it is quite possible to fit the cap. The "versatile" Liberal politician who, in joyful surprise, said that "he never could have thought the Bulgarian atrocities would have turned out such a clipper," is not difficult to identify; but Mr. Lang himself gives not the very slightest further elucidation. In the sketches of Sir Stafford's earlier years, of his literary tastes, of his few holidays, of his many acts of unassuming kindliness and beneficence, Mr. Lang is as thoroughly at home as a biographer can be, and narrates with a faithfulness to the happy middle way between frigidity and gush which is quite admirable. It may be true, and is true, as we have said, that we know at the end of the book little more of the hero as a politician than we did at the beginning; but, if Mr. Lang throws very little light on his subject's political acts, he throws some on his political attitude, and seems, as far as we can penetrate that ironic mist of his, to approve it.

On this it may be well to say something; for, unlike the Mr. Lang of this book, we take a very deep and decided interest in politics, and, like him, we have a great respect and affection for the memory of Lord Iddesleigh. But we should hardly rate him so high as Mr. Lang—this Mr. Lang—does, or as some of the *eidola*, the "acute and well-informed critics" whom Mr. Lang, inimitably keeping up his part, has called in here and there to help out his innocent ignorance. One of these *facies diræ* opened its mystic lips, and told Mr. Lang that Sir Stafford's conduct in the Bradlaugh matter was "the best example of his tact and adroitness." We should hardly agree with the acute and well-informed one; for, in truth, Sir Stafford had nothing to do throughout but follow Mr. Gladstone, and go right, perforce, as that ingenious statesman went wrong. But this is the merest detail. That Sir Stafford had both tact and adroitness is certain; we are not aware that he ever made a serious blunder in Parliamentary tactics on a given occasion. His unalterable constancy, courage, and good faith were qualities of even higher value, morally, and not so common as to be overlooked even as qualities of mind. We are fully at one with Mr. Lang in praising his extreme fairness (though we shall have a reservation to make presently); his marvellous unselfishness has already, short as is the time since his death, passed into a kind of proverb, and he might have said with sincerity as great as the hypocrisy of the brilliant scoundrel who first said it, "What does it matter who serves the King provided that the King is served?" His administrative work was manifold and always good, and we thoroughly agree, rather with Mr. Lang's evident intention than with any definitely expressed opinion, in condemning the Gladstonian depreciation of him in his financial capacity as a mere pupil of Mr. Gladstone; and even an erring pupil too. The fact is that they were both pupils of Peel, and that Sir Stafford had the qualities of the master (we do not say that they were all good qualities) in the more genuine descent. Few English statesmen have left the record of such solid, if not splendid pieces of work, independent of direct party politics, as Sir Stafford's work in connexion with the Civil Service, the Friendly Societies, and even the wretched *Alabama* claims.

Where Mr. Lang, however, as *Advocatus Mugwumpismi*, sees in Sir Stafford's moderation only a praiseworthy absence of partisan and factious zeal, we confess we should see something not quite so admirable. He appears to us to have been from first to last somewhat destitute of clear first principles in politics, and in some branches of them (notably foreign and Indian policy) not even to have cleared up his secondary ideas. The confusion of parties at the time he entered public life was, indeed, most confusing; but a man of less brains than Mr. Northcote, as he then was, might have seen what the result of the first Reform Bill would inevitably be, and have shaped his course accordingly. It may be strange that there should be so few men who seem to be able to put before themselves in question form the two broad principles of all politics—"Do I wish the country to be governed by the will of the majority of the people? or do I wish the country to be governed for the good of the whole people?" to decide which they prefer, and choose their parties accordingly. Whether it be strange or not, Northcote was not one of the few, and though we think Mr. Lang right in rejecting with indignation the word timid as applied to him, he was sometimes undoubtedly vacillating, often somewhat inconsistent, though not inconstant, never perhaps able to make up his mind to "Thorough." Now "thorough" is no doubt not always to be practised, still less spoken; but it is always to be kept in view. "I bide my time" is the best of all single mottoes for a statesman; but it has two meanings, and we do not think Sir Stafford's was quite the best. This was a fault, but it was almost his only one, and we shall not soon see a more enlightened or more industrious, never perhaps a more unselfish, politician.

One little almost private and personal matter to finish. In writing of Gordon's death, Mr. Lang denounces the use of that hero's name as a party watchword, and says "we were all to blame," excepting only from this stigma the members of the expedition which conquered too late at Abu Klea. For our parts, we repudiate energetically and uncompromisingly any share of the imputation. Mr. Lang might as well say that the regiments which were doing their duty in other continents were guilty of Gordon's blood as throw a share of the blame on those who, in their vocation and duty, never missed an opportunity of using pen and voice and vote to prevent, to remedy, to avenge that shameful crime. We say this in no Pharisaic spirit, and fortunately we do not stand alone in this matter; for there were many more who, also in their vocation and as fate gave them chance, did their utmost in the same cause. In the name of all such, we protest against Mr. Lang's words, however generous, and generous it undoubtedly was, may have been the spirit that prompted them.

NOVELS.*

A *LOST ILLUSION* is a story with a Quaker background, as Mr. Oscar Wilde would say. Like most three-volumed

* *A Lost Illusion.* By Leslie Keith. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Locusta. By W. Outram Tristram. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Blind Fate. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Wife or Slave? By Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw. 1 vol. London: Henry & Company. 1890.

Our Pleasant Vices. By Milner Macmaster. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Arminell. By Baring-Gould. 1 vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

novels, it is too long; but whereas, in the ordinary work of this description, one may leave out the middle volume with both pleasure and profit, in the present novel volumes one and three were best omitted. The first volume is devoted to a description of the dull life of Quakerdom, and does not succeed in avoiding being itself dull also. In the third the crash comes, and it is a crash which does not succeed in being effective, but is disagreeable, while the murder of the heroine's husband apparently only paves the way for her marriage with her former husband's cousin, with whom she appears to have carried on a scarcely veiled flirtation for some time previously. The marriage is only suggested, probably because the novel is quite long enough already, without any additional matter; but the suggestion of it is a mistake, and in fact the whole winding-up, so to speak, of the plot is false in art. Elizabeth Vyner, the heroine, is a puling young Quakeress, who, having obtained an infinitely better husband than she deserves, develops into a very silly and wilful wife, putting up her own whims in opposition to her husband's judgment in her zeal for certain philanthropic fads. The middle volume is devoted to the really charming domesticity of this pair. The third is devoted to hysterical screaming over the husband's pre-matrimonial wild oats. His delinquencies are worked up in strong relief, and are painted a good uniform black, but the impression left by the book on the reader is only a feeling of disgust for the heroics of the wife, and it is a pity that the novel, after having in the second volume risen to be really interesting, should in the third sink back into mawkishness. The sentiment of the whole story is false, and the author's evident sympathy with and admiration for his heroine is irritating. The man is so much the better of the two, besides being a far better-conceived character. If all the moralizing in the book were left out, the reader would be less bored, and the story considerably shortened. Fortunately, one soon begins to scent the author's wise saws and modern instances afar off, and omits that paragraph. Lastly, we would remark that Quaker dialogue is maddening to read, unless it is admirably done, sometimes even then, especially in large doses, and that butlers do not usually soliloquize in this style: "If this sort of thing goes on, *I must seek a new sphere of usefulness*," except on the stage.

The eccentricities of the female poisoner are not often very pleasant reading, and *Locusta* is no exception to this rule. The background of Court intrigue (the date of the story is 1612) is disagreeable, and deals with an English sovereign who has no redeeming points to justify his being introduced prominently into fiction. He is not a grand figure; he is merely repulsive, and might be left to slobber (to quote Mr. Tristram's own word) in the obscurity of a history-book in the top shelves of a library, as far as his personality is concerned. James I. and his favourites may, with profit, be left out of the portrait gallery of the modern semi-historical romance, unless the hand at work on them be an extremely practised one, with a more than ordinarily skilful touch. This touch is certainly wanting in *Locusta*. On the contrary, the gruesome amount of carnage, the sufferings of the Italian, the debauchery of the Court, and the incapacity and self-indulgence of the King, are all drawn with a heavy hand, and with no light touches to relieve the dark picture. Though the plot itself shows some constructive power, the melodramatic style in which the events are related, and the copious notes of exclamation which this entails, make it sound unnatural. This is especially true of the description of the Italian's sufferings in the well, and the minute account of the agonies he endures there. Again, the intense sameness of the characters of the courtiers is irritating. It may be quite true that in the world

> Smith grows liker every day
> To Jones;

but a little variety is necessary to make a modern romance successful. The vengeance wreaked by the Italian D'Amalos, unfortunately for the author, challenges comparison, by its similarity of idea, with the vengeance of Monte Cristo in Dumas's fascinating story, and in such a comparison the advantage is certainly all on the side of the older romance. The extreme sameness of the Italian's remarks at the death of each victim ought to have shown the author the folly of cramming five out of six of the deaths into one chapter. The incessant iteration of the rather stilted phrases which he keeps for these occasions is intolerable when repeated in two or three consecutive pages. Dumas, while he succeeded in making Monte Cristo more statuesque and less stilted in his observations on these occasions, took care to put them not only in separate chapters, but even several chapters apart, so that when the climax comes we are not tempted to say with the young lady in Lewis Carroll's poem, "I've heard all that nonsense before." *Locusta* will owe its success, if it has any, to its rather effective cover, and to the attraction, to a certain type of mind, of its title.

The detective story always counts a considerable number of votaries, and to these *Blind Fate* will be welcome, though it will not claim many admirers outside their numbers. The story is, perhaps, somewhat slight to be expanded into three volumes; but the interest is on the whole well kept up, and the identity of the murderer more or less uncertain to the end of the book, when the mystery is revealed. The weak point in the plot is in the winding up of the story by the marriage of the murderer's sister-in-law to her guardian. The extreme diffidence with which the middle-aged guardian is made to urge his suit might have warned Mrs. Alexander of the wisdom of leaving them in single blessedness to the end of the chapter, and beyond it. There are no strikingly original characters in the story. We have the eternal detective with his irritating omniscience, though in this case more venal and unscrupulous than most of his class whom we have met with in this type of fiction; we have the jealous and slightly half-witted husband, the lovely wife, victim of a handsome gentleman's misplaced attachment. Lastly, to complete the modernity of the romance, we have a little mesmerism, so to speak, "chucked in." The latter-day novel is never complete without a savour of spooks and sprites, or a seasoning of "isms"—hypnotisms, mesmerisms, spiritualisms, and spiritisms, the two latter kept rigidly separate by the orthodox psychic, though the distinction seems to the lay mind to lack a difference. The only really striking passage in the book is the defence of his passion by the lover of the murdered wife. Here for a moment Mrs. Alexander touches the sublime, and we are so carried away by the force of the man's defence that we hardly wonder that Dorothy's amiable guardian is too taken aback to be able to make head against it. For the rest, the utter terror with which the detective inspires all the household, including his employers, and the helpless way in which they give way to him, and put themselves voluntarily into awkward predicaments, seem to us not quite natural; but perhaps that is the way with people who employ private detectives. We have had no opportunities of judging.

The trail of the mesmerist is over *Wife or Slave?* also, where we are introduced to a thought-reading young man, who also sees a vision. The book is one of those terrible things, novels with a purpose; and belongs to that still more terrible class where the purpose has been too much both for the style and occasionally the grammar. Even the correction of the proofs seems to have suffered from the same cause, as there are misprints often at the rate of two a page. The heroine (the wife or the slave) is in grave doubts about her title, or at least, if her mind is clear on the point, her friends are not sure about it. She is alternately addressed as "Lady St. Kestor" and "Lady Laura," though her husband is a baronet, and she is only the daughter of an untitled vicar. The book is full of unpleasant people. There is a Mr. Dallas, subsequently member of Parliament, who constantly produces sticks of barley sugar to suck in public, and a noble baronet who beats his wife, and is much too great a brute to be natural. His flirtations with a singularly revolting female, niece to the parvenu Scotch knight, are carried on almost under his wife's eyes, and are described with a fulness that might well have been curtailed. Mrs. Bradshaw waxes exceeding wroth over this lady's low-necked evening dress, and quite rises to the grandeur of the proverbial British matron in her scorn of this terrible costume. Under these circumstances she might well have given a less detailed description of the amours of this hideous pair. By the way, the niece adds to her other little peccadilloes attempted poisoning. Sir Peter himself, the Scotch distiller, is a gruesome personage; and in fact the whole cast are a thoroughly repulsive collection. The weakness of the plot may, perhaps, be excused in consideration of the moral earnestness which Mrs. Bradshaw brings to bear on the Purpose (with a large "P") of the story—namely, the amelioration of the condition of wives. But, without damaging the feebleness of the plot, she might still have corrected her proofs, and avoided such expressions as "I am sorry it has been necessary to *reap up* so much that has been unpleasant," and "It's no use *reaping up* old scores." Is the last of these meant for "ripping up old sores," or how should this obviously corrupt passage be emended?

Our Pleasant Vices is a distinctly clever story, though the vices illustrated by it belie its title, seeing that they certainly give no pleasure to their owners, and the merely literary pleasure which the reader finds in them hardly counts as a justification for the epithet. The particular pleasant vice which the story deals with is the substitution of an illegitimate child for a legitimate one; but, though we recognize the vice, we fail to perceive the pleasure—as does the vicious husband in the story also. But, setting aside the question of the title, the book is distinctly well written, and the characters well conceived. The dialogue, too, is bright all through, almost too bright to come naturally from uneducated bushmen. The characters of the pious Mrs. Faber and her 'umble instruments who take the place of Providence uninvited are admirable, and the author manages to make us sympathize with his heroine and her lover from beginning to end—an art not too common in modern novelists, who are apt to be so blinded by partiality for their heroes that they do not perceive that they are either prigs, or fools, or both. We are not quite sure that the plot is strong enough to support so long a story; but it is so cleverly written that one thoroughly enjoys reading it in spite of this fault in construction. The book is not only pleasant to read, but also pleasant to hold—an excellent thing in novels. The binding is exceedingly simple and tasteful and the paper delightful—in fact, quite a new departure in three-volumed novels.

Arminell is the story of two prigs, one specimen from each sex. One is the young lady after whom the book is named; the other is the tutor in the family. On the principle, presumably, of "give a dog a bad name and hang him," his familiar friends call this young man "Jingles," though his real name is Saltren—Giles Inglett Saltren, which, we are told, got boiled down to Jingles by the cruelty of his fellow national-school children. These two young people are both oppressed by the weight of the wrongs of mankind in general and of themselves in particular, for no other reason apparently than that they have both of them fared in the world so infinitely better than they

deserved. The point of the story hangs on the romancings of Mr. Jingles's mamma, who gives Mr. Jingles to understand that he is the son of the noble Baron, Miss Arminell's father, to whom she—his mother—was married by a friend of the noble Baron's, who, unfortunately, was not legally capable of performing the rite of matrimony. The extremely simple Mr. Jingles is taken in at once by the tale; and with his adventures, acting on this information from his mother, the story deals. It is only fair to say that the two young people are greatly improved by adversity, and that by the time one gets to the end of the story (it is not too short) their marriage does not seem so regrettable as it would have done earlier in the book. The mere writing is clever, though we think the plot clumsy and the whole subject a distasteful one for a novel; still there are some clever pieces in it, and the character of the latter-day mystic is well drawn. The style, however, is sometimes a little irritating. The long, long similes with which Miss Arminell and the tutor garnish their conversations are trying reading and quite unnatural. Also Mr. Baring-Gould sometimes condescends to write newspaper English, as, for instance, when he makes his heroine say, "I wonder whether it would be *feasible* to reach the owls?" Renaissance does not usually bear an accent on the first "e"; but, perhaps, on this point we differ, not with Mr. Baring-Gould, but with his printer.

SOLES.*

THE question frequently arises as to which is the best sea-fish, and ultimately, as a rule, we arrive at a comparison of three—namely, the haddock, the turbot, and the sole. Good as the haddock and the turbot are, they imply a competent cook and demand an explanatory and appropriate sauce to bring out their full flavour and meaning. But the dear good sole needs no such adventitious aid. A scullery-maid can cook it. As for sauces, you have a choice of three. For turbot and for haddock you must have, respectively, lobster and egg. For the sole, you may have (1) nothing; (2) a pat of butter; (3) anything; and of these number 1 is perhaps the best, number 2 is not easily obtained except in London, and number 3 leaves you and your precious sole too much at the mercy of a cook. Still, as we have been careful to point out, there is a drawback about the sole. He is good, but he is also dear. That he may become more common, and consequently cheaper, is much to be wished; but the difficulties in the way of this desired consummation are many and great. Mr. Cunningham's book is written to point them out and to suggest the remedy. In order to do so he goes fully into the life and habits of the fish, and tells us many things incidentally which will not be readily found in any other book. We shall never again help ourselves to one of those firm white fillets without additional love and respect for the prince of table-fish. At the same time we cannot help asking the question—and it is almost the only one on which Mr. Cunningham fails to afford full information—Why should one side be plain and the other coloured? Why should the two sides of the sole be so different? Nature appears sometimes to enjoy creating what looks like an imperfection, on purpose to invent an elaborate remedy. The colour is, of course, to afford the sole protection from numerous enemies. But it would have seemed more easy to make both sides alike, instead of forcing the poor fish to lie always on its left side and twist its left eye round the corner. The curious question as to how the two eyes come to be together on the upper side is fully discussed by Mr. Cunningham. He expounds the views of the different schools of evolutionists, taking it for granted that all zoologists are now evolutionists. According to one school the patriarchal sole, in some remote age had an eye nearer the edge of its face than its congeners, and consequently found itself the fittest to survive when they were gobbled up, and the most likely to succeed in founding a family. By degrees, after successive generations, the eye came round the corner altogether. Another school believes more strongly in the inheritance of a variation. Mr. Cunningham himself thinks that the ancestors of the existing flat fishes, in order to twist the lower eye till its optical axis was almost parallel to the surface of the head, must have used the oblique muscles belonging to that organ until the muscles became more and more largely developed. May it not also be suggested that the sole keeps his dark side for his enemies, but flashes his white side upon his particular friends and lovers when he desires their society?

It seems to be hardly so well known as it deserves that the sole is a very chameleon among fishes. Like the leopard, he cannot change his spots, though he can vary their shade; but, unlike the Ethiopian, he can change his complexion, and that to a marvellous extent. Mr. Cunningham gives us the result of his experiments in some admirable chromolithographs from water-colour drawings by Miss Annie Willis. They illustrate, better than is at all possible by words, remarkable changes of hue. A sole placed in a white porcelain dish, and exposed to full daylight, acquired a pale grey ground colour, with touches of dull blue. The blotches turned straw-colour, and the white spots disappeared. Another, placed on a bed of coal, and partly screened from the light, turned shades of dark brown, except the edges of the fins, which remained white. "A sole placed on the white dish begins to get lighter almost immediately"; but it becomes darker if disturbed, and does not acquire its palest shade for several hours. Mr. Cunningham attributes these changes to the action of light causing the black and yellow chromatophores of the skin to contract or expand. A strong light makes them contract, but in semi-darkness they expand, and the colour is diffused over a larger surface. These pigment cells are fixed so that the marking, whether pale or dark, always follows the same pattern on the same individual. The white spots seem to form a puzzle for naturalists. On white porcelain, as we have seen, with plenty of light, they attain a bluish colour, and are sometimes very dark, whereas they disappear when the sole is on a dark ground and shaded from the sun. When more light is admitted they return. A sole kept on yellow gravel varied much at different times. For hours together he would remain dark, and then change colour, like a young lady for no particular reason that could be discovered. Plate I. represents "a living sole, lying on coarse, bright-coloured gravel, in a shallow porcelain dish full of sea-water, and exposed to daylight from a south window." The resemblance of the markings and colour of the fish to those of the gravel is very curious.

The sole varies in size according to age and feeding. When he is first hatched he is symmetrical, like the cod or the haddock. He boasts of "an eye on each side of the head," and he is able to swim vertically. But in the next stage he lies prone upon the sand, and both his eyes are "topside." When a year has elapsed he is about five inches in length, and he grows at the rate of three inches every year as long as he lives, the rapidity of his increase in size varying as the amount of food and other similar conditions. The largest sole on record was twenty-six inches long and eleven and a half wide, and weighed nine pounds. Mr. Cunningham was acquainted with a sole which was twenty inches and a half long. There is something almost sublime in the thought. A fillet of sole of, say, a foot long, must have been a sight to see, also to eat; because the sole does not deteriorate as he grows larger, like some fishes.

The sole is distributed in a somewhat arbitrary manner. He does not often occur north of the latitude of Flamborough Head, yet examples are met with over a very widely extended area. He is most abundant on the west coast of England, all round Ireland, in the Bay of Biscay, on the coast of Portugal, and throughout the Mediterranean. A small sole, not apparently known to Mr. Cunningham, is found in the Red Sea, and is by far the best fish seen there; for, though other kinds are very abundant, they are all either insipid or positively nauseous. Off Plymouth the sole is scarce just at present, but is fairly abundant on the north coast of Cornwall. His natural home is fine, loose sand, in which he can bury himself by a peculiar rapid shaking motion of the side fins. His habits are nocturnal; though, of course, when disturbed in the daytime, he rises from his bed, and is then frequently caught. The method by which the sole searches for food is peculiar. He taps the sandy bottom with his head, guided apparently by scent only; when the tactile filaments find something edible, he immediately seizes it with a vigorous and sudden snap of the lower half of the jaws, where the teeth are situated, but never snaps at anything not first localized by his feelers. He eats marine worms, shrimps, and very small shell-fish. His chief enemy is man; but young soles are devoured by gulls and shore birds, and also in all probability by congers, cod, and hake; but the angler fish, all mouth and no body, is the only one absolutely destructive. "I have often," says Mr. Cunningham, "seen soles taken from its stomach on the deck of a trawler, and when extracted they are usually quite uninjured and are packed away with the rest for market; so that, when we eat a sole, we cannot be certain that it has not been swallowed before." The newspapers lately had notes on the sole fishery of the west of Ireland. It is not easy to believe that the Irish will ever be bold trawlers like the Cornishmen; but the new railways, in providing access to a market, may stimulate the fishermen to greater exertions.

The prosaic public, who are only interested in soles as table dainties, will like to know what chance there is that Mr. Cunningham's patient researches will be utilized towards either preserving or propagating so valuable a fish. Probably the next few years will show some good results; but, as in many other things, money is a principal factor. There would be no great difficulty in hatching the eggs, but hatching places are expensive and must have constant attention. It would be cheaper and better if the skippers of trawlers could be taught some practical pisciculture, as Professor Ewart, of the Edinburgh University, suggested long ago. Then the eggs would be returned to the sea, and would be hatched without artificial aid. At present there is no close season for the sole, nor is it thought possible to prohibit trawling for three months of the year. Fish are captured just when they should be left undisturbed, and the trawling nets too often injure them so much that it would be useless to return them to the sea. The Marine Biological Association is enclosing a large piece of sea-water at Sheerness, with a view to keeping young soles till they have grown to their full size; but, as Mr. Cunningham points out, it is evident that the capture of young soles to be merely retained and killed when mature will not prevent the diminution of the numbers at large in the open sea. The chief hope seems to lie in making use of fish caught in what ought to be the close season; but for this purpose every fishing boat would need its educated and trained officer. It is a melan-

* *A Treatise on the Common Sole.* By J. T. Cunningham. Prepared for the Marine Biological Association, Plymouth. 1890.

choly fact that soles have doubled in price during the last ten years; and it is assuredly well worth while, for the sake of the community at large, as well as for fisher folk, that some little capital should be spent on the lines indicated by Mr. Cunningham.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.*

WHATEVER poetic fruits the present season may yet bring forth, be they notable or the reverse, Mr. Frederick Tennyson's new poem is alone sufficient to make the season memorable. If we admit with Keats that a long poem is a test of invention, Mr Tennyson's volume is incontestably a fine achievement. In this epical romance of the Isles of Greece, the poet sustains a long and varied flight with remarkable buoyancy, and not less remarkable in a blank-verse poem of heroic design is the fertility of fancy that marks the poem, or the ingenuity with which the different cantos are harmonized. The scheme and execution of Mr. Tennyson's work recall very forcibly Wordsworth's remark on the sources of poetic inspiration, that the poet's art consists of the building up of greatest things from least suggestions. A series of poems, unified by an epical idea, *The Isles of Greece* was suggested, Mr. Tennyson explains, by certain fragments of verse contained in "a weird little volume" entitled *Lyrici Græci*, published in Paris in 1825. Beyond these least suggestions, the poet took note also of the "arid pages of History and Criticism," a meagre harvesting even for lovers of documents, and then did he set himself to drift before the breeze of fancy. But it is obvious to every reader of the poem that the drifting, such as it is, was not incompatible with an extremely ingenious plot of navigation, the outlines of which are laid bare in the "Introduction," every feature of which is clearly the product of studied forethought. Though the unfettered spirit of romance gives colour and life to those cantos that treat of Sappho's voyage with Anaktoria to Sicily, her acquaintance with Stesichorus at Himera, her marriage with Kerkolas of Andros, the recitals of Alcæus and his wanderings in Miletus and Chios, all the parts of the poem are unified in the epical idea that controls the lives of Alcæus and Sappho. Two generations arise before the two chief lyrists of Lesbos, long separated by cruel circumstances, interchange spiritual communion in extreme old age, when the circles of their lives, with all their stirring and pathetic associations, become orbed in one as they witness the marriage of Kleis, the granddaughter of Sappho, with the grandson of Antimenidas, the brother of Alcæus. This happy event inspires the swan-song of Sappho. It will be readily seen, from this brief glance at the poetic "argument," that the subtitle "Sappho and Alcæus," though the poet is separated by fate and misunderstanding from the poetess, is fully justified by the crowning cantos of the poem. Almost the entire poem is in narrative form. Much of it is direct and personal, as in the spirited recitals of Alcæus and the experience of Antimenidas in the Babylonish war with Pharaoh Necho. Some of the narrative, again, is descriptive, and designed to connect intervals of time between the more salient incidents in the action of the poem. But much more is of a purely reminiscent cast, as in the charming recollections of Sappho's childhood and youth in the first book, and her meditations of the past in age, that are found in the last cantos.

The poet, it has been well observed, is never old. The same exaltation of tone marks alike Sappho's recollections of her Lesbian home and her meditations in old age. The glory of youth finds the happiest expression in this pretty picture of herself:—

> A wild-eyed child,
> Strong-hearted; and she sings unto herself,
> Pausing at times, to listen to the lark
> Right overhead, breasting the silver streams
> At morn, half in the April splendours drowned;
> And she, half hidden in tall grass and flowers,
> Plucks them in glee, and piles them on her head;
> And plays at hide and seek with the peeping sun,
> Returning laugh for laugh as he looks thro'
> Her odorous bower.

Delightful, also, is this glimpse of her childish sports with Atthis on the shore:—

> But when we saw
> 'Twas morning, we ran down unto the sands,
> Just as we rose from sleep, with dizzy eyes,
> And loose hair, and the silver ripples kissed
> Our naked feet, ere well we were awake.
> What cities built we on the sheeny shore;
> What fenced gates and citadels and towers,
> Calling them by the great heroic names!
> What rivers led we round about the walls
> Sluic'd from the sea, that to our fancies seem'd
> An idle thing, for that we had not made!
> Here was a Sigeium, here Scamander; here
> The crested height of windy Pergamos.

The light and warmth and ecstasy that possess her, as the quickening influences of poetry thrive with her growth, are most admirably painted, and we are fain to quote the beautiful passages that describe Sappho's first awakening, her vision of Apollo, her appeal to Terpander after the vision. But we must pass on to note Mr. Tennyson's treatment of the most popular episode of the Sapphic legend. The unrequited love for Phaon is accepted as fabulous, and the legend of Phaon as a version of the Myth of Adonis. We do not altogether like the suggestion that Sappho was impelled to the Leucadian steep in an attack of brain-fever. But Mr. Tennyson's poetic handling of the incident is infinitely more satisfactory than the suggestion promises. The canto descriptive of the poetess distracted by the Eumenides is, indeed, both persuasive and finely imagined. When once again reason returns, and Nature is "as a new-born child" to her, she meets Erinna—

> Oh! what a brow, what awful eyes were hers!
> 'Twas Hera flashing from her midnight orbs
> The soul of Pallas like a star:

—and the counsel of Erinna in her heart is like dew on the scorched herb. Voyaging to Himera with Anaktoria, she meets the poet Tisias, "whom men call Stesichorus," who recalls unconsciously her old unhappy distraction, by reciting the pathetic story of the love-lorn Calyce, a story that reflects her own woe. Far do they wander with Kerkolas, the captain of their ship and the Ulysses of the young poetess, visiting Egypt—"and why not," asks Mr. Tennyson, "while they are about it?"—till the heart of Sappho is moved to rapture by the sight of "sacred Samos" and the many-voiced life of the Grecian isle, after a dream of wandering in Egypt,

> 'Mid twilight sepulchres, and scattered bones
> Of the dead giants.

Then Sappho marries Kerkolas in Andros, and the first division of Mr. Tennyson's poem ends, as it begins, with Sappho as the central figure.

The poetic material of the succeeding cantos is even more diversified. Here Alcæus is less prominently the hero than is Sappho in the preceding portion. Antimenidas, his brother, and Pittacus, who leads the revolt against the tyrants who dominated Lesbos, and wars against Athens, are both actors and narrators of courageous deeds that perhaps engage the sympathy of the poetic reader somewhat to the detriment of Alcæus, the true hero of the poem. Alcæus, in truth, appears to have been conscious of a core of weakness in his nature. He shows this when he overhears and misinterprets a conversation between Sappho and Pittacus, that inspires him with the vengeful thought of conspiracy against the rule of Pittacus. But still more does he betray himself when he soliloquizes, in a manner that suggests Carlyle's comparison of the poet and the man of action, on his own influence and that of Myrsilus. Contrasted with Myrsilus the tyrant he is "a cupbearer before the brow of Jove":—

> If I could win
> A gentle ear to listen to my song,
> Lycus, or Atthis, or Erinna—boys
> Eager and faithful; girls whose faith is love—
> Yet who was I? For he could brandish fate
> In his vulcanic arms and weld the world
> According to his will; and make the tongues
> Of countless others like or unlike him;
> Roll acclamation as the banded seas,
> That, when the strong winds are tyrannous,
> Lift up their voices in a thunder song.

Mr. Tennyson's portrait of the poet, purely imaginary as it is, is yet consistent, striking, and vigorously presented. The third book of the poem, "Kleis, or the Return," is made up chiefly of the re-union of the Lesbian bards in extreme age, yet with unimpaired powers of song, as their poetic confidences, poured out during several conferences by moonlight, do convincingly attest. One of these reminiscent rhapsodies of Alcæus refers to his visit to Chios, where he heard from a descendant of Homer the story of the last days of the epic poet. The recital is full of beauties that need no indication, and is not unaffecting in parts; but we cannot but think it is too diffuse, too insistent upon details, and would gain much in effect by concentration. A little more reticence, indeed, would have enhanced the colour and life of this interesting episode. Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, which has generally a smooth flow, is here too smooth, and is certainly less pleasingly modulated than in the more animated narratives. And it may be noted, by the way, that the poet's lavish use of compound words is scarcely extenuated when too freely employed, as we feel is the case now and again, by omitting the hyphen. But a long poem is not to be scanned or examined with the microscopic attention a lyric demands. *The Isles of Greece* certainly offers to lovers of poetry the "little region to wander in" of which Keats wrote, and one which most lovers of poetry will re-visit and find their first impressions of pleasure strengthened and new delights awaiting them.

* *The Isles of Greece—Sappho and Alcæus.* By Frederick Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

GUIDE-BOOKS FOR FRANCE.*

IN the case of a guide-book, the form in which the author's work is presented is, for obvious reasons, of special importance. A guide-book has to be carried about, to be read in trains, and consulted in streets, and ought to afford the traveller ready information on all matters about which he may fairly need help. It should, moreover, as far as possible be complete in itself; for it is a nuisance to have to take one guide-book to supply one set

* *North-Eastern France; South-Eastern France; South-Western France.* 3 vols. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Paris," "Walks in Rome," &c. London: George Allen. 1890.

of wants, and another for other purposes. Now, Mr. Hare's Guides for France, though handsomely got up, are not, so far as form is concerned, so well adapted as might be for use in travelling, and they leave something to be desired in respect of completeness. They are large and heavy, and their stiff covers, strong and respectable in appearance as they are, add to their weight, and are not so suitable to guide-books as the light and flexible covers adopted by Joanne and Baedeker. On the other hand, these books are well and clearly printed, and the paper is excellent. Their worst defect is that, save for a good railway map in each volume, they have neither maps nor plans. A traveller cannot, therefore, take one of them as his sole guide; he must have his Joanne or his Baedeker (for Northern France) also with him; for it is impossible to travel intelligently without maps, or to visit a large town comfortably without a plan of it. As, however, Mr. Hare has drawn freely on M. Joanne's series, making a general acknowledgment of his indebtedness, a traveller, carrying one of these guides, and a Guide-Joanne for the same district, will find that he has a large amount of matter virtually the same in both his books. It is true that Mr. Hare's guides are written in English, yet most people who are likely to buy them must, we should imagine, be able to read a guide-book in French, and though these volumes contain much, especially in the form of extracts, not to be found in the French books, many will probably hesitate before taking another guide in addition to the indispensable Guide-Joanne. At home every traveller will enjoy, as we have enjoyed, looking through Mr. Hare's volumes; for they contain a vast number of pretty woodcuts from sketches made by the author. As far as our knowledge goes of the subjects pourtrayed, these illustrations are truthful, and the cutting is generally well executed. The plan on which these guides are written is plain enough; the main lines of railway form the principal divisions, and the routes along them are described in ordinary type, smaller type being employed for the places lying off them, and for all excursions from them.

The information as to hotels is about as full as in the Guides-Joanne, much less full, that is to say, than in Baedeker's guides, but, we think, sufficient for the wants of people likely to use these books, who will scarcely need to be told of second- and third-rate accommodation in places where better may be had. As far as our experience extends, we generally agree with what is said on this subject, though we think that the Grand Hôtel at Angers is hardly treated; if it is rather gorgeous, it is at the same time perfectly comfortable, and we cannot understand why any one should call it expensive. In his preface to the series in his *North-Eastern France* Mr. Hare treats of the discomforts, real and imaginary, of which travellers in France are apt to complain; and, while giving his readers some sensible exhortations as to temper and manners, is, we think, unjust to the *commis-voyageur*, whom he considers generally offensive, and to whose baleful presence he ascribes some of the worst features of hotels not frequented by English tourists. For our part, we have almost invariably found *commis-voyageurs* unobtrusive and obliging; we have met several of them who were interested in the history and antiquities of the country, and have often been indebted to them for acts of courtesy, and more than once for recommendations to hotels where we have fared well, as well as for useful hints as to food and wines. Here and there Mr. Hare might offer more help as to the means of getting about. While it is often quite true that a carriage from your hotel is the best means of making an excursion, it may happen that a man, specially if travelling alone, would rather go by a public conveyance at a cost of 2 fr. 50 c. than pay 15 fr. for a carriage; and any one with this desire will grumble at not finding in his guide-book that he may, for example, visit Fontevraud from Saumur very comfortably by a diligence which carries the mails. About matters of to-day Mr. Hare tells us but little. When describing a town he does not state its population, is very brief about its industries, and does not give certain bits of information which we have often been thankful to find elsewhere, as to the position of the Post Office, the tariff for *voitures de place*, and the like. He has, however, a most convenient plan of taking objects of interest in topographical order, and of noting how the tourist should pass from one to the other. His architectural remarks, apart from those which he has extracted from the works of writers of repute, are, we think, very fair as far as they go, though they seem to us to lack the power of comparison, and the force and freshness which distinguish the observations of a master. He is better on large and famous buildings than on those which, though architecturally interesting, are less well known. Quotations fill much space in all his volumes; he gleans copiously from many authors, and particularly from Viollet-le-Duc, Prosper Mérimée, Lamartine, Michelet, and Henri Martin. As a rule he is careful to set down all that a traveller ought to see. We observe, however, that he is not quite up to date in saying that visitors are not admitted into the Castle at Angers; it used to be closed, but this year at least it has been shown as a matter of course, and it is well worth seeing. At Chinon, too, he ought to have directed the Pantagruelist to the "Cave Paincte de la première ville du monde."

The historical parts of his work are decidedly the feeblest, and we cannot perhaps give a better idea of their character than by quoting from his notice of the early Counts of Anjou:—

> The first Comte d'Anjou was Ingelger, adopted by the childless Comtesse du Gâtinois, the champion of whose fame he had been, and whose slanderer he had slain in a duel, for which she made him her heir. It was his grandson, Foulques II. (le Bon) who often used the expression, "An unlettered king is a crowned ass." His son Geoffroi Grise Gonelle, who styled himself "Count of Anjou by the grace of God and the favour of Gesberge [*sic*] his mother," is said to have killed a Danish giant under the walls of Paris.—*South-Western France*, p. 133.

Every one who knows Angevin history will agree with us that, if Mr. Hare had nothing more worth reading to say about these Counts, he might have filled his page more profitably with other matters. A little further on we find the oddly expressed statement that "the lofty and romantic Foulques V."—Fulk happens to have been a wary politician of practical aims as well as a restless soldier—"betrothed his daughter Matilda to Etheling son of Henry I." Does Mr. Hare think that the present heir-apparent to the throne was christened Prince? Etheling was drowned, and then "Foulques married his son Geoffroi to the princess [*sic*] Matilda." Mr. Hare's notions about titles in the twelfth century are certainly somewhat mixed. No doubt it is due to a misprint that we find that 150 Jews were burnt on an island in the Vienne, opposite Chinon, in 1381; the burned Jews numbered 160, and the burning took place in 1321. If Mr. Hare had not depended quite so much on his Guide-Joanne when writing about Chinon, if for example he had when there studied the admirable little treatise *Chinon et ses Monuments* by M. de Cougny, he would perhaps have told his readers the position of the ancient Jewry, still marked by the name of the Rue d'Enfer. He does not mention that Chinon was taken and retaken in 1562, though a guide-book should, we think, always note when a town has changed hands in war. Another strange misprint will be found with reference to the Château de Candiac, "the birthplace of the Marquis de Montcalm, killed before Quebec, September 14, 1712." This is a jumble, for Montcalm was born on February 29, 1712, and died of course on September 14, 1759. At Vézelai Mr. Hare has nothing to say about Becket; at Lavaur he fails to notice that the place is memorable as the scene of a hideous tragedy during the Albigensian Crusade; at Pamiers we are left without any mention of Montfort's Parliament. Concerning some other Southern towns, however, such as Béziers and Carcassonne, the tourist will find sufficient information. The perfunctory manner in which Mr. Hare deals with historical events may be illustrated by his treatment of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. In both instances he simply supplies extracts apparently from Johnes's translation of Froissart with some trifling verbal differences. His extract referring to Poitiers does not contain any of the incidents of the battle; it is mainly the account of the supper given in the evening by the Prince, and an unscholarly liberty is taken with the text in representing Froissart as using the term the "Black Prince," which he certainly never did. In the case of the battle of Poitiers Mr. Hare has neglected a fine opportunity; for the ground offers many hints as to the disposition and movements of the armies. Mr. Maunde Thompson, in his edition of Geoffrey le Baker—to say nothing of certain French writers in the *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*—has shown how far the accounts of the battle given in most of our popular histories are from the truth. If Mr. Hare by careful examination of the ground and the use of authorities, either original or second-hand, had tried to write something which would have enabled those using his guidance to have an intelligent pleasure in visiting the field of battle, he would have raised his *South-Western France* to a higher place in our estimation.

THE DEMONIAC.*

THE *Demoniac* is a painful and dramatic story, and the feelings are wrought up to so intense a pitch of interest, that we could have heartily wished the *dénouement* had been different. Mr. Besant might have dedicated his very original fantasia in fiction to the Temperance Societies, though we question whether the doctors would confirm his diagnosis of an unprecedented case of demoniacal possession, and a phenomenal example of heredity in vice. If the facts are strange, the *motif* is simple. George Atheling has everything to make life happy, with the brilliant promise of an unclouded future. He has a magnificent physique, an iron constitution, an ample fortune, and exceptional talents. He is reading for honours at Oxford, he dreams of high distinction in political life, and, moreover, he is engaged to a charming girl. He drinks moderately like other men, but has never been tempted to indulge to excess. One fateful night he goes to bed as usual. No kindly angel warned him that a malignant demon was squatting on his pillow. But from that night dated his possession by a demon he could in no wise cast out. He woke towards the small hours with a raging thirst, threw himself on the contents of his spirit bottles, and wallowed in strong liquors till he lay like a hog. These bursts of bestial craving came in triplets and recurred periodically every two months. It was clearly a case of possession, because he had lost all self-control, and when he remembered that one of his grandfathers had been given to drink, he resigned himself to despair; like gout the disease of drunkenness had broken out in the second generation, and like gout, in spite of remedies or palliatives, it must have its way. Thenceforth, there is a pitiful tale of the

* *The Demoniac.* By Walter Besant. "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual." Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1890.

gradual degradation of a noble nature as the sense of its abject humiliation becomes intolerable. Atheling renounces his betrothed, changes his name, and sinks to the obscurity he seeks in a lower level of society. He has failed in sundry half-hearted attempts at self-cure, but he has better luck than he deserves, and benignant Providence gives him another chance. He has married a somewhat vulgar wife, but Nettie is simple-minded and devoted to him. She discovers the secret he has successfully hidden from her; she is shocked by the loathsome sight of her husband in one of his debauches; but love gets the better of disgust; she resolves to save him if she can, and she has found a powerful ally. There is a most thrilling scene where Atheling is prepared—partly by her loving prayers, partly by friendly constraint—for his momentous attempt to get the better of the Devil. The struggle is terrible; the wife sits praying and wrestling with Heaven as she holds the hand of her writhing and tortured husband; but the battle is won, and their gratitude is great. Both count pretty confidently on winning the next fight. And so they might and could had over-confidence not undone them.

There is some comedy to relieve the pathos of a melancholy story, and a good deal of satire or cynicism. Atheling has been unfortunate in stumbling on a Mephistopheles, the incarnation of mean and sinister cunning, who, making his profit of his master's ruin and wretchedness, is always holding a candle to the familiar demon. There is a comical account of how the inebriate went a voyage round the world in the charge of two rising young doctors; how he hoodwinked and tricked them by the help of Mephistopheles; and of how they proposed to give the medical world a scientific treatise on an unprecedented example of the simulation of the symptoms of intoxication in the absence of all fermented liquors. There is a still more comical description of the ways of living and thinking of Nettie's vulgar connexions, and there is a cynical climax when three of the nearest of them simultaneously answer an advertisement for the discovery of her husband, in the hope of pocketing the reward for—as they fancy—handing a skulking criminal over to justice.

THE MYOLOGY OF THE RAVEN.*

THIS is an extraordinary book, which does not call for criticism here, but merely for brief notice. It would require a treatise as lengthy and as elaborate as itself to deal properly with a volume which, in 328 pages, never ceases to discuss the muscular structure of a single bird. The preface states, what we can well believe, that there had never until now been published any work devoted entirely to the muscles of a single species of the class *Aves*. We do not know who Mr. Schufeldt is; he does not describe himself as a member of any Society or University. The book looks to us like an exaggerated specimen of the essay for a doctor's degree which is now required by several American academic bodies. The extreme abstruseness of Mr. Schufeldt's subject is not lightened by his singularly unhappy style, of which we may give this example:—

> At the present time, when the study of the structure of animals is becoming far more general, as one of the most efficient aids to observation and mental training, than it was so considered a number of years ago, books of the class which your author has here endeavoured to produce come to be very useful. . . . And it was to fill this so important a gap, as the lack of a suitable volume devoted to the muscular system of birds, that the writer undertook an exhaustive study of the muscles of the Raven.

A great book all about the muscles of a single bird, written in such English as this, is not an easy fortress to storm. It is like one of those ferny and thorny nooks in the middle of great ploughed fields, which Mr. Hardy has described as being the most solitary places in the world, because no one will undertake the toil of tramping out to them. The attitude of "your author" to those who have preceded him in ornithological investigation is unusual. He says:—

> Frequently an author as he closes his prefatory remarks finds that he has a host of helpful friends to whom his thanks are due for assistance rendered; it proves to be the exception in the present instance, for all of the material used was collected by myself; all the dissections were made by myself; all the descriptions are in my own handwriting; and the drawings were all drawn directly from the dissections by myself.

In the face of so much independent industry it seems ungracious to hint that in all probability the only reader he will ever have will be himself. Doubtless, however, if the measurements and technical details are as exact as they appear to be, *The Myology of the Raven*, if it has few readers, will be referred to by many students. We are glad to find that Mr. Schufeldt can speak very favourably of the anatomy of the tail of the raven. He closes his chapter on "the musculature of the trunk" by this quaint sentence:—

> A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince us that all those varied movements, so essential to the feathery rudder of this black avian knight, can be executed to a nicety by this wonderfully complete musculature of his caudal extremity.

Mr. Schufeldt writes from Takoma, D.C., U.S.A. His book contains seventy-six diagrams and a copious bibliography. If you wish to know how the interpleurapophysial membrane is attached to the tendinous extremities of the digitations of the serratus magnus anticus muscle, or to grasp the relation of the accessory femorocaudal muscle and the obturator externus to the sciatic artery, this volume offers an unprecedentedly excellent opportunity for gaining that information. But it would not be correct to describe *The Myology of the Raven* as agreeably written.

* *The Myology of the Raven (Corvus corax sinuatus): a Guide to the Study of the Muscular System in Birds.* By R. W. Schufeldt. London: Macmillan & Co.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.*

GRAPHOLOGY is a favourite amusement, although it is rather a dangerous one when too much credit is given to the guesses of the amateur. This second little book by the author on the same subject is put forward as a grammar of graphology. It is illustrated with specimens of handwriting—good, bad, and indifferent—both from French and English sources. The writer seems to be right on the whole in connecting the science of graphology with the art of chiromancy, as the hand is generally used for writing. The celebrated man without arms, who wrote with his feet, and the still more unfortunate being who had neither arms nor legs, but produced the most marvellously fine calligraphy with a pen placed between his lips, must be counted as the exceptions that prove the rule. People are unfortunately prone to find grammars exasperating which, like learned people, are so very sure and certain of themselves that there is no space left for ordinary folk beside them. This grammar is arranged like a dictionary in alphabetical order, which completes the patient student's difficulties; for unless he has already settled what traits he wishes to find, he cannot turn them up, and when he has done so they never seem to fit the new specimen. "Affection" begins the book, claiming looped letters and a sloping hand for its own. "Tenderness" claims them too, but that is a long way on, and perhaps affection overlooks the presumption of tenderness. Where the examples are not named it is impossible to judge, but the author has forgotten that fashion has slanted handwritings quite as often as affection. At present the tendency is to upright hands, yet we do not think the best qualities of human nature have died out with this change.

It is interesting to find Mr. Gladstone's hand placed simply under the heading of Logic, while the description in full is reserved for the Appendix, where his writing is said to show *finesse* and temper, and many other qualities, so that it might have been properly inserted in a dozen more alphabetical places. Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Longfellow are given as specimens of poetic feeling, whilst Browning comes in much earlier as the representative of the intelligent hand—especially of poetic intelligence. Are we to infer the absence of poetic intelligence in the former and of poetic feeling in the latter? Too much stress is laid upon very ordinary writings. The author has given a few specimens of letters taken separately, which is the only intelligible way of testing their character. Two or three can be easily verified, the rest are doubtful. There is no notice of the fact that people always have a special manner of writing those capitals that form their own initials. An entertaining chapter on "Contradictions" shows observation and some penetration. It has not been forgotten that many handwritings are assumed, and we are warned that we cannot judge the character unless we get a specimen of the "natural" handwriting. The book is certainly amusing, if not particularly instructive. To make it complete, the author should have kindly furnished his own portrait, the lines on his hands, and an example of his "natural" handwriting.

NOVELS.†

GOLDEN LIVES is a book which takes one by surprise in many respects. It is in one volume and its price is a guinea, from which dual fact we perceive that Mr. Wicks has a "guid conceit o' himself" and the courage of his critical estimate. Also, the novel is profusely illustrated. It contains over a hundred pictures not destitute of merit. This leads us to suppose that Mr. Wicks dissents from the doctrine, which most novel-writers are believed to cherish, that every reader of a novel should be allowed to derive his own impressions about the characters and be quite unhampered by the opinions of anybody else. This audacity helps us to a good opinion of Mr. Wicks, and our pleasure with *Golden Lives*, in its superficial aspects, has not been turned to grief by a perusal of its pages. We cannot say much for the plot. Indeed, the plot has an unsophisticated simplicity of melodrama which would make the pit in the Adelphi feel that it was being indifferently treated. Mr. Wicks's characters are

* *How to Read Character in Handwriting; or, the Grammar of Graphology described and illustrated.* By Henry Frith. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

† *Golden Lives: the Story of a Woman's Courage.* By Frederick Wicks. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

The Sign of Four. By A. Conan Doyle. London: Spencer Blackett. 1890.

A Bride from the Bush. By Ernest W. Hornung. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

Golden Bullets: a Story in the Days of Akber and Elizabeth. By William W. Ireland, M.D. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute. 1890.

severely conventional. They are Mr. Crawley Foyle, in the City and in the House of Commons, a tyrannical satire upon the ambitions of the middle-class person with a genius for "affairs"; Mr. David Thresher, who is a partner in Mr. Foyle's firm, loves Mr. Foyle's daughter, and so much detests Mr. Foyle's dirty tricks of commerce that a scrupulous conscience lands him in a rupture of his engagement at the very beginning of the book; Mr. Joshua Cope, another partner of Mr. Foyle, about whom we say without fear of contradiction that he is the most sordid and unscrupulous old ruffian to whom any latter-day romanticist has introduced us; Mr. Joseph Eales, a lawyer whom Mr. Wicks actually credits with possessing the milk of human kindness; a blundering detective; other characters of the same class too numerous to mention; and Miss Foyle herself, the woman of courage, whom we had almost overlooked in our sincere effort to make a complete roll-call of Mr. Wicks's *dramatis personæ*. As may be imagined from even a momentary consideration of our brief catalogue of her oppressors, she has a trying part to play. If she were a fatherless and brotherless beauty in love with a constable in "New Tipperary," she would not be in a plight worse than that in which we find her at the dinner-party of rascals with which Mr. Wicks's drama really opens. Mr. Cope is jealous of Mr. Thresher, who, of course, is a young Adonis; Mr. Cope has a hold over Mr. Foyle, who is in a desperate way financially; Adonis has to quit the long firm, and to postpone his projected expedition to the altar with Miss Foyle; and she, of course, becomes the bride of Mr. Cope, who is seventy and a savage. She is the bride, that is to say, not the wife; for she has a temper of her own, and an ingenuity, resulting in a contract of marriage which makes Mr. Cope feel a very poor fool for his pains. Everything comes all right in the end. How all the happiness comes about could not be told without doing injustice to Mr. Wicks. The plot of *Golden Lives*, as we have said, is conventional; but that is so only because it deals with commonplace people moved by commonplace passions. It is developed with care, precision, and completeness. This, however, is stating the merit of the work in its mere negative aspect. To write a novel the characters in which act exactly as they might in real life is an achievement; but to write a story in which, behaving themselves thus, they are constantly entertaining, is a remarkable feat. Since, to our seeming, Mr. Wicks has deliberately set himself to making a very readable romance out of very commonplace stuff, and since, also to our seeming, he has attained success, it would be unreasonable to find critical fault with him because the limitations he has imposed upon himself sometimes strike one as ill-chosen. But we may be allowed to hope that, having done much under those limitations, Mr. Wicks will presently do more without them.

The detective seems to be as vigorously perennial as the art of love. This thought is borne in upon us by the fact that *The Sign of Four* is a detective story. Sherlock Holmes is a Continental expert amateur policeman, with the keenest of eyes, and a nose like the beak of a heron; a person who observes with the speed of lightning, reasons with the accuracy of the multiplication table, and startles the Doctor, who tells the story, by predicating, after a few hours' examination and reflection, all the particulars of a mysterious murder and robbery. Mr. Holmes shows forth all the gifts of his calling in high perfection. He never sleeps when he has a case on hand; he despises the regular force as a matter of course; and he subjects his nerves to sedatives when he has no appalling mystery to unravel. His knowledge is encyclopædic even for an amateur detective; and his contempt for his friend the Doctor is measureless. He asks the Doctor what he thinks of a small bare footmark on the floor of the room in which the murdered man is found; and then amazes his friend by reading from a gazetteer a passage about the anthropology of the Andaman Islands, the people of which kill one another by blowing poisoned splinters through pea-shooters, for that was the mode of the murder. Of course, he knows everybody and can do everything. A party of which he is a member are refused admission to a house guarded by a prize-fighter, because the bruiser does not know the party; but the portals fly open when Sherlock Holmes reminds the heavy-weight of the amateur who overcame him in the ring on an occasion which the rib-smasher would fain forget. Also, the Doctor, having been sent for a mongrel of surprising scent to track down the small-footed Andaman who has conveniently stepped into some creosote lying about the murdered man's room, is threatened with an onslaught of poisonous snakes, and violently anathematized till he mentions the word "Holmes," when the spirit of conciliation becomes rampant. There is a little love-making, judiciously restrained, and an Indian murder, which is the pivot of the story.

A Bride from the Bush recounts the falling of a bombshell on the table of one of Her Majesty's judges, who is resident at Twickenham, in the shape of a letter from the son of the house announcing his return from Australia with a bride. The bride happens to be the daughter of a squatter, and the humour of the story lies in the incongruous combination of her magnificent figure and charming manners with a distressing intonation and a vulgar cast of mind. On the day of her arrival she astounds the family by asking her father-in-law at dinner whether he has tried many murder cases, and by sympathizing with him in having had to pass the death sentence frequently. Next morning she discovers a stable-boy trying to crack a whip, says she will show him what a real whip is like, and fetches her stock-whip. With this she makes reports like the cracks of a pistol, picks a half-sovereign off the ground, spins it in the air with the thong, and, taking the judge, who appears in a tweed suit and a wideawake, to be a servant, flicks his hat off with her whip, and then, recognizing him, falls on her knees to beseech pardon. On the supposition that a woman with such natural ability could lack the skill to conceal her deficiencies, we may say that the scenes are dramatic and well put. Still, it is scarcely possible to imagine that a person capable of discussing with her mother-in-law, in the best possible taste, the immediate difficulties of her position and her anxiety to remove them, should be unable to restrain herself from outbreaks which culminated in a ringing "Coo-ee!" from Lady Bligh's carriage, in Rotten Row, within the ears of Royalty, at sight of a girl-equestrian whom she had known in the Bush. It is true that pitfalls were laid for her by a young and egotistical brother-in-law who, his vanity having been wounded by the mésalliance, had set to work to expose her failings without thinking of those who might witness the domestic humiliation. The consequences of this wretched state of affairs are dramatically set forth in the closing scenes.

Golden Bullets, a romance of the early years of the seventeenth century, has its scene in India during the ascendency of the Portuguese colonists. The central figure is the supercargo of the British ship *Unicorn*, which was burned in the port of Surat; and the author endeavours to show forth the social state of the people of India in these comparatively early years. The story is interwoven with abounding Oriental intrigue and war. It ambles agreeably through a well-printed volume, and is a welcome variation from the ordinary platitudes of the three-volume order.

HISTORY OF CUMBERLAND.*

"THE time has gone past for writing a history of Cumberland or of any county on the old-fashioned lines and scale"—such is the observation with which Chancellor Ferguson begins his *History of Cumberland* in Mr. Elliot Stock's series of Popular County Histories, and whether the critic sorrows or rejoices over it he is not likely to dispute the accuracy of the statement. We have to-day a larger reading public than at any previous time in the history of the country, but certainly their taste does not run very strongly in the direction of those ponderous volumes wherein the local historian of the past was wont to disport himself, sometimes in a very uncritical fashion. And yet the taste for local history has not decreased; it has, on the contrary, we believe, greatly increased. But the more comprehensive view now taken of the duties of a conscientious topographer makes it impossible for one man, unless more gifted than the Admirable Crichton, to deal satisfactorily with the varied aspects that belong to a full and complete county history. For such a book, judged by the standard of the present day, would not be complete unless it dealt with the geology and physiography of the district, with its natural history, its place names, the devolution of its manors and greater honours and liberties, the rise of its industries, the progress and decay of its guilds, the annals of its corporations, ancient and modern; the architecture of its churches, castles, and halls; the biography of its famous sons and daughters, its share in the national history, and the folklore and dialect of its poorer inhabitants. It is, of course, obvious that each of these departments affords scope for almost unlimited research, and certainly for almost unlimited controversy. The historian who is fairly master of the recondite forms of the folk-speech might be a very indifferent interpreter of Roman inscriptions, and the man who could read the most crabbed and contracted of mediæval charters as though it were a printed book might fail to decipher the geological page. The county history of the future, if constructed on the old-fashioned scale, will have to be the work of a Committee of experts. Authorship by Committee is not a very promising experiment; and, even when they succeeded in producing a satisfactory history, the Committee would still have the difficulty of finding purchasers, if not readers, for their toilsome folios. The only other way is that which Chancellor Ferguson has adopted. "As to this volume," he says, "it is an attempt to discharge the functions of the 'general introduction' to an old-fashioned county history in two or three quarto volumes. How far the writer has succeeded is not for him to say." The impartial critic will have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Ferguson has done exceedingly well, and has produced a volume which is an excellent example of careful and condensed writing, especially judicious in its use of authorities and in its choice between writers who can be relied upon and writers who cannot. The lack of this power of discrimination between author and author is a frequent cause of foolish writing upon historical subjects. What little is known or can safely be inferred of prehistoric Cumberland is here set forth. Of the so-called Druidic remains it is said that they cannot possibly have been temples for climatic and other reasons. The theory adopted is that they are pre-Roman in date, and probably the work of Hiberno-Celts. Even the curious numerals used until recently for sheep scoring in the Lake District are pressed into service as probably survivals from the Celtic period. The Roman roads and other

* *The History of Cumberland.* By Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

remains are dealt with at considerable length and with commendable care. The Roman Wall has a chapter to itself. It is satisfactory to find that Richard of Cirencester, that mythical person in whom some local topographers are still betrayed to put their faith, "is only mentioned here to be dismissed as a pure fabrication." The subsequent history of Cumberland in Saxon times is related, and the result of the Norman settlement in relation to the baronies, the forest, the city of Carlisle, and the Church is set out in some detail. This is followed by the record of the stormy period of the Scottish wars and of the border warfare of subsequent centuries. In 1598 there was a visitation of the plague which, in the four deaneries of Penrith, Kendal, Richmond, and Carlisle, caused the death of 8,156 persons. Nor was it an infrequent visitor. Carlisle in the Civil Wars was besieged by the Roundheads under David Leslie, who is shrewdly suspected of having delayed long enough to give the Royalists time to provision the city. The longer the siege, the more pay for him and his men. His military methods were not heroic, but they were effective. The place was invested and the supply of provisions cut off; "but," says Chancellor Ferguson, "if fuel and food were scarce, beer was not, and Dr. Basire, the Archdeacon of Cumberland, preached against the excessive drinking that went on." And, finally, when the supply of horseflesh was exhausted, the garrison surrendered upon "noble articles," which were not very strictly observed, as a great part of the nave of Carlisle Cathedral was pulled down, in spite of the promise "that no church be defaced." Again, in 1648, Carlisle passed from the Royalists to the Roundheads, this time commanded by Cromwell himself. The Stuart rebellion of 1715 found little support in the county; but in 1745 the Jacobites held the town for some time against the Duke of Cumberland, and on its capitulation the defenders were treated with a barbarity that gained execrations which cannot be said to have been entirely undeserved. Since the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion the history of Cumberland has been mainly one of mining and other industrial development. Many will read with regret Chancellor Ferguson's testimony as to the passing away of the hardy and independent race of "statesmen" who were the special product of the district.

To his flowing outline of Cumberland history Chancellor Ferguson has added notes, and given references to authorities for fuller details, and for the discussion of controverted points, and at the end there is a good bibliography, and a useful index. Altogether Ferguson's *Cumberland* may be cited as an excellent example of the new style of county history.

MR. LECKY ON IRISH HISTORY.*

(*First Notice.*)

AN eminent historian, drawing near to the close of a great work which in its main outlines somewhat resembled that which Mr. Lecky has completed, expressed his satisfaction that nobody could make a century contain more than a hundred years. There was thus a definite end to his toil. Mr. Lecky has not made the century with the history of which his name will long be associated contain more than a hundred years. But as regards all but one of the many topics which he surveys he has made it contain less. Ireland has the full scope of a hundred years allowed her. But as regards the other parts of the Empire, to which Mr. Lecky, with good literary sense and sound patriotism, gives the name England, not running off into Britain, or British Empire, or, still worse, into Greater Britain, he stops short with the year 1793. Mr. Lecky's century is, therefore, an elastic period, possessing—as it is, we believe, the special function of living organisms to do—expansive and contractile powers. Mr. Lecky justifies his refusal to go beyond the outbreak of the war between France and England on the ground that to do so would embark him in a period which runs deep into the nineteenth century. He does not affect to be an annalist telling the story of England's life from year to year. His history, as he conceived it from the first, and as he has through the greater part of its course constructed it—the two concluding volumes form somewhat of an exception—is one of social forces and tendencies; and he conceives that an entirely new order of causes and influences came into operation with the outbreak of the French war. In other words, the nineteenth century, in the sense in which we use the phrase, as expressive of a certain set of ideas and tendencies still operative, begins for him with the year 1793.

We have no right to find fault with Mr. Lecky for this Procrustean treatment of the century, for which a good deal may be said, and for which, indeed, he has said a good deal in his sixth volume. We are thankful for what he has given us, and must not repine at what he has withheld. But if he had chosen to extend the eighteenth century to the conclusion of the great war with France in 1815, he might have given, perhaps, as good reasons for doing so as he has done for stopping short twenty-two years earlier. If, by way of compromise, he had brought matters down to the Peace of Amiens, or its preliminaries, he would have, with tolerable exactitude, harmonized the chronology of his book with its grouping of causes and tendencies. As it is, his history limps on two unequal legs. This is not merely a matter of form. The substance of Mr. Lecky's narrative has, in our view, been affected, and not favourably affected, by the premature close to which he has brought a part of it. If he had treated of English history, domestic and foreign, from 1793 to the close of the eighteenth or the opening years of the nineteenth century, his judgment of what took place in Ireland during these momentous seven or eight years would have conceivably, and, we think, even probably, have been somewhat different from that to which he has given the high sanction of his authority. Of course Mr. Lecky is well acquainted with that fragment of the history of England in the eighteenth century which he has refrained from writing. Incidentally account is taken of it. But the result of the varying chronological limits which he has adopted is, in our view, that Ireland is treated too exclusively from within. Mr. Lecky seems to us often to attribute to particular causes operative there movements and events which were due to general causes active in England and on the Continent as well as in Ireland. The consequence has been that his history does not altogether retain in these concluding volumes the general characteristics which marked the six that preceded them. Mr. Lecky, contrary to his own method and doctrine, exaggerates, we think, the influence upon events of Ministerial combinations, party intrigues, and personal incidents and changes. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and that of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the rejection of Parliamentary reform in Ireland, and the refusal of the supplemental measure of Catholic Relief, will not, in our view, nor even, we think, upon his own showing, bear the stress which he lays upon them. They but accompanied, and in accompanying have veiled from most historians, and even partially from Mr. Lecky, the actions of those general forces and conditions, economic and social, of history, religion, and race, of which it is his special merit, in other parts of the work, to have a quick and accurate discernment.

Mr. Lecky, following in this matter the lead of Burke, sees in the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam the source of the myriads of evils which befel the Irish nation. Fitzwilliam had presented a Catholic Relief Bill, which added to the franchise already possessed by Roman Catholics the privilege of eligibility to the House of Commons, which was still withheld from them. It was defeated by those Castle influences in Parliament which were wielded mainly by the Beresford family, the chief of whom he had vainly endeavoured to remove from office. The recall of Fitzwilliam foreboded, Mr. Lecky says—with apparent adoption of their view—to those who knew Ireland best, nothing but ruin. It was accompanied by the rejection of Mr. Ponsonby's Reform Bill, which would have substituted a real representation, as we now understand it, for the system of nomination boroughs which made the Irish House of Commons an instrument in the hands of the "undertakers," who were to the oligarchy of that day what the wire-pullers are to modern democracy. We are unable to reconcile the grave consequences which Mr. Lecky attaches to Fitzwilliam's recall, and to the defeat of Parliamentary Reform and the project for making Roman Catholics eligible to the House of Commons, with his repeated admissions that the great mass of the community were absolutely indifferent to these changes. They had the votes, and they did not care that this or that Roman Catholic noble or squire should be eligible to Parliament. "From the day when Pitt recalled Lord Fitzwilliam, the course of her (Ireland's) history was changed." "A cloud seems to fall on the spirit of the nation which has never been removed." How are we to reconcile these sentences with the subsequent statement that, "to the overwhelming majority of the Catholic people of Ireland," the refusal of emancipation (that is, eligibility of Roman Catholics to Parliament) "was a matter of utter indifference"? Mr. Lecky adds that "a very similar remark may be made about Parliamentary Reform. To the illiterate Catholic cottiers who covered three of the four provinces of Ireland questions of this kind could have but little significance." Mr. Lecky quotes the evidence given by Emmet and McNevin before the Select Committee of 1798, the former of whom declared that Catholic Emancipation did not matter a feather, and the poor did not think of it. McNevin never said that Catholic Emancipation was not worth a thought, and both agreed that the mass of the Roman Catholics were absolutely indifferent to Parliamentary Reform, except as a step towards the abolition of tithes and the diminution of rents. How, if this description of the popular feeling be correct—and Mr. Lecky adopts it—the removal of Lord Fitzwilliam on the ground that he favoured Catholic Emancipation can have had the disastrous and enduring consequences which he attributes to it we are at a loss to conceive. The politicians made a noise about it both in England and Ireland, and they have continued to do so even to our own day; but that the measure really affected the course of Irish history seems to us more than doubtful.

Mr. Lecky expresses the opinion that, if to Catholic Emancipation and to a moderate measure of Parliamentary Reform the commutation of tithes had been added, "Ireland would probably have weathered the revolutionary storm." His belief in the efficacy of this pill for the earthquake astonishes us. We attribute it in part to the fact that, by following the history of Ireland beyond the year 1793, and stopping short at that year with the history of England at home and in her foreign relations, he has left out of account those general influences which acted upon Ireland as upon the rest of Europe. That Ireland should have remained the sole stable and orderly

* *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. VII. and VIII. London: Longmans. 1890.

country in an era of European anarchy is a paradox which it is, perhaps, enough to state. The bases of revolt from England had been laid in the formation, in 1791, by Wolfe Tone, of the Society of United Irishmen. Although its reorganization as a treasonable Society followed Fitzwilliam's recall, yet before that event, and even before his arrival in Ireland, emissaries had been passing to and from France with a view to an invasion. In the mutual hostilities of the Defenders and the Peep-of-Day Boys in Ulster there had been for years the germ of that war of class, of race, and of religion which broke out in 1798. In France, the confiscation of Church property and of the estates of the nobles, the execution of the King, and the Reign of Terror, had taken place. In England, the publication of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and the counterbast of Paine's *Rights of Man*, marked the outbreak of a war of opinion. Burke's rupture with Fox and his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* signalized the breaking up of traditional landmarks. With these things in the air, it seems to us to show a defective perception of the proportions of causes and effects to contend that the removal of the Fitzwilliam fly from the wheel of the Government coach was provocative of the Irish Rebellion. Nor is it fair to attribute sinister motives to the measures of repression which Pitt sanctioned in Ireland. As he dealt with Ireland so he dealt with England. Favourable to Parliamentary Reform in principle, he opposed it on the ground of temporary inexpediency in the one country as in the other. He resisted the repeal of the Tests Act in England on the ground on which he resisted the small measure needful to complete Catholic Emancipation in Ireland; and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the Seditious Meetings Act, the Alien Act, the Traitorous Correspondence Act, and other measures of repression adopted in England, with the trials of Muir and Palmer in Scotland, and of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thirlwall in Westminster, showed that, rightly or wrongly, Pitt dealt on the same principles with the two countries. The revolutionary ferment was common to both. Mr. Lecky's idea that small and moderate reforms would have extinguished it in Ireland is due, we believe, to the fact that he has detached his study of Ireland during the last seven years from any more general study of the condition of England and of her relation to European politics. That story is in itself very minute and interesting, and, through the correspondence in the Irish State Paper Office to which he has had access, Mr. Lecky throws much light upon places hitherto dark. The chapters in these volumes which deal with the condition of Ireland during, and in the years immediately preceding, the rebellion have that sort of documentary authenticity which gives its value to M. Taine's *Origènes de la France Contemporaine*, and leave us amazed at Mr. Lecky's adoption, partial and hesitating though it is, of the recall of Fitzwilliam theory of the Irish Rebellion.

POCKET BOOKS OR POCKET-BOOKS? *

THE word pocket-book is a vague one, but most people will agree that it generally means something with some kind of cover, containing a greater or less amount of provision for MS. to be supplied by the owner. In this sense the five ludicrous little volumes we have received, under the title of *Pascoe's Illustrated Pocket-Books*, are not pocket-books at all. They are little volumes in cardboard covers, each containing over 100 pages and measuring rather more than five inches by four. They have, indeed, pictures—ugly pictures, highly coloured and sticky, and so contrived as to present exactly the appearance of the "transferable pictures" which children buy upon a sheet, and leave stuck upon windows, wall-papers, or furniture, which accident or design may have sacrificed to their artistic ambition. Also—which is still more reprehensible—the pictures are exactly the same in each of the five little books, though one purports to be a handbook to London, one to Warwickshire, one to the places between London and Paris, one to Brighton, and one to Hastings and Eastbourne. The same spirit of economy has caused several pages of letterpress, occurring here and there in the volumes, to be exactly the same in each of the books. Some of them—*e.g.* one about English "Hotels in General"—are the author's own, others are collections of "proverbs," and petty gleanings from the works of Leigh Hunt, some one called "Wm. E. Channing," and so forth.

The information which these little books contain is scanty, capricious, and to some extent delusive. Charing Cross is, in the author's opinion, the centre of London for practical purposes. "Westward, we have the Wealth and Aristocracy of the capital. Eastward, Poverty and Democracy commingle." No doubt the neighbourhood of the Strand and Fleet Street is poverty-stricken, though we have some reasons for believing that many of the owners of house property thereabouts still think it worth while to collect what paltry rents they are able to wring from the unhappy beings who try to do business in their tenements. But even in these bad days one would hardly have thought Cheapside, Threadneedle Street, Cannon Street, and the adjoining thoroughfares exactly suggestive of grinding indigence, and they are indubitably east of Charing Cross. "Within easy walk of Charing Cross itself" you may find "the famous Hyde Park Promenade." Will it be believed that Mr. Pascoe gives no more explicit directions for finding the promenade, and does not mark it on his map? It is too tantalizing. Why will not guide-book makers reveal to residents in London the whereabouts of these exciting resorts, in which mere casual visitors take so much pleasure? Where is the Hyde Park Promenade? Can it be anything in Victoria Park?

The American Roads through England sounds an awful title. The phrase, when rightly understood, is not so bad as it looks. It means those English roads (principally railways) of which Americans make most use. These are the North-Western Railway, from Liverpool to London and from Chester to Crewe (if the passenger has got out at Queenstown), most of the Midland, nearly all the Great Western, and the South-Western through Exeter to Plymouth. Also every road, lane, and path in Warwickshire, over which agreeable and deserving county the American tourist is asserted to have cast out his shoe in a manner calculated to awaken our warmest sympathy. In the Eastbourne and Hastings volume Mr. Pascoe's matter seems to have failed him, and he quotes at large from the more gloomy parts of Mr. J. R. Lowell's satirical verse. The introductory paragraph to this throws some little light on the *raison d'être* of the whole series. The volumes are designed for tourists who "look about for some little hints as to how they may best employ their leisure and make the best of a brief holiday. To meet their wants alone is the sole purpose of publishing them." Besides, "A Pocket-book is a Pocket-book, neither more nor less; and perhaps the sole merit of this one is that it is more novel and prettier than the majority of the publications of its class." If there is really a class of such publications as these, we should have to see some other specimens of the class before we could concur in the compiler's statement as to its comparative prettiness. Novelty, of course, is not necessarily meritorious. Each of the volumes concludes with a view from behind, in silhouette, of two men in pot-hats—one short and fat, the other not so short and not so fat. They may be an allegory, or they may be portraits, or they may be an advertisement.

* *Pascoe's Illustrated Pocket-Books—London in Little; The American Roads through England; The Roads from Paris to London; Brighton; Eastbourne and Hastings.* Compiled by Charles Eyre Pascoe. London: Hazell, Watson, & Viney.

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS.*

IT is not with art and letters, but with war and revolution, the siege of Paris, the rise and fall of the Commune, that the new volume, the first of the second series, of M. Edmond de Goncourt's *Journal* is chiefly occupied. The record opens towards the end of June 1870, a week after the death of the author's brother, and is carried on to the last day of 1871, in an almost unbroken day-by-day chronicle. The whole of this exciting and harassing time was spent for the most part between Auteuil and Paris, the days in visits to M. Burty and other friends, the evenings generally in dinners at Brébant's with Saint-Victor, Renan, Charles Blanc, Nefftzer, Charles Edmond, Gautier, Berthelot, and many more. These gatherings did not wholly cease when the bombardment was hottest, and even in the worst days of anarchy, when it was reported the Versailles troops had been beaten by the National Guard, four of the party managed to dine *chez Brébant* and discuss the situation. Something like snatching a fearful joy dignified these convivial meetings when supplies of gas and oil ran short, or when the tyranny of the Commune grew with the growing year. Not the less, however, did M. Renan declaim, on the *sentiment de la patrie*, on his great thesis that "we had no writers," or on the virtue that lies in the Bismarckian doctrine, *La force prime le droit*, while he quoted the Prophets, major and minor, in support of his liberal rhetoric. No one believed in any man or in any thing, the last new saviour of society, or the last new scheme for deliverance from the Prussians. Trochu, Gambetta, Jules Favre, Thiers, were all alike scouted by the philosophic circle *chez Brébant*, were all declared to be infected with the *monomanie de sauver la France*. When General Vinoy succeeded Trochu, some one asked, "What is he going to do?" and the answer was, "He will do nothing; *il va faire le gendarme*." During the first two months of the siege things went tolerably well with the besieged. It was mere jesting compared with what the New Year brought, as an early entry of the diarist indicates. When the investment of Paris was complete, and the bombardment settled down into regular daily practice, there were distractions enough for men of letters and leisure in studying the defence operations, or visiting the Bois de Boulogne and the village beyond, to spy the Prussians at work at St. Cloud. Here one wet Sunday, in the middle of October 1870, all Paris was assembled hard by the entrance to the village of Boulogne, viewing the enemy through field-glasses appearing and disappearing like so many mice in the distance under the fire of the francs-tireurs hidden along the edge of the river. "Umbrellas down!" was the cry of the small boy whose share of the spectacle was spoiled. Here, at the Mortemart battery, among the crowd on another day were MM. Jules Ferry, Pelletan, and Rochefort.

The pages of the *Journal* are full of striking pictures of Paris during these moving times; vivid sketches of the overflowing markets, tumultuous streets, the curious crowds where the

* *Journal des Goncourt.* Deuxième série. Premier volume. 1870-71. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1890.

roar of shot and shell was most furious, the mob applauding Tony Reveillon and Citizen Quentin, prematurely howling for the Commune. By the middle of winter the sight of the bombardment was a successful competitor with the theatres. "Nos femmes nous ont abandonnés, ce soir," some one was overheard to complain. "Ma foi, tant mieux," was the reply; "nous irons voir le Panthéon, le bombardement!" Nothing could be less suggestive of the monotonous existence popularly believed to be the portion of besieged folk than the feverish activity, the keen observation, the unsatisfied spirit of inquiry and curiosity revealed by M. de Goncourt's daily notes of life in Auteuil and Paris. Nothing seems to escape him, be it fact or rumour. Sleep was scarce possible, reading impossible, and writing by no means always easy. The besieged met at the Café Brébant merely to have news all round. On the 10th of January somebody entertained the company by describing the terrible rain of shells on the Luxembourg, and on the previous night Saint-Victor, frightened by a falling bomb in the Place Sulpice, fled from his rooms in the Rue de Furstemberg, and M. Renan was, from the same cause, forced to migrate to a new quarter. Yet two days later, in the bombarded districts there is no sign of panic or terror. Waiters remove and replace the glasses broken by the explosion of shells, and everybody appears to pursue his way of living as usual. Stories of strange food, of course, abound. At Brébant's the *plat du jour* had been supplanted by the *plat extraordinaire*. A soldier is overheard to observe to his comrade, "Pour moi, ce qui m'attend là, c'est une *fricassée de pain sec!*" During a most unappetizing discussion one evening on M. Brébant's menu between Saint-Victor and Nefftzer on the merits of a fine *selle de chien*, which the latter declared tasted like a *mélange* of pork and partridge, M. Renan turned pale, then green, and flinging his portion under the table, left the unnatural feast in haste. A curious experience is related of himself by M. de Goncourt, which seems to show a latent belief in metempsychosis. Not having the courage to go to Paris, and having nothing to eat, he shot a blackbird for dinner in his garden at Auteuil. Then it chanced, why or how he knew not, that the bird on the dinner-table, whose singing days he recalled when he was wont to whistle every evening on a sycamore close to the house, and then vanish into the night, became associated with the memory of his brother, and the fantastic thought possessed him that the spirit of his brother Jules had passed into the bird, "cet oiseau de deuil de l'air." And the fear of this held him obstinately the whole evening.

But all the fightings without and the disquiet within Paris appear to have given keen zest to the discussion of the politics of the moment at the *Symposia* at the Café Brébant. That the Republic is impossible was the conclusion of all. "La blague, toujours la blague! c'est de cela que nous mourons, plus que de toute chose, et je suis flatté d'avoir été le premier à l'écrire." This outburst was provoked by a boastful young journalist, and elsewhere in the volume the author's old enmity to the political press is expressed in simpler and stronger terms. There is some debate as to the madness of Trochu, who had been styled, by Bauer, an Ollivier on horseback. A good story is told by some one present at one of these gatherings of Emmanuel Arago, who had spoken to him of a certain surprise that had been contrived for the Prussians. Naturally he thought of Greek fire, or something of the kind. But no, it was a far simpler plan:—"When the Prussians enter Paris, they will find no Government with whom they can treat, for we shall have withdrawn ourselves!" Under the date 12th February, 1871, Théophile Gautier is described as lodging in a small attic, Rue de Beaune, with his cats about him, "des chats maigres, des chats de famine, des ombres de chats." "Théo est là, en bonnet rouge, à cornes vénitiennes, dans un veston de velours," looking like a Doge in distress, a melancholy Marino Faliero. Occasional glimpses we have of Zola, Victor Hugo, Arsène Houssaye, and Flaubert. Interesting as these literary recollections are, far more remarkable are the exceedingly vivid pictures of life under the Commune and during the Siege—pictures that in all pictorial elements are marvellously strong, admirable in colour and life, and not less admirable at times by reason of the dramatic spirit that inspires them.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SOME thirty years ago the *Saturday Review*—which, having a touch of humanity in it, sometimes, though rarely, makes mistakes—made a great one about M. Théodore de Banville's charming *Odes Funambulesques*. But the children's teeth are, as we know on the best authority, not necessarily set on edge because the fathers have eaten sour grapes; and we take particular pleasure in repairing that ancestral blunder anent *Sonnailles et clochettes* (1). These dainty poems are only occasional verses; their accomplished and veteran author offers them as nothing more. But they are such occasional verses as not half a dozen men now living in Europe could write if they would. Of M. de Banville it may be said, varying a little the stately praise arrogated to himself by the man to whom David Copperfield had to give up the box-seat, that "there aint no sort of rhyme that he aint master of, nor no sort of rhythm." The French poetical language, as tough if as flexible as guttapercha, moulds itself at his touch into any possible shape; and though its harmonies are usually as limited as they are delicate, echoes at his voice any possible sound. Nor is his meaning by any means so trivial as it is his pleasure to make it look. He is no haunter of grave and precise companies; yet the bitterness of the satire on "Le Moderne," which derives that respectable entity from St. Anthony's pig, is pretty strong; and he is never tired of singing, as he sang many years ago, "how poor Rothschild is," how destitute of joy is the immense apparatus and the deliberate merrymaking of modern amusement. He can at one moment rhyme "et qu'aux" to "échos," and, more pyramidally still, "Philis teints" to "Philistins." He can associate with the somewhat loosely-girt muse of M. Catulle Mendès, and celebrate the expensive, but by no means exclusive, charms of Emma and Lila; yet one constantly comes across in him verse of the true "marmoreal" stamp like this:—

> Un grand souffle court dans les bois
> Et sur les cimes éternelles;
> J'entends parler toutes les voix
> Et frissonner toutes les ailes.
>
> Le rhythme chante, inassouvi,
> Le brouillard déchire ses gazes,
> Et nous suivons d'un œil ravi
> Le vol effrayant des Pégases.

It is rather curious that while French is not, as they say and as one must confess, a specially poetical language, there are few in which poetry and non-poetry are more clearly marked off from each other by the mere sound of the words and verse.

M. Anatole France is hardly inferior as a writer of French prose to M. de Banville as a writer of French verse, and he has hit, in the style which he began in *Balthasar* and now continues in *Thaïs* (2), on a style very suitable to the display of his powers. It is an odd and rather daring mixture of Voltaire and Flaubert—as if some one had undertaken for a wager to combine the characteristics of *Le taureau blanc* and *Saint Julien l'hospitalier*. Perhaps his present venture is a little long for the peculiar manner. Paphnutius, a monk of the Thebaid, is possessed with a desire, possibly from mixed motives, to convert Thaïs, a famous Alexandrian courtesan. His success in this enterprise is Pyrrhic, for he succeeds in converting Thaïs; but we leave him in something very like a state of reprobation, as far as he is himself concerned. Let us hope that the prayers of the soul he had saved covered his own lapse—a charitable wish in which, however, M. France does not, we must confess, give us much encouragement. We have said that the story is rather long for the style. It is especially prolonged by a sort of compromise between a philosophical symposium and a pagan orgie to which Thäis takes Paphnutius, and which, culminating on one side in mere crapulousness, on the other in the suicide of an aged Stoic, who prefers the "open door," has much to do with the conversion of the beautiful neophyte. It, therefore, cannot be said to be otiose, but it is very long. Still, M. France's style is so excellent, that the *longueurs* are not perceived so forcibly as they otherwise might be, and even the rather hard measure dealt to Paphnutius loses something of its severity from the same cause.

According to our invariable rule about M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, we say nothing more about *Le chêne capitaine* (3) than that here is more Fortuné. The admirers of that viand will not want to know more than the assertion of the *réclame*, that it is "of the most pure, of the most curious, of the most exquisite Parisianism." Let them fall to! M. Lucien Biart's book (4) deals with his beloved Mexico, and forms part of that "Nouvelle collection Charpentier" which is warranted for general, and yet not prepared simply for *ingénue*, reading.

M. Jouaust's beautiful single-play edition of Molière has now reached its ninth part, containing the charming little *Impromptu de Versailles* (5), where Molière's astonishing faculty appears, perhaps, as clearly as in any of his most ambitious works, where we learn more about Molière himself and his company than hundreds of folios could teach us, and where is that immortal exchange of conjugal compliments, "Taisez-vous, ma femme; vous êtes une bête"; and "Grand merci, monsieur mon mari, vous ne m'auriez pas dit cela il y a dix-huit mois."

M. de Larmoyer's *Practical French Grammar* (and, indeed, such a thing has been the cause of many tears) (Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) is of the old kind of lesson and exercise style, with notes in assistance. It is not a bad style; whether it is better than others or not we give no opinion. The fact is that there are only three ways of learning a language. If you want to speak it, speak it; if you want to read it, read it; if you want to write it, write it; if you want to do all three, do all three. You may vary these rules *ad infinitum* without much harm, but you will never improve on them. Mr. Stedman's *Easy French Exercises* (London: Methuen) will no doubt also be useful.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

GUSTAV FREYTAG'S *Reminiscences of My Life*, translated, in two volumes, by Katherine Chetwynd (White & Co.), thoroughly merits the skill and care bestowed upon it by the translator, whose rendering is singularly free from any suggestion

(1) *Sonnailles et clochettes.* Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Thaïs.* Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Le chêne capitaine.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le bizco.* Par Lucien Biart. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Molière—L'Impromptu de Versailles.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

of the burden of the noise of Babel. The English reader who has not the gift of tongues can scarcely be unacquainted with Gustav Freytag's works. Not a few have been translated, and one at least, *Debit and Credit*, enjoyed great popularity some thirty years since. The autobiography of a man of letters does not often present such varied aspects of interest as we find in Freytag's recollections. Politics, literature, journalism, the stage, during some fifty stirring years, all come under the observation and criticism of the author, who was himself something more than a mere observer in these fields of activity. Perhaps yet more engaging than Freytag's sketches of the growth of Young Germany, the first movements of Germanic Confederation, or literary life in Leipsic and Dresden, in the year of Revolution, 1848, are the charming pictures of his childhood and youth in his remote Silesian home, set in wild woods and morasses near the Polish frontier. His sketches of famous actors and managers, of authors such as Auerbach, Tieck, and a host of others, are excellent for point and shrewdness. To those who recall the criticisms of Berlioz and Schumann there is more revelation of the personality of Wagner in Freytag's single anecdote of that composer than in many a so-called *Life* of Wagner. And now that playwrights and managers are so generously bent on instructing the public on the subject of play-writing, Freytag's account of his own method of dramatic construction and composition will be found full of interest.

Mr. H. S. Salt, who edits a selection of Thoreau's essays and addresses, *Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), appears to be greatly disturbed because somebody described Thoreau as "too nearly a stoico-epicurean adiophorist." But he was really not of that kind of philosopher. As a friendly poet sings—

> Much do they wrong our Henry, wise and kind.

Our Henry was an ardent Abolitionist, and Mr. Salt includes in the present volume some of his fervid utterances. His "Plea for Captain John Brown" certainly shows that Thoreau was not centred in indifference. It is in fine and choice terms that he speaks of his hero, the martyr of Harper's Ferry, as one who was educated in "the great University of the West, where he sedulously pursued the study of Liberty, for which he had early betrayed a fondness; and, having taken many degrees, he finally commenced the public practice of Humanity in Kansas, as you know." Thoreau's Concord audience, if not all blinded by partisan spirit, must have wondered where Thoreau took *his* degree in "humanities" as they listened to this sophistical account of the fanatic's atrocities in Kansas. It is characteristic of Thoreau, the Abolitionist, that he should have nothing but abuse for those who declined to make a martyr of Brown. Those who disagreed with Thoreau had either "much flesh, or much office, or much coarseness." They were "not ethereal," full of "dark qualities," "pachydermatous," and so forth; all of which Thoreau utters "in sorrow, not in anger." The whole address is a sublime picture of the Superior Person.

Mr. T. Ramakrishna's *Life in an Indian Village* (Fisher Unwin) comprises a series of bright and pleasing descriptive sketches, with dialogues, illustrating the manners and customs that prevail in small villages of some fifty or sixty houses in the Madras Presidency. The book is thoroughly interesting and readable. It is always agreeable to read of a peaceful and contented village life such as is depicted in Mr. Ramakrishna's varied and lively pages, the accuracy of which is attested by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who supplies an excellent introduction.

Map Studies of the Mercantile World, by Dr. John Yeats (Philip & Son), is a notable example of the modern extension of geographical instruction that now obtains in schools. By an ingenious system of charts the nature and sources of the raw and manufactured products of the world may be readily studied in connexion with the text, to which it supplies the clearest and most instructive illustration. The handbook, indeed, is a useful combination of a Commercial Geography and a Physical Geography.

Mr. Henry F. Blandford's *Elementary Geography of India, Burma, and Ceylon* is a valuable addition to "Macmillan's Geographical Series." In method and arrangement it is a model of clearness and conciseness. The woodcuts are good, and the statistical information, admirably tabulated, is neither more nor less than is necessary.

A curious proof of admiration is Mr. Edward Tuckerman Mason's explicit and minute description of a famous stage personation, *The Othello of Tommaso Salvini*, with portraits etched by Mr. R. F. Blum (Putnam's Sons). Mr. Mason follows this memorable performance scene by scene, observing every gesture or action or expression of the actor, permitting himself little in the way of comment and still less of criticism. With the aid of sketch-plans of the stage at various situations of the play the description is really interesting and not unsuggestive.

In recent verse we note Mr. George Barlow's stout volume of lyrics, *From Dawn to Sunset* (Sonnenschein & Co.), a long day of singing, comprising the Songs of "Youth," of "Manhood," and of "riper Manhood," three books of voluble, not to say gushing, rhyming. In *Alypius, and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) the Rev. J. H. Bulkeley shows considerable poetic accomplishment in treating a variety of themes. The combat between a gigantic Goth and a lithe *Retiarius* in the arena is excellently described in *Alypius*, but the "moral" of the poem is not altogether effectually set forth. *The Prelude*, by Harold Burrows (Fisher Unwin), contains a long poem on the career of a madman, from the stage of incipient insanity to the final catastrophe. It should be very horrible, and doubtless is meant to curdle the blood within us, yet it moves us rather less than Henry Russell's celebrated descriptive song once did.

The Infant Prodigy is strikingly proclaimed in *May Blossoms* by Lilian (Putnam's Sons), a collection of lyrics written by a little girl between the ages of seven and thirteen, or dictated by the little girl before she had acquired the useful arts of reading and writing. "The tone and spirit of these verses," we are assured, "are always in the direction of the Good and the Beautiful." Lilian is not an infant Byron, but a baby "L. E. L." Here is a specimen, "The Sunny Lake," written at the age of eight:—

> The willows bend their graceful boughs,
> Down to the waters green;
> The sun shines on the lake so fair,
> It is a lovely scene!
>
> Dew-drops, like diamonds sparkle bright,
> Beneath the sun's gold gaze,
> And many lovely flowerets white,
> Under its glittering rays.
>
> The boats moor'd on the water's edge;
> The arbor on the shore;
> The vine-clad rock upon the hill.—
> (And I haven't made any more).

Lilian is not always so childlike and ingenuous as in this pretty song.

The new "pocket volume" of *Selections from Robert Browning* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) is full of the poet's finest work in song or dramatic lyric, and altogether as good as any selection could be. From *Paracelsus* to *Asolando*, the full range of Browning's poetry is represented in this new and cheap "Selection."

In the "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany, we have a reprint of Darwin's *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*, and the *Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands* and *on South America* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with introduction to all three works by Professor J. W. Judd.

We have received a new and cheap edition of that delightful work *Our Fancy Pigeons*, and *Rambling Notes of a Naturalist* by Mr. George Ure (Elliot Stock).

The Cabinet Portrait Gallery, First Series (Cassell & Co.), is an attractive album of photographs of distinguished persons by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, with descriptive letterpress.

Mr. E. Marston's account of a trip to Cairo, *How Stanley Wrote "In Darkest Africa"* (Sampson Low & Co.), is a reprint from *Scribner's Magazine*, with additions and illustrations. "How I found Stanley" is a new and pleasing variation on a well-worn theme.

We have also received a new illustrated edition of *Quite at Home*, by F. C. Burnand (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.); *The Choruses of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play*, translated, in rhyme and rhythm, by Mary Frances Drew (Burns & Oates); *A First History of Rome*, by W. S. Robinson, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *Sunbeams on my Path*, by Ebba J. D. Wright (Nisbet); *College School Memories, Gloucester*, by Frederic Hannam-Clark (Gloucester: Packer); a "selection" of "the most beautiful passages" in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, edited by T. Evan Jacob (Reeve & Co.); and an authorized edition, "for circulation in Europe," of *Raharu: or, the Marriage of Loti*, translated from the French by Clara Bell (New York: Gottsberger & Co.)

Holland and its People, by Edmondo de Amicis, translated by Caroline Tilton (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is an unchanged reprint of an American translation (it does not appear whether authorized or not), already published in 1880, of an Italian book published some five years earlier. The words "Vandyke Edition" on the title-page are the only indication given to the reader that the translation does not now appear for the first time. No further remark is called for, save that in the Netherlands, as elsewhere, a certain number of things happen in fifteen years. And Signor de Amicis, though a practised and pleasant writer, is not yet an historical classic.

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NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed to the* MANAGER *of the* ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT *at the* OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. *A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.*

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

LORD HARTINGTON spoke at Edinburgh yesterday week with very great success, both as regards speech and audience. It would have been impossible to turn the tables on Mr. MORLEY's chivalrous declaration—that he never would desert Mr. MICAWBER-DILLON—better than was done by Lord HARTINGTON in his parallel as to Mr. SMITH BARRY assisting Mr. PONSONBY, or to expose more temperately and forcibly at once Mr. GLADSTONE's monstrous assertion that the Irish people ought to hate the law.——On Saturday Mr. STANHOPE spoke in Lincolnshire and Mr. COURTNEY at Lostwithiel. The account of New Tipperary which the latter gave was dismal enough; but the whole speech was an amusing comment on the action of Mr. COURTNEY himself and others like him in supporting Mr. GLADSTONE during his earlier meddlings with the natural course of things in Ireland.——Mr. COURTNEY has continued his Cornwall round at Fowey and elsewhere, and has duly exhibited the inconvenience of a too MARTHA-like political mind.——The municipal elections were decided in England on Saturday. The balance inclined more than it should to the Gladstonian side. It is to be observed, however, that these gains were chiefly made in places where the Gladstonian party had already a great preponderance, and that the Gladstonian gain was much less than last year.——The Scotch municipal elections, three days later, were made remarkable by the vigorous and successful attempt to revenge the disgrace inflicted on the Scottish capital by those who placed Mr. PARNELL on her Burgess-roll. Bailie WALCOT, the leader of the faction, was defeated, with two others. This is a good hearing, and may there be more of it.——On Monday Mr. CHAPLIN spoke on the Plan of Campaign, and Mr. GLADSTONE during his journey from Fasque to Innerleithen stopped at Peebles to deliver a "humorous" reply to Lord HARTINGTON. It is extremely satisfactory to find that his Scotch journey has put Mr. GLADSTONE in such excellent health and spirits; but if, to use a famous phrase, he could only think how bad a figure he cuts when replying "humorously" (with Gladstonian humour) to a serious and sober performance like Lord HARTINGTON's, it might, perhaps, dash his merriment.——Lord HARTINGTON spoke again at Greenock on Tuesday, and took the opportunity of repudiating Mr. GLADSTONE's kind insinuation that he, Lord HARTINGTON, was looking over his shoulder and thinking of running away. He then passed to Scottish Home Rule (a subject which a speaker of Lord HARTINGTON's cool good sense is particularly competent to treat), touched on Disestablishment for Scotland, and then returned to the cardinal question of Unionism. No one, at least, can reproach the Liberal-Unionist leader for having given an uncertain sound in these two speeches.——On his way home Mr. GLADSTONE stopped at Carlisle, on Thursday, and delivered another rather "fey" speech, challenging Lord SALISBURY to come out and fight at once, and wondering why he does not. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is a scholar, should have heard of a certain reply of MARIUS.——On the same day Mr. GOSCHEN spoke cheerfully and effectively to a large audience at Halifax. It would not be out of accordance with experience if Yorkshire warmed to the Unionist cause as Lancashire cools to it.

Ireland.

Mr. BALFOUR has been suffering (with the result of a smashed thumb) from one of the best known institutions of Ireland—an institution commented on by Mr. THACKERAY now nearly fifty years ago—to wit, the window wherein the sash-weights have been forgotten or removed. The amiable Nationalist will doubtless rejoice over the tyrant's inability to play golf for a time.——On Tuesday the CHIEF SECRETARY began (to the renewed discomfiture of the Nationalists) a fresh tour, this time in Donegal. The Nationalists, who are furious at the success of these tours, despatched the eminent Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL, M.P., to "awwest the pwogwess," as Lord MUTANHED has it, of unholy affection for Mr. BALFOUR. Whereof came only two things; a rather impertinent and very foolish harangue on things in general from Mr. MCNEILL to the CHIEF SECRETARY, and an extremely amusing altercation, in the SECRETARY's presence, between the Dublin envoy and a prominent local Nationalist, who had no notion of refusing local manna to please the professional politicians at headquarters.——Meanwhile Mr. P. O'BRIEN, continuing to play the foolish antics with cameras which have given him some notoriety, was sent to gaol for a week at Tipperary. For children must not bring their toys into court, still less make disorderly use of them in that place.——With truly Irish consistency evictions have been begun in *New* Tipperary; so that it is by no means impossible that the Nationalists may re-people Mr. SMITH BARRY's town for him.

The American Elections.

An almost unprecedented revolution in American politics has taken place by the complete defeat of the Republican party at the elections, a Democratic majority, estimated by some at above, by all at nearly, a hundred having been returned. The principal influence in bringing this about is assigned to the MCKINLEY Bill, which, even in the short time since its passing, the people of the United States appear to have found a blessing altogether too much in disguise.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

The Vitu Expedition, though no great matter, seems to have been creditably conducted by Admiral FREMANTLE.——It was announced on Monday that Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN, with the usual silly fuss, had been, as some Americans probably say, "recepted" at New York.——On Tuesday fears were expressed of the probable loss, with all hands, in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, of the ship *St. Margaret*, commanded by JOHANN ORTH, otherwise, and but a few months ago, the Archduke JOHN of Austria, whose eccentricity in renouncing his rank and changing his career had not deprived him of almost unanimous good opinions.——It has been announced or suggested that Portugal intends to apply to England for a new treaty, with the proviso that meanwhile no encroachments shall be made by English explorers on the territories reserved to the Portuguese by the treaty which they refuse to ratify at Lisbon. This is fair play with a vengeance, and we greatly fear that Portuguese diplomatists will hardly succeed in inducing English diplomatists to "see" it. The apparently authentic details which have been received of the seizure of the *James Stevenson* by the Portuguese, under Lieutenant COUTINHO, would make it improbable, had it ever been probable, that this very cool demand will be granted.——M. DELYANNIS has formed a Ministry in Greece. He had previously been protesting that he is the mildest-mannered of men, and never so much as heard of a firebrand.——France is almost as much agitated by tariff questions as the United States themselves, and has also in some degree paid attention to foreign affairs, and especially the recent transactions between France and England, of which M. RIBOT gave an account, exaggerating, of course, the advantages gained by France, but for that reason all the more effective.——From Armenia come two pieces of information, very striking when taken together. One is the formation of a Revolutionary Committee, with the design of preventing rebellion against the SULTAN; the other, the setting on foot by the SULTAN himself of measures for abating the admitted disorders of the province. This last step is taken unfortunately late, but not too late to achieve, with good luck, some of the success which has already attended a

similar policy in Crete.——At the end of last week it was announced that the Victorian Ministry had been defeated, and turned out of office, not, it may be hoped, because of their firm conduct in the strikes.

Mr. Stanley. Mr. STANLEY has arrived in America after a very bad voyage, which seems to have confused his reminiscences of his recent Biblical studies so much that he described the United States as "the Light "of the World." But that was different. Mr. STANLEY has also taken up the tale of his interview-wranglings at long range with Mr. TROUP (whose book, by the way, has appeared too late for critical notice this week). In these latest utterances there reappears that strange confusion of ideas which seems to have mastered Mr. STANLEY. You may suppress your evidence if you do not make charges; and you may make charges if you produce your evidence; but to suppress the evidence and make the charges all the same is not permissible even if it be done under the very curious misconception that it shows "consideration for "the feelings of survivors." This thing must be seen out.

The Art Congress. On Tuesday the National Association for the Promotion of Art and its Application to Industry, one of the numerous long-titled descendants or offsets of the defunct Social Science Congress, held its third meeting at Birmingham, and talked, half wisely, half not, on the soulless character of machine-work; on that "doll's warehouse, Westminster Abbey" (we have not the remotest notion what this means); on sky-signs; on the necessity of moderation in pots; on the offensiveness of statues in coats and trousers; and on the bracing effect of a schoolmaster's name on the nerves.

The London County Council. On Tuesday the London County Council, resuming the consideration of the large Bethnal Green Improvement Scheme, accepted it, after a debate and division, by 58 to 34. It is of course not necessary, or possible, to object to this scheme, as to some others of the Council's, that it is *ultra vires*, or out of their business. At the same time the Council is pursuing, rather recklessly, the usual extravagant course of such bodies with other people's money, and it is, from previous experience, very improbable that much good will be done.

Strikes. The putting in force of the new Dock rules resulted in a partial strike at the Victoria and Albert Docks; but the men's leaders appear to be sensibly convinced that there is no present chance of enforcing other than reasonable terms, and so are using such influence as they possess on the side of order. Unfortunately, it is generally found on such occasions that influence which is all-powerful for mischief is curiously impotent for good. Considerable "irritation" is said to have been and to be felt by the men; and, indeed, there are no circumstances likely to be more irritating than expulsion from a fool's paradise. If they learn that when the laws of a Union and the laws of a universe come in conflict, it is not exactly the universe that is likely to come off worst, their irritation will have been a very healthy one.

Sport. The racing this week at Liverpool before the Cup Day does not require much notice, though there was a good deal of it, and a few events, such as the victory of St. Kilda in the Nursery Plate, after a very good race, and that of Golden Crescent in the Stewards' Cup, had some interest.——The Cup proper, the Autumn Cup, was won on Thursday by Mr. ABINGTON'S Lady Rosebery.

Correspondence. "General" BOOTH, to whom nobody will deny the possession of assurance at least, has written to the papers asking for a great deal of money, and Archdeacon FARRAR has responded to the appeal by "hoping to give" the "General" "fifty pounds next year." This charity at two months after sight is mighty novel, ingenious, and businesslike.——A sort of triangular duel on the subject of politics in County Councils has been going on between Mr. BAUMANN, Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, and of course Sir THOMAS FARRER.——The Bishop of CARLISLE has made an appeal for more money for the Church House —an institution which seems to have suffered more from a certain want of comprehension on the part of the general public of the purposes for which it is wanted than it has gained by the support of many venerable and distinguished persons, some alas! no longer alive.——The question whether betting is on the increase has been treated in a way strongly illustrating the great maxim that if you look at one side of a question only you can generally avoid seeing the other.——A damaging attack on the conduct of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops in reference to the Plan of Campaign has been made by "ROMANUS"; while Professor THOMAS CASE, not satisfied with his own prowess, which is very considerable indeed, has summoned the ghost of Dr. LIDDON to help him in fighting against the proposal to admit woman to study medicine in Oxford with men. Meanwhile the lovely creature is only too much in evidence at Oxford. On Thursday she shot Dr. BRIGHT, the Master of University, "for no ascer-"tained reason"—but when were her acts directed by any such? Dr. BRIGHT'S wound, though in a dangerous part, is said not to be severe; so that Oxford, we trust, need not fear the loss of a very respectable man, nor her diminutive Home Rule party that of one of its few prominent members.

Miscellaneous. The PRINCE OF WALES opened the new City and South London Underground Electric Railway on Tuesday.——That which is called the Hampstead murder has during the week given the "descriptive writer" of certain prints an opportunity (which he has promptly seized) of outdoing himself in offensiveness. ——The Presidential Address of the Royal Institute of British Architects was delivered on Monday by Mr. ALFRED WATERHOUSE, who made some excellent remarks on the construction of streets.——Dr. PEROWNE, Dean of Peterborough, a Low Churchman, but learned, tolerant, and with a good record of literary and administrative work, has been appointed to the bishopric of Worcester.——Another Bishop, he of London, who has certainly had no small experience in examinations, praised them last Friday week, but yet moderately, and not as the crammers.——The Institute of Bankers has also been meeting, and the Royal Agricultural Society of England has been taking in hand the new projects (encouraged also by the University of Cambridge and other learned bodies) of regulating and screwing up technical education in agriculture.——The Imperial Federation League had a meeting on Wednesday, and was addressed by (among others) Sir JOHN LUBBOCK.——On Thursday the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was taken seriously ill in court with gastritis. Sir GORDON SPRIGG, being presented with the freedom of the Turners' Company, made an interesting speech on South Africa; and the coroner's jury in the recent case of death by the ignition of naphtha passed a severe censure on the persons responsible.

Obituary. The deaths of two well-known elder members of the two Universities were reported at the end of last week. Mr. DAYMAN, formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, had held office in the thick of the Tractarian strife, and was a learned scholar of the old type. Mr. A. J. ELLIS, of Trinity College, Cambridge, had devoted himself to that more undulating and diverse study known as philology, especially in modern languages, and had obtained therein as much reputation as could be obtained in anything so empirical and "guess-worky." He, too, was really learned; but his notions on phonetic spelling and similar things could only have been held by one in whom linguistic science, so called, was insufficiently tempered by literary art, sound knowledge, and taste.——The deaths of Mrs. CHARLES GREY, well known as a member of the Royal Household, and of Admiral ROBERT TRYON, a Navarino man, were reported on Wednesday.——M. CHARLES VERLAT was one of the chief of Flemish (we do not know why a man who was a native of Antwerp and Director of the Antwerp Academy should be called "Dutch") cattle-painters and a worthy follower of ST. LUKE.

Books, &c. *Beau Austin*, by Mr. W. E. HENLEY and Mr. R. L. STEVENSON, was presented by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE at the Haymarket on Monday.——Mr. MAYER has opened an enterprising season of French plays at the St. James's, the old home of that form of entertainment.——Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGLI appeared in GLUCK'S *Orfeo*, under Signor LAGO'S management at Covent Garden.——Mr. R. C. CARTON'S play *Sunlight and Shadow* succeeded *A Struggle for Life* at the Avenue.——Mr. JEPHSON'S book on the Relief of EMIN (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), which we notice elsewhere, adds to the voluminous documents on the subject, but fortunately does not touch on its most contested points.——No book of this week, nor any soon to come, can equal in interest the new and complete edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Diaries (Edinburgh: DOUGLAS). LOCKHART'S taste and judgment were so un-

erring that some readers might have been content with what he thought fit to give; but the lapse of more than fifty years, no doubt, makes a difference; and it is certain that nothing which came from Sir WALTER's hand, while that hand was guided by a brain conscious of its work, can fail to do him honour.——But we must also notice Sir EDWARD HAMLEY's *The War in the Crimea* (SEELEY), a book where, in brief space, literary skill and competence in the subject display themselves in unusually happy mixture.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE jubilation expressed in some quarters here over the result of the elections in the United States is, perhaps, a trifle undiscriminating. It is, at least, premature to decide that the success of the Democratic party will be followed by the repeal of the McKINLEY Bill, more premature to decide that it will be followed by a better adjustment of the tariff, and most premature, in spite of confident assertions on both sides of the Atlantic, to jump to the conclusion that it is the beginning of the end of Protection in the United States. All these good consequences may follow, but there are also reasons and reasons for thinking that they may not. The first, and possibly the best, of these reasons is to be found in the history of the Bill itself, and its consequences. No people, not even the French, in their liveliest Revolutionary dance, has shown a more utter want of good sense and foresight in legislation, or a more complete incoherence in conduct, than the American people has in the course of the last two years. The policy which dictated the McKINLEY Bill was not a new thing, nor did it deal with matters which are little understood. It was carried by a party returned expressly to pass some such measure. It was argued and fought over for months. Its consequences were abundantly predicted. The most conspicuous of them—the instant rise in prices—must needs have been foreseen and weighed, except by politicians who were absolutely incapable of estimating facts or of reasoning on them. But no sooner has the Bill been passed than it is found to be such a slovenly piece of workmanship as to be even of doubtful legality. So much for the legislative faculty of the United States Congress. When within a week the Bill produces exactly the effect on the market which it must needs have been intended to produce, except by utter ignorance, it causes an explosion of angry surprise among the voters whose elected representatives passed it. So much for the political faculty of the American people. What guarantee can there be that such legislators and such voters will be wiser in the future than they have been in the past?

There are other facts in the history of this election which should give hopeful critics pause. We need not speak of the shameless gerrymandering of electoral districts. A party must be in power before it can gerrymander, and this resource, though useful, will hardly of itself give victory to either side. It is much more important that the Democratic success has been largely won by the Farmers' Alliance. In the South and West this league has, apparently, decided most, if not all, the elections. Now the Farmers' Alliance, though it may reject protective legislation of the McKINLEY stamp, is committed to economic heresies every whit as ignorant and as dangerous. It is in favour of progressive taxation, and something which it calls free money. Mr. TILLMAN, of South Carolina, the most conspicuous of the leaders of the Alliance, has persuaded his followers that the State should prohibit speculation on growing crops, and should save the farmer from the necessity of selling his unripe harvest by advancing him paper money. Of course this would only be speculation on the growing crops in another form, and its inability to see so manifest a fact argues bottomless ignorance and the grossest incapacity to reason on the part of the Farmers' Alliance. It is this league, however, with its ignorance and incapacity, which has come forward in the elections, and will now be an object for the cajoleries and temptations of the very astute ring of mine owners and manufacturers who "lobby" the Congress of the United States. We may as well remember, too, that the outrageous attempt of the United States to force its live stock and pork on its neighbours was made for the express purpose of conciliating this party. Such legislation will, it may be presumed, be more, and not less, common in future. It will be offered freely, in order to tempt the Farmers' Alliance over to the mine-owners and manufacturers, and may very possibly be taken by obtuse and ignorant men as an equivalent for the higher prices imposed on all they have to buy. Also, before getting ready the funeral oration on American Protection, the hopeful European may remember that the Senate and the PRESIDENT are still Republican, and will remain so for two years; that by itself the House of Representatives is helpless, and that the workers of the machine are still alive, and quite as well aware as they always have been of the advantages of pouring a little water down the pump when it is desired that a great deal may be brought up. The Democrats, too, although they are united in voting against Republican candidates, are not without causes of quarrel among themselves. Tammany Hall, which may be taken to be a compendious name for Irish-American corruption, is already showing an inclination to take a line of its own. It had a great share in the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND at the last Presidential election, and is now casting about for a candidate of its own. As he will hardly be accepted by the rest of the party without resistance, and as the support of Tammany—in other words, the important State of New York—can hardly be obtained except on its own terms, there are here the materials for a very pretty quarrel. Mr. CLEVELAND is still the favourite candidate of the Democrats. To displace him at the dictation of the corrupt New York wirepullers would be a very repulsive necessity to the great majority of the party. Before the Democrats can hope to return their own President, and to obtain a complete command of the Administration, they must decide whether Tammany can be defied, or is to be yielded to, or to be compromised with. Besides, this is not the only possible quarrel among the Democrats. The Farmers' Alliance has its opponents even in South Carolina, and may not be allowed its own way unchecked when the party is selecting its "ticket" and its candidate at the next Convention. In the course of the disputes which will probably arise some of the strength which it has acquired in Republican States may be lost.

But, though it is very early to prophesy the final success of the Democratic party, it has undoubtedly gained ground very materially, and, if it can hold it, may possibly win a further success which will be more complete than even the election of Mr. CLEVELAND was. In the South the Democrats have regained entire control. It will be not uninteresting to learn how far this has been due to terrorism exercised over the blacks, how far to success in obtaining their votes, and how far to that indifference to the possession of a vote which has been observed among the coloured people since they have found that the Democratic party does not intend to reinslave them. It will be a very natural, though to some unexpected, result of emancipation if the free blacks become an element of strength to the Democrats, as the slaves were when they were allowed to count as part of the voting power of their masters. The success of the party in the Eastern States and in Pennsylvania is in some ways more important than their victory in the South. It has been gained over the Republicans where they are strongest, and, having been gained on such a question as the McKINLEY Bill, may be fairly quoted as a proof that the extreme Protectionists are really losing ground. The voters have apparently been taught at last that the artificial forcing up of prices may be carried to a point at which it ceases to be tolerable to the consumer. Hitherto Americans have habitually and altogether ignored the existence of the unfortunate consumer. A sudden increase of fifty per cent. in the price of every manufactured article has at last persuaded them that he does exist, and that, in fact, he is everybody in the country. It does not follow that the discovery will be the beginning of a conversion to Free-trade, but it will probably produce the persuasion that Protection is not a cordial which can be taken in unlimited doses. The McKINLEY Bill has, indeed, been an object-lesson which even the most stupid can hardly fail to understand. What argument could not do has been done by the instant demonstration that a Bill which was to make the fortune of everybody has, in fact, begun by increasing his expenses. In future, the Protectionists will have to fight against the effects of this failure, and may find their confident promises less readily believed.

LORD HARTINGTON AND MR. GLADSTONE.

BY dint of turning the railway platform at Peebles to familiar use as a "stump," Mr. GLADSTONE has contrived to sandwich a speech of his own between two of Lord HARTINGTON'S. His eagerness to effect this interpolation may partly, perhaps, be accounted for by his suffering from the novel sensation of having a joke to fire off; but the discharge of this jest, excruciatingly humorous as it was, can hardly be regarded, in view of Mr. GLADSTONE'S well-known habits of business, as his sole motive. The brilliant and novel comparison of the alleged collapse of Liberal-Unionism to the breakdown of a railway train cannot, we say, have constituted the only, or even the main, point which the inexhaustible orator desired to make at Peebles; and if not, the real and effective inspiration of his speech at that place of "pure deevilment" is probably to be sought in his desire to give the earliest possible publicity to a deliberately false account of Lord HARTINGTON'S previous speech at Edinburgh. "The upshot of his doctrine," says Mr. GLADSTONE, with the easy confidence of one who knows that his words will be implicitly accepted by thousands of dupes, who have most of them very likely never been at the pains to read what Lord HARTINGTON ever said, and who would in all probability decline to look at any evidence to that effect which might be submitted to them—"the up-"shot of his doctrine is, that there are doubts in his mind "whether the time has yet come for surrender. That "surrender is to be a fact, and that it lies in the near "future he does not seem to question for a moment." No one who has noted Mr. GLADSTONE'S increasing audacity in invention will be surprised to find that there is not a syllable about surrender from beginning to end of the speech thus summarized, and that whereas once on a previous occasion Lord HARTINGTON did use language which might be twisted into an admission (though it was really nothing of the kind) that the hypothetically discussed electoral defeat of Unionism had been actually discounted by Unionists, his speech at Edinburgh was absolutely free even from this material of misrepresentation. Mr. GLADSTONE'S performances as a fabricator of speeches from other people seem to be running hard his exploits as a prevaricator with respect to his own.

A short speech on a railway platform, however, affords a more convenient occasion for the utterance of an oratorical forgery of this kind than for the delivery of a serious political argument; which, indeed, was doubtless one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S chief reasons for selecting it. For, as it happened, there was a good deal for him to answer in Lord HARTINGTON'S vigorous speech at Edinburgh on the previous Tuesday, while the task of effectually answering it presented exactly that degree of difficulty which made it more agreeable to shirk than to attack. There is a good deal, for instance, of very troublesome stuff for Mr. GLADSTONE to deal with in Lord HARTINGTON'S observations on the now classical advice to the Irish tenantry to "hate the law"—which their adviser himself, by-the-bye, has been largely instrumental in reducing to its present shape; and we could wish that Lord HARTINGTON had not somewhat weakened the effect of his very telling criticisms on this head by what we cannot but regard as both a gratuitous and a questionable admission. "I know," he said, "that we "have no popularity in administering coercion. I repeat "what I have said before—that nothing but the strongest "sense of responsibility for permitting undoubted and "intolerable evils to continue would have induced either a "Unionist Government or the Unionist party to sanction "and enact coercion." Lord HARTINGTON has displayed such a manly independence of judgment and strength of character in shaking himself free from so many Whig superstitions, that one regrets to find him still under awe of the "Coercion" bogey. To begin with, it is surely not the fact, as Mr. BALFOUR'S reception has strikingly shown, that "we have no popularity"—at least among the only class with whom a Government or a party should care to be popular—"in administering coercion in Ireland." And, in the next place, if it were true, it would be irrelevant. A Government has no more to do with the popularity or unpopularity of enforcing the law than a judge has to do with the popularity or unpopularity of declaring it; and, inasmuch as coercion means nothing more than the enforcement of the law, it is surely inappropriate to talk of the "undoubted and intolerable evils" which have compelled resort to it. The simple fact that law is systematically and successfully defied is in itself an evil "undoubted and intolerable" enough to justify, or rather to compel, its enforcement by any Government worthy of the name.

This however was, so far as we are aware, the only false note struck by Lord HARTINGTON in the course of his two speeches, and the second of them, delivered at Greenock, contained many useful and some excellent passages. Of the former class was his thoroughly workmanlike exposure of Mr. GLADSTONE'S marvellous tergiversation with respect to the famous "wit of man" speech. We ourselves went carefully last week over the ground covered by Lord HARTINGTON, but the repetition by him of the work then performed by us is, of course, welcome; for Mr. GLADSTONE, it is said, is not allowed to read adverse journalistic criticism, and the one journal affected to his service in the metropolis has discreetly refrained from saying anything whatever—good, bad, or indifferent—about this delicate subject. To Scotch Home Rule, and the fictitious demand for it, Lord HARTINGTON was, perhaps, a little unduly tender; but he amply earns forgiveness by virtue of the capital illustration wherein he showed that a by no means inconceivable, or even very improbable, result of Scottish Home Rule, and the extensive constitutional changes which it would involve, would be the elevation of Mr. GLADSTONE to the post of "Prime Minister of the Empire, with Lord SALISBURY as "Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Mr. PARNELL "Prime Minister for Ireland, and Dr. CAMERON" (why not Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL?) "Prime Minister for Scotland." And the ironical gravity of the remark with which he summed it up—"I do not believe that any one who con-"templates the possibility of such a change as this will "think that such a combination could possibly work for "a single year"—must have been appreciated by a Scotch audience.

Lord HARTINGTON'S views on the Disestablishment question are well known—his famous declaration on the subject having, indeed, as he reminded his Greenock audience, received the honour of adoption by "the greatest "master of phrases in the United Kingdom"—and he accordingly contented himself the other day with a remarkably damaging analysis of the various riders which Mr. GLADSTONE has thought fit to attach to that formula. Perhaps, however, the most effective passage in the whole of his second speech was that in which he exposed the monstrous inconsistency of the position which electioneering exigencies have compelled his late—a phrase no longer convertible, we suspect, in Lord HARTINGTON'S case, with "his revered late"—leader to take up on this question. Mr. GLADSTONE, he points out, has insensibly acquired a mode of describing the demands of the Parnellites which, though very well adapted to the needs of his own political game at the present moment, is in glaring incongruity with his past language. He believes, says Lord HARTINGTON, that all that he is asking for, and all that the Irish are asking for, is a certain measure of delegation, which will relieve Parliament of part of the work which now presses upon it. It arouses him to the highest pitch of virtuous indignation to be charged with the desire to repeal the Act of Union, when his whole desire is to strengthen the legislative bond between England and Ireland for all purposes of Imperial importance, by relieving the Parliament at Westminster of the vexatious duty of settling the local affairs of Ireland for the Irish people. Yet if, as Lord HARTINGTON most pertinently puts it, "if the "Union is a great Act which nobody proposes to interfere "with, why was it denounced a few years ago in terms of "such unmeasured violence? And why was all the "evil, neglect, and wrong that has been suffered or per-"petrated in Ireland been put down as the work of that "unhappy enactment?" No grosser inconsistency could, indeed, be imagined than that of a policy which seeks its justification in the plea that the legislative independence of Ireland was wrongfully and corruptly filched from her, and yet pretends to make adequate restitution by conceding to her certain minor rights of local self-government which would no more amount, in the aggregate, to a re-grant of legislative independence than the establishment of a County Council amounts to the creation of a provincial Parliament. That the Parnellites profess willingness to ignore, for the present, the fundamental distinction between the two is a fact of no importance whatever; nor is it of the slightest weight as compared with the two facts so forcibly insisted upon by Lord HARTINGTON—namely, that neither have the Parnellites

nor has their leader ever renounced their claim to full legislative independence, and that no utterance, either of his or theirs, can be quoted in which the concessions offered by Mr. GLADSTONE have ever been accepted as a full and final satisfaction of Nationalist demands.

SEA-TROUT IN THE ANAPUS.

THE following curious early account of the sea-trout in the river Anapo or Anapus, which flows into the harbour of Syracuse, is derived from that copy of HERODOTUS quoted by Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in his description of the localities. Mr. WARNER's unique copy of the Herodotean MS. may be expected to contain much else that is odd and unfamiliar to scholars.

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Into the harbour, then, where the Athenian fleet was destroyed, as I have said, by ARCHIMEDES, flows a river named Anapus, not large, but deep and clear. Concerning this river it is to be mentioned that it contains a certain Fish, unlike others which we know, hence HOMER calls it "the Sacred Fish." It is in length about one foot and a half, sometimes more, sometimes less, and its scales are, as it were, of silver, having black spots on them. Now they say that this fish, which they of Syracuse call the sea-trout, dwells equally in the sea and in the river. For at certain seasons it comes into the harbour from the outer sea, and then rushes up the stream, even as far as it can ascend, for the purpose of spawning there. When it has deposited its spawn it descends again to the sea; but they now give it another name, derived from the Keltoi, a people of whom it is reported that they are not afraid of earthquakes. When it descends the river, and is called kelt, it is black and little valued; but when it ascends from the sea it is silvery, and has this peculiarity that its flesh is pink. All this I know from myself having observed the fish, otherwise the story might not seem credible to me. We know, however, concerning the fish of the Nile, whom the Greeks call crocodile, that he can live both in water and on land, yet in the sea he cannot live. Now the sea-trout cannot live on land, yet he lives both in salt and fresh water, being, however, less in bulk than the crocodile, those sea-trout only excepted which, having broken the angler's line, escape, for it is said that they are wont to be of monstrous size. Concerning this a Syracusan priest told me that anglers are all liars, but be this as it may.

The manner of catching the sea-trout is thus:—Having made a rod, both long and strong, they fasten to it a brazen wheel, having a line rolled round it, and this line they pass through rings of bronze in the rod, till it exceeds the length of the rod itself. Then, having taken a hook, they tie on it the feathers of certain fowls such as the hawk, the woodcock, and others. Next they wind coloured wools round the hook, but not so as to hide the feathers; those wools may be red, blue, or yellow. Over this, again, they twist a feather from the neck of a cock, a black or a red feather, and some bind gold or silver wire over all. The hook is now called a "fly," for a reason which I do not consider it proper to divulge. Having made this hook fast to the line, they cast it into the water. The sea-trout, when he beholds the hook, leaps at it, being inspired with animosity to it, and the barb sticking in his mouth, he swims away with what fins he has. If it were not for the wheel from which the line runs, he would break all; but the line, winding off the wheel, pursues him wherever he goes. The nature of the fish is such that he leaps frequently into the air, endeavouring to ease himself of the hook, and in this he is often successful. If he fails, he is gradually drawn in, and finally captured in a small net, having a long handle attached to it. The manner of the fishing is not from the shore, which is fringed with the reed called papyrus, in height about three fathoms. The Syracusans, not being able to throw the fly over these reeds, fish from a boat, yet it is hard for them to prevent the fish from entangling the line in the papyrus plant. There are many who take great delight in this sport. It is told particularly of XANTHIPPUS, the son of DIOCLES, the Athenian, who was taken prisoner in the war, that his friends sent money to buy his release from captivity. He, however, declined to return home when his ransom had been paid, saying that, while there were sea-trout in the Anapus and none in the Ilissus, he preferred to live in exile. On this account his name was erased from the list of his *phratria*; but on hearing this he only said, in the words of the proverb, "It is all one to HIPPOCLEIDES." Such is the account we have received of the Anapus, and the fish therein. But I myself caught none of them, for when I attempted to throw the fly, it hooked sometimes in my beard, sometimes in my raiment, and again in my right ear, whence it was cut by a certain surgeon, not without pain. Having consulted, therefore, the oracle of Branchidæ, the god replied, that "HERODOTUS of Halicarnassus would be "well advised to stick to gudgeon."

THE STRIKE OF THE DOCKS.

THE ease with which the Albert Dock Company has succeeded in conducting work under the new arrangement so far proves exactly the same lesson as the total collapse of the threatened general strike of last year. It was shown then that when employers make a resolute stand, and are not unfairly treated by rivals and hampered by intruders, they can give a very good account of the so-called Union and its self-elected leaders. The Union never was anything but a sham. It had and has neither discipline nor resources. The Executive Council has been derided by its own supposed supporters. The members have made themselves a nuisance to employers and fellow-workmen alike. Messrs. ALLAN have proved to demonstration that under the absurd arrangement of last year, the work either of greedy agitators or of incompetent outsiders, the Union had become a serious danger to the trade of London. An organization which was divided against itself, which had certainly not the power, even if it had the will, to keep its promises, had been treated for months with a great deal too much respect. As soon as it has been faced it proved to be by no means formidable. No doubt the Dock Company has been compelled to purchase support against it, and the leaders, if they were half as sincerely anxious for the good of the dock labourers as they claim to be, may console themselves by the reflection that, though they are beaten, they have indirectly improved the terms of pay and conditions of employment in the docks. If employers had not been driven to find means to defeat the Union, it is eminently improbable that they would have spontaneously offered either better pay or shorter hours. It is not the practice of men of business to give anything for nothing. Whether the Unionist leaders will reflect with complacency that their clients profit, though they are beaten, we need not ask. So much virtue it would be a little unfair and very foolish to expect from them.

As a matter of fact they will not be consoled, nor is it at all likely that they will sit down with their defeat. Their contention has always been that the interest of the labourers could not be protected unless the Union had power to control the docks. They have said so in as many words, and we unhesitatingly credit them with honestly enjoying the possession of power. Now power is precisely what they lose by the new arrangement. The Dock Companies have learnt that it is their interest to pay well for support, and they will not grudge money; but it will be spent in putting an end to the interference of the Union. No Union officials shall stand at the dock gates to say who shall come in and who not. Foremen shall serve the Company, and not the Union. Unionists will be employed as freely as others, but they shall keep their tickets in their pockets, and shall not molest other men. If they do, then they will make the return journey at once through the dock gates. In short, the Union may continue to exist, if it can, as a harmless friendly society; but it will not be recognized as an organization having any voice in the management of work in the docks. That its deposition is in the interests of business, order, morals, and the labourers themselves, we are quite sure; but it is not to be supposed that the usurper will put up with his fall if he can possibly help it. The Union will not succumb without a fight. Its leaders have candidly enough confessed their inability to influence their followers when honesty, industry, and a moderate degree of punctuality in the observance of promises are required. It is not, however, probable that they doubt their ability to stir up trouble. For the present they are content to take a moderate course, to talk of organizing a co-operative system of discharging ships. If that cannot be done, which is most probable, or the Dock Company will have nothing to do with such a scheme, then it will be the interest of the agitators to do their utmost to bring about another strike. Submission would reduce them to insignificance, whereas they will for a time

at least be busy and conspicuous if a strike can be got up. A pretext will not be wanting, and they will have some support out of London. The employers in the docks and elsewhere are very properly endeavouring to smash the Unions. The Riverside Union makes fight "for the principle," as it is called. It will not improbably receive some measure of support from other Unions in the out-ports. It is apparently a mere question of days when a "fight for the principle" is to begin at Cardiff. Since the approach of winter and foreign tariffs have between them made business slack, since the employers seem really resolute, since the fight must come, we think it, on the whole, desirable that it come now. There will be no peace in English industry till the question of free labour is fought out, and one sharp struggle will do infinitely less harm than a succession of shocks and incessant friction.

GREECE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE new Greek Cabinet, with M. DELYANNIS at its head, has been duly formed, and has taken the oaths of office. The newspaper correspondents say that, except the Premier, all the Ministers are new to their work; but, unless we are mistaken, M. DELIGEORGIS and M. KOUMOUNDOUROS are pretty well-known politicians. A Greek Ministry, however, is but as a French one of these latter years, only more so. It is quite conceivable that M. DELYANNIS may have laid aside altogether (to be resumed when convenient) the Chauvinist leanings, or at least the Chauvinist policy, which distinguished him some four or five years ago. Indeed, it appears that he is to be faced, as soon as possible, by interpellations from a forward party of his own adherents who recently broke away from him, and with whom M. TRICOUPIS is suspected of having coquetted. One of these deals with the conflict between the Porte and the Greek Patriarchate; the other talks of "the annulling by the Porte of the rights granted to the Hellenes of Crete." Whatever may be the amount of sincerity of meaning behind these interpellations (and he would be a rash man indeed who recognized much in them), the significance of their mere terms is unmistakable. Each deals with matters with which the kingdom of Greece has not as such the slightest concern. Crete is not part of Greece; Macedonia is not part of Greece; and the Greeks have no right whatever to meddle in the affairs of either district. Further, it is sufficiently notorious that the quarrel about the Macedonian *berats* concerns not so much the Porte directly as another Christian State—the Principality of Bulgaria—and that Greek soreness on the subject is hardly at all religious, and is decidedly political. And yet further, it is also notorious that the condition of Crete has so much improved of late that, unless vigorous interference is used to stir the Cretans up, those "slow bellies," who have at no time had any violent desire to be united to that which calls itself Greece, will shamefully subside under the very liberal share of freedom which the Porte allows them.

M. DELYANNIS, therefore, takes office with no very cheerful prospect before him. M. TRICOUPIS has, indeed, largely increased the national fleet; but this operation, unfortunately, means a proportionate increase of the national debt. And the debt of Greece was by no means in need of being increased. The financial position of the little country is rather interesting. If Greece ever was a rich country in itself (which may be doubted), it certainly is not so now. What is worse, the Greek, like the Irishman (a fact to be noted by those who hold that independence, or even the bastard independence called Home Rule, would remove this Irish peculiarity), is an excellent worker anywhere but at home. Abroad he can make money even by hard work as well as by other ways; at home he willingly acquiesces only in that life of *café*-babbling, of declamation at political meetings, and of partisan intrigue, for which the blessed invention of constitutional government seems to have created an appetite in all Celtic, in all Latin, in all Slavonic peoples, and not least in the Slavo-Romaic hybrid which is pleased to call itself Greek. The Greeks were started with a fair load of debt by the generous Philhellenic grandfathers of the present English and French nations; and, though they had their own ways of dealing with that, they have never succeeded in purging and living cleanly since. That they might do this is certain, for all the poverty of their country. They need spend hardly a penny on national defence; for they are under the stewardship of Europe, with the most certain of all guarantees that, out of sheer jealousy, no European Power would be allowed by any other European Power to hurt them. Their population and social state are such as, except in the grossly neglected, but not necessarily expensive, matter of ordinary police, to require no costly administration. They have neither an overbearing aristocracy nor a commerce-swollen proletariat to deal with, and any competent financier would put their money matters, unpromising as they are, to rights at the price of a very few years' abstinence from bluster abroad and peculation at home. Yet these two things are apparently bred in their bone, and will not go out from them. For a State in the actual position of Greece to entertain the designs attributed on pretty good authority to certain statesmen is no doubt mad enough. But there is no sufficient reason to doubt the fact of these designs having been at least considered. The last attempt to filibuster by land was not happy, and rather discouraged renewal of it. But the Turkish fleet, though once formidable, is known to have fallen through lack of money and lack of care into a dubious state, and Greece has, or (for the actual possession is denied by some), as far as spending money is concerned, ought to have, some good ships. If on any excuse, or no excuse, some of the Ægean islands could be seized, it is thought, it seems, by ardent Greek patriots or politicians, that the old cry of "Shame" would be raised in the West at any proposition to send liberated Christian populations back under Turkish rule, and that the fruits of piracy would be left to the pirates. This is the calculation of the very "brisk boys," the extreme forward party, who, however, are said to have boasted, if not to have received, some connivance from M. TRICOUPIS in his last days of office. Short of this, but akin to it, is the older plan of running ammunition into Crete under the Greek flag, or, at any rate, from Greece; of fomenting as much as possible the faction-fights of the Cretans, and of hoping that, by help of "atrocities," Europe may be induced to hand Crete over to Greece To this there are two drawbacks—one, the fear that Europe may promptly put a stop to the traffic; the other, the perhaps more effectual fear that the Cretans, though perfectly ready to accept cartridges, and even to let them off at Turks or each other, may, when the time comes, be disappointingly lacking in enthusiasm for union with Greece. Thus, all these things are awkward for a Greek Premier; but the most awkward thing of all is that, unless he at once hectors Turkey, gives everybody a place, and reduces taxation, he cannot remain popular.

There is, however, undoubtedly a certain, though not a strong, guarantee of peace in the multiplicity of interests brought about by the carving of the various principalities and kingdoms out of Turkey. Of these, Roumania has nothing now to hope from further dismembering of the SULTAN'S dominions. Servia and Montenegro, though friendly for the moment, would be at once brought to loggerheads by the removal of Turkish authority from Old Servia and Albania; while Macedonia and Thrace are already the subjects of the bitterest jealousy, prospective and actual, between Bulgaria and Greece. In the multitude of claimants no less than in that of counsellors there is safety, especially when the claims of each have at most one lukewarm backer, and usually several jealous opponents, among the greater Powers. The most interesting of these claimants is certainly Bulgaria, or rather M. STAMBOULOFF. Whether, if that masterful politician were to be removed, Bulgaria would be interesting at all may be doubted. That he maintains his mastery by all the arts of government need not be doubted at all. One of the most edifying things in the political comedy of the present day is to hear Frenchmen and Russians, but especially Russians, declaiming against the manner in which M. STAMBOULOFF corrects fortune, or rather does fortune the service of not even permitting her to go wrong, and need correction. He has done many things well (as for the methods just referred to, they merely show that he knows with whom he is dealing), but the best of all is his attitude towards the Porte. It is a really curious thing that no ruler of these vassal or revolted States has previously had the wit to see that, if the Turk is going to maintain his authority, it is better to stand well with him than to stand ill; and that, if his goods are to be apportioned, a claimant is as likely, to say the least, to get the best portion by fair means as to get it by foul. But M. STAMBOULOFF has seen this, and, what is more, has carried it into practice. It is probably fortunate for him that the situation of the Prince *de facto* in Bulgaria is so anomalous; for its weakness undoubtedly strengthens the Minister. But, however that

may be, M. STAMBOULOFF is a very agreeable spectacle to those who like to see pluck, skill, and good luck combined. And nothing speaks so well for the Bulgarians as the fact of their having had the good sense to keep him so long in power.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

WHEN, on Tuesday, the London County Council reconsidered the proposal to buy up and rebuild the squalid "Boundary Street area" of Bethnal Green at the cost of the ratepayers, the scheme was advocated with far more caution than at the first debate. The promoters were in some difficulty between a wish and a dread. The wish was to stand forth as the pioneers of a New Departure in Municipal Government; the fear was that if the ratepayers by whom they are elected saw too clearly what the new departure meant, and that the payment of 300,000*l.* for building County Council Lodging-houses would be followed in the usual order of things by similar drafts for the same most questionable purpose, they would rebel and turn out their inconsiderate oppressors. At the first discussion of the proposal its advocates indulged the wish; before the second debate was held the fear had taught them caution. This was seen in a circumstance that should be well marked, because it tells us what to expect from the beginnings of Municipal Socialism. On Tuesday week the instigators of the three-hundred-thousand-pound plunge were the first to proclaim its signal importance. No doubt some of the more timid were anxious that only a sort of street-improvement plan should seem to be intended; but yet it was to be understood that though you might so describe the scheme, yet nothing like it in scope, character, purpose, and promise had ever been brought before a great municipality. At last Tuesday's meeting the tone was changed. The ratepayers were keenly awake and listening, and there was no longer any pretension to epoch-making policies about Lord COMPTON and his friends: their proposal should be taken to mean nothing more—or at any rate, very little more—than the improvement of an overcrowded area by the usual method of making broader and better streets. It will not do, however, to forget the spirit in which the scheme was undoubtedly framed and as certainly introduced. In that spirit it will not only be carried out but extended if the Radicals are permitted to remain an overwhelming majority in the Council.

So far as the "Boundary Street area" is concerned the question is settled. The proposal of the Housing of the Poor Committee has been adopted quite without change, hastily as it was rushed before the Council and naked as it was of all care for detail. The decision is that three hundred thousand pounds, and as much more as may turn out to be needed, shall be spent on purchasing, taking down, and rebuilding the houses on an area of fifteen acres in Bethnal Green. That is all, except that the money is to be supplied by a general rate. So little was the working out of the plan considered that whether the whole area was to be swept of its population at once (a population of more than five thousand), whether the work should be taken piecemeal rather, and what should be done with the ejected families if they are not to crowd upon others already overcrowded—all "that sort of thing" was left to take its chance by the Housing of the Poor Committee in their haste to propound an heroic scheme. After every amendment to their proposal had been rejected, the Committee had yet to report, it has yet to consider, how it means to set about the business. No scheme of clearance has been laid down, and though it seems to be a settled thing that the families who are turned out of their rooms must be "rehoused" by the Council, and rehoused in such a way as to avoid the further overcrowding of an overcrowded neighbourhood, how it is to be done remains an unconsidered detail. Has the Council or the Committee settled what sort of houses should take the place of the condemned ones?—Peabody blocks, which are said in a petition from "the rate-"payers and residents of Bethnal Green" to "lower the "working-man's home to the level of dog-kennels," or six-roomed houses with "a small piece of land in the "rear," as the same petitioners recommend? No decision on that point have we heard of either. It is not very businesslike, but it is the way in which headlong reformers of a certain type always do their business. The indifference of Lord COMPTON's majority to the arguments against the scheme, their determination not to look at alternative remedies, their equal resolution to ignore what is implied in the formal rejection of those alternatives as well as in the choice of their own plan, would be amazing if we did not know so well what to expect of Lord COMPTON's majority. It is with them always as it was when the much-mourned Coal-dues were thrown away. You show them by a variety of small detail that a million of money, annually raised without the faintest consciousness of taxation, will be given up without the faintest consciousness of remission, and they cover your detail with a cloud of theory and answer your arithmetic with a burst of rhetorical sentiment. And so the million is lost, and when it is lost they groan; but they do not seem to be any the wiser. If, of course, the Comptonian intention is to take the "slum" question out of the hands of the Vestry authorities and into their own; if they propose to go straight to the point by "acquiring" the worst of these slums, rebuilding them at the common cost, and letting them out at the ratepayers' risk, we could understand (but for one consideration) the Council's neglect of the arguments laid before them by the minority. But it seems impossible that the Comptonians can have any such intention and understand it. Only the other day the more advanced members of the Council were crying aloud over the inadequacy of its funds for necessary purposes: this was before it had occurred to the Housing of the Poor Committee that three hundred thousand pounds might be spent on one foul spot in London out of dozens such. Now, considering how many other demands there are upon the Council's means (purification of the Thames, for example, which is also a question of life and health), is it imaginable that the Financial Committee can find the cash for dozens of "Boundary Street areas?" It cannot be done. Indeed, Mr. STUART suggested—though possibly he only meant to get this particular proposal through as easily as possible—that other localities need not expect to be dealt with in the same way. It seems, then, that there must be reasons for making an exceptional case of the "Boundary Street area." According to the promoters of the scheme under discussion there are; and these are the reasons: the houses in this area have become so noxious that they must be cleared away for the sake of the public health; and they have dropped into that state through the criminal neglect of the landlords in the first place, and next through the total inability of the Vestry to enforce the law against that neglect. Those are the reasons, and no others have been advanced. While, therefore, it is plainly impossible to buy up and rebuild all the worst slums in London out of the rates, the Council gives notice by the adoption of this scheme, and by the argument for its adoption, that Vestries really cannot compel landlords to keep their property wholesome; and that when, in consequence, a given area has dropped into a perfectly intolerable state, a certain portion of the community must contribute to buy the landlords out, sweeten the ground, build new houses on it, and take all the risk of the jobbery and robbery that invariably attend such undertakings. Is that Municipal wisdom? When we remember how often it has been said (at London County Council meetings and elsewhere) that the Vestries do not put the law in force against owners of foul house-property because such property happens to be a favourite holding with Vestrymen themselves, what can we think of the Council's cleverness in publicly accepting the excuse that the Vestries are sometimes powerless? How many more of them will become powerless after that? Why should the Vestryman purge himself of his foul property now? Why should he not rather extend his speculations in slum houses and spend less than ever in keeping them wholesome? To such questions as these the Council, or its overwhelming majority, seems to have been completely blind or totally indifferent when it rejected the advice of the minority, which was, to order an exhaustive trial of what can be done to force "Boundary Street" house-owners to make their property fit for occupation. Now we have only to see what the outcome of the grand experiment will be; though of that no man with a reasoning imagination can have much doubt.

THE FRENCH TARIFF.

THE French, who have lately been so very angry with the United States for their commercial policy, are elaborating a McKINLEY Bill of their own. As M. LÉON SAY put it in his recent speech on the Budget, the demand of the modern voter to his Ministry is "Make me rich." He

has no doubt that the Ministry can produce the miracle, and he knows even exactly how it is to be done. Nothing can be simpler. It is only necessary to prevent the foreigner from coming in with cheaper goods, and the task is performed. When the foreigner retaliates or acts on the same principle himself, the French can make a lamentable outcry; but that is another matter. They still continue to believe in their nostrum, and are insisting that it shall be applied. Therefore a Committee has been at work on a Tariff Bill which is to enrich the nation in the proper way.

The Bill which the Ministry is supporting with zeal, which the Committee has reported on, and the Chambers will be asked to pass, provides for the formation of two tariffs—a minimum and a maximum. Of these the minimum is to be applied to the produce of those countries which allow France the most-favoured-nation treatment; but it is only to be applied under very rigid guarantees. In the first place, it is to be fixed, and the Ministry is to have no power to modify any of the clauses by decree. It will, therefore, not be possible for any French Cabinet to make a special arrangement of even a temporary character with another nation. The minimum is all it will be able to offer. In this way the French producer will be protected against the possible weakness of his Ministers. To make his case the more secure, it is intended that the minimum tariff shall not be applied to the trade of the self-seeking foreigner who comes trading to France, for a fixed period of years, by treaty. France is to retain full right to defend herself by putting on the maximum whenever she feels aggrieved. She is herself to be, as a matter of course, the sole judge of the grievance. Whenever, therefore, the foreigner begins to abuse the hospitality of France by underselling the native trader, he will be at once brought to reason by a dose of maximum. It is not intended that foreigners should do a large selling business in France. They may come there to buy as much as they please; but if they forget themselves so far as to sell on a large scale, they will be maximumed into a more modest line of conduct. It is believed that when France has made this quite clear to her neighbours, they will at once see the necessity of granting her the most-favoured-nation treatment, and something over and above as a becoming recognition of that generosity which is an unfailing trait of the French character. French diplomatists will be able to say, "This is the best we choose "to give you, and you will observe that we have fixed it "with an exclusive regard to our own interests, and none "whatever to yours. You can hope by good behaviour to "secure it; but remember that the privilege will be "withdrawn as soon as it ceases to be deserved. As "long as your trade with us is a great deal of buying "and next to no selling, you may revel in the enjoy-"ment of the minimum. As soon as your selling ap-"proaches your buying, you shall be maximumed on the "spot as an example. Now what will you give us in return "for these advantages?" The gains of diplomacy conducted on these terms are not likely to be considerable. Some suspicion that this is not the way to make satisfactory arrangements with neighbours is beginning to arise among the French themselves. The Chamber of Deputies has this advantage over the House of Representatives, that it does contain a certain number of educated men who are not so utterly afraid of the voter that they dare not insist on facts. The French voter is not yet so completely fooled to the top of his bent as the American, and so it is possible that before the Tariff Bill passes it may be modified by criticism. It is to be hoped that it may. If not, it will certainly produce consequences which will startle the French voter as completely as the rise in prices has startled the free, independent, and intelligent on the other side of the Atlantic.

PHILANTHROPIC MEDDLING AND MUDDLING.

DR. BARNARDO, with his tricks, his manners, and his Homes, has not the charm of novelty as a topic. But, inasmuch as he persists in his practice of setting the law at defiance, not to say the code of ethics which prevails among ordinary men, with the object of bringing up Roman Catholic children in the Protestant faith, it is necessary to track him through his devious ways, so that subscribers to his institution may at least know what they are about. Few more instructive documents have been recently laid before the public than the considered judgment of the Queen's Bench Division, which was delivered by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England on Tuesday last. The case is not a new one, having been practically decided before the Long Vacation. But the reasons of the judges, Lord COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice MATHEW, were then withheld, so that it was difficult, if not impossible, for any one unacquainted with the facts to appreciate the gravity and importance of the whole story. Now we have it all in black and white, stamped with judicial authority, and set out in excellent English by a master of lucid style. The Court had first to explain why it was incumbent upon Dr. BARNARDO to restore a boy, the son of a certain Mrs. MCHUGH, into the custody of the mother; and, secondly, to decide upon the appointment of a guardian, with which Mr. Justice LAWRANCE, as Vacation Judge, had refused to deal. But neither the judgment delivered by Lord COLERIDGE, nor the grounds on which that judgment was based, can be appreciated without a brief narrative of this child's relations with Dr. BARNARDO. The boy is eleven years old, and illegitimate. His parents, although never married, lived together for more than twenty years, which is more than many husbands and wives would do if they were freed from legal and social restraints. A terminable arrangement, however, is usually terminated; and at last the mother became united in holy matrimony to one MCHUGH, "apparently a hard-working and re-"spectable, but very poor, man." As the boy is now maintained at the expense of Dr. BARNARDO or his supporters, it does not seem easy to suggest any discreditable motive on the part of the mother and stepfather for desiring to reclaim him. Mrs. MCHUGH is, and has been for some time, a Roman Catholic, "so far as she can be said to have be-"longed to any religious communion." It is a popular fallacy to suppose that any one who dissents from the established worship of the country must be pious. In GALT'S *Annals of the Parish* a woman describes one of her relatives or friends as having "left religion and joined "the Church" But, whether people be Catholics or Protestants, whether they be Churchmen or Dissenters, whether they be Christians or Jews, whether their faith be deep or shallow, real or nominal, they are entitled to their parental rights until they have forfeited them by misconduct.

Dr. BARNARDO, like the defendant in a notorious case which was heard some five or six years ago, seems to have thought that the boldest and most reckless experiments may be tried with impunity upon the children of the "very "poor." He has been taught that that is a delusion, and that he is neither a recognized guardian of infants in humble life, nor an official censor of public morals. If, indeed, he had a mission to correct the errors of others, he would do well to begin with his own. Rather more than two years ago, on the 19th of June, 1888, Mrs. MCHUGH gave up her son into Dr. BARNARDO'S control. She acted voluntarily, and perhaps wisely. It need not be denied that Dr. BARNARDO is a benevolent man, that his Homes are properly managed, or that many boys leave them with good characters for respectable employment. But Dr. BARNARDO forgets a famous description of law, the law which all must obey, "the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest "as not exempted from her power." He bargained with Mrs. MCHUGH that the child should remain in his custody for twelve years. Such an agreement, as any solicitor's clerk could have told him, was absolutely void. Parents cannot divest themselves of their natural guardianship over their children; there is no such thing in this country as legal adoption. Perhaps there ought to be; but there is not. The boy remained with Dr. BARNARDO for sixteen months, and then the mother reclaimed him. It is possible and probable enough that she had been persuaded by some members of her own Church, whether priests or laymen, to educate the child, or have him educated, in the Roman Catholic creed. "How-"ever the change was brought about, Mrs. MCHUGH changed "her mind, and she had a right to change it." What did Dr. BARNARDO? He knew his duty perfectly well. He has enjoyed ample experience of litigation, and has received lessons from several of HER MAJESTY'S judges. He was aware that the mother could do as she pleased, and that the law of the land did not permit him to put any obstacle in her way. He did so put various obstacles, including some of which, as a gentleman and a Christian, he ought to be ashamed. "Making every possible allowance," says Lord

COLERIDGE, "for his annoyance at finding the boy whom he "had rescued from misery, and had kept for eighteen "months, without charge to any one, in comfort and con-"tent, suddenly claimed from him, in order to be handed "over to and brought up by a religious community to "whose faith he had, as it would seem, the strongest objec-"tion, we are constrained to say that the course Dr. "BARNARDO took, and the letters which he wrote, or "caused to be written, were not to his credit. He seems "to have forgotten that what he considered a good end "did not justify the attempt to compass it by bad means, "and that to write threatening letters to a mother who "was asking for her child was not only certain to produce "immediate failure, but must needs produce upon the mind "of any Court, which had to exercise any discretion as to "the custody of a child, an impression very disadvantageous "to the writer of such letters."

Dr. BARNARDO cannot complain that the language of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is too strong. It is studiously, some might say excessively, mild. Dr. BARNARDO's conduct was not only disingenuous, but most unfeeling. Five months after he had taken possession of the boy, the mother wished to communicate with her own child. This most natural desire Dr. BARNARDO endeavoured by every means in his power to frustrate. He told her that the lad had been sent into Huntingdonshire, and that she must write to the office at Stepney, which is not in the county of Huntingdon. Even if all questions of religion be set aside, Dr. BARNARDO himself provided Mrs. MCHUGH with a good reason for taking the child away. If she really wanted to see her son, what else was she to do? Dr. BARNARDO, setting the law, and other things besides the law, at defiance, refused Mrs. MCHUGH's demand, and drove her into an expensive law suit. But he did worse than that. He wrote to Mrs. MCHUGH in terms which speak for themselves and for the disposition of the man who used them. "It will be necessary," he wrote, "to satisfy the judges of the perfect respecta-"bility, sobriety, and morality of your own character "and life, and a close and searching inquiry will have "to be made into your habits and mode of life, ex-"tending over many years." "Of course," he added, with a sneer—which is to bad taste what bad taste is to good—"of course it is very possible that you have nothing to fear "from any such inquiry, and that you may be able to "satisfy the Court that your life has been a perfectly pure "and virtuous one, that your companions have been al-"together good and respectable, and that you are yourself "a sober and moral person, and that in every other way "you are really fit to be the guardian of the child." Dr. BARNARDO appears in this passage to hint that this woman's character unfitted her for the exercise of maternal control. He seemed also to accuse her, as he subsequently did accuse her, of "unnatural, brutal ill-treatment." These are very serious imputations. If Dr. BARNARDO could have established them, he would have retained the child. But the judges find that they are not established, and that they are as false as they are defamatory.

Dr. BARNARDO, in pursuance of his amiable design for getting up a case against this poor woman, set detectives to watch her wherever she went. They were private detectives; and, although amateurs, they acted after their kind. Some of them were men, others, we regret to learn, were women; and the precise nature of their pleasing task is thus indicated by Lord COLERIDGE:—"Where she went, with whom "she consorted, how long she stayed in this public-house, "how long in that, what she was seen to drink, how much "more she may be presumed to have drunk, what she paid, "and what others paid for her; nay, what language she "used, overheard when she did not know she was being "watched through a door ajar—language which a lady was "not ashamed to listen to, or to note down, though she "professed to be ashamed to repeat it; all this collected for "months with indefatigable assiduity, by Dr. BARNARDO's "friends, we have been compelled to listen to at great "length, either from affidavits or oral evidence, in order to "blacken the character of Mrs. MCHUGH, and deprive her, "if possible, of the control over her own child." It is a loathsome picture, and all decent people must be glad that such ignoble efforts should have failed. The Court find that, although Mrs. MCHUGH is a poor woman, although her habits are rough, and her mode of living precarious, she is not what Dr. BARNARDO tried to make her out, and she is very far from being disqualified for the care of her own son. She is not the sort of person whom the Court would select as the guardian if she were not the mother. But, in the first place, she is the mother, and, in the second place, she has nominated as guardian a gentleman admitted by the other side to be perfectly unobjectionable, "except that he is a Roman Catholic." Moreover, the judges find against Dr. BARNARDO, as well as in favour of Mrs. MCHUGH. "We are strongly of opinion," they say, in words which should attract the notice of the charitably disposed—"we are strongly of opinion that Dr. BARNARDO's "conduct in this case (with which alone we are concerned) "shows that he is unfit to have the uncontrolled and abso-"lute power which he claims over Mrs. MCHUGH's child." After an examination of the boy himself, the judges were further satisfied that Dr. BARNARDO's charges of cruelty against Mrs. MCHUGH were utterly without foundation. There remained only the point, founded upon a characteristic question put by Mr. Justice MAULE, that a mother was a stranger to her illegitimate children. Mr. Justice MAULE was doubtless acquainted with the Countess's case reported in *Tristram Shandy*. In the opinion of the vulgar, the Countess was related to her son, and, as Captain SHANDY judiciously added, "the vulgar are of this opinion "still."

MR. GLADSTONE'S SILENCES.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian speeches have been so exhaustively discussed by Lord HARTINGTON and others that one would hardly have supposed it possible for Mr. GOSCHEN, speaking at Halifax the other day, to discover an untouched corner of the subject. Yet, although he went over a good deal of the ground which had already been traversed by Unionist critics—not shrinking, indeed, from a discussion of the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends, those bludgeon-wielding "defenders of the law against the "police" at Mitchelstown, or from an attempt to palliate the "cruel act" of Inspector MARTIN in arresting Father M'FADDEN on the "sham charge" of a murder which had not been committed—his address of last Thursday was not confined to the refutation of Mr. GLADSTONE's thrice-told tales of calumny and incendiarism. There was something more, too, in his speech than a mere criticism of the arch-sophist's attempt to trim between contending parties on the questions of Disestablishment and the hours of labour, or than an exposure of his shameless tergiversation on the subject of the liquor laws and the property of the publican in his licence. The last, indeed, is a matter on which there is a good deal more to be said than Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents have apparently yet cared to say, and with regard to which they might, we think, with advantage keep the right honourable gentleman's record a little more persistently before the country than they do. They might, for instance, remind the public, as Mr. GOSCHEN has done, that it is not the licensed victuallers alone who have to complain of his deliberately turning his back upon views which he declared a few years ago to be the simple expression of political honesty and legislative justice, but that the course taken by him has been fraught with mischief to the cause alike of his present teetotal friends and of the party who clamour for administrative economy and protection of the Imperial and local coffers at any cost to conscience and principle. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, we may say, has done well to remind the more moderate temperance party—those who believe in the promotion of sobriety, not by prohibition, but by a reduction in the number of licensed houses—that the statesman who now poses as their leader has done them a worse turn than any living man. Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill of last Session was founded on the contention that it would add an enormous increment to the value of the investments already sunk in the licensed victuallers' trade. Let those who lament the difficulty which financial conditions throw in the way of effecting any considerable reduction in the number of licensed houses remember that foremost among the causes of the multiplication in the number and of the enhancement in value of publicans' licences was Mr. GLADSTONE's unequivocal recognition, a few years ago, of the vested interest in them of their holders. They had a right to think their property safe when the one statesman

who has given property most reason to fear him pronounced their title a good one; and they were not more unable than the rest of the world of that day to realize the lengths to which Mr. GLADSTONE could go.

However, it is not this part of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech which contains its most effective and valuable passages. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been the first to note the fact that, in all the copious disquisitions on Irish affairs which filled Mr. GLADSTONE's Midlothian discourses, there was not one word of reference to the important question which, in a few weeks time, will again be occupying the attention of Parliament. It might have been expected that a flood of light would have been poured upon the subject in that series of harangues; but, as Mr. GOSCHEN truly says, "not a ray, not a spark, "not a glimmer" is visible. Not the most enthusiastic Gladstonian has the slightest idea at this moment whether Mr. GLADSTONE adheres to the view of Lord SPENCER and Mr. MORLEY, that land purchase ought to be dealt with before the final settlement of Home Rule, or whether he has abandoned that opinion. All we know on the matter, though it is, to be sure, a rather significant and ominous piece of knowledge, is that four years ago Mr. GLADSTONE told the Irish landlords that the "sands were running "out," and that, unless the Irish landlords accepted his proposals, they would find themselves in a very dangerous position. Nothing, it is true, has been done by the landlords to hasten the running out of the sands, and it was equally beyond their power to do anything to retard it; and no less true is it that, on Mr. GLADSTONE's own professed principles of dealing with the land question, he ought to turn the hour-glass again if he comes into power, and make the landlords a new offer in place of that which they never had the opportunity of either accepting or rejecting. But, although it was pretty distinctly intimated to them that the same offer which was made to them in 1886 will not be repeated, lest the statesman who made it should endanger votes—which he has frankly told them is not to be thought of on a mere question of giving a class of the community their admitted rights—they have never had a word or a hint to inform them whether any alternative offer would, in the event in question, be substituted for it. Yet this is a point on which, not the Irish landlords alone, but the English public, have a claim to be enlightened. They are entitled to know whether the leader of the Opposition is or is not now meditating a course in which two of his principal followers will be unable, consistently with their personal honour, to support him—the course, that is to say, of abandoning the possessors of landed property in Ireland to the mercies of a party which almost avowedly intends, if it ever gets the chance, to extinguish their interests by simple processes of confiscation.

Another point on which Mr. GLADSTONE would have been heard with interest in Midlothian, and on which his silence fully justifies the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's observations, is the immediate question of "remedial legislation" for Ireland. On that, too, the Government have had no light nor help, though the approach of the winter, with its menace of scarcity in certain parts of Ireland, might surely, one would think, have lent urgency to the question in the mind of so philanthropic a statesman as the member for Midlothian. Yet no word had he to say on the contemplated measures for the relief of distress; nor a syllable had he to utter in excuse for the deeply discreditable attitude of the Front Opposition Bench when the Light Railways Bill was under debate last Session. "I do not "think," said Mr. GOSCHEN, "that there were ten Liberals, "official or otherwise, who assisted us through those long "nights. There are many ex-Chief Secretaries in the House "of Commons; there is Mr. MORLEY, there is Mr. CAMPBELL-"BANNERMAN, there is Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN"; but the last-named statesman did not expend any of "his flimsy "rhetoric on even helping us to pass so simple and quiet a "measure as the Light Railways Bill for Ireland," and "the "philosophic processionist in the Tipperary riots did not "join one weary procession through the lobbies of the "House of Commons" from midnight to six in the morning of the all-night sitting. Surely there was here matter worthy of Mr. GLADSTONE's notice, if he had condescended to remark upon it.

STRAY SHOTS IN COURT.

ON Monday Mr. Justice Denman gave his considered decision on a point which has remained singularly unsettled in modern law. Since there has been any law at all it has not been doubted that one must not shoot people wilfully without justification, and since the law of civil wrongs has assumed a settled form and been regularly developed in England, or practically for about two centuries, it has been clear that one must answer for shooting people, even by accident, if the accident was due to any carelessness on the shooter's part. The case of pure and simple accident—in other words, accident such as the shooter could not have avoided by any caution that could be reasonably expected of him—was doubtful till this week in England. In the United States many decisions, and the general opinion of lawyers, have anticipated the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Justice Denman. This is the conclusion of modern common sense—namely, that a man is not answerable for mishap ensuing, without any default of his own, on an act lawful in itself. We shall have to mention another consideration which may affect the particular case of shooting; but on the broad question of principle Mr. Justice Denman has done good justice and judgment. As might be expected, the parties differed widely as to what had happened. But, as the jury found that the defendant was not guilty of negligence, they must have accepted the defendant's version. And we may add (though the judge could not) that a jury is not very likely to agree in a verdict for the defendant in such a case unless the defendant's evidence appears to them pretty convincing. The defendant's case was that the plaintiff, being in attendance on the shooting party, was struck by a shot glancing from a bough in the defendant's line of fire. The main part of the charge took effect as it was intended to do, and killed the bird at which the defendant fired it. The plaintiff was not in the line of fire, nor so near as to be in any obvious danger. Such being the facts on which the judgment is founded, it is plain that the decision cannot operate as a license to sportsmen to shoot beaters. It lays down the rule of immunity only where the facts establish, to the satisfaction of a jury, that the shooter has not been in any way negligent. Careless handling of a loaded gun or any other dangerous thing will be no less disapproved by the law than before, nor its consequences less severely visited.

Some curiosity may be felt as to the manner in which the general rule of law could be doubtful in the year 1890. Could it be supposed that the Common Law, which is said to be the perfection of reason, would require a man to pay damages for an injury which, though caused by his act, happened against his will, and in spite of his using all reasonable care? The truth is that the modern view has had to struggle with relics of a much more archaic state of habits and ideas. Our ancestors a thousand years ago were still, in matters of law, far behind the Romans of even republican times. They had not reached the point where it is possible to discuss any such refined question as that of negligence. Every man was expected to answer for the direct consequences of his acts, without regard to any distinctions of intention or care and caution; on the other hand, there were no means of making him answer for anything else. He might have to choose between a heavy fine and a blood-feud for matter of pure accident; he might also go scot-free for what we should now consider gross negligence. "What he did against his will he must make good with his will"; *wer unwillig gethan muss willig zahlen*; such was the old Germanic maxim, and it appears in a Latinized form in England as late as the twelfth century, in the custumal known as the Laws of Henry I. When the modern theory of liability for negligence even by omission was introduced, it ought logically to have superseded the older notion of strict liability for acts and for acts only. But the development of law cannot be logical all at once, and that older view goes on cropping up in English law-books down to the present century. Indeed Lord Cranworth, little more than twenty years ago, went as far as the twelfth-century compiler. "In considering whether a defendant is liable to a plaintiff for damage which the plaintiff may have sustained, the question in general is not whether the defendant has acted with due care and caution, but whether his acts have occasioned the damage. . . . And the doctrine is founded on good sense. For when one person, in managing his own affairs, causes, however innocently, damage to another, it is obviously only just that he should be the party to suffer." If "innocently" includes "acting with due care and caution," the doctrine seems to us neither just nor sensible. Happily this saying (which does not seem to have been brought to Mr. Justice Denman's notice) was not part of the actual decision of the case in which it occurred. And by like good fortune there is not any other decision of authority which requires this doctrine to support it. Lord Cranworth appears to have thought there was; but he fell into the error of taking a dissenting opinion of a seventeenth-century judge, Sir Thomas Raymond (reported elaborately and complacently by himself, as the custom then was) for the judgment of the Court.

In the United States the more rational opinion has long prevailed. In the year 1866 a wooden case of unknown contents was consigned to an Express Company to be carried to San Francisco. Something oily was seen to be leaking out of it on arrival, and, lest this should damage other goods, it was removed to the Company's offices to be examined. It was opened like any other case with a mallet and chisel, or rather opened itself,

and a good many other things, in an unexpected manner. Of that mallet and chisel and the man who held them, and the case, and the other persons in the office, nothing more was ever seen, and the building was left a wreck. For the stuff was nitro-glycerine, which somebody had consigned without declaring its nature. At that time very little was generally known about nitro-glycerine, and the Express Company's people had no reason to suspect what this case really was. Here was grave damage to persons and property directly caused by the act of the Company's servants in opening the case; but the Supreme Court of the United States held the Company free from any liability beyond their duty as lessees to repair the office which they rented. The case had been handled in the usual way of business, as prudent carriers would handle any goods of that appearance. We may suppose, however, that Express Companies were less eager to accept nondescript wooden cases for some time afterwards. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts had already deemed it, many years before, the act of a prudent citizen to get his dog out of a fight, and for that purpose to beat both the dogs; and the accidental striking of a bystander, who was behind that lawful dog-owner of Massachusetts and his lawfully wielded stick, was held to be no trespass. This is directly contrary to the opinions expressed at various times in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England. As those opinions are not of authority in the strict sense, the American decisions are entitled, even in English courts, to quite as much weight.

Another question is behind, however, which Mr. Justice Denman's judgment does not appear to have dealt with. Granting the general law to be that one is not liable for merely accidental results of one's lawful acts, yet there are some things which are so notoriously dangerous that whoever keeps or uses them (unless under some express command or authority of the law) must answer for any damage ensuing to his neighbours. This is the rule with regard to wild beasts, and the Court of Appeal has quite lately applied it to an elephant kept in a show. Now there is certainly some authority for including loaded fire-arms in this class of dangerous things, and the discharge of them, except, perhaps, in the course of military duty, in what Judge Holmes, of Massachusetts, has called "extra-hazardous acts," which are done wholly at the doer's peril, though not in themselves unlawful. In 1816 the Court of King's Bench held a man liable for wounds inflicted by a gun in the hands of a maid-servant whom he had sent to fetch it. She loitered on the way back, and played the criminally foolish (and unhappily still common) trick of pointing the gun at a child. Probably she thought it could not go off, for her master had told her to get the priming taken out (the gun was, of course, a flint-lock), and this had been done. This was no excuse for her, but it is hard to say in what point her master was incautious, unless it were in not going himself or sending a wiser servant. The decision might be explained as meaning only that more than ordinary caution is needed in dealing with obviously dangerous things like fire-arms. Doubtless the defendant might have done more, though what he did might have seemed, before the event, sufficient to a man of average prudence. What the judges said, however, was that "the gun ought to have been so left as to be out of all reach of doing harm"; in fact, it ought to have been unloaded. In other words, a loaded gun, so long as it is loaded, is one of the "extra-hazardous" things a man deals with at his peril. The reasons given for this decision would not be binding on the Court of Appeal, nor, indeed, the decision itself. Mr. Justice Denman, however, was bound by it, and it is somewhat surprising that, so far as appears by the *Times*' report, the case, which is a well-known one, escaped the attention of the judge and of counsel on both sides.

On the other hand, there is a possible reply to the argument based on the "extra-hazardous" nature of fire-arms. It may be the rule that a sportsman, even the most cautious of sportsmen, shoots at his peril as regards the passer-by. But can a man take advantage of that rule who has gone of his own free will, with or without reward, for the very purpose of accompanying a shooting party? He is entitled to due care and caution at the hands of the shooters; but must he not be content, having put himself there, to take whatever risk of inevitable accident there may be? Is not his case within the principles of which the maxim *volenti non fit injuria* is the common professional compendium? We are not disposed to express any decided opinion upon this argument, but it seems, at any rate, a plausible one. If Mr. Justice Denman's judgment should be appealed from, the points we have suggested would certainly have to be discussed. Otherwise they must take their chance of being raised again some day in some other more or less similar case. For the sake of the law and of future suitors an authoritative judgment of the Court of Appeal would be a desirable thing. But suitors are not moved to appeal by a disinterested love of legal science, and the amount in dispute is not large. We fear, therefore, that the relation of Mr. Justice Denman's judgment in this present case of *Stanley* v. *Powell* to that of the Court of King's Bench in *Dixon* v. *Bell* will be food for private speculation for some time to come.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

AN amusing little story in *Macmillan* this month introduces a conversation between Terence and two of his friends—Scipio Africanus and Lælius—and in the course of it the latter declares the fact to be that "there are only a certain number of characters, a certain number of plots, suitable for comedy, and they have been already occupied." Scipio, not perhaps unnaturally, asserted that there had been generals since Agamemnon, but Lælius maintained that "we live not at the beginning of literature, nor even in the middle, but at the end of it. The broad field of invention has been reaped, and but the gleaning is left for us to do. An original dramatist has become impossible, since no original materials remain for him to handle." Centuries have passed, each one of them has brought with it an increasing number of gleaners, and it is no wonder that few ears of novelty have been left ungathered. Mr. Carton, in his new play *Sunlight and Shadow*, has apparently made no search for anything hitherto left undiscovered in the broad field of invention of which Lælius spoke. He has taken a story which, if it does not actually go back to the period of Huon de Bordeaux, Ogier le Danois, Triante the White, or the Contes et Fabliaux—we seem to have a glimmering of some such legend in one of the earliest of romances—is probably contemporary with the time when marriage was regarded as a binding contract. A man is in love, his affection is returned, the wedding day is fixed, and the man's wife, who was supposed to be dead, appears on the scene. The story has been told hundreds of times in all languages, and this is the legend which Mr. Carton presents once more. That out of such material he should have made a thoroughly interesting and sympathetic play, which sustains attention from rise to fall of curtain, says very much indeed for the exceptional ability with which he has handled his familiar theme. It is not too much to assert that *Sunlight and Shadow* raises Mr. Carton to a position very near the first rank of living English dramatists, for his chief personages have remarkable vitality, and we find his dialogue possessing the double merit of literary excellence and of appropriateness to the characters by whom respectively it is spoken.

The weakness of this work lies in the fact that in his almost idyllic little play Mr. Carton has introduced an element of melodrama. The whole proceedings of Janet Felton, otherwise Mrs. Mark Denzil, constitute a blot on the piece. She is a personage from quite another class of play, and the incidents in which she takes part are of a very theatrical character. We do not understand why she calls at all on Dr. Latimer, the country doctor, whose daughters are the heroines of the play, or how she guesses that the husband who has not seen her for twenty years is about to visit his old friend; while that they should arrive just at the moment when Helen Latimer has put down his letter on the table in the garden is too much of a coincidence to be accepted. A week later she calls on the Doctor again and steals a pocket-book full of money from a bureau in his room, money which is obviously put there to be stolen, a detail impressed upon the audience with something of childish simplicity; but she did not go there to rob him, nor for any other reason that can be fathomed. Her melodramatic instincts come to a climax when, discovered by Helen in the act, and bidden to restore the pocket-book, she violently assaults the girl—a very curious mistake on the part of the dramatist, for the violence emphasizes the circumstance that the whole character of Mrs. Denzil is outside the picture, the product of glaring colours crudely laid on. M. Carton's play is so good in other respects that he would do well to reconsider his Janet, whose portraiture, it must be admitted, receives little assistance from the hands of its exponent.

It is upon the crippled choir-master, George Addis, and the Doctor's eldest daughter Helen, that the dramatist has bestowed his chief care. Mark Denzil, the husband, who hopes he is a widower, is a more ordinary type, very like the usual run of such personages as customarily represented; Mr. Yorke Stephens, at any rate, does not succeed in investing him with new attributes, and he is so much less sympathetic than George that we are inclined to regret the fruition of his hopes, seeing that they involve George's despair; but all this is, nevertheless, very nicely balanced from the dramatic point of view, and the strength and freshness—the beauty, in fact—of the play arise in a great measure from the nobility of George's self-sacrifice, his generous renunciation of the bliss that is within his reach. Latimer's daughters, Helen and Maud, have regarded George as a brother; Maud is too light-hearted to reflect much upon what does not immediately concern her, but the more thoughtful Helen has never suspected the nature of George's feelings for her. The bent of his hopes is indicated by Mr. Alexander with the most admirable delicacy. The girl, we see, need never have perceived his love for her, but we cannot mistake it. It is as easy to over-do as to under-do such an indication as is here required, but Mr. Alexander's fine sense and tact enable him to strike the precise mean. A tell-tale mirror, the existence of which Helen has forgotten, reveals to George that the girl he loves so deeply is not for him—Denzil has won her consent to be his wife—and here the shock, and the brave struggle to bear it for her sake, are shown with notable skill. But it is in the last act that Mr. Alexander, most ably seconded by Miss Marion Terry as Helen, rises to the full height of the author's conception. George has declared himself. As he believes that Helen is severed from the man she has loved, and he is to go abroad next day to return no more, George may speak, and he does; and she, pitying him very much and loving him a little for his gentleness and devotion to her, the nature of which she now for the first time understands, promises to be his wife; but at this moment he learns, by means of a

letter, that Denzil's wife is dead; and now begins the strife within him. He feels that he ought to speak; shall he do so and yield up all his hopes, or may he without dishonour be silent? The intensity of the struggle is realized with startling force. It is a situation worthy of an actor's best power, and it could not receive worthier treatment. Miss Marion Terry wins her share of honour. George's avowal of a tenderer love than she had imagined he could feel for her was received with the keenest apprehension of character and incident. Miss Terry is admirably natural and womanly. The humours of a pair of lovers, the Doctor's younger daughter Maud and a young gentleman of modest mental capacity ("Two souls with but a single thought," the girl quotes, and continues, "and if I marry Adolphus, I shall have to supply the single thought") are suitably presented by Miss Maude Millett and Mr. B. Webster. Mr. Nutcomb Gould plays the Doctor, a part devoid of marked characteristics, which he treats, however, with unobtrusive ability. The piece is chiefly welcome as proving that much may reasonably be anticipated from Mr. Carton. There is reason, indeed, to hope that we have found a new dramatist.

MILTON *FIN DE SIÈCLE.*

WHEN Mr. Spratly published Book I. of *Religion, or God And All Things*, he claimed for it, or for the Prologue of it (it is not quite certain which), "a unique arrangement of vowel sounds." He now publishes Books II., III., and IV., under the title of *The Rise and Reign of Chaos* (London: Digby & Long), and observes in his preface that he doubts "the wisdom of forcing a minor beauty to such an unprecedented extent," and, in fact, "while claiming a victory as the result of his endeavour, confesses to the meagreness of results achieved, and relegates for ever the vowels and their sounds to a less conspicuous sphere of usefulness." By way of apology for this "blunder"—which was also a victory—he observes that "a self-taught writer must always be severely handicapped in competing with more elaborately-educated rivals," and this is very true. He also explains that "what induced the author to play with the vowels was his having read somewhere that the majesty of Milton's verse resulted in a great measure from his having, either naturally or by design, given much attention to the arrangement of vowel sound." It is impossible not to feel some regret for the discontinuance of Mr. Spratly's experiment, and that regret is accentuated by the observation of a provincial critic concerning the former volume, duly recorded upon the fly-leaf of this one, that "As a repetitionary vowelist Mr. Spratly is virtuous compared with Milton." Alas! he repetitionary-vowelizes no more.

It is not easy to surmise what the contents of the first volume can have been, or whether the "unique arrangement of vowels" was an arrangement in words meaning anything. Perhaps it was something in the nature of "nonsense verses," and if so, that would account for the fact that Book II. of the "Scientific Epic" begins about as long ago as anything can—that is to say, when nothing existed except the Almighty. The three books now before us contain Mr. Spratly's version of the preliminaries of creation. It is to this effect: First there came to be "elements personified as gods." Their names were principally "Aurum, proud monarch of a wealthy sphere," "Argentum, beauteous god," "Carbona, genial sovereign of warmth," "Wolfram, Borontus, Stannum, minor gods," and "Hydragium," who "was a prince of changeful mood." Each of these was "an almighty king," and as their respective qualities just balanced each other, it was "the age of equipoise." In other words, nothing happened. After a period there was created in the immediate neighbourhood of each of these gods "an awful reproduction" or second edition of him. The awful reproductions instantly rushed off to a "central point of space," where they all immediately killed each other, and "in a moment all again was calm." From their remains "a goddess swift emerged," who was made up of them all, and whose "name was Order." Order proceeded to have several sons, whose names were Light, Truth, Love, Faith, Right, Peace, and Joy. The last two were twins, and lived on one throne.

> . . . Bright glory rolled
> From every undulation of their smile.
> Those monarchs reigned the favourites of space:
> All shared their good; all banqueted with Joy,
> And nestled in the soothing arms of Peace.

These gods having been brought into existence it was their duty to devise and carry into effect a scheme of creation. Light, by command of Order, built a Hall all made of flames and light of different colours. Aurum and the other gods came to hold a debate as to how they should proceed, and "sat serene, Who first should speak all grandly unresolved." Truth first spoke, and pointed out that they had something in common with the images of Mr. Gladstone's recent idolatry. He said:—

> . . . your first act is learning how to act.
> Your freedom and your native wisdom shall
> Intuitive direct, spontaneous lead,
> In paths wherein experience might fail;
> Yourselves the authors of the grand design.

The debate was begun by Aurum, who said they should rebel against the Divine command, and do nothing. Ferrum, on the other hand, proposed that they should proceed to make a plan of creation. They divided, and Ferrum's amendment was carried by thirty-six votes to five. Rival schemes of creation were then proposed, and the debate became so noisy that the roof of the hall fell in, and

> . . . The thrones were overwhelmed
> With falling beams [of light, not wood]; and fractured rays transfixed
> The groaning gods. Thick ichor flowed from wounds
> . . . . . .
> In sacred floods voluminous that rolled
> Tempestuous down each throne . . .

From this ichor sprang Chaos, destined to become better known as Satan, and he, like Order, begat sons, whose names were Force, Wrong, and War. After this the plot becomes exceedingly complicated, but the upshot of it was that at last Chaos and his family were left in possession of most things.

The extracts incidentally given above hardly do justice to Mr. Spratly's command of blank verse. Lines like "All the host of vascillating monarchs" (it reads as if the monarchs had anointed themselves with vaseline), "Deep, dark, and wide, which soon engulphed," "He no laws of equity obeyed," "The alimental life of Godhead and of man," show that he can count not only ten, but also eight, nine, and twelve. Nor would it be generous to take leave of him without quoting his description of how the weak-minded Hydragium addressed the meeting of gods (before the roof fell in):—

> He trembled with his own unwise intent.
> His garments shook and shimmered, changing shade
> With every undulation of his will.
> He rose and sat, then rose and sat again,
> . . . . . .
> Five times he tried and failed.

Poor Hydragium!

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Saturday of last week there was a sudden and satisfactory change in the money market. Previously the joint-stock and private banks and the discount-houses had for some time past been injudiciously competing for bills. Apparently they had become tired of restricting their business, and even at the risk of gold shipments they began to underbid the Bank of England. But at the end of last week rates rapidly rose, and at the beginning of this week the supply of money in the open market was so small that applications had to be made at the Bank of England both for loans and for discounts, the discount rate in the open market rising fully to the Bank rate. It is generally understood that this was due to borrowing by the Bank of England for the purpose of getting control of the market, and undoubtedly it was time that something was done. The usual remittances of gold from London to Scotland at this time of the year have now begun. Even before they commenced the stock of gold held by the Bank of England was under 20 millions, and the reserve very little exceeded 11½ millions. If the remittances to Scotland amount, as is generally estimated, to from half a million to three-quarters of a million, they will very seriously reduce the Bank's reserve, and if at the same time a foreign demand should spring up, the Bank would inevitably be compelled to raise its rate to 6 per cent. But just now that might have very unpleasant consequences. For months past prices on the Stock Exchange have been falling ruinously, so that very many operators have been plunged into difficulties. There is an inconvenient lock-up of capital in South American, South African, and other securities, and in consequence there is a very uneasy feeling in the City. Anything, therefore, that would tend to increase that feeling would be unfortunate, and undoubtedly a 6 per cent. rate would have that tendency.

The Scotch demand, though it must make money scarcer and dearer, need not necessarily lead to an advance in the Bank rate. But, if there were to be a foreign demand, the Directors of the Bank of England would have no option but to advance their rate. And unfortunately a foreign demand is by no means improbable. Between the middle of August and the middle o October the Imperial Bank of Germany lost over seven millions sterling in gold, and at the same time its note circulation increased by nearly eight millions sterling. The Bank in consequence raised its rate of discount to 5½ per cent., and its rate of interest to 6½ per cent., and for a while it seemed inevitable that there must be an outflow of gold from London to Berlin. Happily, however, the metal was attracted in large amounts both from Paris and from St. Petersburg, and the German demand in London consequently ceased. But when the rate of discount fell here in London the German demand again began. There have not been as yet actual withdrawals from the Bank, and it is to be hoped that the rise in the value of money in the outside market will prevent it; but that is by no means certain. Of course the directors of the Imperial Bank will not do anything they can avoid to increase the difficulties of London; but if they must have gold, and can get it nowhere else, they will of course take it from the Bank of England. The condition of the New York money market is also very disturbed. The reserves of the associated banks exceed the legal minimum only by a few thousand pounds, and the supply of loanable capital in the market is so small that for a while at the end of last week the rate of interest rose to 30 per cent. And though it fell rapidly to 5 per cent., quotations so wide naturally excited a fear that gold might be withdrawn from

London for New York. We are inclined to think that that is hardly probable. There is in New York as great a lock-up of capital as there is in this country. The fall in prices has been even more ruinous, because more general, and the distrust prevailing is very great, so great that bankers are refusing to take as security many stocks which they formerly freely accepted. It is hardly likely, therefore, that the leading financial houses and bankers will do anything to increase the difficulties of London, for that in turn would inevitably still further weaken the New York money market, and consequently augment the embarrassments in New York. But, though withdrawals for New York are hardly likely, they are yet possible, and may become imperative. Further, the Bank of Spain is in urgent need of gold. Its note circulation at present is not far short of thirty millions sterling, the legal maximum. And it holds less than five millions sterling in coin and bullion. Measures are being taken to supply it with cash, and it is hoped that the metal will be obtained in Paris, but that is not certain; indeed, on Thursday 90,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England for Spain. Lastly, there is a curious double movement of gold between London and Lisbon. The metallic reserve of the Bank of Portugal is too small, and in consequence the bank has for several months past been withdrawing gold from London; but Portugal is deeply indebted to this country, and as fast as the metal goes into the Bank of Portugal it is taken out again, and sent back to London. Over and above these more urgent demands there are the usual miscellaneous requirements which always have to be met.

While, however, the danger of gold shipments to so many different countries is thus real, there is little likelihood of getting it quickly and in large amounts from any quarter. Some, of course, will come from Australia and South Africa, but not as much as, or as soon as, may be required. The Bank of France could afford some millions, but there is very little hope that it will part with them. Between the 21st of August and the end of October, a period of ten weeks, the Bank of France lost five millions sterling in gold. Most of that large sum went to Egypt and Berlin, diverting from London demands which were very urgent. A small amount also came to London; but it is not thought probable by those best in a position to judge that the Directors of the Bank will part with much more. It is true that even now they hold nearly 47¾ millions sterling, and that is more than they really require. But the Directors do not think so. Their policy is to keep an immense stock. If, indeed, there was danger of a serious crisis in London, they would no doubt consent to send a couple of millions of gold to prevent that. As matters stand at present, they seem to think that they have done all that can be reasonably asked of them. But, if the Bank of France will not give it, it is not easy to see where a sufficient supply can be obtained. Possibly it may be got from Russia or Brazil, but that depends upon the Governments of those two countries, and nobody knows anything of their inclinations. It will be seen, then, that there is still a very real need for taking prompt measures to protect, and, if possible, to increase the reserve of the Bank of England. The Directors of the Bank yesterday raised their rate of discount to 6 per cent., as a large amount of gold was withdrawn for Spain.

The silver market continues weak. The speculators in India have not again attempted to run up the price very seriously, and although New York operators have not been selling as heavily lately, yet they sell on every upward movement. On Monday the price was 48⅝*d.*, on Tuesday it fell to 48 9/16*d.* per ounce, on Wednesday it fell again to 48½*d.* per ounce, and upon Thursday to 48*d.* There is a report that a Chinese loan for six millions sterling is soon to be brought out, and that the larger part of the money will be employed in purchasing silver to provide a Chinese silver currency. Heretofore, though silver has been current in China, it has been in the form of foreign coins, very largely Mexican dollars; but quite recently a Chinese Mint has been opened, and it is said that in future the needs of the empire are to be provided for by the Mint. If this turns out to be true, Chinese purchases will more or less counterbalance sales by Continental countries. But if China buys only six millions' worth, it will not go very far in affecting the market. Still, the opening of a Chinese Mint is significant, for there is no doubt that if the Chinese Government begins to open up the country by means of railways, the capacity of China for absorbing silver will prove as great as that of India, and a great consumption of the metal by China would, of course, change the whole face of the market. But China has not yet entered upon such a policy of development as would lead to a great consumption of silver, and until it does the market will be governed mainly by the demand of India and the United States.

There was a decidedly better tone in the stock markets in the early part of this week than for two months previously. It was believed that no more serious failures were to be expected in the Stock Exchange, and that outside operators had either closed their accounts or had made arrangements that would enable them to tide over their difficulties. But what, perhaps, most influenced markets was the rumour which was current of the probability of an early reorganization of Argentine finance. Dr. Plaza, the Argentine delegate, has very favourably impressed those with whom he has come into communication. He speaks neither too confidently nor too diffidently, and he is believed to have a plan sketched out that will comprehend nearly all the difficulties of the Republic. In the first place, he is said to be willing to buy back from the Company that was formed here a couple of years ago the Drainage and Waterworks of Buenos Ayres. The total capital is ten millions sterling, and it is said that he offers to the Company 5 per cent. Government bonds at a price considerably below par—70 is talked of. If this arrangement is carried out, it will have a very great effect undoubtedly. The Company never floated. The debentures, preference shares, and ordinary shares are in consequence in the hands of the promoters, issuing house, and underwriters. And, as nobody will buy them, they are practically a complete lock-up of capital. If they can be exchanged for Government bonds it will relieve this market immensely. Whether it will benefit the Argentine Government, however, is another question. The capital of the Company was believed here to be so excessive that nobody would apply for the stock, and yet it is said the Government is to return the whole of this excessive capital. Dr. Plaza, it is also reported, is authorized to exchange the Provincial Cedulas for gold bonds guaranteed by the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres. How the conversion is to be made is not yet settled, but it is understood that a Cedula of the nominal value of 100 dollars is to be exchanged for a gold bond of the nominal value of 50 dollars, the latter to bear 5 per cent. interest. In other words, the existing Cedula holders are to be guaranteed by the Provincial Government 2½ per cent. on the nominal value of their Cedulas. Lastly, Dr. Plaza proposes that the National Government shall assume the debts of the insolvent provinces of the Republic. In return for all this, of course, the great financial houses are expected to provide the money for paying the interest on all Argentine obligations until the country emerges from its present depression and is able to pay its way. The belief that this would be done during the first few days of this week caused a very considerable rise in all Argentine securities, Cedulas as well as Government and Provincial bonds, inspired a hope that the fears lately entertained would soon be dissipated, and encouraged some buying, even of American railroad securities. But on Wednesday afternoon a less hopeful feeling sprang up, and on Thursday a large part of the rise in Argentine securities was lost, a far less favourable view regarding Dr. Plaza's mission being taken. There was also another sharp fall in American railroad securities. In New York as well as here there is much distrust. It is said that bankers are limiting very considerably the accommodation they usually give their customers, that they are examining very closely the stocks that are offered for security, and even are cautious in the amount they lend to any one borrower, however good his credit may hitherto have been. If this feeling lasts in New York, much recovery there is evidently impossible. On the other hand, the telegram published by the *Times* on Wednesday, to the effect that a combination between the Chicago and North-Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Companies is on the point of being completed, for a while added to the new hopes that lately sprang up. The arrangement is being made under the influence of Messrs. Vanderbilt and Messrs. Drexel, Morgan, & Co., and its effect, if carried out, would be, not only to give the Vanderbilt interest a through route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also to lessen very greatly the chance of a new war of rates in the West. It would seem, however, that the proposed combination will be bitterly opposed by those who would be affected by it were it carried out. On Wednesday there was a raid made in the New York Stock Exchange upon all the Vanderbilt stocks, and a heavy fall ensued, the explanation probably being that opponents of the combination hoped to defeat it by frightening holders of the Vanderbilt stocks. This led to a fall in other securities, and its effect was heightened by a break in trusts. Altogether, then, the condition of the New York market appears to be unsound; and, if there is much further fall, it will, of course, increase difficulties in London, and awaken apprehension respecting the settlement next week.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

THE Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours contains 681 contributions, but very few indeed of these can be considered epoch-making. The show is creditable, without being interesting; the level of merit is high, but there are no peaks that rise from the tableland. Plenty of neat genre, plenty of sleek gentlemen in boots or small-clothes, making love to dear girls in pink or blue or maiden white. Plenty of baby subjects, seascapes, hunting incidents, and historical anecdotes. A few allegories, a few portraits, a few architectural elevations, and an ocean of landscapes—great, small, and middling-sized. Among all this mass of minor art, a great deal that is accomplished, delicate, and pretty; scarcely anything that is strong; and not a single example that strikes the full note, or startles us by its felicitous originality.

Sir James Linton is not worthy of his reputation in two small pictures of a girl in an unpleasant rhubarb-red dress, gathering apples (245), or discovering a bird's-nest (400). Nor could anything be technically less interesting than Mr. Solomon Solomon's large portrait (84) of an old lady in black, surrounded by a sort of belt of yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. John R. Reid's child in a pink and white dress, turning her brilliant eyes to the spectator, in "The Sunny Days of Childhood" (292), is very strongly painted, and redeems the crudeness of the remainder of the composition. Mr. Stock's "The Release" (496), a rose-coloured and full-fleshed female soul, soaring into the skies, and spurning her

olive-coloured and green-faced body, is monstrous even as allegory. "Which shall it be?" (517), an episode of the ball, by Mr. Jas. Clark, is a clever bit of characterization. Of the numerous love-scenes in fancy dress, "Married in Haste" (629), by Mr. D. Downing, and "Sweet Silence" (257) are the least insupportable.

With these exceptions, almost everything worth seeing this year at the Institute is either a landscape pure and simple, or a picture in which the figures are small and subordinate. The place of honour in the Central Gallery is given to Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "A Pastoral" (234), which represents a gloomy pool, ringed about by a single cluster of trees on a bare open moor. This is painted in sombre and somewhat artificial colours, but has a striking character. We prefer to it, however, the same painter's "On Askham Fell" (244), where a strong pearly light in the west, breaking through a dark and clouded heaven, rakes the scrubby ridges of the brown hill-side very effectively. There is no more effective landscape here than "A Peep of the Arun, looking towards Amberley" (43), by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, whose name is unknown to us. This is a noble composition, carried out with great care; the treatment of the successive planes suggests the study of Constable and a reference to Cecil Lawson. Mr. David Murray paints so much, and therefore so rapidly, that it is impossible that he should always do credit to his native gifts of style. Each of his three pictures at the Institute this year has merit. His very small "Over the Muir among the Heather" (188) is charming with its fresh blue sky and rosy cloud, and the lowering sky in his "Sultry Weather" (251) is good. But these examples are sketches, and where they seek to be finished productions they are somewhat lacking in truth of impression.

We may mention one or two other paintings which the visitor should endeavour to notice. In the West Gallery, Mr. Yeend King's "Haddon" (65); Mr. Aumonier's "On a Sussex Farm" (75); Mr. John Collier's portrait of himself (97), with a very set expression; Mr. Vernède's landscape called "Winter" (115); a very clever country-scene, the giving to a pair of greyhounds a "Private Trial" (125), by Mr. Frank Calderon, and the fairy gold of Mr. Alfred East's "Looking down on Loch Tay" (136). Mr. Bright Morris's "Ufford Mill, Suffolk" (155), is pleasing in its large simplicity of treatment. In the Central Gallery we note Mr. Walter Osborne's "Across the Downs" (178); some of Mr. Fulleylove's studies of English cathedrals, which, however, we like less than usual this year, the colour being poor; Mr. W. L. Wyllie's fine "A Sou'wester" (209), a long panel of broken sea and busy shore; Mr. Adrien Stokes's "On the Links" (313), sheep in sunlight against brilliant azure sea; Mr. Alfred East's clever nocturne, called "A Night March" (346); Mr. Alfred Parsons's "The Red Canoe" (395); a very small effective "Portrait" (398) of a man, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. Overend's "The Cruiser's Captain" (418). In the East Gallery there is little of much interest, but we may mention Mr. John White's picnic on a bright sunny beach, called "Visitors at the Sea-side" (550), as an admirable specimen of natural illumination.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE extraordinary musical activity which was displayed last season by the givers of pianoforte recitals and miscellaneous concerts of every description bids fair to be continued until Christmas. October, which used to be almost a blank as regards music, has this year been marked, not only by the performances of Italian Opera which have already been noticed, but also by the beginning of the thirty-fifth annual series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, the thirty-third season of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, and by more than the usual number of minor concerts. The present month promises to be still busier, for Mr. Henschel announces a new series of symphony concerts, Sir Charles Hallé the first of six orchestral concerts by his admirable Manchester band, and Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, two orchestral performances, the programmes of which include several interesting novelties. Amid this crowd of concerts it is only possible to notice the more remarkable features; to review every performance in detail becomes a physical impossibility. Each of the first four Crystal Palace concerts has presented an interesting programme. On October 11 Herr Julius Klengel, a brilliant violoncellist, made his second appearance at Sydenham, when he introduced a very clever and taking concerto in A minor (Op. 34) by Herr Hans Sitt, a native of Prague, who now enjoys considerable reputation at Leipzig. A violin concerto from his pen was played by Mr. Bernard Carrodus at the Gloucester Festival last year, but failed to make much impression. The composition played at the Crystal Palace is a much more favourable example of his powers, and met with deserved success. Interesting alike from its original but masterly construction and its genial and musical character, it should not soon be lost sight of, for good concertos for the violoncello are not too numerous. The symphony at this concert was Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," and the orchestra was also heard in Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, the introduction to the third act of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and Beethoven's overture to Leonora (No. 2). The vocalist was Mme. Valleria, who sang songs by Larsen, Schumann, and Schubert. The English version of the last-named composer's "Junge Nonne," which was used, almost deserves reprinting for its absurdity. At the second concert (on the 18th ult.) Mr. Leonard Borwick, the young English pianist who made so legitimate a success last season, played Saint-Saëns's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Op. 22. The work is different in style from any in which he has been hitherto heard, but his success was nevertheless signal. Apart from a slight tendency to drag the opening Andante Sostenuto, it would be impossible to find any fault with his performance, which was throughout extremely artistic and charming. In his other solos, which consist d of short pieces by Chopin and Liszt, Mr. Borwick roused his audience to such enthusiasm that he was forced to return to the platform and play an encore. The programme included two novelties—namely, an overture to Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, the composition of Miss E. M. Smyth, a serenade from whose pen was played at Mr. Manns's Benefit Concert last April, and some ballet music from Goldmark's latest opera, *Merlin*. Miss Smyth's overture, though containing some good ideas and clever writing, did not create an altogether favourable impression, probably owing to the curious inconsequence of the composer's method. She has yet to learn the art of welding her ideas into an harmonious whole; at present the effect of her writing is patchy and disjointed, though it gives evident signs of being the work of a composer of some talent. The ballet music was placed at the very end of a long programme, which included Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, so that an opinion of its merits must be reserved until a more favourable opportunity of hearing it occurs. The vocalist was Mme. Tavary, a dramatic soprano from Munich, who sang last season at Covent Garden. On the 25th M. Emile Sauret, a violinist of repute, took the solo part in a concerto by Joachim Raff (Op. 206), which had not previously been heard in this country. The work is a favourable example of a composer who, if he had written much less, would have attained a far higher position than he did. It consists of the usual three movements, and is probably intended to be regarded to a certain extent as programme-music, since three stanzas by Arnold Börner are prefixed by way of motto. These, however, can safely be disregarded, for the music is sufficiently agreeable to need no explanation as to its representing the stormy sea of life, the consolations of hope, and the triumph of a peaceful mind. The concerto was played with much finish and expression by M. Sauret, though his intonation—especially in the higher registers of his instrument—was occasionally slightly faulty, probably owing to his being unaccustomed to the high English pitch. His second solo consisted of Saint-Saëns's brilliant Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Op. 28), at the end of which he was compelled to play an encore. An interesting feature at this concert was the reappearance of Miss Thudichum, who has been undergoing a course of study with Mme. Viardot Garcia, the good effects of which were most apparent. Her performance of the air from *Robert le Diable*, "Va, dit-elle," showed that she has made immense progress and has succeeded in overcoming defects which at one time threatened to wreck a very promising career. The symphony was that of Schumann in E flat (Op. 97)—a work which Mr. Manns conducts almost better than any other in his repertory. Last Saturday a very large audience assembled to hear M. Paderewski play Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto. Any doubts which may have been felt as to the Polish pianist's capability of interpreting satisfactorily a work which is so closely associated with memories of many admirable performances of Mme. Schumann were soon set at rest. Though, like every work M. Paderewski plays, the interpretation of the concerto was marked by great individuality, yet the most captious critic could not find fault with the performance. Nothing could have been more exquisite than his *decrescendos* and *pianissimo*, or more full of poetry than the way in which the delicate Intermezzo was given, while the Finale was from beginning to end a brilliant and effective display of *bravura*-playing. Not the least of M. Paderewski's merits is his accuracy and conscientiousness; it is seldom that a pianist is heard who is so free from the faults of playing wrong notes and altering a composer's text. Besides the concerto, M. Paderewski played a rather uninteresting melody (Op. 16) of his own, and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, after the latter of which he was forced to give a study of Chopin's by way of encore. The orchestra played Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful "Benedictus" for violin and orchestra, Berlioz's brilliantly-orchestrated version of Weber's "Aufforderung zum Tanze," and Brahms's Third Symphony (Op. 90). The performance of the latter was hardly so good as could have been desired. The gradations of light and shade, upon which so much of the effect of the work depends, were not sufficiently attended to, especially in the Andante and Poco Allegretto. The vocalist was Mr. Ben Davies. Before dismissing the last Crystal Palace concerts it might be well to suggest that some sort of discrimination should be used with regard to the terms in which these performances are advertised. To announce an artist like M. Paderewski as "the marvellous Polish pianist" is more worthy of a music-hall than of so excellent an institution as the Saturday Concerts.

The programmes of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which took place on Monday, the 20th ult., have for the most part consisted of familiar works performed with all the excellence which Mr. Chappell's patrons have been so long accustomed to expect from the artists whom he engages. On the

opening night of the season a warm welcome was extended to Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on their return from Australia. These old favourites, with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, have once more delighted the Popular Concert audiences by playing which it would be trite to praise. But, in addition to old friends, Mr. Chappell has wisely engaged the two pianists who made most mark last season, and accordingly M. Paderewski and Mr. Leonard Borwick have been heard for the first time at these concerts, the former on the afternoon of the 25th and the evening of the 27th ult., and the latter last Monday evening. Different as are the styles of the two artists, neither could fail to please, for each in his way is a thorough artist and performer of the first rank. Of the two, Mr. Borwick is more satisfactory in chamber music than M. Paderewski; the pronounced individuality of the latter, especially when displayed in works like Brahms's Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 26, in which he took part on the 25th, or Schubert's Trio in B flat, Op. 99, in which he played on the 27th, harmonizes less well with the playing of such artists as Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti than Mr. Borwick's quiet and unaggressive method, which contributed not a little to a singularly fine performance of Schumann's D minor Trio last Monday. As soloists each artist achieved a signal success, M. Paderewski choosing for his *début* Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, of which he gave a remarkable interpretation, and Mr. Borwick the same master's thirty-two Variations in C minor.

Brief mention must suffice of the two orchestral concerts given by Señor Sarasate on the afternoons of the 18th of October and the 3rd of November, at which the Spanish violinist's principal solos consisted of the violin concertos of Bernard, Max Bruch (No. 1, in G minor), Saint-Saëns (No. 3, in B minor), and Mendelssohn, in all of which he is heard almost to greater advantage than in any other pieces of his repertory. Both concerts attracted very crowded audiences, which, as usual, insisted upon the concert-giver's playing a number of encore pieces. Among the minor concerts of the past month the most attractive was that given on the 30th at Prince's Hall by Miss Shinner's quartet, assisted by Miss Fanny Davies and Fräulein Fillunger. The programme included Mozart's sixth-string quartet and Dvořák's Pianoforte Quintet (Op. 81), both of which were extremely well played. Among the piano recitals of the month the best were those given on the 23rd by Mme. Berthe Marx, a graceful and refined player, who has been heard here previously, and on the 27th by Master Van den Berg, a young Belgian, who plays in thoroughly good style, and has evidently been well taught. Whether he is likely to develop higher qualities it would be premature to say. It is impossible to commend the discretion of whoever was answerable for the public appearance of another young pianist, Master Isidore Pavia, at two Recitals given at St. James's Hall on October 15 and November 5. He is stated to be of English birth and education, and if this is the case, so far as the latter is concerned, it is no matter for congratulation. Possibly, with proper training, he might make a capable artist. At present his performances leave almost everything to be desired. The record of recent concerts would not be complete without mention of that given by Herr Jan Mulder, a clever Dutch violoncellist, at Steinway Hall, on the 28th ult., or to Messrs. Harrison's concert at the Albert Hall, last Monday, when Mme. Patti, who was in her best voice, once more delighted a huge audience with the familiar songs she has sung so often before. On this occasion she was assisted by Mlle. Douilly, Miss Eleanor Rees, and Messrs. Lloyd, Lely, Barrington Foote, and Schönberger.

THE THEATRES.

LAST week Mr. Mayer opened the St. James's Theatre with *Divorçons*. The play is too familiar to require noticing at length; it is enough to say that Cyprienne was played by her original creator, Mme. Céline Chaumont. This week, however, MM. Sardou and De Najac's piece was replaced by three one-act plays, M. Edmond Godinet's *Les Révoltées*, M. Henri Meilhac's *L'Autographe*, and the same author's *Lolotte*, produced in collaboration with M. Halévy. Mme. Chaumont sustained the leading rôle in each. It is so long since London audiences have seen Mr. Toole, Mr. Irving, or Mr. Hare play in two or more pieces in one night that Mme. Chaumont's varied performance will possess the added charm of freshness to many playgoers and absolute novelty to some. But, whereas English actors generally change the piece with a view to the effect of strong contrast, Mme. Chaumont's success depends upon the wonderful delicacy with which she gives distinctness and reality to characters which are, after all, very much in one key. The order in which the pieces are taken shows a very nice judgment. Julie, the lady's-maid of *L'Autographe*, makes an admirable and agreeable mean between Mme. de Brion, a member of the higher *bourgeoisie*, at one extreme, and Lolotte, the actress, at the other. Mme. Chaumont played each of these characters with all the freshness and spirit which formerly delighted her audiences when she created *Madame attend Monsieur*, *Toto chez Tata*, and her other famous impersonations. She was adequately supported throughout; but M. Lenormant is entitled to a special word of praise. His Chastenay in *L'Autographe* was an admirable performance.

If in the distant future the authors of *La Cigale* should have occasion to seek a fitting epitaph for the tombstone of their fair offspring, the hackneyed Horatian quotation, *Parturiunt montes*, &c., may be confidently, though respectfully, submitted to their consideration. The brain reels under the attempt to distribute praise in due proportion among the numerous producers of the pretty piece. First of all, we have MM. Chirot and Duru, who are responsible for the original libretto; then there is M. Audran, with the laurels of *Olivette* and *La Mascotte* still green upon him; Mr. Burnand, the mere recital of whose achievements would fill many articles; Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, whose name awakens memories of a "Happy Land," and Mr. Ivan Caryll, who has compiled a supplement to M. Audran's work. It is sad, but true, that this galaxy of talent has suffered itself to be thrown more or less into the shade by Mr. Charles Harris's remarkable achievement in the matter of stage management and mounting.

It is wonderful to relate of a comic opera that it has a simple plot. Such, however, is the case with *La Cigale*, which relates how a young person of humble birth, who is wooed by a wealthy lover in jest, wins the heart of the man who had merely intended to trifle with her affections for his own convenience. The three acts represent the incidents, if they can be so dignified, which mark her career from the position of an obscure village beauty to that of a successful cantatrice. The scene of the first act is laid at her village home, near Bruges. All the familiar figures, of course, are speedily introduced, the susceptible duke, the flighty spouse, the comic parent (he is an uncle in the present instance), the lover of humble station, the lover of high station. Then there is the inevitable country bumpkin, and the indispensable chorus, and last, but not least, the village inn. The ballet-dancing, whether of the infants or of adults, which was plentifully interspersed throughout the piece, was not good. Bad style is not the less bad style because it assumes the title and dignity of "The English School." On the other hand, unstinted praise may be given to the taste displayed in the scenic arrangement of the second act, which represented the market-place and fair at Bruges. The last act was gorgeous rather than beautiful, and the general effect was marred by the method employed in representing a dream which the heroine is made to dream, for no sufficient reason that can be discovered. Any one who failed to consult the book of the play must have been under the impression that he was merely witnessing the common transformation scene of pantomime. It seems a pity to crowd the stage with capable actors, and then give them nothing to do. Mr. Lionel Brough, who played the comic uncle, was not allowed a single opportunity of displaying his abundant talent. Chevalier Scovell, as the lover, sang and acted with considerable success; but he had conceived his part in too serious a vein. Mr. Eric Lewis did wonders with the slender part of the Duke. Of the music it can only be said that it is alike unworthy of the libretto and of the author of *Olivette*. Some of Mr. Caryll's songs, however, were effective enough.

EXHIBITIONS.

TWO collections of paintings are now on view at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswells, 160 New Bond Street. A series of cattle-pieces, by Mr. J. Denovan Adam of the Royal Scottish Academy, will delight all North Britons. Of Mr. Adam's century of canvases, nearly all represent Highland scenes, and most of them contain bovine ornaments in the foreground. A motley and a shaggy congregation is gathered together. To the unprejudiced or Southron eye the cattle that form it seem a little to lack modelling, but perhaps their very shagginess made it difficult to suggest defined form beneath their great-coats. But it is surely a defect that so many of the beasts have a one-sided appearance, as if drawn for bas-relief, which demands no off-side in its models. Despite a note directing attention to the superior merits of Mr. Adam's later productions, we confess a preference for some of his early studies, those more particularly in which he tries bold effects of colour. One of the larger canvases, "To the Winter Tryst, through Glen Agle" (14), showing a straggling herd of animals descending a snow-covered valley, has much lovely pearliness of colour in it; but doubtless in such bright sunshine the edges of the shadows cast by the cattle would be more defined. "A Wanderer" (17), a black bullock marching across a desolate wintry expanse, is simple and effective. "Fording a Highland River, Glen Finlas" (34) is fine in composition, the blue of the distance and hills, with the bluer sky above and the stormy clouds sweeping down, causing bold breaking up of light and shade and bringing out the rich colours of the landscape, all help to produce an effective impression. In "Just before Sundown" (78) and "September on the Slopes of Benledi" (92) we think Mr. Adam very happy in the bold way in which he has put in the fine and fierce tawny red clouds on the blue sky, although we think the light on the horizon of the latter example rather weakened by the too pale skins of some of the cattle in the middle distance. The rowan-trees are treated well in this canvas, their wet bunches of berries gleaming out like lamps.

Also at Messrs. Dowdeswell's we find a collection of pastels of Hampstead Heath by Mr. Henry Muhrman. The shortcomings of crayons, when used in the manner of body water-colours or of oil-colours, are here fully exemplified, the result being one of scratchiness and heaviness, even of dirtiness, instead

of firmness, finish, or solidity. These views present Hampstead Heath as a dingy spot, with a heavy atmosphere and an utter absence of any actual sunlight. A few of them are pleasantly brightened by the colour of flowers. In "A Field of Buttercups" (30) the streaks of yellow stretching across the green of the field cause a pretty illuminated effect; while the appearance as of lambent flames, caused by the golden tips of the gorse branches, in "Firs and Gorse" (38A), is a charming one. The intense green of the grass in "A Hill" (35) is true to a certain atmospheric effect; but with such a clear colour for background, the dark, sprawling tree in the foreground ought to assert itself more boldly. In "A Winter Effect" (11) the bare branches of the trees are carried to a greater degree of finish, but the impression is one rather of scratchiness than of completeness. The uniform sombreness of Mr. Muhrman's style comes out well in "The Skaters" (29); this drawing gives the impression of frost-bound air; the two muffled figures advancing noiselessly over the ice are good, while the winter effect is true to nature and is well emphasized. It is impossible not to see in Mr. Muhrman a clever artist ruined by affectation and disdain of nature.

At Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street is an exhibition of over sixty portraits of animals, done in crayon, by Mr. J. T. Nettleship. To call them wild animals, however, would be to give a false idea of the collection, for the greater number of the subjects of these pastels gaze most serenely, and sometimes even playfully, through the windows of their frames, in the same placid way in which their prototypes of the "Zoo" regard the public through the bars of their cages. Mr. Nettleship's strongest point is his fine rendering of colour, as in his golden foxes and the blue and yellow serpent, both of them radiant with colour. He obtains the feeling of softness in the woolly furs of the bear and the puma. But he should not consider that texture of surface is enough; the bony structure and the muscular contours of the animals should be also suggested. Two drawings, of a skeleton and of a muscular quadruped, would reassure us on this point. This certain timidity of treatment, coupled with an over-careful attention to detail, produces the effect of a radiant mantle thrown over a meagre and ill-clad body. The expressions, however, of Mr. Nettleship's animals, with the suggestion of character, are excellent; the "Wolf" (9) is a ravening wolf, tearing along at full speed; while we feel that the "Fox Trotting" (53) is plainly a gentleman on important business bent. The stiff attitudes of "Otter Playing" and "Otter Landing" (14 and 15) are delightfully affected. Here is a fine "Lion Questing" (18). In the "Bison" (22) the gimlet-like, fierce little eye is very searching and alarming; while the extremely sentimental expression of the upturned eyes of "Lion's Head" (25) is almost ludicrous.

At the Æsthetic Gallery, 155 New Bond Street, is on view a collection of artistic and other silken fabrics of English manufacture. With a few exceptions, the whole of the silks and cotton velvets shown were specially dyed by Mr. Wardle, of Leek, whose name is sufficient to ensure for them a very high quality. The designs are very beautiful; occasionally, as in the case of one or two printed patterns on a woven background, a little over-sumptuous. We have often recommended before, and we now cordially recommend again, the efforts of those who are so skilfully reviving amongst us the industry of British silks.

BEAU AUSTIN.

IT was natural that there should be eagerness in expecting the production of Messrs. W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson's play last Monday at the Haymarket Theatre. The expectation aroused by the names of the authors was so great that one perhaps underrated the difficulties which surround such a task as was undertaken. Literature and the drama have kept up but a bowing acquaintance this many a day, and comparatively few men of letters have any close practical acquaintance with dramatic difficulties. Messrs. Henley and Stevenson have not apparently attempted to overcome any dramatic difficulties; they seem to have ignored them, and, though the result is interesting and even entertaining, it is not completely successful. *Beau Austin* is a strong story; the characterization is always marked, and in one instance highly elaborated; yet it is all packed into a piece which plays for a short two and a half hours, eked out by the long intervals which are now popular. The division into four acts is somewhat arbitrary. Anything like a "curtain" seems to have been intentionally avoided, although in one instance it might have been advantageously used to save the leading character from the charge of inconsistency; but the authors have chosen to sacrifice consistency to the least important of all the unities, and the Beau is transformed from the man of fashion into the man of feeling at a word.

But the dialogue, always good, and at times dramatic, helps to atone for the absence of dramatic situation, and if the Beau's conduct is not convincing, Mr. Tree's carriage and manner go far to obscure the fact. It may well be that Mr. Tree has caught the exact interpretation of the nature of the typical beau, whether of the Restoration or the Regency; his manners, costume, and mode of speech are too studied and self-conscious for those of a gentleman; he is merely painted to look like one. Not Lord Foppington, the beau of fiction, nor Brummel, the beau of fact, was a gentleman. Vanbrugh, indeed, did not even think the beaux very dangerous in their capacity as lady-killers. In *The Relapse* he makes Berinthia describe them as "those dreadful champions in the field of love"; and, again, when Amanda asks "whether those women we call women of reputation do really 'scape all other men, as they do those shadows of 'em the beaux," Berinthia replies:—

> O no, Amanda; these are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em; men that may be called the beaux antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking on two legs. These have brains, the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress, the beau with himself. They take care of her reputation, he's industrious to destroy it. They are decent, he's a fop. They are men, he's an ass.

Therefore it may be that Mr. Tree has given an admirable interpretation of the genus beau, and it may be added that what is known of such creatures as Nash, Brummel, and D'Orsay helps to prove that the theory is tolerably sound. In any case, his rendering of Beau Austin will certainly extend, if it cannot enhance, the considerable reputation he now enjoys as an actor of abundant fertility and resource. His attitude at the end of the second act, as he adjusts his beaver and puts on his gloves in front of the cheval glass, may, perhaps, be singled out as the most distinctive touch in a distinguished performance.

The Beau's victim, Dorothy Musgrave, the heroine of the piece, was played by Mrs. Tree, who deserves the highest praise for her unfailing effort to make the character appear probable. The authors have sacrificed Dorothy Musgrave to the Beau. Though necessarily prominent, her weakness and folly merely serve as a foil to his perfections. It is impossible to believe that a virtuous girl in her position could have been seduced by a man of Austin's character, or that, having been seduced, she would confess her fault to another and more honest lover, reject an offer of marriage from the too readily repentant Beau, and reconsider her refusal, all in one day. It is, indeed, not surprising that such a girl should show herself jealous of a maid in the presence of her aunt. Independently of the manners and morals of any particular period, it is certain that, leaving the question of virtue aside, the Dorothy Musgrave of the play, having once fallen, would have concealed her fault, and embraced the first opportunity of marrying which offered itself; it is probable that she would afterwards deceive her husband, and in the present day she would perhaps end in the Divorce Court.

If an exception be made in the case of the heroine's brother, Anthony Musgrave, a part which Mr. Maurice seems to have somewhat failed to comprehend, the acting was satisfactory. Mr. Fred Terry made the most of his opportunities, and looked the part well. Mr. Brookfield, as the Beau's valet, gave one brilliant and characteristic touch to a part which is quite unworthy of his abilities. Probably no actor on the stage at the present moment could have helped the Beau into his coat so successfully as Mr. Brookfield did. To sum up—the workmanship of the piece, with all its merits and defects, may be said to recall the comedy of Congreve. Its sentiment is, of course, widely different. The play was mounted in excellent taste, and the dresses were very handsome.

REVIEWS.

THE GURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE play of *Ravenswood* is said to have reminded many people that there was once a novelist and versifier called Walter Scott. The traces of his existence as revealed in the new publication of his Diary, or "Gurnal" (a spelling adopted from his daughter Anne) are of interest both to those who have and to those who have not read the journal as printed by Lockhart. It is not very likely that Lockhart is now much read, except by the faithful who never weary of his consummate picture of a great life, and of the most gallant struggle ever made by a brain nearly outworn and a heart almost broken. The portion of the public which only looks at new books will assuredly find the diary perfectly new to them. The students of Scott will take pleasure in observing the pages which Lockhart for various reasons omitted.

Scott began to keep a journal in November, 1825, when the "spectral" foundation of his fortunes was beginning to rock, when all that gold of Constable's was proving to be fairy gold, an elfin currency with no metallic basis. He continued to write in the locked book till April 16, 1832, the first day after his arrival in Rome. Lockhart published but few passages of the later days; but, except where living persons, as Campbell the poet, or where his own domestic affairs, and Scott's remarks on himself, were concerned, he gave nearly all the bulk of the earlier diary. By permission of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the whole journal, with "the omission of some details chiefly of family and domestic interest," is now given to the world. It is not difficult for critics to remark that too much is given. Scott was inclined to make his notes on the example of Byron's journal. He could not foresee that he would have little to record but calamity, broken health, broken fortunes, bereavement, public disorder, and, besides all these, the chronicle of the

* *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott.* From the Original MS. at Abbotsford. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1890.

most amazing industry, the most desperate fight for honour, on his own part. This struggle of his makes, of course, the chief interest of his notes. He tells us how many pages of how many works he wrote every day, of novels from *Woodstock* and *The Fair Maid of Perth* down to *Count Robert of Paris*, where "the pen began to *stammer*" in his weary hands. In addition to these there was the *Life of Napoleon*, an almost colossal piece of work in a new field. This it was probably which broke down his unprecedented intellectual vigour. Then there were the *Tales of a Grandfather*; the tedious and by him detested task of the *Demonology and Witchcraft*; many articles in reviews; the *magnum opus* of revising, correcting, and writing introductions to the novels; and, as if all this did not suffice, he was editing by way of holiday old books for the Bannatyne Club. To the very last his mental eagerness was as great as ever. In his Continental tour he not only wrote the unpublished *Siege of Malta*, but was considering his plan of *Reliquiæ Trotcosienses*—an anecdotic catalogue of his library and museum—and schemed a work on the "Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales"—an "attack upon Mother Goose. Spirit of Tom Thumb aid me! I could, I think, make a neat thing of this. Obnoxious to ridicule, perhaps; but what then! . . . I am the reverse of the Idiot Boy,

For as my body's growing worse
My mind is growing better."

It may be objected to the diary that too much is said, not only about the author's health, but about his regimen. Entries concerning his "half glass, or by our Lady three-quarters," of whisky and water, about his rare cigars, about the number of pages he wrote each day, may appear trivial. Scott doubtless expected that extracts only would be printed, and he cannot have recorded these things for the public information. Notes of his attendance at the Law Courts are also of no great value. On the other hand, we are now presented with interesting reminiscences by Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, who lived till 1864, and a couple of days before his death told his daughter that he had been so happy. Scott had been sitting with him; he "had come a long way"—a touching and beautiful illusion or anticipation. There are also a few new letters, and some remarks by James Ballantyne. Lockhart, by the way, omitted a passage in which Scott speaks kindly of "honest James." There are not many fresh passages in the earlier part of the diary. A sketch of Lord Porchester, "a young man who lies on the carpet, and looks poetical and dandyish, fine lad, too," is fresh, if unimportant. Lockhart naturally omitted (i. 21) an account of his own appointment to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. "Down comes young D'Israeli to Scotland, imploring Lockhart to make interest with my friends in London to remove objections, and so forth. I have no idea of telling all and sundry, that my son-in-law is not a slanderer or a silly, thoughtless lad, although he was, six or seven years ago, engaged in some light satires." He told Southey also that Lockhart was "innocent as to those gambades which may have given offence, and which, I fear, they may ascribe too truly to an eccentric neighbour of their own." Lockhart must learn to despise petty adversaries, among whom Scott reckons Hazlitt and Hunt. There were giants in these days. He feared that Lockhart might make himself disliked by "Hidalgo airs"—"the want of early habits of being in society, and a life led much at college." As to editing, "when John comes to use the carving-knife, I fear Dr. Southey will not be so tractable" as under Gifford.

A person about whom much is said in the diary is Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies. This gentleman was the author of a book apparently little known, but well worth knowing—*Recollections of Sir Walter Scott* (London: 1837). He seems to have been a foolish youth, who thought embarrassments "rather interesting," and who not only fell into them himself, but multiplied the labours of Scott. He was always wanting to be helped, especially to have articles written for his magazine. In the crisis of Scott's pecuniary ruin Gillies was hanging at his skirts. But, strange to say, Gillies was grateful. He wrote that "in his conception of the character of a gentleman he never forgot the leading principles of the cavalier, whose primary duty is to raise the fallen and assist the distressed. As already observed, however, his attentions in this respect were by no means indiscriminate, and he would exact a good deal of exertion and fortitude from a *protégé*, being himself, in his own phrase, 'a hard-working man.'"

Scott's moral greatness was never so clearly shown as in the energy with which he gave his mind, his time, and what money he could regard as his own to aid people very different from Gillies in their sense of his goodness. His diary often mentions "predatory letters," from those queer hangers-on of literature who are never industrious except in begging. Gillies defended him from "the senseless attack of *reptiles*," the charge of being a tuft-hunter. He really was not the hunter, but the hunted. "He was invariably the sought, not the seeker." "I have, with an involuntary foreboding, said to myself that Scott was too good to live long." Yet Gillies adds that to him Scott always seemed to live alone, to have no friend entirely worthy of him. Thinking of Erskine, Clerk, and Skene, not to mention "that lang bitch Linton," this seems odd, and possibly Gillies was too sentimental. But his noble appreciation of a noble character must not be forgotten by readers who, in the diary, meet Gillies merely in the character of a tedious suppliant. In many respects his "Recollections" is the best book that has been written about Sir Walter. It appears to be rather rare; and we have only met with two examples.

When the crash came—*summa dies*—Scott wrote more in his diary than Lockhart published (i. 49-50):—"Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support, yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men so far." We may compare the scene in which old Mr. Sedley confesses his ruin to his wife. Lady Scott's own health had begun to fail, and she was never remarkable for her knowledge of affairs. "She is incredulous, and persists in cherishing hope where there is no hope." And these were the days in which he wrote "Bonnie Dundee." "I wonder if the verses are good. Ah, poor Will Erskine, thou couldst and wouldst have told me." Here Lockhart omits "Tom Campbell lived at Minto, but it was in a state of dependence which he brooked very ill. . . . There was a turn of Savage about Tom, though without his blackguardism." When Mr. Skene was with him at this time, Scott held out his hand, saying, "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar." He compared his exertions to "those of the horses in the Roman race, with loaded spurs attached to them, to whet the rusty metal of their age." By January 1826 he found himself writing the wrong words, a prelude of aphasia, but it was a symptom even in earlier days not absent from his writing. An amusing account of Lady Davy, wife of Sir Humphry, is an addition to the diary. "As a lion-catcher I could pit her against the world." Lockhart leaves out the curious statement that "there is a passage about matutinal inspiration in the Odyssey which would make a handsome figure here if I could read or write Greek." To Scott, as to Petrarch, the Iliad and Odyssey were sealed books, and the most Homeric of men had never read Homer. Among notes by James Ballantyne is one containing Scott's remark, "What is the value of a reputation that will not last above one or two generations?" He only once showed pleasure in being praised, and the praise was that of Dr. Chalmers! "Dr. Chalmers," he said, "is a man of the truest genius." From Lockhart he received corrections, not unneeded, of his grammar. "Well, I will try to remember all this, but, after all, I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. I never learned grammar."

Almost alone among authors Scott took the American view of copyright. Cooper suggested a plan (not feasible, no way of getting the better of American publishers is feasible) whereby he thought copyright might be secured. "One cause of Scott's hesitation was the fear that the American public would not get his works at the low prices to which they had been accustomed." Probably the pirates did not even send him the fifty dollars which some of them toss to the man they are robbing.

In the diary of 1827, Lockhart leaves out some reflections on Latin pronunciation, Scotch and English. "I am very unwilling to sacrifice our sumpsimus to their old mumpsimus, still more to humble ourselves before the Saxons while we can keep an inch of the old flag flying." It is curious to find Scott reading *Vivian Grey*, "clever, but not so much so as to make me, in this sultry weather, go upstairs to the drawing-room to seek for the other volumes. Ah, villain! but you smoked while you read. Well, Madam, perhaps I think the better of the book for that reason." In a note is published the name of the lady whom Scott loved as long as his life lasted; the name he cut in Runic characters on the turf beside the Castle gate at St. Andrews. She was Williamina Belches, sole child and heir of a gentleman who was a cadet of the ancient family of Invermay, and who afterwards became Sir John Steuart of Fettercairn. In 1827 the name "still agitated his heart." There have been poets more constant than Shelley.

Sir Walter once called himself "no fisher." He did himself injustice. The *Waverley Novels* were entirely due to a search for fly hooks, still in the possession of Miss Laidlaw. In vol. ii. 28 is a note by his friend, the late Mr. Richardson of Kirklands, on Scott's excitement over the playing of a trout. "It's a fish! It's a fish! Hold up your rod, give him line," and the other incoherencies with which the flurried spectator obliges the angler. It was *not* a "fish" after all. Scott jumped into the Tweed, collared a huge trout, and dragged it forth after it had broken the rod. Purdie, jealous of a Southron's success, cried, "To be ta'en by the like o' him frae Lunnon!" This was at Elibank. Scott also records with triumph how he caught two trout at once on the Gleddis Wiel, where he and Hogg were upset when burning the water in a boat. The Gleddis Wiel is not less good than of old; nine fish were hooked in it on one day six weeks ago. Scott spells it "Gladdis," but the name is probably derived from "Gled," a hawk.

In the space of a review we cannot extract all the new touches in the diary. We must omit Hogg's duel, and the story of the water cow. It is a pity that the editor gives no clue to the name and number of the "Review" which contains "the raw-head and bloody-bones story of Captain Macpherson." It is hard to find a legend which Sir Walter did not know. This tale is still current in Badenoch, and a capital story is that of "The Black Officer." But to find it in an unnamed Review, and compare Scott's version with that which lives in tradition, may prove difficult. The legend does not sound as if it *could* have "a right version." Scott was pestered about it by a Mrs. MacBarnet, "or some such name," a daughter of the Black Officer who spoke

with the Red Deer, and sold himself to the Devil. He who wishes to know the tale, having gone to Port Sonnachan, on Loch Awe, must ask for the boatman from Larich Ban, and he will not be sorry.

One thoroughly Scotch anecdote we must add. Mrs. Hemans was talking to Scott about the peculiar pathos of the words "No more." Now, the lady was "too poetical," as he says, for Sir Walter; so he told her how an old dame, having well drunk, fell off her pillion on Cockenzie Sands. Her husband did not miss her at first, but when he returned the tide had washed up to her lips as she lay, and she was protesting, "Nae ae drap mair, I thank ye kindly." She *might* have said, "Mair sugar!" The new points are not nearly exhausted, nor could they be exhausted in another article of the same length as this. But they are better read in the volumes, where, as we said, all will be quite new to many readers. One or two ghost stories and a singular and touching anecdote of Scott's last day in life are particularly welcome. It is to be observed that the very latest entries are those of an eager and active intelligence—still anxious for work, still kindly, courteous, and humorous. To decipher them, in the cramped and "stammering" hand which once was swift and clear, must have been a serious labour. There is still a large unpublished correspondence of Scott's and of his friends, and it is perhaps not impossible that more light may yet be thrown on his life and his literary opinions. Meanwhile the "Gurnal" is to be read both by those who are and those who are not familiar with the extracts in Lockhart. Mr. Douglas, who is editor as well as publisher, deserves the thanks of the world of letters. One illusion of Scott's, at the time of his illusions, may be noted before ending. He wrote to Lockhart from Naples about a book of extracts relative to James VI. from a supposed collection of the period. He says that Lady Louisa Stuart helped in this task. "The fun is that our excellent friend forgot the whole affair." Probably there was no such affair. Scott himself, in 1822, wrote seventy printed pages of this work, from which Lockhart gives an extract. The book bears a note in his cramped hand of 1832, saying that the fragment is to go to press. He must have become confused in his memory, and credited Lady Louisa with what she never attempted. The style of the fragment is full of interest, as may be seen from the specimen in Lockhart.

NOVELS.*

THE novel *Mademoiselle Ixe*, like the famous "poltics," surprises and interests by itself before a word of it is read. It is tall, it is slender, it is bright yellow, it is the first volume of the "Pseudonym Library." It is a most delightful book to hold, being light, and the high narrow column of type recommends itself most agreeably to reading. Lanoe Falconer, the name given on the title-page as the author's, is, it is to be supposed, pseudonymous. Whoever he, or perhaps she, may be, Lanoe Falconer knows how to write a brilliant little story. She knows how to place people before the reader with admirable simplicity, point, and distinctness, to indicate their personalities with concealed but polished art, and to give them the most natural lively characteristic and interesting things to say. Where all that is, plot matters little. The plot of *Mademoiselle Ixe* is neither original nor remarkable, and when it is said that it turns on a Russian Nihilist assassination nothing is said likely to attract. But the skill with which each individual in the briefly-played drama is made to unfold character, the accurate position each occupies in the imagination of the author and in the view of the reader, the absolute consistency to themselves and to each other make the book a little *tour de force*. It has more in it even than that. The portrait, physical and moral, of Mademoiselle Ixe is drawn with the easy power that comes from strength well within control and never strained as far as it could go. The fascination this plain woman exercises in the conventionally amiable English family she is placed in, or rather places herself in, is quite easy to understand, and it is shared by those to whom it is described. Before the last is seen of her the amusement she excites is deepened to sympathy. There is no padding in the tale of Mademoiselle Ixe's self-sacrifice, therefore there is not a tedious line. There are no descriptions of persons, for they display themselves, and the two or three brief landscapes put in of sunny or misty English parks and lawns are admirable in truth and feeling. The "Pseudonym Library" opens well. It is easier to come out than to keep out, but if this level can be sustained, the public and the publisher may all be congratulated.

There have been some good musical novels, but very few good theatrical ones. Perhaps if they were true to life they would not be pleasant, and if they were pleasant they wouldn't be true. Miss Bertha Thomas's *Sundorne* is not an exception. It is powerful, but not agreeable. Sundorne (which is not a Cockney allusion to the earliest hours of the day) is a disappointed dramatic genius who has struggled against the light-hearted indifference of the public for nearly fifty years. He wanted to have his plays produced, in spite of the fact that "ten years' close observation of the London stage, from before and behind the curtain, and of literary life," had resulted in "disgust, amounting to abhorrence, for the whole august body, managers, actors, and authors, as cheap-jacks, mountebanks, and parasites." These being, unfortunately, in possession of the theatres, Mr. Sundorne was obliged to make use of them when he was lucky enough to find a man of wealth to pay for his pieces, and an actor of talent to play in them. He retained his low opinion of his colleagues in art, and the courage of it; for when Mr. Crowe, the manager of the Theatre Royal, made some uncomplimentary suggestions of alterations in *King Rupert*, Mr. Sundorne "struck the manager across the face with the roll of paper in his hand," and exclaimed, in a tempest of wrath:—"Silence! with your idiot's jabber and huckster's chaffering. Keep to your scurvy trade of lying advertisements and cooking accounts. Dare to talk to me, Arthur Sundorne!" and so on. Episodes of this sort seem not to interfere with theatrical business arrangements; for the play is brought out, has an immense success, and Sundorne has name, fame, position, and wealth at once. The young actor who had helped so much to the good fortune of Sundorne's plays, has a beautiful and noble wife (Marcia, by the way, is very cleverly described) with whom he has perfect domestic happiness, and who makes his exciting life wholesome by her influence and care. It occurs to Mr. Sundorne that Marcia would be of great service in his own neglected interior, so he takes her away from her home without an apparent tnought on his part or hers of the ruin she leaves behind. It is the way of genius, and genius must have its way. The deserted husband continues to act, but takes to chloral, morphia, and brandy, with the usual results, descriptions of which are not spared us. The Sundornes live on a pinnacle of success, happiness, and popular worship, until he dies of heart-disease, and Marcia flits about in black "like a widowed queen." This is but a brief sketch of the story, which is filled out by social and theatrical people and scenes described for the most part as vulgar and commonplace, and is told with vehemence and intense earnestness. It is interesting, if not pleasant, and it is suggestive, if the suggestions are scarcely encouraging.

The leading *ficelle* which moves the group of actors in Mrs. J. K. Spender's novel, *Lady Hazleton's Confession*, is not actually original, but it is unusual. The punishment inflicted by Lady Hazleton on her husband for his insulting, but certainly not ungrounded, suspicions is none the less humanly credible because it punishes the avenger at least equally with the offender. Evelyn Hazleton is from the beginning a being scarcely morally responsible. Her first appearance at a fancy ball, dressed as an angel, with dazzling star, shining sword, and snowy wings, is a startling and not undramatic contrast to her real nature. Beautiful as Helen, and without a principle or conviction, she is yet no common adventuress. She has impulses to good, though she does not follow them; she can recognize virtue, though she scorns to copy it. Such a woman as this, married to a cold conceited prig, "dull and slow, as if he were a sea-anemone," and so wrapped in his own egotism that he is incapable of guiding or moulding another nature, can result in nothing but a violent and lifelong conflict, terminating in wreck. These materials for a story are good, but they are overlaid by extraneous matter, and drawn out into wearisome tediousness. "*Rien n'est long que le superflu.*" There is much in the book that is excellent and much that is in the wrong place. Bernard Everingham, with his commonplace politics, speeches in the House, and economic fallacies, is altogether out of place. Such things can be avoided in the newspapers, but they are intrusive in novels. Anne Everingham is carefully described and analysed in the first chapter, and then vanishes, to appear no more. The visit of the Rector of Ensleigh to his son at the University might stand by itself as a pleasant little picture of old and young Oxford; but it has no bearing on Lady Hazleton's confession. Mrs. Spender writes with sincerity and earnestness, which sometimes fails to discern the comic, as earnestness often does. "Neither Robert nor I have any possible claim to the possession of souls," exclaims Evelyn, in the very height of passionate declamation against her husband; "he has done his best to deprive me of mine. He has even changed my servants."

Who or wnat the Honourable Miss may be who gives her name to Mr. L. T. Meade's novel an attentive perusal of the two neat little volumes has failed to convey. But the search has not been without some amusing result. The author's modest prefatory explanation—that he has described the "old-fashioned town" because "it reminds me of one where I spent a very happy portion of my life"—needs not to be taken as an apology. The good people of Northbury, the old-fashioned, are simple and commonplace; and what is better than lifelike descriptions of simple and commonplace people if one wants to while away an idle hour? *The Honourable Miss* would have been better without its mystery and with a little less of the flirtations of the three Miss Bells; Miss Matty might have "giggled" rather less frequently, and the ghost in the avenue could be dispensed with; but, leaving these aside, there is entertainment of a mild kind to be got out of the gossips and gammers of "the old-fashioned town." Mrs. Meadow-

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* *Mademoiselle Ixe.* By Lanoe Falconer. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Sundorne. By Bertha Thomas. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

Lady Hazleton's Confession. By Mrs. J. Kent Spender. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

The Honourable Miss: a Story of an Old-fashioned Town. By L. T. Meade. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

The Secret of the River. By Dora Russell. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

Idolaters. By Robert Haigh. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

sweet is very good, with her Maltese cap for young parties and "Honiton for those who know." But, chronologically speaking, even in an old-fashioned town, is lawn-tennis contemporaneous with such a supper as good Mrs. Meadowsweet arranges for only a Maltese cap party?—"I had better send out at once for a salmon and two or three lobsters and some crabs. There's cream enough in the house and plenty of stuff in the garden for salads. I got in a couple of chickens and a pair of ducks this morning." Northbury is a seaside place, which might account for its inhabitants supping on "rich decoctions of crab"; but experience can lend no explanation to the statement that a lady wore "a neat fissue of white lace."

Miss Dora Russell seems to choose elemental titles for her novels. We have had *Footprints in the Snow* and *The Track of the Storm*. Now we have *The Secret of the River*. The secret held by the Yorkshire river Wale, and disclosed in the fifth chapter of the second volume, is common, unfortunately, and not pleasant. A pretty mysterious woman—who lives alone in the River House, calls herself Mrs. Lee, and has no explanation to offer of Mr. Lee—who receives no visits except those of Captain Hugh Dundas, and who declines to know the vicar of the parish, affords a secret easy to guess. That Kathleen Wynford, the young daughter of the owner of the River House, should not have guessed it is quite natural. Kathleen had lived in the seclusion of her Yorkshire home with her eccentric father and her collie dog all her innocent short life, and when she is introduced by the reluctant Mrs. Lee to "my brother Captain Dundas," she accepts the situation with frank good faith. The captain is accomplished and handsome; Kathleen is beautiful and sympathetic. The usual result follows, and when Mrs. Lee has convinced herself beyond doubt that her hold on Captain Dundas has irrevocably passed away, the unhappy woman confides her secret and herself to the deep rolling river, which casts them up relentlessly at the feet of the lovers. After this there is a secondary tragedy in Kathleen's affairs, which obliges her to give up all her fortune; and, her attempt at the career of a governess proving a failure, the world would be a desert for her but for the faithfulness of a lumpish sort of lover, a being intellectually about on the level of Kathleen's collie, but morally as true and good. His father, with a tact few fathers display, had a fit in the very nick of time, and Ralph becomes a baronet; which, of course, raised him a good deal above the collie, and Kathleen marries him, but not until she had had ocular evidence in the stalls of the Haymarket that Captain Dundas had forgotten both her and the "secret of the river." The point in which the behaviour of this gentleman, holding Her Majesty's commission, is open to question is not in his relations to Mrs. Lee, or his inconstancy to her, and afterwards to Kathleen—it is in the circumstance of his forcing an acquaintance between a girl like Miss Wynford and a woman living under his protection, the wife of another man. It is a point of manners—something much more binding than one of morals—and one a man of the world, as Captain Dundas was, would have been more careful not to infringe.

Idolaters is a depressing book, not because it is crude, fragmentary, and incoherent, though it is all that, but because the author is so witty. When Mr. Robert Woodford, the artist, took his frugal out-of-door meal of bread and potted meat, "for spreading a part of which satisfying dainty he had inaugurated a new palate-knife," the fun is not meant to lie in the spelling, but in the humorous style of description. Previously to this Mr. Woodford had "stepped out of the train with all the freshness of a Reuter's telegram." A gentleman who had got up early puts the case to a young lady who had sat up late thus: "Ah! that's another point of view—the expectant lunar aspect of the case; you watched and waited for Sol's rosy fingers to wave you away into the shadows of his cloud curtains, while I was ignominiously hauled out from them by my hair for my sluggish indifference." And then when the writer feels with sympathy for his readers that the exigencies of his plot force him to abandon this merry tone and to drop into tragedy, he says: "That ideal has now to be abandoned; those bland creases in the smirking mask of comedy must be hardened for a while into lines of care. Would that every author's wit could supply an appropriate end-all on the hither or laughing side of things!" We almost think we like what he calls elsewhere his "platitudinous reflections" better.

AFRICANA AND STANLEYANA.*

IT is almost impossible to imagine a more melancholy book than Major Barttelot's diaries and letters make. Their melancholy does not consist in the mere fighting over the body of a dead man (though that is always sad enough), which has taken place, and in which we have had, and we fear shall have, occasion to take part, though it is, no doubt, enhanced by this. It does not in the least depend upon the acerbity with which the editor—provoked, not more justly by family feeling than by Mr. Stanley's own extraordinary unfairness, discourtesy, and *outrecuidance*—attacks and pursues the explorer. It is, luckily, not much increased by a sense of fault on the victim's part. Major Barttelot, indeed, even putting aside the mysterious hints of Mr. Stanley and the less indefinite assertions of Messrs. Troup and Bonny, was not faultless. A man with greater self-command would have either avoided the friction which began from the very first with Mr. Stanley, or, when it was well established, would have said, "Sir, I see we shall never work together satisfactorily, and, as I can't expect you to go back, I will." His quick temper, his rapid, dashing, rather heedless ways, the very absence of duplicity and caution in his character, made him ill adapted for dealing even with the "natives," much more with the so-called "Arabs," at once the wiliest, the touchiest, and the most unscrupulous of human beings. He was, perhaps, a little deficient in head for independent command; but it is excessively hard to put the finger on any point and say "Here he made a decided blunder." And when one surveys the task which was set him, revealed as it is in these transparently honest and artless diaries and letters, the only fitting comment is in the words of a French poet—

> Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
> Sisyphe, il faudrait ton courage.

Indeed, the title of this poem ("Le Guignon") throughout describes Barttelot's story. The luck was dead against him from the first. We gather from a letter of Sir Redvers Buller's (which, by the way, contains a grim but pleasing expression of a wish to have "five minutes alone with Assad Farran," the Syrian interpreter who slandered Barttelot) that even those who recommended him to the post were rather doubtful of his getting on with Mr. Stanley. Before the expedition left Zanzibar, if not before it got there, the rift showed itself between a self-reliant, not to say self-absorbed, American-Welshman, with an intense belief in his star, a dash of mysticism, an intellect and will superior to his breeding, and a sublime indifference to the number of followers who might be *gastados* in carrying out his plans, and a typical English stripling (as Mr. Morley would say) of the upper class, as generous, amiable, and loyal as a man might be, but hot-tempered, accustomed to associate with his equals and command his inferiors, with very little of the wisdom of the serpent and yet by no means a dove. The weary old commonplace of faults on both sides alone suits the wearier facts. That Mr. Stanley deliberately made a Uriah of the Major, as his brother seems half to believe, or only expected him to be of use in an ivory-carrying expedition, we need not hold. But there is no doubt that he so arranged matters that almost all the chances of success were with himself, and all those of failure were with his subordinate. The facts—we believe undisputed, certainly indisputable—which Major Walter Barttelot marshals as to numbers and physique of men, weight of loads, and the like, with the plain text of the instructions, and the unquestionable failure of Tippoo Tib to fulfil his contract, show in a manner quite unmistakable that disaster of some sort was certain. We do not ourselves see how success was possible, unless Barttelot had disregarded his orders altogether, sacrificed the greater part of his stores, set his sickly men at large, and with the remnant—a very dangerously small one—gone up the river at his own risk and peril. Even then, considering Mr. Stanley's own experiences, failure was very possible.

As it is, the book is, we repeat, most painful reading. It is seldom (if a subtlety may be allowed) disagreeably painful, except when the evidence of the soreness which Mr. Stanley had excited in the Major comes in; but it is always painful. The redeeming point is the curious simplicity and affectionateness of the man. Instead of quarrelling with his second in command and almost equal, Mr. Jameson, he forms the closest friendship with him. One of his last letters begs his sister twice over to be kind to the invalided Mr. Rose Troup, whose relations with the Major himself had not been invariably friendly. Harsh as his discipline was, and was necessarily, he seems to have taken not the slightest pleasure, but the reverse, in severity. His letters to his parents, his sisters, his little nephews and nieces are delightful. He has nothing but good words for the Belgian officers, who, if we may trust Mr. Werner (and Major Walter Barttelot, as we did at the time, does), might have warned him of his doom and did not, and who certainly spoilt his last chance of successful advance by inducing Tippoo Tib to give them half the men intended for the expedition. He wrote just before his death to ask that a silver cup should be sent to the very man (Van Kerkhoven) who told Mr. Werner of the order to shoot him. Throughout he goes, except for pluckiness, as a sheep to the slaughter. And we can quite understand the indignation with which his family regard Mr. Stanley's at the best most ungenerous treatment of one who was his scapegoat, and his whipping boy, and who may not too unjustly be called his victim.

Mr. Mounteney Jephson's expected account of his adventures on the long mission to the northern part of the Equatorial province, which immediately resulted in the captivity of both himself and Emin, and their exposure to imminent peril, hardly touches this matter at all. There is one, and only one, reference, generous enough, to Major Barttelot and this burning question. The other question—that of the relations between Mr. Stanley and Emin—smoulders rather than burns, and will do so until Emin thinks fit to explain his (even to those who are by no means great admirers of Mr. Stanley) not wholly intelligible conduct. It is therefore comparatively, though only comparatively, an uncontentious book.

* *Major Barttelot's Diaries and Letters.* Edited by Walter G. Barttelot. London: Bentley. 1890.

Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator. By A. J. Mounteney Jephson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Five Years with the Congo Cannibals. By Herbert Ward. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

Mackay of Uganda. By his Sister. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

It is also a very pleasant one to read. Mr. Jephson writes with remarkable straightforwardness, simplicity, and ease; his descriptions of the country and people he saw are vivid and not overdone; and he gives, on the whole, the best account of the Equatorial province which has been given since Sir Samuel Baker's. It is a very curious picture, nor do we remember anything exactly like it:—that of the single European (for Emin was practically alone), the garrison of a few hundred motley and half-civilized troops, Egyptians, "Soudanese" (a remarkably loose term), and what not, and the perfectly savage and only half-subdued tribes of natives surrounding the garrison settlements. Besides this, Mr. Jephson has plenty of exciting incident to throw in, though the outlines, if not the details, are, it is true, known already; the gradual progress northwards from the regular settlements of Wadelai and Dufilé, the increasing disaffection, the outbreak, the imprisonment, the arrival of the "Peacock" dervishes with the Mahdi's letter and their slow martyrdom, the subsequent invasion of the "Donagla" (the Mahdi's troops), their early success and rather unintelligible retreat, the release of the Pasha and his companion, and their journey to meet Mr. Stanley once more at the Albert Nyanza. Mr. Jephson seems to have behaved with remarkable judgment all through, though he in no way magnifies his own deeds; and his admiration for his leader, if a little excessive, is not unpleasing.

The book also throws some light on that irresolution of Emin which is so incomprehensible to Mr. Stanley and Mr. Jephson, and on the conduct of the "rebels." Mr. Jephson is, as is not unbecoming to a young and enthusiastic man, very severe on the "cowardly," "treacherous" Egyptians, and not much less so on the Soudanese, in whom, however, he admits some chivalry at times, though at others he accuses them too of cowardice. We think, however, that this last word should be used with more caution of men who not only previously, but actually at this time, repulsed the Mahdi's troops. Mere cowards do not, as Mr. Jephson allows that these mutineers did, sally out resolutely not more than a few hundreds strong to attack, and if possible recover, distant stations which they had lost to an enemy superior in number, with backing of unknown strength, and furnished with steamers, guns, and so forth. Mutineers they were, no doubt, and, like most mutineers, cruel, rapacious, and tyrannical. But by putting oneself a little in their place, one may quite understand a certain doubt, first, whether this ragged Englishman (Mr. Jephson describes his rapscallionly appearance with humour), attended by a mere handful of Zanzibaris, really represented the Khedive; secondly, whether the Khedive, who had left them alone for years and paid them no wages for years before, was entitled to implicit obedience; and, thirdly, whether, the river-way being barred, it was worth while to leave their comfortable homes in the province, and face the redoubtable Wanyoro, the more redoubtable Waganda, or the forest wildernesses. Something like the same hesitation may very naturally be attributed to Emin himself, with that additional disinclination to "desert his people" and his post which Mr. Stanley cannot understand. One thing is quite certain. The Relief Expedition found the province, if with an ugly spot of mutiny in it, a well-organized and thriving outpost of civilization, and left it a howling wilderness. And we are not at all certain that it was not the coming of the expedition that was mainly responsible for this.

Mr. Herbert Ward's volume contains hardly any contentious matter, except for its preface, which itself contains little but documents already known, and the certainly not violent expression of opinion that "Mr. Stanley takes much too harsh a view of a portion of his expedition that endured great hardships while doing their best." The greater part of it is not occupied with the expedition (on which, however, Mr. Ward did some remarkable service as messenger and transport manager), but with his earlier experiences on the Congo. We have seen no better account of the natives along the river from the mouth to Stanley Falls; and the book is embellished with a very large number of singularly spirited and (according to good testimony) singularly faithful drawings from Mr. Ward's own pencil. There is only one thing about it that we do not like, and cannot very well understand, and that is, that a book which bears the imprint of Messrs. Spottiswoode exhibits the hideous and idiotic American spelling in such words as "defense," "marvelous," "center." Putting this aside, it is a very pleasant book to read, and shows remarkable familiarity with and aptitude for travel and adventure. Not the least interesting thing in it is the narrative of Deane, the heroic defender of Stanley Falls, about whom Mr. Stanley has spoken with his unvarying generosity about the dead in his last book. The narrative of that exploit (which made Mr. Stanley very angry, because it made Tippoo Tib angry) has been told before by Mr. Werner and others, but not, we think, directly from the chief performer's mouth.

The authorship of the Life of the late Mr. A. M. Mackay, if nothing else, would make it unnecessary to comment on some little peculiarities of what the enemy might call a sectarian nature about "the venomous blood of the Bourbons and the cursed leaven of Rome," as well as some later displays of something like a Codlin and Short feeling as to the French missionaries. But there is much other reason why, though it would hardly be faithful not to refer or allude to such matters, they need only reference or allusion, and not detailed stricture. Mr. Mackay's too early closed life was a very remarkable instance of the best kind of missionary effort. If he escaped the fate of Bishop Hannington, it was no doubt partly by a miracle—all things, rightly understood, happen by a miracle, though some are more miraculous than others—but partly also because he helped the miracle to happen by his own courage, his own tact, his own steadfastness and wisdom. With no great experience (for he was a young man when he died, and a very young one when he began his mission), he displayed a combination of religious enthusiasm and temporal hardheadedness which is, perhaps, only found in perfection in Scotchmen. And so it happened (to mention only one, and that a secular result) that with Uganda in a flame, with marauding Arabs all about the country, with the greatest jealousy of the Emin Relief Expedition, and with further alarms about the respective designs of England and Germany, he managed for years to be a purveyor of the only news that came to Europe from the equatorial regions, and kept his own trust for those years safe and unharmed. In some circumstances he might have been a very great man; in the circumstances which were his he was very little short of great and not short at all of good.

ROUND THE CALENDAR IN PORTUGAL.*

NO Englishman knows Portugal better than Mr. Crawfurd, nor is this the first book he has written on the country. If there is a fault to be found with it, it is that he sometimes repeats himself, which is of the less consequence, however, that many of his readers may unfortunately not be acquainted with his earlier work. *Round the Calendar* is chiefly concerned with the romantic northern province of the Douro; and Mr. Crawfurd, after long experience of it, paints almost everything in rose colour. He had lavished generous praise on the people and their sterling qualities when recent political events might have induced him to modify his opinions. Though an old and respected resident, though an acclimatized vinegrower and farmer, as a representative Englishman he was mobbed in the streets of Oporto by angry students, who foully abused him. He is content to dismiss the matter with the remark that it was merely a Southern fashion of hinting that England had shown herself grasping in Southern Africa. But if these Southerns have a disagreeably fervid manner of delivering their minds, their climate, according to Mr. Crawfurd, seems nearly all that could be desired. The east winds, which set in steadily with the spring, spend their force against the great mountain barriers which divide North-Eastern Portugal from Spain; and they are disinfected and medicated by the balmy fragrance of the resin in the vast forests of pine-trees which clothe the slopes of the hills. It is hot and dry in the summer, no doubt. But then the night-air is not only refreshing, but delightfully invigorating, and even innocently intoxicating. In short, if they could content themselves with Portuguese quarters, English invalids might do worse than go to Oporto, which is within four days' steaming of our southern shores.

Mr. Crawfurd has arranged his book in the form of a calendar, following the courses of the seasons, and sticking mainly to the country and rural affairs. Now and again subjects are introduced somewhat arbitrarily which belong specially to no particular month, such as politics and bimetallism and the decoration of native pottery ware; but that could hardly be helped. He begins with blooming March, when in the sunny air of the spring "there is an incredible wealth and force and luxuriance of life." He tells us of shady streams alive with trout, though the trout are seldom tempted with fly or worm. The peasant lads have ways of fishing of their own; they strip to the skin in that genial air, and plunging into the pools, go groping in holes and under great stones. Then the birds commence their migratory flights; and the Douro is one of the great halting-places of those which either cross the Bay of Biscay or hug the curving coast lines of France. In Portugal almost all the British birds are to be found, with two notable exceptions—the song thrush and the skylark. On the other hand, it can boast of the great bustard and the hoopoe. Nor has the balance of nature been disturbed in Portugal by game-preserving and the arbitrary proscription of birds of prey, and the noblest of these find inaccessible breeding-places among the precipices and ravines on the eastern frontier. By April the early crops are well forward, and it is a jovial month in the farmer's household. It is then he taps the casks of wine laid down after the last autumn's vintage. Mr. Crawfurd has much to say in commendation of the strong wines of those hot and sheltered northern districts. They are full of body, and, as the farmers say, they have a soul too, though to a stranger they taste rough and harsh. Mr. Crawfurd believes they are of great service in reviving the spirits and recruiting the strength of the labouring-men after the depressing cold of the winter. But the Portuguese peasant lives well, and his lot is certainly more luxurious than that of similar classes with us. For the most part he is a peasant-proprietor or freeholder; and, though the holding may sometimes be extremely small, he almost invariably keeps his yoke of oxen. The staple crops are rye and maize, and the nourishing bread is made of a mixture of the two. The one does well in drought, the other with damp; so there is small risk of scarcity and far less of starvation. Moreover, the Portuguese has his changes of diet and little luxuries in the way of condiments of which the English peasant has no conception.

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* *Round the Calendar in Portugal.* By Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G., H.M. Consul at Oporto. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

He is guaranteed fair prices by a high protective tariff; and, though Mr. Crawfurd declares himself a sound Free-trader, he confesses that Protection works well in Portugal, supporting a numerous population in general prosperity and content. As for the farming, it is primitive in the extreme. The rude implements have scarcely changed since the time of the Romans, and each farmer can do his own repairs. But he directs special attention to one point on which, as he thinks, the Portuguese improve upon our system. They never use the straw for fodder. The bedding of the animals is furze or brushwood, and the straw chopped up for food is mixed with the green meat.

There is an interesting chapter on the bull-ring. The Portuguese bulls are small, but strong and active, and they have fairer chances in the fighting than in Spain. In Spain every bull is doomed inevitably to death, but that is not the case in Portugal; and in one way it makes the sport more dangerous. For the bull that has been in the ring before becomes cunning, and instead of charging blindly on the *chulo's* cloak, he is apt to take things quietly, to watch his chance, and bury his horns in the man who flaunts the colours before him. It gives an idea of the activity of the sinewy Portuguese bulls when we are told that many of them will easily clear a barrier five feet five inches in height. There is a satisfactory reason for introducing superstitions or "beliefs," as Mr. Crawfurd prefers to call them, under the heading of June. For on the 23rd of the month, which is the Eve of St. John, all the powers of Darkness are set free to hold high carnival. These beliefs are engrained in the minds of the peasants. Handed down from heathen days, they have been nursed in the vast solitudes of the dark pine forests. These forests have always been frequented by wehr-wolves, and it is noteworthy that *lobis-homen*, which is the name for them, is scarcely changed from the Latin *Lupus-homo*. They are extremely common, because in each family of seven children one is predestined to become a *corredor*, or night-ranger. The *corredor* need not necessarily assume the form or habits of a wolf; but he is very apt to do so, after having gone through some preliminary training as hare, fox, or wild cat. Once a wehr-wolf he can never be reclaimed; but so long as he merely transforms himself into a less harmful animal, he is not beyond hope of redemption, and there are recognized methods of treatment by which the spells may be broken. Many lonely wells are still haunted by Moorish maidens, the victims of forgotten tragedies; there are caverns infested by maidens who have been changed into serpents, and, as they may be generally disenchanted by marriage with a Christian, they are always on the look-out for an eligible *parti*. So are not a few of the most beautiful of the fairies, who never seem to consider either low birth or poverty an objection; and indeed, so far as money goes, they are invariably heiresses in their own right, with any amount of treasure at command. The worst of these matches between mortals and the underground folk is that, by either formal or tacit understanding, no holy word must be uttered by the husband. If he forgets himself so far as to call upon Heaven or the Virgin—and in the ordinary course of conversation or ejaculation the peasant is invoking both a dozen times in the hour—his wife vanishes forthwith; which seems to us the easiest and most economical of all known forms of divorce. In Portugal, as elsewhere, some of the most popular superstitions are doubtless founded on the wild cries of the birds that migrate in the darkness and the flapping of their countless wings, which leads us to remark that in the month of September Mr. Crawfurd resumes his valuable notes on ornithology. Along the low Douro coast, with its pine woods, its sand-dunes, and the swampy deltas of its tiny streams, there is a perpetual stream of birds passing southward. Most of them appear to prefer travelling by day, but the waders, the ducks, and the seafowl make their journeys by night. Then the cries may be heard in calm or storm by which they dress their ranks and direct their course, and the shrieking, mingling with the sighing of the night winds through the pine-boughs, may well be translated by superstition into the wailing of restless spirits. Mr. Crawfurd remarks on the extraordinary rapidity of the flight of the little turtle-dove. He says he knows of nothing so swift except the swoop of the falcon on its quarry. Really we are compelled to believe he exaggerates, making all allowance for *façon de parler*:—

> One sees, staring hard upon the aërial horizon to the north, a moving pin-point in size, and before one can breathe once the point has expanded into a flock of a hundred doves; there is heard a rushing sound of their wings overhead, and the minute afterwards they have dwindled again to a single dot in the southern sky.

Finally, passing over poetry and folklore, politics and the arts, and some interesting and suggestive remarks on vine diseases and the *Phylloxera*, we are taken for a few pages into the recesses of the mountainous borderland which has done so much to secure the independence of Portugal. The Romans, of course, carried one of their strategical roads over these mountains, and have left military columns by way of memorials. Now modern enterprise has pierced them with a railway, which is tunnelled through the spurs of the precipices and carried upon lofty viaducts over sunless abysses. By the way, a Russian engineer employed in its construction told Mr. Crawfurd that the mountain air breeds the most malignant fevers of which he had had any experience, even in the most unhealthy countries; notwithstanding which the sturdy inhabitants, said to be descended from Gothic refugees, manage to live and thrive somehow. In their villages, one of which is 6,000 feet above the sea-level, clothed in sheepskins, shod in heavy wooden sandals, and almost entirely self-sufficing, they defy alike the cold, the malaria, and the tax-gatherer. We may add that the book is very prettily illustrated.

ENGLISH FOLK-TALES.*

THE folklorist on one side and the infant of tender years on the other may find certain faults with a very agreeable volume, Mr. Jacobs's *English Fairy Tales*. The folklorist will say that Mr. Jacobs has no business to do the Scotch tales into English, and he will say this with particular vigour if he is a Scot himself. It is the Scot, and not the pock-pudding, who has preserved the best stories of the Nursery cycle. He prefers "My minnie me slew," in Chambers's version, to "My mother killed me," in Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties*. The story occurs, in fragments, among the Bechuanas; Goethe puts a snatch of the song in Gretchen's mouth; the Magyars have it; and the Northern English counties know it. Probably they got it (our objector will say) from the Scotch. Then there is "Nicht, Nought, Nothing," the Morayshire version of that widely-diffused tale of the lad who married the Giant's daughter, and by her aid achieved great adventures. Why in the world should Mr. Jacobs call it "Nix, Nought, Nothing." Nix has nothing to do with the case. He adds, in his own manner, the adventures which are conspicuously missing in the Morayshire version. He makes the henwife "teach an unspelling catch," which will be even as the Mandingo language to children who read the tale, and which savours of pedantry. Mr. Jacobs does "Binnorie" into prose, out of the ballad. People do not "see sweet pale faces" in proper fairy tales nor in ballads. Sweet pale faces are of the modern novel. Again, "Childe Rowland" (*sic*) is Scotch, rescued from oblivion by Jamieson. Mr. Jacobs "has Anglicized the Scotticisms." Scotticisms is good. Dorians may speak Doric, we presume, as the women say in the *Adoniazusæ*. Mr. Jacobs is enough to make one a Scotch Home Ruler. Probably the English had the story, as Shakspeare alludes to it, but they had not the wit to keep it. With equal daring Mr. Jacobs renders the Aberdonian Mally Whuppie (an indigenous form of "Le Petit Poucet") as "Molly Whuppie," and has "modified the dialect." Moreover, Mr. Jacobs has turned the "Red Etin" of Chambers into the "Red Ettin," and has taken liberties with his adventures. Beaumont and Fletcher may spell Ettin with two t's; they were English, and knew no better, and their descendants south of the Tweed would not so much as be aware of the existence of an Etin but for the Scotch. So it is fairly calm conduct in Mr. Jacobs to improve on the Etin, and to bring in a substance called "a johnny cake," which may be American for a bannock. A johnny cake, in a legend like this, is simply an outrage. Fortunately for a story called "The Wee Bannock," "the Scotticisms are so frequent as to render it practically untranslatable." This is strange, if, as Mr. Jacobs says, "Lowland Scotch may be regarded as simply a dialect of English." He adds that "it is a mere chance whether a tale is extant in one or other, or both." There is no chance in the matter. The Scotch have preserved, and the English have apparently lost, all the romantic *märchen*, except "Cap o' Rushes," for which the Scotch have "Rashin Coatie." The same rule holds, even more conspicuously, as to ballads. It is no mere accident which kept "Clerk Saunders," "The Wife of Usher's Well," "The Bonny Hind," and the rest in Scotch, and which retained in that "dialect" the romantic *Märchen* whereof only a name or a fragment survives south of Tweed and Till. The people in one country was romantic; in the other was nothing less than romantic. This is one of the most patent lessons of folklore. "Dick Whittington" is an English tale; the "Red Etin," or "Kate Crackernuts," is Scotch; the difference is not accidental, but essential. One cannot imagine in a rural English mouth such an idea as "The Well o' the World's End." Thus the Northern folklorist will vindicate his people's claim to owning the best English fairy tales. When the justly-infuriated Caledonian has passed these comments, or such as these, he will admit that Mr. Jacobs means to publish later a critical set of tales, with no improvements nor alterations. He has found traces of one hundred and forty—some, probably, surviving in the form of ballad, not of story. What we shall be anxious to know is this—has he found an indigenous form of "Puss in Boots," not derived from Perrault, as "Rashin Coatie" is not derived from "Cinderella," nor "Cap o' Rushes" from "Peau d'âne"? Have we a native "Sleeping Beauty," as in Aberdeenshire we have a native "Hop o' my Thumb"? It is certainly curious that a tale like "Puss in Boots," known from Russia to France, from Italy to Zanzibar and the Soudan, seems to be absent in these isles. Mr. Jacobs does not give the Scotch "Black Bull o' Norroway." He will find part, at least, of an old English version in Sidney's *Arcadia*. The Elizabethans not seldom refer to the nursery legends, as "Childe Roland" and "Mr. Fox," which Shakspeare must have known. If they got into print in that early age, the copies must have perished almost beyond hope of recovery.

So much for the censures of the folklorist. He will allow that

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* *English Folk-tales.* Collected by Joseph Jacobs. London: David Nutt. 1890.

Mr. Jacobs has made a very pleasant nursery collection. Of his tales a great many were probably never before printed in a book, and certainly never before were they collected into one volume for children. Among these new gifts to the nursery library are "Tom Tit Tot," a delightful rural version of the "Rumpelstiltskin" formula, probably the most humorous version known. The amusing "Three Sillies," from a French source, is given in another new fairy-book; otherwise it is practically unpublished, and so, except for special students, is "Nicht, Nought, Nothing," "Cap o' Rushes," "Jack and his Golden Snuff-box" (a Gipsy story), "Childe Roland," "Kate Crackernuts," and the Semitic and entertaining "Mr. Miacca." The very names ought to allure children, whose only complaint, and a childish one, will be that the preface and notes are not meant for them. They are fairly warned off those dull pages, or rather those pages which may seem dull to them. Perhaps, indeed, the science is really superfluous here, as it cannot be exhaustive, and may frighten away the intending purchaser. Nothing is more unpopular than the study of popular traditions. If Mr. Jacobs had left all his erudition out he would have pleased parents and uncles, and, instead of throwing pearls before these persons, he might have presented them to their few amateurs on a later occasion. But parents and uncles need not be frightened. This is a pleasant and prettily illustrated book for the nursery, though it is also not out of place in the study. It does not really fall between two stools, and we confidently recommend it to everybody who wants to please a child of ordinary intelligence. But to the child who does not like it we may say, as Dr. Johnson said to the little girl who had not read *The Pilgrim's Progress*, "then I have no opinion of you."

COMMERCIAL TRAINING AND COMMERCIAL PRE-EMINENCE.*

THIS is one of several educational works written by Dr. Yeats. He has long recognized that we in this country have hitherto trusted too much to our commercial pre-eminence, to the vastness of our capital, and to the inherited skill of our workpeople; and that if we are to hold our own, we must in future more carefully train our population for the various avocations to which they are to apply themselves. He has, however, not contented himself with preaching this doctrine; he has set to work to produce books that would be useful to the intending man of business. They are all of considerable merit. They impress upon the youthful reader that, under the conditions of modern competition, it is not enough for the merchant to have acquired the practical training of the counting-house. He must also have an observant and inquiring mind; he must know not only the productions and resources of his own country and of those with which he does business; he must also have a fair knowledge of what all competitors can do. For this, he requires to be acquainted with modern languages and commercial geography, and he ought to have some tincture of natural science. More important, however, than mere acquirements are the habits of observation and inquiry. Without these, new industries cannot be created, nor new markets opened up. Much of what we are now accustomed to look upon as necessaries of life were unknown to our ancestors a few centuries ago. Every day some new substance that previously had been considered a mere waste product is applied to useful purposes, and gives employment often to vast multitudes. In fact, economic development in the past has consisted partly in making the nations of the world acquainted with one another's production, and in enabling them to exchange their surpluses, and partly in finding use for old and unappreciated gifts of nature. In the work before us Dr. Yeats, however, dwells less upon these points; his main object is to trace the causes that determine the course of trade and give pre-eminence to some countries over others. In this part of his work he appears to us to attach overmuch importance to natural advantages. Of course, it is inconceivable that without some natural advantages a country could ever rise to prosperity, much less could distance other countries in trade competition. But natural advantages, for all that, do not determine success, though they are among the causes which contribute to it. Even intelligence and skill, we venture to assert, when combined with considerable natural advantages, do not give pre-eminence. Circumstances must combine to favour one country at the expense of others, and when circumstances do so combine, a country with only very moderate natural advantages may rise far superior to other countries richer in natural resources.

If Tyre and Carthage had owed their great maritime supremacy mainly to natural advantages, it is incredible that the Phœnician and Tunisian coasts could have remained for so many centuries in the condition in which we know them. Even if those cities had fallen under the attack of irresistible force, they would have been rebuilt, and their streets would once more resound with the hum of busy multitudes. If this be disputed, can any one assert that Holland has natural advantages compared with France, or Spain, or Italy, or Germany? and yet Holland was once the leading European maritime power. Even in our own case, though it is the fashion to say that England owes her position among nations to her coal and iron, we venture to doubt whether her natural advantages nearly equal those of some of her competitors. Take, for example, the cotton manufacture. Its seat, no doubt, has certain advantages. It is close to rich iron- and coal-fields, and it is close also to the Port of Liverpool. But the Port of Liverpool is inferior in many respects for carrying on trade with America to some of the South Welsh ports and to some of the Irish ports. And against the nearness of the iron and coal-fields is to be set the great distances from which our cotton has to be brought. The iron- and coal-fields of Pennsylvania and of some of the Southern States are at least as rich as those of Northern England, and the American coal-fields are quite close to the source of supply, while the English coal-fields are thousands of miles away. Even race does not determine commercial and manufacturing pre-eminence; for the Americans are of our own stock, and the American capitalist can command the best skill and the best intelligence that England produces. It may be objected that America is a new country, and has hardly had time yet to compete seriously with us. It is to be recollected, however, that the cotton industry also is very new. Practically it is the growth of the present century. And, secondly, it is to be borne in mind that already America has been able to build up a great iron and steel industry. At the present moment, indeed, she is a greater producer of iron than even the United Kingdom itself. If other evidence of what we contend for were required, look at the very respectable manufactures which Switzerland has been able to establish, though she lies in the very heart of the European Continent, far removed from the sea, and though she has no great mineral resources. Look also at the extraordinary progress, maritime, commercial, and industrial, which Germany has made within the past half-century.

We conclude, then, that, though natural advantages help a nation to become commercially and industrially pre-eminent, and though intelligence, skill, industry, and thrift help it still more, there is something over and above all this requisite to ensure it a victory over all its competitors. In other words, it must be favoured by circumstances in the struggle. In our own case, we were favoured in an extraordinary degree. Since the Norman Conquest we have been secure from foreign invasion. And, to a great extent also, internal order has been maintained. At all events, since the accession of the House of Tudor, great nobles have not been allowed to keep numerous retainers in idleness, and therefore the law has been supreme in the castle as well as in the cottage. As a consequence, every man has had to look to his own exertions for his own maintenance, while business afforded the only outlet for energy and ambition. Upon the Continent the formation of great unitarian States is a work of yesterday. Internal and external wars hardly ever ceased, and orderly and industrious habits had scarcely a chance to grow up. It was inevitable, therefore, that Englishmen should throw themselves into business, as it alone offered opportunity for promotion and distinction. And of course, as generation after generation succeeded one another in quiet and law-abiding modes of life, habits of order came to be engrained in the population. The English people were thus able to avail themselves of every opportunity for increasing their wealth, and as their numbers were not kept down by internal dissensions, the population tended to become too numerous every now and then; it overflowed and founded great colonies abroad which opened up new markets for the products of the mother-country, and which at the same time were training schools for its mariners. No doubt England every now and then engaged in European wars, and thereby wasted some of her capital; but, upon the whole, the waste was small in comparison with the accumulation that was steadily going on from the growth of her trade at home and with her colonies. As, owing to her security, her wealth grew more rapidly than that of any Continental nation, she was able to lead the way in every application of new inventions to the useful arts. Her machinery thereby multiplied, her people acquired greater and greater skill, and her manufactures tended every day to become better than those of her competitors. The matter is not of merely theoretical or of historical interest, it is of practical importance also. To a large extent our trading pre-eminence is due to accident, and we may lose it if we pride ourselves too much upon our superiority over others, or upon the natural resources of our own country. We need to be always on the alert to keep what we have got.

* *The Golden Gates of Trade.* By John Yeats, LL.D., &c. London and Liverpool: Philip & Son. 1890.

THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA.*

THE very comfortable doctrine that we are gradually advancing towards perfection gains some support in the department of books of travel. A comparison of the work with which a century or two ago travellers who had ventured into Morocco or who had penetrated into Asia amused their readers with the careful records which are demanded from explorers nowadays reveals a difference as wide as that which separates the *Historia Britannica* (1640) from Green's *History of the English People.* Minute geographical details, careful calculations as to distances, accurate reports on the commercial and physical aspects of the country, and scientific memoranda on philological questions

* *Three Years in Western China: a Narrative of Three Journeys in Ssŭ-ch'uan, Kuei-chow, and Yunnan.* By Alexander Hosie. London: Philip & Son. 1890.

connected with it, must all be elaborately dealt with by any traveller who may hope to have his MS. accepted in Paternoster Row. In former days such authors aimed only at drawing a series of pictures of the countries they visited, which were as often as not based on erroneous ideas and misconceived information. Compared with such works a modern book of travel is like an architect's drawing, with ground plan, elevations, and landscapes, all helping to give both a general and a minute idea of the ground represented.

Mr. Hosie has evidently realized what was required of him, and, though there are traces in his book which show that at times he worked himself up to the necessary standard, as the Scotchman jokes, "with deefeecultie," yet, on the whole, he has produced a good book of modern travel. One great advantage that our ancestors had over their more exact descendants was that they were not in any way restricted by time. They travelled leisurely onwards. They had no official posts to return to after a certain number of days; nor did Foreign Office officials fret themselves if they disappeared from civilization longer than was expected. Mr. Hosie, on the other hand, was obliged to perform his journeys *pede currente*. As he tells us, he "got up at daybreak, hurried on to the end of the stage, wrote up an account of the day's journey, endeavoured to get something to eat, and tried to enjoy a few hours' sleep ere the labours of another day began." Such a life of hurry is not conducive to careful study, and we can only congratulate him on having been able to do so much under very trying circumstances. In certain districts in Yunnan the speed at which he journeyed prevented him from taking the usual precautions for the preservation of the health of himself and his followers. The result was, that he suffered severely from fever, one or more of his companions died by the way, and one and all were weakened and partially invalided.

Mr. Hosie's point of departure on the three journeys recorded in the present volume was Ch'ungk'ing, in Ssŭ-ch'uan, to which place he had been sent as Consular-Agent under the terms of the Cheefoo Convention. By the same instrument it was provided that steamers should be allowed to pass upwards over the rapids which separate Ichang from Ch'ungk'ing, on the Yangtszekiang. It was in expectation of the British trade which would be developed in Ssŭ-ch'uan by the passage of steamers into that province that Mr. Hosie was sent to Ch'ungk'ing. This wise provision, which was insisted on by Sir Thomas Wade, does not however seem to have found favour with his successor at Peking, who has lately signed an agreement by which he covenants that no British steamer shall attempt to reach Ch'ungk'ing until Chinese steamers have made the voyage backwards and forwards carrying cargo. The present Minister's time of service at Peking is nearly over, and probably he will forget in fresh fields of usefulness the mistake of which he has been guilty. But Ministers should remember that, though diplomatists come and go, mercantile communities go on for ever, and that this unfortunate acquiescence in the Chinese demands will be a constant source of annoyance and loss to merchants in China until some Minister be found who will be sufficiently energetic to undo the mischief.

Mr. Hosie is evidently of opinion that, when the permission to steam up the Ch'ungk'ing shall be given, the voyage will be readily accomplished. But he modifies this opinion in one important particular. He says (p. 9):—"During low water"—that is, from the middle of November to the middle of March or a little later—"there is, in my opinion, one, and only one, insuperable obstacle to a steamer—the Ch'ing T'an Rapid, the last serious rapid above Ichang." If he were correct in this, the value of the privilege of a right of way to foreign steamers on the upper waters of the Yangtszekiang would not be nearly so great as is commonly supposed. A route which is only available for about half the year, and which is even then surrounded with difficulties and dangers, would be at best but a makeshift. But Mr. Hosie's views on the navigability of rivers are a little perplexing. He tells us of a river in Ssŭ-ch'uan which, "owing to rapids, is unnavigable until it approaches the province of Ssŭ-ch'uan; but even," he adds, "in this short distance of over a hundred miles it is an important trade highway." How a portion of a river can be at the same time unnavigable and an important trade highway we must leave our readers to imagine.

Perhaps his positive assertions as to the impossibility of constructing a railway through Yunnan to the Yangtsze must also not be taken too seriously. At all events, according to his showing, the Yangtsze route compares very unfavourably, so far as Yunnan is concerned, with the Red River communication from Tonquin. That river is not only free from the very dangerous rapids which make the voyage between Ichang and Ch'ungk'ing a matter of doubt and difficulty, but is open all the year round. In these circumstances it behoves us to push on our surveys of a practicable route between Burma and Yunnan. At present we are told of two roads along which railways might be made without meeting with any unusual difficulties. One follows a course to the south of the old caravan road from Bhamo to Yunnanfu, and the other is the one advocated by Mr. Hallett, which runs from Maulmein in Burma to Zimmé in Siam, and onwards through the Shan States to the frontier of Yunnan. But the British Government seems to think that there is a special Providence watching over English trade, which makes any effort on its behalf unnecessary. It is evidently oblivious to the fact that, though the total foreign trade of China is rapidly increasing, and that though the Continental trade with China is advancing *pari passu*, our trade is falling off. When the Tonquin route has intensified this evil, and when the public suddenly become aware, as they will some day, of the very ominous decline in our Eastern commerce, there will probably be a scare and a reckless expenditure of public funds, half of which might very possibly be saved if the surveys and line were undertaken at once.

Mr. Hosie's description of the wealth of Ssŭ-ch'uan and Yunnan is in agreement with that of other travellers who have preceded him. Baron Richthofen and Mr. Baber travelled over much the same country as he visited, and both writers speak with enthusiasm of the capabilities for trade possessed by the two provinces. Of the two, Ssŭ-ch'uan possesses at the present time the more attractive aspect. The greater part of the province is richly cultivated, is extremely fertile, and is thickly populated. It produces abundant commodities for exportation, and lacks exactly the article with which English merchants are burning to supply it. Nature has been prodigal in all her gifts except that of the power of growing cotton, and the small quantity which is now commonly imported into the province finds its way slowly and laboriously in native boats over the rapids in the Yangtsze. So serious an impediment to trade are these obstacles, that while the inhabitants of Ssŭ-ch'uan and Yunnan form nearly one-third of the population of the whole of China, they absorb less than one-tenth of the piece goods which are sent into the interior from the port of Shanghai.

One very interesting article of export from Ssŭ-ch'uan is the white wax of commerce. Baron Richthofen was the first traveller who was able to examine on the spot into the processes by which this wax is produced; and, in his letters from Ssŭ-ch'uan to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, he gave a most careful and interesting account of its manufacture. Mr. Baber also wrote a report on the subject, and now Mr. Hosie adds his quota to our knowledge of this curious article of trade. The wax is secreted by insects on the leaves and branches of the "white wax tree," and covers them to a depth of a quarter of an inch with a substance resembling sulphate of quinine or a sprinkling of snow. When the animals have exhausted their efforts in producing the wax, the branches are lopped off and thrown into boilers, when the wax, rising to the surface, is skimmed off. The best kind is, however, separated from the branches before these are subjected to the boiling process. But, though the insects perform this most useful function in the Prefecture of Chiating, they refuse to propagate in that locality. And just as this is the only district in the province where they will produce the wax, so the valley of Chiench'ang, which is separated from Chiating by a distance of two hundred miles and by a series of mountain ranges, is the only neighbourhood where they will reproduce their species. The insects have, therefore, to be transported from one place to the other, and to effect this several thousand porters collect annually in the month of April at Chiench'ang. To each porter a load consisting of sixty packets of the embryo insects, each weighing about sixteen ounces, is entrusted. As at that season of the year the heat is such as would, if the packets were exposed to the sun, tend to the rapid development of the insects, the porters are obliged to travel only by night, and even then, when arriving at their halting-places, they find it advisable to open the packets, and spread them out in cool places. But no precaution entirely prevents the development and consequent escape of the insects, and it is found that, speaking generally, each packet on arriving at Chiench'ang is an ounce lighter than when it left Chiating. In 1884, 454 tons of this wax, of the value of 95,000*l.*, were imported into Shanghai from Ssŭ-ch'uan.

Mr. Hosie's book is well printed, the engravings are excellent, and the subject is one which cannot fail to interest all those who are concerned in the extension of our trade in the Far East.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—VOL. I.*

IN this volume Dr. Gardiner affords an illustration of the truth that an historian in the highest sense of the term can by taking trouble write a good history of any period. Although he will probably fall into some mistakes in working on ground lying off that which he has made specially his own, his book will be better worth reading than a merely accurate history by another. That there are some mistakes in Dr. Gardiner's volume, and that he here and there writes with an uncertainty that betrays want of familiarity with certain portions of his work, it will be our duty to point out later. At present we would call attention to the fact that he has in writing a school-book given abundant evidence of his historical power. His present volume, which is to be followed by two others to complete the history of England, covers a long period in proportion to its size; it begins with the traces of palæolithic man in Britain and goes down to the death of Henry VII. In such a book everything depends on the care and judgment exercised on its arrangement. There has been no lack of either here. The amount of space allotted to each division of the work is determined rather by the importance of the period in hand as a stage in national progress than by mere length of time, and the general character of political events is often sufficiently indicated without the employment of any large number of facts. As an example of this we may point to the chapter on the reign of

* *Student's History of England from the Earliest Times to* 1885. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, &c. Vol. I. B.C. 55–A.D. 1509. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Henry III., though other parts of the history are equally well managed. While plenty of facts and dates are given throughout the volume, there is no overcrowding. Dr. Gardiner adopts the old-fashioned sensible plan of dividing his book according to the reigns of the kings, though, in order to equalize the length of his chapters, he sometimes gives two to one reign, and sometimes puts two reigns into one chapter. Each of his paragraphs has a heading in heavier type, which is at present the approved fashion of writing school-books. It may, however, fairly be contended that help of this kind is unnecessary in the case of those who have passed the stage of primers; that, being unnecessary, it is harmful; that it is a bad preparation for the study of more advanced works, and that it almost necessarily breaks up a narrative into disjointed fragments, and renders it unattractive. Dr. Gardiner has tried as far as possible to connect his paragraphs, and has generally succeeded very well. Young people ought not, we think, to find his volume dull; it relates a fair number of anecdotes, and gives prominence to the biographical side of history; it would, however, have gained in interest if it had been written with more vigour. It contains several short and well-considered notices of industrial and commercial progress, chiefly founded on Dr. Cunningham's works. Literary history also receives some attention; but, as it was impossible to treat this subject satisfactorily in so small a space, it would perhaps have been better to have left it out altogether. Many parts of the volume are worthy of special commendation. The sections on the Roman conquest and occupation of Britain are an excellent example of the author's power of selection; they give the main facts and the general character of the period without overburdening the reader with details. Dr. Gardiner's success in arranging his matter is conspicuous in his account of what we used to be allowed to call the Heptarchy. In the chapter on the reign of Henry II. constitutional and legal changes are set out in a manner that can scarcely fail to do more than convey knowledge, that must help to educate a young student by teaching him to think, and this will also be the effect of several other passages, and specially of the admirable piece of criticism on the dealings of Edward I. with Scotland. Independently of the author's work, the numerous engravings contained in the volume invest it with peculiar value. Selected by Mr. St. John Hope, the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, they afford copious illustrations of the arts and social life of mediæval England. Several instructive remarks on the development of architecture will be found in appropriate places in the text, and side by side with them we have well-executed drawings of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical and domestic building of each successive period. Other drawings give us examples of dress, of clerical vestments, and of armour taken chiefly from sepulchral effigies, and others, from illuminated manuscripts, represent scenes of industry and amusement.

While, however, as regards its general character, Dr. Gardiner's volume is such as we should have expected from the historian of England in the seventeenth century, there are several matters in it which call for correction. That he has not any wide acquaintance with the original authorities for this part of his work may, we think, fairly be inferred from the volume before us, and no one, however great his historical faculty may be, is likely to write the history of any period from even the best second-hand sources without falling into errors. We will note some of those which Dr. Gardiner has not succeeded in avoiding. He would scarcely have suggested that Eadwine of Northumbria was the only king to whom the title of Bretwalda could originally have been applied if he had known that the list of Bretwaldas in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was founded on a passage in Bede, who, though he does not mention the title, ascribes the same kind of supremacy to Ælla and the rest as he does to Eadwine. Nor, if the notice of Eadwine's marriage had been taken from Bede, should we have been told that his Queen Æthelburh was the daughter, instead of the sister, of the Kentish King Eadbald; the mistake must have been imported from Green's *Conquest of England*, p. 258. The theory that William Rufus refused to allow Anselm to acknowledge Urban as Pope, because he wished to prevent appeals to Rome, shows some misconception both as regards the history of appeals and the situation generally. An equally strange misconception is implied in the remark that when Henry was gaining ground in Normandy, about 1093, "William could do the less for Robert as he had enemies in the north." At that date Rufus had no desire to help Robert against Henry or any one else, and was well satisfied that the Duke should be kept in hot water. It would be unfair to lay stress on a mistranslation in the quotation from the Chronicler's account of the evil deeds of the great men in Stephen's time; for the mistake appears in Thorpe's translation of the Chronicle in the Rolls Series; still it has been pointed out pretty frequently. When Dr. Gardiner says that Henry II. was once found mending his own clothes, we imagine that he must refer to a famous story in the *Magna Vita S. Hugonis*. If so, he can scarcely have read it there; the story as it stands in the original is too good to be mangled. Although the Bristol men—they were not as yet "citizens"—approved of the execution of the elder Despenser, they can scarcely be said to have hanged him; that, as Sir Thomas de la Moor notes, was the doing of the "virago." It is unjust to Edward III. to imply, as Dr. Gardiner does, that his encouragement of trade was simply due to his desire to raise funds for his wars; it would be nearer the truth to say that his foreign policy was largely determined by commercial considerations. We are aware that Dr. Gardiner may point to a remark of Harcourt's, as reported by Froissart, in defence of the statement that Edward undertook the campaign of 1346 to take vengeance on the men of Calais for their piracies. It is fairly certain, however, that the chronicler must have been mistaken; for if the King had intended to attack Calais, he would not have dismissed his fleet at Caen. His design evidently was to retreat on Flanders when he had done as much mischief as he could in Normandy; the siege of Calais was an after-thought, probably consequent on his victory at Crecy. There is a confusion in the paragraph on the growth of the Burgundian power on p. 313. It was not the Duke of Brabant who died in 1436, but Jacqueline of Bavaria, the wife not of the last Duke, as is implied here, but of the last but one, who died in 1427; the last Duke Philip died in 1430. Nor did the death of either Duke give Philip of Burgundy the hereditary possessions of Jacqueline; she ceded them to Burgundy in 1433, after her fourth marriage, being allowed to keep large domains in consideration of her renunciation of sovereignty. A want of exactness, which we have not space to illustrate fully, will be observed in more than one passage referring to legal institutions. For example, the Assize of Clarendon does not direct that every one presented as a criminal under its provisions should, even though acquitted by the ordeal, be forced to go into banishment, but only such as were "de pessimo testimonio"; nor were the "legales homines" to present merely according to their personal knowledge; they were the mouthpiece of their neighbourhood, and were to present every one accused by common report, "qui sit rettatus vel publicatus quod ipse sit robator," &c. Ecclesiastical matters are not always satisfactorily treated. As there is no mention of the constitution of the Archbishopric of York, by Pope Gregory, and Paulinus is only styled bishop, the reader will certainly fail to grasp the original metropolitical dignity of the See. It is a pity, too, that a notice of the political position of the Archbishop of Canterbury should be introduced by the words he "was something more than the first of English bishops," for to a young reader they are likely to convey a wrong impression as to the Archbishop's ecclesiastical position. The sentence asserting that the "Church, though made dependent on William [the Conqueror], was independent, except so far as its ecclesiastical rights were concerned, of the civil courts," must, we imagine, contain a misprint, and the words which follow seem to indicate that Dr. Gardiner is inclined to assign to a too early date the full operation of the Conqueror's decree with reference to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. We do not understand why the measures taken by Edward I. to compel the clergy to pay taxes in spite of the Papal Bull, are said to be a proof that they had sunk in the estimation of the people, and we believe that the idea, which is plainly implied in another place, that the clergy of the Lancastrian period allied themselves with the rich against the poor is utterly without foundation. The presence of these, and of one or two other blots of more or less importance, prevent us from receiving this volume with an unreserved welcome. Dr. Gardiner can easily remove them in a later edition, and, when they have disappeared, we shall feel no hesitation in saying that, as far as it has yet gone, his book promises, when complete, to be by far the best school history of England that has yet appeared.

PLAYS AND POEMS.*

TO judge from the preface to *The Tragic Mary*, it seems to be the opinion of Mr. Michael Field that historians have laboured in vain, and the character of Mary Stuart remains, and is likely to remain, an insoluble enigma. When historians do notoriously disagree, the dramatist whose respect for the letter of history is as constant as Mr. Michael Field's is naturally in a position of perplexity. He cannot ignore "the extremes of antithetical judgment" passed on Mary Stuart. On the other hand, it is not in his heart to follow Mr. Froude. The discord among authorities is typified in the writings of George Buchanan, who praised Mary in his verse and pilloried her in his prose. "Between such devious versions of the same author," observes Mr. Michael Field, "a latitude pliant and shadowy is left for the psychologist and historian"; and for the poet, we may assume, the like freedom. Decidedly the dramatic presentment in *The Tragic Mary* is as enigmatic as might be expected of a dramatist who can find neither "absolute knowledge" nor revelation of character in the records of Mary's life, beyond certain hard facts. The drama deals with these hard facts, "a murder, an abduction, a marriage." It opens with the murder of David Rizzio (or Riccio as Michael Field calls him), and closes with the capitulation at Carberry Hill.

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* *The Tragic Mary.* By Michael Field. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.

Prometheus. A Drama. By James Allan. London: David Stott. 1890.

The Religion of Humanity; and other Poems. By Annie Matheson. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

Primavera. Poems by Four Authors. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1890.

Of Palomide, Famous Knight of King Arthur's Round Table. By Ælian Prince. London: E. W. Allen. 1890.

Laurence: Scenes in a Life. By Croasdaile Harris. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Raymond. By A. L. Stevenson, B.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Sonnets; and other Poems. By Joseph John Murphy. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

The murder of Darnley, the supposed abduction of the Queen and imprisonment at Dunbar, her subsequent marriage with Bothwell, are set forth with undeniable skill and imaginative power; yet the dramatic action proceeds and passes without affording any clear revelation of Mary Stuart's part in these moving events. Only to preserve the mysteries of "the woman of magical nature" appears to be the dramatist's intent. At Holyrood, the morning after the tragedy at Kirk o' Fields, and at Dunbar, when Bothwell presses his suit, not the least suggestion have we of Mary's secret thoughts or springs of action. At Dunbar, indeed, it would seem she was in no sense an actor, but rather the beautiful victim of fate and cruel circumstances. "With regard to none of these events," the author writes, "can Mary Stuart's will be known." Of course a dramatist is free to take this view of the historical evidence, yet it is hardly surprising that the dramatic result is very far from being imposing. "She is a royal lady," says Elspeth Menteith to Lethington. "She is a distracting woman," is the excellent rejoinder of Maitland. It is to Lethington that she speaks of her history and destiny, in the last act, as if anticipating the verdict of history. The scene is at Holyrood, and Bothwell has just left them alone:—

> QUEEN (*looking towards the door*). He cannot be a king;
> They wither, or are murder'd, or grow mad,
> Who link themselves with me in sovereignty.
> Twilight and ruin settle on us both!
> Oh, might we be forgotten; would we lie
> In the blank pardon of oblivion! That,
> Alack, can never be; there is no man
> Can give me safety, or protection, or
> Peace from vicissitude; I have no lover,
> Servant or friend: and yet I am beloved,
> Even to marvel.

Darnley and Bothwell, however, are notable figures in the drama. The weak, vain, brutalized Darnley, "that intolerable puppet," as Maitland says, "who moves about the glass-house of diplomacy with the violence of a bull," is, indeed, depicted with excellent judgment. But in not a few scenes the dramatic illusion is shattered by an extravagance of speech that frequently suggests a new Euphues. This deplorable affectation is common to all the characters of the drama. The very doorkeeper at Holyrood (in the first scene) is afflicted in this way. Perhaps the most shocking instance occurs in the scene where Bothwell, the bluff outspoken soldier, calls the politic Lethington a "pard." Bothwell enters, with State papers, to the Queen, and finds Lethington with her. Seeing the papers, Lethington asks "Are these for my revision?" and attempts to take them:—

> BOTHWELL (*grasping them*). I have writ
> Brief record of my mind and purposes
> To England. I can front Elizabeth
> As you; I do not need your artifice.
>
> (*Turning to the Queen*).
>
> O Marie, would you see a borderer
> Expend his hate, at last fall to the feast
> Of long, unsated, devilish detestation?
>
> (*Relaxing his hold at the Queen's intercession*).
>
> Nay then, he shall be spared; but since you cast
> On me your ravishment, and since you turn
> The dun side of your beauty to my face,
> Setting the wind of your hot sighs to blast
> My rash desirous moments, since you thwart me,
> And magnify this pard—I will unfold
> The smooth and cowardly creature you esteem.

Such infelicity of diction is positively disenchanting. As in the author's other drama of Scottish history, *A Father's Tragedy*, everybody concerned in the action of *The Tragic Mary* speaks the same high-flown denaturalized language. They are the mouthpieces of Mr. Field's thoughts on the "Marian legend." And a work that leaves this impression can scarcely be considered anything but undramatic.

The Titan, in Mr. Allan's lyrical drama, differs altogether from the Prometheus of Shelley and Hartley Coleridge. He is the new Prometheus, a kind of modern reformer who "seeks to bring into view a higher and wider plane of action," with a prophetic eye for new developments of truth, "while embracing the essential good in the established order." Mr. Allan's poem has a dignified opening, and the second act, when Io in her wanderings discovers Prometheus chained, and is comforted by his prophecy, is altogether a happy conception. Less happy is the discourse of the Gods in Olympus, when Apollo, who is much too easily a convert to the views of Prometheus, introduces discord into their council by pleading the cause of the Titan. There may be propriety in homely imagery introduced in the most august poetic theme, yet the following speech of Apollo is more ludicrous than proper to the occasion:—

> Meantime aloft,
> Between the earth and sky, on airy bed,
> The driving snows do pall him, and the rains
> Wash unobstructed, and the flying winds
> Freely betowel.

Without altogether sharing the author's apprehension that to many of her readers *The Religion of Humanity* will seem but a "declamatory tract," we have no hesitation in saying that it is by no means the poem that best represents her lyrical power. A confession of faith is of all themes most difficult to express in lyrical form. The poem has an unimpeded flow, and is obviously inspired by a profound conviction of truth, yet it was perhaps hardly worth while to demonstrate that the Christian faith, and not Positivism, is the true "religion of Humanity." The poet's gifts are more clearly proclaimed in the briefer poems, in such pretty songs as "Lucy to Ravenswood," for example, or the pathetic stanzas, "Memory's Song."

Brief is the measure of song offered by the "Four Authors" of *Primavera*, yet is the brevity the result, we suspect, of a process of selection more critical than is common to young poets. In point of execution there is little to choose between the work of Mr. Stephen Phillips or Mr. Manmohan Ghose, or Mr. Arthur Cripps and Mr. Laurence Binyon. The "accomplishment of verse" belongs equally to each member of the quartet of singers. They have, one and all, succeeded in shaping their lyrical thoughts to artistic form. But beyond the evidence of good craftmanship and felicities of phrase that appeal not alone to the sensitive ear, there are poems in this little collection that reveal higher qualities than belong to the practised "verser." Such poems as Mr. Binyon's "Psyche," and the stanzas by Mr. Ghose at p. 29, are distinguished by the imaginative faculty not less than by the graces of poetic diction.

Mr. Ælian Prince's Arthurian poem is an involved narrative that tells of the deeds and fate of Palomide, the paynim Knight of Upsal, and of his love for Iseult and his discomfiture at the hands of Tristram. But such oft-sung themes as the love of Tristram and Iseult, the slaying of Mark in Tintagel, the wiles of Vivien, occupy so large a portion of the poem that Palomide appears but a shadowy personage and scarce in the reckoning. This, however, is no matter for regret to any one who would painfully essay the reading of Mr. Prince's trying and cumbrous blank verse.

Laurence is the all-but-unbroken soliloquy of a distressed soul. Laurence pours forth his complaints in tedious blank verse without stint or shame, as poetic spirits will do when there is none to hear them. He meditates on the words of the Preacher; he makes the organ roar and scream to the music of "The Modern Master's 'Phantom Hollander'"; he likens himself to some "fair blossom shrunk to summer heat"; he is full of exquisite self-pity, and steeped in appalling gloom. After some years he is discovered meditating among the Alps, and, oddly enough, this Manfred course is the prescription that seems to cure him. There it was, while his "soul hung like a lyre betwixt heaven and earth," that he found "the secret of the world" in the word "Work."

The same moral solution of a critical position marks the close of *Raymond*. The hero is a young man, endowed sufficiently with the world's goods to indulge in an aimless life, until he falls under the charms of Monte Carlo. Happily for him he is held by the superior fascination of a pretty young lady who lures him from *trente et quarante*. The loss of his fortune through the fraudulent act of his guardian compels him to work in order to win his bride. No story in verse could well be thinner. It is as tedious and fluent a tale as ever was set to the seductive measure of the *ottava rima* stanza.

Mr. Murphy must be placed with the small number of bards who estimate their powers aright and know their exact limitations. The hymns, the "Classical and Biblical Studies," and the poems of a religious cast, are distinguished by simplicity and directness. There is a genuine sincerity, too, in the devotional poems. The experience that finds utterance in Mr. Murphy's sonnet on Wordsworth may be a common experience, yet it is happily expressed:—

> I dreamed I was a poet once; but all
> Nature's most mighty spells of sound and sight
> Fell on my heart like softest notes that fall,
> And, dying, only wake a dumb delight;
> And now the charm of all that's dear and bright—
> The "glory of the grass" in sparkling showers,
> The breath of spring-time in the woodland bowers,
> The grandeur of a snowy mountain height,
> The starry splendour of the heavenly powers,
> The light of sunset on a sleeping sea,
> The loveliness of bright-eyed mountain flowers,
> The music of the skylark and the bee,
> The mirth of children in the summer hours—
> I leave to Wordsworth to express for me.

MR. LECKY ON THE UNION.*

(*Second Notice.*)

MR. LECKY'S judgment with respect to the Act of Union with Ireland is that it was premature, that it was carried by corruption, and that it was of doubtful constitutional validity. We confess that he does not seem to us to have established conclusively any one of these points. All the statesmen, whether pro-Catholic or Protestant, who were engaged in the administration of Irish affairs—Clare as well as Castlereagh, Pitt, and Cornwallis—deemed it indispensable, and when a thing has to be done, prudence suggests that it should be done at once. "Can't you leave it alone?" may be a wise suggestion. "Can't you put it off?" is seldom so. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," is not the maxim of a wise and courageous statesmanship; and the chapter of accidents is quite as likely to have its unfavourable as it is to have its favourable incidents. Mr. Lecky holds that Pitt should, after the suppression of the rebellion, have

* *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. VII. and VIII. London: Longmans. 1890.

forced a measure of Reform upon the Irish Parliament, giving the House of Commons a more truly representative character, and making Roman Catholics eligible to it, as well, of course, as removing the disqualification which kept Irish Peers out of the House of Lords; that he should have insisted on the commutation of tithes, and on a State endowment for the Roman Catholic clergy. It seems to us very doubtful whether, in the existing feeling of the two Irish Houses, he could have passed these measures, except by the employment of those agencies of corruption, such as they were, which he is accused of using for the purpose of carrying the Act of Union. A Parliamentary Reform involving the abolition of pocket and nomination boroughs would have necessitated a measure of "compensation" at least as large as that given for similar loss of patronage under the Union, and the traffic in peerages would have been as active and extensive. The two Houses would probably have been more hostile to these changes than to the Union itself; for, taken in conjunction with the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, they would have threatened, if not in actual fact, at least in the alarmed apprehensions of the Protestant oligarchy, the substitution of a Roman Catholic ascendency for that which they had exercised so long. Mr. Lecky thinks that the measures which, in his view, should have preceded the Union would have pacified Ireland, but he admits that in so doing they would have made the Union more difficult even at that distant day to which he would have had Pitt adjourn it. It is, of course, impossible to deny that the message of peace which was not sent would have been more effective than any message of peace which has been sent to Ireland. But it is just as impossible confidently to affirm it.

None of these changes would have touched the real source of Irish disaffection. That, as Mr. Lecky himself very clearly perceives when he is marshalling and reasoning from those large groups of facts which he handles with more skill than political intrigues and Parliamentary tactics, was agrarian. The land question was then, as it now is, the one incentive to disaffection and rebellion, though it might ally itself to hostilities of party, of class, of race, and religion, and take their semblance. Forster's Corn Bounty Act and the war prices, aided by the enfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, had stimulated the conversion of large pasturage into small arable farms, and, with the encouragement given by the Roman Catholic clergy to early marriages, had led to the growth of an impoverished and almost starving population, beyond the resources of the country. These were evils which could not be cured at a stroke. Mr. Pitt cannot be blamed for not having instituted agrarian changes out of relation to the ideas of his time, and subdued evils which it has taken a century of economic retribution, aided or hindered by the experimental legislation of the last quarter of a century, to abate. Mr. Lecky himself admits that the great bulk of the Catholic population of Ireland were absolutely indifferent to the admission of Catholic peers and squires to either House, and that they did not care a straw for Parliamentary Reform. The commutation of tithes and the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy by the State would, no doubt, have been acceptable to them. But it is quite conceivable that the latter measure would have weakened whatever hold the priesthood possessed over their flocks, by whom they would have been regarded as the stipendiaries and political agents of the English Government. When tithes were commuted and Roman Catholic peers and politicians were emancipated a generation later, these measures did not prove to have that miraculously healing power which Mr. Lecky attributes to them. It is customary in such cases to say, and Mr. Lecky in this case says, that the boon came too late, and had lost all its grace. We doubt whether this "too late" argument is entitled to the weight sometimes given it. It is a phrase which is substituted for an argument. If the concession had been made earlier, we should doubtless have been told that the easy surrender naturally stimulated further demands. But the one thing to be kept in mind is that the proposed remedy had absolutely nothing to do with the real disease, except in so far as the admission of the Roman Catholic peers and squires to Parliament, in leading them to take their place side by side with the Protestant territorial aristocracy, might have aggravated the land war by making the demarcation of social classes sharper and deeper than ever before. The main streams of Irish history were irresistible in their force and irreversible in their general direction; and, though some little diversion of channels or slackening of force might have been produced by expedients such as Mr. Lecky suggests, they would surely have found their way in undiminished volume to the sea to which they tended. Mr. Lecky, with some inconsistency as it seems to us, urges that a Parliament which had proved itself so loyal as the Irish Parliament had a title to be preserved. But his contention also is that this Parliament should have been transformed; and that the two forces which had confronted each other in a savage civil war should be brought face to face within it by Catholic emancipation and an enlarged system of popular representation. To continue it, whether as the exclusive Parliament of an exultantly victorious party, or as the common meeting place of two embittered factions, would, it seems to us, have been experiments more hazardous than that of the Union.

Mr. Pitt, in our view, judged soundly when he held that the maintenance of a separate Irish Parliament, reformed or unreformed, was incompatible with the peace and good government of Ireland. Mr. Lecky thinks, and he supports himself by the opinion of Canning, that Pitt should have abandoned the measure when he found that he could not accompany it with Catholic Emancipation. But with Mr. Pitt the Union was the condition of Catholic Emancipation; Catholic Emancipation was not with him the condition of the Union. To abandon the Union would have been to destroy the foundation and the main building because he could not at once erect a desirable wing. Though Mr. Pitt had made no formal pledge to the Roman Catholics, he showed his sincerity by resigning office when he found himself unable to overcome George III.'s opposition to Catholic Emancipation. He returned to it pledged not to raise the question during the King's reign. By persisting he might indeed have shortened the life, or hastened the madness, of the King. But it may be doubted whether he could have carried the measure in the Imperial Parliament, in which he had become dependent on "the doctor" and his friends. Opinion in England was on the side of the King, and not of his Minister; and when on Pitt's death Grenville and Fox came into office, they did so pledged to the King, as Pitt had been, not to raise the question of the admission of Catholics to Parliament. Pitt, as Mr. Lecky points out, was twenty-one years younger than the King; the Prince of Wales was at that time a pro-Catholic, and he might fairly anticipate that the suspension of the question during the King's natural or political life would not very long delay its settlement. The fact proved otherwise. Nearly twenty years passed before the Catholic Relief Bill became possible. If the Union had been deferred until that date, it would probably have been postponed to that indefinite period known as the Greek Kalends.

For these reasons, and for others which might be added, we cannot hold that the measure for 1799-1800 was premature. On the contrary, we contend that the time was opportune and the necessity urgent. Is the measure tainted by the means used for passing it through the Irish Parliament? was it even unconstitutional as being outside the moral competence of that Parliament? On both these questions Mr. Lecky gives an undecided answer, inclining to the unfavourable side. He gives no proof, though he has a suspicion, that, on a small scale, bribery in the coarsest sense of the term may have been used, that votes may have been bought for money. But if employed at all, this agency played a very small part in the business. The means employed were those which were habitual in the politics of the time, English and Scotch, as well as Irish. What is called influence was used. Peerages were given, promotions in the peerage took place, patronage was freely employed, opponents of the Government were threatened or punished with dismissal from office; by arrangement with a certain number of borough proprietors, members opposed to the Union were induced to resign, and their places were filled with men who were prepared to vote for it. On the other hand, there is no doubt that direct money bribery was employed by the anti-Unionists. A fund was raised for the purchase of votes, and in one ascertained instance as much as 4,000*l.* was given to a timely convert of open mind. To describe the political transactions of the close of the eighteenth century to the virtuous purity of the nineteenth is to leave an impression of wrongdoing; and when Ireland alone is considered, people are apt to suppose, and even Mr. Lecky has apparently persuaded himself, that Ireland was the scene of some special iniquity. Yet Mr. Pitt's creation of peers for a special emergency in Ireland does not differ in principle from his wholesale creation of peers for the general purposes of government in England, nor indeed from the threatened creation of peers by which Lord Grey in 1832 intimidated the House of Lords into passing the Reform Bill. Dunning's celebrated Resolution, and Mr. Burke's speeches on Economic Reform in 1780, describe a state of things which had not ceased in England. Lords Lieutenant of counties were dismissed, and officers were cashiered for votes resented at Court; and the direct bribery of members, disclosed in the correspondence of George III. with Lord North, survived that period, though Pitt himself was too powerful in the confidence of the King, the country, and the House of Commons to have recourse to it. It is not too much to say that Dundas's government of Scotland exhibited in permanent operation the instruments employed in Ireland to bring about the passing of the Union. Judged by the ideas, morals, and methods of the closing years of the eighteenth, and, indeed, of the first portion of the nineteenth, century, the means by which the Act of Union was passed present nothing exceptional. Lord Cornwallis, indeed, expresses his disgust at the jobbery and corruption in which his task involved him. But his language was that of a blunt and chivalrous soldier who finds himself engaged in doing the work of a politician. He would probably have so expressed himself if he had found himself engaged in the office business of the English Tadpole and Taper of that, or of even a much subsequent, time. Have we not heard of a Home Rule baronetcy and a Home Rule peerage?

The Parliament whose venality he describes is the Parliament of which Mr. Lecky deplores the premature extinction. He declines to doubt whether it was constitutionally abolished. He admits that the act was legal. Parliament can do anything but that which is physically impossible. But it had no right to surrender its own existence without a dissolution and an appeal to the country. We confess that this seems to us little better than solemn trifling. There was no country to appeal to, or, at any rate, no country which an appeal to the constituencies would reach. It is Mr. Lecky's own contention that, with the exception of a part of the county representation, the electoral body did not reflect the national mind. He quotes Lord Cornwallis's statement that "were the Commons in Ireland as naturally connected with the people as they are in

England, and as liable to receive their impressions, with the prospects we have out of doors, I should feel that the question was in a great degree carried." "The great body of the people in general,' he wrote, "on another occasion, and of the Catholics in particular, are decidedly for it" (the Union). Mr. Lecky considers it as established beyond doubt that "the Union in 1800 was not in any of its stages positively distasteful to the great body of Irish Catholics, and that a very important section of them, including their whole hierarchy, the vast majority of their landed gentry, and many, if not most, of their lower priests, decidedly and consistently favoured it." It is true that they did not get from it what they expected from it; but that has nothing to do with the question whether it was carried against the national opinion and feeling. Whatever the moral character of the means employed, they had for their aim, not to over-ride the public sentiment, but to bring a Parliament of borough owners into harmony with it. An appeal to the constituencies would have been a mere sham, involving a repetition on a large scale of those arts of management which shock Mr. Lecky when applied to the two Houses.

Mr. Lecky's views about the Union seem to us to involve a conflict between earlier and less perfectly informed sentiment and riper judgment and knowledge, which he has been unable to reconcile. But if he is wrong, as we think, his candour and learning and remarkable faculty of clear and balanced statement enable the reader, who will take the necessary pains, to apply the needful correctives, and to arrive for himself at a well-based judgment. We have not been able to follow his narrative of the rebellion, which occupies the greater part of these volumes, and which probably, for the first time, tells the story of it in its completeness. It exhibits a literary skill only less admirable than the judicial impartiality and the rightly directed moral sentiment, humane without hysteric emotion, and severe without being harsh, which mark it. On us it leaves the impression of a social anarchy which only absorption into the stable organization framed by the Act of Union could abate and finally subdue.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHAT shall be done to those who gave up to party that Gyp which was meant for man—specially for man—kind? This is perhaps the first reflection of those who read *C'est nous qui sont l'histoire* (1), and it may be followed by another that, if Gyp, our Gyp, was given up to any party, we should perhaps like it not to be the party of—but here let us not kick the fallen. If we have for once not the *idem velle* with this delightful writer, let us thank Providence that we still have the *idem nolle*, that we both hate the Republic. So long as people hate the Republic, the great political symbol of *bêtise, bassesse*, and *blague*, anything or almost anything may be pardoned. And there is not much to pardon here in Gyp the beloved. The satire on M. Jules de Glouvet (Thomas de Goret Gyp calls him, and we fear, we greatly fear, that she would not have disliked him if he had not been Procureur of the hated thing) is not very good. We may say here, with some documents at our back, that we are not likely to undervalue M. André Theuriet. But it is not true that the author of *Le forestier* is a "pale grey copy" of that admirable writer. For the rest, the jokes on "le onzième ministre" and his vulgar partner, and his despicable permanent official and the despicable permanent official's worthless wife, and the Jew aide-de-camp, and the "seigneurs sans importance," and so forth, are very good in their way. Nor is our old friend Folleuil bad. But we were happier with Eve and Xaintrailles and Mme. d'Alaly.

M. Baille's *Souvenirs d'Annam* (2) make a very readable and a really interesting book—slight, it may be, but "documentary," and, what documentary books by no means always are, not dull. It is particularly interesting because it throws light upon a new problem—the colonization of Chinese races, which both we and the French are trying for about the first time. To our thinking, the outlook is not promising in either case.

M. Burdeau has at last arrived at the end of his strange Herculean task of translating Schopenhauer's capital work, with all its supplements, whereof this third volume is composed (3). As was the case with Bentham, probably not a twentieth of those who swear by Schopenhauer have read him—if they had, they would rather swear at him. Not but that in his voluminous book (as more frequently and more acceptably in his *opuscula*) there are remarkable things. Not but that he has over the majority of German philosophers the two great advantages of thinking for himself and of thinking in a language intelligible to the reader. But, expounding a kind of philosophy which is professedly a philosophy of the world, and not merely of the schools, he took even fewer pains to know the world than he did to know the schools, and in consequence is the strangest mixture of wisdom and folly. It is, however, no business of ours here to criticize Schopenhauer, but only to recommend M. Burdeau's translation as a very good one.

After being long and somewhat undeservedly neglected, the once all-popular French romances and novels of the seventeenth century have of late again received some attention. They have been elaborately studied in Germany, and now M. Le Breton (4) comes forward to redeem the reproach of their country in this respect. The book contains an introduction and a half-score or so of essays on Honoré d'Urfé, Sorel, Furetière, Scarron, Mlle. de Scudéry, Anthony Hamilton (whose *Grammont* is rather out of place, and whom the essayist does not seem quite to understand), Fénelon, and Mme. de la Fayette. These authors have not usually been thrown into one class; and, in particular, Sorel, Furetière, Scarron, and Mme. de la Fayette, have, in their different ways, been regarded as belonging to the novel or realist school, as against the romance or ideal. M. Le Breton will have it that, as the personages of the Scudéry romances and their likes are pretty well known to be adumbrations of real characters in court and city, these, too, must be classed with realist novels as opposed to the "songes fantastiques ou tendres" which amused Greece, Rome, and the middle ages. We doubt ourselves whether this contention will hold fully, or whether there has been any time at which romancers, whatever purely romantic ingredients they employed, neglected real life. But M. Le Breton has given a fair study of his subjects, which are all interesting, and most of them (as we have said) too much neglected.

If we are not mistaken in identifying M. Camille Saint-Saëns (5) with the composer, this little volume of poems may have been the fruit of that "abscondence" of his which so did mystify Europe not long ago. They are not by any means striking, but easy and often melodious, while the fantasia at the end, a dramatic sketch depicting the loves of the Fury Alecto (changed for the time into a beautiful nymph) and a faun, has merit, though it might have ended more pointedly.

General Thoumas's Military Essays (6) are strictly *causeries*; that is to say, they deal with a great number of different subjects sometimes definitely "pegged" by a book or a similar occasion, but often quite promiscuous. Hence it is impossible to give any account, much more any criticism, of their contents in a small space. They are, however, provided with a good index of names, and with elaborate "contents," from which the great number of subjects treated may be perceived, and special ones of interest to the particular reader hunted out. General Thoumas has good sense and value as a critic, as appears excellently in his remarks on the alleged feat of arms at Waterloo of "le maréchal de logis Orban," the French Shaw the Lifeguardsman.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHAT is a handbook? As employed by Mr. Murray the term implies a useful and handy volume, a book that may be handled and read with ease. Mr. W. S. Caine's "Handbook for European Travellers," *Picturesque India* (Routledge & Sons), is far too bulky a book to be read in the hand, or the hands, and is, in fact, about as unlike a handbook as book could be. The tourist, however, who is shy of the least appearance of roughing it will find Mr. Caine's descriptive notes on the chief cities of India a pleasant companion on the railway. Fifty miles from the line is the limit of Mr. Caine's enterprise. Thus his book, with its excellent map, its fairly accurate, though very mechanical, illustrations, is a guide to most places in India that come within the various railway systems. It is amusing, by the way, to read Mr. Caine's complaint of "the general unwieldiness of guide-books," though he invites his readers to treat the present volume as he has been wont to treat guide-books; he would have them cut it up into thin volumes of 50 pages and bind in limp cloth or morocco, "of course ordering a fresh copy at once for their library shelves." We should not accuse of incompleteness a gentleman's library that did not include *Picturesque India*.

French Soldiers in German Prisons, edited by Henry Hayward (Dean & Son), is a translation of the *Récits et Souvenirs de* 1870–71 of Chanoine E. Guers—a book that is full of piteous descriptions of the hardships endured by French prisoners and wounded in the prisons and hospitals of Wurtemburg, Saxony, Baden, Bavaria, and the Prussian provinces of the Rhine. The tone of the book is intensely patriotic. Dreadful stories of the brutal Prussians abound in this thrilling narrative of the obstacles that beset the army chaplain on his charitable journey from the South of Germany to Berlin and Königsburg. At Lindau the burgomaster compelled the unhappy chaplain to drink beer before he would permit him to proceed with his ministrations to the poor sick soldiers; and mindful, as he relates, of the heroic example of Mlle. de Sombreuil during the September massacres, Canon Guers swallowed the abhorrent drink like a man. He has stories, however, more harrowing than this, of the miserable condition of French prisoners, and the deplorable state of the improvised hospitals at Ulm, Magdeburg, and other towns.

Rosalba: a Story of the Apennines, by F. G. Wallace-Goodbody (Allen & Co.), is one of the most inscrutable romances ever penned. The plot and style of the story are alike excruciating. The pauses of the story are filled with long, dull descriptions of Florence, Pisa, the Bagni di Lucca, and other haunts of

(1) *C'est nous qui sont l'histoire.* Par "Gyp." Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Souvenirs d'Annam.* Par Baille. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le monde comme volonté et comme représentation.* Traduit par A. Burdeau. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Le roman au dix-septième siècle.* Par André Le Breton. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Rimes familières.* Par Camille Saint-Saëns. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Causeries militaires.* Deuxième série. Par le Général Thoumas Paris: Plon.

the tourist. The heroine, a Swiss girl of independent means, not beautiful, lame, and suffering more or less from "an accident to her head in infancy," is desirous of wedding a certain old Marquis of irreproachable descent and little or no income. She pursues him with all the zeal that is natural to a woman who yearns for a title. The Marquis shudders at the notion of a *mésalliance*, though he does not object to borrow money of his eccentric admirer. In course of time Rosalba loses her fortune and becomes insane. Then does it occur to a set of busy-bodies, one of whom is a meddlesome priest, that the occasion justifies a renewal of their persecution of the unhappy nobleman. The priest is determined to bring the naughty Marquis to book. He bursts into his room, is asked to be seated by the urbane nobleman, declines the courtesy, and solemnly remarks, "It is no great honour to sit down in the presence of some people, although, at the same time, a *genuine* nobleman or gentleman would offer a rag-picker a chair under any conditions, and yet, perhaps, be honoured by the acceptance. I prefer to make use of those limbs with which Providence has endowed me, and which still, I am thankful to say, perform their office." Now, the Marquis is absolutely innocent of being the cause of Rosalba's lunacy and loss of fortune, and the priest and all her friends are aware of the truth. Yet they "carry on" like so many lunatics. It is really a delicate point in this unspeakably silly book whether the deranged heroine is more, or less, idiotic than the sane persons in the story.

Unlike the Needy Knifegrinder, Mr. J. A. Steuart *has* a story to tell, *Kilgroom* (Sampson Low & Co.), and dedicates it to Mr. Gladstone, "the Friend of Humanity," &c. *Kilgroom* is "a story of Ireland," a distressful story of love, evictions, agents, murder, and noble peasants who are given to skulk in the shadow of walls and shun the constables when it is day. The story is in every way a very ordinary production. The author may, of course, know Ireland and the Irish; but if he has the knowledge he is marvellously sparing of it.

Mr. Athol Maudslay's *Old Thoughts for Young Brains* (Simpkin & Co.) comprises certain cheerful, though somewhat rambling, dissertations on "The Spring Time of Youth," Education, Preaching and Teaching. These subjects are lightly handled, and illustrated by abundant quotations and not a little sensible, if rather obvious, commentary. But we cannot conjecture why the book is addressed to the young, or in what sense it can be regarded as profitable reading for boys. Such, however, appears to be the writer's intention.

A Handy Guide to Dry-Fly Fishing, by Cotswold Isys (Sampson Low & Co.), is a capital little book for beginners in a delicate art, the full mysteries of which are unfolded in Mr. Halford's learned treatise.

Recollections of My Childhood's Days, by Louisa M. Alcott (Sampson Low & Co.), though to some extent supplementary to the author's autobiography, appeals more exclusively to young children. The reminiscences take the form of stories, and very pretty the stories are. Children are certain to be delighted with such charming tales as "The Blind Lark," "Sophia's Secret," "The Little Red Purse," and the rest.

In the "Camelot Series" we have a new edition, with a brief introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys, of the *Essays of Elia* (Walter Scott).

A translation by Mr. Miles Corbet of one of the most remarkable novels of Emil Franzos, *The Chief Justice*, is a recent addition to Mr. Heinemann's "International Library."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Scottish Rivers* (Glasgow: Morison; London: Simpkin & Co.) is an interesting reprint. It is good to renew acquaintance with so delightful a book, especially when, as now, type, paper, and binding are all good.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received new editions of *The Heriots*, by Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham; *King Arthur*, by the late Mrs. Craik; and Professor Mahaffy's *History of Classical Greek Literature*, in two volumes, revised and corrected.

We have also received Mr. Douglas Owen's *Marine Insurance, Notes and Clauses*, third edition (Sampson Low & Co.); a new edition of Dr. H. A. Strong's translation of Hermann Paul's *Principles of the History of Language* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Boston Unitarianism*, by Octavius Brooks Frotingham (Putnam's Sons); *The Psychology of Belief in Objective Existence*, Part I., by Julius Pikler (Williams & Norgate); *A Glossary of Dialect and Archaic Words, County of Gloucester*, by J. Drummond Robertson (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *An Open Letter to Constantine Pobiedonosieff, Head of the Russian Synod*, by Hermann Dalton (Asher & Co.); and 7,000 *Words often Mispronounced*, by W. H. P. Phyfe, fifth edition (Putnam's Sons).

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THE

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CHRONICLE.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

AT the end of last week the British Protectorate was formally proclaimed at Zanzibar.——The announcement that Lord SALISBURY had granted the desired *modus vivendi* to Portugal was confirmed on Monday, with the rather important addition that it is to be limited to six months, and that the Pungwé route (in connexion with which the disputed Manica concessions are most important) is to be open. We take it for granted that, if Portugal does not make a permanent treaty by that time, full liberty of arrangement with native chiefs will be restored to Englishmen. Even so, though the arrangement is exceedingly generous to Portugal, it may be contended that it is scarcely just to the British South Africa Company. It seems possible also that this concession to Portuguese bluster and vanity may breed some trouble if, as is reported, the Manica concessions have already been taken advantage of by English settlers. Meanwhile, the Portuguese Government has been put in a ludicrous quandary by the threat of a company of Brazilian patriots to come over and help them against Great Britain. ——The resignation of Lord CONNEMARA, who has been an exceedingly popular Governor of Madras, some time before the expiration of the usual term, was announced on Monday.——The withdrawal of the appeal for an Irish Famine Fund, in America, speaks for itself.——The German CHANCELLOR met the Italian PREMIER at Milan on Friday week.——In consequence of, or in connexion with, the recent political somersault in America, a tremendous panic took place on the New York Stock Exchange, on Monday, a panic which was to some extent reflected back on London.——The Greek Chamber opened on the same day, and King GEORGE's speech discreetly abstained from any reference to the two dangerous questions, those of Crete and of the Macedonian *berats*.——Some trouble is anticipated in Roumania from the taking up by M. BRATIANO, the veteran Liberal politician, of the Anti-Semitic movement.——The Prussian Diet opened on Wednesday.

Home Politics.

Mr. BALFOUR concluded his visit to Donegal yesterday week with greater chagrin to the Nationalists than ever, and, probably, with a good deal to Mr. MORLEY, who spoke at Scarborough on that day, with the usual Separatist's "Who's afraid?" bluster, but with a judicious absence of exact reference to particulars.——There was a great luxuriance of political speaking on Thursday. At the COLSTON banquets, at Bristol, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was the chief speaker on the Tory side and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL on the Gladstonian. It is interesting to compare the remarks on Ireland of a practical politician and a professional advocate. Besides these, Lord SPENCER spoke at Greenock; his colleague in the blessing of Mr. O'BRIEN at the adjacent city of Glasgow; the bold Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE at Sevenoaks; and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR at Leeds. The ex-Viceroy and the ex-Chief Secretary presented once more the old spectacle, painful or ludicrous according to the temperament of the spectator, of men who know that their dead selves of six years ago condemn their living selves for folly, while their living selves condemn their dead selves for tyranny and injustice.

Ministers at Guildhall.

A capital day's weather and a very good Lord Mayor's Show were followed by a dinner, at which Lord SALISBURY earned some approval even from his enemies. They were perhaps bribed by his announcement of that *modus vivendi* with Portugal which has vexed the Cape so much, and which is, as we have said, generous almost to the point of injustice. Lord SALISBURY, too, was hopeful of peace, and did not use the sharpest side of his tongue, merely indulging in a little banter of the very confident prognostications of success for Mr. GLADSTONE, as viewed in the light of the MCKINLEY Bill, of General BOULANGER's bye-elections, and of M. TRICOUPIS's certainty of coming back with a majority of two to one, and complaining mildly of the intrusive and obstructive influence in diplomacy of animals like pigs, lobsters, and seals. He also dealt with the Eight Hours Bill and other matters.

Elections.

Sir CHARLES PEARSON has been returned unopposed for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. This has naturally caused a new explosion of wrath at the University seats, from the party which finds itself too hopelessly in a minority among persons of education and intelligence to be able to contest such seats with any chance of success. Perhaps this confession of the nakedness of the land is not altogether wise; but that is their own affair.

Ireland.

Those of the Falcarragh tenants who have been persuaded by evil advisers to persist in not paying their rents have been evicted during the week, the egregious Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL (with a fidelity to his new character of clown to the Parnellite party which is really admirable) amusing himself by chalking the coats of the police. Ireland, we know, groans under tyranny as compared with the free countries of the Continent. Imagine an Opposition member chalking the coats of the police in Italy or France, not to mention Germany or Russia!——A dear good English lady has written to say that the villanous police "threw potatoes out of the window with such violence that they broke them." At first sight this seems rather like the "lekuthion apolesen" of the classic bard; but it must be remembered that violence to a national vegetable is a grave thing.——There has been more braggadocio among the defendants at Tipperary.

The Consumption Cure.

Great interest has been taken, as is natural, in the accounts of the cure for consumption which Dr. KOCH is said to have attained; but all these accounts are necessarily somewhat unscientific, and only the trials on a large scale which are about to begin in Berlin can decide the matter. He who can conquer "the most dreaded of all diseases," as it has been called, is pretty sure of his reward: but consumption is not conquered yet.

Correspondence.

Mr. BANCROFT has promised 1,000*l*. to "General" BOOTH's fund, which shows that Mr. BANCROFT has a thousand pounds to spare. ——A correspondence published on Monday gives fresh evidence of the strangely perverting effect exercised on the ethical and intellectual faculties by devotion to Home Rule. Lord ASHBURNHAM is, not only in a conventional sense, a "person of honour," and he is also a person of ability; yet he has put himself in the humiliating position of having to acknowledge, when challenged by Lord RADNOR, that he has echoed the stale slanders on the Primrose League without having a rag of chapter and verse to give for them.——Among the minor letters in the STANLEY-BARTTELOT matter, two things deserve notice. One is that Mr. STANLEY still seems to be more troubled about the damage done to his wardrobe than anything else. His letter lamenting the decay of silks and velvets—things not, one would have thought, absolutely necessary to African exploration, and exceedingly liable to decay when remaining packed for many months in a tropical climate—is most touching. "The ladies," it seems, when they were opened, "nearly fainted"—whence we perceive that Major BARTTELOT was a kind of butcher-torturer, and Mr. JAMESON a procurer of murder and cannibalism. Q. E. D. The other is a letter from Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH which assumes, *sans phrase* and as if the whole thing was proved, the truth of the charges against the Major. Those who

remember Mr. Bosworth Smith's dealings with the memory of another Major, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, will be surprised neither at his charity, nor at his patriotism, nor at his logic.

Castioni's Case. The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of Castioni is to be regretted, because it is impossible to discern anything really "political" in the Bellinzona outbreak, and because it has naturally enough given occasion to a certain party in England to ignore the very point on which the judges grounded their decision, and to assume that any act for which a political motive is alleged is thereby differentiated from similar acts for which no such motive is pretended. But it illustrates rather usefully the extreme inconveniences of Home Rule. Had it not been for the possession of that jewel by Ticino, the extradition could not, of course, have been granted; for the insurrection was avowedly not directed against the Swiss Government proper. And so, we suppose, if Home Rule were granted to Ireland, Colonel Saunderson might shoot Mr. Parnell in a ruction, with the full sympathy of Castioni's defenders.

The Rabelais Pictures. On Wednesday Mr. Vaughan adjudged twenty-one of the pictures objected to in the Rabelais Exhibition to be destroyed, and committed the exhibitors for trial. There is no doubt that some of the pictures in the original collection would not have been exhibited by any one who either had good taste himself or took the advice of persons of good taste. At the same time, we greatly fear that the enemy will talk of that *cant britannique* which allows newspapers to fill their columns with the filthiest details unpunished, and burns pictures of which the principal fault was that the artist took a somewhat too Tunisian view of the female form, and seemed occasionally to confound the characteristics of a beautiful woman with those of a prize pig.

The Gale. Full particulars of the tremendous gale which raged on Thursday week at night and for the greater part of Friday were not received for a day or two afterwards. It then appeared that not for a long time has any storm been more destructive. Wrecks were reported from all the coasts except the East, one of them resulting in the drowning of Lord Cantelupe, the young and recently married heir to one of the oldest, and in many ways most historically interesting, peerages of England, that of De La Warr.

Mr. Stanley's Rearguard. On his arrival in America Mr. Stanley at last broke silence, and made what appears to be a full statement of his charges against Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. Although in part old, they are too grave to be dismissed in a brief space, and full notice of them will be found elsewhere. Few people, we think, will consider that Mr. Stanley has improved his position by making them. It is, perhaps, not without reference to this matter that the Government has withdrawn its countenance from a new expedition to West Africa, and that Commander Cameron has severed his connexion with it.

Sport. Amidst a good deal of second- and third-class racing recently which calls for no comment, the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby may be excepted. It was only one of the unsatisfactory scrambles for half a mile or a little more ("'about' five furlongs" is a charmingly diplomatic phrase) which are too common now. But the field was very large for these days, and the winner, Billow, won remarkably well a desperately near race, all the first five horses being close up. Another race, of a somewhat similar kind, was the Chatsworth Stakes on Thursday, which was won by Mr. Barclay's Elgiva.——On the same day, in one of the chief Rugby football matches of the year, the two Universities beat a very strong team of London and the South of England.

Accidents by Land and Sea. One of the worst railway accidents of recent years took place late on Monday night on the Great Western at Norton Fitzwarren Junction, near Taunton, a special train, with the passengers of the *Norham Castle* from Plymouth, being sent by the mistake of a signalman into a goods train, with the result of ten deaths and much minor suffering. A less serious accident of the same kind happened in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and later in the week another at Chalk Farm.——On Tuesday morning news arrived of a far more serious disaster than either, the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, at Cabo Villano, on the Galician Finisterre promontory, with all hands except three. The *Serpent* was one of the new torpedo cruisers, and had not made a good reputation as a seaboat in the manœuvres last year; but this was her first turn of foreign service.

Miscellaneous. The Deanery of Windsor has been conferred upon Canon Eliot, a Low Churchman like Dr. Perowne, so that complaints of one-sided distribution of patronage are hardly justified. Canon Argles has been appointed to the Deanery of Peterborough.——On Monday, Miss Katharine Riordan, who shot the Master of University last week, was committed in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for trial, having in a statement admitted the act.——Mr. Justice Kay has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in the room of Sir Henry Cotton, who has resigned, and to whose merits justice was done on Wednesday by the Master of the Rolls and the Attorney-General. Mr. Justice Kay's own place has been filled by Mr. Romer.——Sir John Lubbock was re-elected Chairman of the London County Council on Friday week.——A very full, interesting, and instructive account of the progress and plans of the British East Africa Company was given on Tuesday, by Mr. George Mackenzie. Very unfair and improper use of the name of this Company has been made in the Stanley-Barttelot controversy, and it is well that the mischief which this might do should be counteracted by authorities of high character and unsurpassed competence like Mr. Mackenzie.—— On the same day a distinguished American, Mr. Dudley Field, made a speech to the Liberty and Property Defence League. It is well known that, whatever may be the case with liberty, property is more severely privileged and protected in his country than anywhere else.——The descriptive reporter has again been revelling in the trial of Eleanor Wheeler.——A fire, which fortunately did not result in loss of life, broke out in the married quarters of Wellington Barracks on Wednesday.——The Lord Mayor has been asked, and has consented, to preside over a meeting to discuss and protest against the alleged ill-treatment of Jews in Russia. The requisition was signed by some persons of distinction, as well as by some of notoriety, and is in no sense a party one; but we confess that we wish the answer "Mind your "own business" were either less obvious or less just.——An addition to the numerous and rather bewildering decisions in the case of the unlucky Irish Exhibition has been made by the Court of Appeal making Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Lord Arthur Hill, and their colleagues liable for a printing bill.——Miss Florence St. John has recovered three hundred pounds from a newspaper for an exercise in the new journalism—a thing always pleasant to hear; and Mr. Justice Butt has refused an application which would have delayed the hearing of the suit of O'Shea *v.* O'Shea and Parnell.

Obituary. Mr. Justice O'Hagan, sometime Chief Land Commissioner in Ireland, was a man of some literature, as well as personally amiable and respectable, but his legal abilities were not very great and his politics were deplorable. He is credited by Home Rulers (we had thought it was another) with the invention of the famous "live and thrive" theory of fair rent; from which it might not improperly be deduced that the author of a rejected contribution to a newspaper need not pay his stationers for the paper and pen he has used.——Dr. Hannay was an eminent member of the Congregationalist body.——Sir John Francis Davis was a Civil Servant of very great age (he had nearly touched the hundred years) who was much concerned in the Chinese branch of the old East India Company, and a great authority on China.

Books, &c. Several collected and re-collected editions of poems have appeared, such as a cheap one-volume edition, long asked for, of Mr. Matthew Arnold's (Macmillan); another complete collection of Miss Christina Rossetti's exquisite devotional and secular verse (Macmillan); the poems of that *ténébreux*, but scarcely *beau ténébreux*, poet, Beddoes, now first collected and culled by Mr. Gosse (Dent); and Mr. Gilbert's *Songs of a Savoyard* (Routledge)—an agreeably different quartet.

MR. STANLEY'S CHARGES.

THERE is, we believe, but one opinion among sensible men on the disgusting subject of Mr. Stanley's charges against the officers of his Rearguard—that the matter will never be satisfactorily adjusted except in a court of

law. A Parliamentary Commission has been recommended; but, apart from the fact that it is very bad policy to fritter such things away, Parliamentary Commissions have not recently approved themselves either as speedy or as certain machinery for the bringing home of guilt. So long as we have *ex parte* statements pitted against *ex parte* statements, and each statement patched and cobbled and tagged with fresh and ever-fresh addings and ekings, the attainment of anything like truth is well-nigh impossible. And the attainment of truth is very important here, not merely because of the foulness of the charges brought against individuals, but because many persons, not by any means belonging to the class of sentimentalists, are gravely dissatisfied with the increasing violence and disregard of human life and liberty displayed in these anomalous "expeditions," which contrast so remarkably with the conduct and results of explorers like LIVINGSTONE, SPEKE, BARTH, CAMERON, and THOMSON. Unfortunately the only person, it would appear, who has the power of bringing an action is Mr. STANLEY himself, and this he appears to have more wit than to intend to do. He has instructed, we are told, an eminent counsel to appear for him in case of need; it is not said that he has instructed solicitors—eminent or other—to bring the matter to trial. It is, we believe, not technically correct to say that you cannot libel a dead man; but the way to bring the libel home is trenched and barricaded with so much care by legal practice that it may almost be said to be no thoroughfare; and so the representatives of Major BARTTELOT and Mr. JAMESON are nearly powerless. Mr. STANLEY's imputations against two of the survivors, Messrs. TROUP and BONNY, though impugning gravely their conduct in various ways, have been—whether intentionally or not—so couched as to impute no legal offence. Against Mr. WARD Mr. STANLEY has, it would seem, directed or adopted what Mr. WARD, like an Englishman, has promptly characterized as a lie—an accusation of something like embezzlement or misappropriation of property; but a trial on this issue would be exceedingly unsatisfactory, and a judge would probably feel himself bound to exclude all the evidence really bearing on the main, if not sole, points of interest—the charges of insane tyranny and cruelty against Major BARTTELOT, and of conduct worthy of a Roman emperor or Renaissance princeling against Mr. JAMESON. It is, we believe, held by some whose opinion we respect, though we do not wholly share it, that the admission all round of the infliction of severe, and in some cases capital, punishment by the officers of the expedition, the confession by Mr. BONNY of his own employment of a kind of hostage-making, which the law might confuse with kidnapping, to induce the natives to trade, and so forth, might form a ground of prosecution; but the same objection seems to lie here. On the other hand, accusations have been freely launched against Mr. STANLEY, much heavier than many which are constantly made the subject of libel action, and imputing to him conduct, not merely dishonourable as between gentlemen, but involving a breach of trust to the subscribers to the expedition, if not also conspiracy with TIPPOO TIB. It is almost certain that his action would lie, and if not, we suspect that more than one person would very gladly give him unquestionable ground for one. If, therefore, he abstains from taking the initiative (and it is stated that he will so abstain) no one can be blamed for assuming that he does not fight because he does not dare.

On the other hand, we cannot exonerate any of the parties concerned, except possibly Mr. HERBERT WARD, who seems to have been straightforward throughout, from blame. Mr. STANLEY's commercially clever, but in all other respects most inconvenient, veto on publication, no doubt exposed them to considerable difficulties, and his habit—as Mr. TROUP puts it—of "jumping about from story to story," has, as Mr. ANDREW JAMESON rather naïvely confessed the other day, led them into the not unnatural, but very unwise, course of keeping back as it were reserves of defence, in order to meet reserves of accusation. We have not had the whole of Major BARTTELOT's papers; we have not had the whole of Mr. TROUP's; we were told (though it may be hoped that Mr. STANLEY's last accusations will alter this determination) that we are not to have the whole of Mr. JAMESON's. Mr. WARD and Mr. BONNY have as yet only given interviews and newspaper statements. Mr. STANLEY, on the other hand, has doled out his accusations on the very pattern of the immortal TITUS himself. All this darkens counsel in a most extraordinary fashion. Before clearing up the muddle by putting the charges shortly, we may observe that Mr. STANLEY, supported in the main by Mr. BONNY, accuses Major BARTELOTT, not merely of suspecting that he, STANLEY, wished to poison him, BARTTELOT, but of himself plotting to poison SELIM BIN MOHAMMED. Now, very fortunately, Mr. TROUP's book, published by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, was out before this story, and from a statement there made, without the possibility of collusion, it is at least probable that Major BARTTELOT wanted to know whether tasteless poisons could be administered, because he thought that the Arabs had tried to poison him at Stanley Falls—a very different matter. And the same crossing of imperfect evidence—if evidence it can be called—meets us everywhere. The charges, however, are at least distinct enough, if some of them are not very novel. Mr. STANLEY says—chiefly, if not wholly, on the authority of Mr. BONNY, backed up to some extent by ASSAD FARRAN, the Syrian interpreter (with whom we more than ever wish that Sir REDVERS BULLER had had that five minutes)—(1) that Major BARTTELOT intended to poison SELIM; (2) that Major BARTTELOT, after a course of semi-insane ferocity, "grinning at" natives, beating them with iron-shod sticks, flogging and shooting them for trifling offences, and the like, wound up within twenty-four hours or so before his death by kicking a little boy so that he died, seizing a Manyuema woman with his teeth, beating the brains out of a Manyuema man, and beating and kicking SANGA's wife till SANGA shot him; (3) that Mr. JAMESON bought a little girl, gave her to the Manyuema, and stood by sketching while they murdered, cut up, cooked, and ate her.

Now let us look at the evidence for these monstrous charges, every one of which, be it remembered, Mr. STANLEY knew two years ago, and of some, if not all of which, he has since expressed contemptuous disbelief, though he now trumps them up again. Much of it is mere hearsay, and some of it—such as that of the gentleman who told a clergyman (or was it the other way?), who told Mr. STANLEY, that he had heard that Mr. JAMESON had a stuffed negro's head, or as the solemn averment that a European had "seen the sketches" (Heaven help the draughtsmen of Mr. PUNCH, and a certain counsel learned in the law!) of Mr. JAMESON—is such stuff as would afford food for laughter merely if the subject were not so grave. Some of it is negative, as that of Mr. WARD, who, as far as his own knowledge goes, clears Major BARTTELOT, and that of Mr. TROUP, who, while not over-friendly to the Major, disapproving of the excessive severity of his discipline, and corroborating the assertion that he disliked black men, does not corroborate the worst of the stories. Of positive witnesses we have at most two that any court of justice would deem worthy, not merely of belief, but of examination—ASSAD FARRAN and Mr. BONNY. ASSAD FARRAN advanced and withdrew the charge of murder in order to witness cannibalism against Mr. JAMESON, though it seems he again advanced it. Cross-examination might show that he withdrew it under pressure, and that is the most we can say for him. Uncross-examined, his testimony will hardly amount to much, and it is not strengthened by the production of his detailed affidavit. Arab or native witnesses might be, but have not been, produced, and it is, to say the least, strange that TIPPOO TIB (who had an interview with Mr. TROUP, as told in the latter's book, after all these events) did not allege them in his own defence when he defended himself warmly against the charge of bad faith and bad behaviour.

We are, therefore, left with Mr. WILLIAM BONNY pretty much as we are left with the Earl of MORTON in reference to the Casket Letters, except that Mr. BONNY is alive, and can be cross-examined. Not all his evidence, it is to be observed, is of the same quality. He did not see the Major engaged in beating SANGA's wife, or shot by SANGA; but he says he saw the biting of the other woman, the bludgeoning to death of the man, and (which Mr. STANLEY does not mention) the stabbing of the chief UNGUNGA by the Major. He says the Major told him he meant to poison SELIM, and that Mr. JAMESON himself told him the cannibal-and-murder story. The two last things are not strictly speaking evidence, even if Mr. BONNY believes them, for the former may have been a mistake of Mr. BONNY's, and the latter may, especially considering these sketches, have been either also a mistake (for it seems certain that Mr. JAMESON did sketch a cannibal scene) or an unhappy kind of joke on Mr. JAMESON's part. We do not suggest this; we merely point it out. But of the events of that last fatal twenty-four or forty-eight hours (into which, it will be observed, Mr. BONNY compresses all his worst charges against the Major, except the stabbing of UNGUNGA) Mr. BONNY presents himself as an immediate

eyewitness, in all but the actually fatal squabble, as all but an eyewitness in that, while he apparently takes full responsibility for the account of this squabble itself, save as to the Cyprus or cypress staff. Of his theory of insanity on Major BARTTELOT's part we say nothing, and we pass over for the present many matters of great import to the value of the evidence of all classes which Mr. BONNY produces, such as his relations with his fellow-officers, the circumstances of his charge, the delay of it, and the like. We only desire to point out that the whole burden of the charges against both the deceased men rests on Mr. BONNY. Mr. WARD at least pointedly dissociates himself from it. The worst charges are also dated at a time when both these officers had left the camp. On the judgment, the accuracy, and the credibility of Mr. BONNY, and almost on those only, therefore, the whole thing turns; and these, till we get him in the witness-box, it is very hard to estimate. And, meanwhile, we must remember two facts of the very gravest importance; first, that Mr. STANLEY never brought these charges—indeed, by implication contradicted them—till grave charges were brought against himself; and, secondly, that Mr. BONNY also remained silent till he desired to relieve himself from the charges of another kind brought against the Rearguard officers generally by Mr. STANLEY. Whosoever lets himself for one moment forget these two facts is in danger of seriously misinterpreting the whole thing.

POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

IF we have had to wait a good many years for a judicial interpretation of extradition law in its relation to political offences, it must be admitted that we could hardly have had the question raised in a more convenient and instructive way than it has been in "CASTIONI's case." It may be almost described as a leading case in miniature, so curiously does it combine completeness of finish with smallness of scale. The Ticino "revolution" was hardly more than an affair of opéra-bouffe, and the fortunate Signor CASTIONI is certainly not a *révolutionnaire* of the heroic type. Nor, again, was there anything very imposing in the confused chance-medley in which the ill-fated State-Councillor ROSSI lost his life. Yet it would have been impossible for the greatest actor in the most striking scene of the most grandiose of revolutionary dramas to have more exactly fulfilled the conditions necessary to enable an English tribunal to lay down the law and ethics of political offences. This being so, and the contrast between the importance of the rulings of the three judges of the Queen's Bench Division and the insignificance of the person and the events which gave occasion to them being so marked, it is, perhaps, better to examine the law as it has been left by this judgment before proceeding to examine the merits of the individual case.

It is to be noted, then, in the first place, that Mr. Justice DENMAN and his two colleagues have now given the highest authoritative affirmation to the very pregnant, and in many cases most material, proposition that a political offence does *not* mean merely "an offence committed with a political "motive." This proposition, which people generally have no difficulty in accepting in the case of any act which happens to shock their moral sense, is just as easily set at naught by many of them when they happen not to disapprove very strongly of the offence, and still more when they feel a sneaking sympathy with the offender. You shall hear, for instance, the self-same Gladstonian who has just been denouncing the immoral doctrine that the Phœnix Park murders were political offences protest the next moment against describing the anti-rent conspiracy as anything else. This merely means that it goes against his conscience to condone assassination, but that he does not feel the same scruple about extenuating robbery. Yet the facts that robbery is a less heinous crime than murder, and that political motives impelled Mr. JOSEPH BRADY to more wicked acts than those to which they impel Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, in no way affect the circumstances that the motives of the former patriot *were* as genuinely political as those of the latter, and that if they did not justify the offence of the one, they cannot be pleaded on behalf of the other. How hard it is, however, to dispel the intellectual fog which has obscured the Gladstonian mind on this matter ever since the Gladstonian views on "rapine" had to get themselves so hurriedly changed, may be seen from the droll moral which the *Daily News* tacked on, the other day, to its comments on the CASTIONI case. Now that the Queen's Bench Division, it argued, has declared that there is such a thing as a political offence, and that a Swiss insurgent may commit it, there ought to be no more plank bed for persons convicted of conspiracy to defraud or intimidate their neighbours in Ireland.

To return, however, to the judgment which we are examining, it has now, as we have said, been judicially laid down that proof of political motive alone is not sufficient to secure a place for any given act in the category of political offences. There must be proof, or at any rate unrebutted presumption, of political motive, *plus* evidence of the existence of a certain well-marked condition of overt political disturbance, *plus* evidence of a certain specific relation between the act and the surrounding conditions. And here we come to the second, and no less important, proposition which the Court has laid down—a proposition affirming the doctrine expounded on the subject by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, speaking as jurist and not as judge, and negativing the loosely-worded dictum of Mr. MILL. The judges, that is to say, have declared that any act, otherwise illegal, the author of which seeks privilege for it as a political offence, must not only have been committed during a political insurrection, but must have been "incidental to "or part of" such insurrection. It is possible—and indeed, in our opinion, probable—that Mr. MILL's meaning, in pronouncing in favour of the immunity of acts committed in "the course of an insurrection," was substantially that of Sir JAMES STEPHEN. We can hardly suppose him to have meant by "in the course of an insurrection" merely "during its occurrence"—a construction which would justify a man in committing robbery and murder in a by-street so long as barricade-fighting was going on in the main thoroughfares. We cannot but understand the word "course" to mean "causal concatenation," and Mr. MILL to have intended to say that for an illegal act to be entitled to exemption from punishment on political grounds it must have formed one of the sequence of events of which a political insurrection has consisted. And this would be much the same as describing it, in Sir JAMES STEPHEN's language, as "incidental to, or part of," such insurrection. It might be contended, however, that the judgment of the Queen's Bench Division not only corrects the laxity of Mr. MILL's language on this subject, but that it favours an even more rigorous form of definition than that of Sir JAMES STEPHEN. For Mr. Justice DENMAN and Mr. Justice HAWKINS appear to us to have inclined, and we think wisely, to the view that the political offence, to be such, must have been an act committed, not only "incidentally to, and as part of," but also "in further-"ance of," a political insurrection. We cannot but regard this as the best and most exact definition of the political offence which was given in the course of the trial—infinitely better, of course, than that of Mr. MILL; and in our opinion preferable, though in a less degree, to that of Mr. Justice STEPHEN. We do not feel sure, that is to say, that a wholly wanton and gratuitous act of homicide, committed possibly from motives of private malice by a man actively engaged at the moment in an insurrectionary struggle, might not escape as incidental to, or part of, the insurrection. It would be going too far, doubtless, to adopt the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's contention, and to hold that no illegal act could claim privilege unless it were shown to be "necessary" to the success of the insurrection; but it is not too much, we think, to insist that it should be such an act as might be reasonably considered necessary to that purpose by the insurgent committing it, and such as, therefore, he may be fairly presumed to have committed "in "furtherance thereof."

So much for the law of the case as laid down by the Queen's Bench. If now we turn to the facts, and consider how far and in what way they stand related to the legal propositions above set forth, the first and last impression produced upon the candid inquirer will certainly be that the impulsive Signor CASTIONI has had an extremely lucky escape. In order to justify the Court in discharging him from custody, it was necessary for them to be satisfied that a political insurrection was in progress at the moment when he shot State Councillor ROSSI; and it is more than doubtful whether at that moment, all resistance having ceased and the insurgents being masters of the situation, the insurrection was not virtually at an end. It was further necessary for them to satisfy themselves that CASTIONI was acting with a public, and not a private, motive in firing the fatal shot; but, while it is extremely difficult to credit

him on the facts with any political impulse to action, there was a certain amount of positive evidence, though the Court deemed it insufficient, that he was, in fact, wreaking a personal grudge. He had so far schooled himself in indifference to the politics of Ticino that he had managed to pass the last seventeen years in England as the employé of a distinguished sculptor; he arrived in Bellinzona only the night before the insurrection, and could have barely had time, therefore, to master the merits of the party quarrel before plunging into it with a revolver; his interest in the political movement ceased, as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out, with the fall of ROSSI and his own exclamation, "He is down!" and it was stated, though the judges held it not proved, that he had expressed an intention of avenging the death of a brother, which had occurred ten years before.

Lastly, it was necessary for the judges to be satisfied that the act of the prisoner in firing at ROSSI was an act done by him "in furtherance of" the insurrection, or, at any rate, as "incidental to, or a part of," it; and on this it must be said that, if the prisoner's act was, indeed, of that description, as the judges have in fact found, he has grave cause of complaint against the violent hostility of appearances. He was unlucky enough to fire the shot within the gates of the palace, when all resistance had ceased, when ROSSI was standing quietly inside the inclosure, and when, in short, as his own leader has candidly testified, "the firing of the shot was unnecessary to the success of "the movement." Of course it is conceivable that CASTIONI may have been under the *bonâ fide*, however erroneous, belief that the discharge of his revolver at that particular time was necessary to the success of the movement, or, at least, would effectively "further" it, although, in fact, it had already reached its goal. But all we can say in that case is, that he has been singularly fortunate in getting three English judges to take his view, and that he must not expect such luck another time.

THE TAUNTON ACCIDENT.

THE shocking accident on the Great Western line near Taunton does not appear to be one of those railway disasters that call for the closest investigation of experts. The leading facts—and they are not disputed—point clearly to the immediate cause. The collision occurred through the mistake of a signalman. The signalman admits his error; admits that he had forgotten he had shunted a down goods train on to the up line, and through this forgetfulness permitted the up Plymouth special to run into the stationary goods train. The result of this unhappy blunder is the loss of ten lives and severe injuries to nine or ten passengers. As the signalman who controlled the signals at Norton Fitzwarren had forgotten the shunted train, the up line was not blocked from that point for the approaching special from Plymouth, the driver of which, seeing the line signalled "clear," drove through the junction at the usual speed into the goods train stationed somewhat short of a mile beyond. From the published accounts of the accident, the force of the collision must have been as terrible as the worst collision yet chronicled in railway annals. The greater portion of the carriage nearest the engine was shattered past recognition, the tender of the engine being thrust through and under it; and there can be no doubt that the fatalities would have been even more numerous than they unhappily are if it had not been for the broad-gauge line and the unusually stout carriages used on that line. The suggestion that no passengers' carriage should be coupled to an engine's tender, and that there should always intervene some strong "dummy" vehicle to break the shock of collisions, has been frequently made from time to time, and always ignored. The suggestion is eminently sensible and entirely practicable. The matter is not unworthy of the attention of the Board of Trade and railway Companies, though it is a minor point of public interest in comparison with the duties and qualifications of signalmen and the right use of sidings for shunting purposes.

Whenever fatal railway accidents occur the public are prepared to hear loud and general strictures of railway management, and indignant comments on the hard position of the overworked signalman. Such criticism is too often just. The sympathy so freely expressed on behalf of the Norton signalman is a very natural sentiment. It does not appear, however, that RICE, the signalman, had been overworked the night of the accident. He had resumed work at nine, some four hours before the collision, and resumed it immediately after a long spell of rest; yet, as he has been employed by the Great Western Company thirty-five years, and is over sixty years of age, it may well be that he was better fitted, not to mention the deserts of long service, to assume an easier post than he held. A man between sixty and seventy may, of course, be thoroughly competent to serve as signalman at an important junction; but the chances are he is not. And it appears, also, that RICE was still suffering from an accident he received some months since, and was so conscious of his growing infirmity that he had recently thought of resigning his post. It is perfectly obvious that he was no longer the right man for the signal-box. Everybody can understand the desire to retain good servants as long as possible. Putting sentiment aside, to do so is sound policy, if conducted within reasonable limits. But when the service is of a highly responsible nature, such as involves the security or lives of the public, and requires the continual exercise of unimpaired intelligence, the superannuation of servants may be dangerously delayed. RICE'S momentary lapse of memory undoubtedly was the cause of the Taunton accident. The man has confessed his blunder. But we are by no means sure that such practices as the carrying of goods and passenger traffic on the same rails of main lines, and the shunting of goods trains to make way for passenger trains from the up to the down line, or *vice versâ*, are not even more reprehensible than the employment of men over sixty as signalmen. At the forthcoming inquiry we shall probably learn why the goods train, after being transferred to the up line, was not driven further up the line and shunted into the nearest siding. It would be interesting to know if it is customary on the Great Western Railway to allow goods trains to remain on the main line when an express or special is due on that line within a few minutes. If this practice is forbidden by the regulations of the railway Company, all we can say is, with the accounts of the Taunton accident before us, that the shunting of the goods train is scarcely less censurable than the mistake of the signalman. If it is not forbidden, the sooner the necessary rule is made the better. Special trains, it would seem, are exposed to peculiar danger. They are often put on the line and despatched at very short notice. We may assume that the departure of the special from Plymouth just before midnight on Monday was known to officials all up the line. Yet the driver of the goods train, while stationary on the up line awaiting his signal to return to the down line and proceed to Exeter, declares he knew nothing about the special. The signal he waited for, unfortunately, never came, though the ill-fated special did. Had he expected the special, and had he known the time it was due at Norton, none could have blamed him if, signal or no signal, he had returned to his proper rails—the down line. Why was he not ordered back the moment the down mail had passed? This is one other important matter that must be cleared.

ROYAL AND NOBLE MAYORS.

THE political meteorology which takes minute account of municipal elections is usually indifferent to the choice of mayors for the several boroughs and cities of England which follows in a few days. In so far it is wise. The one thing it ought not to do, and the other it ought to leave undone. The way in which people vote for Common Councillors now gives no sort of indication of the way in which they will vote for members of Parliament two or three years hence. Just as little can we infer that the class of persons whom the aforesaid Councillors choose as mayors, or the mode of thinking prevalent among them, foreshadows the Parliamentary choice. Without laying stress on the fact, or finding in it any basis for political prediction, we may, however, note that, while a small majority of persons calling themselves Gladstonians in ordinary politics—a decreasing majority, we believe, as compared with last year—was returned at the last municipal elections, a very considerable majority of the persons elected as mayors belong to the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist parties. The choice was, of course, not made on political grounds; for it was made by bodies of men of another way of thinking, or, perhaps we should say, of talking and shouting, on political matters. The question then arises, Why do Town Councils, on the whole Gladstonian rather than otherwise, elect anti-Gladstonian mayors? What is

the origin of this preference on their part for Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists? It must surely be that, in regard not merely to wealth and social position, conventionally so accounted, but in education, capacity, and character, the municipalities find that the best men are in one or other section of the Unionist party. When they want the borough to be creditably represented by its chief magistrate, they are constrained to look for him in the ranks of the party which Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in an outburst worthy of a Watertoast Sympathizer, declares his intention of scattering like chaff at the next general election. This is the answer to the question: Why do a majority, on the whole, of Gladstonian Town Councillors elect a relatively much more considerable majority of anti-Gladstonian mayors? The great object of every system of choice is to place the conduct of affairs in the hands of men of intelligence and character; and where the preponderance of these is Gladstonism makes practical confession. When opinions come to be counted at the next general election, we are by no means without confidence that the country will prove to be of the same mind as it was in 1886. If opinions were weighed as well as counted, there would not be room for reasonable doubt.

To the public at large the list of newly-elected mayors for England and Wales which appeared in the newspapers on Tuesday has as much significance as a page or two taken at random from the Post Office Directory or the list of sworn brokers which is from time to time authoritatively communicated to the world. There were, however, one or two features of interest in it. In several cases Corporations availed themselves of the liberty given them by recent legislation to elect their mayors from outside. Under the original Municipal Corporations Act, only a member of the Corporation, whether Alderman or Town Councillor, was eligible for the mayoralty. The disregard of considerations of fitness sometimes shown in municipal elections possibly now and then produced Town Councils which could not furnish forth one seemly mayor. More often this result was produced by the reluctance of persons engaged in large affairs, or of education and refinement, to make sacrifice of their interests or tastes to the sometimes noisy and dirty, and more frequently petty, business of municipal government. The paradise of mayoralty did not counterbalance the purgatorial pains of town-councillorship or aldermanship. Even the mayoral office itself had become a little degraded by the hands into which it occasionally fell. The abstract idea of a mayor was respectable and imposing, because it was detached not only from the robe and mace of office, but from the personal peculiarities of any particular mayor. It was the quiddity or essential idea of mayoralty. Its embodiment, sometimes in fact, oftener in conventional fiction, was a being from behind the counter of a retired shop, promiscuous in his h's, regardless of the concord which should exist between a verb and its nominative case, firmly believing, indeed, that *them* and *us* were nominative cases requiring verbs in the singular. This type has been for some time disappearing, both in London and in the country at large. We have Lord Mayors who have held commissions in the army, who have been to the great public schools, who quote Greek, and who nourish themselves and refresh their guests with the wisdom of the Judicious HOOKER—Lord Mayors who, like OTHELLO and Mr. GLADSTONE, fetch their being from men of royal siege. The flesh and blood of EDWARD I. is now enthroned in the Mansion House as well as at Buckingham Palace. About a year ago a German Professor published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* an article entitled "Die Gentry, und deren Abstammung "von englischen Königen," drawn chiefly from Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER'S work:—*The Royal Lineage of our Noble and Gentle Families.* From these two authorities it would almost seem that a man who has not a king among his ancestors has the "distinction" of Lord CASTLEREAGH. This is a vein well worth working out in America, where everybody seems to be descended from anybody whom it is worth while to be descended from. We would suggest to genealogists a work on "The Mayoral Origin of Royal, Noble, "and Gentle Families." Nearly every illustrious house in England has its aboriginal Lord Mayor even more surely than its ghost. Queen ELIZABETH, as Sir HENRY ISAACS spectacularly reminded the sightseers of London on the 9th of November, 1889, was, through ANNE BOLEYN, descended from a Lord Mayor; and, but for the fact that she was the Virgin Queen, turtle soup might flow in the veins of our kings.

If the mayors of England have made contributions in considerable numbers to the House of Lords, the House of Lords is now making contributions, in its turn, to the mayoralty of England. The Marquess of BUTE has been chosen Mayor of Cardiff. Lord ST. LEVAN, who but the other day was Sir JOHN ST. AUBYN, as Mayor of Devonport, must renounce for a time the privilege of "sleep-"ing by the fable of BELLERUS old, Where the great "vision of the guarded mount, Looks towards Namancos "and Bayona's hold." The Town Councils of Cardiff and Devonport have acted very sensibly in asking Lord BUTE and Lord ST. LEVAN to become their mayors, and Lord BUTE and Lord ST. LEVAN have shown equal good sense in consenting to be elected. An increasing part of the work of the country will in future be done in local assemblies. Lord ROSEBERY did not greatly exaggerate the other day in saying that in value and interest it will not fall much behind that committed to Parliament. It is all important that it should fall into the right hands. The hold which the gentry of England, titled and untitled, have gained and still keep on public opinion is largely due to the readiness with which they have accepted the laborious and unpaid functions of magistracy and of local administration under the system which has now, in some part, passed away. The purity which has marked the working of English parish and county institutions is, in a great degree, due to the fact that it has been in the hands of these men. If it is to maintain this character, it must be by the same instrumentality. In America the local jobber and wirepuller has carved out a series of steps for himself from the township, through the county and the State, to Congress and the Capitol. If a similar danger is to be averted in England, the upward current which sets in from the Municipality and the County Council to Parliament must be met by a downward current setting in from Parliament to the County and Town Councils. The lower men are thrusting themselves into the higher places; the higher men must adjust the balance by accepting their share of the lower places; and introducing into the daily work of the parish, borough, and county the honourable instincts and traditions by which the magistracy of England has been marked. The electors to the County Councils and the County Councils themselves have in many cases shown a very creditable sense of the value of the services of the gentry of the neighbourhood. It is satisfactory to find, by such elections as those of Cardiff and Devonport, that the borough municipalities are of the same mind. If the feeling be properly responded to, the aristocracy of England may find that, like the Crown, it may regain in influence whatever it is destined to lose in direct authority.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. *SERPENT*.

IN one respect the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent* is an event on which it is easy to comment. The disaster is the worst which has happened since the *Eurydice* capsized off Dunnose. It has apparently entailed the loss of nearly a whole ship's company, which is a matter for unmixed regret. Beyond this, however, there is as yet no matter on which to comment with certainty. Whether the wreck was more than one of those misfortunes which happen from time to time to well-handled and solid ships cannot yet be known. For all we know to the contrary, the *Serpent* may have perished through one of those errors of navigation into which even the most competent of seamen may fall, and thoroughly well-navigated vessels do, even when they have a pilot on board, get out of their proper course in storms and fogs. On a dangerous coast such mistakes frequently lead to disaster. The *Serpent* was on a dangerous coast, and had met bad weather on her way from Plymouth. South-westerly and westerly gales would force a vessel endeavouring to round Finisterre towards the shore. Her officers may not have judged accurately what the effect of the gale had been on the course of the ship, or the deviations of the compass may have been greater than they had calculated. They may have committed the less pardonable mistake of rounding the Cape too closely in such weather. In either case they would have committed an error which proves nothing as to the quality of the vessel. We say this on the supposition that the version which represents the *Serpent* as having been steered on the rocks off Camarinas is correct, and which has been confirmed by the reported words of the survivors. If the other version—accepted, at least at first by the Admiralty, as we note

with some surprise and a mixture of another feeling—is the right one, if the *Serpent* became disabled through a breakdown in her machinery, and either foundered or was driven helplessly on the rocks, then another comment would have to be made. Considering the past record of the vessel, a serious account would have to be called for from those who sent her to sea.

What can be done, and should be done without hesitation, is to protest against the tone of much of the comment which the most respectable papers have allowed to appear. They feel themselves apparently compelled to rely on the Central News Agency, and the Central News Agency thinks it its duty (we believe this is the recognized motive of a certain class of journalists) to say something. When there is nothing of any value to be said, it is, of course, necessary to fall back on what can be got. A glance at the News Agency's information will show what the quality of the material it has obtained is. It is, to call it by its name, the tittle-tattle of the port. The wife of a petty officer has told the agent that her husband came on shore just before the *Serpent* left to bring off men who had broken their leave—a very common incident, indeed, when ships are leaving port. The petty officer was "down-hearted," and thought the voyage would be an unlucky one. So did other petty officers. Some of the men feared they would never come back. To what end is all this repeated, and what is the value of it? One man was "not very comfortable with his captain"—a most important piece of information. There never was a ship commissioned in Her Majesty's navy in which there was not somebody who was "not very comfortable with his "captain." It is not always the fault of the captain. We are informed that a seaman of H.M.S. *Anson* knew a man on board named Tapper, who had gloomy views of the coming cruise. This seaman, who gave his name, but "wished it to be reserved for the present," was told by his brother, a stoker on board the *Serpent*, that the captain grumbled at the number of mess-traps. He thought one basin quite sufficient for two men. Whereupon "one "of the men looked up at him, and said, 'Every pig has got "'a trough of his own.' This man was regarded as a bad "character [we can quite believe it], but the men were de-"lighted at his speaking out." They would be, but what does it all mean? The ship was certainly not lost from want of basins, or a superfluity of them. There can be but one intelligible reason for chatter of this kind, and it is the wish to insinuate that Captain Ross was a tyrannical officer. If that is not the object, it is the idlest gabble. We do not think that on either supposition it becomes the columns of a newspaper of standing. For the rest, it is beside the question anywhere. The matter to be reported is the loss of the *Serpent*. With that neither the sentiments entertained by A. B.'s towards the captain, nor his sentiments as to what constitutes a sufficiency of basins, has anything to do. Some taste ought to be shown even in the selection of padding.

"AND CHRISTIANITY!"

According to the *Times'* report of Mr. Mackenzie's paper on the British East Africa Company, which was read at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday, the word "Christianity" was not uttered once by the lecturer. All reference to Christianity was dropped out of a discourse that told of the extension of trade in a barbarous land, and the hope there is that commerce will spread further and further yet over thousands of square miles of the Dark Continent. The slave traffic was not untouched—indeed, it had an important place in Mr. Mackenzie's lecture, the main purpose of which was to argue that a State subsidy for railway works in the Company's territory would not only advance the trade interests of the Empire, but would be of incalculable service in stamping out the inhuman traffic in flesh and blood. And yet not a word about carrying the light of Christianity into the dark places of the earth, or any reference to Christianity at all! Mrs. Proudie will turn in her grave; other people may hope that a very wretched kind of cant is at last dropping into disuse.

Possibly Mr. George Mackenzie, who seems to be a sound-headed man and most capable administrator, may have his own views on the subject, and may never have talked Christianity and commerce, dividends and the divine light, at business meetings. In that case so much the more credit to him. Yet there are reasons for thinking that its absence on this occasion may not have been due alone to the honourable idiosyncrasy of one great merchant-trader. Circumstances have occurred of late to reduce the expediency of representing Commerce as ever carrying the solace of Christianity into distant and more distant lands. Should any man, at any meeting, think now of gilding a report or a prospectus with rays borrowed from "the torch of "civilization," a something that may be conscience or may be something else will whisper in his ear, "It won't do just "now; better drop it." There is not a chairman, nor a secretary, nor a promoter in the three kingdoms to whom that voice does not speak, nor one who does not recognize it for the voice of wisdom. And, since the circumstances above-mentioned are unlikely to be forgotten soon, no matter what appearance they may wear when they are better known, who is to say that what begins as a temporary sacrifice to popular feeling may not become habitual decency? It is a by no means improbable event, long as the cant of "Commerce, Civilization, and Christianity hand in "hand" has flourished on this side of the border—and the other. Compulsion to cease from it for a time must be the more sharply felt because only the other day, and over this very business of redeeming Africa from savagery, a gush burst forth that has rarely been equalled for volume and stickiness since the Manchester school was most abandoned to self-worship. In saying that, we are not thinking of any particular enterprise, but of a dozen different projects for dispelling African darkness. It was, perhaps, only an expression of what the heirs of all the ages should never forget—that man does not live by bread alone; it was, perhaps, the yearning of a worthy desire to temper dreams of twenty-two per cent. by thoughts of another world; but when the tremendous possibilities of wealth from gums, from spices, from gold, from ivory, from Heaven only knew what products hitherto undiscovered, had been dwelt upon, then came the never-failing peroration about the blessings of civilization and the light of the Cross. "But, gentlemen, whatever may be the fortunes of the en-"terprise so grandly opened up to British capital, however "much or little it may fill the cupboards of our own toilers at "the factory and the loom—and I am afraid those cupboards "are not always so plentifully stored as you could wish them "to be—you will have one source of deep and profound "satisfaction. You will know that in regions steeped for "countless ages in primeval barbarism, where millions, aye, "millions of our fellow-men are still denied the enlighten-"ment and comfort that one book alone can give; you will "know that your pioneers will carry with them at every "step . . ." &c. This was not only to be heard on platforms, but to be read in a hundred newspapers, just as it used to be when four-fifths of the whole community seemed to be under the persuasion that British commerce was destined to be the most pervasive and powerful moral agency that the world had ever known. It was a melancholy revival. For years before, Englishmen had lain under the reproach of covering a ferocious greed for trade with the cant of apostolic yearnings. A more despicable combination is hardly conceivable; yet for this they were despised infinitely more than they deserved to be, though not without warrant altogether. But what warrant there was had greatly declined when the new "boom" in civilizing missions broke out—the more disgracefully because it seemed to tell of an ineradicable implant of commercial-class hypocrisy. Then a sudden explosion, which need not be specified; and then again the finger of scorn turned from every point in Europe against this canting nation of shopkeepers.

That the accusations which have raised these new reproaches do justify them we shall think of admitting when the accusations have been proved; but it needs no tale of violence from Africa to prove that the Commerce-and-Christianity cant of which, it seems, we are still capable, is disgraceful to the country. Commerce may be the means of dispelling barbarism, of lifting whole nations to a higher life, and of supplanting base and cruel superstitions by a noble faith. If the truth is to be told, we see a great deal to the contrary on various portions of the earth's surface; but these ever-blessed consequences do sometimes follow in the train of trade, if elsewhere it would seem (from results) to have dealt in nothing but degradation, pestilence, and death. But whatever the results, this we know: It is not in the least degree necessary to seek excuses for trade as long as it is commonly honest and commonly humane; the pretence of com-

bining trade enterprise for profit with anxiety to civilize and Christianize benighted brethren in dark continents and distant seas is (not to put too fine a point upon it) humbug—conscious humbug, which is bad, or unconscious, which is rather worse when rightly considered. The man who knowingly lies is not so much of a liar as one who never knew in what veracity consists. And further we know that if trade, dropping all pretence to high and holy missions, were invariably honest and humane, we should much more often see the savage peoples it traffics with in the way of civilization, and much less seldom destroyed by new vices, new distresses, new diseases—such, for instance, as are introduced to whole tribes in bottles of poison labelled "rum." If British commerce in savage countries would always content itself with being honourable commerce, it would never feel the need of spouting at home about the Bible which it never fails to carry in its left hand wherever it may go, the country would no longer be disgraced by a very sickening kind of cant, and the blacks would have a far better chance of being able to say, for British commerce, that civilization was its better part. The traders of our native land have had a sharp lesson; let them profit by it. The lesson is chiefly addressed to African traders. They may remark that Mr. MACKENZIE dropped all reference to Christianizing mission; it would be well if they could agree to go yet further, and talk a little less about their anxiety to put an end to the horrors of the slave-trade. On that subject a torrent of cant has been poured out of late; it is time the floods abated. African traders are perfectly right when they say that this abominable traffic must decline as they open the country and make cheaper roads than those which kidnapped porters travel. That these roads will be made, for the profit of the makers of them, is a matter of course. The profit, when it comes, will be well and honestly earned, on conditions which, though they may have something to do with morality, need not include any intention of putting down the slave-trade. The slave-trade will be put down all the same. In short, let Commerce do its own business in the right way, and it may leave Civilization and Christianity to their own work; and that work will be none the worse done, but far better than we are able to boast of at present.

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

THE interval which has passed since the election in the United States has only given time for the publication of evidence which proves still further the extent of the Democratic victory. The Republicans have been as utterly and as unexpectedly beaten as the famous FOX and NORTH Coalition. MCKINLEY'S martyrs is not a phrase so telling as FOX'S; but, if the Republicans were described by the name, it would be perfectly accurate. It is plain that the party is confounded by the extent of the disaster, and it well may be. The loss of seats is comparatively unimportant, great as it has been. If the Republicans had a policy for which they could continue to fight, they might buckle to and make an effort to recover what they have lost. But, as in the already-quoted case of the Coalition, the struggle has not so much been between two policies as between a political machine worked for the mere personal interests of cliques and a strong national feeling. This feeling may not be particularly enlightened. It may have been inspired, and indeed was, by exasperation at the discovery that the MCKINLEY Bill had injured the voter's pocket. But, whatever its cause was, it has been almost universal, and it is likely to be kept alive by what first caused it. That being so, the "machine" has, in all probability, not only been beaten, but been smashed. The Republicans must look about for another platform, or prepare to sink into a handful first, and then disappear as other political leagues have done. It is probable that they will find no great difficulty in deciding which course to take. The voters have rid themselves of Mr. MCKINLEY, who retires with the pleasing conviction, not uncommon among defeated candidates, that, though he was at the bottom of the poll, he really won. They will now rid themselves of Mr. MCKINLEY'S policy. Mr. BLAINE is quite ready to throw him over. The wirepullers will get rid of anything rather than their places. So, to adopt the fine confused metaphors of American politics, the Chinese Wall may soon be used as a tub for the whale.

The Democrats and their friends of the Farmers' Alliance, for their part, have a policy which is put in fustian language, but quite intelligibly, in the manifesto of the Alliance. The "combined forces," it says, "of the agri-"cultural and labouring classes must be consolidated against "the forces of the corporations, monopolies, trusts, syndi-"cates, and moneyed aristocrats, who have for years feasted "upon the substance of the people." The farmers of the West have, it seems, at last learnt what the planters of the South knew already—namely, that men who live by producing raw materials, and have no competition to fear in the home market, have nothing to gain by Protection. It has taken them a long time to grasp an elementary proposition; but at last they have done so. The Democratic party has therefore a solid and trustworthy self-interest to work on, which is a great advantage to a politician. Mr. CLEVELAND is well justified in applauding himself for sticking to his guns on the Tariff reform question, even at the risk of immediate defeat at the last Presidential election. He did other, and much less worthy, things; but in that respect he showed both sense and courage. The propaganda which he and his friends have carried on for two years would probably have produced comparatively little effect if their opponents had not helped it by the convincing argument contained in the MCKINLEY Bill. But to be helped in this fashion by your enemies is a fluke of luck which not uncommonly happens to politicians who are following what in itself is the more sagacious course. It may be taken for granted that Tariff reform will be the issue in the coming political struggles in America. The shape it will take is a much more obscure question. The Republicans will hardly help their rivals by standing to the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. The "Chinese Wall" will be surrendered by the Republican majority of the Senate, and by Mr. HARRISON himself; but then the old difficulty will revive. The surplus will remain to be disposed of; and, as before, it will be hard to do that without accepting what is practically Free-trade. We shall wait for more evidence before believing that the Democratic party can safely go as far as that. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the Farmers' Alliance has other aims than those quoted from the manifesto, and that of them some are far from acceptable to the whole party. There are signs of a division in the party in the choice of a candidate for the Presidency, so that the course of the Democrats is not by any means clear.

THE CHANGES ON THE BENCH.

THE retirement of Lord Justice COTTON, after thirteen years of judicial service, was scarcely expected by the public. He was not, as judges go, an old man, and there was no obvious failing in his mental powers. But he had never been robust, and the extreme thoroughness with which he insisted on mastering the details of the most complicated cases gradually broke down his strength. It was announced shortly before the Michaelmas sittings that he would not be able to take his seat on this side of Christmas, and the news of his resignation almost immediately followed. Certain financial arrangements, which need not be more particularly described, make it unusual for an English judge to resign within fifteen years of his appointment. Sir HENRY COTTON, following the precedent of the late Sir RICHARD BAGGALLAY, and the precept of HORACE, declines to put pressure upon faculties which need repose. The courtesy and patience of Sir HENRY COTTON, combined as they were with an unfailing dignity and sweetness of temper, made him agreeable to the legal profession, and earned for him the general respect of the public. He was a thoroughly sound lawyer, with a grasp of principles as well as a memory for cases. These, of course, are not qualities which excite much interest or enthusiasm, and Lord Justice COTTON never laid himself out to be a brilliant or showy judge. He was content to do his duty, and to deal with what came before him without imparting to the reporters and the junior Bar his opinions or prejudices upon things in general. He was never hasty or petulant, like many men of more dazzling reputation than his own. The MASTER of the ROLLS dwelt very happily upon one marked characteristic of the Lord Justice. Most judges, including some of the greatest, wish to stop counsel as soon as they understand a case themselves. Sir HENRY COTTON held a theory, which he often expressed, that this practice was not always wise. There was something else necessary, he said, besides satisfying the mind of

the judge. The parties ought to be convinced that through their advocates they had been sufficiently heard. How far this doctrine admits of being strictly applied to the heterogeneous mass of business which comes before the English Courts at the present time is a question for experts to decide. Sir GEORGE JESSEL would have laughed the idea to scorn, and nobody would dream of comparing Sir HENRY COTTON as a judge with Sir GEORGE JESSEL. If we are to have anything like an elaborate system of jurisprudence, especially without a Code, it is impossible that the general public should comprehend legal proceedings. At the same time, it is important that these should not only be fair, but should appear so to the ordinary understanding.

Lord Justice COTTON's most competent and worthy successor, Sir EDWARD KAY, has enjoyed, or, as Lord ELLENBOROUGH put it, endured, nine years' experience as a judge of first instance. Sir HENRY COTTON, like Mr. ALFRED THESIGER, came straight from the Bar to the Court of Appeal. It is curious at this distance of time to recollect the ferment which raged over Mr. THESIGER's appointment. It was an ignorant clamour; for, though Mr. THESIGER was not forty, he had reached the front rank of his profession, and during the few years which remained to him he made an excellent judge. No one had a word to say against Mr. COTTON's elevation. Indeed, his acknowledged eminence at the Chancery Bar would have made objections absurd. He had the difficult task of succeeding Sir GEORGE MELLISH, and of sitting with Sir WILLIAM JAMES, but he was equal to both positions. Of late years, as the Senior Lord Justice, he has habitually presided in one division of the Court of Appeal, and a very good president he made. He has the satisfaction of knowing that this duty will now fall into the thoroughly efficient hands of Lord Justice LINDLEY. Perhaps there never was a more ludicrous instance of freakish caprice in legal administration than the despatch of the Chancery judges on circuit. The experiment lasted but a few years, and then succumbed to general ridicule. Lord Justice COTTON fared better than some of his colleagues, and furnished less food for mirth at the Bar mess. A singularly cautious and prudent man, he avoided committing himself to anything absurd; nor did he, like one very eminent lawyer, treat prisoners defending themselves as if they were counsel for other people. But he was, perhaps for the first time in his life, thoroughly out of his element, and on a trial for murder he came into very disagreeable collision with the defence. The incident was probably unique in his grave and sedate career, of which the only other irregularity appears to be that, after getting the Newcastle at Eton, he took a second class in classics at Oxford. The mention of his name by the LORD CHANCELLOR at the LORD MAYOR's dinner was received with hearty applause, for the COTTONS are well known, and much respected, in the City. The feelings of the Bar were appropriately uttered by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the Court of Appeal. We believe that Lord SALISBURY, and not Lord HALSBURY, is technically responsible for the selection of Sir EDWARD KAY as the new Lord Justice. No better choice could have been made, though it is possible that the Chancery Division will lose even more than the Court of Appeal will gain. Of Mr. ROMER it may be said that his practice is unusually large, and his popularity almost universal.

A LESSON FROM BRISTOL.

THE case of QUIN *v.* DAVIS, MALPRAS, and BAKER, decided last week in the Bristol County Court, has not received the attention it deserves. It contains a very useful lesson for employers, and a not less useful lesson for the bullies of the Union. In all respects but one the story is familiar. It shows how the Union can tyrannize over those who refuse to submit to its dictation. The novelty of it lies in this, that the victim preferred to take it fighting. Although he is, with manifest injustice, described as a "nervous old gentleman," he brought the bullies to book in the County Court, and was awarded fifty pounds damages. Judge METCALFE thought the sum insufficient, but it was all Mr. QUIN claimed.

The stages which led to this satisfactory conclusion are, as we have said, familiar. The strike at Bristol produced an increase in the rate of payment to the dock labourers. It suggested itself to the master stevedores, who contract for unloading ships, that an increase should not be earned by the men only. They therefore combined to raise their charges from twopence-halfpenny to fourpence a ton. In order to be the better able to extort this price from shipowners and merchants, they themselves entered the Union, paying 25*l.* per man to the funds of that body. Their sagacious calculation was that its coercive powers would, if placed at their disposal, be well worth the money; and, considering how things have gone for a year or so, it cannot be said that they judged rashly. Mr. QUIN, who is described as a small stevedore, did not enter the Union. He preferred to work for himself. Using his undoubted right to sell his work at what price he pleased, he offered to continue discharging ships at the old rate. It was his interest to undersell the rival stevedores, and he had a perfect right to do so. He was employed to discharge a steamer called the *Gardiprê*, and for that purpose collected a gang of men whom he paid at the Union rate. It was nobody's business but his own whether or not he chose to rest satisfied with a narrower margin of profit than other stevedores. There was no question of "sweating" the labourers. All that Mr. QUIN was accused of was acting in a manner which might diminish the profits of his rivals in business. These persons had not entered the Union for nothing. They proceeded to call Mr. QUIN a blackleg, and to put all the coercive machinery of the Union in force against him. In this they were helped by that "highly-strung young Democrat" Mr. TILLETT. A telegram from this man was produced in court, in which he says, "If any stevedore has broken his agreement with me "and the Union by cutting down the rates for his "steamer's discharge, don't allow him to discharge her." Mr. QUIN was not allowed. He was prevented by the use of the usual machinery. His labourers were told that if they continued to work for him their Union books would be taken—in other words, they would be shut out of employment. They were overawed, and left the *Gardiprê*. The active agents, in persuading them to refuse work, were the men DAVIS, MALPRAS, and BAKER, whom Mr. QUIN sued. In a moment of weakness Mr. QUIN promised to raise his rate, but he was told that it was too late, and that he should not discharge ships at all. In fact, he was to be ruined for resisting his fellow-stevedores who had "nobbled" the Union. Then Mr. QUIN decided to fight it out. When the prospect of appearing in court was put before them, the Union bullies seem to have been considerably disturbed. Attempts were, it is said, made to compromise the action, and when they failed, to get the action removed from Bristol by *certiorari*. Both efforts failed, and the Unionist wirepullers came before Judge METCALFE. In court all they could argue was that, as the engagement between labourer and stevedore is by the custom of the port terminable at a moment's notice, there could not be said to have been any breach of contract in the refusal of Mr. QUIN's men to continue discharging the *Gardiprê*. The judge was of opinion that no such custom had been proved, and that a promise to work at discharging a ship is a promise to work till she is empty. He therefore decided against the Unionist agitators, and it will, we imagine, be generally acknowledged that he decided in accordance with common sense. The morals of this story are easy to extract. It must be repeated again that the Union did not even pretend to be acting on behalf of the labourers. On the contrary, it bullied them into the loss of a job at the Union rate of pay. It was, in fact, acting as the weapon of certain employers (for master stevedores are employers) who had paid for its services by contributing to its funds. This of itself throws a useful light on the morals of the highly-strung Democrats who work the machine. Another lesson is that in future employers will know against whom to proceed when they suffer loss by the activity of Unionist agents. It is to be hoped that, encouraged by the example of Mr. QUIN, they will proceed.

POLICE AND PRISONERS.

THE letter of "Rural Dean" in Wednesday's *Times*, though incorrect in some particulars, brings out clearly enough a rather grave abuse in the practical administration of justice. Many people besides "Rural "Dean" must have been struck by the peculiar evidence of Superintendent HEAD in the Oxford shooting case. The Superintendent, who, from his position, must be a man of some experience, described how he asked the prisoner

whether she knew a gentleman called HAINES at Oxford; and on her denying that she did, inquired whether she persisted in her denial; whereupon she answered the original question in the affirmative. In this particular case the conduct of the Superintendent can do neither good nor harm. KATE RIORDAN has admitted that she shot the Master of University, although she says she only meant to frighten him; and the degree of her moral responsibility for her actions is the only disputed part of the matter. But there are circumstances which are not difficult to imagine, and which, indeed, have not infrequently occurred, when persons in custody may have been entrapped into fatal acknowledgments by the zeal of "active and intelligent" policemen. It will be said that the object of criminal justice is to arrive at the truth, and that if people are guilty, the sooner a confession can be procured from them the better. Such, however, is not the law of England. KATE RIORDAN is still, in contemplation of law, an innocent woman. She succeeded in escaping from Oxford in the confusion after Dr. BRIGHT had been wounded; she was only arrested after arriving at her house in Chelsea, and it might well have turned out to be an instance of mistaken identity. At the time when Mr. HEAD put his questions, she had not incriminated herself by a voluntary statement, and her reply to the Superintendent might have been a valuable piece of evidence against her. That, no doubt, is exactly what occurred to the mind of Superintendent HEAD, who may have had visions of himself as the most important witness at a sensational trial. But, then, superintendents ought to know the law, and to proceed in accordance with it. No human being has a right to question KATE RIORDAN on the subject of the crime imputed to her. Neither counsel nor magistrates, neither judge nor jury, have the power thus arbitrarily and inexcusably exercised by Superintendent HEAD. Of course the prisoner had a perfect right to remain silent, or to say that it was not her business to give any account of herself and her friends. But prisoners are often very ignorant, and arrest on criminal process has not a bracing effect upon the intellectual faculties. A man in a uniform with a warrant is to them the embodiment of law and order, quite as much so as a "red judge" himself. They are confused and excited, probably a good deal frightened, and may say anything which comes into their heads.

"Rural Dean," who is not bound like Superintendent HEAD to know the law, erroneously supposes that it is a policeman's duty to caution a prisoner. He puts into the mouth of the ideal constable the familiar formula, "You "need say nothing in answer to the charge, but whatever "you say may be used against you at trial." It is for the committing magistrates, not for any officer of the police, to use the words of JERVIS's Act which "Rural Dean" cites with substantial accuracy. Mr. Justice HAWKINS, the highest possible authority on the practical side of criminal jurisprudence, has succinctly indicated the proper course to be followed by policemen, high or low, in charge of unconvicted prisoners. They are to keep their eyes and ears open, but to hold their tongues. If persons choose to talk, it is not for the police to check them. On the contrary, they should listen, and, so far as possible, take notes. But they have no right to cross-examine or make any attempt to extort damaging admissions. If they do, they exercise a worse tyranny than any *Juge d'Instruction* in France. It is highly desirable, for the sake of accused persons themselves, as well as in the interests of public justice, that any one charged with a crime should be allowed to give evidence if he pleases. Such is already the law in many cases, and should be the law in all. But, then, the process would be conducted in open court, and in the presence of an experienced judge, when fair play would be secured. If Superintendent HEAD were to repeat at the trial what KATE RIORDAN said to him, she would have no opportunity of denying that she had used the words ascribed to her, and of submitting herself to cross-examination. For murder and attempt to murder have not yet been brought within the scope of offences where the prisoner or defendant is a competent witness. Thus, in the present state of things, it is especially important to protect the accused against irregular examination in secret. "Rural Dean" expresses a fear that the practice against which he rightly protests is very often followed. It may be so where the magistrates at petty sessions have final jurisdiction. But misconduct of the kind we have been discussing is always discouraged, and often severely denounced, when it comes under the notice of a judge of assize. It will be surprising if Mr. Justice MATHEWS, when he tries the case, does not address a word in season to Superintendent HEAD.

THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

COLSTON'S Day at Bristol is a festival which both of the two political parties unite on charitable grounds in celebrating; and we should therefore regard it as ungracious to institute too strict a comparison between the respective degrees of success attained by them in doing honour to the occasion. In most cases, moreover, it would be difficult to find any plausible ground for exalting one of the two celebrations at the expense of the other. As a rule, the speakers at the two banquets are pretty evenly matched both in oratorical ability and political position; and, if one of the two Societies produces a brace of Cabinet Ministers, the other replies by playing a couple of politicians who either have occupied or are confidently expected to fill the same dignified position. The "Dolphin" and the "Anchor," in short, have generally made a dead-heat of it; or, at any rate, if one has gone a little ahead of the other, the distance between them has not been sufficient to justify remark. This year, however, it is difficult to refrain from it. On this occasion it must be confessed that the pull of the Conservative Society is too conspicuous to pass unnoticed. The "Dolphin" made all the running last Thursday night; while the "Anchor"—well, the "Anchor" "dragged." With all respect to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, who was as it were its "best bower"—indeed its only bower, if that be not a nautical solecism—we are afraid that that must be admitted. Sir CHARLES, though hardly so effective perhaps at a dinner-table or in the House of Commons as at *nisi prius*, is nevertheless a "sperity" speaker who can be listened to without difficulty; but it would be absurd to pretend that, even with that powerful peer Lord CAVAN to back him, he represents anything like the same weight of political gun-metal as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and Lord ASHBOURNE. And, in discussing the condition of Ireland, the topic to which the bulk of the speeches at both dinner-tables was of course directed, he replies, it is needless to say, at a great disadvantage in point of expert authority to a former Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and a present LORD CHANCELLOR of Ireland.

The particular form, too, which was taken by his remarks on this subject must be pronounced unfortunate. On the eve of a new Session of Parliament, he said, "it was time "to ask whether the Government, in its period of four years "and four months in office, had advanced one single inch "nearer to the great problem of bringing Irish opinion on the "side of authority and law, and of reconciliation to the con-"tinuance of the existing Parliamentary relations between "the two islands." Well, if it were in one sense time to ask that question, it was in another sense premature; for, if Sir CHARLES RUSSELL had waited till the next morning, he would have found that Lord ASHBOURNE had already answered it "over the way." He invited his hearers to compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland which Mr. GLADSTONE left behind him in 1886. Then capital was flying from the country, shares were tumbling, and a sense of grave insecurity prevailed among all classes who had anything to lose. Now the law is observed, order is maintained, intimidation and boycotting are being stamped out; material prosperity, in spite of a partial failure of the potato crop, is increasing; and such distress as is likely to arise in certain districts will be relieved by Mr. BALFOUR's administrative measures. Surely all this would seem to show, in answer to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's question, that the Government has "advanced more than a single inch"—say, at least, a foot or so—nearer to the problem of "bringing Irish opinion on the side of authority and "law." Or is it really only that kind of "reconciliation" which goes with that description of "order" which historically "reigned at Warsaw"? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL himself says that, "except on the Luggacurran, the "PONSONBY, the CLANRICARDE, the OLPHERT, and a few "other estates, there was no actual acute state of things "over the greater part of Ireland." Order, in other words, does reign over that great part of Ireland, and an appearance of contentment. And once more we ask Sir CHARLES whether it is really only "order of the Varsovian "type," and the contentment appropriate thereto? In

other words, is Ireland tranquil because a lawless minority have been brought to obedience, with the hearty good will and approval of the majority? Or is its tranquillity merely the terror-stricken silence of a whole population crouching under the tyrant's whip? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is a man of sense, and of a sense of humour, when he is not speaking to his party brief. Will he lay it aside for a moment, and then answer the question we have just put to him?

THE NEW RIFLE.

IF the very severe and well-written attack on the LEE-SPEEDY magazine rifle which has appeared in the *Times* of this week is but one-half well founded, no more should be heard of the weapon, beyond a brief announcement that it has been given up. It would be absurd to discuss the technical portions of these papers. Descriptions of machinery unaccompanied by drawings are rarely intelligible, even when they are ample. A condensed version of them must needs be naught. But the points which the writer endeavours to prove, and his conclusions, which he supports by copious reasons, are easy to understand and to repeat. Put in a nutshell, his case is that the rifle is a finished specimen —or rather will be so when the War Office is done tinkering with it—of the over-ingenious, complicated, and delicate toys with which all land and sea forces are to-day incumbered. It has one constitutional weakness which is inherent in the principle on which it is constructed. Round this a score of minor weaknesses have been collected in the form of mechanical devices laboriously worked out to obviate its smaller defects. After all the arranging and rearranging to which it has been subjected, it is a very pretty *tour de force*, which might reflect great credit on the ingenuity of its inventor. Unfortunately it is so delicate, that even when properly used by well-trained men, under the most favourable circumstances, it is continually breaking down, and it is full of traps for the unwary. In the hands of the average soldier it would be for ever either going off when it should not, or hanging fire when it should go off. The world is not unaware that armies must necessarily continue to be composed of the average soldier. Also, it is no secret that the virtue of a weapon is to be trustworthy in circumstances which are not easy. Unless the writer in the *Times* can be shown to have utterly misstated the case, it will be held that he proved the unfitness of the rifle to be used by such men in such cases, which is only to say that, however ingenious it may be, it is a very bad weapon.

For our part, we are quite prepared to receive confirmation of the criticisms in the *Times*, and to learn that the LEE-SPEEDY rifle is only one more instance of the follies which have sprung, and will continue to spring, from the mechanical mania of this generation. We are not equally disposed to make its sins the text for an attack on the War Office. The department has had its share of our attention, and has richly deserved it; but in this case it is, for aught we can learn, to be pitied for its sufferings from a universal disease. Blunders of this kind are made abroad. If they are not heard of, it is because no foreign press would dare to criticize its War Office as ours is criticized. How long is it since it was reported, on reasonably good authority, that half the new rifles issued to the Austrian soldiers were returned to store damaged within a month? Yet the Austrian War Office had taken the weapon. Is it, or is it not, the case that the German Government has been chopping and changing, issuing rifles and calling them in, and has, but not till after deciding to adopt it, discovered that the smokeless powder smashes its barrels? These things are said, and often with truth. The fact is that all Admiralties and War Offices are to-day suffering from a disease for which no adequate name has yet been invented. It takes the form of a canine appetite for mechanical devices of every kind. Its works are ships which cannot bear their own engines, guns which cannot bear their own weight, and when fired knock their platforms to pieces, powder which rips the inside out of guns, and cobwebs of electric wires which are as ill to handle as a patient suffering from rheumatic fever. All the military world has taken to considering its weapons in the abstract, and not in their connexion with the very concrete TOM BOWLINE and THOMAS ATKINS, who must handle them, and the places in which they must be used. But, though we state these considerations as reasons for not hanging the Small Arm Committee, or even the porters at the War Office, we by no means advance them as excuses for the continued existence of the LEE-SPEEDY magazine rifle. Let it go, and all things like it, by all means. Let us get a little common sense back, and think for ourselves. Let us give up rushing at every new gimcrack because the foreigner has it. We want more of the wisdom of FLUELLEN. In this respect, however, we are not at all sure that the War Office or the Small Arm Committee stand in more need of reform than the rest of the country. Above all, let us not go off in clamours for a change of system in the usual way. As long as the present delusion lasts, any change will either put us in the hands of an expert, who will probably be a maniacal mechanician like the rest, or of some one who will be led by the nose by mechanicians.

LORD SALISBURY AT THE GUILDHALL.

FOR a speech which was confessedly, and from the circumstances of its delivery, unusually ill-furnished with novel or even fairly interesting subject-matter, the PRIME MINISTER's after-dinner discourse at the Guildhall last Monday was singularly rich, pointed, and pregnant in remark. Lord SALISBURY passed more rapidly this year than is his wont over his general review of foreign affairs, at least in their strictly political aspect; but, on the other hand, he dwelt, and not unnaturally, with even more than his customary insistence, on the industrial and economical relations of States and their bearing on the politics of the world. The public have laughed, and deservedly, at the PREMIER's drollings about pigs and lobsters—though the two cases are so different that we feel tempted to adapt, with the necessary transference of its concluding anathema, the famous exclamation of Sir JOSEPH BANKS (*apud Petrum Pindarum*) with reference to the fleas; and, if we were inclined to be captious, we might further observe that the "low, practical, and prosaic" cause of international quarrel has played a relatively larger, and the sentimental variety a relatively smaller, part in the warlike history of nations than Lord SALISBURY's pleasantry would appear to recognize. We quite admit, however, that contentions of the former class have taken a new form, as well as have developed a fresh notoriety, in these latter days. Wars arising out of mutually hostile tariffs are not unknown; but tariff wars themselves, and, above all, tariff wars persisted in with the inveterate animosity which characterizes them nowadays, are practically an invention of our own time. And the increasing energy with which these fiscal campaigns are being prosecuted all over the world does, undoubtedly, lend much force to Lord SALISBURY's vindication of his desire to acquire "large "stretches of African territory, and to place them under "the British flag." Critics of these arrangements should consider, as the PRIME MINISTER justly said, how closely intertwined the questions of commercial freedom and territorial supremacy are in these days; "and should remember "that every bit of the world's surface that is not under the "British flag is a country which may be, and probably will "be, closed to us by a hostile tariff."

Very much to the point, too, were Lord SALISBURY's observations on the labour question and the gloomy industrial prospect which would be opened out to us by the success of those interested politicians who are now "preaching arrangements which the modern world has never heard "of before, and which savour of the darkest superstition "by which industry was ever oppressed." From the Eight Hours' Bill, and those who coquet with it, with an eye on the electoral horizon, it is a natural transition to the subject of political meteorology, on which the PRIME MINISTER had one or two agreeably caustic remarks to bestow. The most effective of his hits was, no doubt, his reference to the leading case of the "brav' Général," whose defeat he cited as an example of the value of this kind of political foresight. "General "BOULANGER carried bye-election after bye-election in all the "greatest towns in France; but somehow General BOULANGER "did not win." No, General BOULANGER did not win; to that extent, at any rate, the omen is satisfactory. It is well to encourage the faint-hearted—those strange people who are terrified by the mere blasts of the brazen Gladstonian trumpet—by such reminders; but other than the faint-hearted perhaps not so well. Not so well certainly for those—and they are many in the Unionist camp—who are not alarmed easily enough, and who content themselves with laughing at the Gladstonian trumpeter—a very good thing, indeed an unavoidable thing in its way—without at

the same time remembering that he laughs best who laughs last, and resolving so to stick to their electioneering work as to secure this coveted position for their cachinnations. This kind rather want reminding that, if "le brav' "Général" was beaten so handsomely at the polls, it was probably because a large number of French indifferentists were roused by the fear that he might win, and determined to do their best to prevent it.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT.

THE Junior Fellow's vows were said;
Among his co-mates and their Head
His place was fairly set.
Of welcome from friends old and new
Full dues he had, and more than due;
What could be lacking yet?

One said, "The Senior Fellow's vote!"
The Senior Fellow, black of coat,
Save where his front was white,
Arose and sniffed the stranger's shoes
With critic nose, as ancients use
To judge mankind aright.

I—for 'twas I who tell the tale—
Conscious of fortune's trembling scale,
Awaited the decree;
But Tom had judged: "He loves our race,"
And, as to his ancestral place,
He leapt upon my knee.

Thenceforth in common-room and hall
A *verus socius* known to all
I came and went and sat,
Far from cross fate's or envy's reach;
For none a title could impeach
Accepted by the cat.

While statutes changed, and freshmen came,
His gait, his wisdom were the same,
His age no more than mellow;
Yet nothing mortal may defy
The march of *Anno Domini*,
Not e'en the Senior Fellow.

Beneath our linden shade he lies;
Mere eld hath softly closed his eyes
With late and honoured end.
He seems, while catless we confer,
To join with faint Elysian purr,
A tutelary friend.

THE DAVID COX EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM.

THERE is an obvious propriety in choosing the occasion of the Art Congress at Birmingham for an exhaustive collection of the works of her greatest artist. Cox, indeed, belonged to Birmingham, if he did not get his finest inspiration from it. He was born here in 1783, and it was to its suburb of Harborne that he retired in 1841, weary of art teaching, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to the full expression of himself as an artist. How wise he was to do so, both for the sake of art and his own reputation, this exhibition is a convincing proof. He did, indeed, much beautiful and accomplished work before this, and there were special qualities in it; but he did not stand out clear and distinct from his contemporaries, and he had only just begun to show how his genius could be strengthened and developed by the use of oil-colours. If he had died before 1841, he would never have been known as a "bright particular star" in the history of English art. His career is one of the most remarkable instances of a late development, or rather of a slow one suddenly bursting out in splendid blossom when the powers of most are beginning to wane. For Cox was fifty-three years old before he so humbly took those few and fruitful lessons in oil-painting from his junior Müller which increased so greatly his power of self-expression; and he was some two years older before he gave up teaching, and devoted his whole time and soul to his art.

It is one of the chief attractions of this exhibition, at least to the student of English art, that it enables him to trace with some accuracy and little interruption the progress of Cox from pupil to master. Such study is not a little hampered, indeed, by the method of hanging pictures without regard to date. Some of the earlier drawings are planted in the middle of a crowd of later works, but this is the only fault which can be found with the taste and judgment exercised by Mr. Charles Radclyffe (the son of Cox's old friend William Radclyffe, the celebrated engraver) and his colleague, Mr. William Hall (son of another old friend of Cox, well known by his biography of the artist), who share with Mr. Whitworth Wallis the great praise due for the arrangement of the exhibition. In some instances this arrangement has been singularly happy even for purposes of historical study. It is no little advantage, for instance, to be able to see at the same glance Lord Armstrong's drawing of "Lancaster Castle" (1835), so like to George Barrett, jun., in its golden suffusion of sunlight, and Mr. Joseph Gillott's "Rain-cloud" (1852), which reminds one of no one but David Cox; or to be able to compare so easily Mrs. Betts's exquisitely delicate "Bolton Abbey" (1830) with the full power and freedom of the same lady's "River in Flood" (1850). More singularly happy is the accident or thoughtfulness which has exposed in the same frame four nearly perfect drawings, differing completely in style, and ranging over a period of a quarter of a century. These are all lent by Miss Crabb, an old friend of the artist. Two—"The Plough" (418) and "On the Thames" (417)—belong to the year 1825, when Cox was still a drawing-master at Hereford; another—"The Passing Shower" (1840)—is one of the most exquisite examples of Cox's water-colour work at its maturity, tender but sparkling in colour, and radiant as a gem; while the fourth, in which body-colour has been used, is remarkable for its almost Titianesque breadth and richness of colour. If a stronger contrast is to be desired, it will be found by comparing Mr. Gillott's drawing of "Winchelsea" (584) with Mr. George Graham's "Sea-piece" (583). There are forty years between these two drawings, and in those forty years took place not only almost the whole development of Cox, but the greater part of the development of the English school of water-colour. The "Winchelsea" might be mistaken for a Girtin, the "Sea-piece" could not have been painted by Girtin, or Turner, or Cotman, or Varley, or De Wint, or Copley Fielding, but by one artist only—David Cox.

So much for history; but history, though not forgotten, has not, perhaps, been so much the object of the promoters of this exhibition as to show David Cox for once in all his glory by the collection of his finest works in oil- and water-colour. We miss a few of his finest achievements, as, for example, "The Skylark," but on the whole it is the most comprehensive and finest collection of the artist's work that has yet been made, not excepting the great gathering at the Liverpool Fine Arts Club in 1875. It might even be objected that it was too comprehensive. Various as are Cox's subjects and moods, he yet did what was practically the same thing over and over again, and though there is nothing in the exhibition which is not genuine and a good "specimen," it might have been subjected to another winnowing with advantage. This has been done accidentally, as it were, in such a picked selection as that of Mr. James Orrock, which, though small, leaves the visitor little to learn of David Cox at his best as a colourist and painter of light by means of water-colour, and for luminous quality in oil-painting there are scarcely any pictures which rival the same collector's "Crossing the Sands" and "Going to the Plough." We have left to the last the mention of Cox's most important pictures, many of which have become so historical by the enormous prices they have fetched, and from other causes, that there is little need to refer to them at any length. There is the finest of his sea-pieces, the "Rhyl Sands," which was once bought by Mr. Levy for 2,300*l.*, and now forms part of that magnificent bequest of Mr. Joseph Nettlefold which makes the art gallery of Birmingham a place of pilgrimage for the admirers of a master altogether unrepresented in Trafalgar Square. In the same collection is the finest version of "The Skirts of the Forest" and "In the Hayfield," the lovely small "Evening" and "Waiting for the Ferry," with many another which to describe were long. Here also is the little great picture of "Peace and War" (now belonging to Mr. John Cann), the subject of the historic competition at Christie's between Mr. Agnew and the buyer for Mr. Gillott, in 1872, when it was knocked down to the latter for 3,601*l.* 10*s.*, the largest sum ever paid for so small a landscape (23½ inches by 17½). The first price paid for this picture was 20*l.* Here also are Mr. Walker's "Collecting the Flocks" and Mr. Alex. Henderson's "Changing Pasture." Nor is the exhibition wanting in examples of the last grand phase of his water-colour art, when he painted with his mind rather than his fingers, and expressed all the poetry of his nature at the last. Not to be forgotten among these is the noble "Mountain Heights" belonging to Mrs. Enoch Harvey.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE crisis in New York on Monday and Tuesday re-awakened the alarm that had been abating here, set afloat once more rumours of impending failures, and increased the difficulties of the Settlement that began on Tuesday; and it is no wonder, for not often, even in the midst of panic, has there been a greater or more general fall than took place in New York. In a single day Milwaukee Shares fell 5½, Big Fours 4⅜, Louisville and Nashville 4⅛, Erie and Norfolk and Western 3¼ each, Lake Shore 3, Philadelphia and Reading 2⅜, and Atchison 1⅞, while Northern Pacific dropped 3 in one day and 12 the following. The full significance of these figures will be understood when it is borne in mind that prices in the American market have been giving way ever since the end of May. Compared with the highest quotations in the boom that followed the introduction of the Silver Bill, there has been a fall even in such good investment stocks as New York Central and Illinois, of nearly 14 per cent. in the former and nearly 25 per cent. in the second. In the more speculative securities the fall has been

heavier. It has been about 24 per cent. in Louisville and Nashville shares, nearly 37 per cent. in Union Pacific, nearly 40 per cent. in Milwaukee and Erie, and about 42 per cent. in Atchison shares. There is a very general impression both in London and in New York that this extraordinary depreciation of securities is due mainly to great operators who, for one reason or another, desire to knock down prices; to Mr. Jay Gould, as usual, the lead being ascribed. No doubt there is a good deal of speculative selling, and probably also alarmist rumours are wilfully set afloat. But it is idle to suppose that a fall so great, so general, and so prolonged could have been caused by mere "bear operations." Speculators, however wealthy, and however clever, cannot succeed in manœuvres of the kind unless they are favoured by circumstances; and in New York circumstances undoubtedly favoured speculative selling.

There is in the United States, as well as in Europe, a very great lock-up of capital. Between the beginning of 1885 and the end of 1887 there was a vast over-construction of railways in the North-West and the South-West. The bonds and shares that were issued to enable the Companies to build were not applied for by the investing public. They have remained ever since in the hands of bankers and other great capitalists, and consequently have in large measure disabled the very wealthy from operating as largely as usual in the stock markets. The general public in the United States for the time being had become so dissatisfied with railway management, that they abstained altogether from investing in either railway bonds or railway shares, and turned their attention to lands and houses and industrial investments. As happened here in Europe, there was a multitude of Trust Companies formed, there was a great conversion of breweries and other industrial concerns into Companies, and there was an extraordinary speculation in lands and houses. At the same time, very large amounts of capital were invested in the South in founding new industries, constructing railways, and the like. In short, new investments of all kinds have been created in excess for the time being of the savings of the country, and a fall in prices is the necessary result. The fall has been made more disastrous than it otherwise would have been, because the European demand for American investments has during the past couple of years greatly fallen off, and during the present year Europeans have been selling on an extraordinary scale. As our readers know, there is a great lock-up of capital here at home and upon the Continent as well as in the United States. And, owing partly to this lock-up, partly to the crises in South America and South Africa, and partly to the stringency in the money market, European capitalists have been obliged to sell the securities for which there was a free market, in order to pay for those securities which cannot be disposed of, and to meet other liabilities. The selling has caused a considerable decline in Consols, colonial stocks, and other investment securities, and it has brought about the crash in the American market upon which we are commenting. As holders in Europe as well as in America were anxious to sell and few were ready to buy, every sale has depressed the market; for those who held upon borrowed money, finding margins running off and differences increasing against them, have been obliged to sell. Their sales embarrassed other operators, and so the difficulties of successive sets of holders have led to fall after fall.

The crisis has been aggravated by the unwise legislation of the last session of Congress. The Silver Act was expected by its promoters to make money exceeding plentiful, and raise all prices. On the contrary, it induced a reckless speculation in silver which locked up more capital, created an extraordinary demand for loans, and finally helped to make the money market stringent. Then the Tariff Act led to so great a temporary increase in imports that money accumulated in the Treasury faster than it could be paid out in the redemption of debt. An extraordinary stringency ensued. The reserves of the banks fell below the legal minimum, loans had to be called in, and speculators were obliged to sell what they could dispose of at any cost. Then came the unexpected and overwhelming defeat of the Republicans, with the possibility of a dead-lock between the two Houses of Congress, the prospect of legislation undoing all that has recently been done, and thus making the trade outlook for the next two years utterly uncertain. It is to be recollected too that the Democratic party passed the Inter-State Commerce Act, and may possibly legislate further against the railways. The agricultural interest, which has just supported it so largely in the late elections, desires to see rates reduced very greatly. But the railway Companies declare that rates are already as low as they can be reduced, and the public, therefore, fear that, if there is further legislation like the Inter-State Commerce Act, railway property will be seriously injured.

The Liquidation having thus lasted for almost half a year, it is natural to assume that it is nearly, if not quite, completed. So far as London is concerned, those who are in the best position to judge are undoubtedly of opinion that the speculative accounts open for the rise have been enormously reduced of late, and that stocks have been either transferred to America or bought by capitalists who are rich enough to pay for them. And the Settlement this week would seem to confirm the opinion. It is probable, therefore, that were the London market alone affected the selling would now cease. It would be rash, however, to infer that therefore the fall has come to an end. Here in London on Tuesday there was an extraordinary recovery. It was announced in the Stock Exchange in a semi-official way that a large amount of gold was immediately to be sent into the Bank of England, and many American shares rose four and five dollars. But in spite of the recovery in London there was a panic in New York. And it may be doubted whether the Liquidation there is yet completed. Those who have locked up too much of their capital in securities that cannot immediately be realized may have to go on selling those securities for which there is a market, no matter how great the loss may be. If so, it is possible that we may see even a further fall. For some time past there has been much distrust in New York. Bankers have not only been calling in loans, and allowing discounts to run off, they have been very particular, also, as regards those to whom they made advances, and it is said that they have been unwilling to lend large sums even to borrowers in good credit. To some extent, no doubt, bankers have been obliged to limit the accommodation they give their customers because their reserves have run very low. But the discrimination as to borrowers, and the unwillingness to lend one person much, afford evidence that there is also distrust; and as long as distrust continues, holders of stocks will be compelled to sell, and therefore prices may probably go lower.

The Fortnightly Settlement which began on Tuesday has passed over more easily than the most sanguine expected. On Monday evening, indeed, the gravest fears were entertained. During the fortnight then ended the fall in American railroad securities ranged from about 3 to about 15 dollars. People asked one another anxiously whether differences so enormous could be paid, and if not what would be the consequences. And the knowledge that New York was in a more rickety state than London did not lessen the anxiety, while respecting Berlin also there was much uneasiness. When the house opened on Tuesday the feeling was not less gloomy. But suddenly hope was inspired by the announcement made by the Bank of England broker that a large amount of gold was to be sent into the Bank. Prices instantly rose, about 2 or 3 dollars, which reduced most seasonably the differences to be paid. The joint-stock and private banks, too, were liberal in their dealings with Stock Exchange borrowers, making nearly all the advances required at from 6 to 6½ per cent. Within the Stock Exchange it was shown that the accounts open for the rise had been again considerably reduced. Home railway stocks were scarce, and a rate had to be paid for postponing delivery in the case of both North-Western and Great Western stocks. European Government stocks, too, were not in plentiful supply, Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese especially being scarce. But exceedingly heavy rates were charged for carrying over South American securities, especially Cedulas. In the American market rates ranged from about 7 to 9 per cent. Upon the whole, then, the evidence of the Settlement goes to show that the weaker speculators have nearly all been compelled to close their accounts, and that stocks have been very largely transferred to the hands of purchasers who are able to pay for them. In spite of all the apprehensions, only one small failure was announced during the Settlement.

As stated above, the critical state of the markets brought home the conviction that something must be done to lessen apprehension, and accordingly arrangements have been made for importing somewhat over four millions sterling in gold. The Bank of France has for a long time carefully guarded its stock. It supplied Egypt and Germany indeed with large amounts, but it would part with little for the Bank of England. The Directors, however, have at last changed their policy, and two, indeed it is now said three millions sterling are coming from Paris. From St. Petersburg 1½ million more is to come, and 600,000*l.* are on the way from Brazil. Naturally the announcement had, as stated above, a great and beneficial effect upon the stock markets. Happily as yet there has not been much falling away in the discount market. The open market rate, indeed, is only about 5⅝ per cent., which is too low; but if it is kept at that figure, possibly little harm will be done. The danger is that, as soon as the gold is sent into the Bank of England, the bill-brokers and discount-houses will begin as usual to compete with one another, and will force down rates, with the result that gold will once more begin to be sent away. There are always miscellaneous demands, and they will make themselves felt if rates give way. But the most serious danger just now is from New York. As may be seen above, New York is passing through a very sharp crisis. On Monday and Tuesday borrowers paid at the rate of nearly 100 per cent., reckoning commission and interest for accommodation. This being so, it is evident that everything possible will be done by the banks to strengthen themselves, and they may, therefore, take gold from the Bank of England if the rates current here allow it. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the great houses which have succeeded, contrary to expectation, in obtaining so large a sum will take the necessary measures to prevent its being taken away; while it is incumbent upon the Bank of England, and the joint-stock and private banks too, to do what in them lies to protect the reserve.

The silver market has been much firmer this week than would have been supposed under the circumstances. Since the beginning of the year the price has practically been controlled by New York, and New York is passing just now through a severe crisis. Presumably those who have speculated so largely in silver have speculated also in securities, and it might therefore have been expected that the panic of Monday and Tuesday would have compelled those speculators to sell silver at any sacrifice, and thus to have broken the market. Probably they had sold largely during the past month or so; but in any case they have not sold on a

very considerable scale this week, for the price has remained fairly steady. It rose to 47½*d.* per ounce on Monday, and declined on Tuesday only to 47⅜*d.* per ounce. On Wednesday the India Council sold only a very small amount of bills and transfers, and this steadied the London market.

The Board of Trade Returns for October are more satisfactory than was expected. It was feared that the losses on the Stock Exchange, the labour disputes, the crisis in South Africa and South America, the disturbance caused by the Silver Act, and the effect of the McKinley Tariff would all have made themselves felt. As a matter of fact, the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures shows an increase of considerably over half a million, being somewhat more than 2½ per cent. And the value of the imports shows a decrease of less than 1 per cent. Compared with other months of the year, the increase in the exports is small. Still, it is satisfactory to find that the shipments both of coal and of cotton have been very large. Raw cotton, too, has been imported in large quantities.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Society of British Artists has induced Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts to become members of its body, and the latter artist is sufficiently good-natured to have sent a new and important work to the winter exhibition. This is a portrait of Lord Tennyson (345), dated 1890, and painted, we believe, at Haslemere during the past summer. This everybody will wish to see. It is in Mr. Watts's best manner, and displays none of the eccentricities into which he has of late been betrayed. It is solidly modelled, dignified in line, sober and yet rich in colour. It represents the Poet Laureate in his ermine robes as a peer, almost front face against a background of dark-green tapestry, bordered with gold. The beard is grizzled, but the moustache and the soft veils of thin hair on each side of the high-domed skull are still dark brown. All lovers of the poet—that is to say, all good Englishmen—will rejoice to believe that Mr. Watts has seen those carnations of health which he has painted in the cheeks and lips, and the steel-coloured light as clear as this under the drooping eyelids. This is a very beautiful record of a great man in hale old age.

The rest of the exhibition in Suffolk Street does not rise very far above the average. A painter of the Newlyn school, however, Mr. T. Brangwyn, has exhibited a work which is of importance in quality and size, and which will increase his reputation. "We therefore commit his body to the deep" (381) is a very simple, direct, and pathetic rendering of a burial at sea. It is all painted in dim colours, under a pale sky, the angle of dark rolling sea to the right hand being the only positive bit of colour. The scene is treated without dramatic emphasis; the mourners are in their working dress; the labour of the ship has evidently but been put aside for a moment. Yet the general effect of the composition is one of great sincerity and truth, while the individual figures are well grouped and carefully distinguished.

Mr. George Roller's "Play up, Surrey" (438) "surprises by himself," for he is six feet high, not in his boots, but in his flannels, and one sees him from every part of the gallery. This handsome young cricketer nonchalantly descending the steps of the Pavilion at Lord's, the cynosure of amateurs, with his bat under his arm, will be a popular favourite; but we ask ourselves why he should be painted on a scale so enormous. Mr. Fred Mayor is an artist who seems to have affinities with what is called the Glasgow school. His "Three Little Breton Maids" (28) are brightly drawn, but we do not know why they should cast brilliant violet shadows; his "Up Aloft" (528) is a very clever "impression" of a sailor up in the rigging; but it is spoiled by the false tone of the blue sky, which looks like a painted wall. Near the head of Lord Tennyson hangs Mr. Hubert Vos's facile and somewhat superficial, but workmanlike, portrait of "Mr. Garritsen" (352). The visitor should note Mr. Titcomb's sketch (446) of a lady in a black dress and a pink veil, leaning back against a mass of white draperies, and laughing. It is very skilful.

Among the landscapes, Mr. Julius Olsson, who belongs to the St. Ives community, deserves great credit for his "Cornish Pastoral" (264), a scene on the tableland of the Lizard—a very large sky, with a few golden clouds floating on it, and a farm with a cluster of trees closing the vague green space of plain. Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Wells, Norfolk" (276), is a twilight effect; the old town seen brownish-red against a great yellow sky of sunset, the clouds gathering bluish-grey on the horizon. Mr. Iglesias exhibits a large view of "Durham" (313) in an effective mist. An elegant conventional landscape, like a Corot, "Glimmering Night" (341), is signed by Mr. J. H. Snell. The "Sunset Breeze" (374) of Mr. Nelson Dawson is a strong effect of tossing dark blue sea, with a brown smack bearing down across it, the whole painted in deep tones without reflected light. Another agreeable example of Mr. Dawson is "Scarborough Harbour" (44), painted in shades of pale grey and lilac. There is merit in Mr. John Fulwood's large study of a Sussex river, "Meandering" (77). Mr. Brockbank's "Water-Lilies" (140) is a graceful landscape. We must not omit to mention a bright little hunting-party, "On Pleasure Bent" (300), by Mr. G. G. Kilburne. The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, exhibits several of his large studies of architectural interiors. In the sculpture only two specimens deserve attention, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy's careful head of a "Lady" (578), and Mr. George Tinworth's large terra-cotta panel of "Women at the Sepulchre" (175), modelled for the private chapel at Castle Ashby.

THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON.

A GREAT deal of obscurity has always hung over the military details of Edward IV.'s march from the North before the battle of Barnet, and historians have wondered why he did not meet with more effectual opposition by the way. The Earl of Warwick, we are commonly told, remained shut up in Coventry, and awaited reinforcements; and when the reinforcements came it was too late for him to intercept the Yorkist movements. A different version of these events, however, has been lately discovered; and, while it does not affect our conception of the main course of history, it certainly leads us to think better of Warwick's judgment as a strategist, and to ascribe his failure to conditions which were outside both his power and his knowledge. According to this version Warwick, so far from being inactive at Coventry, marched promptly on Northampton, and not only held the town and the adjacent country to the west, but succeeded in disguising the amount of his forces from Edward and the Yorkist sympathizers who conveyed intelligence to him. Edward had counted on either capturing or, in modern phrase, masking Northampton, and striking the line of Watling Street somewhere about Stony Stratford. The Duke of Clarence, meanwhile, was moving from the west to join him; but, in order to do so, he had to defeat or out-manœuvre the Duke of Somerset, who, from his base at Cirencester, was aiming at the command of the upper Thames valley. With the means of communication then existing the Northern armies were naturally left to conjecture as to everything that was happening south and west of the Thames. Pushing on eagerly to hear some word of Clarence, Edward received at Northampton a check which has been strangely overlooked by most historians, though at first sight it appeared not unlikely to change the fortunes of the campaign. Warwick, issuing suddenly from Northampton, and covered, it seems, by a more powerful and concentrated artillery fire than had yet been seen in any European field, fell upon the right flank of Edward's army while it was marching in a column of unwieldy length, and entangled in the passage of the Nen. His superiority at the point of attack was not enough to prevent the fight from being obstinate, but it was enough to prevail. Edward, with about two-thirds of his men, was glad to draw off in tolerable order to the eastward; and Warwick, not being provided with fresh troops, did not seriously molest his retreat. The other third of the Yorkists were cut off and driven back in disorder towards the north; and before their leaders could reorganize them to any purpose, events in the south had deprived them of the chance of displaying their military qualities under this reverse.

The situation of the adversaries, who were contending for the road to London, now caused the centre of military interest to lie in the triangle formed by Newport Pagnell, Stony Stratford, and Fenny Stratford. If Warwick could establish himself at Fenny Stratford, the enemy's march on London would be stopped, and, at worst, Henry VI. would have time to organize the defence of the capital. Edward, making no attempt to restore communication with his defeated rearguard, sent on such light troops as were unbroken to seize Newport Pagnell. Warwick was pushing on by way of Stony Stratford, and hoped, with the advantage of the Roman road, to be at Fenny Stratford before Edward could arrive in force. At this point, however, the Lancastrian advanced guard met with unexpected signs that a fresh body of the enemy was present. Somerset, as it turned out, had altogether failed to arrest Clarence in his enterprise. While Somerset, expecting Oxford and the upper Thames to be held in force, was feeling his way about the borders of Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and Berks, Clarence had left a mere handful to garrison Oxford, and pushed on to the east till he was within touch of Edward. His main body was on Watling Street before Warwick had realized the new danger, and what had been Edward's remaining army was now the rearguard of the combined march on London. Just as Warwick thought he had forced Edward to a decisive engagement before Fenny Stratford, he was thus deprived of the victory which, so far as it depended on his own strategy, he had well earned. And as the pieces were cleared away and the maps folded up, the umpire declared that the occupation of London and the battle of Barnet would, or at any rate might, have ensued in accordance with the ordinary sources of information. It is a note of heretical pravity, or at least of temerarious levity, to speak of chances in history nowadays. But it may be allowed that Kriegspiel has chances. This time, however, Kriegspiel did not reverse the judgment of history.

Where then, and on whose tables, was the campaign of Barnet fought anew? Of whom was the smoke, not of battle, that curled round the umpire's head as he passed to and fro between the armies of York and Lancaster, and with masterful finger ruled the issues of their moves? We may not reveal the time and place; but it was in no garrison or orderly room, nor were the players men of war. It was in a peaceful seat of learning; they were scholars, historians, men of books; even clerks in orders

are believed to have been among them on this or other like occasions.

One of the vulgar errors not dead yet is the notion that the type of a successful student is a pale-faced creature poring over books with midnight oil. Increase of common sense among students will soon have deprived this notion of such foundation in fact as it ever had. All steady workers know that, except in the rarest cases, midnight oil is the most wasteful form of expense. Oil was burnt by this party (within reasonable hours), but it illuminated no solitary and silent work. The maps dotted with red and blue pieces and counters (the pieces for each player's troops, the counters for the more or less vaguely known enemy), were the centre of eager discussion and expectation. A spectator privileged to visit both rooms and boards might inwardly chuckle, not without instruction, on each party's conjectures of the enemy's strength and position, and their deviations from the fact. A player would now and then attempt to make use of his personal knowledge of the country; but this is admitted only so far as not inconsistent with the map, and a strict umpire will not admit it at all; for the game is the game, and if private glosses on the map are once allowed, there can be no certainty. Still there is some excuse for laxity. There is no want, indeed, of good maps for tactical games. Besides the six-inch Ordnance map, which however must be prepared by making the contours visible, there is an excellent two-inch map of the Aldershot regions published by the War Office. For strategic operations covering a wider extent of ground, there is not an adequate supply of good maps in this country; the maps in common use, reduced with more or less exactness from the old one-inch Ordnance survey, are for the most part very imperfect in details. It is therefore hard for a player to refrain his tongue when he happens to know the ground of his own knowledge. Imaginary countries can be arranged and varied at will by means of maps with interchangeable sections which are specially made and provided for the purpose. In this manner your Kriegspiel player can merrily land an army corps on the coast of Bohemia, or turn Portsmouth into an inland fortress. From the sportsmanlike point of view the game is perhaps best on this purely conventional field; but then it loses the interest that springs, as in the case of the battle of Northampton, from revising the actual campaigns of history.

And this kind of historical interest may well, we should think, be used as a regular and valuable adjunct to the teaching of history in our Universities and even in public schools. A young man who has followed a Kriegspiel over the ground of some great commander's campaigns, and has heard the umpire point his commendation and criticism by reference to the actual course of events on the same ground, will have both a tighter and more intelligent grasp of the story than if he had merely read it in a book, looking now and then at a map when the text ceased to be intelligible otherwise, or perchance not even having a map to look at. But this, it may be said, requires more time than the common way of reading history. Quite so; learning anything well takes more time than learning it superficially; but the difference in result is not a mere difference of less or more; it is the difference between knowledge which may be of great price and a pretence of knowledge which must be worthless. Another consideration is perhaps not too far-fetched to bring home from the Kriegspiel table. At present we are at the height of a reaction against "drum and trumpet history," as J. R. Green called it. The modern historian loves to trace the secular growth of social forces, and to allow as little as possible to individual genius, or to anything else in the nature of things and man that is outside the principal movement. Is it not possible to carry this reaction too far? Certainly there are great days in history when no valour or genius can fight against the stars in their courses. We may admit that Napoleon could not have restored a durable French empire if he had won at Waterloo. Perhaps Athens must have broken herself later on Carthage or Rome if she had not broken herself on Syracuse. But, after all, considerable issues are sometimes decided for a generation or more by fighting, and the conditions of a decisive fight may be such as to make the issue very doubtful beforehand; and then individual qualities, even far short of the superiority that exceptional genius gives, will tell in the balance. Who can say what flag would now float over Quebec if Wolfe had not devised his master-stroke as an almost desperate venture? Would the flying Mede have fled if Darius or Xerxes had commanded the services of a Hannibal? Or what would have been the terms of the Treaty of Frankfort if certain of the French leaders on the Loire in the winter of 1870 had been—we will not say abler men—but ten years younger? Or, as in our case, where would the White Rose of York have been if Warwick had been a little more active and Clarence a little less fortunate? The business of history is to generalize that which can be generalized; and if "drum and trumpet history" means the crude statement of military results without appreciation of the military reasons or conditions, the fault is common enough to deserve strict reprobation. But it is to be corrected by understanding the military side of history, not by ignoring it. History cannot be reduced to social formulas; and any historian who flatters himself that he has completely formulized his history will find out too late that it has been formulized at the cost of ceasing to live.

CALLED BACK.

THE great popularity of the late Mr. "Hugh Conway's" *Called Back* has never been explicable. It is by no means a well-constructed story. An author's ingenuity cannot be commended when he is only able to work out his plot by investing his characters with physical or mental disqualifications as is done in the case of Gilbert Vaughan, whose eyesight is destroyed and restored to suit the novelist's convenience, and the sanity of Pauline March is similarly treated. One of these phenomena might have been accepted, but the occurrence of both gives an air of artificiality to the fable which Mr. "Hugh Conway" had not the skill to disguise. An extraordinary taste for what are now known as "shilling shockers" must have been developing just at the time when *Called Back* was published, and no doubt more by accident than design Mr. "Conway" came in on the flood of the tide. He showed a certain cleverness in the introduction of his secret society; for, though its objects are not very definite, attention was being attracted to Nihilism and the frequent consequence, Siberia, at the date of the book's production, and the operations of a secret society, if described with any skill, can usually be invested with an interest for general readers. The fact is that *Called Back* contains the plot of a somewhat commonplace melodrama. Macari is a picturesque villain for stage purposes, and the Siberian scenes were fresh and, in a modest degree, even striking to spectators who had read of that distant land of slavery, about which few Englishmen have at the present day any really accurate knowledge.

That the piece should be well acted at the Haymarket Theatre is almost a matter of course, as for the most part the demand made on exponents of the various characters is comparatively simple. Perhaps the most arduous task devolves on Miss Julia Neilson, the representative of Pauline, who, after a lapse from sanity throughout nearly the whole of the play, recovers her memory at the sight of her brother's murderer, whose sudden appearance in the room of the Genevan villa reduces her to a condition of tragic terror. In this scene Miss Neilson, in technical phraseology, "lets herself go," with striking results. Her shriek of affright is daring, but quite successful; the full sense of the incident is realized, and yet we are conscious of an artistic control over her powers. In the earlier scenes of the play the actress is gentle and womanly; and if *Called Back* does nothing else, it will consolidate Miss Neilson's reputation. In spite of the picturesqueness to which we have borne testimony, Macari is little removed from the ordinary type of villain even by the art of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The suggestion of the hand of iron under the silken glove, the rapid, significant glance, which appears at times to emphasize the hypocrisy of the suave smile, are little more than the commonplaces of stage villany. Of course all this sort of thing is particularly well done by Mr. Tree; but it is not a high development of histrionic art. He plays the character—an actor can do no more—the only question being whether the character is worthy of him. In one scene only has Macari an opportunity of reaching higher ground, and of this Mr. Tree takes full advantage. This is where he visits Vaughan in the Paris hotel; and, perceiving that it is his game to malign Pauline by the assertion that it was her lover who met his death on the night of the murder, proceeds with a plausible pretence of reluctance and hesitation to carry out the vile scheme. The Mephistophelian malice of the final interview with Pauline is as vigorous as need be. The part is plain sailing, especially for such a skilful mariner as Mr. Tree; but it struck us that he rather overdid the assumption of light-heartedness as he leaves the villa and ascends the rocky path, at an angle of which Petroff is waiting, dagger in hand, to kill him. In his search for contrast, the actor goes a little too far. We doubt whether even Macari, after the exciting events of the last few moments, would have had the self-possession to stroll away with a careless burst of "La donna è mobile" on his lips.

Mr. Fred Terry has inherited the gifts which are so remarkably conspicuous in his family, and must now certainly be regarded as in the first rank of *jeunes premiers*; indeed to say this is not enough, for in that scanty rank he has no superior. His method is singularly sincere and convincing. Mr. Fernandez is completely at home in such characters as that of Dr. Ceneri, and is well suited indeed, for his style adapts itself to the representation of foreign personages. The Ceneri of the book is a feeble creature, and Mr. Fernandez so depicts him here, serving thereby as a foil to the Macari. Mr. Kerr plays naturally as Arthur Kenyon, and the companion part of Mary Vaughan is very prettily filled by Miss Blanche Horlock. Mr. Webster Lawson is also to be commended for his neat little sketch of Anthony March. An impression lingers that the company might be better employed.

A new farce at Toole's Theatre, written by Mr. F. Wyatt the comedian, and called *Two Recruits*, is in every particular beneath notice.

EXHIBITIONS.

OF the two hundred and thirty-eight sketches and studies in black and white at Messrs. Mendoza's gallery, none are conspicuous in any marked degree for their excellence. It is a closely-packed collection of drawings in pen-and-ink, in charcoal, in oil monochrome, and in sketchy crayons. The subjects are as

varied as are the materials employed. Here are heads of melancholy damsels, both blonde and brunette, with large languishing eyes and pouting lips; here are the usual "funny" animal pieces, and the courting scenes and elopements. A great want of intelligent treatment is apparent throughout, the main idea seeming to be to make a drawing that will "do" as an illustration to something, without regard to whether the drawing be good or the illustration apt. Mr. Arthur Wardle's "Jezebel—She is a King's Daughter" (17) is more ambitious than many of the subjects here. The queen lies on the pavement, and the wild dogs cluster round her, yelping, with yellow eyes glowing out at the spectator. This is a graphic treatment of the subject. An antiquarian interest attaches to Mr. Appleton's "Cherries" (138), an excellent mezzotint version of a drawing by John Russell, R.A., now in the Louvre. Russell was a pupil of Cotes, and inherited much of the grace and charm of his master. Mr. Appleton has well interpreted the brilliant air and expressive pose of this pretty crayon.

Mr. Henry Ryland shows some fancy in his contributions, "Chloris" (79) and "The Poet's Vision" (9). Into Mr. J. Shaw Crompton's bits of Cairo draped figures are skilfully introduced, while "St. John's Hospital, Canterbury" (204), by Mr. Holland Tringham, is a delightful little study in pen-and-ink, minutely executed. A sort of illumination surrounding the "Ballade des Pendus" (12), by Mr. Alan Wright, is not wanting in grisly suggestiveness. The same artist exhibits four illustrations to a poem of Mr. Le Gallienne's "The Mummer and the Maid" (158), which are drawn with ease and skill, and have an air of accomplished work which is not frequent in the remainder of the exhibition.

A collection of views of Cornish coast scenery, by Mr. Warne-Browne, is now on view at 23 Baker Street. Mr. Warne-Browne is a conscientious worker, but he is somewhat deficient in style. He attempts what is nearly impossible in several of his paintings, in endeavouring to represent waves angrily breaking and throwing up thick foam; the foam looks almost solid, and is inclined to a soapy appearance, while the action of the waves seems to be arrested rather than fleeting. But in some effects of spray Mr. Warne-Browne is more successful. Of the paintings we are inclined to consider "Kennack Bay" (11) the best; this displays a long reach of coast-line, with a heavy blue sea breaking on it; it is subdued in tone, and is a solid piece of work. Among the water-colour drawings "Innis Head, Poltesco" (23), is bright and pretty, and is truly Devonian in colouring. "Sunset and Thaw" (7) successfully shows a luminous afterglow on the horizon, behind bare trees; but the sheep which advance along the road, owing to some want of clearness in the treatment of the snow, appear to be walled in between high white ridges, rather than to be picking their way along the watery ruts. Mr. Warne-Browne is most successful in his rendering of wet sands; to these he gives the peculiar lilac-pink colour which is their great charm. This is especially the case in "The Pride of the Morning" (9). On the whole, we should describe his work as conscientious and ambitious in choice of subjects, but in treatment rather timid and somewhat inclined to dinginess of colour. On another screen are hung a series of water-colour drawings of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by the same artist, which have been lent by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

FRENCH PLAYS.

"COMEDY," says Mr. George Meredith in the prelude to the *Egoist*, "is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilized men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world to make the correctness of the representation convincing." If this definition of comedy be correct and sufficiently comprehensive, then may *L'Ami des Femmes* of M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* be said to breathe the very spirit of comedy. Throughout five long acts the action never flags, the dialogue is always appropriate and abounds in wit of a high order, not one of the numerous *dramatis personæ* could be spared; the characterization, which is varied and distinctive, deals with sufficiently familiar types. The piece is free from the mawkish sentiment of *La Dame aux Camélias*; it does not, like *Princesse Georges* and *Francillon*, under the shallow pretext of moralizing, deal with licentiousness in the married state; in fact, it represents the genius of M. Dumas at its very best. It was written twenty-six years ago, and, with all its merits, M. Jules Lemaître a short time ago could chronicle its comparative failure; he calls it "that subtle, vigorous, and clever comedy which the public has not yet been quite able to accept." The tardy recognition it received in Paris will alone account for the delay in its appearance here, where it had never been played until last Monday, when M. Mayer produced it with Mlle. Stuart and M. Valbel in the principal parts of M. De Ryons and Mme. de Simerose. M. De Ryons is a sort of gentlemanly Paul Pry, a professional confidant of women in their love affairs. He studies women as another man, to use his own phrase, might study beetles or minerals. Following La Rochefoucauld's maxim, he believes it is easier to find a woman who has never had a lover than one who has only had one. He is above all things the friend of her who has had but one lover; his object is to arrest her progress on the downward path. He is neither a Lovelace nor a Don Quixote. He is, at the same time, making what he believes to be a fruitless search for a young girl who shall possess at once kindliness, good health, chastity, and good spirits. Mme. de Simerose is a young married woman whose up-bringing has left her entirely unacquainted with the realities of life. She marries for love, but cannot bring herself to be a wife, and leaves her husband's roof under the influence of jealousy. M. De Ryons forces his friendship on her at a critical moment in her career, when she is about to form an intimacy with a man to whom she is really indifferent. Through his good offices she is reconciled to her husband.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of M. Valbel's acting, as he seems to appreciate, with a keenness of perception rare even among French actors, the fact that his part is not drawn on realistic lines. M. De Ryons is not, in his hands, a new acquaintance; but many an old acquaintance becomes in some sort a De Ryons. We believe this is the first time that M. Valbel has played before a London audience, but his reputation had preceded him from St. Petersburg, and he has justified it. Mlle. Stuart sustained her difficult part with much skill and address. M. Lenormant as De Montègre, the lover, gave his set speeches with force and some command of gesture, but his general bearing was stiff and unpleasing. The acting was throughout excellent.

RACING.

THE monster stakes that have been instituted in this country within the last few years have been roundly abused; but, without them, for good or for evil, we should be beaten by our own colonies. The Melbourne Cup, a handicap sweepstakes of 50*l.* each, with 10,000*l.* added, which was run for on the 4th instant, was the richest handicap that had ever been contested. The winner, the Hon. D. S. Wallace's Carbine, was carrying 10 st. 5 lbs., and he gave more than 4 st. to the third in the race. Carbine will be remembered as the winner of the Autumn Stakes in April last by "half a nose"—a distance unrecognized in England—from two horses that ran a dead heat for second place. He was then a four-year-old, but is now a five-year-old, which sounds odd to the ears of English racing men, and he is by Musket, who represented Touchstone on Melbourne blood, and was the most successful stallion ever imported into Australia, besides having been the sire of Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand. Thirty-nine horses started, which was a larger field, we think, than any that has run in Great Britain for some years. It has, however, been exceeded on a good many occasions, and, without any great searchings of calendars, we may mention the fields of 40 in 1863, 42 both in 1870 and 1874, and 43 in 1862 for the Cambridgeshire. Another very rich stake, called the Futurity Stakes, and worth 13,590*l.*, was run for last August at Coney Island, and was won by Potomac, a colt by St. Blaise. Although the Australians are fond of winning large stakes, they are not so fond of giving large prices as the South Americans. When a horse of the Hon. J. White's fetched 4,600 guineas last April, it was said to have been the highest sum ever paid for a horse in Australia; but it was a small one in comparison with the 14,000*l.* sent from Buenos Ayres to buy Ormonde. Even in England the latter sale was considered a good one; yet this year the same price has been given for St. Gatien by the Germans.

The most remarkable thing about the racing at Liverpool was the rain, which made the Cup Day miserable, and the storm which rendered racing impossible on the day following. Lady Rosebery won the Liverpool Autumn Cup (for the second time), and her defeat of Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember by a neck has been valued by Mr. Ford in his list of weights for the Manchester November Handicap at 3 lbs.; he only allows Vasistas 2 lbs. more for his defeat by two lengths for second place. Vasistas, by the way, has never won a race since he was purchased for 6,000*l.*, more than a year ago, although he has run thirteen times. An Irish three-year-old, Mr. R. N. Talbot's Golden Crescent, showed good form for the Liverpool Stewards' Cup, in beating a highly respectable field in a canter by six lengths. He is a brown colt by Speculum's son, Castlereagh, and he represents Blacklock blood, with three strains of Touchstone within the fourth degree. He had won six unbroken victories in Ireland this season, and had run very well in a handicap at Manchester. On the merits of his race for the Stewards' Cup he has been put among the most heavily weighted three-year-olds for the Lancashire Handicap at Manchester. On the Saturday, at Liverpool, he ran third to Queen of the Dale for the Great Lancashire Handicap, although he was giving more than a stone to every other three-year-old in the race.

At Derby this week there was some interesting racing. The Chesterfield Nursery is a very popular race. Twenty-three horses ran for it last year, and twenty the year before. On the present occasion there were twenty-seven acceptances, and twenty-five horses went to the post. Mr. G. E. Paget's Euphony had won over the same course in September, and he was now heavily weighted. Colonel North's 2,500-guinea St. Simon of the Rock was put 15 lbs. above the bottom of the handicap, although he had never even been placed in a race. Mr. Warren de la Rue's Sweetest was penalized a pound, instead of receiving weight, for her half-length defeat for the Hopeful Stakes. To show how doctors differ in estimating the merits of two-year-olds as in other matters, we may observe that for this handicap 18 lbs. less was put between Phyllida and

Killarney than for the Knowsley Nursery at Liverpool. Mr. D. Baird's Patrician was the favourite; but the race was won by T. Cannon's Billow, a chestnut filly by Ocean Wave, who was receiving 17 lbs. from Conacher, whom she beat by three-quarters of a length, and 24 lbs. from Euphony, who finished within a head of Conacher. The honours of the race, of course, were gained by Euphony, who is a brown colt with plenty of size and good limbs, and his form indirectly glorified Flodden Field and Haute Saône, to whom he ran third at Goodwood. Ben Hur, a chestnut colt by Bend Or, that had cost 2,050 guineas as a yearling, ran for and won his first race in the All-Aged Plate of 106*l.* Good Lad, the winner of the Lincoln Autumn Handicap, won the Markeaton Welter Stakes, in a field of seventeen. In the matter of large fields, the Derby November Meeting can compete with any in the kingdom. The Friary Nursery, which was run on Wednesday, had seventy-six two-year-olds handicapped, with 3 st. 2 lbs. between the top and the bottom of the list. The race was won by the impiously named Verbosity, a bay colt by Gladstone. The unusually wide margin of 4 st. 5 lbs. was made use of for the Allestree Welter Handicap, and there was 13 lbs. between Yard Arm and Freemason, the first and the second in the list. In the heavy ground, Warlaby's power was of great use to him, and he won, under the heaviest weight carried by any horse in a field of twenty. Nevertheless it was nearly 2 st. below the top of the original handicap. The Chatsworth Stakes brought out a field of twenty-five, and was won by Mr. A. E. Barclay's two-year-old, Elgiva, who started at 20 to 1. Old Juggler ran very well in this race, as he gave the winner nearly two stone more than weight for age and ran within a length of her. There was a reversal of public form for the Doveridge Stakes, as Breach beat Chesterfield by more than half a dozen lengths, although at Doncaster, with almost the same difference in their weights, Chesterfield had beaten Breach by a length and a half in their places for the Tattersall Sale Stakes. Breach is a big bay filly by Hagioscope, and some critics think her rather loosely put together. Ninety-five horses ran during the day.

The new steeplechase course at Lingfield, which is within about an hour's journey from London, will be opened to-day. As there are some good horses entered, the meeting ought to be a success, and we hear that the course and the arrangements are very satisfactory. It may appear churlish to grudge a welcome to a fresh undertaking for the production of sport; but we confess to thinking that there were already quite enough race and steeplechase meetings.

THE OPERA.

TO any one who has watched the course of musical opinion in England during the last few years, the possibility of a successful revival of an opera of Gluck's, however much it might be desired, would have seemed one of the most improbable contingencies. For thirty years—with the single exception of the amateur performance at Cambridge last spring—no opera from the pen of the great Viennese composer has been seen in this country. For several seasons a revival of *Iphigenia in Aulis* was promised, with Mme. Nilsson in the chief part; but the fulfilment of the promise never took place, and, as far as England is concerned, Gluck has been entirely forgotten and neglected. In Germany the two *Iphigenias* keep the stage, and in Italy a remarkable revival of interest in the works of the founder of modern opera has recently taken place. To an Italian manager, and to Italian artists, London is indebted for the opportunity of once more hearing a performance of the earliest work by which Gluck not only made so great a mark upon the opera of his own day, but also influenced so largely the development of the musical drama. The history of the various versions of *Orfeo* remains to be written. It can never sufficiently be regretted that Mlle. Pelletan, who devoted her life and fortune to publishing a final edition of Gluck's works, died before *Orfeo* was included in the magnificent series issued by her disinterested munificence. Originally brought out in Vienna in 1764, ten years later the work was remodelled and partly rewritten for the French opera, for which Gluck wrote most of the great works upon which his fame rests. In a sense, it may be said to date from his earlier manner; but it was in *Orfeo* that he first struck the vein of dramatic truth which was afterwards developed so nobly in the two *Iphigenias*, *Alceste*, and *Armide*. In *Orfeo* Gluck first revealed himself as a master of pathos who has never since been surpassed. His orchestration and form may seem now antiquated; but the performance last Thursday week at Covent Garden showed that his power of rousing the feelings of an audience is imperishable. Probably never within the memory of the present generation of operagoers has so signal a success been witnessed. The outbursts of applause which greeted the end of each act were genuine expressions of the delight of an audience which comprised most of the musical intelligence of London. The triumph—for such it was—of Gluck's long-neglected work is entirely due to Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, who enacted the hero. Her previous performances this season, remarkable as they have been, had not prepared the most sanguine of her admirers for the excellence of her Orfeo. Vocally and dramatically it was a masterly performance. Her voice, though hardly low enough for portions of the music, and somewhat unequal in quality, has been trained in an excellent school. It possesses the merit of being singularly sympathetic, and of having the invaluable power of conveying the dramatic intention of the singer in an unmistakable manner, without any use of tricks or mere *ad captandum* devices. As a piece of pure vocalization the delivery of the *bravura* air which ends the first act—an air which, though printed in the full score published during the composer's lifetime, is now variously attributed to Bertoni's *Orfeo* or *Tancredi*—was a marvellous display of brilliant vocalization; the elaborate *cadenza* introduced at its close, and going up to C *in alt*, being delivered with absolute precision and accuracy. The burden of the whole opera rests so much upon the representative of the part of the hero that to analyse the performance, scene by scene, grateful as the task would be, would amount to but little more than a eulogy of Mlle. Ravogli's admirable impersonation. Where all was so good, it is difficult to single out special features for praise; but mention must be made of the scene in Act ii., where the Furies are gradually calmed by the singing of Orpheus. In this the picturesque figure of the artist as she faced the angry crowd, and, holding her lyre high before her, passed through the entrance of Hades, is one which impresses itself upon the memory. But perhaps the greatest success she won was in the third act, in which the exquisite tenderness of her acting and singing in the scene where Orpheus finds Eurydice in the Elysian Fields, touched a deeper and more pathetic note than anything else in the opera. Coming after so much that was fine, the rendering of the familiar "Che farò senza Euridice," in the third act, might at first sight seem somewhat colourless; but Mlle. Ravogli was evidently well advised in her interpretation of the air, the opening part of which she delivered seated by the side of the dead Eurydice; for its length is such that, if it had been sung from the beginning in a more impassioned manner, it would have been impossible to have sustained the interest at the same pitch until the end. In this, as throughout the whole work, she showed how careful and conscientious a study she had made of the composer's intention. The temptation to linger on Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's performance is the greater because with it all commendation of the revival ceases. She received, indeed, adequate support from her sister as Eurydice, and from Mlle. Otta Brony, a new light soprano, as Love, though the latter was dressed in a ridiculous costume more suggestive of a cheap valentine than the Greek Eros; but the chorus was occasionally painfully out of tune, and failed generally to do justice to Gluck's lovely music, and the orchestra was uneven and wanting in finish. Allowances must of course be made for these shortcomings, considering the number of works which Signor Lago is bringing forward, but more serious than these were the defects in the general mounting. An Italian opera chorus is never remarkable for grace of deportment or appropriateness of gesture; but it might surely have been possible to dress the inhabitants of Elysium a little more suitably than in conventional ballet-costumes, and the rigidity of the *figurantes* in the touching scene where Orpheus, with extended hands and averted face, seeks amongst them for Eurydice, narrowly imperilled a very fine situation. The remembrance of the beautiful manner in which the work was mounted at Cambridge last spring made the contrast all the more painful. Similarly it would have cost very little trouble to have prepared a suitable scene for the reunion of Orpheus and Eurydice at the end of the opera, instead of (apparently) conveying them back to Elysium, in defiance of stage direction and libretto. These may seem small defects, but they seriously interfered with a singularly interesting performance. In spite of them, the revival is one for which every musician will be thankful to Signor Lago, the manager, and Signor Bevignani, the conductor, and it cannot too frequently be repeated that Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's Orfeo is a performance to be seen again and again with delight.

Of the other works given recently at the Italian Opera there is not much to be said. On the 5th inst. Bellini's *Norma* was revived with Mlle. Peri as the heroine, Mlle. Costanzi as the Adalgisa, Signor Meroles as Oroveso, and Signor Giannini as Pollio, of whom only the last named was at all equal to his part. Bellini's tuneful but undramatic opera may have been tolerable when a great artist like Grisi sang in it; but it will not pass muster nowadays with a Norma who is anything but first rate and an Adalgisa who is entirely incompetent. The general inadequacy of the performance extended to the chorus and orchestra, and anything more horribly cacophonous than the sounds emitted by the brass band on the stage has not been heard for a long time. On Monday last Verdi's *Rigoletto* was given for the *rentrée* of M. Maurel. Unfortunately the great French baritone was unable to appear, and his place was taken by Signor Galassi, a competent artist, but hardly suited to the part of the Jester. Mlle. Stromfeld was the Gilda, and M. Dimitresco, a new Roumanian tenor, appeared as the Duke. He is likely to prove a useful artist; for his voice is of good quality, he sings with taste, and he has a good stage presence. Mlle. Louise Lablache gave an excellent performance of the small but important part of Maddalena. Of Mme. Albani's performances in *La Traviata* on the 30th ult., *Lohengrin* on the 3rd inst., and *Les Huguenots* last Wednesday, we are unable to speak.

THE BRAVEST—BY LONG CHALKS.

OCH! Tim, did ye hear of the fun at Falcarragh?
Grand doin's, bedad! as I iver did see.
What wid ladies and mimbers of Parlymint—arrah!
A great day intoirely for Oireland and me!

There was D-lt-n, M-c-rtn-y, and P-ddy O'Br--n,
And Sw-nb-rne (Sir John, not the mordherin' pote),
And Father McF-dd-n as bould as a lion—
Sure *he* is the darlint for trailin' the coat.

There were two Misses G-nne
Who had come, and stayed on,
And were blazin', God bless 'em, with Gladstonite zeal;
There were faymales galore,
But I mintion no more,
For the crame of the party was Sw-ft M-cn--ll.

Here's health and long life to ye, Sw-ft M-cn--ll,
Me frolicking, rollicking Sw-ft M-cn--ll;
There is no one at all
Throughout ould Donegal
Who is fit to compare wid ye, Sw-ft M-cn--ll.

Ye know, Tim, me boy, the spalpeens of the Castle,
What thricks they can play for consaling their guilt,
Not to let a poor bhoy, mordhered dead in a wrastle,
Idintify anny one after he's kilt.

But Sw-ft has defated their brutal intintion,
For divil a number could mark them more plain
Than Mr. M-cn--ll's newest patent invintion
For brandin' the blaggards to know them again.

Had ye seen 'um that day
Dashin' into the fray,
As fareless as Hector of bâton and steel,
And chalk-markin' the backs
Of the Bloody One's hacks,
Ye'd have shouted "More power to ye, Sw-ft M-cn--ll!"

Och! how did ye think of ut, Sw-ft M-cn--ll?
Me injanious janius Sw-ft M-cn--ll;
Who gave you the wit
To be first for to hit
Upon chalkin' the constable, Sw-ft M-cn--ll?

But, begorra! I wish ye had seen that ould divil,
The Disthrict Inspector, me boy, call a halt;
Wid a warnin' to Misther M-cn--ll to be civil,
Since chalkin' the pollis amounts to assault.

He'd have tuk off the constables' coats and have brushed 'em,
Foreninst of us all, but, bedad! 'twas too late;
For Pat and his nate little camery rushed 'em,
And, chalkmark an' all, they were fixed on the plate.

Yes, Paddy O'Br--n
Was kapin' his eye on
Thim marked men, and followin' close at their heel;
And whereiver they walk
They'll be known by the chalk
As the blaggards who pushed agin Sw-ft M-cn--ll.

As the bastes who laid hands upon Sw-ft M-cn--ll,
The invoilable carkiss of Sw-ft M-cn--ll.
Sure Erin's own hand
Will eternally brand
Every villin who bumped agin Sw-ft M-cn--ll.

REVIEWS.

MASSON'S MILTON.*

THIS is not a mere re-issue of the standard edition of Milton's poems first published under Mr. Masson's care in 1874. Additions have been made to the introductory matter, and a new arrangement of the volumes has been adopted. The first volume contains a biographical memoir and the minor poems, prefaced by general and special introductions. In the second we have *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, also with special introductions; and in the third the "General Essay on Milton's English and Versification," which is the most distinctive feature of this edition, and the detailed notes on the whole of the poems. It must at once be allowed that Mr. Masson is not a concise editor. But his elaborateness, even if now and then it runs into superfluity, may be deemed refreshing by contrast in the present rage for small books; and no poet deserves or bears elaborate treatment better than Milton. We must not be understood, by the way, to imply any depreciation of the latest small book on Milton, Mr. R. Garnett's, which is a very good book indeed. As regards new matter, Mr. Masson's chief care has been to examine the claims lately put forward on Vondel's behalf to a considerable share in the ideas and even the diction of *Paradise Lost*. He has, perhaps, given them a more serious examination than they deserved; but he has disposed of them, in our judgment, once for all. The great majority of the parallel passages are sufficiently accounted for by the common use of traditional matter, and to a certain extent of traditional methods.

One really striking coincidence remains. As Milton's Satan says,

> in my choice
> To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
> Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven—

so Vondel's Lucifer says (as the Dutch Alexandrine couplet is accurately translated by Mr. G. Edmundson, Vondel's advocate),

> Rather would I be
> The first prince in some lower court than in
> The Blessed Light the second, or e'en less.

But Mr. Masson points out that in an English book published many years earlier Satan, in the course of a speech otherwise clumsy enough, is made to say: "Now, forasmuch as I was once an Angell of Light, it was the will of Wisedome to confine me to darknes and to create me Prince thereof; so that I who could not obey in Heaven, might command in Hell. And, believe mee, Sir, I had rather controule within my dark diocese than to reinhabite *caelum empyreum*, and there live in subjection, under check." It is quite needless to suppose that either Vondel or Milton knew Stafford's *Niobe*, where this passage occurs (we are free to confess that we never heard of the book or the author till now); but it shows, as Mr. Masson rightly infers, that the idea "was already in the air and waiting for them." Further, one might suggest another way of obtaining it which, for Milton at any rate, was by no means remote. The ghost of Achilles in the Odyssey declares that he would rather be servant to a poor master on earth than be lord over all the dead men; in other words, it were better to serve on earth than reign in Hades. Milton must have known the passage quite well, and he had only to convert the human regret of the Homeric warrior into the dæmonic pride of the fallen angel. The form is Milton's own in any case, and it is by his form that the idea lives. Apart from all this, we have to be satisfied that Milton did or could read Vondel's *Lucifer*. Now that work first appeared in 1654. Milton had then been blind for two years. If, then, he came to know Vondel, he must have got some one to read or translate it aloud to him. The only direct evidence as to Milton's knowledge of Dutch is a statement of Roger Williams, applying to a time about 1652, and not later than March 1654, when Williams left England. "The Secretary of the Council, Mr. Milton, for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages." We may, perhaps, assume that this "Dutch" was Low Dutch and not High Dutch; the language of the Netherlands was then more important to Englishmen than that of Germany. And the "readings" may, as likely as not, have included mutual instruction in languages, and not have been confined to the translation of particular books or documents of which Milton or Williams desired to possess the matter. But all this leaves it merely possible that Milton would have understood Vondel's text if he had a secretary or friend who could read it to him; so that he might conceivably have mastered the substance of Vondel's *Lucifer* with one degree more of certainty and less of trouble than if he had depended on a translator. Still, it does not seem probable that he would go to the trouble, whether it were less or more. If we are to indulge in guesswork, it would be more plausible, on the whole, to suppose that visitors from the Netherlands had spoken to Milton of Vondel's work, possibly brought it with them, and quoted or translated choice specimens of it. However, Mr. Edmundson is more Dutch than the Hollanders, for the latest editor of Vondel did not "regard it as proved that Milton was acquainted with Vondel or his tragedy." But this kind of speculation, if not strictly kept within bounds, is worse than idle; it is a literary nuisance. No number of coincidences would make Vondel Milton, or Milton less himself. No man of sense has ever thought or will ever think the less of Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* because some of the finest touches in it are straight out of Plutarch; or, for that matter, of *Paradise Lost* itself because much of it is straight out of the Bible.

We have hinted that Mr. Masson's essay on Milton's language and verse ought to hold the chief place among his contributions to the subject. It is an indispensable storehouse of knowledge and criticism for students of English. Every Miltonic usage (and Milton's peculiar usages are not a few) is carefully exhibited and analysed. Minute differences of opinion will, of course, always remain possible. One or two examples of what Mr. Masson, after Mr. Abbott, calls "construction changed by change of thought," appears to us to be more readily accounted for as conscious or unconscious imitations of the Latin historical present; and the rather violent construction in the "Ode on the Nativity"—

> It was the winter wild,
> While the heaven-born child
> All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—

may even be a reminiscence of the Latin idiom which requires *dum*, in its primary sense of "while," to be followed by the present indicative, whatever the tense of the principal clause may be. This idiom was commonly neglected in the Latin composi-

* *The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited, with Memoir, &c., by David Masson. 3 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

tion of Milton's own time, and has been violated much later even in our seats of learning. It would be pleasing to think that Milton knew better. It may be mentioned, as a specimen of Mr. Masson's editorial care, that he has not been content with the censures of former editors on Milton's few performances in Greek verse, but has consulted Mr. S. H. Butcher. The answer, as might be expected, did not mitigate those former censures. It was hardly possible for even a good scholar to write correct Greek verse in the days before Porson.

Not less exhaustive is the analysis of Milton's blank verse. Nor is it less useful because qualified by the sensible warning that in English verse, not being bound by the strict quantitative rules of Greek and Latin, "all depends on the reading; and the reading depends on the taste and habits of the reader." There is no doubt, however, that Milton purposely tried many experiments in giving variety to his numbers. Few of them have been imitated with any success; in some of them none but Milton could hope to succeed. One or two can scarcely be accepted even at Milton's hands. Landor considered them attempts to import Italian licences. A type noted by Mr. Masson as "very abnormal" is that of *P. L.* vi. 866:—

> Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

If this line stood alone we might think it was designed for an exceptional effect, so that the sudden weakening at the end should suggest a precipitous fall through the void. And it is hard not to believe that such was Milton's intention. The specimen, however, is not unique. Not only are the identical words repeated in another place with only the variation of "deep" for "pit," *P. R.* i. 361, but a precisely similar rhythm occurs in *P. R.* ii. 171; in both places it is without any apparent poetical reason:—

> Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
> Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
> And made him bow, to the gods of his wives.

Here the pause required in the middle of the line by the construction being carried on from "build" in v. 170 may serve to reinforce the metre. But yet another example is found within ten lines:—

> Before the Flood thou with thy lusty crew,
> False titl'd sons of God, roaming the Earth
> Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men—

and here there is no help of pause or sense. This is to our ear among the least commendable of Milton's lines; and we are almost driven, notwithstanding Mr. Masson's reasons to the contrary, to suppose that there must have been something in the manner of reading verse in Milton's time which, if we could recover it, would, at any rate, lessen the anomaly.

Mr. Masson's commentary on the poems at large contains everything that even a critical reader can want to know, and, we should say, at least as much as is known. In some places Mr. Masson may be chargeable with excess of zeal, as where he scolds Warton for saying that Milton fails "when he affects to be arch either in prose or verse." But, with Mr. Masson's leave, jesting was the one thing Milton did signally fail in as an artist. His jokes are bad jokes, and there is an end of it. As for the rest of Warton's criticism, doubtless he under-rated Milton's prose. But, doubtless, also, it is a tenable opinion that Milton's style in prose is not to be compared, on the whole, to Milton's style in poetry. It has, at its best, many of the same qualities as the poetry; but only an enthusiast can deny that it has blemishes of taste and manner (save when it is at its very best) which the poetry has not. Excess of knowledge is also to be found sometimes in Mr. Masson's notes—if there can be such a thing. Thus Milton's exactness in military terms is quite rightly noted; Mr. Masson, however, goes so far as to suggest that in *P. L.* i. 618 "*attention* held them mute" implies a military allusion. But was "attention" a recognized word of command in Milton's time? In a drill-book as late as 1690, "The Perfection of Military Discipline after the Newest Method as Practised in England and Ireland, &c.," no such word occurs. We find only such phrases as, "Have a care to form the Battalion," "Have a care of the Exercise," "Pikemen take heed." It may be left for the consideration of the Adjutant-General whether "Take—heed!" were not at least as audible, euphonious, and practical as the modern "'Shon!" There is likewise a minute inaccuracy in the note on *P. L.* iv. 977-980, where

> the angelic squadron bright
> Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns
> Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
> With ported spears.

Mr. Masson corrects the earlier annotators who, from pure ignorance, confounded the *port* with the *charge* (even Mr. Browne, usually careful and correct, goes wrong here); but he identifies the *port* of the pike with that of the modern musket or rifle "manual"; whereas the right hand grasped the butt of the pike, and the points were dressed not to the left, but to the left front, as may be seen in De Gheyn's plates earlier than Milton, and read, though not so clearly, in the later drill-book cited above. But why should one pick such minute, nay microscopic, holes? Truly, for no purpose save to show the judicious reader that a fairly careful examination of Mr. Masson's notes has not disclosed any larger ones. In other words, Mr. Masson's commentary is in everything of real moment as accurate as it is full; and we congratulate him on having deserved right well of English letters.

NOVELS.*

If Miss Broughton had given her novel of *Alas!* an alternative title, that title would certainly have been *Pshaw!* For, after her hero has sighed through three volumes over "the pity of it," he ends, like a wise man, by reflecting, "but after all, who cares?" The relief that comes to him in the very last pages, on hearing the heroine's confession (which the reader feared was going to be denied him altogether), proceeded not only from the fact that Elizabeth had been, as people say, "rash, imprudent if you will, but not guilty," but also from his having made up his mind magnanimously to ignore the consequences of her indiscretion, and to offer her his hand. The person in question, Mr. Jim Burgoyne, is almost as hardly dealt with by his creator as Elizabeth Le Marchant is by circumstances and her friends, for he appears from beginning to end under two highly unpleasant aspects. First, he is the unwilling and irritable *fiancé* of a woman about whom he has ceased to care two straws; and then he is the unreasonable and jealous lover of a woman devoted to somebody else. He is what is generally recognized and expressed by fair acquaintances as "dependable," and his other charms and good qualities have to be taken on trust. Yet he is distinctly a man, and not a shadow; and as such Miss Broughton has achieved a success in his portrait. The opening scene is one which many of us have witnessed in our time, when entertainment is provided for hard-worked women of the lower classes by people with more good nature than judgment in the matter of sea-songs and "half hours with the best authors." The audience is always anxious to show its appreciation of the efforts made, and is not often more discriminating than its entertainers. Hence it came to pass that poor Jim Burgoyne, forced unwillingly into the breach of "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," is greeted with shouts of misplaced laughter as he reads the rescue of the girl in the act of committing suicide. In exactly the same manner a crowd of villagers once chose to think "The Bridge of Sighs" recited on a similar occasion a huge joke, and gave way to mirth accordingly. With the exception of one or two brief episodes, most of the story takes place in Florence, a city plainly dear to Miss Broughton, who is in consequence a little more lavish in her descriptions of places and things than is necessary to her novel. But her happiest touches are in the relation of Jim's struggles to satisfy an all-too-easily satisfied *fiancée*, and in his sinkings of heart when the excellent Amelia Wilson makes vast and conscious efforts to say what will please Jim about the pictures they visit, efforts which only lay bare the nakedness of the land. Besides Amelia, who is drawn truly and even tenderly, but who would have made a maddeningly submissive wife, there are her two sisters—one is the self-absorbed hypochondriac Sybilla; and the other the shallow, vulgar, but good-hearted, Cecilia, who goes through Florence seeking to find resemblances to the persons who compose her small world at home. Miss Broughton excels in these minor characters; they are vivid without exaggeration, and, like Cecilia, we recognize their likenesses, or rather their types, when we meet them in our lives. Elizabeth Le Marchant, the luckless little heroine, is an attractive young creature, in spite of her blighted existence of twenty-seven years. She has a pretty face (to which the adjective "small" is applied with irritating frequency), and a mercurial nature, with its compensating capacity of getting amusement out of her fellow-creatures; and if her passion for young Byng is rather inexplicable, that is no more than can be said of half the marriages that are made every day. Byng himself, when he falls in love with Elizabeth, is tiresome and overdone. His acquaintance with the poets is perfectly limitless, and is only to be matched by his amazing capacity for producing the appropriate quotation, especially from *King John*, at the proper instant. His tears, which flow with as much promptitude as Sophy Streatfield's, are even more wearisome than his rhapsodies; surely no young man was ever so unmanly. But his final interview with Elizabeth, in which he has to make her understand that after her confession (of course misunderstood by him) his old feelings have been extinguished, is very cleverly described. If Byng is not a probable character, his mother is delightful—one of those warm-hearted, prejudiced women, always warring against themselves, who are the salt of the earth. As for the *dénouement*, Miss Broughton has skilfully left it in doubt whether the fact of once more having a place in the world and escaping the love changed to hate of her father is enough to induce Elizabeth to accept Jim; whether the last interview with Byng had been the death-struggle of her own constancy as well as his, or whether she prefers the ills she knows, and refuses Burgoyne, we are not told. But how, supposing they did marry, they contrived to make both ends meet on Jim's 800*l.* a-year, which had been considered too poor a pittance for the housekeeping virtues of Amelia, is a matter for reflection. The book

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* *Alas!* By Rhoda Broughton. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1890.

A Cigarette-Maker's Romance. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1890.

Brave Heart and True. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Miss Blake of Monkshalton. By Isabella O. Ford. London: John Murray. 1890.

Mademoiselle. By F. M. Peard. London: Smith & Innes. 1890.

Ardis Claverden. By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Lady Maude's Mania. By G. Manville Fenn. London: Warne & Co. 1890.

is full of attraction and free from many of the defects which have sometimes marred the author's former works, and if her style of writing is not all that could be desired, well, it is an old friend, whose faults are condoned for the sake of the undeniable virtues that accompany it.

Mr. Crawford has contrived to throw over his touching little story of *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* an impalpable air of a midsummer night's dream, which adds considerably to its charm. The theme is new, or, at any rate, little worn, and the setting is less hackneyed than most. The figures are distinct and of absolutely different metal; but they are all real and true and vigorous. The one weak point in the book is the regularly recurring belief of the most diligent of the cigarette-makers, Count Skariatine by name, that some time on Wednesday his friends will arrive from Russia, and will triumphantly re-instate him in his title and property. The delusion always begins on Tuesday and lasts till after midnight on Wednesday; but all the rest of the week he awakes from his dream and submits patiently to his lot. Of course the whole interest of the book lies in the question of the Count's sanity. Is he really the aristocrat of Wednesday, or the nobody of the other six days? In spite of the ending and of Mr. Crawford we incline to the latter supposition. If he really was Count Skariatine, why should not his attitude of expectation have been a permanent one, and why at any time should one special day for its recurrence have been fixed upon? No reason is given. On the other hand, once granted the delusion of his noble birth, his grand manners, his patient concealment of poverty, and his lordly disregard of money when he had it, would have all followed as a matter of course, and the weekly day of waiting, with its pathetic preparations for the great event, would have been none the less touching. The faithful Cossack whom fate had transplanted from the Don to the Iser, the incorrigible but good-natured Dumnoff, and the plain but refined and devoted Vjera are true pictures of types that are to be found every day in Russia. In this book, as his former ones, Mr. Crawford has broken new ground. He never repeats himself or his subjects; he is never prolix, he is always careful. Would that other novelists would go and do likewise.

Brave Heart and True is not a pleasant book. In the first place Miss Marryat is perpetually dragging in her antagonism to the Church and its ministers, and she never loses an opportunity of casting a stone at them. Doubtless there may exist somewhere evil-tongued hypocritical women like Mrs. Crosbie, the Vicar's wife, who commit in secret the deadly sins they condemn most loudly in public, but they are certainly few and far between, and are better passed by in silence. Instead of this, though the story is but very slightly concerned with the Crosbie family, we have the Vicar first establishing a confessional in the village Church, and suffering himself to be cajoled into betraying to his wife the confession of one of his parishioners; we have the lady perpetually indulging in heavy conjugal endearments in order to attain her ends, and we have a midnight interview between her and the curate, in which little is left to the imagination. The "Brave Heart" referred to in the title is the village doctor, one Lewis Vangel, who, having been for some years wildly in love with the daughter of a rich man in the neighbourhood, marries her, and continues to adore her, though he (being her medical attendant) has discovered that she has been betrayed by her cousin under promise of marriage. When she finally confesses the fact to him after he has nursed her through a severe illness, his rapture at her honesty knows no bounds. This young lady is intended to be very innocent and attractive, and altogether the victim of circumstances; but eighteen is rather old for a girl to be always telling a man only ten years her senior how anxious she is for his company at a picnic, and how good she thinks him, and finally "putting her hand through his arm" for a stroll in the wood. If she behaved in this manner to her cousin, the catastrophe is hardly to be wondered at. The book is dull as well as offensive.

The name of Miss Ford is, we think, new to fiction; but she has produced a very clever and careful piece of work in *Miss Blake of Monkshalton*. There may not be anything dramatic in the history of a girl warped and checked in every direction by the well-meant tyranny of an aunt whose character had formerly undergone the same process at the hands of her father; but it will interest a good many people, some of whom may have suffered in a similar way. Friction of character is far more deadly in its results than friction of circumstances. It was the strong will of Miss Blake perpetually rubbing against her sister's feeble one that made that sister, Miss Emma, the poor frightened thing she ultimately became, and caused her, by a curious contradiction, to irritate Miss Blake by her helpless submission. Miss Ford did well to keep Miss Blake relentless to the end in her dealings with her niece Anne. Such people are a law unto themselves. They make a religion of keeping their word, though the whole world should suffer from it, and they practically do more mischief than really bad people. Miss Ford takes pains and writes good English, and we hope some day to see her make a mark in literature.

Mademoiselle is an interesting and well-written little tale of the adventures of a young girl who leaves her market-gardening home in the North of France to join her married sister in Paris during the siege. The author manages, without harrowing the reader's feelings unduly, to give an adequate sketch of some of the horrors of that dreadful time, when the "foes without" rapidly gave place to much worse foes within. English girls and boys of this generation have little idea of what their neighbours suffered for so many long cold weeks twenty years ago, and *Mademoiselle* has done them the good service of helping them to realize the most impressive piece of history since the battle of Waterloo.

It must be confessed that writers of fiction are often badly used; if they always choose the same sort of subjects, the public cry out that they are weary of the old thing and would like a variety. If they try to be many-sided, the same public is the first to deride the conceit and folly of a man who thinks he can do everything. Perhaps Mr. Stockton has been goaded by criticisms of the former kind to forsake the flowery paths of the lady and the tiger, the transferred ghost, and the vagaries of Pomona, so dear to all our hearts, and give his attention to the construction of a serious novel. It is doubtful whether the most ardent partisanship could call *Ardis Claverden* a success. It is lacking in point, in concentration, in incisiveness, in power of portraying character—in almost every quality, in fact, that goes to make up a "good story." Hares are perpetually being started that run nowhither, and, as Mr. Stockton has no very definite conception of some of his personages, it is quite clear that his audience cannot understand them either. There is much rushing up and down the lines from Atlanta to New York, there are endless descriptions of women's dresses and men's suits, there is an attempt at murder in a stalactite cave, and a danger of hanging for horse-stealing incurred by the hero; but the murder has no adequate motive, and the imputation of horse-stealing is without sufficient foundation. The best bit in the book is the all-conquering heroine's ride on her lover's stolen horse, pursued by the man who had stolen him. That is vigorous and to the point, but the rest of the book is unreal and tiresome. We get tired of the heroine's endless lovers—American stories would be so much more diverting if the young ladies would be content with fewer scalps—and their eternal clothes. The book is full of strange expressions, too, that would have made the passengers of the *Mayflower* stare could they have heard them; "feel badly," "felt like it," and similar phrases, which grate on the ear perpetually. The English names, too, are remarkably badly invented. Why is it that Americans, our own kith and kin, should find it as difficult to label their English people with probable appellations, as any Frenchman who authoritatively undertakes to describe English life. "Prouter," "Cruppledean," and "Skitt," for instance, sound more like titles invented by Dickens than names one is accustomed to see on visiting cards. To conclude, we should like politely to inquire if there is not a certain want of courtesy shown by American ladies to the gentlemen of their own land in their eager desire to find husbands for the flower of their female sex in the old country. Miss Claverden's aunt only expresses the general and hardly disguised sentiment when she says (p. 386), "What she must do is to go with me to Europe. There are personages of high degree who come over here, but the better ones remain at home."

We have frequently praised Mr. Manville Fenn's boys' books as being inspiriting, and they are very much better than his last tale, *Lady Maude's Mania*. The ignorance he exhibits about the things and people he writes about is quite astonishing, and only to be equalled by the taste of the descriptions. He has an Earl who is always filling his pockets with tongues, veal cutlets, and puddings, because his wife declines to let him eat what he wants at meals. This Earl is fitly paired off with his wife, who schemes to make what Mr. Manville Fenn thinks a "brilliant match for her beautiful daughter," in the shape of an old Resident at some native Indian Court. Allusions are always being made to this lady's set of "hundred-guinea teeth," and we are not even spared the details of how they were kept in order by her young niece. Then there are depicted a French hairdresser who soliloquizes in broken English, a Viscount who describes his sister to her own father as "a true lady," and a despairing lover who obtains interviews with the "true lady" by posing as the hairdresser's assistant. Above and beyond all, we have an immense deal of servants' gossip; but Mr. Fenn is as ignorant of the ways of domestics as of those of their mistresses. He positively makes all the servants dine in the servants' hall together. Will not the outraged shades of butlers, housekeepers, ladies'-maids, and upper servants in general rise up and take vengeance on Mr. Fenn for this imputation on their manners and customs? But when "high life above stairs" is so unlike the real thing, "high life below stairs" cannot expect to fare much better.

RULERS OF INDIA.*

IT is, we suppose, too late in the day to inquire whether it is the business of a University Press to publish little popular books which are neither directly suited for the purposes of education nor fitted to take their place as permanent acquisitions to literature. "Series" pay; and the delegates of the Clarendon Press may look back on a very creditable past of the publishing of books which could not have paid. And they certainly might have fixed on many worse subjects than the Rulers of India. We have previously noticed some of the set, and we now notice two, on very interesting subjects, together.

A certain license of conjugation is required before the verb "to

* *Rulers of India—Dupleix.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson. *Warren Hastings.* By Captain L. J. Trotter. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

rule India" can be applied to Dupleix; though with abundant allowance of ifs he might, indeed, have the benefit of it. If he had been as stout to carry out as he was able to plan; if there had been no Clive and no Lawrence; if Englishmen had been Frenchmen and Frenchmen Englishmen; if France had not been, as she always has been, whatever name her Government has borne, governed by selfish intrigue; if, in short, things had been wholly different, Dupleix might have been a ruler of India. As it was, he had his day of power among nabobs (whom we must, it seems, call nuwabs now) and of influence even at Delhi. He undoubtedly was the first, aided by some excellent commanders, to put in practice the theory that one trained Occidental is worth a dozen trained Orientals and any number of Orientals that have not been trained. He was abominably ill-treated by his own countrymen—a distinction of which French colonial governors have, alas! not the monopoly—and he is a particularly captivating spectacle to those minds which can bring themselves to narrow down the might-have-been to a special moment, and believe that a more or less single and simple "if" might have, as they like to say, "changed the face of the world." Colonel Malleson is notoriously of these. It was, if we remember rightly, his undoubting faith that, if somebody had said "wheel to the right" instead of "wheel to the left" at Leipsic, Napoleon would have been master of the world; it is, as we see here, his belief that on a particular day of a particular July "the supremacy in Southern India might have been decided" by some similar manœuvre. Those who take a less narrow view of history, who are fatalists to the extent of believing that personal ability can at best direct or delay but can never frustrate, the large results of national character and historical circumstance, will hardly be with him. Still Dupleix is worth all the writing that may be spent on him. There have been good books recently devoted to him in France; but Colonel Malleson, strong in his previous inquiries, thinks it sufficient to refer to these as "many modern works." The writing is a little slipshod here and there; but the facts are very fairly presented, and the attitude towards Dupleix himself is quite what it should be from a member of the nation which conquered Dupleix, which obliterated Dupleix and all his works from the face of the earth, and which has allowed the basis of his towering but shortlived fame to remain in the possession of his countrymen, more as a piece of ironic and half-contemptuous generosity than for any other reason. There is probably no other nation in the world which, with the opportunities of taking Pondicherry which we have had, with Pondicherry actually in its hands so often as it has been in ours, would have let it go back to France. As there are not excessively numerous opportunities for boasting ourselves on the "hault courage" of Britons in these days, let us at least plume ourselves on this, and thank Colonel Malleson (who does not, we think, notice this side of the matter) for telling the incurious Briton something about it.

Captain Trotter's book raises a very nice and curious question of literary morality or etiquette. Its preface runs as follows:—

During the present year three folio volumes of Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India (1772-1885) have been printed by authority, under the careful editing of Mr. George W. Forrest. The period covers the entire rule of Warren Hastings. The present volume endeavours to exhibit for the first time the actual work of that great Governor-General as reviewed from the firm standpoint of the original records now made available to the students of Indian history.

"Surely," says the guileless, and perhaps rather heedless, reader, "a most handsome acknowledgment!" It is never well to be hasty, even in generous conclusions. The facts, we believe, are these. Mr. Forrest's most interesting and important volumes, which lie before us as we write, bear as their latest date that of the author's preface—"March 8, Calcutta." They were not, to the best of our knowledge, issued and accessible in England before midsummer at the earliest. As this preface of Captain Trotter's is dated "August," we are driven to one of two conclusions—either that the book was scribbled off, on the basis of Mr. Forrest's collections, in about two months; or that, having been written without the aid of those collections, it was, on their appearance, corrected by and "written up" to them. In either case this seems to be a very dubious proceeding. A series-writer cannot reasonably be expected to go over for himself the original documents (even if he could get at them) of Lockhart's *Scott* or Boswell's *Johnson*. Not only are these great books the common property of all readers and writers, but they have had their ample start and "law" in which to make and enjoy their own fame. The same thing may be said of much less famous, and much younger, books. But we do not think that it is, in any case, a pretty thing for a popularizer, almost before the sheets of what is likely to be a standard book of reference are dry from the press, to step in and re-hash its contents; some, at least, of them contents practically inedited. This, however, may seem what somebody facetiously calls too much in the Orlando-Furioso-punctilio vein. But it is not all, or anything like all, that we have to say. Captain Trotter's acknowledgment, handsomely as it seems to be worded, is so couched as (no doubt by oversight) to convey a most unfortunate *suggestio falsi*. "It endeavours," does it, "to exhibit *for the first time* the actual work of that great Governor-General as *reviewed from the firm standpoint* of the original records now made available to the students of Indian history," records issued "by authority under the careful editing of Mr. George W. Forrest"? We may be very dense or we may be very suspicious, but we doubt very much whether this phrasing would convey to the guileless and careless one aforesaid any notion of the fact that Mr. Forrest's own book contains, along with the documents, an exceedingly careful review of a hundred pages—folio pages (thus amounting in matter to much more than Captain Trotter's two hundred crown octavo)—from this same "firm standpoint," as given in the volumes themselves. This introduction is as necessarily prior to Captain Trotter's "first review" as it was necessarily under Captain Trotter's own eyes when he appeared as the second, not the first, reviewer. The suggestion may, as we have charitably hinted, be unintended and purely unfortunate, nor are we at any time disposed to countenance the childish "that's my thunder" grumble. We dare say Captain Trotter would have written a very interesting book without Mr. Forrest's aid at all, though he could hardly have known so much about the Rohilla matter and divers other things. But when a man who has already brought down his bird has furnished you with his gun and his cartridge-bag and tips about sighting and so forth, it is, we repeat, not wholly pretty to say, "This is the first time that this admirable implement has been used with effect." Series are multiplying in the land, they are more and more crossing and cris-crossing each other, and it is particularly desirable that decent etiquette should be observed in their composition.

We could not say less than this in justice to Mr. Forrest, and we need say no more in justice to Captain Trotter. Coming so soon after the volume of Sir Alfred Lyall on the same subject, it was almost incumbent upon him, even if he had not had the new documents before him, to take a somewhat different line, and he has done this with sufficient success. Sir Alfred, perhaps wisely, perhaps not, avoided controversy. For the most part, Captain Trotter has directly attacked (with the help of the firm standpoint) the disputed points of the Rohilla war, of Nuncomar (may our fate be as his if we consent to call him Nanda-Kumar, or even set up our rest in Mr. Forrest's halfway-house of "Nundcoomar"), of Cheyt Sing, of the Begums, and so forth. Sir Alfred bestowed great pains on the positive and constructive side of Hastings's administration, and Captain Trotter has passed this by, for the most part. Sir Alfred dealt fully with the trial, and Captain Trotter, as indeed the title of the series authorizes him to do, has handled it more briefly. The two books thus, to a certain extent, serve as complements the one to the other. But this, even more than the former, handbook carries out the task of vindicating Hastings from the strange unfairness of Mill and the more comprehensible tarbrushing of Macaulay. The Nuncomar business has been settled once for all by Mr. Justice Stephen, and we cannot help thinking that Macaulay's representatives, though it would be a pity to lose the brilliant rhetoric of the essay, ought to have "facts disproved," or something similar, printed as a sideheading to every page of it. With respect to Cheyt Sing and the Begums of Oude, though Hastings was scarcely very blamable, and certainly not as blamable as Macaulay represents him, it is a little difficult to acquit him wholly of straining points in order to satisfy the necessities of his Government and the greed of his masters at home. In his battles with his factious colleagues on the Council, even Macaulay takes his side, and on that point there may be said to be no difference of opinion. If Philip Francis did not lose India for England, it was not his fault; and if ever man deserved punishment both for treason to his country and disloyalty to his chief, it was the very clever and very venomous scoundrel whose *alias*, though it makes some folk mad to say so, was pretty certainly Junius. But before Mr. Forrest's book appeared it was practically impossible for any one who had not access to the Indian records to do full justice to the Rohilla business; or, even if he surmised the truth, to be happy in his surmise, unless he happened to be one of the gifted creatures who care nothing for the evidence when it is with them, and say "So much the worse for it" when it is against. Even the Nuncomar affair, though equally misrepresented, was not so audaciously topsy-turvied as this. Macaulay, following Burke and the rest, drew, as all men know, a touching picture of a ruffianly proconsul leasing out British troops for unprovoked attack under blushing officers on the peaceful aborigine (as the Society for his protection is believed to call him). The Rohilla war of fact was the carrying out of a treaty of alliance against a race of marauding intruders, who had not held Rohilcund for much longer than the Austrians held Venice. It was waged with rather less than the usual casualties of war, and the blushing officers chiefly grumbled because their native allies made more booty than they did.

These things, since Mr. Forrest's book, belong to history, but they deserved popularising in accessible form, and but for the clumsiness already adverted upon, there would be no need to give Captain Trotter anything but praise for his work on them. Even as it is we may hope that that work will send more than one reader to the original documents, and the "first review" of them as given by Mr. Forrest himself.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Il Romanzo d'un Maestro (1), although it is indisputably a novel with a purpose, has all those qualities which make of Signor Edmondo de Amicis not only one of the most popular, but one of the most widely translated of Italian authors. Rather than a novel, it is a work of minute observation, adorned with

(1) *Il Romanzo d'un Maestro.* Di Edmondo de Amicis. Milano: Treves.

the graceful fantasy that is so characteristic of the author of *Gli Amici*. This social study (which treats the great question of elementary education better and more exhaustively than the vehement polemics that have lately been brought to bear upon it) has all the fresh charm, the sureness of touch, and the abundance of types—pathetic, humorous, grotesque, often exceptional, but never monstrous—that lent such fascination to his earlier work. But in *Sul Oceano*, and especially in the subject of this notice, the facile talent that for the past twenty years has been so deprecated and so eulogized appears to have reached its maturity. Dramatic unity is now as ever *le cadet des soucis* of Signor de Amicis, but will those complain before whom pass, as in a magic lantern, personages, scenes, situations, lands, and landscapes, with so swift and surprising a realism? The Maestro Emilio Ratti is the least living personage of these vivid pages. He is the ideal, almost unreal, type round whom the seething, living crowd disports itself. Whether or no he loves, or only dreams that he loves, the charming school-marm of the story, we scarcely ask ourselves. But that Faustina Galli is as real as she is delightful none who have read the episode entitled *In Monastero* will deny. And there are few who will not envy those *guachos* whose minds she was destined to open "first since the creation of the world," the nuns to whom she taught gymnastics, the Ligurian maidens whose accent she imitated and corrected, the hospitable people of whose salt and bread she partook on her hurried journeys—any one but the pitiable lover, who neither explains himself to himself, to her, or to us.

That which Signor d'Annunzio tells us of his hero, Andrea Sperelli, "More than thought itself, he loved its perfect expression," may be applied to himself. It is difficult to conceive a work of fiction more polished as to style, more admirable for colour, harmony of sound and effect, of a more chiselled idiom than *Il Piacere* (2). And yet this fascinating achievement of a consummate artist is far from satisfactory. For of the ultra-modern novel we demand that to which exponents like Tolstoï, Galdos, or George Meredith have accustomed us. Given certain conditions, what experience has led the ego to a certain result? It too often happens that when we wish to know what Andrea Sperelli or the perverse lady of his love or the fair consoler of his sorrow thinks or feels, their creator will elect to tell us what they wore, the pattern of the antique leather on which they sat down, the colour of the sky above them, the form of the vases which held the roses they smelt, or the engraving of the tray that held their five-o'clock tea. So that many who have sought, and might have found here and there in *Il Piacere*, a masterly analysis of character, will leave it with the impression that they have but examined an exquisite collection of studies in decoration. Not that the analysis bears any trace of an uncertain hand. These *fin de siècle* cosmopolitan Romans—Andrea, Elena—are as living as the most exacting realist would have them; there is about Donna Maria a dramatic and even a pathetic interest. Yet all sincere admirers of the poet, word-painter and novelist, who has been compared to Gautier, Flaubert, Keats, Shelley, Rossetti, Mr. Pater, and many other distinguished persons of whom he may not even have heard, will wish him well rid of the morbid and artificial personages of the drama he has hitherto chosen to present. In the voluptuous melancholy of these pages there is a cadence as of the song of the swan. *Il Piacere* might well be the last work of its writer's first manner; a herald of better things that could not be better done.

Eredità illegittime (3) is a vivid and satirical picture of provincial Neapolitan life and politics, revealing under the nomenclature of *Destra* and *Sinistra* (Conservatives and Democrats) struggles not wholly political. They are rather feudal survivals, finding their outlet in local administrative abuses and immunities; triumphant abuses that leave the victors revelling in unbridled license and the victims bowed down and cowed under merciless oppression. Signor Carlo del Balzo is not much concerned with the manipulation of the very slight thread of his story. The kodak and the telephone are the two demons by whom he appears to have been guided, and it is a singular effect of this ultra-modern method that it should have led him to a result which blends with utter disregard of form, an outspokenness that recalls the *novellatore cinquecentista*, which might have been more palatable had it been entirely expressed in the ingenuous Neapolitan dialect in which it must have originated in the author's brain.

Signor Edoardo Calandra's *Contessa Irene* (4) excels in patient analysis of character and skilful management of an old theme—the love of two friends for one woman. It is, besides, a charming study of Italian country life.

The profile study or the sketch, that compromise between the *nouvelle* and the novel, is ably represented by the short powerful stories forming the volume which Signor Luigi Capuana has modestly entitled *Fumando* (5). This young writer must henceforward take front rank in a field that has hitherto been most successfully worked by Signori Verga, Serao, Fogazzaro, and Panzaccho. Perhaps the most characteristic of his inimitable *bozzetti* are *Alle Assise*, *Quacquara*, and *Tre Colombe ed una Fava*.

(2) *Il Piacere.* Di Gabriele d'Annunzio. Milano: Treves.

(3) *Eredità illegittime.* Di Carlo del Balzo. Milano: Galli.

(4) *La Contessa Irene.* Di Edoardo Calandra. Torino. Casanova Editore.

(5) *Fumando.* Di Luigi Capuana. Catania: Giannotta Editore.

The adventures of Captain Dodero by sea and land, as narrated in *Il Merlo Bianco* (6), compare not unfavourably with those of the heroes of Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Boys young and old will follow with unflagging interest in the footsteps of Battista Dodero: Genoese sailor, bridegroom reft of his bride in a breakneck chase, pilot of a pirate crew, captain of a Japanese schooner, physician at Constantinople, Emperor of China, a miller in California, or a shipwrecked waif on a deserted island of the Atlantic. Betimes we meet him under a hail of stones; now the cannibals are close upon him, or the Janissaries are at his heels; English colonels are rowing after him to capture him, tigers are showing him their teeth, Mandarins are chin-chinning with him, Daimios are teaching him the most esoteric secrets of Hara-kiri. Be he where he may, he is well met by Signor Barrili, and ably portrayed in Signor A. Bonamore's attractive illustrations.

Amore senza Benda is the most humorous as well as the most cynical of Signor Verga's "Wayside Tales" (*Per le Vie*) (7), which have reached a third edition. These tales would, almost better than any others in the same tongue, repay the patient translator.

Signor Edoardo Scarfoglio's recent inexplicable expulsion from Abyssinia has endowed the writer of *In Levante* (8) with a notoriety which increases the stir created by his pamphlet in the political world. He had travelled in the Levant and in the Balkans shortly before he went to Africa. The book is divided into seven parts, headed as follows:—"La Grecia," "La Terra di Minosse," "L'Eredità di Maometto," "Il Paese delle Rose," "Il Regno di Natalia," "I Latini del Danubio," "Da Vienna a Parigi." The first narrates the Greek Royal wedding and an interview with the Prime Minister, discusses ancient and modern Greece and Russian influence at Court. The second (The Land of Minos) the future of Greece, the future policy of Italy in that same land, the Sultan, Shakir Pasha, the Imperial firman and taxes. The third treats of "The Heritage of Mohammed," the decline of Italian prestige in Turkey, the Italian school in Constantinople, and the gradual "Germanization of the East." The fourth (The Land of Roses) of Bulgaria, the Bulgarians and their Prince, the Bulgarian loan and the convent on the Wittosch. The fifth (The Kingdom of Natalie) defines Servia as a Slav Piedmont, touches upon domestic scandals and national aims, chats of the Queen, the ex-King and the reigning King, of MM. Zanhow, Michele, Ristics, Garaschanine, Gruic, &c. The sixth lauds the prosperity of Roumania, eulogizes King Charles and Queen Carmen Sylva; while the seventh (From Vienna to Paris), written shortly after the tragedy at Mayerling, has much to say of Russian propaganda and Italian policy in the Austrian Empire, and ends with the author's arrival in Paris. Signor Edoardo Scarfoglio is as ardent an advocate of the colonial extension of Italy as he is sanguine of her prestige in the near future abroad.

Una Nidiata ("Scenes of Family Life") (9) is a novel built somewhat on the lines of Gyp and Droz, but addressed to the Italian Young Person. It might, despite a certain charm of local colour and a delightful spontaneousness of dialogue, be defined as Gyp and water. The Signora Bisi-Albini gives in this innocuous form, which appeals to us like a breath of fresh air after the *calorifère* atmosphere of some other books in our packet, a presentment remarkable for actuality of the manners and mode of life of the class of Lombard landed proprietor which is equivalent to that of our gentlemen farmers.

The third volume of the *Lamenti Storici dei secoli XIV, XV, e XVI* (10), opens with the "Lamento di Astorre Manfredi," the *complainte* of the imprisonment and death of the Lord of Faenza, who was strangled in the Castle of Sant' Angelo by order of Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino, in 1502. The "Lamento del Duca Valentino," dated 1503, in *terza rima*, is also reproduced from a contemporary print. It enumerates his crimes, and refers, not to the death of Borgia, but to his downfall and loss of the Romagna after the decease of his father, Alexander VI. The *Lamenti* for his death, written in 1507 by Francesco Sacchini di Modigliana, include a chapter in *terzine*, two sonnets, and a ballad, remarkable for its refrain:

> Ognun cridi e pianga forte
> Cesar Borgia Valentino,
> Ch' era in terra un dio divino!
> Non sperar più, Italia, corte!

The name of Cæsar Borgia, coupled with that of Italy, is a curious corollary to certain conceptions of Machiavelli and a not less curious foretaste of the unification of the country. Of two Venetian *complaintes*, dated 1509, one in ballad form sings the sorrows of the city, while in the other the Doge and his lieges converse *in terza rima*. Among the remaining most remarkable *lamenti* are the one on Louis XII. after the battle of Ravenna, and the one written in 1525 on Francis I. after the battle of Pavia. The series of *lamenti* of which this volume forms a part was initiated 1887 by Signori Antonio Medici and Ludovico Frati.

(6) *Il Merlo Bianco.* Di Anton Giulio Barrili; riccamente illustrato da A. Bonamore. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(7) *Per le Vie.* Di G. Verga. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(8) *In Levante e a traverso i Balkani.* Note e ricordi di Edoardo Scarfoglio. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(9) *Una Nidiata: Scene della Vita di Famiglia.* Di Sofia Bisi-Albini. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(10) *Lamenti Storici dei Secoli XIV, XV, e XVI.* Raccolti e ordinati a cura di Antonio Medici e Ludovico Frati. Vol. III. Bologna: Romagnoli dall' Acqua.

It will, when completed, form one of the most interesting poetic monuments extant of the impressions, emotions, and affections of men who were eye-witnesses, and often participators in, stirring historical events.

Among the Lyrics of Annie Vivanti (11), a poetess of twenty-two summers, whom Signor Giosuè Carducci does not fear to compare with Sappho and Mrs. Browning, the most remarkable of a varied collection of verse, singular for power and spontaneity, audacious in conception as it is chastened in expression, is the one on the Magdalen :—

"Signor ! la fronte e l'anima umiliata
Quando rileverete col perdono ?
Quando darete pace all' affannata ? "
"Al di là della croce, Maddalena."

SUVÓROFF.*

NO one can read the campaigns of the Continental wars at the close of the last century without feeling that they want something to make them artistically complete, and that this something is a meeting between Suvóroff (for so, it seems, we ought to spell him) and Napoleon. The modern scientific officer will be apt to assert at once that the Corsican would surely have won. Some of us are more modestly inclined to be not quite so sure. All who know anything of the men—as compared with the other men whom Napoleon did meet—will agree on one point. There would have been such a fight between these two as had not been seen in those wars up till then and was not to be seen for years. Suvóroff was just the right man to be pitted against Napoleon, and his Russians were the right men to tackle the French. To begin with, Suvóroff was not a whit afraid of him, and the Russian soldiers were afraid of nothing. Then the Field Marshal, though he was not infallible, had the root of the matter in him. He knew his business, had read the history of war much, had thought about it, and had seen it still more. Reading, thinking, and experience had confirmed him in the faith that the essentials in war are, to have a good eye in your head, to keep your men in hand, and to go, might and main, at the right place. Napoleon, who also was by no means infallible, was equally orthodox. If, then, the two men had met on anything approaching to equality of terms, if Suvóroff had been free of the Aulic Council, or if it had abstained from too effectually helping Napoleon, it is at least possible that there would have been no First Consul, and no Emperor. To predict that General Bonaparte and the army of Italy would have been beaten is what nobody has a right to do; but this much at least may be asserted with confidence, that Suvóroff would never have been beaten as the wooden Austrian officers were. Now, drawn battles or chequered success would have been almost as fatal to Napoleon as defeat.

The Life which Colonel Spalding has written of this very remarkable man is the first which has appeared in England for many years. The author has had the advantage of using recent Russian publications, and his short biography may be taken as giving the substance of what is known of Suvóroff. On the whole, though, as might be expected, his picture differs greatly from the "raw head and bloody bones" caricature made popular by a well-known passage in *Don Juan*, it explains how that work of art came to be possible. Colonel Spalding has to confess that it pleased his hero to play the buffoon not a little. Then, too, although not himself a cruel man, he was concerned, in the way of duty, in much barbarous slaughter. The storm of Ismail was a very horrible business—not by any fault of Suvóroff's, but because the Turks would not "play the game" in the European way. The conquest of Poland was a species of infamy ; necessary, no doubt, but not a thing which it was possible to do without cruelty. Fighting with Turks and Poles, Suvóroff had to do the work there was to do: but, though personally innocent of ferocity, he was not unnaturally associated with it in popular opinion. Much of his reputation for barbarism he earned by his own deliberate foolery. When Europeans saw a general galloping about in his shirt, and heard him howling doggrel verses, or saw him dancing about a room, they pardonably thought him a barbarian, and were prepared to believe anything about him. In fact, however, this was all on the surface. Essentially he was a cool-headed man, who looked well before he leapt—only he understood that it is folly to leap at all unless it is done with vigour enough to clear the ditch. This is what he never could get his Austrian colleagues to see. Before the battle of Rymnik, in the second Turkish war, he amazed Coburg by saying that the numbers of the enemy were an advantage. The more of them they were, the greater would be their confusion. The Austrians seem to have thought that this was swagger; but it was very good sense, as the result proved. It was Suvóroff's misfortune that he was compelled so much to co-operate with the Austrians. When his great opportunity came in 1799 he was hampered at every turn by the Aulic Council, that most ludicrous of all figures in the history of war, and by the short-sighted policy of the Austrian Government, which could not be made to understand that no advantage it gained in Italy would be permanent unless the power of the French Republic was thoroughly broken. That so much was done in this year was entirely due to Suvóroff, while the disasters which followed the first successes are to be attributed mainly to the neglect of his advice. Colonel Spalding brings this out very clearly. He does not deny that Suvóroff was somewhat spoilt in temper and sagacity by the Aulic Council. His conduct at the battle of Novi, where he deliberately hung back from supporting Kray, seems to show that he had been provoked into sulky unreason for a time. To be sure, it would have taxed the serene good sense of Marlborough to bear the Aulic Council without injury to his temper. Suvóroff unfortunately was not a Marlborough. He could not hold his tongue when he was in the right. If he could, he would not have got himself into hot water by making fun of the Czar's passion for pigtails and powder. Marlborough would have fooled Paul to the top of his bent with the gravest politeness, and then have led him by his pigtail as easily as asses are. Tact of this kind was wanting to Suvóroff, and therefore the fools in the Aulic Council and the madman on the throne were too much for him. Colonel Spalding makes a very just comparison between Suvóroff and Nelson. The men who had some slight correspondence after the Nile were alike in many points. Both had a marked theatrical element in their characters, but both had the fire of genius and the same magnificent power of combining cool calculation and headlong action. Their luck was very different. Nelson commanded a homogeneous force and was allowed to act for himself. He died when his work was done and in the fulness of glory. Suvóroff was hampered on all hands in Italy, and in Switzerland he was almost betrayed. He came back to die in disgrace with his crazy sovereign. One is glad to learn from Colonel Spalding that Paul did at least bury him with honour, and did not, as the common story has it, order his funeral to be unattended.

(11) *Liriche di Annie Vivanti.* Milano: Treves.

* *Suvóroff.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Spalding. London: Chapman & Hall.

CLASSICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.*

ONE of the main characteristics of the present literary period appears to be the demand for books which contain in a very narrow compass an amount of information which really can only be acquired by a much greater expenditure of time and thought than is involved in the perusal of a short handbook. This attempt to impart knowledge without trouble to the reader is exemplified in the little manuals on Egyptian, Oriental, and Greek Archæology which have been published by MM. Maspero, Babelon, and Collignon respectively; but in this last handbook of art and archæology Mr. Ely goes further still, and professes to give in one small volume an account of the painting, sculpture, architecture, and even the secondary arts of all the races of antiquity from the earliest dynasties of Egypt down to the decadence of the Roman Empire. There is little to be said about such a work as this, which, in spite of the long list of authorities referred to by the author, consists of little more than a further boiling down of the already highly concentrated manuals by the above-named French writers. Mr. Ely has, unfortunately, not accomplished his attempt to include so many different branches of the subject in his Manual without introducing a good many blunders, which might easily have been avoided. He speaks of the coinage of the Persian kings, the well-known gold *Darics* of Herodotus, as bearing the name of Dareios, whereas these coins have no name or any inscription on them, unlike the earlier staters of Lydia, which, at least, in the case of one king, do bear a legend, which, as M. Six has recently shown, is most probably the name of the famous Alyattes, the father of Crœsus.

Mr. Ely's short paragraph on the technical processes employed by the builders of ancient Egypt (p. 33) is particularly misleading—"a piece of iron has been found in the Great Pyramid, and this metal probably enabled the Egyptian artist . . . to master his most stubborn material."

One of Mr. Flinders Petrie's most interesting discoveries has been the fact that the refractory granites and porphyries of ancient Egypt were worked, from the earliest times, by various forms of drills and saws set with hard jewels or corundum crystals, the only possible method of cutting such intensely hard stones, which completely resist even the best steel tools of the modern mason.

At p. 196 we find the old statement that the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, erected in the year 335 B.C., is the earliest example of a building of the Corinthian order, in spite of the discovery of the Tholos in the sacred precinct of Asklepios at Epidauros, which the younger Polycleitus designed with an internal ring of fully-developed Corinthian columns, about half a century before the choragic victory of the Athenian Lysicrates.

With regard to the use of windows in Greek temples (p. 127), Mr. Ely tells us that they are "hardly to be found except in the Erechtheum and the Temple of Zeus at Akragas (Girgenti)." As a matter of fact, there is no reason to suppose that either of these temples had any windows. The three windows which, till the hurricane of 1852, existed in the west front of the Erechtheum were additions of late Roman times, probably the sixth century A.D., when the building was gutted and partly rebuilt as an apsidal Christian Church. The windows of the great Temple of Zeus at Agrigentum, usually shown in imaginary restorations of

* *Manual of Archæology.* By Talfourd Ely, M.A., F.S.A. London: Grevel & Co. 1890.

the building, are pure inventions of the restorer, unsupported by any scrap of evidence among the remains themselves.

Again, that most beautiful of the reliefs which Sir Charles Newton brought from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus to enrich the British Museum represents a female charioteer, not a man, as Mr. Ely states at page 186. And the very graceful incised drawing of Pan and a nymph playing with *astragali*, which the British Museum recently acquired from a tomb at Corinth, is cut, not on the case of the mirror, but on the back of the mirror itself. The still more elaborate case in which the mirror was found is ornamented, not with engraved lines, but with *repoussé* figures in high relief—the method usually employed to decorate the cases of the finest mirrors of the Greeks.

As a writer on the ancient buildings of Athens Dr. Dörpfeld is always worthy of the most respectful hearing, but it is going much too far to assume, as Mr. Ely does, that Dr. Dörpfeld's new theory about the "Theseion" in Athens is a discovery which finally sets at rest the disputed question as to the real dedication of this most perfect of existing Atherian buildings. According to Dr. Dörpfeld, the so-called "Theseion" is really the temple of Hephaistos; but his arguments for this attribution are far from being conclusive, especially those which rest on the supposed fact that the "Theseion" is of later date than the Parthenon, and therefore cannot be the Heroon which was built soon after 465 B.C., when the son of Miltiades brought from Scyros to Athens the gigantic bones which were fabled to be the remains of the favourite Attic demi-god. This theory as to the later date of the "Theseion" rests almost wholly on the fact that there are no *guttæ* under the sculptured frieze on the cella wall, while *guttæ* are carved under the great Parthenon frieze. The introduction or omission of these minute details may very well have been due to the individual taste of the architect, and should certainly not outweigh the much more important archaisms which go far to show that the so-called "Theseion" is the work of an older architect than Ictinus, who designed the Parthenon under Pericles. No less rash is Mr. Ely's assumption with regard to the correctness of M. Lechat's theory about the massive bronze spikes that are fixed in the heads of many of the archaic female statues which were found on the Acropolis of Athens, among the débris caused by the Persian invasion. It certainly is very hard to say what the use of these ugly pieces of metal may have been, and one can only regard as a *possible* explanation the theory of M. Lechat that each spike or bar is the stump of a *meniskos*, or bronze disc, intended to prevent birds from settling on the heads of these open-air statues.

The illustrations of this manual are numerous, and mostly good, though far from being new to students of archæology. Almost all of them have done previous duty in illustrating archæological handbooks, but they are none the worse for that. With some revision and correction of errors, Mr. Ely's *Manual* might be of use to beginners, more especially as a guide to further study, towards which the lists of authorities given with each section will be a very useful aid.

WINELAND THE GOOD.*

IN this very beautiful volume Mr. Reeves gives a full and scholarly account of the materials relating to the Icelandic discovery of America, the "finding of Wineland the Good." He observes that American historians are too apt to concern themselves about theories and speculations as to the discovery, and to neglect the only sound authority for it to be found in the Icelandic records. The question as to the truth of the alleged discovery must be decided, not by the supposed presence or absence of traces of colonization, but by an inquiry into the credibility of the written evidence. Mr. Reeves examines first the fragmentary notices of Wineland in Ari's History and in the Landnámabók and Kristnisaga, both in their primitive forms "very generally accredited to Ari"; in the Friis-bók, dated by Vigfusson 1260-80, and here as belonging to the early years of the fourteenth century; and in the so-called longer Saga of Olaf Tryggvason; and points out that, while giving little information concerning the country, these notices prove that the story of the discovery was a familiar one, and that they are in full accord with the most complete narrative of it that we have. This narrative is presented in the Saga of Eric the Red, which exists in two vellum texts. The older text—that in Hauk's book, on which we have an excellent dissertation—is translated here in full, and Mr. Reeves's translations are for the most part admirably executed; they are spirited, and, while free from affectations, generally have a pleasant archaic ring about them. Apart from the passages bearing directly on the discovery, the Saga is well worth reading. There is a delightful story of how during a season of great dearth in Greenland, when "those who had been at the fisheries had had poor hauls, and some had not returned," one of the chief men of Heriolfness sent for a prophetess named Thorbiorg, the only survivor of nine sisters, prophetesses, to come and prophesy to the neighbours whom he had gathered at his house how long the famine would last. She came "clad in a dark-blue cloak, fastened with a strap, and set with stones quite down to the hem," and wearing glass beads round her neck, and upon her head a lambskin hood, lined with white catskin. She could, however, say nothing until she found some one who could sing a certain spell-song to lure the spirits to her. The song was known to Gudrid, the daughter of Thorbiorn, an immigrant from Iceland. Gudrid, who was destined to marry for her second husband Karlsefni, one of the future voyagers to Wineland, sang so sweetly that many spirits that had long deserted the sorceress were lured by her song. Meanwhile Gudrid's father stayed without, for he would not witness heathen rites. Some gruesome incidents are related as having happened during a time of sickness in Greenland; one woman saw all who were to die, herself among them, standing in a band before her door. That night she died; and in the twilight of the morning her corpse tried to rise from the bed, and sought to come near Thorstein, Eric's son, Gudrid's husband, but he held a battle-axe to the dead woman's breast, and forced her to lie down again. It was Thorstein's warning, and he died before nightfall. The Saga attributes the discovery of Wineland to Leif, the son of Eric the Red, the first explorer of Greenland. Leif was sent from Norway to Greenland by Olaf Tryggvason to proclaim Christianity, and being driven out of his course, came to a land where there were vines and self-sown fields of wheat. Olaf's death in the battle of Svoldr fixes the date of this voyage as earlier than the year 1000. Next Karlsefni sailed to find the land which Leif had visited. To the south-west of Greenland he found a land which he called Markland from its trees. Then he saw a coast with a long sandy shore, and after following it for some distance sent out explorers, two Gaels, "swifter than deer," who brought him back, one a bunch of grapes, and the other an ear of wheat. He sailed up a firth, landed, and remained there through the winter. In the spring he sailed southwards to where grapes and wild wheat were growing. There the explorers for the first time met with the natives of the land, whom they called Skrellings. They remained two more winters in this new country, were attacked by the natives, and put them to flight.

A different version of the Wineland story is given in the Flatey book, the largest of all the Icelandic manuscripts completed in 1387. In this manuscript we have two disjointed narratives of the discovery, both of which are translated here. After weighing the evidence on both sides, Mr. Reeves comes to the conclusion that, while the source from which the story in the Flatey book is drawn is probably older than the source of the story in Hauk's book, the Flatey book version presents a "deliberate or careless corruption of the primitive history." The discovery is attributed to a certain Biarni Heriulfson, whose voyage seems, from the place in the book where the narrative of it occurs, to belong to a date subsequent to the battle of Svoldr. Leif's missionary voyage is recorded without any reference to the discovery. At a later date he is said to have sailed to the land which Biarni found, reaching first a land which he named Helluland, then going on to Markland, and finally arriving at Wineland. A curious passage in the narrative noting the position of the sun on the shortest day in Wineland has enabled Professor Storm to arrive at the conclusion, to which Mr. Reeves assents, that the explorers could not then have been in a land further north than lat. 49°; "that is to say, Wineland may have been somewhat further to the south than northern Newfoundland, or the corresponding Canadian coast; but, if we may rely on the accuracy of this astronomical observation, it is clear that thus far south it must have been." The notices of Wineland in the Icelandic annals are next discussed, the only information to be gained from them being that in 1121 a certain bishop of Greenland, named Eric, "sought Wineland." Several references to the discovery in unhistorical books, such as the Eyrbyggja Saga, are quoted as indicating how completely the popular traditions of the early explorers, of Leif and Karlsefni, became distorted in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Adam of Bremen is the earliest foreign historian who speaks of the discovery. Writing about 1070, he says that King Harold had told him of an island called "Winland" where vines grew wild, and there was abundance of self-sown corn. His chronicle was printed towards the end of the sixteenth century. Other notices followed its publication, and in 1715 Torfæus wrote his *Historia Vinlandiæ*, which is entirely devoted to the finding of Wineland. Although Mr. Reeves does homage to the industry of Rafn, the chief editor of *Antiquitates Americanæ*, he holds that that sumptuous work has done some mischief, that the prominence which it gives to mere suppositions has caused later writers to dwell too little on documentary evidence, and that the erroneous character of some of Rafn's theories has thrown undeserved doubt on the records of the discovery. In the part of his book devoted to the Icelandic texts he has given us a magnificent series of reproductions in phototype of the vellum manuscripts of Thorfinns saga Karlsefnis, the version of the story in Hauk's book, of the Eiríks saga rauða, a later edition in the Arna-Magnæan collection, and of the Flatey book text. Opposite each page of reproduction—there are fifty-five of them in all—he prints the contents line for line, merely expanding the contractions. His volume ends with a mass of valuable notes, among which we would specially call attention to those on the "Knorr," or trading-ship, on the length of voyages measured by "dœgr," on the probable latitude of Wineland, and on the ethnology of the Skrellings. Mr. Reeves's book is in all respects a most desirable possession; it is full of learning, it is pleasant to read, and delightful to look at.

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* *The Finding of Wineland the Good: the History of the Icelandic Discovery of America* Edited and Translated from the Earliest Records by Arthur Middleton Reeves. With Phototype Plates of the Vellum MSS. of the Sagas. London: Henry Frowde. 1890.

JAPANESE PLAYS.*

THE Athenians, as we know from Pausanias, had altars to Shame, Fame, and Impetuosity. No such shrines, it is true, are to be found in the temples of Yedo or Miakō, but the deities which they represented are as sedulously worshipped in spirit by the Japanese as ever they were with incense by the Greeks of old. The stock incidents of every story of bygone Japanese history are the personifications of these three passions. There is the perpetration of some insult on the hero of the tale, who in revenge murders as many people as his sword has time to cleave, until he is summoned before the Shōgun to answer for his deeds, when, without more ado, he commits *harakiri*, and is handed down to posterity as a patriot and a man of honour. This is as it used to be; but, with the new form of civilization which has become *de rigueur* in Japan, all these swashbuckling deeds have gone the way of the Daimios, the Samurai, and of the Shōgun himself. Doubtless, every now and then a prime minister is still liable to be cut down in the streets of Yedo if by any chance he ruffles beyond endurance the latent martial spirit of the ex-clansmen, and foreigners are still occasionally insulted by descendants of the men who held that the presence of Europeans in Japan was an insult to the soil; but these are subdued and exceptional instances, and are only like the ground swell which marks where a storm has been.

In the work before us there are several stories of the old blood-and-thunder order; but why the authors have called them plays we are at a loss to understand. That they are based on plays there is no question; but they are no more Japanese plays than tales from Homer are a Greek epic. They are tales told in verse, and are well able to stand as such without seeking any such adventitious aid as may be supposed to belong to the title "Plays." They are evidently written with the rhyme and rhythm of the *Ingoldsby Legends* ringing in the ears of the authors; and, though a gulf separates them from the writings of Barham, they are decidedly good, and have a swing about them which carries the reader through the stirring scenes which they recount with ease and enjoyment. Of course, being Japanese, a heroine or heroines are essential figures in every one of the stories; indeed, they may be said to be the pivots on which the plots turn. The exceptional part which Japanese women have played in the national life, and the strange social customs of which they are both the glories and the victims, have given them a prominence and a charm which make them indispensable characters in every tragedy or comedy of life.

There are few who have been in Japan who will not agree with the Messrs. McClatchie when they sing:—

> I wouldn't give much for a man
> Who cannot in his heart-strings a tender spot find
> For the daughters of lovely Japan.

Native authors have a like admiration for their pretty and often, it must be confessed, frail sisters, and are never tired of expatiating on their beauty. This is how the author of the play *Amako Jin-yu-shi* describes the Lady Kokonoyé:—

> Yes, my heroine's charming!—her figure so trim
> As the willow tree's bough is as graceful and slim;
> Her complexion's as white as is Fuji's hoar peak
> 'Neath the snows of midwinter—like damask her cheek—
> With a dear little nose,
> And two eyes black as sloes,
> And a pair of ripe lips, which, when parted, disclose
> Pearly teeth—her fine eyebrows obliquely are set,
> (In Japan that's a beauty)—her hair's dark as jet,
> And is coiled in thick masses on top of her pate
> In a wonderful *chignon* as big as a plate:—
>
> (There are eight styles of chignon, just here I may tell
> My fair readers, as known to the Japanese *belle*).

It is mainly for the possession of these Eastern Helens that the contests and assassinations described in Japanese stories are brought about. One of the most characteristic tales contained in the present volume is connected with the tragedy of the "Forty-seven Ronins," which forms one of Mr. Mitford's charming *Tales of Old Japan*. In this version the scene opens with the marriage of Hayano Kampei with the beautiful daughter of a woodcutter. By a series of events, which will be found related by Mr. Mitford, the Daimio of whom Hayano was a follower fell into disgrace, and thereupon, like a true knight, committed *harakiri*. Hayano, being thus thrown out of place, returned to his father-in-law, who, being equally poverty-stricken, soon found his purse exhausted and his cupboard empty. In these circumstances a wicked thought enters the woodcutter's head, which he thus explains to his wife:—

> "Our daughter," says he, "is a regular prize—
> A damsel so charming, so lovely, so wise,
> Is a rarity, and, wife, I'm sure you'll agree,
> As we've reared *her* since she was a child on your knee,
> That she now should help *us*, and—though you needn't tell her—
> 'Twould be a good stroke could we manage to sell her!"

In pursuance of this notable plan he goes to the nearest town, and speedily finds a ready purchaser for his daughter. On his way home with the purchase-money in his pocket, he is attacked by a robber, who kills him, and is on the point of robbing him, when footsteps are heard, which turn out to be those of Hayano, who is wending his way homewards. In the dark he stumbles over his father-in-law's purse, which he pockets, and goes home rejoicing. He arrives just in time to find his wife gone, and the old hag of a go-between enjoying a social pipe with his mother-in-law. After a fierce scene, he remembers that with his newly-acquired wealth he may be able to buy his wife back, and he pulls out his purse to count his money. The purse is at once recognized by the woman, and at the same moment messengers arrive bringing the body of the woodcutter, which they had found on the moor. That a murder had been committed was plain, and appearances pointed with equal certainty to Hayano as the murderer. Branded with such a disgrace, it is impossible that he should continue to live, and on the spot, therefore,

> His dirk he grips,
> His mantle strips,
> Then, with a fixéd smile,
> The blade he draws,—
> A moment's pause,—
> He looks at it awhile.
> Examines it from end to end,—makes up his mind,—and then,
> He sheathes the steel, up to the hilt, in his own abdomen.

At this moment his wife, who has escaped from her captors, returns, and at the same time the retainers of his late Daimio enter to ask for Hayano's signature to a deed binding them to wreak vengeance on their late master's traducers.

> See, the dying man drags himself over the floor,
> And he puts for his seal some few drops of gore,
> Then suddenly sinks, and, with fast-closing eyes,
> *Falls forward*, and so like a gentleman dies.

* *Japanese Plays.* (Versified.) By the late Thomas R. H. McClatchie. Edited by his Brother, Ernest S. McClatchie. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

EVERY Christmas season Mr. Henty is to the fore with his lively and instructive books of adventure, books that are wonderfully varied in scope and incidents, though the method and chief lines of the design remain scarcely altered. Not yet has Mr. Henty shown signs of having exhausted the world of history and romance, nor is it at all likely that he will be compelled to imagine new worlds, like Mr. André and M. Jules Verne. For, in truth, to a writer so skilful, so inventive, so sympathetic with the exuberant vitality of healthy boys, the stores of history which he has at his command provide all that is needed to the romantic presentation of his boy hero. Almost invariably does the hero enjoy the best of good luck. The battle-fields of history are as his playground, whereon he does much good fighting, showing a gallant bearing in all perils, and enjoying the fray and the danger mightily, as boys should. No wonder is it that boys delight in following the long and diversified roll of achievements of young heroes, whose good fortune, though a little miraculous occasionally, is always well deserved. The four stories at hand, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, are all worthy of Mr. Henty's reputation. *By England's Aid* deals with the historical period immediately subsequent to that treated in the author's *By Pike and Gun*, and is a sequel only as to chronology. It is a story of the last years of the Dutch War of Independence, and describes the adventures of two Essex boys, who are related to the Veres, the "fighting Veres," whose lives have found an historian in Mr. Clements Markham. Geoffrey and Lionel Vickers, though separated for a season, on sea or land pass through scenes as exciting as boys could desire. The Spanish Armada, the capture of Breda, the siege of Ostend, the conquest of Cadiz by Vere and Raleigh are among the great military and naval enterprises described in this eventful chronicle. The story is told with great animation, and the historical material is most effectively combined with an excellent plot. The maps and woodcuts are excellent illustrations. In *Maori and Settler*, Mr. Henty tells a story of the early days of New Zealand colonists and the conflict with the Maoris that culminated in the appalling massacre at Poverty Bay. Naturally the settlers are more active figures in the narrative than the Maoris, though the land and the natives are vigorously sketched. Perhaps the bold, the strong, the extremely audacious naturalist, Mr. Atherton, is a trifle too conspicuous in the story, if Wilfrid Renshaw is intended to play the hero's part. They make an effective pair, however, the man and the boy, and share in true companionship the many thrilling adventures during the settlers' war. The bombardment of Alexandria is but an episode, though a notable one, in *A Chapter of Adventures*. The experience of Jack Robson and two companions in the streets of Alexandria, when Arabi's rioters filled the city, is capitally told. They fall into the hands of the rebels, enjoy a fine view of the bombardment, and finally escape to sea and are wrecked. Altogether, they have their fill of excitement, and their chapter of adventures is so brisk and entertaining we could have wished it longer than it is. Mr. Henty's fourth story, *By Right of Conquest*, is the most ambitious of the set. It is decidedly daring to introduce an English boy in Mexico during the triumphant invasion of Cortez. But the thing is not incredible, and Roger Hawkshaw is the most promising of heroes when he sets sail from Plymouth for the West Indies, and is wrecked on the coast of Central America. He makes his way to Tabasco, and finds himself eventually in Tezcuco, where he is regally entertained. "Was ever an English boy in so strange a strait as mine?" he asks. "What an extraordinary people! Gold seems as plentiful with them as common pottery with us." Though he does not become cacique in Mexico,

the Aztec king Cacama offers the hand of his sister to him, and he eventually marries the lovely Amenche, and returns to England laden with wealth. But long before this happy event he endures not a little calamity and abundant fighting under Cortez. Prescott's brilliant work has of course supplied Mr. Henty with the richest material of romantic history, yet it must be admitted that Mr. Henty's skill has never been more convincingly displayed than in this admirable and ingenious story.

Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's practised hand shows no loss of cunning in *Charlie to the Rescue* (Nisbet & Co.) Charlie was "evidently born to aid mankind." He is always helping somebody, either actively, or by the wholesome example of his vigorous self-help. He begins by rescuing a kitten from drowning when a small boy, and then proceeds to rescue the crew of a ship in most hazardous fashion. In America, among brigands and cowboys and Indians, the number and quality of his exploits make the reader breathless with awe and admiration. Boys of all sorts cannot but be delighted with his adventures. The story is cleverly illustrated by the author. *The Log of the Bombastes* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is one of the brightest of Mr. Henry Frith's sea stories. The hero, a midshipman, becomes involved in a coil of extraordinary adventures, to recount which were difficult, even if it were possible, to do the author justice. The magic lies in the telling quite as much as in the circumstances. Mr. Frith is an excellent story-teller, and must not be subjected to paraphrase. His book is very well illustrated by Mr. W. W. May, R.N. *Hal Hungerford* (Blackie & Son) is an interesting book by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, which tells, with much freshness and power, the story of an emigrant boy's adventures in Nova Scotia. Under a false accusation of murder he runs away from the farm, to which he had been sent by an Emigration Society, and falls into the hands of a villanous gang of smugglers. After his escape from these worthies his wanderings become increasingly productive in marvels. Never was a boy so encompassed by foes and snares. Some of the rascals he is forced to associate with are extremely odd, not to say fantastic; yet all alike are depicted with the most persuasive art by Mr. Hutchinson.

Sir Samuel Baker's *True Tales for my Grandsons*, illustrated by W. J. Hennessy (Macmillan & Co.), is a new edition of a charming collection of stories of sport and adventure, all of which are "absolutely true in the main facts." We are not sure that the first question asked by the young with regard to a story is, as Sir Samuel Baker says, "Is it true?" nor should we accept it as evidence of the love of truth in the questioner. The imaginative young may love truth none the less though they love fiction.

The Girl's Own Annual (26 Paternoster Row) is the bound edition of *The Girl's Own Paper* for the year, a paper which contains much that is useful and interesting for girls to know, and some good serial stories by many well-known authors. The papers on Cookery have many capital recipes. Those that treat of household affairs, needlework, dress, music, natural history, literary studies, are all excellent. There is also a prize competition in story-writing, which is an encouragement to girls to try and write at all events. Some of the illustrations are very good; altogether, *The Girl's Own Paper* is a very attractive weekly pennyworth, and makes an imposing volume when bound in its yearly form.

Small Boys in Big Boots, by Archibald Clavering Gunter (Routledge & Sons), is a book full of fun and stirring events from its beginning to its close. "Footlights," the hero, is a boy called Jemmy Higgins, who, having to get his own living, had been at one time "tent-boy at Barnum's Circus, at another lemonade vendor in Buffalo Bill's Wild West at Staten Island, and afterwards programme-boy at a Bowery theatre. This place of amusement being closed for the summer vacation, and still remaining unopened early in September, Jemmy had come to spend the time with his father (a station hand at the New York Central Depôt at Peekskill) filled with a precocious knowledge of the world in general, and theatrical matters in particular, that had made him the delight and envy of the boys of the place. Jemmy's anecdotes of the stage, in which he modestly figured beside Booth, Barrett, Salvini, Buffalo Bill, and Barnum, as a different, but certainly not lesser, star, had gained for him an extraordinary reverence from the boys with whom he condescended to associate, and they had given him the significant epithet of 'Footlights,' not as a term of derision, but as an attribute of intense esteem."

Ismay Thorn has again given us one of her delightful children's books this Christmas—*Everybody's Business* (Blackie & Son). It will be most interesting to "grown-ups" as well as to children; for it gives an insight into the home life of the very low class of whom too many of us are utterly ignorant, and, whilst showing up some of the shocking brutality which goes on, puts forward a very touching and true side of their lives, the way in which in distress and illness these poor people help each other and deny themselves to be kind to their neighbours. "Honour among thieves" is well illustrated in this book. The three characters who occupy most of our attention in *Everybody's Business* are a poor old Cobbler Giles, who has taken in a crippled boy called Seth out of charity to live with him. Seth, the crippled orphan, and Loïs, another orphan whom Giles rescued from being bullied to death by a dreadful aunt. These three and a Dr. Vane are the good people of the story. Ismay Thorn has made her book doubly attractive by ending it happily—a good reward for having harrowed one's feelings so much in its course, though it is so simply and cleverly written that there is no morbidness in its sad little history.

Another very pretty story (Blackie & Son) is *The Seed She Sowed*, by Emma Leslie; it is a tale of the great Dock Strike, and again, as in Ismay Thorn's story, the way in which poor people stick to each other and help each other is strikingly put forward. This has for its heroine an invalid girl, Winnie Chaplin, who is always, by her gentleness and thoughtfulness, doing good to others and brightening their lives when they were almost driven to madness in their despair.

A Rash Promise; or, Meg's Secret, by Cecilia Selby Lowndes (Blackie & Son), is a story illustrating the difficulties of keeping a promise rashly made. As the unlucky little girl who makes the promise herself observes, "It is so easy to give a promise, but, oh! it is sometimes so hard to keep it." The story is prettily told. Two boys enter into a country rector's family as his private pupils—the one being a straightforward boy, full of mischief and high spirits; the other quieter, steadier, better behaved, but a moral coward. And the rash promise not to tell of the wrongdoing of this young gentleman, who has not courage to confess his fault, brings his little friend, Meg Clifford, endless grief, and doubts as to whether she is right in keeping her promise at the expense of the other boy, who is wrongfully suspected.

E. N. Leigh Fry has contributed a very pleasant addition to our children's Christmas books this year in *Shreds and Patches* (Smith & Innes), a collection of stories, or, as they are called, *Passages from the Lives of the Molyneuxes*. The first of these, "A Broken Head," is a ghost-story, with a simple but dangerous explanation. The "passages" "Billy and his Pal" and "For the Queen" are very touching. "Electioneering" requires far more stretch of the imagination than any of the other "passages," which are all simple sketches in two children's lives, having a young soldier, Uncle Jack, for their hero, very simply told and true to nature.

The Green Girls of Greythorpe, by Christabel R. Coleridge (National Society's Depository), tells of schoolgirl life in an old endowed school, which at the time the story begins is just being reorganized by the Charity Commissioners. The income of the school is discovered to allow of a large increase of scholars, and the building has to be considerably enlarged. Whilst this was being done many of the children who had no homes were sent to a place called Screeside, in the Lake district, under the charge of a girl of twenty who had just undertaken the post of mistress in Greythorpe School, and the principal point of whose character was overwhelming self-confidence.

Dangerous Jewels, by M. Bramston (National Society's Depository), is a story full of go and incident, of the adventures of two children, who in the time of the French Revolution have been sent to England, to be out of harm's way. The family jewels belonging to their father, the Baron de Kergoët, are sent with them, sewn up in their clothes. The children are kidnapped by gipsies, and the gist of the story is the way they adapt themselves to their rough life and their escape from it. There is a very good description of Dartmoor, where the children were taken to avoid all chance of discovery. How one of the gipsies died, another repented and restored the children to their jewels and their friends, is all told in an interesting way.

The Beresford Prize, by L. T. Meade (Longmans, Green, & Co.), is a pretty story, taking for its scene a girls' school. The usual good and the usual naughty girl are the central figures of the book. The extreme goodness of the good girl, and extreme naughtiness of the naughty girl, prevent the story from being quite as true to nature as it might otherwise have been; but it is full of ins and outs in the lives of schoolgirls keenly competing for the Beresford Prize, a prize given under special circumstances, and to be won by the best all-round girl in the school, which makes the story full of interest and an awful warning against deceit.

Little Sir Nicholas, by C. A. Jones (Warne & Co.), is a particularly pretty story about a little boy whose parents were wrecked and drowned at sea, and who was rescued from the wreck by some French people, who took care of him, not knowing that he was heir to an old Cornish baronetcy, or, indeed, who he was, as he was too young to speak plain or to remember. When his grandfather, Sir Nicholas Tremaine, died, the little Nicholas being supposed to have perished with his father and mother, the heir was found in a distant cousin, a little boy of six years old, Gerald Tremaine. His reign is not a long one or a peaceful one; and when the real Sir Nicholas is found the meeting of the cousins is prettily told, with the many *contretemps* before a firm friendship is established.

The Doll Dramas, by Constance Milman (Smith & Innes), are a collection of little plays for children. The first one, called "The Doll's Drama," is pretty, and an easy one for children to get up, as it does not require any scenery, and the dresses are simple. The same thing can be said of "The Lucky Sixpence." There are some capital songs—new words to popular tunes—in each of the plays. The others—"A Midsummer-Day Queen," "Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary," "The Princess and the Swineherd," "The Revolution in Sugar-Candia"—are more elaborate both in scenery and costumes."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FATHER DIDON (1) is known not merely as a distinguished member of the Order of Friars Preachers, but as a distinguished preacher himself. His book, which is issued under the imprimatur of the General of all those who wear the weeds of Dominick, is, we think, the most considerable contribution on the orthodox side, and addressed to all and sundry, that has yet been made in the vernacular French apologetics on the subject of the gospel history. Some of the peculiarities in it which will strike English readers are necessary to the meridian of Paris. The actual text of the Bible, even of the New Testament, is considerably less familiar even to such Frenchmen as are not professed, or unprofessed, sceptics than it is to the average Englishman. Accordingly, Father Didon has incorporated a far greater part of that text, actually as text, than any English historian would think necessary. Besides this, he has, as a matter of course, woven a harmony of the four Gospels; and he has also included a very considerable amount of commentatorial explanation and a certain amount of direct polemic with modern critics of the different Free-thought schools. This latter characteristic seems to have a little frightened his General, who half apologizes for it in the imprimatur. Of course the book would have been valueless without it; but at the same time Father Didon does not attempt to take up any of the hopeless compromises which amiable, but not strong-reasoned, folk have from time to time attempted to establish between science and religion. His phrase "L'évangile est rempli de choses qui déconcertent la raison, la défient et parfois l'irritent" is a little unfortunate merely as a phrase, because it is not the higher reason, but the lower understanding, which is thus disconcerted and defied and irritated. But its principle is sound, and the learned Dominican sticks by it well. That is to say, while admitting to the full such assistance of history and science as may serve to explain the natural things of the narrative, he does not make the slightest attempt to "transact" with naturalism or explain away the supernatural. As for the form of the book, which principally concerns us here (for it is pretty sure to be translated, and can then be better criticized from its theological side), it is a fairly happy mean between the popular and the technical. It makes no attempt at vying in "sugared sweetness" with the book against which it may naturally be thought to be chiefly directed, M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, and that is wise; for, whatever M. Renan's faults, he is uncommonly hard to beat or to vie with in French *belles lettres*. It is far removed from the flowery vulgarity, the cheap middle-class eloquence of our own Archdeacon Farrars. It keeps what may, perhaps, be called the tone and method of verbal exhortation and exposition natural to the author. But that tone is pitched carefully between the rhetorical and the familiar. On the whole, it is a style which gains on the reader, and which is likely, we should think, to be effective.

Meanwhile, by a happy chance, M. Renan himself has provided an immediate contrast in the manner of relating sacred history. The third volume of his very curious book (2) deals with no subject so easy to treat in a startling fashion and with a seductive pen as the rehabilitation of Jezebel or the character of David, or as, earlier, the construction of that mysterious entity, "Jakobel," which M. Renan's imagination conceived at the first kiss of a single dubious inscription. But this fecund quality has not lost its power; nay, it may be questioned whether it has ever appeared more powerful. The volume follows the separate history of the kingdom of Judah from the accession of Hezekiah to the Captivity. With this history M. Renan deals in his accustomed and inimitable fashion—founding marvellous structures on verse one and dismissing verse two of the same chapter as apocryphal; calmly asserting that all the bad kings were enlightened and tolerant monarchs (tolerant, that is to say, as he himself admits, of human sacrifices, and the State establishment of what he modestly and learnedly calls "hiérodules"), and all the good ones bigoted tools of the prophets. But he is even more agreeable on literary than on political history. According to him, about half the Bible was written by the "men of Hezekiah," and those of Josiah, under the influence of the neo-Jehovism of Isaiah, and with the stimulus of elohist and other documents which the refugees from the North brought from Israel. M. Renan knows that these gifted—but, alas! unknown—persons wrote Deuteronomy, Job, the Song of Songs, many, if not most, of the Psalms, and the Book of Ruth; that they modernized Judges out of "Jasher," and constructed the *grandes chroniques* which that jejune transcriber, the author of the Book of Kings (on whom M. Renan is very severe), afterwards epitomized. For most of the unquestioned writers of the period M. Renan has (as, in fact, no one can help having) nearly unstinted admiration. But an additional cause, besides that traditional one connected with another Frenchman, Le Franc de Pompignan, may be discovered for Jeremiah's lamentations, in his prophetic foreknowledge of the fact that M. Renan would not think much of him. Even Habakkuk is capable, according to M. Renan, of better judgment and better style than the unfortunate prophet whose manuscript Jehoiakim cut up. "Swart Ezekiel" finds more favour with M. Renan than Jeremiah, but less than Isaiah, and still less than the "second Isaiah," who (M. Renan knows) was ever so much later than his namesake, and uttered "les plus beaux accents du génie prophétique."

To speak more seriously (and yet it is very hard to speak seriously of M. Renan as an historian), this volume almost outdoes its forerunners in those characteristics which made the late M. Scherer—a friend, an admirer, troubled with no orthodox scruples, and himself an expert in what biblical students are pleased to call criticism—shake his head over them. If the thing were less amusing, and perhaps, also, if it were less well written, one could only be lost in amazement at the incredible levity of it—at the way in which real learning is blended with the most fantastic and arbitrary guesswork and assertion, at the manner in which a certainty is built on a precedent hypothesis, and then made to serve as a buttress to that hypothesis itself (*vide e.g.* the note on Ruth, p. 72). We may possibly have said it before; but, if so, we may safely repeat it now, that almost every possible fallacy of historical argument might be illustrated from this one work of M. Renan's—to which we shall very gladly add that there are few beauties of historical narrative which might not also be exemplified from it.

(1) *Jésus-Christ.* Par le R. P. Didon. Deux tomes. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire d'Israël.* Tome troisième. Par E. Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMONG the minor writings of Defoe, not the least characteristic is *An Account of the Conduct and Proceedings of the Pirate Gow*, of which a reprint has just been issued by Messrs. Sotheran & Co., and Messrs. Peace & Son of Kirkwall, with notes by Mr. J. R. Russell. There is no doubt that Defoe was the author of the anonymous pamphlet, printed in 1725 by John Applebee, to whose *Original Weekly Journal* Defoe contributed, which sets forth the career of John Gow, or Smith, in a curiously succinct yet circumstantial narrative. Defoe excelled in the composition of such "True Relations" of strange events and crime and adventure. In those passages where the writer pauses to point the moral of his story, and still more in the minute, yet vividly dramatic, account of the clever capture by Fea, in the Orkneys, of the piratical band, Defoe's art is clearly proclaimed. John Gow, the original of Scott's Captain Cleveland, in *The Pirate*, though "indeed a superlative, a Capital Rogue," was not less free than other criminals from that boldness of self-delusion that is a short way to the gallows. His folly in returning to the scenes of his youth, the coast of Caithness and the Orkneys, justifies Defoe's comment that "he was hardened for his own destruction." Defoe's remarks on the infatuation of the pirates and the indications he gives in the narrative of the working of Nemesis are highly characteristic. When the villany of Gow's lieutenant, Williams, becomes embarrassing, and the rogue grows mutinous, he is transferred in irons to one of their prizes in the care of a Bristol captain, to be delivered to justice; "so at last they resolved to let him go, and did accordingly put him on Board, and gave him a hearty curse at parting, wishing him a good Voyage to the Gallows, as was made good afterwards, tho' in such company as they little thought of at that Time." We are minded by Defoe's remarks on the insane audacity of Gow and his crew of the strain of moralizing adopted by the excellent attorneys Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin, and do not doubt that the *Newgate Calendar* owes much to Defoe's writings. But, making all possible allowance for the madness of scoundrels foredoomed to destruction, and the extraordinary courage and skill of Fea, it must be admitted that never were thirty armed men more tamely duped than pirate Gow and his fellows.

A description of Jerusalem and its pilgrims at Eastertide occupies the larger and better portion of *Forty Days in the Holy Land*, by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Moved by the crowds and the "fanatic desperation" that possessed them, Mrs. Mitchell asks, "What *will* happen when excursion trains bring extra thousands at single fares?" This dreadful problem can only be solved by Mr. Cook. Jerusalem at Easter must be sufficiently uncomfortable without the threatened invasion of cheap trippers. At Damascus and Baalbec, at Athens and Constantinople, the author took notes of the sights, as all tourists do, and sketched temples and landscape, as many tourists will. Athens was found to be "very windy and dusty," and there the "petticoats" of the soldiers "are beautifully crimped and do the laundresses great credit."

A Digest of English and American Literature, by Alfred H. Welsh (Chicago: Griggs & Co.), is a wondrous production. This, the last of the author's books, presents, says Mr. W. H. Scott, "a condensed parallel view of history and literature in England and the United States from the Roman Invasion down to the present." It is divided into ten "periods." On one page are two columns of "Events" and "Characteristics," and facing this another of two columns of "Writers" and "Writings." The last forty pages, so sterile in enterprise is the "Victorian Age," or so embarrassingly rich—as Mr. Grant Allen thinks—its literary genius, are entirely free from any events or characteristics. Yet is there also a "Barren Period," a whole century, 1412–1513, which includes Occleve, Lydgate, Malory, Caxton, Dunbar, Skelton, and, by "Unknown Writers," *The Flower and the Leaf*, *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, and other trivial poems. Perhaps the period is barren only from the American point of view.

From the Whittingham Press is issued in neat cloth binding a beautiful reprint of the revised translation, by George Long, of

The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (Bell & Sons). From the same publishers we have a new edition of *Coleridge's Poetical Works*, in two volumes, bound in crimson cloth, edited, with notes, by Mr. T. Ashe, forming the last addition of the new issue of the Aldine Poets.

Historical instruction is seldom so interesting in book form as it is in Mr. D. H. Montgomery's *Leading Facts of American History* (Boston: Ginn & Co.), a copy of which we have received from Mr. Edward Arnold. There is no reason why manuals of history should be dull or dry reading, as they frequently are, or written in the gushing strain of patriotism which American histories for schools occasionally exhibit. Mr. Montgomery's book is quite free from such defects. It is as entertaining as a good story-book, yet faithful to the author's three chief objects—"accuracy of statement, simplicity of style, and impartiality of treatment." The numerous woodcuts and maps, some of which are from old and curious sources, are excellently illustrative of this capital compendium of American history.

The Graphic History of the British Empire (Nelson & Sons), a volume of more ambitious scope than that last noticed, is based on Dr. W. F. Collier's larger "History of England"; and, while retaining the chief features of that work, deals with recent history to the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee. The text contains some useful maps and plans of battle-fields.

Verses, by Gertrude Hall (Heinemann), is a modest little volume of lyrics that leave a decidedly agreeable impression of unpremeditated singing. There is little of "make-up," and still less of "make-believe," in these pretty and tuneful fruits of poetic fancy. The fancy is fresh, and has freedom; the lyrical flow charms by its ease and felicity of expression in such poems as "Other Pause," and the kindred poem, "Disillusion." Where there is a genuine impulse possessing the singer, as is obvious in this little book, it were ungracious to weigh defects, such as are common to young poets, in the balance. There is really no ground for the despondent note sounded in the last stanzas of the writer:—

> O Fancies mine, my butterflies,
> You seem so fine when high in air,
> I guess you sweet, I dream you fair,
> With foolish, following eyes.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Frayed and discoloured, pinned askew
> In a pretentious little book,
> How different, how tame you look!—
> And yet I love you too!

Verse Essays, by Reginald Brinsley Johnson (Stanesby & Co.) is a volume of the "Moray Library," published for subscribers by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby and Nottingham. It comprises "Poems of Nazareth," sonnets, translations, "Mona's Lament," a monody founded on Mr. Hall Caine's novel "The Deemster," and "Judith"—a curious, yet disenchanting, development of Browning's "A Light Woman," cast in dramatic form.

Cassiope; and other Poems, by Boleyn Reeves (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is made up of absolutely uninspired verse, calling for no note except the false ascription to Byron of the line

> The wondrous boy that perished in his pride.

Mr. Garland Mears—*Idylls, Legends, and Lyrics* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—seeks inspiration in legendary lore and song, and is far more successful in versifying Irish legends, or Arthurian, as in "Edain," than in celebrating the catastrophe at Johnstown, U.S.A., last year, by which many thousands of lives were lost through "the bursting of Conemaugh Lake."

Not all the pieces in *A Life's Requiem; and other Poems*, by Kate Bishop (Marlborough & Co.) are meant for recitation on the platform, though the volume is dedicated to Mr. G. R. Sims.

> To you I dedicate these songs. I do not claim a gift divine,
> But there are trees of humble growth that bud beneath the lofty pine,
> And so I lay this leaf of bay beside the prouder wreath of thine.

The leaf of bay is well represented by, to give an example only, the stirring lay of the ex-jockey, "Life in the Old Horse yet" (p. 179). "Them's the jockies for me!" should be the popular response to the practised reciter of this thrilling poem.

All classes are provided for by Mr. J. F. Timmins in *The Poet-Priest* (Simpkin & Co.), of which the fourth edition is before us. This collection of "Shakspearian Sermons" to men of business, the clergy, journalists, young men and women, is "designed to show the deep homage paid to Holy Writ by the great Poet-Priest." The sermons are exceedingly brief—an excellent thing in sermons.

Among new editions we note the fifth divisional volume of *The Book of the Farm*, by Henry Stephens, revised, and in great part rewritten, by Mr. James Macdonald (Blackwood & Sons), and the eighth edition of Mr. Francis Young's comprehensive guide for amateurs in carpentry, joinery, and "household building art," *Every Man his own Mechanic* (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

We have also received a *Life of Joseph Sturge*, by Alexandrina Peckover (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Ober-Ammergau and Back in Ten Days*, by Edith Milner (Simpkin & Co.); *Diary of Eve in Eden* (Field & Tuer); *Home Rule for Scotland*, by J. Morrison Davidson (Reeves); *Lettice*, a Tale of the Siege of Chester, by Paulina Biddulph (Simpkin & Co.); *The Creation Story and the Nebular Theory of W. E. Gladstone*, by J. Spottiswoode Wilson (Heywood), and *The Birth and Growth of Worlds*, a Lecture, by A. H. Green, F.R.S. (S.P.C.K.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Manchester, October 1890. A. T. BENTLEY, M.A., *Registrar.*

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

THE week has been full of speeches, by way of preparing, no doubt, for the even downpour of Parliamentary eloquence which begins again next Tuesday. On Friday Mr. GOSCHEN pointed out to the people of Dundee, with not less than his usual force, that, even if policemen do occasionally misconduct themselves in Ireland, and even if Administrative errors by the dozen are committed by "the Castle," it would still be an act of insanity to dissolve the Union. Next day Mr. GOSCHEN spoke again in Dundee—this time with all the additional dignity of position due to his triumphant election as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University by a large majority over Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. Mr. BALFOUR had in the meantime beaten the Earl of ABERDEEN in the contest for the same honour at Glasgow—two facts which appear to prove that Unionist principles are not losing ground among Scotch University men, who, as Mr. GLADSTONE may remember with satisfaction, are not supposed to be drawn exclusively from "the classes."——On Friday week Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH had also spoken at Bristol, and on Monday he returned to the charge—this time mainly on the question of Land Purchase—at Netheravon.——Mr. RITCHIE on the same day spoke, in the East End, words of wisdom—which are badly needed in that quarter—on the Eight Hours question.——On Tuesday Lord HARTINGTON spoke at Grimsby; Mr. BALFOUR, at Liverpool, explained how difficult it is to get at the truth among a people who, as their admirer once said, have every virtue under the sun, except that they will lie and will steal.——Lord GRANVILLE, at Alton, in his nice old way, remarked that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers were not well-bred, or else had they called Parliament sooner that he might have something to talk about.——On Wednesday Mr. BALFOUR again spoke at Southport in his best vein, reviewing the antiquity of Separatist fictions and the sincerity of the Nationalist heroism which is proud of stealing away in an oyster dredger when it might have slunk off in an ocean steamer.——On Thursday morning were published the letters in which the Marquess of SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON, writing respectively to Mr. SATCHELL HOPKINS and Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS, give their reasons for deciding that the Liberal-Unionists must be allowed to continue to hold their present share in the representation of Birmingham. Each referee impresses on his own side the duty of sacrificing party feeling to the greater interest of the Union.——On Thursday night Mr. BALFOUR again spoke at Liverpool, Sir HENRY JAMES spoke at Airdrie, and Mr. MORLEY at Sheffield.

Colonial and Foreign Affairs.

The text of the Anglo-Portuguese *modus vivendi* was published on Saturday last. It was found to contain an important proviso to the effect that the mutual promise not to make treaties, establish protectorates, or exercise acts of sovereignty within the limits of disputed spheres of interest, is only to come into force from the date of the signing of the agreement. It thus appears that the recent progress of the South African Company will be no way affected by the arrangement.——Abroad, the narrow escape of the world from a financial crisis has for the moment overshadowed purely political matters.——Berlin has been agreeably engaged in celebrating the marriage of the EMPEROR'S sister, Princess VICTORIA, with Prince ADOLF, of Schaumburg-Lippe.——The Nihilist trial in Russia, a sequel to the late trial in Paris, has ended in the condemnation to death of one woman and two men, with a recommendation to Siberia in favour of the latter, and the acquittal of the two officers implicated. The murder of General SILIVERSTOFF at the Hôtel de Bade, in Paris, may or may not be a Nihilist crime. It is reported that a great literary protest against the persecution of the Jews is preparing in Russia.——M. STAMBOULOFF has at last succeeded in forming a Cabinet, which, according to a not unfamiliar formula, is to strengthen the position of Prince FERDINAND.——In Italy Signor CRISPI has delivered a speech at Turin which is an electoral manifesto. After the manner of Ministers in this position, he proves to his own satisfaction that all the good of late years is entirely due to his Cabinet, while the evil is no fault of his. He insists in particular that the heavy armaments now maintained are not imposed by the Triple Alliance.——In the United States Republicans and Democrats are still making up accounts after the last election, and speculating on the power and probable course of the Farmers' Alliance.——Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW has been eloquent again, pointing out as usual the weaknesses of Englishmen.——There is a report that the Sioux Indians in Dakota have been informed of the speedy approach of a Messiah who will "wipe the whites out." His name is said to be JOHN JOHNSON, and he will probably be the cause of a further diminution in the number of the Sioux in Dakota.——On Thursday the Queen of HOLLAND was formally invested, at the Hague, with the Regency made necessary by the health of her husband. In the meantime the country, of which Her Majesty is now the official chief, continues to oppose a determined resistance to the measures which other nations are prepared to take with the object of stopping the sale of bad firearms and worse spirits to the natives of the Congo valley.

Ireland.

On Wednesday the Resident Magistrates sentenced Messrs. W. and P. O'BRIEN, CULLINANE, and DILLON to two terms of six months' imprisonment, without hard labour, each, to run concurrently, and Messrs. DALTON, MOCKLER, and WALSH to four months. Messrs. CONDON, SHEEHY, KELLY, and the Reverend Mr. HUMPHREYS were discharged—a convincing proof that the Court is at the orders of the Castle.

The Financial Crisis.

On Friday of last week, at a late hour in the evening, it was known that the intervention of the Bank of England and the house of ROTHSCHILD, acting with the help of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, had averted what would have been the most ruinous financial crisis seen since the OVEREND & GURNEY crash. The house of BARING had been all but overtaken by that fate which, to the mere non-City man, who looks on, would appear to be inevitable by those who dip rashly in South American finance. It was saved from ruin in so far that a period of grace has been given it by the enlightened self-interest of the great London banks, acting in combination with the equally enlightened self-interest of the Bank of France. The crisis has coincided with, and has partly helped to produce, another in the United States. Its effect in the River Plate Republics hardly needs pointing out, and will certainly continue to be seen, perhaps to an unexpected extent, for some time.

H.M.S. *Serpent*.

Unless the three survivors of the crew of H.M.S. *Serpent* have more to tell the court of inquiry before which they are to appear than they have told the reporters, it must be considered as proved that the vessel was lost by an error of navigation, the exact nature of which will never be more than matter of plausible guess work. It is extremely unlikely that the men can have anything to add to what is known—they being none of them in a position to know how the navigation of the ship was conducted. As is usually the case, the controversy started by the disaster has wandered far and wide. Some naval authorities, we see, not without sympathy, take the opportunity to lament the disappearance of the "sailing masters." They were a body of fine

seamen, but, after all, sailing masters have been known to make the mistakes which are now committed by navigating lieutenants. The theory that the *Serpent* was lost because she was a "jerry-built" ship has still its supporters. It is certainly not borne out by the facts, as far as they are known. On the other hand, it does not follow, as some official persons—even the First Lord has a leaning this way, to judge by his speech at Bedford on Monday—have maintained, that her loss by error of navigation proves the class to which she belongs to be good. The Spanish authorities have shown good will, which it is to be hoped may induce them to go further and improve the quality of the light on Cape Villano.

Law Courts.

On Friday of last week before Mr. Justice HAWKINS and Mr. Justice STEPHEN the application to issue a mandamus to compel the Bishop of LONDON to review his decision not to take proceedings in connexion with the St. Paul's Reredos to which he had come in the exercise of the discretion expressly given him by the law was heard, with the result that the judges differing, the mandamus does not issue.——On Monday the practically undefended case of O'SHEA *v.* O'SHEA and PARNELL (STEELE intervening) came to an end in a decree of divorce in favour of Captain O'SHEA. On the same day the jurymen before whom the pugilists SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE had been tried found, after listening to the arguments of the prosecution and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S counter-arguments, enlivened by a warm eulogy of the art of boxing, and after also enjoying the advantage of the Recorder's summing up, that really they could not decide unanimously whether the encounter which took place in the small hours of the morning at the Ormonde Club was or was not a breach of the peace. We shall therefore have to wait till next Assizes before learning where the legitimate glove-fight ends and assault and battery begin.——A rag and bone merchant has persuaded a jury that Mr. BOOTH'S piety has carried him into libel, and he has in consequence obtained a verdict for 25*l.*

The Magazine Rifle.

The controversy as to the quality of the new Magazine Rifle, which has been christened the LEE-SPEEDY, has not been carried much beyond the point at which it was left by the first statements of the *Times*. The "observations" which Mr. STANHOPE, who properly enough declines to enter into a dispute, has felt bound to make are made by deputy. The Adjutant-General, Sir REDVERS BULLER, answers for the SECRETARY of STATE, but what he has to say can hardly seem to himself convincing in favour of the new rifle. Sir REDVERS BULLER does not say that it is a good weapon, but only that it may become one by the help of time and change.

The Rear Column.

The quarrel between Mr. STANLEY, on the one side, and the surviving officers of the Rear Column—or the relations of those who died—on the other, has extended during this week to a size and a complexity which make it impossible to deal with here as a whole. It must be enough to record certain bare facts. On Saturday there was published Mr. JAMESON'S defence of himself against the charge of deliberately provoking murder and cannibalism—of which defence it must be unhappily confessed that it reveals the existence of an unexpectedly solid basis of fact to the edifice of lies and exaggeration, built up and pulled down, and again built up by ASSAD FARRAN, and imitated or surpassed by others. Following this has come the log of the Rear Column, discussed elsewhere. Mr. WARD, who promises a fuller statement, has written to remind the public not to lose sight of the fact that Mr. STANLEY'S own conduct is still in dispute, as it has been from the first.

Miscellaneous.

On Wednesday a Coroner's inquest was held on the two children burnt in the fire at the Wellington Barracks. The evidence given at the inquest, and not contradicted by any counter-evidence, is not pleasant reading. It appears that the building had been reported as unsanitary and unsafe by the officers, and that its condition was known by personal inspection to Mr. STANHOPE. The jury found that there had been "culpable, "almost amounting to criminal, negligence on the part of "the responsible authorities." The natural love of a Coroner's jury for wigging a responsible authority has not often been better justified by the known facts.——Mr. BOOTH, encouraged by bishops and one actor, held a meeting on Monday to report progress in his present remarkable enterprise—the collection of 1,000,000*l.* for the promotion, first of the Salvation Army, and then of national prosperity. He has progressed to the extent of 28,000*l.* With the love of self-advertisement, which makes the Army what it is, a great parade has been made of a letter from Sir HENRY PONSONBY, written by order of HER MAJESTY, in which Mr. BOOTH is thanked for a copy of his book, the virtuous appearance of his intentions is acknowledged, and approval of his scheme is politely reserved.——It is announced that the sentences passed on the senior soldiers of the Grenadiers for the insubordination in the Wellington Barracks have been remitted. The conduct of the battalion since it has been at Bermuda has, so the officious announcement says, been particularly good. This, though not a reason for showing such premature clemency, is at least an answer to some recent malicious tittle-tattle.——A good deal of the brilliancy of Dr. KOCH'S supposed discovery of a remedy for consumption has been taken off by the Doctor's own confession that he only hopes it may be useful against that disease.——Judgment was given in the Bishop of LINCOLN'S case too late for full comment here this week.

Sport.

Hunting, football not of a very striking character, racing of none at all, and coursing represent the sport of the week. The amendments which it is proposed to introduce into the county cricket scheme of last August have been published, and will be debated next Monday. It is proposed, among many other changes, that one match only shall be played for place, and that in case of a tie the Cricket Council shall decide—which proviso may not work, if accepted, for harmony or for the happiness of the Cricket Council. If, for the rest, counties play in an equally first-class style, why not call them both first-class?

Obituary.

On Tuesday Lady ROSEBERY died at Dalmeny after a long illness. Lady ROSEBERY would have held an exceptional position if only because she was a Jewess of a very Jewish family, who married a peer of the United Kingdom, and yet did not leave the creed of her people. But she was otherwise known for her extensive charity, and for the excellent taste which caused her, in spite of keen interest in politics, to resist all temptation to become a political lady.——Mr. SHIRLEY HIBBERD, who died earlier in the week, had been long known as an authority on horticulture.

Books, Theatres, &c.

On Monday the Comedy gave a play by Mr. GRUNDY called *May and December*, constructed, not without labour, out of *La Petite Marquise.* On the same night a new play, *The Pharisee*, by Mr. MALCOLM WATSON and Mrs. LANCASTER-WALLIS, was produced at the Shaftesbury. On Tuesday Mrs. LANGTRY, with the help of Mr. COGHLAN, and such a company of the better class as is usually collected to play SHAKSPEARE in England, began giving a rearrangement of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Princess's.——The publishing season is to the Christmas book. Of works not belonging to that class we have only to notice *Sun Artists* (KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & Co.), a collection of Mrs. CAMERON'S known and admired photographs, with an essay by Mr. H. EMERSON; *Souvenir of "Ravenswood"* (CASSELL & Co.), a series of drawings of the scenery and groups in the play now running at the Lyceum; Mr. GLADSTONE'S *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* (ISBISTER); and a singularly pretty reprint of CARLYLE'S *Wilhelm Meister*, edited by Mr. C. K. SHORTER, with an introduction by Professor DOWDEN (DAVID STOTT).

O'SHEA *v.* O'SHEA AND PARNELL.

WE do not know that the most scrupulous stickler for the sanctity of private life could demand that the case the name of which stands at the head of this article should be passed in silence by the press. It might, indeed, have been hoped and expected that one great newspaper, which has something like a personal quarrel with Mr. PARNELL, and has been, whether rightly or wrongly, worsted by him in other Courts, would have shown a little more of that magnanimity which in such cases is at least as politic as it is graceful. It may be a subject for some wonder that some other Unionists should have taken the line which they have taken. But mankind is human, and the conduct of the Parnellite party, both English and Irish, has been enough to excuse the show of a good deal of humanity. It was ostentatiously declared that the proceedings against Mr. PARNELL were another Unionist plot, and one of the omniscient, or omni-nescient, persons who do "London Correspondence," boasted on the very eve of the hearing that Mr. PARNELL

had as good answer as before the Commission—a somewhat equivocal boast in fact no doubt, but unmistakable in intention. The conduct of the case was, moreover, as provocative of unfavourable comment as well might be. The scandalous attempt to drag in the names of other persons whom those concerned had every reason to protect and against whom not the slightest valid charge was brought, the almost imbecile endeavour not to defend the case and yet not to leave it technically undefended, gave handles to the least eager enemy. Of the result we shall say little. To those who touchingly call, and perhaps think, Mr. PARNELL a "great man" it must be horrifying enough. To those who like to pose as moral and religious censors, it is no doubt a delightful occasion. To those, again, who remember Mr. Midshipman EASY's immortal sentence, "That's when "he's tried above," and who do not care to judge sins or vices from a standpoint only to be justly taken by those who are themselves sinless and viceless, the story may still seem not a pretty one. For all the immemorial jokes of the stage and of literature and of anecdote, the situation of being "at the table fed" of the husband, while carrying on illicit intercourse with the wife, will always be a grubby and grimy one, which must make any man of honour wince and feel squeamish, even if he allow himself to be tempted into it. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. PARNELL experienced any particular qualms or wincings, though his own situation was even grubbier and grimier than usual. He is, indeed, a man of great ability—shown in his Parliamentary tactics, in his use and abuse of the natural supremacy of a man of birth and breeding among a party of bar-tenders and gutter-journalists, in his dexterous combination of personal characteristics the most un-Irish with appeals to the most Irish peculiarities of others. But not all kinds of ability carry with them a high and honourable spirit, and of such a spirit Mr. PARNELL has never shown the slightest trace. There was a time, indeed, when in the gossip of the subject generous foes thought they saw some sparks of this—the time when legend told of Mr. PARNELL leaping out of a first-floor window to save a lady's fame. But the ruthless hand of Mr. Justice BUTT has discrowned and disrobed the hero of this myth, and a fire-escape is not more heroic than a buck-basket.

In one respect we find ourselves in complete and half-surprised agreement with Separatist rather than Unionist critics. It is clearly for the Irish Nationalist party and in some degree also for their English allies to say :—the first, whether they will continue Mr. PARNELL in the position of leader; the second, whether they will continue to recognize him as their paymaster or the chief of the mercenaries in their pay, if they prefer the latter denomination. If they think proper to do so—and it would appear from the Dublin meeting that some of them do—we can have very little to say to it. The plea that "Irishmen" have, as such, any rights of decision that other inhabitants of parts of Her Majesty's dominions have not is, of course, absurd; but though Ireland is not a nation, the Irish party—Irish and English—is a party. Mr. PARNELL himself appears to mean to "stick," and we do not particularly blame him. It is part of his general policy of bravado, and of treating his party *de haut en bas*. He may, moreover, very justly argue that a cause like that of Home Rule, which is scored and scarred all over with the brands of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments, will not look much uglier for a mere brush or singe from that of the Seventh. The incident may, indeed, deepen the determination of those honest Edinburgh folk who are said to have taken a vow that no one responsible for adding him to the burgess-rolls of their city shall remain an officer of theirs if they can help it. It may add to the perplexities of those hapless and yet not-to-be-pitied Irish Roman Catholic prelates who have to deal, on the one hand, with the successor of the Apostles, who thinks the Apostles meant what they said, and, on the other, with such commentators on Apostolic and other teaching as the late Mr. HARRIS and the living Messrs. O'BRIEN and PARNELL. But for the purposes of the agitation we do not know that Mr. PARNELL is a worse leader than he was, nor do we know that his political competence is necessarily affected by his moral delinquencies. The most detestable of all hypocrisies is the erection of a particular fault or class of faults into a political disqualification, while others as grave, by moral, religious, and even legal standards, do not count. And moreover, as we have said already, the question is mainly, if not wholly, a question for Parnellites and Gladstonians generally. If Mr. PARNELL is still their ideal "great man"; if they think that his omission pointedly to disassociate himself from the scandalous counter-charges above referred to is the conduct of a gentleman; if more especially they relish the notion of that relationship between political leader and parliamentary aspirant which he seems to have entertained and diligently put in practice —let them keep him as leader by all means.

It is more especially foolish in Unionists to demand Mr. PARNELL's political head in the way in which some of them have demanded it, first, because it was certain to cause, and has caused, a revulsion of feeling in his favour among his party; and, secondly, because it makes it at least open to the enemy to argue a weakness of Unionist confidence in the Unionist cause. We are not against Home Rule because Home Rulers have been personally the most discredited and discreditable party of politicians that even Ireland has ever seen—the most destitute alike of ability and respectability. This is the fact, but it is not the reason of our opposition to Home Rule. We are not against Home Rule because Home Rulers never won, with a few eccentric exceptions, a respectable advocate out of Ireland till they bought part of a party with the hope of office—that, too, is the fact, but it is not the reason. We are not even opposed to Home Rule because the course of the movement has been not only accompanied, but furthered and continued in existence, by a series of the most abominable crimes ever associated with a political faction—that, again, is the fact, but still it is not the reason. We oppose Home Rule because, both from the considerations of political theory and the experience of political practice, it is certain to cause disaster to this realm and people, because the theory on which the claim is based is demonstrably unsound and the thorough working out of it demonstrably impracticable. These things would not be altered if Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL behaved like a rational being, if Mr. O'BRIEN wrote classical English, if Messrs. HEALY, HARRINGTON, and REDMOND conducted themselves decently in courts of law and Houses of Parliament. They would not be altered if Mr. PARNELL were a JOSEPH who had fled garmentless down the fire-escape for a reason as different as possible from that which actually led him there. A cause is not served by making such confusions as this; it may be not a little dis-served by them. More particularly is the confusion to be deprecated since it is practically impossible for the most sensitive of persons on the point of honour to hold a lower opinion of Mr. PARNELL than, if they have the faculty of judgment, they must have held of him before. It is not more disgraceful deliberately to deceive Captain O'SHEA than deliberately to deceive the House of Commons; and if we are to insist on absolute moral laws it will take a subtle casuist to prove it worse to live in adultery than for years to "persist, with knowledge "of its effect, in a system which leads" to murder.

VAIN PREACHING.

THE "New Journalism" is cheap, and it is nasty, therefore it is popular. That is, or rather that should be, the sum of the sermons, inordinately long, preached lately at "The College Historical Society," in Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. HARDY began it; he was called "The Auditor"—probably because he had most to say. On the same principle Mr. RICHARD ADAMS, Q.C., talked about "the "inn at which PARIS and HELEN stopped the first night "after leaving Troy." The name of that inn was a tedious mystery, he remarked. Most people think that Lacedæmon, not Troy, was the town which PARIS and HELEN eloped from, and everybody knows that their first stopping place was the Isle of Cranae. The New Journalism, even in HOMER's time, was well enough informed to tell us that interesting fact. As to the New Journalism of to-day, why multiply words about it? Preaching at it is of no use. The sanguine Auditor declared that "all rational men abhor its methods." If this be true, the rational men need not buy and read the ill-printed, ill-written, ill-conceived rags of the cheap press. Unluckily, the very people who are always denouncing the hasty and irresponsible tissues of scandal, tattle, and simple silliness are too often seen with examples of the New Journalism in their hands. Nature foresaw "what a baby "man would be," and foresaw the New Journalism. When everybody can read, when the least educated and worst bred are the largest public, of course the wants of that public will be supplied, and even anticipated. It has long been so in America; and now that the *nidus* of the disease has been prepared in England, we have the malady. The meaner

the mind which has to be amused, the more are "per-"sonalities" introduced. They are almost always very trivial; they are in many cases absolutely false. There is an audience which never dreams of reading an author's books, but never tires, apparently, of hearing about his dress, his health, his domestic habits. Why people should care to hear that BROWN the poet, whom they never study, has an aunt who squints, or that he suffers from chilblains, is a great mystery. We cannot cure the taste, because we cannot comprehend it. We must endure it; nothing is gained by railing at it, nothing by losing our tempers. We might as well assure Mr. Auditor, or the printer who "set up" his discourse, that *aliquid sufflaminandus erat* is not good Latin. If the public enjoys snippets, tiny paragraphs of twaddle, how can we venture to dictate to the public? We can only abstain from periodicals with names which indicate their contents. These may not satisfy a classical taste; but a cursory glance does not detect much harm in them. They feebly occupy the mind in a brief railway journey underground, and a man may perhaps as well read them as the advertisements, at least if he is not afraid of injuring his eyes. As to the political New Journalism, men have at all times been envious, mendacious, scandalous. Now they print what they used only to say. Such are the benefits of the printing press, without which one at least of the greatest literatures, if not the greatest literature, of the world was developed. No Government, short of a despotism (to which there are objections), can deal with the matter. Nobody can come to the rescue of taste and decency, except men who possess and exercise these qualities. They may abstain from what is bad, may write what is good; example is here the only remedy. To all the preachers we may say, "Do you read "gossiping twaddle and the paragraphs of people who print, "not what is true, but what is rumoured?" These physicians must heal themselves first, and then make what modest number of converts they may. Professor DOWDEN understands this, and at the gathering he said something of this kind. Reformation should begin at home. "Our duty," and a very pleasant duty, "is to keep ourselves from losing "touch with the beautiful." As for the habitual liars of the press, "They say. What say they? Let them say" is a wise man's motto. The Rev. Mr. CARMICHAEL suggested the occasional use of a horsewhip. But that would only lead to "The editor cow-hided again." Force has proved no remedy in the American form of the complaint. Mr. DUNBAR BARTON was in favour of signed articles. The public is not in favour of them; there is not much hope in that direction. The only chance is in "enduring and "abstaining"—enduring the mendacious tattle, and abstaining from its perusal. The College Historical Society had better stick to its own business. The advice of Mr. BARNES NEWCOME, as to the *Newcome Independent*, should, of course, be followed as to newspapers in general—when a good chance occurs, "Damn it, to be down on them whenever we "see an opportunity."

THE WELLINGTON BARRACKS MUTINEERS.

IT was in July last that the public mind was fluttered for an hour by the story of a "Mutiny of the Guards," and vexed for a week by a confused account of insubordination at the Wellington Barracks. The scandal happened at a bad time. The celebrated Revolt of Labour had broken out anew in various places, and had but recently made an alarming appearance in the Postal service and amongst the Metropolitan Police. The police disturbances were entirely unexpected beyond the purlieus of Scotland Yard; and that PEEL's cool and steady guardians of the peace should take to public mutiny gave an ill look to the conduct of the Guards. Why they behaved so badly was never made out with sufficient clearness; but badly they did behave, badly because, even if they received great provocation, their conduct was unsoldierly; for they had an acknowledged right and a ready means of laying their complaints before the higher authorities of the service. We know what followed. After formal and anxious inquiry under the bewildered attention of the whole country, the commander of the offending battalion was displaced and the men were punished. The battalion being paraded for reprimand by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, the oldest soldier in every company was then taken out and sent to gaol, and the rest of the battalion soon learned that they were to be dispatched in disgrace to Bermuda. The six men selected for special punishment (none of the actual ringleaders having been discovered) were sentenced to various periods of imprisonment with hard labour—periods varying from eighteen months to two years. An outcry was raised in some quarters against the severity of these punishments and the lack of discrimination in inflicting them. Our own opinion on this point was clearly expressed at the time, and we still believe it sound; but, however that may be, one thing seems quite certain. When these men were deliberately sentenced to punishment, the punishment should have been intended. Since they were soldiers who sat in judgment upon soldiers, all the more imperative was the duty of threatening no more than was meant. The first point for decision should have been to award no punishment that could not and would not be carried out to the letter; and that for reasons of the most obvious and commanding kind. If any remission at all had been given, it should at least have been when the greater part of the time had been served. What we now learn is that sentences of eighteen months' or two years' imprisonment, with hard labour, have been entirely remitted at the end of four months. Why? Because the battalion has behaved well in its banishment? It was expected to behave well; to have behaved ill would have been another offence. Because the six imprisoned men have taken their punishment handsomely? This, too, was expected; for it was known when the sentence was passed upon them that they were old soldiers, well-conducted men, with an understanding of the necessity of maintaining discipline in one way or another. There is, indeed, no excuse whatever, that we can see, for remitting their punishment, if there was any good excuse for inflicting it. Better, and far better, to have sentenced a dozen men to one month "on the mill," with intent to keep them at it to the last moment under all circumstances, than to propound terrific year-long sentences and withdraw them before they were half or a quarter carried out. If in one sense the conduct of the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards was unsoldierly, so in another is the conduct of the officers who punished them; and, in our humble judgment, there is not much to choose between the wrongdoing when each offence is viewed from the appropriate standpoint.

There are thoughtful heads at the Horse Guards and the War Office, it must be supposed, and some of them must occasionally reflect upon the changes that have come over social life in England, as those changes may affect discipline in a volunteer army. It is certainly a subject worth thinking about. Nothing is more obvious than that, in the classes from which our soldiery are drawn, the habit of obedience, which some call servility, has greatly declined within the last fifty years. The spirit of independence is, of course, a good thing; and no one wishes to restore the times when a gentleman might cane his haberdasher without any complaint of "outrage" from the worthy tradesman, and when footmen saw no indignity in being cuffed for a fault. But it may turn out that they were better times for discipline in a volunteer army than we are coming upon—times when the ruder outbreaks of insubordination are less to be feared than in the violent days of the GEORGES, but when the spirit of trade combination and pressure by strike conspiracy threaten much more mischief of a sort not so easily dealt with. Of course we do not mean to say that the army is actually more insubordinate than it was in the forties and fifties of the century. There is no reason to suppose anything of the kind; for if the men are individually more "in-"dependent" than they used to be (which independence is not always an admirable quality), they are better taught, and have probably more of the self-respect that keeps a man in order. On the other hand, however, they have a far larger sense of their position as members of a volunteer soldiery; and one most distinct consequence of the short-service system has been to limit the idea of military duty and obedience. Of old, once in the army was to be a sworn servant of king and country for life. Nowadays soldiering is one of various means of getting a living; a temporary expedient; a passing experience; something that may be taken up and dropped in a few years for another occupation; and so it has become much more like a trade-hiring than it used to be. The natural effect has been to bring the army more nearly under the influence of Trade-Union ideas, which we have seen at work in that kindred service, the Police. That the army has actually come within the influence of Trades-Unionism we neither assert nor believe. A regiment breaks out here and there in the old

style—as at one of the ports of embarkation the other day—and the Guards who are now at Bermuda did seriously offend in a different way; but there is no present reason to fear that the Docker pestilence has crept into the army by so much as a breath. Nevertheless, we may see plainly that it is a-creep over the whole field of labour more or less; and since it has pleased modern wisdom to convert the army from a distinct and life-long profession into a sort of temporary labour-refuge, with association, lately interrupted or soon to be renewed, with the ordinary employments of labour, modern wisdom might profitably spare some thought for the natural consequences should Trades-Unionism of the Docker kind flourish and continue. Meanwhile, it will hardly do for Horse Guard officials to acknowledge the dawning of a darker day by playing fast and loose with disciplinary law. At any time it would have been a grave mistake for a Commander-in-Chief to mete out punishment with a great and solemn noise—after long deliberation withal—and then to remit three-fourths of it upon no explanation that possibly justifies the original sentence; but to do so in these days of slackening obedience to every kind of authority, every sort of obligation, is something that might be fairly called deplorable. The belief that an army is an army cannot be expected to hold amongst short-service soldiers at the Wellington Barracks if it begins to give way at the Horse Guards.

MR. BALFOUR AT LIVERPOOL.

If Mr. Balfour's tour in the West of Ireland hardly answers the description, it has certainly served one of the purposes, of a holiday. In spite of the slight attack of illness with which the Chief Secretary was laid up at its close, he seems clearly to be all the better for it. He has returned to his duties on the platform—duties for which he may not perhaps have the natural inclination of some other men, but which his intellectual alertness no doubt makes not very difficult to him—in apparently the highest vigour and spirits; and the National Union of Conservative Associations have reaped the full benefit of his "condition" in the interesting and brilliant speech which he delivered on Tuesday last at Liverpool. One person who has shared but equivocally in these advantages is Mr. Swift Macneill, the story of whose address to the Chief Secretary at Dungloe, and his subsequent abandonment by his fellow-Parnellite, Mr. Sweeney, was related with infinite humour and gusto by Mr. Balfour. The equation between these two patriots is extremely difficult to formulate with exactitude; but we can see at once that Mr. Swift Macneill's patriotism, when expressed in terms of Mr. Sweeney's, would reach a very high figure. For when one Nationalist gentleman has to be rebuked for his too obstinately irreconcilable attitude towards an English Minister by another Nationalist gentleman who has himself not only been imprisoned for a fortnight under the Crimes Act, but has recently presented an address to that very Minister in which he "talked about Pigott and "Hottentots, and Diogenes and Mr. Froude," why, it seems certain that the Nationalism of the first Nationalist gentleman must be of a very superior quality indeed. Unfortunately for Mr. Sweeney, it placed him at too striking a disadvantage, as the public now learn for the first time from the tragic sequel to the incident at Dungloe. We confess for our part that, while we respectfully admired Mr. Sweeney's candour and courage in describing Mr. Swift Macneill's conduct as "impertinent," we trembled at the same time for his boldness. Could it ever, we ask ourselves, or under any conditions, be "imper-"tinent" on the part of a Nationalist to "slang-whang" a Chief Secretary, or if so, could it ever be right for another Nationalist so to describe it? The event shows that it could not be, or, at any rate, that Mr. Sweeney on second thoughts came to the conclusion that it was not; for, says Mr. Balfour, "he was com-"pelled that night to drive fourteen miles in a pouring "rain to Gweedore, and it is presumed fourteen miles back "again, for the sole purpose of withdrawing the extremely "appropriate epithet which, in a moment of undue "rhetorical expansion, he had applied to Mr. Swift "Macneill." Apart from the humour of this incident, it has, of course, a political significance which Mr. Balfour was not slow to enforce. Nothing could have more effectively shown the true nature and origin of what is called public opinion in Ireland. The local communities, whether Nationalist or not, are perfectly ready to discuss their needs and their desires with any man whom they know is sincerely anxious for their welfare. But no sooner does the manifestation of this willingness reach the ears of the Dublin wirepullers, than "they immediately send "down word that a new kind of public opinion must "promptly be manufactured." The imprudent Sweeneys are abased, and the obsequious Swift Macneills exalted; and the Gladstonian newspapers have the effrontery to speak of the latter as the exponents of "the wishes of the "Irish people."

A better, a more truthful, or, with all its sympathetic quality, a more just and unexaggerated, account of the condition of things in the congested districts has never been given than that which the Conservative Unions were privileged to listen to in the first of Mr. Balfour's Liverpool speeches. We do not remember, indeed, that any other observer of peasant life in the poorest part of Western Ireland has ever before set forth, in the Chief Secretary's plain-spoken fashion, the alleviation of its lot as compared with other forms of indigence in other parts of the United Kingdom. The life of the Western Irish cottier, says Mr. Balfour, is a life of poverty; it is sometimes a life of extreme poverty. But it is not a life of extreme and wearing toil. He works hard at intervals, but at intervals only. He is not a slave to "the grinding and heartrending toil which eats the "manhood out of a man and the womanhood out of a "woman, before either he or she can earn a livelihood for "those nearest and dearest to them." Neither is it such labour as has to be persistently practised from dawn till dark, and from year's end, to year's end by the French peasantry. The Irish cottier has not the habit of continuous and painful industry which some small holders in other countries show: and he has not their skill or aptitude either. His system of agriculture is a wretched system; and his mode of pursuing the fishing industry is as bad. It is not fit to compare for a moment with the standard of Scotch or the best English fishing, or that of the Manxmen on more coasts than one. No doubt the Western Irish want material appliances, and are badly off for boats; but they are just as much or more to seek in knowledge and seamanship, things with which it is a much longer and harder business to supply them than it would be to provide them with craft in the other sense of the word. It should never, in fact, be forgotten that the peasant in the congested districts of Ireland is both a farmer, a labourer, and a fisherman, and that he is a bad farmer, bad labourer, and bad fisherman "at that." We do not deny that he is also a proper object of philanthropic effort, and perhaps of legislative solicitude; but we are justified in warning that kind of benevolent Englishman who is the favourite prey of the Irish agitator, that there are reasonable limits to this effort and qualifying conditions to that solicitude; that, if this portion of the Irish people is exceptionally wretched, they have faults to correct as well as miseries to get relieved, and that there is no chance whatever of providing them with effectual and lasting assistance, either by legislative or private endeavour, unless and until they be induced by some means or other to co-operate in their own redemption.

The sentences passed at Clonmel on the defendants in the Tipperary conspiracy case form a tolerably apt commentary on certain observations of Mr. Balfour in his later speech at Southport. After a patient, and, indeed, a too prolonged hearing, the magistrates found Mr. Dillon, the two Messrs. O'Brien, and four of the other defendants guilty of the charges of conspiracy preferred against them, and sentenced them to various terms of imprisonment without hard labour. It was not, of course, to be expected that the Gladstonians would accept this decision as in any degree confirmatory of Mr. Balfour's thoroughly accurate exposition of the legal and moral import of the acts of which these persons have been adjudged guilty; but those to whom the Chief Secretary's views of the law and ethics of combination commend themselves as sound on their own merits will at least have no difficulty in recognizing the justice of the Clonmel convictions. It is assuredly nothing short, as Mr. Balfour says, of "a gross "insult to English working-men to compare any legal com-"binations of theirs with the illegal combinations which now "exist in Ireland," and have been typically exemplified in the conspiracy which has brought down this condign punishment on the heads of those who have been proud to have participated in it. The one form of combination differs from the other by almost every mark which can

distinguish a legal from an illegal mode of joint action for the attainment of a given end. English workmen combine spontaneously and for such objects alone as to themselves seem adequate. The Irish tenants, situated like those of Mr. SMITH-BARRY at Tipperary, combine under pressure amounting to compulsion from agitators, and for the purpose of promoting, not their own interests, but the agitators' political ends. English workmen, having formed their own combination, prosecute it—or, at any rate, used to prosecute it before the days of the new Unionism—without interfering with the liberty of others. Irish tenants are encouraged, and in fact compelled, to carry out their combination schemes by, at the best, that sort of interference with the freedom of their neighbours which everybody but Mr. GLADSTONE knows by the name of boycotting; and at the worst by those acts of violence which even Mr. GLADSTONE once recognized as constituting the sanction on which the efficacy of boycotting depends. It is surely unnecessary to carry the repeatedly instituted comparison further. The point of it is just as clearly visible to Mr. GLADSTONE and his party as to any other intelligent man in the three kingdoms. It is not that they cannot see it, but they will not; and their dishonesty in ignoring it is just as deliberate as that of which Mr. GLADSTONE himself, as the CHIEF SECRETARY has just pointed out, was guilty when he pretended to believe the other day that a Parliamentary return furnished on, and limited to, a demand of his own for information with respect to seven specific cases of boycotting, was an exhaustive enumeration of all the instances of the offence which have occurred in Ireland during the last four years.

THE OXFORD SHOOTING CASE.

IT is to be hoped that we are not falling to or below the French level of maudlin sympathy with vulgar crime. But the extraordinary outburst of feeling which followed Mr. Justice MATHEW's lenient sentence upon CATHARINE RIORDAN at Oxford is something new in the annals of English jurisprudence. The jury would have been perfectly justified in finding the prisoner guilty of attempt to murder. For, if she did not mean to kill the Master of University, she certainly went the right way to secure that object. She sent a bullet through his body, and within an inch of a vital part. Her counsel, the clever author of *Scintillæ Juris*, was reduced to arguing that his client intended only to frighten Dr. BRIGHT, not to hit him. In that case, as Lord BRAMWELL once observed on a similar occasion, she aimed at nothing, and missed it. The theory is, indeed, too ridiculous to be discussed. Mr. DARLING cross-examined two of the witnesses for the prosecution—there were none for the defence—with the object of showing that the woman wore gloves, and therefore, one must assume, did not mean business. But he only brought out the rather awkward fact that she had a glove on her left hand, and none on her right. She had thus, so to speak, cleared the decks for action and got everything ready. Nor was the stroke unpremeditated. A letter was put in from the prisoner in which she informed a barmaid at the "Mitre," where she had been herself employed, that the BRIGHTS had better take care of themselves, that she meant to do for them, and that it would not be long before seven corpses were carried out of University College. She wrote to Mr. HAINES, who, she said, had offered her marriage, promising to spare him, but threatening to wreak her vengeance on the BRIGHTS. The conduct of Mr. HAINES, apart from moral questions, on which too much has been said, was not a model of discretion. If he had communicated more freely with the police and less freely with the reporters of local newspapers, it would have been better for him, and perhaps for Dr. BRIGHT. As for CATHARINE RIORDAN, there has never been stronger evidence of cool and calm premeditation than there was against her. Yet Dr. BRIGHT had done her no wrong. He did not even know her by sight, and was apparently unaware of her existence a very short time before she inflicted upon him a serious wound. Her sentence is six years' penal servitude, or less than a third of that passed upon WALTER HARGAN for shooting two ruffians who had attacked him before and might have attacked him again. On this moderate penalty being announced, the public, as represented in the Oxford Assize Court, hissed the judge. No doubt the public was badly represented. But it is lamentable that people so foolish and ill conditioned should be found in any class of English society.

The only possible defence for the prisoner was not set up. It might have been contended that her conduct was so recklessly wicked as to suggest insanity, that her letters were themselves proofs of a disordered intellect, and, in short, that she was not legally responsible for her acts. It is impossible to believe that such a defence would not have been raised in so serious a case if there had been any reasonable hope of sustaining it. That a sane woman who very nearly murders an elderly man of blameless character because she thinks somebody else has behaved badly to her should be treated as if she deserved sympathy is a most unpleasant sign of the times. That a judge who does his duty in sending her for a few years to prison, and who errs, if at all, on the side of mercy, should be hooted in open court, is not only indecent, but disgraceful. Mr. Justice MATHEW may be described as a short-sentence man. He has more than once expressed his agreement with the opinions of Mr. HOPWOOD on this subject. But there is a limit to judicial mildness, and to have turned CATHARINE RIORDAN loose upon society, free to carry out the remainder of her menaced revenge, would have been an abdication of judicial functions. A few years ago British propriety was grievously shocked at the acquittal of Mme. CLOVIS HUGUES for killing a wretch who had persistently and grossly libelled her on postcards and in other ways. Mme. CLOVIS HUGUES ought not to have been acquitted. But her moral guilt was slight, indeed, when compared with CATHARINE RIORDAN'S. The French in their wisdom have abolished the practice of judicial summing-up in criminal cases, and indeed the right was not so valuable as it might have been. When CHARLES SUMNER, the American lawyer, was in Paris, half a century ago, he heard the trial of a young man for the murder of his sweetheart. Jealousy was the motive, a pistol was the method. The advocate for the defence assured the Court that the prisoner, if his life was spared, would hasten to prostrate himself on the tomb of his victim; and on that understanding the jury acquitted him. Certain people in this country, who seem to have some influence with the public, are in the habit of arguing that any woman who has been deserted by any man may commit any crime of violence she pleases within a reasonable period after the desertion. Mr. HAINES swore that he had never promised to marry the prisoner, and Mr. Justice MATHEW, in language which has been wilfully misconstrued, pointed out that the seduction of injured innocence had no place in the story. Even if she had shot Mr. HAINES, CATHARINE RIORDAN'S admirers would not be admirable; as it is, they are simply disgusting.

THE LIBERAL *PÈRE PRODIGUE*.

THERE is something touching in the remonstrances which Lord HARTINGTON addresses to Mr. GLADSTONE, and in his efforts to convert that *père prodigue* of the Liberal party from the licentiousness of his politically profligate old age to the gravity and stillness which marked his demure and virtuous youth. M. RENAN, in an autobiographic reminiscence, expresses a regret that as a young man he was so good. He would feel happier now if he had something to reproach himself with. He neglected pleasure while it was still pleasant, and finds it difficult to atone for forfeited chances. Mr. GLADSTONE abstains from useless regrets. With characteristic energy, he is making up now for half a century's missed opportunities of demagoguism and anarchy. The very idea of law and order as things in themselves entitled to respect shocks him. He has become the apostle of lawlessness to the Irish people. The work is one of supererogation. In the old phrase, he is preaching to the converted. Lord HARTINGTON is naturally grieved by these aberrations of Mr. GLADSTONE'S venerable but frisky age, and endeavours to subdue and calm him. In his speech at Grimsby on Tuesday Lord HARTINGTON returned to Mr. GLADSTONE'S declaration that the Irish people ought to hate the law. Mr. GLADSTONE went on to say that he did not advise them to break it. The position of the negative in this sentence ought to be noted. Mr. GLADSTONE, far from advising, still less urging and entreating, the Irish people not to break the law, declines to advise them at all. He is content to urge them to hate it. He knows that when he has excited this passion, all the mischief which the greatest enemy to Ireland can devise will follow. Out of the fulness

of the heart, not merely does the mouth speak, but the brain contrives and the hand acts. Mr. GLADSTONE is very well aware that, in telling the Irish people to hate the law, he is prompting them to resist it, though he cautiously disclaims advising them to do so. Hatred of the law is an emotion directed rather to an abstraction. It is difficult to hate an Act of Parliament, so many printed pages in the Statute Book, 50 & 51 VICTORIA, c. 20, or any other. Therefore Mr. GLADSTONE makes a series of steps from things to persons. Hatred of the law is identified with hatred of the administration of the law; and hatred of the administration of the law is not easily convertible into good-will to its administrators. Mr. GLADSTONE points the moral of his speech when, after declining to advise the Irish people to break the law, he expresses his surprise that they do not do so. It is to him "perfectly wonderful that the "breaches of the law are not in Ireland infinitely more "numerous than they are." Mr. GASHFORD, sitting on the house-top and complaining that there are fewer incendiary fires than he thought to see, was perfectly intelligible to Maypole HUGH.

We do not charge Mr. GLADSTONE with regretting the rarity of outrages in Ireland and endeavouring to multiply them. We do not accuse him of knowing the meaning of his own words, or understanding what they will suggest to many of those in the disturbed districts of that country who will read them or hear them read. It is not our business to accuse him of crime, or to acquit him of ordinary common sense; but Lord HARTINGTON's translation of Mr. GLADSTONE's words into the meaning which a Tipperary peasant is likely to give them is obvious, and we fear inevitable. "Is it wonderful," he asks, "if a member of the "National League in Tipperary should say, 'Mr. GLADSTONE, "'an ex-Prime Minister and the leader of a great party, tells "'us that we ought to hate the law; we see before us the "'ministers of the law in the persons of the constabulary, and "'if I break the head of the first constable I meet, Mr. "'GLADSTONE only says he is surprised I do not do it more "'often'?" The fact that the Irish peasantry are not provoked to the outrages which Mr. GLADSTONE vainly looks for suggests a doubt whether, after all, they do hate the law as much as he thinks they ought to do; whether there is not in his mind some little confusion of persons, he transferring to them the hate which inspires him towards the law and its administrators, from the humblest constable to Mr. BALFOUR; and whether he hates it, not because it provokes to outrage, but because it checks outrage. Lord SPENCER says that it is on the ground of the illegality and violence that prevail in Ireland that he advocates Home Rule in Ireland. For the same reason, he might advocate Home Rule in Newgate, and the appointment of Mr. CHARLES BATES and Mr. JOHN DAWKINS to police magistracies. Without doing more than commend in passing this parallelism to Lord SPENCER's reflection, we may point out that if violence and illegality are the strongest arguments for Home Rule, those strong arguments are, under Mr. BALFOUR's administration, becoming weaker every day. The ground on which Lord SPENCER stands is slipping from under his feet. If this be Mr. GLADSTONE's view, too, it is easy to understand his apparently indignant surprise that outrages are so few, and his demand—for such it seems—for more of them. We know that the connexion between Clerkenwell gaol and Irish Disestablishment was somewhat closer than that between Tenterden church steeple and Goodwin Sands.

The fact is that the great majority of the Irish people feel that the existing law, as administered by Mr. BALFOUR, protects them from outrage, and even some of those who would be driven into crime by greater impunity are doubtless at the bottom of their hearts glad to be protected from themselves. The criminal disposition is fostered by criminal action, and in stopping the external act the internal feeling is weakened. Lord SPENCER, in a well-intentioned effort to defend Mr. GLADSTONE, says that the men who denounced capital punishment for sheep-stealing might have been accused of inciting to hatred of the law. If any Mr. GLADSTONE of that day had called a meeting of sheep-stealers, and expressed to them his opinion that sheep-stealing was, in the circumstances, the most natural thing in the world, and his surprise that so few sheep were stolen, the parallel, though not complete, would be nearer the mark. Of course, sheep-stealers hated all laws against sheep-stealing, and the advocates of a milder than the capital penalty did not excite Parliament to hatred of the law, but to a rational disapproval of it. Mr. GLADSTONE's hatred of the law as it is administered in Ireland, and of those who administer it, is of a very different character. It must be accompanied by a very vivid hatred of the law which he set up in Ireland, and of himself as administering it—or it would be, if Mr. GLADSTONE were any one but Mr. GLADSTONE. Lord HARTINGTON is, on the whole, correct in saying that, among the long line of Liberal statesmen, from FOX and GREY to PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, there has been no example till Mr. GLADSTONE's time of incentive to hatred of the law and apology for the breach of it. The record of Whig statesmanship is not, however, quite so innocent as Lord HARTINGTON supposes. FOX and GREY, in particular, occasionally laid down very doubtful doctrines. FOX, for example, declared, and GREY echoed him, that obedience to such a measure as the Treasonable Practices Act of 1801 was a question not of duty, but of prudence. FOX was by no means the most scrupulous of politicians, and Mr. GLADSTONE's position would not be much improved if it could be shown that he had made a rule of FOX's exceptional lawlessness. GREY learned in age that guarded and sober wisdom which Mr. GLADSTONE's old age has unlearned. If FOX and GREY had ever administered a system of coercion tenfold more severe than that which they denounced, they would have added the reproach of hypocrisy to that of recklessness. From that shame they are free.

SCHOOL BOARDS AND JERRY BUILDERS.

JUDGMENT for two thousand pounds odd is rather a mockery when obtained against a bankrupt firm. The London School Board, however, had some reason for proceeding against Messrs. WALL Brothers to the uttermost farthing, if only as a discouragement to reckless and scamping contractors in the future. But the reputation of Messrs. WALL is not the only matter at stake. If this case is a fair specimen of the way in which the School Board conducts its business, the unfortunate ratepayer may well protest against the ducks and drakes which are made of his money. The story is rather an old one, beginning in the year 1884. It has not, however, lost its interest, because, for all that appears in the evidence, precisely the same course of procedure may have been followed ever since. Even two general elections may have left the Architect's Department pretty much as they found it. According to the narrative presented by Sir HENRY JAMES, not seriously contested by the defendants' counsel, and ultimately adopted by the jury, the Board employed Messrs. WALL six years ago to build the Kilburn Lane schools at a cost of rather more than seventeen thousand pounds. The schools were built within the year, and in August 1885 the architect gave his certificate. In 1888 it became necessary to repair some pipes under the playground, and then a somewhat important discovery was made. Under the contract the defendants should have provided "a "six-inch layer of hard, dry, well-rammed *débris*." They had actually provided two or three inches of clay ashes and burnt ballast. This unpleasant disclosure naturally led to further investigation, with results not creditable to Messrs. WALL. It turned out that "inferior mortar and concrete "had been used, that mortar had been substituted for "cement, that drain-pipes had been improperly joined, and "that in the foundations the lower strata of cement were "soft, and not of as good quality as the upper strata." Similar defects were unearthed elsewhere, and, in short, the whole work had been abominably scamped. It is difficult to speak in measured language of such conduct. In order to increase the profits of their job these tradesmen were willing to risk the healthiness, and even the stability, of the structure, at what possible cost to the children any one can imagine for himself. It is a subject for some some satisfaction that in this instance, at all events, the policy of shoddy has failed. Mr. CARLYLE did not live to see the existence of jerry-building in his favourite middle ages demonstrated at the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral. But even mediæval example cannot justify the Messrs WALL.

It is only fair to say that the defendants had an answer, although Mr. Justice DAY ruled it to be insufficient. They said that all they had done was expressly sanctioned by Mr. COOMBES, an Inspector in the Architect's Department. Mr. COOMBES is dead, and could not speak for himself. But he was not the architect, and Mr. Justice DAY held that COOMBES had no authority to allow any deviations from the

original contract. Mr. ROBSON, the late architect, denied that any such permission was given by him. But, of course, if COOMBES said what is attributed to him, his acquiescence, however informal, or even culpable, does in some degree modify the moral responsibility of the contractors. The position of Mr. ROBSON was a strange one, or at least would be strange if a public body were not concerned. He stated, in cross-examination, that he "had never personally visited "the schools until they were completed, and then only to "gather ideas for future schools, and not to examine the work "done; but he had given his certificate on the report of "others." Thus, the only person who examined the schools had no authority, and the only person who had authority did not examine the schools. There was, however, a Clerk of the Works, and his evidence may be commended to the notice of Londoners. He was supposed to be in charge of the Kilburn Lane Schools. But then he was also—so elastic is hypothesis—engaged with seven others, the result being, as he ingenuously confessed, that "these schools were prac-"tically without supervision." "He did not see much of "what was going on; but when he had a chance he ex-"amined anything which might be going on." "He kept "a diary for the Board, but there was not much in it." "When the playground was being rolled he was occupied "with another school." These are precious fragments from the testimony of Mr. JEFFERSON, on which the judge commented with proper severity. Mr. Justice DAY was perhaps a shade too lenient in his criticism of Messrs. WALL, whose misconduct cannot be condoned by the deficiencies of the Board. The only person to do his duty was the solicitor who drew the contract, and who carefully stipulated that the architect's certificate should not exonerate the defendants for the consequences of any "wilful deviation." Considering what the architect's certificate was worth, the insertion of these words, described by Mr. Justice DAY as vague, was most judicious. But with this exception there is not much comfort to be derived from a shameful record of glaring mismanagement and incompetence.

THE AVERTED CRASH.

IT is recognized by the whole world (Frenchmen certainly not excepted) that if France did not exist it would be necessary to invent her. But if this truth could ever have been questioned, the questioning could not survive the priceless comments of some French papers on the recent transaction between the Banks of France and England. That transaction, creditable to both sides, was of the very simplest kind. On the one hand, the Bank of France keeps—partly from political reasons, partly because the instinct of hoarding is of the genius of the nation—an enormous reserve of gold. For most of this gold it gets no interest, which is the drawback of the "stocking" system. On the other hand, the Bank of England keeps a small (some of us think a much too small) reserve of gold, which is due partly to current commercial theories, partly to legal arrangements, partly, as in the other case, to an Englishman's habit of never merely hoarding what he can venture. But the Bank is quite willing and more than quite able to pay the necessary interest for the loan of some of the other bank's gold. Further, it is not in itself in the very least obliged to ask for any loan; its own credit is not menaced; it could at any moment obtain the necessary permission to relieve itself from statutory stringencies. These things being so, a great firm, one of the greatest in Europe, is in difficulties. It is quite certain that if it comes down a terrible *contre-coup* will be experienced by foreign Exchanges, and not least by that of Paris. The Bank of England steps in, and to enable it to do so with greater effect the Bank of France lends on its own terms, and with the best security in the world, a certain portion of its hoard. It is excellently done; it deserves the credit which is due to all acts of good feeling, not least, but possibly most, when they are also acts of good sense. It is only a pity that it should be brought into discredit by such absurd rant as that in which the *Temps* and other (not all) French papers have been indulging, and we condole heartily with all sensible Frenchmen on the disgust which they must feel, and have in some cases expressed, at seeing a piece of simple business between comrades treated as a *revanche* for 1870, and no one knows what else.

As for the morals of the matter, they shall be cut as short as possible. We observe reflections on the wicked "bears." Between your "bear" and your "bull," there is mighty little to choose; and as for the "bear" who is really wicked—the seller of stock which he has not got that he may buy stock cheap—there is a remarkably short and easy way with him. The holder has only got to hold in order to bring that "bear" to confusion and smarting of paws; if the holder has the pluck and the money to buy as well as hold, the entire skin of the "bear" will soon adorn his wigwam, or may be traded with profit. Speaking more seriously in form, but not in sense, we wish we could hope that the tremendous lesson which a certain modern kind of financing has received would be effective. If it had not been for the untold loss and suffering to individuals which a real "crash" would have caused, it might almost have been better that the lesson had been even sharper. There is nothing absolutely new in this world, but it is certain that the particular form of financing which has brought Messrs. BARING near to destruction is, at least in scale and in degree, novel. In the oldest days of all, a great financial house directly lent money to States and monarchs. Most probably (indeed, almost invariably) much of the money it lent had been lent it by other people, but the double responsibility was clear and distinct. More recently the system of placing loans enabled the borrower to come directly, or almost directly, in contact with the real lender, but it was necessary for some one to bring them together, and the great financial house acted, with profit, and not without honour to all parties, as go-between and received its fees for the office. Of late an entirely different system has set in. The great house still accepts the "emission" of the loan for State or private company; but whether the private investor takes it up or not depends upon the gods and the goddesses, sometimes on the goddess LAVERNA. What with "underwriting," and with retention of unissued scrip on the credit of the issuing house, not even the market-price is, except in times of panic, any guide to the real value of any security. In good times this may do no harm. The loans quietly, if not quickly, spread themselves, and the prices find their level. We have just seen what happens, or might happen, in bad times. For the South American States directly affected, for those concerns in them which have backbone, and for the investors in those concerns who can wait, things may not be so bad. Unlimited credit is as bad for a State as unlimited drink for a man; and Argentina and Uruguay have a vast amount of productive expenditure, which is certainly expended and which they had better make productive before they expend any more. As for English finance, it requires periodical lessons, and it has got one. A great deal of money may sometimes be made by pure luck; but, as a rule, it requires brains to keep it, and resolution to leave off making it when making becomes risky. If it were otherwise, commerce and finance would be the mere gambling which they are sometimes charged with being; and mere gambling, except as a very occasional pastime, is not good for man.

ALL IN THE DARK.

THE most interesting incident of the Exeter Hall meeting in aid of "General" BOOTH's appeal for a million and thirty thousand a year was the reading of the subscription list, and the reader's comment upon it. Mr. BOOTH's speech was made up of the vaguest declamation. He threw not one single ray of light upon the unfathomed darkness of his scheme. He held, he declared, the biggest umbrella in England, as if the bigness of the umbrella were the most convincing argument in favour of the value and reasonableness of the scheme it covered. The whole performance, indeed, both with regard to the performer and the public's share in it, was ludicrously like that of a medicine man at a country fair. Mr. BOOTH's call for a "miserable million," and thirty thousand a year, resulted in a list of subscriptions amounting to a trifle under forty thousand pounds. This financial result Mr. BOOTH considered "a little disappointing," and perhaps it is, when we compare these promised sums with the promises with which Mr. BOOTH has baited his book. Some of the subscriptions, too, like Mr. BANCROFT'S, are offered on exceedingly stiff conditions. The subscribers, so far, have little or nothing to say of the scheme. They express the most childlike confidence in the promises of Mr. BOOTH. Even Sir EDWARD CLARKE has subscribed, just to show his confidence in the "General." Now, as Mr. BOOTH is determined that the working of his scheme should rest with the Salvation Army, it is only

reasonable that those who require some guarantee that their money shall be well spent and wisely invested should require some more solid grounds for confidence than Sir EDWARD CLARKE's subscription. What virtue is there in the Salvation Army that it should be separated from all other profoundly philanthropic institutions, and its vaguest statements accepted as gospel? To work in the dark is surely not the best way of dealing with "Darkest England." When Mr. LLEWELLYN DAVIES some few years since endeavoured to penetrate the obscurity that veils the operations of "General" BOOTH, he received no assistance from the Salvation Army. He challenged them to produce evidence of their good work, and there was no evidence produced. The letter of the Rev. HENRY A. MASON supplies the credulous and uninstructed public with some very striking facts as to the supposed ubiquity of the Salvation Army. Mr. MASON is the vicar of an extremely poor and populous parish in the East End of London. Not only does he know the East End, but he is not above defining the nature and extent of his knowledge. The experience of an English clergyman, who has studied life in the East End for sixteen years, can scarcely be less valuable than that acquired by Mr. BOOTH during forty years in "the Wilderness." Mr. MASON thinks there may be "Salva-"tionists" in East London, but they are imported recruits, not natives. In his own parish he does not know of a single member of the Army, though he has something to say of the labours of another army—the Church Army—under Mr. CARLILE; whose plan of work, he declares, corresponds pretty closely with Mr. BOOTH's scheme. If this is the case, Mr. BOOTH's sympathy with the regret he imagines is felt by some of the clergy that the "Darkest "England" scheme did not originate in the Church of England was somewhat superfluous, though doubtless very kind. As we remarked when dealing with Mr. BOOTH's book, there are many old and familiar features embodied in his philanthropic scheme, yet we are scarcely prepared to accept Mr. MASON's account as a literal description of Mr. CARLILE's work. The "Farm Colony," the asylums for "moral lunatics," and the rest of the impracticable propositions of Mr. BOOTH, are surely not now in full working order under the direction of the Church Army.

The Bishop of BEDFORD, whose sensible protest against the craze for "free food" is admirably relevant to the situation, entirely supports Mr. MASON's testimony to the unostentatious efficacy of the parochial system in the East End. The relief of the East End by "General" BOOTH's proposed expedition would be exceedingly like the relief of EMIN PASHA. The clergy are doing their work, and are quite prepared to go on with it. They do not want to be relieved of their work, any more than EMIN PASHA did. They do not wish to see their labours disorganized by an invasion of amateur philanthropists. The Bishop of BEDFORD, though he does not chatter about dark forests and wildernesses, probably knows the East End far more thoroughly than Mr. BOOTH. He does not discern any "way out of it" in demoralizing offers to everybody of free food, free shelter, and work—for those who care to work. Until EMIN PASHA's people heard rumours of Mr. STANLEY's intentions there was no discontent among them, and it is not clear that there was mutiny among his soldiers. No imagination is requisite to picture the results that would ensue from the establishment of Mr. BOOTH's seductive "City Colony" in the midst of a population already congested to the uttermost. There would be an enormous immigration to London of the destitute, and with them a prodigious inrush of the idle, the vagrant class, and the won't-work-at-all class. Mr. BOOTH has determined there shall be no discrimination of the applicants for free food. Everybody who applies shall be fed, clothed, sheltered, and experimentally set to work. The work, too, is to be specially created for the vast multitude. All that Mr. BOOTH promises in connexion with this novel scheme of colonization is that those who will not work, after sufficient trial, are to be turned adrift, and if they persist in their sad obstinacy, they are to be locked up as "moral "lunatics." Such is the first stage of Mr. BOOTH's great scheme; and if it does not supply every thinking person with a perfect illustration of what its designer calls "chaotic charity," we should despair of conceiving one more convincing. At Exeter Hall Mr. BOOTH referred triumphantly to his undisputed facts. Now, as his figures must be included among his facts, we have assumed their accuracy in our estimate of the probable results of his seductive offers of free food to everybody. The illustration of "chaotic charity"—we thank Mr. BOOTH for that phrase—is drawn from his own book, and based on his own estimate of the destitute. Nor do we for one moment dispute that it would be in his power to attract a multitude to his "City "Colony," and then to point to the crowds besieging his free larders and kitchens, his clothes-stores and shelters, as evidence of his success. Such expectations as these—and they are the only tangible expectations that Mr. BOOTH's book suggests—are ridiculously incompatible with the begging of a million and thirty thousand a year of the charitable public. The only answer Mr. BOOTH has condescended to make to those who require a sufficient guarantee that the money subscribed will be applied absolutely to the objects of his scheme is to refer them to the published accounts of the Salvation Army, and to appoint himself sole trustee. That he should be trustee for so enormous a fund may appear eminently natural and proper to members of the Salvation Army. It is, pleads Mr. BOOTH with exquisite inconsequence, the "custom of the Army"; but it is a custom that no man in his senses would dream of honouring when his own property or that of his friends is to be invested.

THE BIRMINGHAM DIFFICULTY.

NOT often, we should imagine, have two party leaders had a more awkward business to go through than that which Lord SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON at last discharged by the letters published on Thursday morning. Perhaps in strictness we should not say two, for Lord HARTINGTON's part was far easier than that of his colleague in the arbitration. He had only to stickle for the letter of the agreement on his own side, and then counsel generous interpretation of it by his followers as a matter of grace. This is distinctly the *beau rôle*, and though it is rather astonishing what difficulty some people seem to find in playing it, it is always a telling one in the hands of a moderately competent player. Lord SALISBURY's part was in a sense equally *beau*, but it was much more thankless. We do not ourselves see how he could have come to any other conclusion. The agreement, wise or unwise, was formal and clear enough, and though it might be repudiated, it could not be evaded. That the working of it presses hardly on the Conservatives in the present, and threatens their party interests very seriously in the future, is quite true. Whether in any particular division besides the one held by them the Tories could fight for their own hand with any success is a point, we believe, disputed between local authorities. It is not disputed that any plan of *scrutin de liste*, or some modification of the HARE system, allowing minorities to be lumped, would give them a very considerably larger share of the representation than that which they have. Worse than this, there can be no doubt that, as is urged by the local leaders, the present arrangement is not only unfair, but likely to be exceedingly prejudicial to the party. It is asserted—and, making allowance for sanguine exaggeration, it does not seem wildly improbable—that when the Gladstonian split took place Conservatism was within, if not exactly measurable, at least guessable, distance of getting on at least even terms with its adversaries; it is certain that immense advances in this direction had been made. But it is quite vain to expect such advances to be continued if the present compact subsists. There is scarcely one voter in a hundred who has such reasoned and abstract devotion to a particular set of political principles as will make him consent to be practically effaced from all share in the representation for an indefinite period. The arrangement, therefore, not only gives an undue present, but a still more undue future, advantage to the Liberals. Still, an arrangement it is; and we agree fully with Lord SALISBURY that the Tory word must be the Tory bond.

Lord HARTINGTON's letter betrays a full consciousness that, as CHAUCER's Scholar says, "some easement the law "decreeth them" who are so hardly treated, and we commend his words to the very serious consideration of the Liberal-Unionist leaders and managers, not merely at Birmingham, but throughout the kingdom. They have been, not only in this but in other cases, treated with the most scrupulous fairness and with the most generous consideration by their allies. In Parliament they have responded loyally enough; but have they done so out of it? It is as nearly certain as anything can be that only the other day they lost the Eccles election either by lukewarmness or positive desertion, and a great majority of the losses of the Government in the bye-elections have been undoubt-

edly, if less demonstrably, due to the same cause. It has been very rare indeed for the Tories to fail in giving loyal support to Liberal-Unionist candidates, very common indeed for Liberal-Unionists to fail in supporting Tories. Now this inequality, to put no high-flying considerations, can have only one result, the extinction of the Liberals proper as a party. Their conduct may damage the Tories for a time, but Toryism is founded on an undying principle, and will recover itself. The most that Liberal-Unionists can hope is to keep their position till the temporary aberration (or, rather, abduction) of the other section of their party ceases. If they themselves once go under, they will not reappear.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION.

EVENTS have brought the late and present Chief Secretaries to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland into rather curiously frequent collision during the last few weeks. They have scarcely recovered breath from their "gentle and joyous "passage of arms" over the Tipperary case when they are respectively called upon to "star" at the two great party meetings which have been held this week, the one at Liverpool, the other at Sheffield. It must be admitted that the renewal of the tourney was provoked by Mr. MORLEY—a circumstance which, no doubt, indicates a consciousness of having been unhorsed on the former occasion, and a chivalrous desire to retrieve his fortunes in the lists. The romance of the adventure, however, suffered somewhat from the fact that the knight professed to be doing battle under the name and in the cause of somebody else—to wit, his revered leader—so that, if he is again overthrown, it will, we suppose, be that "noble and intrepid veteran" whom we shall have to regard as constructively rolling in the dust. For the touching of Mr. BALFOUR's shield, it was on this wise. Mr. MORLEY challenged him for having said that "there was but little pleasure in track-"ing the path of calumny from one refuge to another, in "searching out the origin of this or that lie, in exposing "this or that misrepresentation"; or, rather, we suppose—for Mr. MORLEY, in his haste to prostrate himself before "the greatest of living Englishmen," leaves it rather uncertain where the insult to the G. of L. E. begins—for having added that "the task, melancholy and dreary as it "is, becomes doubly dreary when those who are guilty of "these errors of statement and calumnious accusations are "men to whom we would gladly do honour." Now this, says Mr. MORLEY, is aimed at Mr. GLADSTONE. "That's he, "I warrant you; for many do call him"—not fool, but the other thing; and Mr. BALFOUR, in fashioning this cap, which he has not, indeed, fitted to the noble and intrepid head, but which, Mr. MORLEY cannot help perceiving, suits it exactly, is "degrading," if you please, "the tone of public "life." Well, Mr. MORLEY, whose own party, from the gentlemen sportsmen of *United Ireland* down to some of his nearer acquaintances in the House of Commons, have done so much to maintain the standard of political urbanity, ought, of course, to be an authority on this point. Our own view of the matter, however, is that, though it may be a very shocking thing that one public man should have to accuse another of saying the thing that is not, it is surely yet more shocking that another public man should seldom speak without justly exposing himself to that accusation. Even if you are the G. of L. E., that circumstance does not (for instance) affect the morality of brazenly asserting that you did not say something which recorded evidence proves that you did say. That statement is, and still remains a—we leave it to Mr. MORLEY, who is so solicitous for the tone of public life, to tell us *what* it means; and in the meantime we may just point out to him that the particular "lies," "misrepresentations," "errors of statements," and "calumnious accusations" of which Mr. BALFOUR speaks are not asserted by him to be of the noble and intrepid veteran's own invention, but only to be patronized and circulated by him on the faith of his friends. There is, indeed, no reason why he should invent them, with professors at his side to "make inquiries" and report to him on Irish affairs.

At Sheffield, probably, they are a little more anxious to hear what Mr. MORLEY has got to say about industrial questions than to watch him break another lance—Mr. GLADSTONE's lance, which he has now effectually broken—with Mr. BALFOUR. They wanted to know, we imagine—to be admitted to his latest views on the Eight Hours question; and some of them, perhaps, were not without hopes that these views might have "ripened" in the interval since they were last expounded. Mr. MORLEY, however, is caution itself, and we must admit that he gave his audience no reason to suppose that he is squeezable on this question, unless, indeed, he may be held to have done so in boasting, at the close of his remarks, that no power on earth would make him submit to be squeezed. He puts the issue with an appearance of accuracy and clearness which is in reality a little deceptive. "The "question," as he says, "is not whether eight hours "are enough, or too much, for a man to work under-"ground; but whether the most expedient method, in "the interests of the miner himself, in the interests of the "trade of the country, in the interests of the community "at large, is to get that by law, and whether he can get "it by other means." It is noticeable that Mr. MORLEY, who is one of the last men in the world not to know when he has or has not completely set forth a proposition or an issue, has here left his work unfinished. He omits to put the question, What is to be done if we cannot "get it by "other means"?—which, by the way, is exactly what the advocates of legislation affirm—and we are left in doubt whether in that case we are to proceed with Mr. MORLEY's assent to resort to legislation, even though the interests of "the "miner himself," of "the trade of the country, and of the com-"munity at large" are thereby compromised. Avoiding this rather delicate side of the question, however, he goes on to commend the Federation—a safe thing to do under the circumstances—for having reported that "the Eight Hours "question, though it has been mentioned by very few "associations, and even those which have mentioned it take "the contrary view of the matter"—a phrase as mysterious as that of the "sister University" at which Lord DUNDREARY was educated—"yet has aroused much attention in the "country. The general opinion upon it of the Liberal "party is greatly divided. The facts upon the other side" —again this tantalizing mystery!—"are but imperfectly "known. It is a question in a state of discussion, and is, "therefore, a good example of one of the questions which it "is impossible for the Federation at present to make any "declaration upon." The prudence of the Federation is to be commended; their attitude is discretion itself, and one cannot wonder that it commends itself to a lieutenant of Mr. GLADSTONE's. Not that Mr. MORLEY is content with mere praise of their wisdom; that, indeed, would be showing a want of independent judgment on his part. No, he went on to approve of the action of another, the Miners, Federation in having invited a third, the Coal Owners Federation, to confer with them on the subject. He thinks it a wise, right-minded, and hopeful course, and so forth, and so forth; but he concludes by saying—and here he is very bold—that though he has "done nothing but state the questions and "arguments fairly, temperately, sympathetically, with the "labour people," he is "not going to be bullied and "bustled out of that fair and not unmanly position, even by "good Liberals."

All which, of course, is very edifying to hear, and proceeds, we dare say, from a sincerity quite beyond dispute. At the same time we would venture, in the most Chucksian and delicate way in the world, to suggest that Mr. MORLEY's personal views and opinions, and even present resolutions, are unhappily of very much less importance than they would be if Mr. MORLEY's leader were a different man from what he is, and if Mr. MORLEY's relations to him were other than those of his leading followers are. Let any one read Mr. GLADSTONE on the Eight Hours question and say, if he can, that the "noble "and intrepid veteran" will never give way. And if he does give way, how long would Mr. MORLEY hold out?

THE REARGUARD CHARGES.

WHETHER the remarkable medley of reports, affidavits, letters, logs, 'statements,' and what not, which has been served out in rations on the subject of the EMIN PASHA Expedition during the past week is even yet concluded we do not pretend to know. Mr. STANLEY has a very shrewd knowledge of a certain kind of public; and, after his publishing the tattle of people to whom Mr. HERBERT WARD spoke unguardedly in private conversation at New York, and the affidavits of his negro servant (which, by the way, are mere hearsay in the first place, and, if they were

more, would conflict fatally with the other evidence on his own side), there is no knowing what may or may not be expected. A faint evidence of climbing down on his part may be observed in the telegraphic statement that he has at last owned that he may have been wrong in leaving the rearguard at Yambuya; but it is faint. Mr. WARD himself has done very good service (not for the first time) by recalling to that large section of the public which is simply influenced by the last speaker, that the whole of this matter is in the nature of a red herring. For two years past and more it has been known to those who have examined Mr. STANLEY's own statements that his charges against his rearguard officers were unfounded and unjust as well as ungenerous. It is absolutely certain that whatever errors Major BARTTELOT may have committed, he abode by Mr. STANLEY's instructions with the most scrupulous fidelity, even to the infliction of severe privation on himself. It is not so demonstrably certain, but it is capable of being proved to the satisfaction of almost any fair-minded man, that these instructions, coupled with the ill-omened bargain with TIPPOO TIB, made disaster nearly sure. In particular they had much to do with the almost ferocious discipline which admittedly existed, and which Mr. BONNY, as we see from his log, carried out as rigidly as Major BARTTELOT himself, giving twenty-five lashes for sleeping on guard, sixty for the mere possession of stolen property, and the like. It is, moreover, all but certain that this discipline, together with the loss of life which accompanied it, could be paralleled from Mr. STANLEY's own record, and was in great part due to the system which he introduced in African exploration. Before his time one used to read of delays with runaway *pagazis*, checks owing to exorbitant demands of *hongo* by native chiefs, and so forth. But in English expeditions at least (the practice was, we believe, always kept up from old *conquistador* days by the Portuguese) the combination of travelling and raiding, the military or quasi-military discipline, the ruthless punishments, the forcing of way, and so forth, had never been thought of, or had been resorted to only by officers who, like Sir SAMUEL BAKER, held regular commissions from a recognized Government. It was practically certain that, bad luck and bad judgment aiding, this system would, sooner or later, break down horribly. The one general truth that may be said to have been got at in all this hideous tangle of loathsome charges is that the break-down came at Yambuya two years and more ago. It may be further concluded that it was probably hastened by hot temper and lack of judgment on Major BARTTELOT's part, but that the real fault was Mr. STANLEY's—first, for organizing the system at all; and, secondly, for arranging on this occasion, either by oversight or design, in such a manner that his own part of the expedition had every chance of safety, success, and glory, and that almost all the risk of disaster and danger fell on his unhappy rearguard.

In comparison with this, minor questions are of far less importance; but still they require discussion. On one painful subject, the charge against Mr. JAMESON, we do not know that there is any further ground for rational doubt. The account given by Mr. JAMESON himself, and published last Saturday, unpleasant as it is, bears truth on the face of it. It is still possible that Mr. BONNY may honestly believe in his own version; but in that case the two hypotheses of mistake on his part, or of hoaxing on Mr. JAMESON's, are almost the only ones possible. Comparison of the various versions of ASSAD FARRAN, of that of Mr. STANLEY's valet-informer, OSMAN, and of the other second-hand statements of Mr. BONNY, Mr. TROUP, the Lutete missionary, and others, shows almost beyond doubt that the worst charges are not true, for they are full of fatal contradictions. On the other hand, Mr. JAMESON's own account, though compressed and evidently affected by the writer's agitation at discovering the worst side of his own action, is, on the whole, clear, and not improbable. It is also, as we have said, bad enough; but it does not justify the comments passed on it, in publishing it, by the *Times*, and it is an entirely different thing from the deliberate procuring of the deed which was charged. The six handkerchiefs appear, in fact, to have been at the very worst, as it were, the price of a stall at the spectacle, and it is probable that in paying them Mr. JAMESON did not for the moment fully realize that they were even that. It seems certain that the sacrifice would have taken place anyhow; that the Arabs would not, and Mr. JAMESON could not, have prevented it; that it was the regular climax of a Wacusu religious performance; and that the Arab chief, whose challenge Mr. JAMESON unhappily took, had it at most in his power to make the spectacle take place before the European instead of hiding it from him, as, considering the relations of TIPPOO and the Congo State, would probably otherwise have been done. We are not defending what Mr. JAMESON did, in the very least, for it is not defensible. He ought to have realized—and probably in another moment would have realized—that the six handkerchiefs were, in a manner, the price of blood, and that, even if they were not, he had no business to give such an abomination the even tacit sanction of his presence. He did not do this, and the consequence is, that he passed out of the world under—and knowing that he was under—one of the most terrible of stigmas, and that his memory will always be to some extent smirched by it. The mania for sensational sightseeing is one of the curses of this age, perhaps of all ages; and those at least who crowd to law courts and police courts on certain occasions can throw no stone at Mr. JAMESON.

The charges against Major BARTTELOT, on the other hand, by no means gains in exactness and definition as time goes on. On the contrary, Mr. BONNY, who is here—as we pointed out last week—practically the sole witness, is entangled in the most disagreeable contradictions of his own and (where his narrative touches them) of other people's. Are we to believe the Mr. BONNY who at first told us that Major BARTTELOT beat and kicked SANGA's wife, or the Mr. BONNY who says the Major was shot when he was "on the point of striking" (report), or "threatening "to strike" (log)? And when we have settled which of these Mr. BONNYS to believe, what are we to do with the veracity and credibility of the other Mr. BONNY? Yet, further, when we have adjusted this delicate point, how are we to know on other occasions whether the accurate Mr. BONNY or the inaccurate Mr. BONNY is speaking? Does the ghastly story of the beating the brains out of a Manyuema man, for instance, refer to the same incident as the report and log accounts of a man who was "thrashed "severely" or "flogged severely" (and no wonder) for firing a shot which actually entered the roof of the house where his officers were? If it does not, why is one incident omitted in the one narrative and the other in the other? If it does, what are we to think of the trustworthiness of a man who officially describes a horrible murder by a term almost identical with that which Dr. ARNOLD—according to the author of *Tom Brown's School-days*—used in enjoining upon the boy-head of a house to punish some offender? To take another example from the vast collection before us, if Mr. BONNY dared not put any constraint on the Major for fear of the people tearing his prisoner to pieces, how did he dare knock him down before them, a thing which must have inclined them to fly on the Major at once? And if he knocked his superior officer down, why did he not log and report that? Why did Mr. BONNY so word his first charge about SOUDI as to convey the impression that the Major had literally kicked the boy to death, when he himself represents the poor child as running errands a moment before the Major's own murder, and when it is well known that even a slight blow, if gangrene follows in a weak frame with no medical assistance at hand, may have a fatal ending? But we have no space to deal with all these matters, even if this were a fitting place for such dealing. We may repeat that a far different examination is necessary to get at the truth, and may sum up for the present to the effect that hitherto the account of Mr. JAMESON's act has taken what, we fear, is a final shape, and, though far less than what was first alleged, is lamentable enough; that the existence of a general system of excessive, if not designedly cruel punishments is admitted; but that the worst charges against Major BARTTELOT have received no further support, and are actually much weakened.

"A BERLIN."

SINCE August last all eyes have been turned towards Berlin in eager anxiety to learn more of the reported discovery by the great Berlin bacteriologist, Dr. Robert Koch, of a cure for that dreaded, widespread, and deadly disease, consumption. After a series of preliminary press notices, more or less inspired, Dr. Koch's official medical communication has been given to the world through the medium of the *German Medical Weekly*, and the details of his method, as far as he intends them to be known, are in the hands of all. Already the universal anxiety is taking another form and is manifesting itself by a rush to Berlin. Medical men and consumptive patients jostle and crowd one

another in the streets of the capital; medical men in their hundreds go to learn from the fountain head how to wield the mighty power that the discovery implies; consumptive patients in their thousands seek that earliest possible treatment which each is convinced his individual case demands. No one can read the accounts given of the scenes in the consulting-rooms of Dr. Cornet, Koch's principal assistant, without a feeling of deep sympathy for the semi-despairing multitude that has flocked to Berlin in the frantic hope that timely treatment by this new and wonderful remedy may for them perform the hitherto impossible cure. Dozens of sufferers are crowded into the small rooms, coughing from the bad atmosphere, and suffering all sorts of inconveniences in their efforts to get early to see the Doctor. The workman and the aristocrat rub shoulders as each strives to see the man in whose hands is believed to lie the power of saving precious lives. Already we hear of Berlin being literally full of consumptives; and now comes the news that the supply of "lymph" has become exhausted. It is easy to imagine the feelings of those brought up to the capital from warm climates, fatigued by their long journey and tried by the hostile weather of Berlin, when they hear of this sad, though temporary, calamity.

Soon, no doubt, we shall have a somewhat similar experience in London. The subject is just now having one of those surprisingly frequent "booms" which are so often, we regret to say, associated with unworthy objects. A large number of men, seizing time by the forelock, have hurried over to see for themselves all there is to be seen of the discovery; and when they return—let us hope wiser, but not sadder men—they in their turn will be besieged. We could have wished that the announcement had not been so publicly made, and that the secret had been so well guarded that all the preliminary excitement generated by the paragraphs in the lay press would not have occurred. Then means could have been taken for testing more fully the potency and scope of the remedy; and further, the measures for obtaining a plentiful supply of it could have been insured.

There is strong presumptive evidence for believing that, when allowance has been made for the early enthusiastic exaggeration which is sure to beset the reports concerning a method that aims at effecting so world-wide a revolution as does the one under discussion, it will not be found wanting. Its famous discoverer and elaborator has hitherto proved himself so safe and accurate an observer, yet withal so modest a man, that far more reliance can be placed upon his conclusions than would perhaps be the case with those of many others. Indeed, there is little doubt that the mad enthusiasm and the tendency to implicit belief with which his statements have been received are largely due to the statements just mentioned; and, furthermore, it has been known that, from the day in 1882 on which he made his brilliant discovery of the tubercle bacillus, he expressed his firm belief that a means would one day be found to check its ravages. For the means of thus checking the disease he has been untiringly searching during eight years, and his announcement at the recent Berlin International Medical Congress, that he felt himself on the high road to success, met with that ready credence which a knowledge of his previous work justified. His discovery of the tubercle bacillus and its constant connexion with consumption has stood all the tests of time, from the very first, in such a happily convincing manner that it is difficult to withhold from his antitubercular practice that confidence which we feel in his tubercle-bacillus theory. By his latest discovery he will, if his result hold good, have proved himself not merely a brilliant man of science but also a benefactor of the whole human race.

It is probable that the actual announcement of the discovery, as it is given in the *German Medical Weekly*, will cause surprise to some and much disappointment to others. The surprise is in the novelty of the remedy, which consists apparently of a combination of treatment by drug and of treatment by inoculation. The disappointment will be felt by the public who have found that the new method of treatment is not, in all probability, to be that universal panacea for all sorts and conditions of consumption that the vague preliminary notices had led them to expect. And it is quite an open question, and one that future experience will have to be called upon to settle, whether the sphere of usefulness of the remedy, as expressed by its power of absolute cure, may not be more restricted than at first sight would appear. Little permanent good, probably only slight temporary benefit, can be looked for in cases of consumptive lung disease that are at all advanced; and these cases form the large majority of those with which we are familiar.

But, on the other hand, the evidence, as far as it has been put before us, distinctly tends to show that in the earlier stages the disease may be definitely cured. And this is not all it can do for us. The early cases we have alluded to are often most difficult of recognition, and are frequently overlooked. In Koch's remedy we have something that in future is to change all that. "When in doubt," will run our golden rule, "inject *paratoloid*." Then we wait and watch. If the patient "reacts," he is suffering from consumption, if he does not, he is free. All this sounds so delightfully simple that we fear some fallacy must lurk somewhere. Whatever other result may accrue, it is certain that the introduction of the remedy will lead to an earlier detection of consumption in general.

Perhaps the most interesting question of all is "Can this be said to be a true protective inoculation, or is it merely an agent which is temporarily destructive to the tubercle bacillus?" In other words, may a person who has been cured by the injection method undergo a relapse or develop a second attack at a later period? To this, although nothing dogmatic can be stated until further experience has been gained, the answer will probably be in the affirmative. The plan seems to differ fundamentally from vaccination, and the fluid when injected does not appear to kill all the bacilli present. It can therefore in no sense be regarded as a presumably protective inoculation. Indeed, all our knowledge of consumption tends to show that, unless the new remedy is found to possess a power as novel as itself, it is quite unlikely to secure immunity from subsequent attacks. It must be common knowledge, too, that consumption, like erysipelas and some other diseases, possesses the peculiarity that one attack is likely to be followed by a second.

But, while there may be a present feeling closely akin to disappointment, there will be without doubt—should Koch's discovery successfully stand the test of time—be widespread satisfaction in the future. When the method is in vogue in all the cities of the world, and when it is practised as a matter of everyday occurrence at our hospitals, it will not need a very pronounced optimist to prophesy the virtual extinction of consumption. When he shall come only to deal with incipient cases of the disease, the family practitioner of the immediate future will wield, both in diagnosis and treatment, his little injection syringe with surprising effect.

Second only in universality to the vaccination lancet, and equalling it in its efficacy, its use may come to be taught to aspiring laymen in the Ambulance and First Aid classes that of late have become so popular, and we shall doubtless live to hear of mothers and nurses deciding the knotty question of "teething *versus* tuberculosis" by the aid of this small but potent instrument. For the rest, there will no doubt be a golden harvest for medical men, a great amount of good done to a large number of sufferers, and then—the public will be attracted to something fresh, and the famous "Koch cure" of 1890 will have no further interest for any but those who desire to be cured, and those who, by quiet and patient investigation, are desirous of ascertaining the limits which must be ascribed to the powers of a remedy which has thrown the whole civilized world into excitement.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

A STRANGE idea is held by some persons that certain plays, admirable in themselves, are not fitted for representation on the stage. From this view we completely differ. If a play is good, it is good for stage purposes; otherwise it is not a good play. Every drama or comedy is suitable for the stage, if it is what it professes to be. A poem may be put into something more or less resembling dramatic form, and the verse may possess literary merit of the most admirable kind; but if it is not adapted for the theatre, it does not come under the head of a good play. That many pieces included in the latter category are unsatisfactory for that employment, which is the main end and object of plays, by reason of the difficulties attendant on their performance, is a proposition of quite a different kind, to which we most readily subscribe. Thus the fairy scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* can never be realized; and we doubt whether *The Tempest* has ever been produced in a manner that carried conviction to spectators, though perhaps we may hope that some day Mr. Irving will give us such a representation of the work as has not yet been seen. *Antony and Cleopatra* we are inclined to put in the list of works unsuitable for the stage, because there must be, almost throughout, too great a strain on our credulity. We may find an actress able to conceive the character of Cleopatra, and to a certain extent to carry out her conception. A vigorous actor of exceptional gifts may at times suggest the idea of Antony; but when a little congregation of quasi-Roman warriors is seen upon the stage, it is inevitable that the majority of them will speedily check all illusion by their appearance, speech, bearing, gesture, and everything that is theirs. Nor can the British "super" be effectually disguised as a soldier of the days of the triumvirs.

That the character of Cleopatra, however, should tempt an ambitious actress with such qualifications for success as those so conspicuous in Mrs. Langtry is only natural, and it is inevitable that any manager who now produces a work which lends itself to elaborate spectacular illustration should conform to the spirit of the age, and try to make the scenes at once as gorgeous and as correct as they can be made by care and expenditure. All classes of playgoers must be considered; and if many go to hear, others go to see. The result, in the case of this revival, is a very beautiful series of pictures, with a peculiar centre of attraction, it need scarcely be said, when the Cleopatra is on the stage. As for the Egyptian Queen, she is so entirely a creature of the imagination that the most fascinating personality would seem to fall short of the ideal. As the new Cleopatra descends from the barge in which she arrives at her palace, it is felt, though it could never have been doubted, that, if the ideal is not reached, it is as nearly approached as spectators can hope to see; and Mrs. Langtry soon makes it evident that the histrionic requirements are perfectly well understood. The stateliness of the Queen and the coquetry of the woman are

united as they should be, and a very recognizable phase of temper is portrayed in her scene with Antony, where she reproaches him for the cruelty of his threatened departure, derides him for his falseness to Fulvia, and after a bitter sneer at the "married woman," chides him for failing to lament the married woman's death, and "play one scene of excellent dissembling." Here is the woman, indeed, wayward, petulant, impulsive; and passion is added to all this later when Antony is gone, and she bitterly laments the absence of her lover—

> The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
> And burgonet of men.

Cleopatra reclines on her couch under a canopy of flowers, restless, impetuous, dissatisfied; the spirit of the words is conveyed in look, gesture, and attitude, as well as in voice, and here, as through the play, the significance of the actress's facial expression is to be noted with commendation.

The difficulty with regard to an interpretation of Cleopatra is the "infinite variety" which Enobarbus so truly describes in her. Of this variety we hear from Antony, whose question, "What sport to-night?" has drawn from her the satirical reply "Hear the ambassadors."

> Fie, wrangling queen!
> Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
> To weep: whose every passion fully strives
> To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.

It is the utterance of a lover's rhapsody, but, nevertheless, the "infinite variety" is seen continually, and an actress would be a wonder indeed if she could indicate the almost girlish waywardness of the episodes already mentioned, could also display the passionate fury with which Cleopatra hears of Antony's marriage to Octavia (softened to womanliness when she is assured furthermore that Octavia is not tall, has no majesty in her gait, and is a widow of thirty), the spirit in her that inspires his warlike ardour, the anguish exhibited when she hears of his fatal wound, the dignified resignation to Cæsar, and the superb resolution with which she meets her death. What actress could rise to the height of the tragedy and convey the enchantment and fascination of that marvellous scene? Yet both are equally essential to the due interpretation of the mighty Queen; and as Cleopatra was doubtless a woman by herself, it is not surprising that a full realisation of her character as Shakespeare, following Plutarch, has drawn it, is beyond the resources of the most skilful actress. We find much to admire in almost every part of Mrs. Langtry's study; even when she does not rise to the full pathos or to the full passion of her theme. Her fury at the Messenger is true enough so far as it goes, but we feel that Cleopatra would have been far more furious; she grieves at Antony's death, but there is lacking the defiant despair which finds words in the magnificent burst:—

> It were for me
> To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
> To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
> Till they had stolen our jewel.

Here Mrs. Langtry wanted strength, and though in accent and expression she touches the inflexible determination of the death scene, we think the stage business might be improved. "Falls on a bed and dies," is the stage direction; but Cleopatra here sits on her throne, and does not exhibit her usual grace in the action of thrusting the asp into the bosom of her robe. As the central figure of brilliant pageants, the graceful occupant of a throne, Mrs. Langtry's Cleopatra lingers agreeably in the memory; she suffers chiefly by comparison with the ideal and unattainable Cleopatra of the imagination.

Garrick failed as Antony, and Macready certainly did not succeed. The supposition is natural that there has never been an Antony; but Mr. Coghlan, perhaps, comes fairly near to what is required. None of the critics has drawn attention to the fact that Mr. Coghlan was very imperfect in his words. The sense of the text was usually, but not always, given; but frequently a verse of Shakspeare was paraphrased in prose. It is most desirable that the actor should reform this omission and source of weakness. Mr. Coghlan, however, has to a great extent abandoned the old fault of mildly indicating what he ought vigorously to express. Antony is nothing if not robust, and Mr. Coghlan in this respect makes him something. The speeches which demand forcible delivery are forcibly delivered; but Mr. Coghlan is not a consummate tragedian. He came near to splitting the ears of the groundlings in Antony's vehement outburst—

> I'll set my teeth
> And send to darkness all that stop me,

but still we did not find ourselves convinced that no enemy would be able to stand before the foe of Cæsar. Antony does well to raise his voice—

> O that I were
> Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
> The horned herd!

That is his vein, and a warrior who speaks thus must speak lustily; but the passion that should be behind the power of lung is wanting. Mr. Coghlan, nevertheless, is an actor of exceptional intelligence, and is able to understand the meaning of what too many other players render by the dim light of tradition. He never goes astray; only, as we have remarked, he is not consummate as a tragedian. The Enobarbus falls to Mr. Arthur Stirling, a representative of the old school, one of the merits of which was distinctness of utterance. We cannot avoid the impression, when Mr. Stirling is speaking, that we are listening to an elocutionary exercise; still it is much to have the lines intelligibly delivered. The tragedy has been so cut—long as it remains—that no one could possibly tell from seeing it at the Princess's Theatre what is the crime that so affects the conscience of Antony's friend; indeed, only an extremely vague idea of the story is here obtainable, and the chops and changes which give the speeches of one personage to another, transpose scenes, eliminate Dolabella altogether, and generally make a great deal of havoc, are too numerous to be here traced, or even commented on at length.

Mr. F. Cooper bore himself creditably as Cæsar. Mr. Burleigh played with feeling and discretion as Eros—in the death scene, specially so—and Mr. Adye's Messenger was well done. There is a great display of armour and dresses of the period, warranted accurate in detail by Mr. Lewis Wingfield. Two ballets impede the action, and very unduly lengthen a long performance.

MONEY MATTERS.

THREE or four weeks ago the greatest of purely English financial houses had to apply to friendly bankers for assistance. Soon these latter became convinced, however, that the difficulties were too great to be overcome by them, and at the beginning of last week accordingly application was made for help to the Bank of England. After inquiry, communications were opened with the leading banks and financial houses, and a guarantee fund was formed to ensure the payment in full of the acceptances of the great house. The fund on Saturday night reached nearly ten millions, and ultimately it is expected to amount to fifteen millions. The acceptances of the houses are also about fifteen millions, and all the liabilities somewhat exceed twenty-one millions. Readers of this journal have been prepared, not indeed for a catastrophe so great, but for a very serious crisis, for a long time past. As it was possible up to the last moment that the disaster might be averted, no respectable journalist would permit himself too pointed reference, such as might prevent arrangement or increase alarm. It was only possible, therefore, to speak in very general terms, but in these columns we have for a very considerable time past been advising our readers that it would be better to keep their money on deposit, with reasonable certainty of being able to invest at greater advantage before very long. The business carried on by Baring Brothers mainly consisted of two great branches—merchant banking, and the issuing of loans and companies. As the credit of the house wherever English trade penetrated was of the very highest, it was able to pick and choose amongst traders. Its acceptance business, therefore, was of the very best, and we believe it continued to be managed with the same skill to the very last. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the issuing part of the business. The grossest mistake made, though not that which has brought the worst punishment, was with regard to Uruguay. The Uruguayan Government seems to have deceived Messrs. Baring Brothers as it undoubtedly deceived investors; but a house with such standing, in which so great trust was placed by investors, cannot be excused for allowing itself to be deceived. Even more disastrous was the connexion of Messrs. Baring Brothers with the Argentine Republic. For six years past it has brought out too many Argentine issues of all kinds, and its example encouraged other houses less scrupulous to crowd the market with loans and companies of even worse character. The result has been to stimulate a wild speculation at home, to encourage the governments, both national and provincial, to indulge in every kind of extravagance, and finally to lead up to political revolution. The end of all is the downfall of a house that occupied a position in the City unrivalled hitherto, and not likely to be rivalled in the future.

The promptitude with which the Bank of England, the other great banks, and the financial houses took measures to assist Messrs. Baring Brothers averted a panic which would have exceeded anything that has occurred in recent history if it had been allowed. Considering all the circumstances, credit has been fairly well maintained, and prices have fallen less than might have been expected. On Wednesday, indeed, the fall at one time was serious, but there was a speedy reaction when the banks changed their tactics. Naturally the shock was felt with great intensity in the Argentine Republic, there having been a panic in Buenos Ayres at the end of last week. It had a very great effect, too, in New York, but as yet its influence has been slighter upon the Continent than anyone could have anticipated. Those who are in the best position to judge profess to be of opinion that other leading houses are solvent, and that no serious failure is therefore to be apprehended. We trust that this may prove to be the case, but, whether the opinion is well or ill founded, we seem to be justified in assuming that no serious failure will be permitted. As the great banks and financial houses came forward so readily to assist Messrs. Baring Brothers, doubtless they will come forward equally readily should another occasion arise. If, therefore, we had only to think of the London market we should have little apprehension of serious difficulties in the immediate future. But, as stated above, there has been a great shock given both to Buenos Ayres and to New York, by the downfall of a house whose credit in North and South America alike was believed to be unassailable. In both cities, therefore, there may be further consequences. We know that there is a

great lock-up of capital in New York, and that there has been a very reckless speculation, and, in fact, the clearing-house banks have had to issue certificates to enable some of their members to avoid bankruptcy. In Boston and Philadelphia the banks have had also to have recourse to the same measures, and there are banking difficulties in other great cities. Some of the railway companies also appear to be in difficulties, and it is possible, therefore, that there may be a further serious fall in American railroad securities, accompanied possibly by a panic. Upon the Continent the weakest place is Berlin. There has been a very wild speculation for years all over Germany. Industrial securities have fallen heavily, and some of the banks are believed to be in a tottering state, while others, which have been managed undoubtedly with great ability, must suffer more or less from the Argentine crisis and the fall in American railroad securities. A crisis in Berlin would tax the powers of the Paris Bourse to keep up international securities. Paris, hitherto, has shown extraordinary strength, and no doubt the Bank of France can be counted upon to give whatever assistance is required to prevent difficulties there. But still it is not easy to see how Paris alone can keep up the foreign market if Berlin should give way while there is a crisis both in London and in New York.

But the course of markets in the immediate future depends even more upon Argentine finance than upon the strength or weakness of the foreign Bourses. Everybody knows that the Argentine Republic for the time being has not the means of paying the interest upon its debt. The Government itself has admitted in Congress that several of the provinces are insolvent as well as the city of Buenos Ayres and many other municipalities, while it is equally notorious that the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres is unable to pay the interest on the Cedulas. Therefore, unless pecuniary assistance is given, default seems to be inevitable sooner or later. The Government wishes to assume the debts of the insolvent provinces and municipalities, and to arrange some terms with regard to Cedulas which shall be guaranteed by it. To do that, however, money must be raised in Europe to enable the Government to keep faith with its creditors until the crisis and the consequent depression have passed away. As long as Messrs. Baring Brothers maintained their credit, it was possible that the plan might be carried out. There was not much likelihood, indeed, that the public would subscribe to a new Argentine loan, but it was always possible that the great financial houses at home and upon the Continent might raise the funds amongst themselves. Now, however, that Messrs. Baring Brothers are no longer in a position to deal with the matter, the question becomes much more doubtful. It is understood that an application has been made to Messrs. Rothschild, and that a committee of bankers and merchants, presided over by a representative of the Bank of England, is inquiring into the assets and liabilities of the Republic. But whether Messrs. Rothschild will be prepared to engage in a business which has proved so fatal to Messrs. Baring Brothers remains to be seen. It may safely be assumed in any case that if they do they will insist upon guarantees from the Government of sweeping retrenchment and administrative reform, and that their plan will differ in many very important particulars from the proposals of the Argentine Government. In the meantime, we are assured that the money for paying the January coupon of the 1886 Loan will be provided. Immediate default by the Republic, therefore, does not seem to be threatened, but the Government requires assistance for at least a couple of years, and as yet no one can foresee whether it will be forthcoming.

Part of the apprehension that has been excited throughout the week in the City was due to uncertainty as to what would be regarded by the Bank of England as acceptances by Messrs. Baring, and the *Times* on Wednesday morning increased the apprehension by stating that "no bills drawn on Messrs. Baring after Saturday last will be accepted." Those who had had authority to draw and had done so were naturally alarmed, and requests for explanation poured into the Bank of England. The truth, of course, is that all bills drawn under authority previously given will be accepted if drawn before notice has been received by the drawer that the authority to draw is revoked. As doubts were thus excited respecting what really was being done, the text of the guarantee actually subscribed by thes everal banks and leading houses has been made known. It is to the effect that, in consideration for advances made to Messrs. Baring by the Bank of England, those who signed the document severally guarantee the sums set opposite to their names to compensate the Bank for any losses it may incur. The guarantee lasts for three years, and no single guarantor is to be called upon to make good his guarantee unless a like call is made on all others. Further, the call is to be levied rateably upon the several guarantors. It is expected that the fund will finally amount to 15 millions.

The breakdown of so great a house has naturally affected the money market very much. For the first three days of the week the bill-brokers and discount-houses were very little inclined to take bills, the joint-stock and private banks having been accumulating reserves, and therefore not being willing to lend very freely; while the country banks were alleged to have withdrawn balances from their London agents. All that is very natural; for the catastrophe was so unexpected and of such magnitude, that nobody could foresee what might be its consequences. Therefore it was only what might have been anticipated, that all banks should desire to increase their reserves. But the bankers in doing so risked bringing about the very mischief they wished to avoid. They called in loans from the Stock Exchange, and also from the discount market. Where Stock Exchange borrowers and discount-houses were unable to borrow at the Bank of England, they were almost forced into insolvency; and, in fact, on Monday and Tuesday two small firms of bill-brokers had to suspend, not because they were insolvent, but because they could not get cash to pay back loans that were called in from them. In the same way notice to stockbrokers that they would have to repay next week large amounts lent to them compelled the brokers to notify to their clients that the latter must either pay for or sell stocks they had open, and thus the banks brought about so great a fall upon the Stock Exchange as threatened to create a general panic. On Wednesday, in consequence, the Governor of the Bank of England notified to the banks generally that, if they would be less exacting to their customers, and would not withdraw balances from London, the Bank would do all that lay in its power to meet the convenience of bankers. Since then the market has been easier and more reassured. Happily the Bank is in a position to do all this. During the week ended Wednesday night it received in gold from abroad 3,321,000*l.*, and it is still to receive between two and three millions. It is thus gaining strength enormously, and consequently it has been able to do during the past week a greater business than it has transacted in the same space of time for years before. The loans and discounts together exceed 7 millions, and 6 millions of these were added to the bankers' balances, proving that bankers called in enormous sums. Theg old increased nearly 3½ millions, and the reserve now exceeds 14½ millions. Within a couple of weeks it is likely to rise nearly to 17 millions.

The crisis has, of course, told heavily upon silver. The price, which was at the end of last week 47⅜*d.*, fell on Monday to 46*d.*, and on Tuesday to 45*d.* per ounce, and recovered on Thursday to 45¼*d.* per ounce. From the highest price at the beginning of September this is a fall of 10⅜*d.* per ounce. If the crisis lasts much longer there is sure to be a further fall. It is to be recollected that the crisis is almost as severe in New York as it is in London. Indeed, the fall in American railroad securities has been greater than in any other department of the Stock Exchange. Numerous bank failures in New York, Boston, and other cities were prevented only by the decision of the Clearing House Associations to issue certificates which would be accepted in settling balances. Naturally, then, operators in the United States found it very difficult to obtain the accommodation they required, and it is not surprising that as a result they have been selling silver very largely. If the crisis continues, then sales will go on until the accumulations of the past eight or ten months are cleared off, and it is quite possible that there may be a further considerable fall in price. As a matter of course, there has also been a sharp fall in silver securities. They have suffered both from the decline in silver and from the general depression in the stock markets.

THE OPERA.

THE only performances at the Italian Opera during the last ten days which we are able to notice are those of Verdi's *Rigoletto* on the 13th and of Wagner's *Lohengrin* on the following night. With one exception the cast of the former opera was identical with that of its performance on the previous Monday. This exception was, however, so important that it affected the whole work. M. Maurel, who on Thursday week replaced Signor Galassi as the Jester, is the most distinguished baritone trained in the school which produced M. Faure. His performance of Iago in Signor Verdi's *Otello*, when that work was performed at the Lyceum last year, is fresh in the memory of opera-goers, and his Rigoletto was therefore looked forward to with much interest. The result was more a dramatic than a musical triumph, for it soon became apparent that, doubtless from the effects of the cold which had postponed the artist's earlier appearance, his voice was hardly strong enough to fill so large an area as that of Covent Garden. Dramatically a finer representation of the part has not been seen; the savage mockery of Monterone in the first act, the tenderness of the scenes with Gilda, the pathos of the appeal to the Courtiers, and the stern dignity with which the Jester sets about his revenge, were all displayed with a variety of resource and command of expression which would entitle M. Maurel to high rank as an actor on the non-lyric stage. The general effects of his fine performance were felt in the improvement in the representatives of the other characters. Mlle. Stromfeld, as Gilda, sang much better than she did on the previous Monday, and M. Dimitresco, as the Duke, also showed further signs that he might attain a much higher position by dint of study. Both artists have talent; but their vocal methods are not good. The soprano has a hard and unsympathetic voice, and the singing of the tenor is full of defects which only good training can overcome; in the case of the latter at least, the remedy is one which it is not too late to apply. Of the performance of *Lohengrin* on the 14th, although it evoked a considerable amount of enthusiasm, it is not possible to speak very favourably. The orchestra and Chorus were very far below the mark, and quite unworthy of Covent Garden, and the haste in which the work had been got up was apparent throughout the performance. Miss Ella Russell, who appeared as Elsa, is an exceedingly clever singer, but neither her voice nor her style is suited to the part. The former she forced

beyond its natural capability, and the latter was characterized by an entire want of repose, and a tendency to overact and exaggerate which were extremely incongruous in such a rôle. In the second act a lapse of memory nearly occasioned a disastrous breakdown, though she somewhat redeemed her reputation by her singing in the love-scene in the last act, which was by far the best feature of the performance. Signor Perotti's *Lohengrin* is conventional and deficient in vocal charm. He has evidently sacrificed the lower registers of his voice for the sake of his fine high notes, but the music does not give him much opportunity of displaying these. The Ortrud of Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, though not so good as her singularly fine impersonation of Orfeo, was nevertheless a remarkable performance. The dramatic capabilities of the character have never so successfully been developed since the days of Mlle. Tietjens, and whenever she was on the stage she was the centre of interest. Her admirable by-play in the first act, and the intensity of her appeal to Wotan and the dethroned gods in the opening scene of the second act, were alone enough to make her performance memorable. The music of the part makes great demands upon the voice, and though it was sung with all the conscientiousness of a true artist, it was obvious that it inflicted a considerable strain upon Mlle. Ravogli's resources. She will do well not to repeat the performance too frequently, for it would be a matter for great regret if so fine a singer were to damage her voice by using it too severely. The Telramund of Signor Galassi was rough, but had some good points, which is more than can be said for the Henry the Fowler of Mr. Novara, or the Herald of Signor Fiegna.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL COMMEMORATION.

IT was well thought of, and an appropriate act of piety in every sense, to hold the annual commemoration service of Westminster School in the Abbey last Monday evening, and to make the occasion one of special importance. Technically this course was well justified by the ancient and intimate connexion of the school with the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. In the event and effect it was more than justified by the characteristic dignity of the ceremony. There was a full congregation, and there is always something noble and impressive in the mere sight of the choir and transepts of Westminster Abbey thronged with people; and the indefinite vastness of the fabric under artificial light enhances the impression. But in this case there was more. The historical nature of the celebration, and even the language used for it, happily marked the continuity of our living institutions with the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Although the whole of the service was in Latin, it was not a uniform Latin. Close on the rich cadences of the *Te Deum* in the original, some of which even the English Prayer-book fails to render, there followed the scholarly post-Reformation prose of the "Forma Commendationis." No doubt this appears to lack warmth and life, apart from the inevitable fact that it is prose, after the singing of such verses as "Laudate Dominum de terra dracones et omnes abyssi" and "Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant," and even the reading of the half-poetical "Laudemus viros gloriosos." The modern scholar who commemorated "Georgius Primus Rex, qua fuit in nos benignitate," or the various founders of scholarships "qui exemplum tam præclarum secuti alius alii litterarum generi profuerunt," had a hard task as compared with the mediæval singer or chronicler who dared to use an unclassical but natural Latin of his own. But this also belongs to the history of English and European learning, and may not be ignored if we are to be faithful to the past. The Latin of the later middle ages, still true to its traditions, but beginning to pale before the Renaissance, was represented by the fifteenth-century hymn, "Salvator mundi Domine," of which the regular use is still one of the links between Westminster and Eton, though in modern times a less generally known one than the Third Trinity boat club at Cambridge. And thus the great fact at the bottom of our classical education, and of the existence of Westminster School itself—the fact that Latin has for many centuries and without a break been the universal language of the Western Church and of Western civilization—was exemplified in the most natural, and therefore the most striking, manner.

The Dean of Lincoln's sermon, delivered with a clear and vigorous elocution from which many younger preachers might take a lesson, dealt frankly with present affairs. He admitted, nay, insisted, that the situation of the school in Westminster, such as Westminster has become in the course of this century, puts it at a great disadvantage; and that of late years it has not prospered as formerly. He protested, however, that this is no cause for despondency, but rather for some great and fruitful resolution, such as many times has been known to spring from great need. Westminster men, the successors in their old school of Englishmen who have shared in the achievements of England all over the world, need not fear that the School would be lacking in resources for adapting itself to new conditions in its own country. We understood the preacher, in short, to hint, not obscurely, that nothing less than a total change of site would enable the School to do itself justice in the future. Dean Butler did not purport to express anything more than his own opinion; but one can hardly suppose that he spoke in such terms, and on such an occasion, without having privately ascertained the general sense of the Governing Body. A little point in the sermon was pleasing to those who like to see the injustices of history redressed. Among Old Westminsters Dean Butler glorified without hesitation, not only Warren Hastings, but Impey. Ten years ago this would have been impossible even for a man of the Dean of Lincoln's courage. At last, then, Macaulay's brilliant libel is no longer accepted as history, and the careful presentment of the truth by Sir James Stephen and Mr. G. W. Forrest is doing its work. Macaulay must be counted among the strong men of his time "dominantes in potestatibus suis, homines magni virtute," but not among those of whom it is also written, "pacificantes in domibus suis." Posterity will not forget Macaulay's Essays; they will continue to be referred to as standard works of fiction.

A PLAY AND A FARCE.

A POWERFULLY dramatic idea underlies *The Pharisee*, a play by Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis which has replaced Mr. Buchanan's melancholy failure at the Shaftesbury Theatre. A model wife has a past—to express it euphemistically—with the details of which she supposes that her husband has been made acquainted by her reckless and roguish father. In this she is mistaken. The husband, Mr. Geoffrey Landon, a stern moralist, believes his wife to have been before marriage the immaculate creature he has found her during the eight years of their wedded life, and it is by the oddest of coincidences that he is nearly lighting on the truth; for his nearest friend, Lord Helmore, is the person who led the girl astray, and Helmore, dying of heart-disease, comes from India on purpose to beg his old friend to find out the woman he has wronged and to see that she is denied no comfort that money can procure. It will be perceived that from the motive indicated several effective episodes naturally arise. The means of identification with which Helmore has furnished Landon consist of a photograph and a number of letters from Kate Darell, as the girl was called, though we must confess an inability to understand why letters should have been included. Their inclusion is, of course, a mere theatrical trick; the audience is expected to feel that they will still further distress or infuriate Landon if he reads them, and that this will add strength to the scene in which his wife seeks to persuade him not to open the sealed package which contains the record of her folly; for by this time she has learned that her father never made confession of her offence. Critically considered the letters are a mistake. In a play of this sort we must be made to feel that the characters have reasonable cause for their actions. The scene between husband and wife is a striking one, however, and it gains in interest when Helmore enters at the moment when Landon is breaking the seals, and so averts the discovery; moreover, his presence—for this is his first meeting with Kate since, awakened to a comprehension of her sin, she left him ten years before—intensifies the position of affairs. Unfortunately, Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis is unable to do justice to the situation she and her collaborator have devised. An admirable opportunity for the actress is provided. The husband introduces to his wife her old lover, supposing, of course, that they have never met before, and what she has to do is to command her emotion, conquer the feelings which so naturally come near to overwhelming her, and so govern herself that she can contrive to receive the introduction as such an introduction would be received. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis overacts this terribly.

At the end of the second act the play is really over. Kate Landon has escaped detection; her past is for ever hidden; she has let Helmore see that he is pardoned, and that penitent rake has expressed his contrition in words which she understands, though her husband does not, of course, comprehend their meaning. But a third act has to be contrived, and it is managed by making Kate unnecessarily drag up the story which it would have been so very much better to leave in oblivion. If by confession any wrong could have been righted, we should urge confession by all means, and at all risks; but what good can it do? It can do a vast deal of harm, especially considering Landon's ideas. He hears and condemns ruthlessly; love and confidence, he declares, are destroyed; they are to live together for the sake of the child and to avoid scandal, but they are to live as strangers. Only unfortunately the play cannot be ended thus; there must be a reconciliation, and it is inadequately brought about by a letter announcing Helmore's death. He is dead, but the facts remain unaltered. The truth is that another sacrifice has to be made to theatrical exigencies. In the last act Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis plays far more successfully, she is earnest and almost pathetic, and, to do her justice, womanly tenderness distinguishes her performance in several portions of the play. Mr. Waring is called upon to represent a very unpleasant sort of person in Geoffrey Landon, but he bears himself with discretion in the lines laid down for him, as does Mr. Waller as Helmore. M. Marius gives a really humorous picture of the rascally father, Captain Darell. The character is worked out with noteworthy cleverness of detail. Miss Minnie Terry's natural acting as the child is a rarity to be noted with thankfulness. Miss Marion Lea is also to be commended for avoiding the mannerisms which she has been accustomed to display.

La Petite Marquise of MM. Meilhac and Halévy is a comedy totally unsuitable for adaptation into English. It is a pity that Mr. Sydney Grundy did not recognise this very obvious fact.

We willingly pay him the compliment of believing that, had it been adaptable, no one would have done the difficult work better than he; but the clumsiness of *May and December* in comparison with the neatness of the French play goes far to prove that the task he undertook was an impossible one. In all the plays of MM. Meilhac and Halévy there is something beyond wit and humour, originality of characterisation and ingenuity of construction: there is a knowledge of human nature perceptible beneath the satire and sparkle which distinguish all the work of these two most able *collaborateurs*. We do not call to mind a situation in any of their pieces in which the personages are not actuated by comprehensible motives—a most important detail, which comes under the head of neatness of construction. In vainly striving to make *La Petite Marquise* suitable for representation, Mr. Grundy has destroyed the motives of the characters, and tinkered what was a singularly well-finished piece of workmanship. His fault is in attempting the impracticable. The Examiner of Plays refused to license anything approaching to a close version of *La Petite Marquise*, and therein he exercised a wise discretion; but the necessity of diverging from the French to the extent that was absolutely unavoidable has so hampered the adaptor that he has been able to retain little or nothing of what was done with such skill and cunning by the French writers; and so he should have left it alone. *May and December* shows continual traces of its roundabout origin. There is a want of coherence easily comprehensible when it is understood that the piece is founded by Mr. Sydney Grundy on a version of *La Petite Marquise*, adapted by Miss Grundy and Joseph Mackay. It is no wonder that during these processes of transference the strength of the original should have evaporated.

Here, for instance, is an episode from the first act of the French comedy which will show how excellent a discretion Mr. Grundy would have displayed if he had left the piece alone. The elderly Marquis, engaged upon the composition of a portentously dull history, desires to free himself from the bonds of matrimony, for his youthful and frivolous wife hinders and worries him. He is informed that one method by which he can qualify for the separation is to introduce a *cocotte* into his house; but he has no acquaintance among such a class, and so he consults a friend who is better—or worse—informed. The friend undertakes to send as a visitor a person who will answer the purpose; but the modern Phryne who is selected cannot undertake the journey, and sends her maid. The maid, dressed in an exaggeration of the prevailing fashion, and with such assumption of aristocracy as she can command, duly arrives; and here description may well cease, for it can be imagined how a French actor and actress, feeling no necessity for reticence, would conduct such a scene. The Marquis, we may perhaps add, regards the visit entirely as the observance of a formal requirement of a most distressing nature; the girl completely misinterprets the reason why she has been summoned, and her blandishments are not without their effect. Some far-away echo of the incident has to be introduced into *May and December*, and the adaptor's insurmountable difficulty will be readily perceived. Sir Archibald Ffolliott, who does duty for the Marquis of the French play, is visited by a friend of his wife, a widow named Judy Belsize, but the scenes between them have no meaning whatever. Nor are Lady Ffolliott's proceedings much better devised. She has an admirer, here called Captain L'Estrange, and, like her French prototype, she has set out on one occasion to call on him, as Lady Teazle called on Joseph Surface; but her heart has failed her, and when he visits her in the evening, it is to reproach her for breaking her promise. Both *la petite marquise* and Lady Ffolliott believe the protestations of their lovers, and when in the French play the young wife leaves her husband, she goes to the château of her adorer to share his lot, as he has implored her to do. The lovers' home life is revealed, a picture the coarseness of which even the wit of MM. Meilhac and Halévy does not hide; indeed, this scene is distinctly unpleasant, and we need not dwell upon its disagreeable suggestiveness; but the upshot is that the errant wife has a reception vastly different from that which she has contemplated, and sees the extreme desirability of returning home. In the English version Mr. Grundy has not ventured to follow his authors, and feebly compromises matters by making a half-way house of a roadside inn, where Lady Ffolliott and Captain L'Estrange meet, and where—we are not quite clear why—he assumes a totally new position, and advises her to abandon the project in which he is disinclined to play the part allotted to him. By the time the third act is reached the adaptor has strayed far from his authors, and there is a great deal of Mr. Grundy and a very little of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. The piece has grown into a farcical comedy of the familiar pattern, with a lady hidden behind a door, and brought in at the critical moment to disconcert everybody, especially Sir Archibald Ffolliott. The new departure is ill devised; but the adaptor had incautiously placed himself in the position of being forced to write a third act, and he could not derive it from his original.

Mr. Brookfield's representation of Sir Archibald Ffolliott is admirably conceived and full of clever touches. He is a gentleman of the old school, courteous and considerate, and the idea of behaving cruelly to a lady, and to his wife of all ladies, is shocking to him; but the "History of the Monks of the Thirteenth Century," his *magnum opus*, must be written, and Lady Ffolliott is a sore hindrance, so that he nerves himself to the task of turning her out of doors, after seeing that she is warmly clad and that a cab has been fetched to take her away comfortably. We have an impression that such a man as Sir Archibald could never have brought himself to do such a thing; but the fact is that Mr. Brookfield was called upon to attempt the impossible. Mr. C. H. Hawtrey makes love to Lady Ffolliott with energy, but the cynicism of the part is rather overmarked. In a farce we do not want a sincere lover, but the utter recklessness of L'Estrange is a little out of harmony. Mr. Hawtrey has the valuable attribute of ease. Miss Norreys acts judiciously as Lady Ffolliott, and Miss Lydia Cowell, who has often done excellent service in small parts, gives character and humour to her performance of Jane, a scandalized domestic in the service of Lady Ffolliott, who watches sedulously through the keyhole, and is shocked at the improprieties which she mistakenly fancies she has observed.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition of Pictures at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, after a delay caused by the death of a respected member of the firm, is at length open. It consists of two distinct parts, which have no relation with one another. We will speak first of the works by Continental artists of the day. A large and important picture is the "Winter Sunset" (17) of Anton Windmaier, the Bavarian landscape-painter, a charming example of this sentimental master. The background is pale and almost phantasmal; in full relief is the handsome figure of a cow, strongly painted in the immediate foreground. Josef Israels is seldom so gay and light as in "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte" (28), which represents a Dutch sailor kneeling in a courtyard, and tempting a little child to run to him from its mother's side. There is blue sky in this picture, a feature we do not recollect to have met with in the paintings of Israels before. "Awakened Jealousy" (19) is the almost nude half-length of an "indignant fair," glancing angrily sideways. This is a work of Professor Konrad Kiesel, of Düsseldorf, who was originally a sculptor, and now paints rather waxily, as if he were modelling in oil-colour. It is a learned and effective study. A large series of small square English landscapes, cleverly dashed in by the fashionable, but too facile, Karl Heffner, will attract a certain section of the public, in spite of their faults of superficiality and trickiness. Here is the head of an old man, very brilliantly painted on a small scale (61), attributed to Professor Müller. We suppose this to be Leopold Carl Müller, the Saxon genre-painter, who is now a professor at Vienna. Bohdan Klecynski's "Seigneur du Village" (58), the rencontre of two sledges on the snow, is very striking; note the truth of gesture and expression in the old peasant who salutes in passing. We have also to note the small and delicate landscapes of B. von Spanyi (54, 55); two rather theatrical landscapes by the Swedish master, Alfred Wahlberg (59, 65); two ideal studies of a blonde and a brunette type (98, 100), by Professor Carl Wünnenberg, of Düsseldorf; and two agreeable specimens of Dutch genre, "The End of the Day" (1), by Ph. Sadée, and "A Dutch Village" (29), by B. J. Blommers. Finally, there is a singular pathos in Koekkoek's "After the Charge" (71), the officers of a troop of cavalry retreating; a young lieutenant, with his arm tenderly thrown round the body of the old wounded general, steadies him on his horse, as they mournfully ride away.

In the same gallery a large collection of pictures by Mr. Leader, A.R.A., is brought together. When all has been said in reserve, it must be admitted that the French Gallery has formed a delightful selection from the works of this popular artist. The striking aspects of nature that Mr. Leader selects are made more emphatic by his bold handling of his subjects, and his executive skill is more real than his rapid critics are wont to acknowledge. Here are displayed the quieter as well as the more angry moods of nature. The Welsh scenes seem to us treated with less originality than those of the seashore; but they are minutely and carefully finished, and render with success the effect of soft, misty atmosphere. "Looking down a Welsh River" (89) is a striking example of high finish, of detail brought to a high pitch; while in "Green Pastures and Fresh Waters" (49) the foliage of the ash-trees beside the river has an appearance of being almost stippled in. The broad effect of sunlight and the sense of perfect calm within this river-valley are very striking. Here are some studies of skies which show elaborate care as to the intricacies of cloud outlines seen against a pale blue sky. But the pictures of this collection which will most appeal to Mr. Leader's admirers are those which are in his most characteristic style, and which belong to the two classes of subject that he has made especially his own. Mr. Leader understands the fascinating beauty of grey-white sand-dunes seen under the broad glare of the sun, when a north-easterly wind is blowing, and he paints them with the emphasis of a man who has lived with and for these effects. "On the Sands, Aberdovey" (34), and "A Sandy Shore" (46), are two perfect studies, in their way, of such effects as we describe; and they are like notes explaining the treatment of the same theme, which is seen on a large scale in "The Sandy Margin of the Sea" (35). Here the sun shines with a hard light on the wind-blown bent and the glaucous foliage of the sea-poppy, while black angry-looking clouds come sweeping in from the sea; the harsh blue colour of the water in this composition seems, however, to be unnecessarily hard. The other class of subject that Mr. Leader has made especially his own is

too well known to need minute description; it is exemplified in the best known of all his important pictures, "At Evening Time it shall be Light" (40). The sketch for this work, called "Evening Time" (78), is like the key-note for a tune that is to follow; the idea is already there, the suggestion of a luminous sky reflected in a flooded landscape; but the lines of the composition have still to be found, and the just proportions to be balanced and decided upon. In the larger canvas the sunset is brought forward along the watery ruts of the road in such a way that the whole picture seems to give out light. This painting deservedly attracted the attention of the French nation in 1889. After regarding these two fine paintings, it is with a certain amount of disappointment that we turn to the carefully drawn but somewhat uninteresting "Surrey" (31), and "Kentish Gravel Pit" (39). We wonder, too, with mild curiosity the meaning of the curved line of the horizon of the sea in "Porpoises near Shore, Towyn" (81). Is this an attempt to carry out the suggestion, made by Mr. Ruskin in his *Elements of Drawing*, that no horizontal line appears perfectly straight to the eye?

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Orchestral Concert given by Señor Albeniz at St. James's Hall on the evening of the 7th, although it did not succeed in attracting a very numerous audience, contained much which was of interest. The programme suffered from its inordinate length, comprising two Concertos, a Symphony, and an Orchestral Suite, besides several other numbers. In Señor Breton, who came from Madrid to conduct, it was soon evident that the concert-giver had introduced to the English public a conductor of great merit. His beat is clear and decisive, and he understands the art of making his intentions felt by the players and of really being the head of the orchestra instead of, as is so often the case, merely a human metronome. Three compositions from his pen were brought forward, but none of them show that his talent as a composer is equal to that as a conductor. The most important, a Symphony in E flat, is constructed upon classical lines—indeed in parts it seems almost too faithful an imitation of Beethoven's middle style. The work is elaborate and evidently the production of an ambitious and conscientious student; but that it shows signs that the composer possesses higher qualities cannot be said. The other works by Señor Breton were a graceful Serenade, "En la Alhambra," in which the local colour is well sustained by the use of melodies of Eastern character, and a Prelude to an opera, *Guzman el Bueno*, which is not very remarkable for either originality or charm. In all these compositions the orchestration is thick and heavy; in the Symphony this is especially the case, and the composer would do well to revise a large portion of the score. As it stands at present the constant use of the whole band becomes tiresome and monotonous. The concert opened with a Moorish Fantasia for orchestra, by Ruperto Chapi, a Spanish composer whose name is new to English audiences. The work created a less favourable impression than the compositions of Señor Breton; it is commonplace and noisy, and more suited for performance out of doors than in a concert-room. The best portion, a Serenade, was repeated on very slight provocation. Far more satisfactory than these numbers was Señor Albeniz's excellent performance of Mozart's Concerto in D major. The delicacy of his touch and refinement of his style are admirably suited to this work, and it was played from beginning to end with perfect grace and finish. Later in the concert the pianist was heard in Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, in Liszt's Fantaisie Hongroise, and in three of his own elegant little pieces, all of which are sufficiently familiar performances to need no comment.

Undeterred by the poor support accorded him last year, Sir Charles Hallé has once more brought his Manchester orchestra to London for a series of six concerts, the first of which took place on the evening of the 14th. It is but small credit to the reputation of London as a musical centre that such an undertaking should not be better supported, for it is certain that no better performances have been heard here for some time. The programme of the first concert comprised Beethoven's *Leonora*, No. 3, Overture, Dvořák's two "Legends" for orchestra, a rather old-fashioned Violin Concerto, by Viotti, the solo part in which was played to perfection by Mme. Neruda, and Schubert's Symphony in C minor. It is quite unnecessary to enter into the merits of the playing of Sir Charles Hallé's band; those amateurs who heard its performances last year will know that for brilliancy and accuracy it is almost unrivalled. The effect produced by the opening violin passages in the concluding *presto* of Beethoven's Overture was as fine as that produced last year by the somewhat similar passages in the overture to Cherubini's *Anacreon*, and the performance of the Symphony—though the *tempo* at which the last movement was taken was possibly somewhat too fast—was one of the finest ever heard. The individual members of the band are evidently most of them accomplished players, but mention must especially be made of the performers on the flutes and horns, all of whom are much above the average; the trombones, on the contrary, seemed at times unduly obtrusive and metallic in quality of tone.

The last two Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have not been particularly interesting. On the 8th the chief part of the concert was taken up by a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, in which the soprano music was sung by Mme. Schmidt-Köhne, who was heard here towards the end of last season, the tenor being Mr. Edward Lloyd, and the contralto Miss Amy Sargent. Mendelssohn's familiar work was preceded by Grieg's *Im Frühling* Overture, Mr. Cliffe's "Tone-Picture," "Cloud and Sunshine," a slight but graceful song, "Minnie," from the pen of Mr. Manns, and Mozart's Scena, "Mia speranza adorata," in which Mme. Schmidt-Köhne's dramatic style created a very favourable impression. Last Saturday the Symphony was Spohr's "Weihe der Töne," and the orchestra was also heard in the Overtures to Auber's *Masaniello* and Weber's *Oberon*. M. Hollmann, the Dutch violoncellist, introduced a new Concerto in A minor from his pen; but the work did not create much impression after the opening, nor is it likely to be heard again. The vocalist was Miss Macintyre, who sang "Elsa's Dream," from Wagner's *Lohengrin*; a bolero, "Le Retour des Promis," by Dessauer; and (for an encore) Lassen's "Es war ein Traum," a song which lies much too low for the compass of her voice. At the last two Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, Mr. Leonard Borwick has been the solo-pianist. On the afternoon of the 15th he played a selection from Brahms's seldom-heard *Clavierstücke* (Op. 76), and the same composer's Rhapsody in G minor (Op. 79, No. 2), besides taking part with Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti in a remarkably fine performance of Schumann's Trio in D minor (Op. 63). On Monday the young English pianist chose as his solo Beethoven's Sonata in G major (Op. 27, No. 2), his playing of which was throughout admirable. At Saturday's concert the Quartet was that by Schubert in A minor (Op. 29), and the vocalist was Mr. Hirwen Jones, who sang Purcell's ever-welcome "I attempt from love's sickness to fly," and Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" The effect of the former song was much marred by the extremely modern character of the harmonies introduced in the accompaniment. On Monday the concert began with Mendelssohn's string Quintet in B flat, and concluded with Beethoven's Trio in D major (Op. 70). Mr. Ben Davies sang, in ultra-sentimental style, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Come, Margarita, come," and a song by Mr. Alfred Cellier.

The most interesting of the pianoforte recitals given so far this season was that of M. Paderewski, which attracted a large audience to St. James's Hall on the afternoon of the 12th. Since Rubinstein was last heard here, no pianist has appeared whose individuality is more striking or whose playing is more interesting, and the programme of the recital on the 12th showed M. Paderewski at his best. Opinions may differ as to his readings, but they are always intelligent and often extremely effective. This was the case with his performance of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111, and still more so with the group of pieces by Chopin, which he played later in the afternoon. Oddly enough, the Funeral March in the Polish composer's Sonata in B minor missed something of its usual effect, possibly owing to the pianist's being put out by the spectacle of two members of the audience who chose its opening bars as a signal to walk down the whole length of the hall, with an imperturbability only witnessed in the frequenters of classical concerts; but, whatever may have been the cause, the movement was hurried and disappointing. The weird finale was, however, played with the utmost beauty, and in three of Liszt's arrangements of Schubert's songs, the exquisite singing tone of M. Paderewski's touch was admirably displayed. The last number in the programme was Liszt's enormously difficult Fantasia on Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—a work of small musical value, but which afforded the artist an opportunity of showing his extraordinary technical ability and command over the keyboard. Another interesting recital was that given at Princes' Hall on Friday, the 14th, by those conscientious young pianists, Mlle. Jeanne Douste and Mlle. L. Douste de Fortis. The programme included Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and a number of solos and duets by Szarvady, St.-Säens, W. Kuntze, E. Moor, E. Pessard, Liszt, Grieg, and L. E. Bach. A well-written, but not very interesting, Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, by Emanuel Moor, was played by Mlle. Jeanne Douste and M. René Ortmans. Mlle. Douste's best performances were those of Bach's Fantasia and of an Allegro in E minor by Grieg. Her technique is excellent, but at present her tone seems rather hard, though possibly this was owing to the very unsympathetic instrument upon which she performed.

Messrs. Harrison's Concert at the Albert Hall last Wednesday evening did not attract quite so large an audience as might have been expected, considering that two such stars as Mme. Patti and Mr. Sims Reeves were announced to appear. Both artists were in excellent voice, and sang the usual airs and ballads with which concert-goers have long been accustomed to link their names. In the Shadow Song from *Dinorah*, Mme. Patti showed that her old power of delivering elaborate *fioriture* is undiminished, and in Blumenthal's "Message" and in "Come into the Garden" the great English tenor once more proved how powerful a good method is to arrest the hand of time. Miss Alice Gomez introduced a pleasant variety into the programme by her selection of unfamiliar songs by Paladilhe and Hatton, both of which were admirably sung, and the latter encored. Mme. Patti's encores consisted of the customary "Robin Adair," "'Twas within a Mile," and "Home, Sweet Home," but Mr. Sims Reeves resisted successfully all attempts to obtain another song from him.

B

THE LOST LEADER.

(*A little way after Browning.*)

I.

Just for one little *faux pas* has he left us,
  Just for two words that *would* stick in his throat,
Has his shirking the plea of Not Guilty bereft us
  (Alas!) of his guidance in giving our vote.
Just for a judgment—a mere decree *nisi*—
  Just for a slight condemnation in costs,
Must we ne'er hear his long-waited-for *Vici*.
  Uttered o'er us his victorious hosts?
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
  Lived in his cold and imperious eye,
Staffed him superbly, O'Brine'd and O'Connored him,
  "Mistered" him humbly whene'er he was by.
H--ly is of us, M-c-rthy is for us,
  j-hnd-ll-n is with us, though over the waves.
He is it? *he*? who breaks up the fair chorus?
  He who deserts his disconsolate braves?

II.

Did we resent his despotic ascendence?
  Did we neglect lightest word from his lip?
Wearied we ever in dancing attendance?
  Ever complained when he gave us the slip?
No disappearance, however mysterious,
  Gave to his party's propriety shocks;
No curiosity, playful or serious,
  Followed the footsteps of "Preston" or "Fox."
True, we believed that his zeal, in seclusion,
  Still burned for the cause in some different shape,
Nor ever in fancy's prophetic illusion
  Perceived we the patriot's fire escape.
Yet—yet, we are sure, had we known of his scramblings
  Down water-pipe shafts inconveniently slim,
We never had recked of his amorous ramblings,
  We never had swerved in our fealty to him.

III.

We may march prospering—not through his presence,
  Words may inspirit us—not from *that* lyre
(Deeds *have* been done while he boasted quiescence,
  Still, 'tis not they that will make him retire).
Blot out his name then, record one lost chief more,
  One more Liberator gone badly astray,
Unless—just to give us one chance of relief more—
  The Grand Old Explainer explains her away.
But the Session begins; he had best not come back to us,
  There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part; and ought we to tack to us
  One who the partnership sorely would strain.
Better lie low, till his forfeited status
  Recovered through kindly oblivion has been;
Then let him greet the New Order, and wait us,
  Pardoned, in Doblun, the first on "the Green."

REVIEWS.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.*

OCCASION has seldom better fitted virtue than when Sir Edward Hamley was asked to write the history of the war in the Crimea, for Messrs. Seeley's series, "The Events of Our Own Time." The author has every kind of knowledge required for the work, and the subject is one which may without undue compression be compassed in one volume of moderate size. Sir Edward Hamley's style needs no bush now, and it is at its best here. It is thoroughly sound, free both from the pedantic profusion of technical terms which is the vice of so many military writers, and also from the spongy picturesqueness which is the vice of so many of us, military and civil, in these later days of much emotion and small judgment. Sir E. Hamley is always exact, giving a clean impression, and never letting the word go beyond the feeling. Often, indeed, more particularly when he has to judge individuals, he stops deliberately short—which is a very different thing from falling short.

As a narrative his account of the Crimean War is an example of how much a writer can tell in a short space when he leaves aside whatever is not essential. These 307 pages give the whole history—political, military, and administrative—of the war. As we have already said, Sir Edward Hamley is conspicuously moderate in his judgments. A very good example of this moderation is his statement of the considerations which induced the Emperor Napoleon, who, after all, was the ruler of France, and bound to a traditional policy by his position, to ally himself with England against Russia. In his portraits of those generals whom he must consider most open to criticism, General Hamley practises with much dexterity the art of criticism by omission. Nothing could be more complete, for example, than this portrait of Lord Raglan:—

> Lord Raglan, commander of the English army, was sixty-six years old. He had served on Wellington's staff, and lost his arm at Waterloo. Since those days his sole military experience had been in the office of Military Secretary at the Horse Guards. He was so far well acquainted with military business; but he had never held any command, and, while no opportunity had been afforded to him of directing troops in war, his life for forty years had been no adequate preparation for it. But he was a courteous, dignified, and amiable man, and his qualities and rank were such as might well be of advantage in preserving relations with our allies.

There is not a word here which is not courteous and amiable; but who can doubt what Sir Edward Hamley thinks of Lord Raglan's fitness for his command? When he has to tell how the English general wandered up the hillside at the Alma, leaving the battle to fight itself, or how he allowed himself to be driven into a premature attack on the Redan by Pélissier, Sir Edward Hamley is content to state without insisting. The character of Saint-Arnaud is as sharp as a well-cut medallion. Once only does General Hamley become severe—when he rebukes Admiral Lyons for his "vicious intromission" in military matters—but the Admiral had no business there, and must take the consequence. Even when he has to speak of the military gentleman who left his command to look for reinforcements, General Hamley is content with a measured adjective. When the progress of the war brings Pélissier to the front, it is manifestly more satisfactory for the author to become more personal in his tone. The French general is one of the very few generals of the allied armies on whom there is much temptation to dwell. He had qualities and defects in abundance, and both of the kind which will stand examining. To him also General Hamley is very good. He passes lightly over the period in which Pélissier seems to have forgotten that he was a general, and only remembered that he was a passionate Frenchman. One cannot help wondering what would have happened in that interval if Lord Raglan had been, let us say, Lord Gough, or indeed anything but what he was. There would have been a quarrel, certainly. As it was, Lord Raglan sacrificed his men for the sake of the alliance, which was one way of breaking the eggs to make the omelette. Pélissier is indeed a figure to attract an historian. His promotion to the command of the French army makes a complete change in the war. From that moment our army, which had hitherto been the foremost among the allied forces, is thrown completely into the background. Physical conditions had something to do with it no doubt; but a far more important element was the personal influence of the French general. The fact stands out in General Hamley's narrative not the less vividly because he does not stop to insist upon it, but leaves it to appear by the facts.

Another truth is told by General Hamley by the mere report of the facts—namely, that until Pélissier was in command the Crimea was a soldiers' war. Unless Mr. Kinglake had come to assure us of the contrary, we should be inclined to doubt whether things would have gone otherwise than they did if Lord Raglan had remained at Varna. Saint-Arnaud was dying when he landed, and Canrobert had too much of the character of his English colleague; all three were little more than spectators from the moment of the landing till after Inkerman. Happily the only generals on the Russian side were engineers or admirals, or it had gone hard with us. The collapse of the Russian soldier, who never showed any want of stomach for the fight before or since, is itself not the least remarkable feature of the war. In the Crimea their stomach was of the modern Spanish kind, valiant behind walls, but feeble in the field. They certainly did not fight as they did at Kunersdorff, where they were no better led than at the Alma. General Hamley gives no explanation of the mystery—which is the only oversight we note in his book. His opinion would be interesting. The sufferings of the winter might have a great part in any history of the war. General Hamley, as we think a little weakly, puts them down to "the system." Yet what system would have availed a general who allowed himself to be influenced in his choice of quarters by the opinion of an admiral who could not see beyond his nose and the anchorage—a general who moreover does not seem to have given a thought to what wintering in the Crimea would mean till the winter was on him? If our army had not been in the hands of Carlyle's valiant hop-pole with a cocked hat, the contingency would have been provided for. Would Wellington or Marlborough have left themselves at the mercy of a storm? We wot not. But the army was not in the hands of Wellington or Marlborough, and therefore the war became what General Hamley has so excellently described—the heroic struggle of officers and men under the eyes of a courteous, dignified, and amiable gentleman, who looked on with a very good imitation of the Duke's impassive self-possession.

* *The War in the Crimea.* By General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

NOVELS.*

MR. BESANT'S new novel will certainly not disappoint the large number of persons who devour greedily everything

* *Armorel of Lyonesse: a Romance of To-day.* By Walter Besant, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

The World's Desire. By H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

that falls from the pen of the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, &c. For that "&c." is an important expression, and means a great deal, as every novel-reader knows. It conveys, among other things, the certainty that *Armorel of Lyonesse* is written in English, and sets forth concisely, wittily, and in an accomplished manner, a coherent story, in which the sympathies of the well-regulated mind are enlisted on the side of virtue, and are rewarded for their activity by the spectacle of a pair of amiable and brightly described young persons made happy in each other's affections. At the same time the book evokes reflections which it is a reviewer's business to indicate, as will be seen from the following account of as much of the story as it is fair to reveal. One Roland Lee, painter, twenty-one (as the police-court reports say), made a trip to Scilly, and there became acquainted with Armorel Rosevean, a young lady resident upon the island of Samson. As a matter of fact, in 1884, the date at which the story opens, Samson had long been uninhabited, but the re-plantation of it is well within the reasonable license of the novelist. Roland went to stay with Armorel, whose sole guardian, her great-great-grandmother, a lady of ninety-five, was not in a state of health to make any comment upon the arrangement. They flirted finely for three weeks, and enabled their biographer to show pretty clearly that, in the descriptions of waves, rocks, sea-birds, and so forth, he is not as eminent among his contemporaries as he is in the exposition of the habits and views of young men and women of the respectable classes who work for their living. Then Roland departed, and presently Armorel departed also. Five years later the simple Scillonian maid was not only simple (and extremely virtuous), but also rich and thoroughly well educated. She was, in fact, a young lady of the class of which Mr. Besant has made us all familiar, and to whom, among other things, we owe the People's Palace. She was, therefore, something of a goddess from a machine, and she found several things to set right. The chief of them was Alec Feilding, who is continually described as "the cleverest man in London." Feilding certainly was a remarkable character. He was stupid and stupid-looking—we are constantly reminded of it—and he was "heavy and didactic in conversation." In particular he knew nothing about, and had no taste for, any kind of art. Therefore he set up as, (1) a painter, (2) a poet, (3) a writer of short stories, besides editing a weekly paper and writing most of it. A few specimens of his editorial style are incidentally provided, and they fully justify Mr. Besant's estimate of his intellectual power. Yet in the capacities above mentioned he succeeded in imposing upon the world at large, and particularly upon artists, poets, authors, and all sorts and conditions of critics. This he did by the simple expedient of employing "ghosts." He kept a good painter, a good poetess, and a good story-writer, sold their productions as his own, paid them part of the price, and took all the glory. Sometimes they repined, and thought the transaction wrong; but they made no effort to save themselves until Armorel appeared on the scene to save them. Feilding was in the act of adding a capable dramatist to his regiment of ghosts when Armorel, by an artful plot, set them all free, and started them independently in their respective lines of business. Feilding was in despair at first, but he acknowledged his marriage with an unscrupulous and attractive lady, and they two commenced impostor over again on a much larger scale and with brilliant success. Meanwhile Armorel married Roland Lee, as the conventions of fiction and of propriety alike demanded. This queer, but not uninteresting, story—which, by the way, contains some fine examples of "the long arm of coincidence"—seems to indicate that Mr. Besant is rather deeply impressed with the theory that it is in the ordinary course of events for clever and original artists to become the slaves of stupid and incompetent capitalists, and to allow the latter to get all the profit and glory of their works. It is to be hoped that he will not allow this somewhat romantic paradox to run away with him. Should such an event occur, we might see an extremely clever and entertaining storyteller in danger of developing into a faddist with a mission. It would be, of course, a particular instance of the common sin of trying to make a story serve also as a sermon, and the great truth which Mr. Besant should remember is, that it is the first, if not the only, object of storytelling to amuse (in the widest sense of the word). The details of Mr. Besant's work are almost uniformly good. Armorel is very fairly alive, and a rather attractive young woman, though she talks some terrible rubbish in the Lord Fauntleroy style after her education. "This is my old fiddle. It has been Justinian's—and his father's before him. I have had other instruments since then, but I love the old fiddle best." And not even the extreme simplicity of her early life could possibly justify her in saying "Whatever shall I do with it?" To our thinking, much the best character in the book is that of Alec Feilding's unacknowledged wife, who is hardly respectable, and not at all well behaved, but always amusing.

It is not yet quite an every-day feat to write a novel successfully in collaboration, and it is audacious to take up the story of Ulysses where tradition or the classics of the second rank leave it, and carry it on to his death. Messrs. Rider Haggard and Lang have done both, and that with a degree of success upon which it is pleasant to congratulate them. The blend is singularly successful. The general scheme of the story, its location, the adventures of Ulysses, and above all the fights with which the tale is liberally garnished, are all more or less decidedly in the manner of Mr. Haggard. A sentence like the following, on the other hand, suggests an author who knows and loves his Homer, as we know that Mr. Lang does:—

> So he spoke, but the man was already dead of pain and fear. Then the Wanderer unbuckled his golden armour, which clanged upon the deck, and drew fresh water from the hold to cleanse himself, for he was stained like a lion that has devoured an ox.

The lyrics, too, of which there are a good many, were certainly done by Mr. Lang, unless Mr. Haggard is a good deal more of a poet than he has hitherto let the world know. And very good some of them are. This is from a song sung by Helen, who plays a rather odd, because excessively proper, part in the romance:—

> Paint her lips that like a cup have pledged the lips of heroes all,
> Paint her golden hair, unwhitened while the many winters fall,
> Paint the beauty that is mistress of the wide world and its thrall!
>
> Paint the storms of ships and chariots, rain of arrows flying far,
> Paint the waves of Warfare leaping up at beauty like a star,
> Like a star that pale and trembling hangs above the waves of War.

It is to be regretted that the authors should have thought fit to introduce Ulysses into the middle of the Plagues of Egypt, and should have mixed up the narrative of the Pentateuch to a considerable extent in their story, bringing upon the scene not only Pharaoh in the act of refusing to let the people go, but also Moses and Aaron making themselves exceedingly objectionable to the authorities. The spoiling of the Egyptians is described with much spirit, but the Scripture narrative is defied far enough to bring Pharaoh home (alone) from the Red Sea to meet his fate from another quarter. With all these peculiarities, and in spite of some rather uninteresting mysticism, *The World's Desire* is as full of adventure, surprises, weird places, magic, and bloodshed as *Allan Quatermain*. Like the latter work, it concludes with the death and funeral rites of its hero. Whoever would read, in sufficiently elegant language, of the prowess of Ulysses in his old age; of the golden armour of Paris; of the great bow of Eurytus, the string of which sang shrill (and rather pretty) songs, intelligible only to its owner, when fighting was about to begin; of the immortality, the virtues, and the true inwardness of Helen; of the stupidity of Pharaoh, and the wickedness, crimes, and death of Meriamun, his queen; of the garrulity of Rei, an old Egyptian priest; and of the dreams of all of them and the magic of some of them, can do so with a reasonable certainty of not being bored. Among the courageous ingenuities which the volume contains, perhaps none is more striking than Helen's explanation that when she went off with Paris, he had by magic arts made up as Menelaus, and she thought he was her husband. This account of the matter may be true; but there have been several others.

EDWARD VI. AND THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.*

FOR two reasons this book will occupy a place of special importance in the library of every liturgical student. Its authors have printed certain manuscripts, hitherto unknown, which supply some valuable links in the history of the Book of Common Prayer, and they have subjected statements consecrated by the repetition of previous historians to the most rigid criticism. They have traced the influences under which the two Prayer Books of Edward VI. were compiled, and the relations in which they stand to other liturgies and to the religious thought of the time. All who are interested in the ecclesiastical history of the sixteenth century will be prepared to find much that is valuable in a book bearing the name of the Rev. F. A. Gasquet, who has in this instance secured the co-operation of Mr. Bishop, a Roman Catholic layman. While the authors do not conceal their regret at the departure from earlier usages effected during the period under consideration, they do not enter on doctrinal questions; their work is purely historical, and bears marks of a dispassionate temper and of a desire to arrive at the truth. Nor is there anything in it which can justly offend the feelings of an Anglican Churchman; indeed the spirit in which it is written may be illustrated by a passage introducing the authors' account of the Prayer Book of 1549. After pointing out how "the twelve, or it may be fourteen, centuries" through which "the living liturgy of the Roman Church" has come down have made it peculiarly sacred to Roman Catholics, they continue:

> And although the book now to be considered manifestly does not possess the same titles to veneration, still for three centuries it has been associated with the most holy thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of the majority of Englishmen. Thus, whilst its importance demands that it should be examined as an historical document, such scrutiny should be regulated by consideration for the attachment of those to whom it is a living reality (p. 183).

Although no material change was made in the services of the Church during the reign of Henry VIII., Cranmer contemplated liturgical reform, and in 1543 proposed that Convocation should appoint a Committee for the purpose. The Committee was not formed, but our authors maintain that the Archbishop himself drew up schemes for a new Breviary, and that his work is extant in a MS. in the King's Library in the British Museum, which

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* *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer; an Examination into its Origin and Early History, with an Appendix of Unpublished Documents.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B., Author of "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," and Edmund Bishop. London: John Hodges. 1890.

they have been the first to notice. The discovery of this manuscript, supposing it to be Cranmer's work, supplies a stage of which we had no previous knowledge in the progress of liturgical reform in England. It consists of two schemes of Office and three tables of Lessons. In the first of the projected schemes of Office the author took the Use of Sarum as his basis, and introduced changes evidently suggested by the Breviary of Cardinal Quignon, which had received the approval of Paul III., and had been widely accepted on this side of the Alps. The second project approaches more nearly to the arrangement adopted in the Prayer Book of 1549; compline and "the accustomed hours" are omitted, and the services are reduced to matins and vespers. Both projects, together with the lectionaries and calendars contained in the manuscript, are given in the Appendix. In the first Convocation of the reign of Edward VI. a petition was sent from the Lower House asking for the results of the Committee of 1543, which had not, as it seems, been appointed. Cranmer did not produce these projects; the time had come for a further advance. A full, and probably the official, report of the proceedings of this Convocation, which have hitherto been unknown, has been found by our authors in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. They are specially interesting in connexion with the proceedings in Parliament, and show that Cranmer was anxious to obtain the support of the clergy for the Bill "for Communion in both kinds," afterwards incorporated with the Bill "for reverence for the Sacrament." The undated document containing a series of questions sent to the bishops with reference to the Mass, together with their answers, must, it is argued, belong to this time, and may, with a fair amount of certainty, be assigned to January 1548. Canon Dixon's reason for dating these questions before the Parliament of 1547 is, as our authors point out, founded on one of the strangest misconceptions. The way was thus prepared for the new Communion Book promulgated in March. Although this book did not abolish the Mass, it was not merely a novelty in itself, but tended towards further innovation by restricting the Communion of the laity to celebrations held after stated notice; thus preventing communicants from receiving at private Masses. The names of the authors cannot be considered as fully ascertained, and "the celebrated Windsor Commission" appears not to have been a commission in the strict sense of the term. The use of the book was imposed by proclamation. A further advance was contemplated in the rubric; and an interesting account is given of the means by which the way was paved for it by numerous proclamations, by sermons, by attempts at intimidation, and by the publication of booklets chiefly directed against the "enormities" of the Canon. In the course of the year Cranmer published a translation of a German catechism, inserting a remarkable alteration; which proves that his opinions "had already taken a decisive turn" on the question of the presence in the Eucharist. Nevertheless, the Helvetian reformers, who watched him anxiously, believed him to be wholly Lutheran in doctrine; "this Thomas," John ab Ulmis wrote to Bullinger, "has fallen into so heavy a slumber that we entertain but a very cold hope that he will be aroused even by your most learned letter."

As in the case of the Communion Book, no documentary evidence is at present forthcoming as to the names of the compilers of the Liturgy of 1549, though our authors allow that Fuller's list must have some foundation. Cranmer must, of course, have had the principal hand in both. Canon Dixon's opinion that Convocation did not sanction the Prayer Book, that it "had nothing to do with the first Act of Uniformity of religion," is upheld by an elaborate examination of the evidence. It is strange, however, to find the King writing to Bonner, who must have known the facts, that the book had been set forth, not only by the assent of the bishops in Parliament, but "of all the other learned men of this realm in their synods and convocations provincial." Nevertheless, the evidence on the other side appears overwhelming. As regards the proceedings of the bishops, our authors have discovered in a MS. in the King's Library a most interesting report of a debate held between the bishops in the House of Lords on 14th December, 1548, and four later days. We must, by the way, demur to the description of the discussion as a "debate of Parliament"; it seems rather to have been a discussion held before the Lords, for we observe that Smyth, the Secretary of State, took part in it. The Protector presided, and both he and the Earl of Warwick intervened in the discussion. The report itself, which is full of life, and is no doubt a digest of notes taken at the moment, is printed in the Appendix, and a sufficient version of it is given in the text. Shortly after its close the "Bill for religion, with penalty for the same," was passed by the Lords. The report of the discussion reveals some curious facts with respect to the action of the bishops. It may fairly be inferred from it that the proposed Prayer Book had been submitted to a meeting of bishops, that some of them had disapproved of the omission of the adoration of the Sacrament, that all save Day of Chichester had, nevertheless, signed the book, on the understanding that some modification would be made in it to meet the wishes of the objectors, but that a change in the contrary direction was afterwards introduced. The Order of the Supper of the Lord, as involving the main point of controversy, is examined here at length in order to decide the relation in which the book stands to other liturgies. A peculiar interest attaches to our authors' comment on the fourth rubric, directing that the priest should wear "a white alb plain, with a vestment or cope." After observing that the cope does not denote sacerdotal functions, they point out that the term "vestment" undoubtedly means the chasuble, the sacrificial vesture, though it is "wide enough to cover the use of the amice, stole, and other vestments worn by the priest at the celebration of the Mass." While, then, the book was put forth with the express intention of securing uniformity, it allowed diversity of practice in a matter involving the central question in dispute; those who were inclined to change would naturally adopt the cope, while such as were attached to the old rites and doctrine would vest themselves as before. A full explanation will be found of the ancient practice of the offertory, the "offering by the people of the bread and wine for the sacrifice," which was followed by the ritual oblation by the priest. This part of the Mass was swept away, but left its traces in the term used for the collection for the poor which was now substituted for it. It is, however, by the alterations made in the Canon that the place of the book in religious history must be determined, and these are indicated here by printing the Sarum Canon and the new Canon in parallel columns. A comparison of the orders of the Communion, Public Baptism, and Confirmation in the book of 1549 with those in other liturgies, leads our authors to the conclusion that the changes effected in the Anglican book were based on Lutheran models, and that the book must be classed with the liturgies of Northern Germany, not with the ancient rituals. It would be impossible here even to state fairly the grounds of their conclusion, and we can only observe that due weight must be given to their remarks that the Lutheran Masses themselves assume the continued use of the old Missals, "except so far as they were distinctly abrogated," and that in the new Prayer Book the Communion Office was "similar to the Mass" in general order and disposition of parts. The book was not satisfactory to the Helvetian school of reformers; but they had good reason for believing that a further revision was not far off. Bullinger, who was, our authors note, by no means a "moderate Lutheran," as Canon Dixon strangely calls him, knew that Cranmer had passed the stage represented in the book; he had been roused by John à Lasko from the "dangerous lethargy" of Lutheranism. After chapters on the "reception of the new Service," and the advances made in 1550 by the setting forth of a new Ordinal, the pulling down of altars and the like, we go on to the history of the book of 1552, the outcome of Cranmer's recovery from lethargy. That a revision of the first book should be made was determined by an assembly of bishops, not, as it appears from Cranmer's register, met in Convocation. A curious connexion is traced between Gardiner's book attacking Cranmer's inconsistency in 1551 and the changes with respect to the Sacrament in the Book of Common Prayer. Gardiner put a Roman Catholic interpretation on everything in the book of 1549 that could possibly be made to bear it, and then jeered at Cranmer for expounding contrary opinions in his translation of the Lutheran catechism. All the passages on which he fixed were either left out or altered in the book of 1552. There are several points of interest in this volume on which we have not been able to touch; we have striven to give prominence to its specially original features. Without pledging ourselves to an unreserved acceptance of all the authors' conclusions, we may safely assert that the use which they have made of manuscript authorities—some discovered by them for the first time, and others too much neglected by earlier historians—their critical ability, and their familiarity with the Roman ritual, render their book necessary to every serious worker in the same field.

TWO BOOKS ON BIRDS.*

MANY persons outside the limits of the county will be not less surprised than delighted to receive an intimation that Stevenson's excellent *Birds of Norfolk* has at length been completed. The first volume of this book was published in 1866, and the second in 1870. For the next seven years there were occasionally intimations that the work was proceeding, although more slowly. Then came silence; and when, in 1888, the death of the author was announced, it was generally taken for granted that the book would always remain one of those fragments which are so distressing to the bibliographer. Here, however, at last, under the care of Mr. Southwell, the one main labour of the life of a gifted zoologist is presented to the public complete, with not a few interesting appendices to the volumes already in our possession.

Henry Stevenson was a typical provincial worthy. He was born and died in Norwich, and his interests were summed up within the frontiers of his county. He was an excellent field naturalist, an adept in snipe-shooting and partridge-driving, and his summers were spent in the midst of the delicate beauty of the Norfolk Broads. He was Sheriff of his native city for a little while; but he never took an active part in municipal business, and he was so shy that when the British Association met at Norwich he could not be persuaded to read in person his paper on the Bustard in Norfolk, a monograph which has achieved a certain fame among ornithologists. He was a frequent contributor to the *Transactions* of the Norfolk Naturalists' Society, but his life's work was concentrated on preparing the great book

* *The Birds of Norfolk.* By Henry Stevenson. Continued by Thomas Southwell. 3 vols. Vol. III. London: Gurney & Jackson.

The Birds of Iona and Mull. By the late H. D. Graham. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

which he left unfinished. His career was shadowed by physical and mental suffering, and he died, prematurely old, on the 18th of August, 1888, at the age of fifty-five. The first 160 pages of the present volume are published, apparently without much, if any, alteration, from Stevenson's MS., which closed, in 1877, in the middle of a sentence. The article he was then at work upon was that on the Gadwall. Mr. Southwell carries on the tale from this point. His articles are careful and praiseworthy, but he is not so good a writer as his predecessor. Henry Stevenson, although, as we now learn, the art of authorship was very laborious to him, was sometimes a charming writer, with an unaffected grace of style. The pages on "Swan Upping on the Yare," in the present volume, may be taken as an example of Stevenson's felicitous manner of expression.

The reader who possesses the volumes of 1866 and 1870 will turn with eagerness to see what additions have been made since their publication to the avifauna of Norfolk. The discovery of a dead golden eagle on the salt marshes of Stiffkey, in 1868, is considered sufficient to allow the name of *Aquila chrysætus* to be added to the Norfolk bird-roll; but eagles are sometimes kept in durance, and sometimes they escape. White's thrush, *Turdus varius*, was killed at Hickling in 1871, and the icterine and barred warblers at Blakeney in 1884. The ortolan has occurred almost with frequency since 1866, when Stevenson could not persuade himself that it had ever been an immigrant to Norfolk. The wall-creeper, *Tichodroma muraria*, is now added to the list of birds of the county in a very singular manner. An unpublished letter from Robert Marsham to Gilbert White was discovered in 1875, in which it was stated that on the 30th of October, 1792, a wall-creeper was shot at Stratton Strawless. White was anxious to know more, and accordingly Marsham induced a young lady to make a very exact coloured drawing of two quill-feathers. This drawing is still appended to the correspondence, and proves beyond a doubt that the bird was rightly determined by Marsham.

Those who deplore the disappearance or violent extinction of so many of our attractive birds may be glad to know that there are some which seem to be becoming less rare than of old. Stevenson included the bluethroat among Norfolk birds, on the score of a unique example. Mr. Southwell tells us that of late the bluethroat has become an annual visitor to our coast, and sometimes in flocks of eighty or more. So, again, the rock pepit, which Stevenson described as rare, is now "at times quite abundant on some parts of the coast." The shore lark, *Otocorys alpestris*, which used to be one of the Norfolk rarities, is now regularly seen in winter, and seems to be spreading westward. The crossbill began to breed in Norfolk five years ago, and has since done so each consecutive season, "sometimes in rather considerable numbers." Yet the stupidity of people in needlessly killing and disturbing rare birds is a thing to make one weep. A certain Mr. Norgate, who seems to glory in his shame, describes, in notes which are here printed, how persistently he has worried the nesting crossbills, and stolen their eggs and nests. Why did he not leave them alone?

Henry Davenport Graham, who died in 1872, was an amateur naturalist, sportsman, and artist, who loved the waters of the West of Scotland, and spent upon them the best hours of his life. The present volume is really a monument to the memory of this excellent man—a monument built, rather rudely, of the rough boulders he himself collected and left heaped upon the shore. Various circumstances, which are not explained, have delayed the publication of these notes until many of those who knew Graham intimately must have passed away. They were prepared for the press, in 1875, by Mr. Robert Gray, the Secretary of the Glasgow Natural History Society, who himself is now dead. They have finally been placed in the hands of one of the best known Scottish zoologists of the day, Mr. J. A. Harvie-Brown.

The book thus tardily given to the public consists of a variety of fragments. Here is an autobiography of Graham, a memoir of him by Mr. Robert Gray, letters from Graham to Gray, notes from minute-books, and a monograph on or illustrative catalogue of the Birds of Iona and Mull. We will say that we do not think good judgment was shown in printing Graham's autobiography. This document is passably childish. It was written in 1850, when the author had reached the advanced age of twenty-five, in a cottage on Iona, during a winter storm, when Graham had absolutely nothing else to do. From his ninth year Graham kept a regular diary. At thirteen he ran away from home, and shared the garret of an elderly beggar-astrologer, who presently returned the boy to his parents, "and proved himself a most worthy object of charity." Graham then became, at fourteen, a naval cadet, and in 1840 his ship, the *Zebra*, went through the actions of Scanderoon, Beyrout, and St. Jean d'Acre. Here Graham's little biography comes to an end, leaving him a naval hero of fifteen. When he was three-and-twenty he went to Iona for the first time, as he supposed for a visit, but in fact to reside there for six years. He had not until then been much of a sportsman; but, as he says in one of his notes, "carrying the gun was the constant, never-failing resource of all my out-of-door hours, all the years of my stay in Iona." He began, immediately on his arrival, to survey and draw the antiquities of the sacred island, and in six months had completed a record of every ruin and tombstone in Iona. These he published, in 1850, as a volume of *The Antiquities of Iona*, which is now scarce, and of permanent value. In the summer of his first year he had a boat built for him, the *Scarbh*, a powerful craft, which proved a never-failing source of amusement to him. He also made a punt, for paddling round the shore while observing the birds. His ornithological passion so grew upon him that he would sometimes pass the whole night alone on some storm-bound rock in order to watch a rare petrel or tern. His devotion to Iona lasted until there was not a cliff or cavern in the whole island that was not familiar to him. At last, in his thirtieth year, he married, and went out to Canada for two years. He then returned to Scotland, and resided for ten years more on the shores of Loch Fyne, still making notes and drawings on all matters of zoological, and particularly of ornithological, interest. The last few years of his life were spent in the South of England, where he died, still comparatively young, in his forty-seventh year. He was a capital specimen of the unaffected British sportsman, a loyal friend, an intrepid hunter, a "good fellow" in every sense of the word.

Graham's letters to the Glasgow Natural History Society were most of them addressed from Iona in 1852. There is a conscious imitation in them of the manner of White of Selborne (by the way, a lady in Canada afterwards asked him if he had ever read Mr. Selborne's "History of the Isle of Wight"), and they are pleasant enough to skim through. The most original of Graham's observations occurs in a late letter, of 1861, not belonging to the Iona series, and describes the meeting with what he believed to be three specimens of the Harp Seal of Greenland on a skerry off Jura:—

> About a quarter of a mile out from the cliff on which we stood was a group of skerries, or small tide rocks, embossing the surface of the water. Here we threw ourselves on the heather some seventy feet above the level of the water at our feet. The keeper, who accompanied us, produced his glass, and after a few moments' sweep of the surface of the loch, simply said "Sealchs," and handed the glass to my companion. When it came to my turn to examine the spot indicated, I saw a herd of some two dozen seals lying in every possible attitude of lazy ease upon two little skerries, the nearest one about a third or a quarter of a mile off shore. Suddenly my attention was arrested by something peculiar; and though I had only seen drawings, and was not in the least on the look-out for such a thing, yet I at once felt sure that I beheld two harp seals! Sure enough a pair of harp seals lay upon that rock, and a third one on another islet half a mile to the left.

The instances of the capture of this animal on the British shores are so extremely few that considerable attention was drawn to this statement. Graham was too accurate an observer, and too sure of his impression, to be lightly set aside. The Harp Seal, too, is so remarkable a beast, snowy white, with a curious harp-shaped mark across the middle of its back, that there seemed little possibility of mistaking it for anything else. At the same time, the Great Grey Seal, which is not nearly so rare, appears silvery white under some conditions of the atmosphere, and in old age does become positively white.

Graham seldom visited Mull, and we are not able to understand very clearly from the preface by whom the *lacunæ* in Graham's notes regarding this island have been filled up; but it appears to be by Mr. Harvie-Brown, than whom no better editor could be found. The White-tailed Eagle, it seems, is growing very rare in these islands. Here is an account of a specimen:—

> My eagle I named Ronival, after the hill in South Uist where he was hatched. He is a male, and a very fine bird. I have had him now for four years, and he has assumed his white tail. He is allowed to fly about at large, but is not fond of going far, and will always come at the call of the kitchenmaid who feeds him, and for whom he shows the greatest affection. She can manage him even when in most ungovernable tempers. He has a particular aversion to small boys, and will fly at one going near him. The only animal he is afraid of is the pig, and to hear a pig grunt is enough to make him fly off, even if it should not be in sight. A well-dressed friend ventured one day to touch him with the point of his fashionable light umbrella, which so offended Ronival's majesty that he flew at the offending instrument and literally smashed it, breaking the stick, and tearing the silk to tatters. . . . Usually, however, he is affable enough, and does no more mischief than occasionally killing a hen or two if his own dinner is not served up punctually enough; and this is really great forbearance, considering he actually lives at large in a poultry-yard.

We must not omit to speak of the numerous illustrations which adorn this volume. Graham was not a trained artist, but he had a great facility in sketching, and he loved to make notes in ink and sepia of his little adventures. These are reproduced in facsimile, and are often very amusing. The wounded heron turning to snap at the terriers Dash and Doran, on p. 112, is full of humour; the mingled terror and indignation on Doran's hairy face being perfectly given. "Portrait of old Blunderbuss," in the act of bursting, on p. 133, is also very diverting. The book is further enriched by an admirable map of Iona, an index, and a glossary of place-names.

MERCHANT GUILDS.*

DR. GROSS is either an American educated in Germany, or a German who has emigrated to America. In either case he has acquired the worst faults of the German historical manner. Every one is in the wrong but himself, and, in fact, whether they agree with him or not. As a matter of inevitable consequence, it irritates the reader rather than otherwise to find that Dr. Gross himself is very often right. Humanity is inclined to make the most of his faults, and they are neither few nor rare. On the whole, however, his book is a monument of research, in a little-traversed, but most interesting field; and had he been

* *The Gild Merchant: a contribution to British Municipal History.* By Charles Gross, Ph.D. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

rather more modest in laying down his views, we should have had much more praise for his researches and their result. When we find him differing with such authorities as Bishop Stubbs, Mr. Freeman, and the late Mr. Green, we confess to a feeling of satisfaction that we are ranged with them and against him, notwithstanding his authoritative and contemptuous tone towards older and better men than himself. When Dr. Gross does quote with approval it is generally from some second- or third-rate authority, or no authority at all. We shall have occasion to note some of these aberrations further on. He is perfectly right in saying that the interest of the subject he has taken in hand is very great. But he is wrong if he thinks the general public will care to wade through his bristling text, or that they will be able to understand, in many places, what the author is driving at in his general depreciation of his predecessors. We may notice two of his fundamental propositions, at the same time saying that English historical scholars, in nine cases out of ten, will disagree with him. He is of opinion (p. 2) that "the history of the gild merchant begins with the Norman Conquest." This is not the case, either absolutely or relatively. If it means that the records relating to guilds begin after 1066, it is untrue. If it means that there were no guilds before the Conquest it is equally untrue. There is no doubt that a guild existed in London during the time of the later Saxon kings; and, to take a single example, a guild is indirectly named in a perfectly authentic document as far back as the time of Alfred. The sentence which follows is a typical example of Dr. Gross's style, though not otherwise remarkable. "The latter widened the horizon of the English merchant." We do not remember to have seen the Norman Conquest called a "latter," before, especially when, as in the present case, there is no "former." The second proposition to which we take exception is even more serious. Dr. Gross gives a list (p. 9) of all towns in which a merchant guild existed during the middle ages, and the reader misses from it the name of London, together with the names of Exeter, Norwich, and other places, whose constitutions were modelled on that of London. Dr. Gross sees occasion further on to modify this opinion. In the face of many recently discovered facts it is untenable. If London had no guild, why had it a Guildhall? Dr. Gross assumes, in the teeth of what little evidence there is, that the "communa" was first established when it was recognized by John in 1191 as "a reward for the assistance of the citizens against Longchamp." But there is more than a suspicion of conjecture in this view. But Dr. Gross speaks of "one of the best authorities," and names Norton in a footnote, and at the same time in the next note contradicts such real authorities as Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Brentano, Mr. Green, Mr. Thompson, and others. Here, too, his fondness for "the latter" obscures his meaning more than once. He almost immediately hedges about London. "Nevertheless, London, and probably some of the Cinque Ports, virtually exercised all the rights attached to this franchise, though the name and formal organization were unknown in these towns." This is rather puzzle-headed, and is not by any means cleared by this enigmatical footnote:—"Outside of London even the term 'Gild Merchant' was occasionally used in speaking of the latter city." By the "latter city" Dr. Gross means grammatically, or appears to mean, the Cinque Ports, or one of them; but in reality we suspect he means London. Instead, however, of verbal criticism like this, let us take higher grounds. We are not concerned to help Dr. Gross to facts; but any unprejudiced reader will see that he, like too many other historians, has endeavoured to write his book without more reference than was absolutely necessary to the very fabulous tales which, till within a few years, did duty for London history. But, though this would, perhaps, in some ways have been almost the only possible attitude a few years ago, it is impossible now, and a book on Guilds with London left out is an absurdity. As Dr. Gross never tells us what is his definition of a merchant guild, and we are at a loss to know why he absolutely ignores all the most curious, most interesting, and most puzzling propositions involved in the history of Norman and his canons at Aldgate, we instinctively turn over his pages to find out all about it; and when we come to his account of aldermen, and see how primitive and indeed crude his ideas are, we are not surprised that he so nearly avoided the subject.

Aldermen, he says, mixing up all periods from the witanagemot to the County Council, was a name "applied to civic officials of London and other towns long before the Norman Conquest." This is a very loose way of putting it. There would be nothing improper in giving the statement, as it stands, a direct contradiction. The aldermen of London, at least, were not "civic officials" until their jurisdiction had ceased to be hereditary, and until they were elected by the men of their wards, a change carried out in the fourteenth century. Previously they were exactly like lords of manors in the country. The bishop, as holding the manor or ward surrounding St. Paul's, was an alderman. Dr. Gross is so anxious to justify his omission of London, that he quotes Mr. Price to show that the Guildhall was not mentioned till 1212; "the earliest mention of the London Gildhall that the author of the history of the latter"—Dr. Gross's "latter" in this place means "the Gildhall"—"could find is of *circa* 1212." But he does not state that this date refers to the oldest City documents, and that the Guildhall was already in existence, and a well-known place of assembly. The presumption here is all against Dr. Gross, if we do not misunderstand his views.

It will be seen that this is a work by no means free from faults, and that these faults, which we could multiply indefinitely, are chiefly those of a more than usually competent historical student, who, having taken up an untenable position, is unwilling to abandon it. But we must not be understood for a moment as saying that the work is not one of deep research, minute accuracy, and general usefulness as a manual of a difficult and little understood subject of the highest historical interest. We may briefly indicate the scope and contents of the two volnmes. The first chapter, somewhat awkwardly headed "Inception and Distribution," contains Dr. Gross's preliminary essay, and a long list of "towns having this Gild." The second chapter contains notes on two typical examples among others, Ipswich and Andover. Ipswich received its charter from King John, and "the latter," as Dr. Gross would say, after a less formal document granted by Henry II., also received a charter from John. In the next few chapters we have accounts of the functions of guilds, the privileges and duties of guildsmen, and a very important and interesting passage on the distinction between guilds and boroughs. From this we learn many things in a succinct form, which the reading of many books might fail to teach us. Although we are rather inclined to a view which Dr. Gross condemns, that, namely, of Mr. Thompson, and in the main that of Messrs. Merewether and Stephen, there is much to be said in favour of Dr. Gross's view, that the guild was not identical with the borough constitution as a whole, and that the name of burgess is not tantamount to that of guildsman. As a fact, we feel sure, even if we admit the truth of this as an abstract proposition, that the guildsmen of a guildated town thought themselves to be burgesses, and the burgesses thought themselves to be guildsmen, or, in other words, did not trouble their minds about what was, after all, a distinction without a difference. At the same time, Dr. Gross is fully entitled to his views, and their argument is well calculated to elucidate the truth. On the whole, this and the succeeding chapter—on the influence of the guild upon the municipal constitution—are among the most important in the book. The history of the relations between merchant guilds and craft guilds is unsatisfactory. The author does not sufficiently follow a chronological system, and the result of reading the seventh chapter is to leave an uncomfortable feeling of confusion on the mind. Dr. Gross is probably right in thinking that Dr. Brentano has been too closely followed by most historians; yet in some cases—as, for example, in the early history of the London craft guilds—Dr. Brentano was probably right. We must traverse one statement, so far as it relates to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and the struggles of labour in London. Dr. Gross asserts that, so far from the movement tending to place municipal power in the hands of the people, the change was "in the reverse direction." Here his want of knowledge of the origin and later position of aldermen places him at a disadvantage, and we think he is wise when he adds, "We cannot stop to discuss the genesis of this important transformation." Chronology is not Dr. Gross's strong point; but if at the beginning of the above passage he had named, not the fourteenth and fifteenth, but the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it would be easier to argue with him. As a fact, very little of this kind went forward or backward during the civil wars which desolated England throughout the fifteenth century. Although charters were numerous, real municipal development was almost at a standstill. The eighth chapter relates to the later mercantile companies, those which sprang up first, in London at least, under the sovereigns of the Tudor dynasty. After this we have a description of the gradual decay of the merchant guild and its transformation in many cases into "a simple social-religious fraternity." The Preston guild merchant, "a spectre from the distant past," receives its share of notice, and if any of our readers were puzzled by its last appearance in 1882 we can only hope they may live to see it again in 1902, and to have Dr. Gross at hand to explain its meaning. The rest of the two volumes is taken up with appendices, among which is a passage on the Aldgate incident mentioned above, which Dr. Gross seems wholly to misapprehend.

We have dealt, perhaps, a little harshly with Dr. Gross and his work, but there are two very valid excuses to be made. One is that Dr. Gross's manners to other and previous workmen in the same field leave so much to be desired; and the second, that this book is so good, and contains so much original thought and original research, that it ought to have been a great deal better than it is.

TWO FAIRY BOOKS.*

THE moral order of the universe would have become subject to serious doubt if Mr. Andrew Lang had not followed up his delightful *Blue Fairy Book* of last year with another which is the *Red*. Now that Mr. Lang is thus admiral of these two squadrons, let him address himself to the task of becoming admiral of the third. Let us have a *White Fairy Book*, containing the "Seven Champions" (which, in spite of our prayers and tears, he still obstinately refuses to give us), "Valentine and Orson," a few other beloved and as yet slighted Old English favourites, and as much gleaning from foreign fields (especially the great stores of genuine Eastern

* *The Red Fairy Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1890.

The Doyle Fairy Book. London: Dean & Son. 1890.

tales lately made available) as he likes to fill up. Then will we sing the Red, White, and Blue with joy, and perhaps put in a plea for a Green one (lest justice should not be done to Ireland), and thereafter for a Yellow (lest the Chinese should feel hurt), and so on, and so on. One cannot easily have too many fairy tales, and one cannot easily have a better editor of them than Mr. Lang.

It is, however, the worst of manners to ask for more before finishing, or indeed beginning, the portion before one; and we beg Mr. Lang's pardon very humbly for it. It was only because he did not give us those Seven—but there it is again. Here in the *Red Book* there be many delightful things delightfully presented. The illustrations by Mr. Ford and Mr. Speed are, we think, better than those of the preceding volume. Mr. Speed's wicked queen on the top of the tower in the famous Irish tale (immortalized by Mr. Thackeray) of the "Black Thief," is so exceedingly nice that we wish the princes (who were stupid dunderheads) and the "old champion in the black cap" (who was an impudent impostor) and the Knight of the Glen (who was as impoliticly goodnatured as if he had been a modern Irish landlord) had all come to grief and she had survived. And the twelve princesses dancing in the frontispiece (Mr. Ford's) are very nice, too, though they are too uniformly provided with long noses. Long noses are good, but so are short ones (Pascal on Cleopatra and the late exemplary Dr. Arthur Schopenhauer on the Metaphysics of Love notwithstanding). Good, however, as the illustrations are, they are not the most principal and excellent thing in a fairy tale, even if they were better than these. Mr. Lang (aided, as before, by a college of muses) has given one famous English story "Jack and the Beanstalk," copied in an unfamiliar but excellent version by Lady Frances Balfour, considerable drafts on the well-known, or should be well-known, stores of Madame d'Aulnoy, and of Grimm, some from the less-known, but abundant, Norse tales of Asbjörnson and Moe, and a few from Russian and Roumanian sources. These latter are, as a rule, very good, and have a touch of unfamiliarity about them which is very appetizing. "The Enchanted Pig," for instance, is one of the best and most touching romantic variants of the Psyche theme that we know, with fragments of other motives curiously interwoven. It opens with a Bluebeard touch—a king leaves his three daughters, with orders not to go into the room at the back in the right hand corner. Of course they go; and the upshot is that the youngest learns that she is to marry a pig. And in process of time she does marry a pig, but a pig with a human voice and the finest manners, and the faculty of becoming a man at the proper moments. Then comes the witch, and the temptation, and the foolish attempt (in this case) to fasten a thread round the man-pig's foot, and the discovery, and the parting, and the weary search, and the finding, and the happy end. This finding has a curiously unclassical but very felicitous touch in it. At three different resting-places of the unhappy mother's (for she has become a mother, and bears her child with her) the hostesses give her a chicken as *viaticum*, and warn her to take care of the bones. And when she finds her husband's house it is an inaccessible tower doorless and windowless, save high above the ground. So she builds a ladder of the chicken bones, which stick together as good fairy-tale bones should, and climbs up to the roof-door. But there is one bone lost and one rung short. What is she to do? She cuts her little finger off, and lo! the ladder is complete and the entrance won. We like this hugely.

Very good again, though curiously and characteristically inconsequent, is the Russian "Death of Koschchei the Deathless," which we owe to Mr. Ralston, of lamented memory; and very pretty is Mr. Speed's picture of the beautiful Marya Morevna, wiling the secret out of the terrible Koschchei. Why a person surnamed "Deathless," who could go ten years without meat or drink, should have succumbed to such commonplace lethalities as a horse's hoof and Prince Ivan's club we know not; but, no doubt, it all happened a long time ago. The collapse of the nefarious Baba Yaga on the thread-like bridge is very fine, and there is a rather Finnish touch about the whole story. The "Voice of Death" is a curious, uncanny legend, which, without knowing its origin (it is, as a fact, Roumanian), any one could guess to be Slav. Of the Norse tales, we think we like "Kari Woodengown" best, or should do so if it were not for the unexpected, and in fairy stories quite unorthodox, fate of the Blue Bull. The Blue Bull was a very superior beast, as much pluckier than Europa's as more disinterested. He talked in the genteelest manner to the ill-treated Princess, he provided her with magic dinners to spite the wicked stepmother, he warned her how plots were laid against her and himself, and he carried her off as prettily as Achilles Tatius or Lord Tennyson could describe it. But he did more; for they went through three woods with (of course) copper, silver, and golden leaves, and they met (of course) three trolls with three, six, and nine heads, and he fought them all (the last for a week running), and killed them all, and only just got through it. We don't mind his telling the Princess to flay him, and cut his head off—that is all right. But that afterwards he should only be a kind of guardian angel, and not have Kari at all, that prize being reserved for an ill-mannered and uninteresting Prince who throws towels and bath-water at her, is very unsatisfactory indeed, though the Cinderella or Rhodope motive, which concludes the story, is prettily worked in. We venture to take the same liberty that the Laureate took in a parallel case, and substitute the Blue Bull for this lubber Prince, as he substituted Lynette for Lyonors.

There are some curious gatherings of some of Mr. Lang's French fellow-folklorists, the most idiomatic of which is "Drakestail," a quaint and pleasing legend telling how a little hero of that name and appearance concealed in his wame a fox, a ladder, a river, and a wasp's nest, and how they all turned out at the nick of time to do him service. But we do not so well like some of the others, which are mere variants of well-known stories. Nor, perhaps, is Mr. Lang's compression of the *Saga* of Sigurd quite in place. At least, we feel in respect to it the same, perhaps illogical, sense of its being a kind of dignified and agreeable interloper that we felt towards his story of Perseus in the other volume. These, with others like them, should go in a *Purple Fairy Book* by themselves, and a very delightful volume it would be. Lady Frances Balfour's version of the Beanstalk has for difference the bringing into greater prominence than most versions the poetical-justice side of the matter, the Ogre's spoils being the rightful property of Jack's father, a good knight deceased. As for our old friend Grimm, and our yet older friend the gay French lady, when are they not welcome? All Grimm being good, Mr Lang, of course, simply had to take not too much to impress too uniform a character on the book. He or his Muses have not infrequently abbreviated Mme. d'Aulnoy, which is no loss; for the excellent dame was apt to be a little prolix. It may be a perverted taste; but we are inclined to think Mme. d'Aulnoy's stories, when she is at her best, inferior as pure fairy stories (not *Märchen*, or parables, or *dévinettes*, or *fabliaux*) to hardly anything of the kind. How pleasant is *La Princesse Printanière* (Princess Mayblossom), with the selfish ungallantry of the wicked Fanfaronade so justly punished! And *Princess Rosette*, with that most agreeable green dog with one ear who barked so loyally to prevent the soles coming to eat his mistress up; and *Graciosa and Percinet*; and, perhaps best of all, *Le Rameau d'Or*, where the interwoven loves of Florimond and the Fairy Douceline are even more pleasing than the main story. By the way, Douceline on her enchanted couch (Mr. Speed's) is charming.

We skip with little order from tale to tale, for who minds order in Fairyland? A curious and rather incoherent story full of interesting touches is the Russo-Karelian "Wonderful Birch," and something the same may be said of the Norse "Princesses of Whiteland." It is characteristic that in this story, where the invariable succession of trolls with three, six, and nine heads, and of restorative flasks of ointment, gives an impression of sameness, there are two touches of remarkable freshness. One is, that the nine-headed troll having beaten the hero senseless, flings him, to finish him, against the very wall where the enchanted flask hangs, and thus automatically restores him. The three brothers who had fought a hundred years for a wishing suit only to have it taken away (in the usual frightfully immoral fashion) by the lucky hero, are also pleasing and fresh. But like some other Norse tales it has the drawbacks of monotony and inconsequence, drawbacks which may to some extent be evidences of its not having been tampered with, but which do not increase its interest. This, however, is entirely a question of comparison and degree. All the contents of the volume are delightful, and it is only a question which are most. There are some people who are so unfortunate as not to like fairy-tales; it is not their fault, it is their exceeding great misfortune. But as for us and for our house we will praise the Power that made these delightful things, and be thankful to Mr. Lang for collecting them and issuing them in so comely a form. For which good deed let him have, as we have already suggested, the wages of going on and getting that *White Fairy-Book* ready, without prejudice to all the other colours.

We have another fairy-book before us, also red, printed with rather insufficient care (for there is a great deal of worn type, and "apopolepsy," though a terrible disease we doubt not, is one unknown to us), but still readable, and, above all, with blessed imagery by "Dicky" Doyle. A great deal of the text can hardly have anything to do with Doyle; but it is all pleasing, and it is needless to say that the illustrations are charming. Mr. Thackeray, whom Mr. Green (the learned member of the Folklore Society who prefaces the book) rightly quotes, made Cruikshank Serjeant-Painter to the Fairies; but Doyle was only beginning when his friend wrote that, and he became in this particular branch far Cruikshank's superior. The figures in Mr. Ford's and Mr. Speed's illustrations, for instance, are very nice girls and men and monsters; but those in Doyle's are fairies.

NOVELS.*

A LIFE'S REMORSE is a sad illustration of the fact that too many novelists do not know how to write novels. The title itself will have suggestion in it to any reader lured by hope of finding something recompensing to spend too much time over these three volumes. At the end of the prologue one has hopes of the story. Two murders have been speedily and deftly accomplished, both, it may be mentioned, by mistake, and the necessary founda-

* *A Life's Remorse.* By the Author of "Molly Bawn." 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Mrs. Bob. By John Strange Winter. 2 vols. London: White & Co.

Would You Kill Him? By George Parsons Lathrop. 3 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Maygrove: a Family History. By W. Fraser Rae. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

tions of the plot are laid. The heart that has once tasted blood pants for more. What is to become of "the slight, well-dressed, elegant-looking man," so "young and of a very agile build," upon whom the careless fates have dropped the unsuited responsibility of murder? To arouse so keen a thirst and so suddenly to deprive the reader of any opportunity of slaking it is not quite generous. It is possible that the author thinks her method artistic. But it is necessary to warn her that the artistic is not a conspicuous object of craving in the pretty little heads of the sweet creatures who, curled up on the sofa before the fire, devour her books; and if she alienate this fair constituency whither shall she turn? That this is a kind of argument she is sure to appreciate the internal evidence—if one may use the expression of a book so irredeemably given to the superficial shows of things—proves. There are two topics of conversation in the book, tennis and the weather, and a mild excitement over some charades. And meanwhile, the agile young man of blood has been to the uttermost ends of the earth expiating the little accident of his youthful murder, and is now haunting country houses, silent, grim, self-contained. At last he dies in agony of soul, truly a rather sad and pitiable figure, and worth making something of had the author of *Molly Bawn* been able to spare more time for psychological analysis between the various sets of her tennis tournaments.

Fortunately there is not the same fault in *Mrs. Bob*. Simply as a story, it might have been thought much better and more engaging work than it is now likely to be regarded, appearing, as it does, for the suffrage of a public that still recalls the agreeably uncanny air of fascination in Miss Florence Warden's story *The House on the Marsh*. Not all writers who use other people's plots, or adopt other people's suggestions, are Shakspeares. In comparison with *The House on the Marsh*, *Mrs. Bob* is sure to suffer. "John Strange Winter" has spoiled what might have been a very creditable performance, had she stuck to her last. She might have made a comedy of manners, with a good deal of wholesome geniality and good-natured satire. As it is, such charming, well-behaved people as Mr. and Mrs. Bob and the delightful brother, Stephen Howard, would one and all have been fools to have carried on for so long a period so clever a course of consistent insincerity as they manifested in stealing the jewels of their friends and neighbours. It was not in them to be up to such a game. Other people might care about this sort of thing, but not they. Of course the clever author of *Bootles's Baby* may tell us that, unfortunately, the Bob Markhams did suffer from just such uncontrollable kleptomania, and that it was to indulge their particular eccentric humour that they settled in sleepy old Blankhampton. Very well; but there is something wrong. Such people as they were would never have settled in Blankhampton for any such purpose. They are much too nice and amiable to have so compromising an imputation thrown upon them, and with such tyrannic cruelty. They should have been left in the novel to their normal development as types of English life.

No very different criticism is to be made of the much more ambitious work of Mr. Lathrop; and in him, again, one will be driven to a by no means forced application of the old proverb. Mr. Lathrop has always shown an inclination to write a novel, but he has never quite succeeded. Himself, doubtless, he has pleased least of all. For he knows what good work is, and for several years now, as one of the most industrious of the writers in New York, has produced a good deal of honest copy in other fields, that makes his well-wishers grudge the time he has spent in fiction. The title of one of his stories, *An Echo of Passion*, might be taken to characterize all his work therein. He conceives vividly and powerfully. But one always feels in his narrative a lack of reality; and yet there is with this lack no imaginative illusion, no natural magic strong enough to create a temporarily plausible atmosphere to make up for it. He dreams in vain for the sort of thing seen even in the early work of Charles Brockden Brown, of course conspicuous in Poe, and, most remarkable of all in Hawthorne, Mr. Lathrop's father-in-law. But Mr. Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne* shows how true and penetrating his criticism is when he deals with a subject that is naturally congenial to him. In *Would You Kill Him?* he has very crudely, and in an inappropriate fantastic way that recalls the device in Mr. Stockton's perplexing tale *The Lady or the Tiger*, proposed a Hawthornesque problem and invited thought upon its solution, while at the same time he has ventured upon a rational statement of his own belief. Holsclaw, a rising New York politician of high aspiration, strange as it may seem, and a respected member of the Stock Exchange, meets on the steamer while returning from Europe with his wife an old enemy, who has long been trying to do him every injury. Frank Vail is the brother of a girl, now dead, to whom once Holsclaw was engaged, but of whom he tired, and to whom he gave pretty clear proof thereof. Vail has taken up the bitterest hatred of Holsclaw, and is in possession of some of Holsclaw's old love-letters to his sister, which he uses, Iago-like, to arouse the jealousy and suspicion of Holsclaw's wife. One night in mid-Atlantic Holsclaw and Vail are thrown together alone on deck, and Holsclaw demands an explanation of Vail's irritating conduct. In the angry altercation that follows over the letters, which Vail owns to having there with him in his pocket, they come to blows, and Vail is knocked on the head. To cut a long story short, when Holsclaw landed in New York the only person who had seen this scuffle and its issue, a meddling vampire of a woman, spread the charge abroad that Holsclaw had murdered Vail. He was indicted, tried, and acquitted. The point is, "Would you kill him?" There is evident, even here in the simple suggestion of this plot, a certain Hawthornesque feeling for the problem of sin, and a willingness to enter upon a psychological study of great emotions. But the actual treatment of the subject in this novel is surprisingly inadequate and unreal. Mr. Lathrop gets nowhere in the neighbourhood of the proper mood or the satisfactory point of view.

Maygrove is the work of a clever writer, who has never done anything so good as this, which is the first novel published with his own name. It purports to be the history of a family. Mr. Rae is scrupulously eager to gather up every thread of relationship, and, as the story progresses, to give every one a fair chance. But like Laurence Sterne, he is afraid of the birth of his hero, not quite knowing what to do with him in his incipient stages. We get every promise of the boy's speedy appearance in the very first chapter. We wait anxiously throughout the first volume, wondering why he is so unconscionably a long time coming, and if the other people whom we meet were not so really amusing, and the quaint old house high up on the bluff over the sea so truly restful an abode, the book would surely be cast aside. At last, in the final chapter of the first volume he does appear, and his question "Who are oo?" addressed to a friend of the family, startles us with its successful wording of our own mood. It is what we have been asking throughout. But henceforward his progress is sure, and well worth watching. Of the other characters there are some of a healthier stamp. Uncle Bob is very charming, but not quite real; and Graby, on the Stock Exchange, while exaggerated, is a very well-drawn and striking figure. Tarbold and Possil, solicitors and legal advisers, are living and well-contrasted types. But, on the whole, the impression is one of surprise that Mr. Rae has so full an acquaintance with the facts of life and yet so little strength of grip upon them. The cause may be stated in a single word. He is "literary" rather than living, and cares more for what people have said about things than for the things themselves.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN HISTORY.*

STUDIES in European History, by the late Professor von Döllinger, is a book of interest in many ways. Although it is impossible to treat a great subject thoroughly within the limits of an Academical Address, it is nevertheless possible to indicate the point of view taken by the writer, and the lines on which he proposes to work out his inquiry, while the choice of subjects itself gives us considerable insight into the mind of the person by whom they were chosen. Most students of history will be glad to know the attitude assumed by Dr. von Döllinger towards several modern problems; and we think that those who know him only as a reformer in matters ecclesiastical will be surprised at the conservative tendency, the reverence for tradition, the evidently cordial appreciation of old-established institutions which he will meet with in these pages. The thoughtful article "On the Significance of Dynasties in the History of the World" closes with the words:—

> To the German the sovereign of the land is the father of the people, and as such the object of reverence and love, to whom is willingly attributed the will and the power to remove every grievance if once it be brought to his knowledge, and his mind be not poisoned by the suggestions of evil counsellors.

And the next address, an eloquent panegyric on the ancient house of Wittelsbach, breathes a spirit of loyal contented patriotism and of pride in the Royal House of Bavaria which is refreshing to read in these democratic days:—

> Our annals [the speaker boasts] have no insurrections, no dethronements, no conspiracies or treasonable plots, and no political executions to show; but they tell of abundant examples of self-denying devotion, of sacrifices of wealth and life, and of loyalty of the people towards their princes which the most grievous sufferings and temptations could not shake. We yield the palm in this respect to no other German race.

Dr. von Döllinger has in an especial degree one of the great qualifications for an historian—that, namely, of conceiving of history as a living organism, as vigorously alive at the present day as ever, and whose future developments can only be conjectured by earnest study of the past. It is characteristic, therefore, that he should begin his essay on the Eastern Question by a description of the crusades and their effects, treating them as the first acts of a drama whose *dénouement* will possibly be seen by the present generation, or when he traces the *Judenhetze* of our own times from the savage persecutions of the Middle Ages, which make us wonder how any professing Jew could possibly have survived them. His sense of the unity of history is again exemplified by the anecdote with which he begins his essay upon the policy of Louis XIV. "When the two famous historians, Thiers and Ranke, met in Vienna in October 1870, the former asked, 'With whom are the Germans now fighting, since the fall of the Emperor?' 'Against Louis XIV.,' answered the German scholar."

Indeed, it is easy to understand how large the personality of

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* *Studies in European History.* Being Academical Addresses delivered by John Ignatius von Döllinger, D.D., late Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich. Translated, at the request of the Author, by Margaret Warre. With Portrait. London: John Murray. 1890.

the Grand Monarque must loom before the mind of any German, more especially any Bavarian, historian. Döllinger ingenuously remarks, "It is particularly difficult for Germans to arrive at a fair, unbiassed judgment concerning this King; their gloomiest, most humiliating recollections are connected with his name and the deeds done by his orders. I have myself keenly experienced this difficulty; for, when studying his history, I have had continually to avoid dwelling upon the images indelibly impressed upon the memory by Worms, Spires, Oppenheim, and Mannheim." Yet, though he strives to be impartial, we fancy that the attempt has only caused him to overestimate Louis's mental capacity as much as he does his personal advantages in the following surprising passage:—"Louis was a magnificent man, perfect in bodily proportion, with regular and beautiful features!" His account of Mme. de Maintenon, "the most influential woman of French history," covers almost the same ground, and is, to our mind, more interesting than his rather hurried sketch of the "Siècle de Louis XIV."

Most readers of a series of historical essays by Dr. von Döllinger will naturally begin by searching for some distinct expression of his views with regard to the Papacy. For these, no doubt, the chapter headed "The Struggle of Germany with the Papacy under the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian" will prove the most attractive, especially in the passage wherein he contrasts the Empire of Ludwig with that of William, and remarks that, "Wide and deep as the gulf may be which separates the old Empire from the new, we cannot move a step among the *débris* of the past without encountering figures and parallels which bring it into relationship with the present day." "Ecclesiastical Rome," we read elsewhere, "is more powerful for the present in Germany than in Italy. This also was the case in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and then happened—what we all know." With this enigmatical sentence the inquirer must rest content. We have no space to comment on the scholarly and thoroughly exhaustive essay upon "Dante as a Prophet," or the valuable reflections upon the causes of the failure of the old Holy Roman Empire which will be found in these "Addresses," though some of our modern doctrinaires will be surprised at the statement that

> Purely elective monarchies, which ignore the hereditary principle, are beacons of warning in history; they have invariably contained the germs of corruption and dissolution, and their formation has frequently betokened a period of political and moral decay in a nation. They have always been conducive to bribery in one form or another, for electors have been prone to turn the privilege of a vote into a matter of personal profit. Elective bodies have besides always been apt to fall a prey to party divisions, and to elect, not the worthiest candidate, but the man most likely to prove useful to his party. It is of the highest importance to a political organism that the unity, the unbroken continuity of supreme authority, should, by embodiment in a ruling family, be preserved in the eyes of all against the unstable wills of passing generations. . . . It has been observed that the subjects of elective States and spiritual principalities exhibit, as a rule, no attachment to their princes. The news of the death of a pope was always received with indifference in the States of the Church, and it was not otherwise in the German Ecclesiastical States. Personal loyalty has been exclusively reserved for rulers who belonged to an hereditary dynasty.

The English translation is, we think, very well done, the sense being clearly given, and German idioms judiciously avoided. To descend to minor details, we think that "Jacob de Vitry" has an unfamiliar sound, and we trust that it was not Dr. von Döllinger who wrote "Novus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo," or who gave "solita fratrum odia" as a quotation from Tacitus.

THE LIFE OF SCHUMANN.*

THE two small volumes issued by Messrs. Richard Bentley & Son, entitled *The Life of Robert Schumann, told in his Letters*, are certainly very pleasant reading. Schumann's life has been treated by Herr von Wasielewski and others with some completeness already; but these works necessarily treat more or less of the unfortunate melancholy which too often overshadowed the mind of the great composer, and leave an impression on the reader's mind that his was after all but a sad existence. With the exception of an allusion here and there in some of these letters to a period of depression, chiefly as an excuse for not having attended to his correspondence, there is no insistence upon this sadder side of his life. It is all joyous, busy, and hopeful, with an occasional plaintive cry that "the world really knows nothing about me," which is at once qualified by "I feel *really* happy in my art, and hope to go on working for a *long* time." This feeling of joy in his art and the indefatigable capacity for work are the characteristics of this collection of letters.

Beginning life with the intention of becoming a lawyer, Schumann soon found that his inclinations and tastes compelled him to give up all hopes of succeeding in that profession, and, with characteristic resolution, he determined to devote his life to music. In a letter to his guardian, Herr Rudel, he announces his intention to place himself for six months under F. Wieck at Leipzig, and promises that, if that master has "the very smallest doubts" of his success in the art, he will return to the law. Schumann's exchequer at this period was at a low ebb, and Herr Rudel is appealed to in the following naïve manner:—"How much you would oblige me, most honoured Herr Rudel, if you would send me as much as possible as soon as possible! . . . . Believe me, a student never wants so much as when he has not a copper in his pocket, especially in small University towns where he can borrow as much as ever he likes. A fortnight ago I had been seven weeks without having a farthing in my pocket, and I can honestly say that I never had so many wants as during those seven weeks." We trust Herr Rudel responded handsomely to such an argument as this. After about a year with Wieck he was, as appears from a letter in this collection, about to put himself under Hummel, but just then he crippled the first finger of his right hand by overdoing technical exercises, which put an end to his becoming a pianoforte player. From henceforth he devoted himself to composition, and he seems to have worked with an ardour that literally devoured him. His letters to Mme. Voigt are full of respectful playfulness, mingled with a touch of sarcasm, which, however, soon passes away in the assurance that "there are still some glorious people in the world, and I will embody this faith in the name of 'Henriette'"—Mme. Voigt's Christian name. This was at the time that Schumann was engaged to Ernestine von Fricken, and Mme. Voigt was a "friend at court." This engagement, however, was broken off in the following year, and Ernestine became the Frau Gräfin Ernestine von Zedtwitz, to whom he dedicated his book of songs, Op. 31. Then comes the editing of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and what appears to be the almost hopeless courtship with Clara Wieck, whose father had such serious objections to the engagement that it was only by dint of threats of legal proceedings, nay, even of actual steps in that direction, that his consent to the marriage was at last gained. His work on the *Neue Zeitschrift* gave him plenty of employment, and we find him very eager to give his Davidsbund, as he calls it, real life, "by bringing men of similar opinions, even though they are not professional musicians, nearer together, both by *writings* and *signals*. If academies, with ignoramuses for presidents, elect their members, why should not we juniors elect one another?" He conceived also an idea, which would certainly meet with some Englishmen's approval, of establishing an agency for the publication of the compositions of all who would submit to the rules he proposed, the highest object of which publishing Company would be to let composers reap the profits "which have hitherto enriched the *publishers*." All the letters of this period are worth study, especially to the musical critic; for they will show him how a musical genius, whose tendencies were certainly radical in musical matters, could nevertheless appreciate what was really good in the work of those who differed from him. Occasionally a young composer sends him a composition, asking for his opinion of it—a common enough method of worrying a great master into madness. Schumann's answer to such a one is invariably courteous; giving valuable advice, and always asking him to send him something more after he has worked on his lines. He does not hesitate to speak his mind, however, when he feels that he has wasted his time over rubbish; and on one occasion, when a priggish admirer ventured to give him some advice which he considered impertinent, he did not stop to weigh his words in his reply. But even in this solitary instance which has come down to us we cannot say that the censure was undeserved, or that it was even unkind.

After his marriage his life was a very happy one, with the exception of some periods of gloom, of which we hear, as we have already said, but little in these letters, and his energies were devoted solely to his art, for he had given up the editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift*. In a letter to Dr. Härtel he says, "A young man has appeared here who has impressed me most deeply with his wonderful music, and who will, I am quite convinced, make the greatest sensation in the musical world." This young man was Johannes Brahms, whom, in writing to Dr. Joachim, he afterwards calls "the true apostle, who will write revelations which many Pharisees will be unable to explain, even after centuries." About Wagner Schumann was at first somewhat doubtful: but he came to see the worth of some of his work, although he rightly persisted that much of it was mere vulgarity. These volumes close with a series of letters to his publishers, which serve only to show the wretched prices which composers got for some of the masterpieces of musical art in those days, and fully justify Schumann's desire to establish a co-operative music publishing agency.

* *The Life of Schumann, told in his Letters.* Translated from the German by May Herbert. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 2 vols.

FOLKLORE.*

IF we may judge by the number of new books on folklore, the subject is becoming less unpopular than of old. The Folklore Society, who have just issued a convenient *Handbook*, edited by Mr. Gomme, will probably be glad to find enthusiasm taking the palpable form of subscriptions. The *Handbook*, in which there are contributions by Miss Burne, by Mr. Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, by Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Hartland, is intended to teach students how to direct their inquiries among people savage or civilized. Folklore has become a part of anthropology; its business is the examination of belated ideas, whether in the minds and customs of rude or polite peoples. The hypothesis is that most of these antiquated notions arise naturally in early and ignorant metaphysics, while they endure

* *The Handbook of Folklore.* Edited by G. L. Gomme. London: D. Nutt. 1890.
Folklore and Legends. London: Gibbings. 1890.

chiefly among peasants, but occasionally among the educated, as when people dislike seeing the new moon through glass, or dining in a company of thirteen. There is also a point at which folklore and Psychical Research meet, but they do not seem to combine their forces. We cannot tell whether Mr. Myers and Mr. Podmore of the Spookical would welcome Mr. Gomme or Mr. Frazer of the Folklore Society at their gatherings, or whether the ladies and butlers who entertain the former with tales of ghosts would like to be recognized as contributors to folklore. Perhaps the F. L. S. is hardly thorough enough. In the questions about superstitions connected with houses we read nothing about haunted houses. This is an oversight. On p. 72, after question 462, we should read "463. Are any houses haunted? If so, by what or whom? Has the butler seen the spectre? Has the butler at any time suffered from *delirium tremens?* 464. Has the Psychical Society investigated the house? Did *they* see anything? Did they think it worth mentioning that little boys rang the door-bell and ran away?" Under "Goblindom" we do find questions asked about "Household Familiars—*e.g.* the drudging goblin," "ghosts," and "Ancestral spirits—*e.g.* the Banshee, the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns." But the F. L. S. do not take this matter seriously. They only ask, "What is the local anecdote?" It never occurs to them to wonder whether or not the anecdote is true. To illustrate this we offer an example of the way in which Psychical Research blends with folklore. The F. L. S. asks, "Are any animals supposed to be the departed spirits of the dead?" The P. R. S. should inquire, "Have any beasts ghosts?" Here followeth the anecdote. About twenty years ago two maiden ladies, sisters, women very well known in literature, and, what is more unusual, noted for their common-sense, had a dog. The dog died, and was buried, and bewailed. Some weeks later one of the ladies, Miss A., was wakened by a sound on the stairs. She listened and heard the patter of the defunct dog's feet running upstairs to Miss B.'s room. Naturally she laughed at so obvious a delusion and fell asleep again. But next morning Miss B. came down to breakfast and said, "An extraordinary thing happened last night. I heard Crab" (or whatever the deceased dog's name may have been) "scratch at my door last night. I got up and let him in, I saw him distinctly. This morning he was not there." Now is this folklore or is it Psychical Research? Was the adventure a collective hallucination, or a survival of savage fancy, or have dogs ghosts? These are points that need clearing up. The stories, constantly recurring, of rappings and white hands, and general disturbances in houses, ought to be examined quite as much by the F. L. S. as by the P. R. S. Representatives of the F. L. S. should be present at *séances*. But the two learned bodies, instead of combining their funds and their Transactions, "pooling" them, so to speak—an economical measure—fight rather shy of each other.

The Handbook, as we have said, is a useful manual. It is difficult or impossible to avoid cross-divisions in arranging questions about human absurdity; but, on the whole, certain departments are clearly enough discriminated. One fault is that, in the example offered, scarcely any references are given to authorities. For example, a ballad is quoted from "an old and mutilated manuscript between the leaves of a large Family Bible, long out of use, in the parish of Kilpatrick, Scotland." Who testifies to the authenticity of the MS.? It is a ballad about a Changeling taken to church:—

> Some say they saw him to the lift
> Wi' rapid speed ascen',
> Some out o' the door wi' a bricht blue flash—
> For me, I dinna ken.

This ballad, with its incident localized at Auchinleck, can hardly be older than the days of Mr. James Boswell the younger, of that estate. It is clearly not a genuine ballad, and we distrust the fly-leaves and the old Family Bible. That is a very antiquated trick, and, even if the anecdote were more plausible, its *provenance* should have been given. This kind of ballad, we fear, is of no more authority than the *Ingoldsby Legends*. A more familiar, but quite as apocryphal, example is the Hawick chorus:—

> Teribus and Terry Oden,
> Sons of Heroes slain at Flodden.

This is printed "Teribus y teri Odin," and is regarded as a slogan "transmitted from the time of our heathen forebears." Of course, before anything of the kind can be hinted, it is necessary to show that "Teeribus" (as it is pronounced) existed before the battle of Flodden, and the need of a rhyme to Flodden. Till that is proved we may regard "Teribus and Terry Oden" as a mere nonsense jingle, no more connected with heathen religion than Ri tooral ooral. Slogans are interesting, and often old; there are plenty in Mr. Robert Chambers's book of Scotch Traditions. But Thor and Odin have probably nothing to do in this galley.

The Handbook will be best criticized in the using; it is valuable both to those who collect from oral tradition, and those who read rare witchcraft trials, works on magic, travels, lives of saints, and other printed or manuscript sources. We are inclined to differ from the contributor who thinks (apparently) that *Märchen* are dwindled Sagas. Much more frequently the heroic Saga is an elaborated *Märchen*. This, in fact, is a distinction that lies at the root of modern folklore, but, apparently, the older theory is very tenacious of existence. The notes on harvest customs will particularly interest readers of Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, whether they go all lengths with him or not. Perhaps no publication of the Folklore Society is so likely as this neat little volume to spread the knowledge of its processes and results.

Folklore and Legends is of no scientific value, though it is well printed and interesting in parts. Some such stories as *Jack the Giant Killer* are given from chapbooks of respectable antiquity. Ritson's essay on Fairies is reprinted; it is all but obsolete in the present condition of the study. As a rule, the sources are not given, and some of the stories are stupid. As far as its influence goes, a book of this kind merely gives an erroneous idea of what folklore is and should be, but for mere reading it will serve.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

ALL Greek scholars will be glad to see the first volume of Mr. Dakyns's translation of the writings of Xenophon, on which he has been an acknowledged authority since the appearance of his essay in *Hellenica*, a good many years ago; and we venture to predict that the general verdict upon the work will be one of almost unqualified approval. The present instalment contains *Hellenica*, Books I. and II., and the *Anabasis*, which afford quite range enough to enable Mr. Dakyns's readers to judge of his success as a translator of Xenophon. A very hasty survey is sufficient to prove that in one important point the book is a success. It is thoroughly readable; the English is vigorous, clear, and idiomatic, and many who have not given much thought to the *Anabasis* since their school days will be very apt when they take up the book to read the whole story through. And this care and fluency are not attained by any sacrifice of scholarship. Well-known passages, such as the account of the army's first view of the sea, in *Anabasis* IV., or the speeches of Critias and Theramenes in *Hellenica* II., are admirably close, and, at the same time, full of spirit. We should like to quote the former passage in full, but considerations of space forbid, and Xenophon does not lend himself readily to short extracts. Indeed Mr. Dakyns must be commended quite as much for his industry as for his skill in maintaining so uniform a standard of excellence in a work which to most people would be painfully monotonous; for Xenophon gives his translator fewer opportunities than most classical authors of executing brilliant *tours de force*, and the absence of such chances is apt to make the translator insensibly slacken his efforts as he works through page after page of plain and simple narrative. But Mr. Dakyns is obviously in love with his work. In the *Sketch of the Life of Xenophon* which precedes the translation we detect a tacit belief that the writer has, as it were, a personal intimacy with the subject of his memoir, that he knows his character thoroughly, and that where gaps in the history leave us pretty much to guesswork, Xenophon's line of action may be fairly inferred from what is already known of him by his posthumous friend. Though historical judgment is thus in danger of being biassed by private affection, there is a certain charm in this attitude towards an author long since dead and gone, and Mr. Dakyns as a rule escapes the incongruities to which it may give rise. He sails perhaps rather near the wind when he pictures Xenophon restored to earth and rejoicing in the works of Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin; but no one qualified to judge of his work will think hardly of what is at worst an amiable indiscretion. In dealing with an historical personage who has been in turn extolled as the choicest product of Hellenic education and branded as a lying rascal who kept back his *Anabasis* till none survived to expose its falsehoods, Mr. Dakyns has shown

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* *The Works of Xenophon.* Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A. Assistant-Master in Clifton College. 4 vols. Vol. I.—Hellenica, Books I. and II., and Anabasis. London: Macmillan & Co.

Æschines against Ctesiphon. Edited, on the basis of Weidner's Edition, by Rufus B. Richardson, Professor of Greek in Dartmouth College. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

Demosthenis pro Ctesiphonte de Corona Oratio. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by B. Drake, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

Livy. Book IV. Edited by H. M. Stephenson, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Livy. Book XXI. Adapted from Mr. Capes's Edition, with Notes and Vocabulary, by J. C. Melhuish, M.A., Assistant-Master in St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co.

Gai Juli Cæsaris de Bello Gallico Commentariorum VI. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary for the Use of Schools, by C. Colbeck, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

Selections from the Greek Tragedians. By Edward D. Stone, M.A., King's College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons.

Passages for Practice in Translation at Sight. Part IV.—Greek. By John Williams White, Ph.D., Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

Sophocles Antigone. With Introduction, Notes, Vocabularies, and Translation. By A. H. Allcroft, B.A., and B. J. Hayes, M.A. London: Clive & Co.

Models and Materials for Greek Iambic Verse. By J. Y. Sargent, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Macmillan's Latin Course. Second Part. By A. M. Cook, M.A., Assistant-Master in St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Simple Sentence in Greek. Containing Rules, Vocabularies, and Exercises on the Verb, Article, Noun, Preposition, and Pronoun. By W. J. Harding, M.A., late Scholar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons.

A First Latin Verse Book. By W. E. P. Pantin, M.A., Assistant-Master at St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co.

much judgment tempered by the praiseworthy desire of a biographer to show his chosen hero in the fairest light.

Mr. Richardson's edition of *Æschines against Ctesiphon* is a good useful school book without any very striking features. From the general character of the notes and the explanations of ordinary legal terms which they contain we gather that it is intended for students not yet well read in the Attic orators. For such readers the notes are rather overcrowded with quotations from Greek authors at large, and it would often take an ordinary schoolboy or undergraduate rather more time to master the commentary than to translate the text. Mr. Richardson's literary style is not of the highest; such a sentence as the following, for instance, is not what one expects to find in a Greek professor's edition of a classical author:—"It was difficult either to get the citizens together or to hold them together, unless spicy business was in outlook." But Mr. Richardson has studied Weidner to some purpose, and made good use of other standard authorities, and the matter of his notes is sound.

The seventh edition of Mr. Drake's *De Corona* is to some extent a new work, as it has received considerable additions and some alterations from its present reviser, whose initials, E. S. S., appended to the preface will enable scholars to identify him without much difficulty. His most important contribution to the work, regarded as a school book, is an excellent historical introduction, which tells tersely and with great exactness all that is necessary for an understanding of the rather complicated politics of the time. Of the many existing editions of the speech, we do not know one which fulfils better than this the needs of sixth-form boys and undergraduates.

It would be rash to say that there is no school edition of Livy IV. published separately, but if there is, we are not aware of its existence, and Mr. Stephenson has done well to supply the want. The book is made interesting by the struggle of the Plebeians for social and political equality, and for boys still more so by some excellent fighting, notably by the exploit of Cossus. The notes are sound and short. The introduction deals mainly with constitutional questions, which are handled judiciously, though perhaps rather more fully than is necessary in a work of this nature.

Mr. Melhuish has abridged Mr. Capes's well-known commentary on Livy XXI. so as to fit it to the needs of schoolboys in lower and middle forms. The work has been on the whole judiciously done, but the notes give decidedly too much help in translation. Such help should in a school edition be confined to clearing up difficulties in the text. Lessons in the art of idiomatic rendering are best left to the master.

Mr. Colbeck's edition of the *Gallic War VI.* is as good as his edition of Book V., a sufficient reason for teachers who have used the former volume to adopt the present one. The notes are kept very short, but they give quite sufficient help, and no point is missed. On important matters of syntax references are given to the *Revised Primer*, but these are not, as in some school editions we could name, scattered broadcast. The introduction gives all needful information about the Roman army, the Gauls, the Germans, and the history of Cæsar's campaigns. It is so brightly written that we should not be much surprised to find an intelligent fourth-form boy reading it of his own accord—a compliment which he is not in the habit of paying to his school books.

We do not greatly care for Mr. Stone's *Selections*, though discreetly made, as a class-book, holding Mr. Sidgwick's condensations to be preferable for boys who cannot yet tackle an entire play. Some teachers may think otherwise, and to them we can heartily commend Mr. Stone's work, which may also be useful as a storehouse of "unseens."

If good printing made a good book, then Dr. White's Greek *Passages for Translation at Sight* would be among the best of school books. The present volume contains one hundred and fifty passages from the best Greek authors both in prose and verse. One only objection to Dr. White's choice is that most of the pieces are well known, and that students who are far enough advanced to tackle them at sight will probably have met with very many of them in the course of their ordinary reading. We do not like, at any rate for tolerably proficient scholars, Dr. White's plan of giving the key to the subject-matter of each passage in an English heading. The bare text is all that is wanted. Dr. White follows a fashion very prevalent in America, and not unknown here, of giving by way of introduction a sort of lecture to teachers, in the course of which he inveighs against the "pernicious method" of "painfully piecing subject, verb, and modifiers together." He adds, "If we are to learn to read with rapidity and ease, we must approach the thought precisely as the Greek reader or hearer did." Very good; but until we can approach, &c.?

Messrs. Allcroft and Hayes have edited for the "University Correspondence College" the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with the usual paraphernalia of notes, vocabulary, translation, and test papers, intended by that learned body to get candidates through the examinations of London University. The notes are short and to the point, and suited to the capacity of the humble passman. The translation is, so far as we have tested it, accurate.

Oxford men who know something of Mr. Sargent's skill as a teacher of composition will welcome his book on Greek iambics, which is admirable alike in conception and in execution. The "models" consist of passages from the tragedians classified according to the subjects of which they treat. The "materials" are divided into two parts, Part I. consisting of short pieces of English verse classified in the same way as the Greek, while Part II. contains longer passages of more varied scope. To most of these are appended references to passages in the Attic tragedians which resemble them in thought or language. Thus for Landor's death of Artemidora the learner is referred to the *Alcestis*, for Satan's soliloquy on his place of banishment to *Prometheus*. We can imagine no better method of bridging over the awkward gap between such a book as Mr. Sidgwick's and the unaided rendering into Greek of English poetry than that which Mr. Sargent has here adopted, nor could the idea have been better carried out. Mr. Sargent, for some reason, gives no reference to the sources whence his passages, English or Greek, are taken, and this is the only thing in the book which we should like to see changed in a future edition.

Messrs. Macmillan have published the second part of their *Latin Course*, which, like the first part, is the work of Mr. Cook, of St. Paul's School. We like the present rather better than the former volume, though there are a good many books of the kind which we should prefer to use. The exercises on the elementary syntax of the compound sentence are perhaps the best part of the book; the examples are very well chosen. Short as the book is, it contains a good deal of what we cannot regard as anything better than padding. For instance, nearly twenty pages are occupied by a Latin version of the story of Joseph. Both the style and the vocabulary of this are necessarily as unlike the Latin of the golden age as anything well can be, and the boys who have worked through it will scarcely be better qualified to attack Cæsar or Ovid or Livy than they were before they began it. It is a little surprising to find in p. 1 the statement that all compounds of *do* are of the third conjugation. *Circumdo* is surely a verb of pretty frequent occurrence.

Mr. Harding's *Simple Sentence in Greek* is a funny little book which may very likely be in Mr. Harding's own hands an excellent instrument for teaching his own class, but is just one of those school books which should be jealously kept in manuscript by their authors. It contains, among other things, a plan of the river Usk and town of Brecon, intended to illustrate prepositions of place. The chief fault of the book is that the exercises are far too few, and the advance in difficulty, not of syntax but of accidence, far too rapid. Boys beginning Greek ought to do a great deal of easy writing to familiarize them with the forms especially of verbs. Here we find such verbs as *ὠθέω*, *καθῆμαι*, *εἰσφέρω* introduced in Ex. VI., and after some twenty exercises boys are supposed to be able to turn consecutive passages of English into Greek. A good deal of help is given, it is true, but as far as our experience goes the master would have to do practically the whole of the exercise for his class.

A good many teachers will agree with Mr. Pantin that there is room for an easy Latin verse-book, and will further confirm his view that one of the main difficulties for small boys in the existing book lies in the large number of alternative words given in the vocabulary. Any plan which, without giving too much help, will enable a boy to do a good many more verses in an hour than he can at present is a good plan, and we fancy that Mr. Pantin's book will fulfil its object. The exercises range from short "tags" to translations of passages from the elegiac poets. With regard to the latter, Mr. Pantin has hardly been as successful as he thinks in avoiding passages which commonly occur in school. We fancy that many small boys are familiar with "Quam bene vivebant Saturno rege," and with "Tempore ruricolæ patiens fit taurus aratri," while Ovid's well-known lines on spring are they not written in every volume of selections? Mr. Pantin's hints are brief and judicious; but it is a pity he should give us an example of bad order, "intrepidi juvenes timidæ coeuntque puellæ," as this transposition of "que" is a favourite trick of style with Ovid. But no doubt it is as well not to hold it up for imitation by small boys, and for the book, as a whole, we have nothing but praise.

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKSPEARE.*

THE completion of this edition of the works of Shakspeare demands some fuller consideration of its scope and characteristics than was possible when the edition was progressing month by month. From time to time, during the separate issue of these eight volumes, we indicated some of the more prominent merits and defects of the work, especially such as belong to the novel features of the scheme. With regard to defects we have little to add to what has been previously written, and nothing to withdraw. No reasonable person, certainly no one possessed of artistic taste and perceptions, could possibly expect an illustrated Shakspeare to be faultless. Pictorial editions of Shakspeare are always distressing productions. The only acceptable illustration of the plays is that supplied by scholars and critics, the fruits of nearly two centuries of research and study. A good text and a critical selection of illustrative commentary, notes, and emendations must be accounted foremost among the aims of the present editors and their assistants. In this illustrated Shakspeare there is, indeed, something incongruous in the association of so much that is valuable and interesting in the editorial work with so much tame and uninspired illustration of the

* *The Works of William Shakspeare.* Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With numerous illustrations, by Gordon Browne. 8 vols. London: Blackie & Sons. 1890.

pictorial kind. A less hopeless attempt at illustration, and one in harmony with Mr. Henry Irving's interesting essay, "Shakspeare as a Playwright," would be the illustration of the Shakspearian stage from the poet's times to the Lyceum revivals. There is no lack of material for this enterprise. We are entirely sympathetic with the spirit of Mr. Irving's remarks on Shakspeare's connexion with the theatre. The stage, he observes, was "the lever with which he moved the world; and while we accord to him the supremacy of literature, it is but just to remember the practical aid he derived from his judgment and experience as playwright and player." It may be long before we possess a national theatre with a school of trained Shakspearian actors, a house of Shakspeare corresponding with that of Molière, yet Mr. Irving has done much by his example and teaching to prepare the way. His labours in the present edition, taken with the late Mr. Frank Marshall's notes on the "stage history" of each play, are sufficient to make the title we have suggested, "the Actor's Shakspeare," perfectly clear. In a "prefatory Note," by the way, Mr. Irving expresses some apprehension, having marked with a wavy line "passages and scenes that could best be dispensed with," lest his proposed omissions should be confounded with the misdeeds of Garrick or Cibber. The intelligent reader, however, cannot go wrong in this matter. The suggested "deletions" would not affect injuriously the spirit of the dramas when carried out in representation, if we may judge of all the proposed elisions after a careful examination of *Hamlet* and two other dramas, while the marked passages may be studied with interest by all Shakspearian playgoers who are curious concerning the experience of one who is both an actor and a student of Shakspeare. Mr. Irving, of course, is far from emulating the audacity of the old adaptors. He would neither adapt nor interpolate. The nearest approach to anything like an acting version in these volumes is the reprint appended to the three Parts of *Henry VI.* of Charles Kemble's condensed rendering of that drama in five acts. This stage curiosity is not likely to find imitators in these days.

In addition to the "stage history" of the plays, of which Mr. Marshall compiled the larger part, the introductions comprise a section of "literary history," showing the sources of the plays, and some pages of commentary, or criticism, of very unequal merit. Each play is followed by the notes, a list of words peculiar to the play, and original emendations, either adopted by the editor or suggested by him. Another novel feature may be cited in the calculations of the time of action for each play by Mr. P. A. Daniel, whose working out of these "time plots" is always thorough and generally satisfactory. That of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is an ingenious example of Mr. Daniel's labours. From an inspection of the notes and introductions as a whole Mr. Marshall appears to have completed a little more than one half of the vast editorial work he had projected. Nine other writers share in the annotation and introductions of the plays —viz., Mr. Arthur Symons, Dr. Garnett, Mr. A. W. Verity, Mr. H. C. Beeching, Mr. H. A. Evans, Mr. Daniel, Mr. P. Z. Round, Mr. Joseph Knight, and Mr. O. F. Adams. The notes to the poems are by Mr. Verity, who does not fail to discuss the sonnets, from the initial difficulty of the dedication to the last new notion concerning Mrs. Mary Fitton, in the approved fashion of the day—*i.e.*, not as poetry, but as a "Chinese puzzle." Mr. Verity's puzzlement over one plain thing is, by the way, not a little odd. He quotes Browning's lines:—

> "With this same key
> Shakespeare unlocked his heart" once more!
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he.

and observes, "What exactly Mr. Browning means by this I confess I cannot understand." We cannot perceive that "the lines condemn all art to being purely impersonal," as Mr. Verity says. The lines merely express the poet's opinion that, if Wordsworth's view is right, the dramatic and impersonal art is to be rated higher than that revealed in the Sonnets to those who accept the "personal confessions" theory. That theory has been somewhat overworked, as Mr. Irving shows in the well-considered protest that concludes his introductory essay. Professor Dowden's "General Introduction and Life" shows skill and discretion both in the biographical section and the survey of the work of English and foreign editors and critics. Altogether, this set of eight volumes, well printed and neatly bound, make an attractive show among the presentation books of the season.

THE *ION* OF EURIPIDES.*

WRITING at the beginning of last September, in the preface to the volume before us, Dr. Verrall expressed a mild anticipation that the *Ion* would be acted at Cambridge in the then approaching term. That term is now running to its close, and before our next issue Dr. Verrall's anticipation will have been realized. Indeed, it was in view of a stage representation that this book was undertaken—at the request of the Syndicate of the Pitt Press.

This fact would be sufficient excuse, if any were required, for treating this edition and translation of the *Ion* from the dramatic and poetical points of view, and for passing lightly over its merits as a contribution to classical scholarship. Let us say at once that the stage directions are simply admirable. True that the *Ion* offers a singular opening to a dramatic editor of Euripides; the gap has been occupied and filled by Dr. Verrall. For those who come after him there is on this side of his work little left undone or capable of being done better. It is less easy to estimate his success in metrical translation. Many passages are really beautiful; others, but not many, are weak; and if you look with malignant vigilance you may light upon some bad and some awkward lines. But the examination of detached passages, though it has its uses when you are weighing one man's version against another's, is of little value as compared with a general view of the whole work. Now we have applied to Dr. Verrall's translation the sharpest test which can be applied to any translation. We have read it from beginning to end without looking at the Greek, and, if we had not been at school, might have believed that we were reading an original English play. To say this is to pay to Dr. Verrall nearly the greatest compliment which a translator can receive. To justify it we must quote a couple of passages. The first is from the anapæsts early in the play (lines 153–169). Ion is speaking:—

> There, see! the birds are up: they fly
> Their nests upon Parnassus high,
> And hither tend. I warn you all,
> To golden house and marble wall
> Approach not. Once again my bow,
> Zeus' herald-bird, will lay thee low,
> Of all that fly the mightiest thou
> In talon! Lo, another now
> Sails hitherward, a swan! Away,
> Away, thou red-foot! Not the lay
> Which ye to Phœbus' music sing
> Should save thee from the fatal sting.
> Come turn thy flight,
> On Delos' men alight;
> Or thou shalt shed thy sweetest note
> And death-song from thy bleeding throat.

That is not a wonderful lyric, but it is thoroughly English, though the Greek is thoroughly Greek.

It may be said, however, that it is comparatively easy to render a lyrical passage, and that the real test of translation lies in the dramatic passages. Let us take the soliloquy of the rather priggish Ion (435–443) on first hearing of the wild oats sown by the deity whom he is bound to serve and honour

> (νουθετητέος δέ μοι
> Φοῖβος τί πάσχει):—
> But there is need, methinks, to expostulate
> With Phœbus. What is this? To force a maid
> And then abandon! Leave the helpless fruit
> Of stolen joys to perish! Nay, O Lord,
> Seek rather to be good as thou art strong.
> For wickedness in man the gods chastise:
> What justice, then, that ye, who set the law
> To mortal man, should sin against the law?

Again, at lines 621–632, where even more priggishly the good young man protests against being made a royal personage:—

> As for the idle praise of royalty,
> The outward face is fair, the life within
> Torment. What bliss, what happiness hath he
> Who watching for a dagger must prolong
> His fearful hours. Give me, I say, for life,
> The plain man's happiness and not the king's,
> Who loves to have base creatures for his friends,
> But shuns the noble sort for fear of death!
> Sayst thou, the gold outweighs it all, the wealth?
> Methinks, the pleasure of a hoard to gripe
> Would ill repay the scandal and the pains.
> Nay, modest means for me, and ease withal.

The sentiments are commonplace enough, but they tickled an audience of Athenian republicans. They sounded very fine in Greek, and it is not Dr. Verrall's fault that they look thin and worn in an English dress. But many of Dr. Verrall's happiest renderings occur in the give-and-take of repartee in the *stichomuthia*, and these would be unintelligible unless they were quoted with long contexts.

Not often do we catch Dr. Verrall slipping; so we must make the most of it when we get a chance, as at 836–840. The faithful Slave is sympathizing with the childless Creusa, when her husband proposes to adopt and bring up as his heir the young man who is supposed to be his son by "a careless love" with a mother not identified:—

> καὶ τῶνδ' ἁπάντων ἔσχατον πείσει κακὸν
> ἀμήτορ' ἀναρίθμητον ἐκ δούλης τινὸς
> γυναικὸς εἰς σὸν δῶμα δεσπότην ἄγειν.
> ἁπλοῦν ἂν ἦν γὰρ τὸ κακὸν εἰ παρ' εὐγενοῦς
> μητρὸς, πιθὼν σε, σὴν λέγων ἀπαιδίαν,
> ἐσῴκισ' οἴκους.

Thus Dr. Verrall:—

> And this thou must endure, the worst of all,
> To bring for lord into thy house the son
> Of a slave, or motherless man, a no man's child!
> Less ill it had been to recruit his race
> Out of a lady born, with thy consent,
> Pleading thy barrenness.

In the first place, "no man's child" is wrong, since the interloper was, *ex hypothesi*, son to the man adopting him. Secondly, that "lady born" is quite intolerable.

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* *The Ion of Euripides.* With a Translation into English Verse, and an Introduction and Notes, by A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Of the notes appended to the text, since they do not purport to be such as a scholar of Dr. Verrall's learning and acuteness would write for a substantive edition, it may be enough to say that they are short and clear, scholarly (of course), and occasionally suggestive of ideas which we should like to see developed. For the ordinary student they will give all the help required to understand the *Ion*, and they will be found worthy of careful attention by future editors. It would be interesting, did space permit us, to follow Dr. Verrall in his onslaught upon the time-honoured superstition that Aristotle preached and the Attic tragedians had practised the supposed principle of the Unity of Time. It would be even more interesting to summarize Dr. Verrall's views upon the ancient chorus, which (with what he calls its interval-songs) partially dealt with the stage problem which has been completely solved by the modern curtain. But on these points we can only advise our readers to become readers of Dr. Verrall.

We may be excused, however, if we lodge a protest against what seems an unduly serious view of the purpose of the *Ion*. The plot is, no doubt, highly discreditable to the god Apollo; he behaved infamously to Creusa, and he played tricks with the oracle. He richly deserved all the hard things said of him in the course of the play, and we are not satisfied with the exculpation offered at the end by the goddess Athene. But it satisfies Creusa, and she was the injured person. And why is she satisfied? Because all is ending happily. Let her speak through Dr. Verrall:—

> Hear now *me*. Reproach on Phœbus, if I threw, I throw no more;
> Bless him, negligent no longer, that he gives me back my son.
> Now this temple smiles upon me, now the evil days are done,
> Now I love Apollo's portal; I could wreathe his pillars now
> Close in grateful arms, and clinging fix me there, a living vow.

But, in spite of this happy ending, Dr. Verrall maintains that the drama was intended to be a freethinker's indictment of Apollo and the Delphic oracle—the oracle which had given offence to the Athenians by its undisguised partiality towards Sparta in the Peloponnesian War; that the deceptions practised on the characters in the play were but one more instance of its untrustworthiness—in fact, that the *Ion* was a play with a purpose. To fortify this argument, Dr. Verrall says that "the close of the play is so futile and so disappointing as to cast back a shadow upon the whole," and he cannot restrain his scorn for the "miserable explanations of the *goddess in the machine*." But does not Dr. Verrall misunderstand the ending which he depreciates? It is not because Athene pleads for Apollo that Creusa forgets her cruel injuries; it is because the mischief has been previously undone. She is happy now; she forgives and (more than that) she forgets. And what the mood of Creusa was would be the mood of the audience. And Athene is introduced, not to alter the situation, but to emphasize it. Euripides and his free-thinking friends may have laughed in their sleeves while he was making Apollo play the part of villain, and out of his escapades and deceptions weaving a net of highly-interesting intrigue. Be it stated, for those who do not know the *Ion*, that it is a particularly absorbing drama, full of incident, full of character, and (we had almost said) full of humour. But we may enjoy one play, and sympathize for the time with the troubles of the rather too particular heroine, without rushing to the general conclusions that a woman's matrimonial obligations are in real life to be regulated by a retrospective inquiry into her husband's ante-nuptial misdemeanours. We may enjoy another without being at once convinced that a woman's value in her husband's eyes ought to be increased rather than diminished when he finds out that she has previously been the mistress of his greatest friend. We suspect that the attitude of Euripides in the *Ion* was very much the attitude of the authors of these two modern instances. They are not preaching against the conventions, nor was Euripides here attacking the Delphic oracle. The ancient, like the modern, playwright had discovered a good motive which led to some capital situations. He seized on it and made the most of them. Incidentally he chuckled at the shock which he gave to the old fogies; but the old fogies, no doubt, went to see the *Ion* and enjoyed it very much, and did not mind having their dearest convictions roughly handled on the stage. They could see that everything was pointing to an orthodox conclusion; that was enough for them. They may have suspected the dramatist's good faith, but they enjoyed the incidents and intrigues provided by the ingenuity of a dramatist who has good title to be considered the first playwright. These considerations, we admit, do not affect Dr. Verrall's main contention, which we will put in his own words, though he puts it with too much vehemence:—"That Euripides, and those for whom he spoke, hated and despised the Olympian religion, is written all over his work. Their hate was chiefly moral, their contempt chiefly intellectual. They detested the doctrine of the Gods for its immorality; they scorned it as resting ultimately upon the imposture of prophecy and other fraud. Delphi was to them the main position of the enemy." We admit with Dr. Verrall, "that this motive is evident in the *Orestes* and *Andromache*, more evident in the *Ion*"; but not that it is, as he says, "dominant and absorbing in the *Ion*." It is only dominant so far—it provides a plot. Absorbing it is not. It would be overlooked by spectators who came to be amused, not to read between the lines.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

ONE of the few of the MSS. of Dickens's stories that did not become the property of John Forster is that of *The Christmas Carol*, a *facsimile* reproduction of which is published by Mr. Elliot Stock, with an Introduction by Mr. F. G. Kitton. The original MS. of this notable Christmas book was presented by Dickens to his old friend Mr. Thomas Mitton on the publication of the story, and passed into the hands of a bookseller, some thirty years later, for what would now be considered a small sum. Mr. H. G. Churchill immediately secured it, only to part with it in 1882 at a price considerably in advance of that which satisfied the original owner. But Mr. Churchill hit upon a plan by which the pangs of parting with his treasure were somewhat mitigated. He had every page of the MS. photographed "for his private use," and it is from his photographed copy that the present reproduction is made and offered for public use. There was something of smartness in Mr. Churchill's treatment of the MS., yet the work was admirably done, as the present reproduction convincingly shows. It may be read with almost as much ease as a printed copy, and is undoubtedly an interesting Christmas offering to give or to receive.

Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*, illustrated by Frederic Remington (Sampson Low & Co.), tastefully bound and printed by Messrs. Houghton & Co., of the Riverside Press, in excellent style, is a handsome edition of Longfellow's very ingenious and spirited poem Mr. Remington's scheme of illustration appeals quite as much to the archæological instincts as to the artistic taste. Some of the photogravure plates are a trifle hard and too black in the shadows, and these do the artist scant justice, we think, to judge from the general quality of his draughtsmanship. The harshness of the lights and the lack of tone in these must be attributed perhaps to the process. Yet in many the mystery of artificial light playing on the figures of Indians is admirably rendered, and all alike reveal accurate observation and intimate study of the life of the American Indians. The pen-and-ink drawings that embellish the margin of every page of the text form an illustrative commentary of the most interesting and instructive kind. It is here that the originality of Mr. Remington's work is most striking. Samuel Lover's popular ballad *The Low Back'd Car*, illustrated by William Magrath (Hutchinson & Co.), is an attractive volume. The subject is a capital one for an artist of resources, and Mr. Magrath's Peggy is a representative type of the Irish girl with the killing eyes, though perhaps a little too idealized in one or two of the drawings. The photogravures are on the whole excellent, and Mr. C. H. Reed's initial cuts are pretty and appropriate. Mr. Lewis Morris is fortunate in the artistic illustration provided for his poem *Odatis; an Old Love Tale* (Hildesheimer & Faulkner). The grace and charm of the designs by the late Alice Havers are effectively combined with Mr. Jacomb Hood's vivacious romantic fancy. The old story is, indeed, illustrated with genuine sympathy by the artists, though we cannot say the old story gains by being set to the unspeakable monotony of Mr. Lewis Morris's blank verse. *The Picturesque Mediterranean* (Cassell & Co.) is a goodly volume, the first of a comprehensive scheme of illustration and description designed to represent the almost inexhaustible beauty and variety of the Mediterranean shores. The enterprise, to judge by the present handsome instalment, deserves, and will receive, a popular reception. The book is profusely illustrated by excellent woodcuts after artists of high reputation, whose work, as a whole, is entirely worthy of their names. The text is contributed by Mr. H. D. Traill, Colonel Playfair, Mr. Edward Dicey, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. F. Barrett, and other writers who possess the requisite knowledge and the indispensable "locomotive disposition."

The Boy's Own Annual ("Boy's Own Paper") holds its place against competitors with undiminished vitality. It is very proper, of course, yet not the less surprising in this age of rivalry, to find this entertaining miscellany in its thirteenth year preserving the freshness and exuberance of youth. The stories by Jules Verne, Ashmore Russan, the Rev. A. Malan, Dr. Gordon Stables—to name a few writers—are as thrilling as any in the past, and the pictures run them hard in vigour and exciting show, as Mr. Pearse's adventure with a crocodile (p. 4), Mr. Finnemore's amazing "story needing words" (p. 313), and Mr. Stanley Berkeley's "Saved!" suffice alone to demonstrate. Such examples of graphic art surely do not "need words." Nor, indeed, does *The Boy's Own Annual*. Among the good things of *Harper's Young People* (Sampson Low & Co.), besides the familiar features, such as the diverting series of "Puzzles," is a capital story, "The Red Mustang," by Mr. William Stoddard. The general contents and illustrations are fully up to the excellent standard of previous volumes. The series of full-page chromos illustrating the various corps of the Indian native army merits warm praise. The drawing and colouring of these plates are alike excellent. *St. Nicholas* (Fisher Unwin) is an old favourite among magazines for the young, and well deserves its position. The new half-yearly volume comprises many of the familiar attractions and some interesting novelties. Mr. Palmer Cox continues to versify and to depict the pranks of the Brownies. Mr. Walter Camp's papers on "Bat, Ball, and Diamond," and Mr. E. J. Glave's admirably illustrated recollections of travel in Africa, must be mentioned as prominent among the many interesting contents of *St. Nicholas*.

The annual volume of the *Quiver* (Cassell & Co.) needs no further commendation than the recognition of the sustained excellence of its pictures and letterpress. For young children we have the new volume of *Sunday* (Wells Gardner & Co.), with pretty illustrations and wholesome cheery stories and sketches. *Little Wideawake* (Routledge) is another pictorial annual, and a capital companion for little ones in the nursery.

Among other books for boys, the "school-story"—always a popular form of fiction—is represented by Mr. R. M. Freeman's *Steady and Strong* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) The author is careful to explain that the story and characters are purely fictitious, though the description of the school is based on a real school, and the head-master is modelled upon a real head-master. The young man fresh from Oxford, with large private means, who buys "Chudleigh Abbey" in 1850, and founds a school that is highly successful, was a head-master determined to be discussed by the world. He was another Arnold, perhaps, and a greater. He was not as other head-masters are. "Many head-masters," he remarks, "have an undeviating rule of punishment"; but he—oh, no! that is not his way, as he declares with much solemnity (p. 274). In short—in ways, dress, notions, fads—he is nowise common. The very boys ape his magniloquent style as they talk about morals, honour, and "the tone of the school." In fact, the great original is readily recognised in him. The hero of the story is a weak, good-natured boy, who falls into bad hands, breaks the rules, lies, backs horses, plays cards, and—is not expelled. He is a lucky boy in other respects. He has scarcely ever played football; yet, in a few weeks, he saves the school in a match against one of the toughest teams in Yorkshire, though one of the players on his side does his best to jockey the match in the interests of a scoundrelly bookmaker and money-lender. Reginald Owen is in a very bad plight when his downward course is stayed through the action and advice of his comrade, the "steady and strong" Cartwright. *The Red Mountain of Alaska*, by Willis Boyd Allen (Partridge & Co.), is a lively, well-devised story of adventure among the Chilkat and Ayan Indians of Alaska. A New England family is induced to leave home, and to join an enterprising relative in Alaska, by the report of vast mineral wealth of which he has the secret. This is nothing less than a mountain of cinnabar. The search for the mountain—which turns out to be a mountain of iron—is described with much spirit and plenty of startling incident. Archdeacon Chiswell is the author of *The Slave Prince* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), "a story founded upon fact." His narrative of the misfortunes of Perano, a runaway slave, and Kaleto, his mother, is as exciting as fiction, despite the basis of fact. Kaleto and her son have been defrauded of their rightful inheritance by certain designing rogues, their relatives. After much plotting of their friends and much counter-plotting, they are reinstated and their enemies confounded.

Miss Yonge has drawn from the suggestive pages of Plutarch the leading facts of *The Slaves of Sabinus* (National Society), though the story of the sad fortune and fate of Sabinus and Epponina is not merely reproduced in her interesting and picturesque book. The two slaves of the unlucky Sabinus, Esdras the Jew and Telamon the Gentile, are conspicuous figures in the story. Their much-tried fidelity and endurance are powerfully set forth, and form a pathetic undercurrent to the main course of the narrative. *The Locked Desk* (National Society), by Miss Peard, is a story of a secret that ought not to have been a secret. Mrs. Barton, the wife of a Cornish fisherman, is fearful lest her son and daughter, both of whom are young, should hear of the family disgrace. She has a brother who has been in prison. The newspaper report of his trial is kept locked in her desk. This is her secret, and her morbid fear of it occasions much unnecessary trouble. Miss Peard's story is designed with skill and pleasantly written, though the leading motive is a trifle thin. *Poor and Plain*, by the author of "Dethroned" &c. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is an uneventful story of a young lady who is compelled, by sudden loss of fortune and the death of her father, to become a governess. Although poor and plain, she is offered the hand of a very good young man, and rejects him because she does not love him. In the end she accepts the offer when renewed, and then loses her lover through a railway accident by which he is fatally injured. There is a depressing want of colour in this melancholy story.

Wanted—A King, by Maggie Browne (Cassell & Co.), enjoys the distinction of being illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. The pictures are full of charm, and the story is one of the many that owe much to the example of Mr. Lewis Carroll. Mr. Bayford Harrison's *True Stories from Italian History* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a compilation of dull paraphrases from various historians, "broken lights," as the writer has it, thrown on "the periods of Italian history." *The Way to Win*, by John T. Dale (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a miscellany of anecdote culled from many sources and "lives of great men," the aim of which is to indicate to aspiring young people "How to succeed in Life." From Mr. Spencer Blackett we have received a new edition, with illustrations, of Mr. G. A. Henty's stirring story, *The Curse of Carne's Hold*.

My Counsellor (Henry Frowde) is a very nicely got-up little book, containing, as set forth in the title-page, "Holy Scripture arranged as morning and evening meditations, for edification, guidance, and comfort." Though the book is small, the print is excellent, and each page contains several appropriate texts from the Bible, for the morning and evening, alternately, of every day in the year. At the end there are some texts given for meditation on special subjects, such as "Consecration," "Preparation for the Holy Communion," "Thanksgiving," "Communion of Saints," "Holiness," "In the Sick Chamber," "At the Approach of Death," "Life Eternal."

Kate Greenaway's Almanack for 1891 (Routledge & Sons) is, as usual, very attractive, quaint, and prettily illustrated; it also has the merit of being so small, it takes up little room in a pocket or pocket-book.

Letts's Diaries are again of all sorts and sizes; those interleaved with blotting-paper are the most useful. Each diary contains a fund of useful information on the first few pages. Postal rates and information, wages-table, weights and measures, interest, ready reckoner, the Lessons for Sundays, and even an almanac for 1892.

Letts's Commercial Tablet Diary will be useful to business men. It contains "Notices of important commercial events for every day in the year, end columns for making cash entries; may be hung up or placed on the table. Each leaf contains a week of seven days on a page, so that the notes or engagements of the current week can be seen at a glance."

Messrs. Mowbray & Co. have sent us a selection of the Oxford Series of Christmas Cards. Some are folding cards, of different shapes and sizes, containing photographs on sacred subjects and appropriate texts or verses; others with verses on subjects bearing on the birth of our Saviour, with etchings to illustrate them on rough paper of different colours, are attractive, and very cheap.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE inclusion of "Théo" in the series of *Grands écrivains français* (1) (which, if not limited to Academicians either as regards subjects or as regards writers, is profoundly academic in character) may be said to be a kind of apology for the greatest crime which the Academy proper ever committed, except in the cases of Molière and Diderot—the exclusion of this great writer from her number. It is more than this: it is a useful protest against the very noisy and motley crew of younger writers in France—naturalists, decadents, scientific critics, and what not—who affect to disdain Gautier's merely literary power. M. Maxime du Camp, with almost unequalled personal competence, has produced a very amusing book. It is, indeed, almost impossible, except for an abnormally dull or an abnormally clever man, to write unamusingly about Théo. But M. du Camp has insisted on a point where, from a very great deal of personal reading, we can thoroughly confirm him—the wonderful amiability and kindliness of Gautier's nature. We never ourselves heard but one story (which M. du Camp does not mention) reflecting real discredit on him, and even for that there were excuses. On his literary side M. du Camp has insisted most on that part of his work which has hitherto received least attention from critics, and for that reason we think he has done rightly. Justice has been done by the critics, if not by the public, to Gautier's poetry, and by public and critics (a *Quarterly* Reviewer is not necessarily a critic) to his fiction. But it has been too much the fashion to dismiss his wonderful "polygraphy," his miscellaneous journalism (as it was in point of origin), with a sort of allowance as merely wonderful of its kind, too good for its kind, and the like. The fact is (and M. du Camp lays just stress on it) that Théo's journalism is not only literature, but literature of the very best kind—literature which, when the usual period of neglect and injustice which sets in upon a man a more or less short time after his death, wears away, will be rediscovered and rejoiced in by the experts of generations which will wisely leave M. Hennequin and M. Huysmans each in his narrow cell to rest or rot for ever.

"Crafty," that horse-Raphael, this year leaves the noble animal alone and devotes himself to the dog (2). Whether the dislike of "Crafty" for dogs is dramatic and assumed we know not; but in this album we are presented chiefly with the friend of man from the point of view of what a celebrated writer would call a "cynanthrope." It opens with a very sarcastic sheet of cuts pictorially discussing the question What is a "chien d'agrément"?; and follows this up with others equally uncomplimentary. To the little failings of dogs—their habit of getting lost, the excessive attentions required for their toilet, their too great affability to their own and human kind, their destructiveness, their way of intervening *mal-à-propos*, their greed, their inutility in field and yard, the cases in which they lead to ferocious and fatal quarrels—to all these inconveniences does "Crafty" administer the most unkindest cuts, varied by hardly a friendly touch. For this, were he a less agreeable draughtsman, we should wish all sorts of dog-curses on him, from summoning for muzzlelessness to hydrophobia. But, as it is, he shall be but mildly rebuked for exaggeration, with the hope that he may discover the virtue of dogs as well as their vices, without the further curse attached by the poet that he may discover it too late, *intabescatque relicta*.

M. Pallain (3) enters a mild protest against any confusion between the papers he publishes and the much-talked-of, much-

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Théophile Gautier.* Par Maxime du Camp. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Album-Crafty—Les chiens.* Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le ministère de Talleyrand sous le Directoire.* Par G. Pallain. Paris: Plon.

advertised, and long-delayed memoirs of the famous Minister. There is no doubt room for both; and perhaps—as M. Pallain, with a pardonable jealousy for the reputation of "our side," urges—the State papers are not the less likely of the two to contain truth. A frivolous generation will retort "Yes, but not amusement," and to that there is no answer. But the present further instalment will be a real gain to the historian.

M. Wickersheimer's (4) book is of a kind which we do not think a very good one. If any one will imagine the article on the year which appears in our own and other columns expanded to 300 pages, seasoned with a great deal of chauvinism and general prejudice, dashed with the kind of spurious *haute-politique* which, if it is too much neglected in English newspapers, is far too luxuriant in French, and published in book form, he will have a good idea of it.

"Sybil's" Parliamentary sketches (5), or, rather, portraits, are pleasantly and brightly written, their only fault (which is not wholly their fault) being that their subjects are scarcely even of the third order of political interest. Of the dozen personages sketched at the rate of twenty pages each, future generations may, when they are very much at leisure, care to hear something about three or four at the outside. But what mortal of this or any other day has, or will have, time to spare for M. Tirard, M. Goblet, MM. Flo- Tur- Na-quet?

Among philosophical and scientific books we have before us a very long and learned treatise on *La physiologie de la veille et du sommeil*, by a Russian, M. Sergueyeff (Paris: Alcan). It is almost wholly busied with the results of recent physiological inquiry (let us play cards on table and say vivisection), which it describes with a minuteness rather unsuited to any but technical readers. Its general statements are very rare, but they are, on the whole, less unsatisfactory than most on the subject. We have also a prize essay on Bacon, by M. Ch. Adam (Paris: Alcan), containing some rather superficial remarks on the life and works generally, a good critical analysis of the *Novum Organum*, and a fair sketch of Bacon's influence; and a brief *Les fondements de la métaphysique*, by B. Conta, a deceased Roumanian philosopher; translated by M. Tescanu (Paris: Alcan).

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"PROPERTY in Power is the ruin of all States; Puritanism in Power is their sole redemption"—such is the text of Mr. Clement Wise's treatise, *Puritanism in Power* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Great things are to come to pass when Puritanism prevails, as Mr. Wise promises it shall prevail, in our legislative Councils, School Boards, and so forth. But the signs of these things are not particularly active at present. Puritanism may be a force in the land; but it is, we fear, a latent force. Whether it has the power to effect the revolution prefigured in Mr. Wise's fervid and oracular volume is very doubtful indeed. The power of Puritanism is one problem, however, and Puritanism in Power is quite another. If your faith in the former be unlimited, your belief in the latter may well be boundless. Yet of both alike is the foundation utterly beyond demonstration. How we are to get Puritanism into power is a little matter Mr. Wise reserves to the very end of his discourse. There we find an appeal to young Puritans. They are bidden to come up, one hundred strong at least, and possess the next Parliament with their "Puritan Principles, Puritan disinterestedness, Puritan Justice." They are to take their places in their thousands on County Councils, School Boards, Boards of Guardians, &c., and the Apocalyptic visions set forth in Mr. Wise's "Interludes" shall be fulfilled. We cannot but think that this appeal to 700,000 Sunday School teachers should have occupied the place of honour in Mr. Wise's book. Incitement to action should surely precede the visions of prophecy. The three divisions of the "Argument" of *Puritanism in Power* are headed "Universalism by a Calvinist," "A National Church by a Dissenter," and "Communism by a Conservative." The course of the chapters is broken occasionally by "Interludes," blood-curdling visions of the judgment of the democracy on sweaters, comfortable theologians, middlemen, stock exchangers, and other offenders against sound morality. These "Interludes" are really terrible to contemplate. Almost everything now established seems to be threatened with extinction, excepting Mr. Wise's idea of a National Church. The National Church, when Puritanism is in power, is "to get rid of the priest," by which Mr. Wise does not mean "the student of Holy Writ, the curate of souls, or the Gospel Evangelist," but the priest and the Sacraments. There will be plenty of "Ritualism" when the new Puritanism holds sway. From the pulpit sinners will be denounced by name. "Talebearers" and spies, no doubt, will supply the pulpit with material. "Into the ears of the National ministers would come tales from all quarters," and the offenders, after being denounced, are "to be cut off from the congregation of the just." The Ritualism will consist chiefly of festivals of thanksgiving, very much after the style of the Comtist calendar. There are long lists of the Good and the Great who are to be thus honoured—most of which comprise a sad "tail," as cricketers will observe. Here is an eleven of musicians: "The National Church will give God thanks for Purcell, Handel, Haydn; for Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart; for Wagner, Schubert, Gounod, Balfe, and Sullivan." The National Church "will mention before Heaven" the following teachers:—"Sir Thomas Moore (*sic*), Sir Thomas Browne, Richard Hooker, Bunyan, Bishop Leighton, Wycliffe, Wesley, Kingsley, Stanley, Newman, Robertson, Ruskin, Martineau, Maurice, Chalmers, Channing, Tennyson, Farrar, Faber." "Moral delinquency on account of intellectual brilliancy" the Church will never condone. Therefore it will be with certain "reservations" that she will thank God for Byron, Goethe, and George Eliot. After this—and there are some hundreds of pages like unto it, more or less—it cannot be said that we are not warned of what will be with Puritanism in power. If Mr. Wise runs any young Puritans next election, we shall know what to expect and what to do.

Mr. David Balsillie offers "a candid criticism of past and present tendencies of our own society" in a little book entitled *The Lessons of the Revolution* (A. & C. Black). These lessons of the Revolution are really innumerable, and we cannot discover anything very striking in what Mr. Balsillie says, or in his manner of saying it. Condorcet's theory of State education may deserve all the praise the author gives it. It may be described as "the noblest education scheme" of them all, yet one obvious lesson of the Revolution is that splendid theories are mere bubbles to be broken by the wind unless practicable and backed by practical effort. It is in vain to regret that Condorcet did not follow the example of Cromwell. The simple fact is that Condorcet was Condorcet, and not Cromwell. If he was endowed with the political foresight Mr. Balsillie credits him with, he would have dropped theorizing and played the Cromwell. With much that the writer urges on the important subject of the right direction of education, we entirely agree (Ch. II., 56–73). The weakness of the position taken up by those who shout "Great is Education!" lies in the levelling estimate of mankind they hold. Education provides an equipment for the struggle, but the result depends upon the man, not upon the education.

The World of Science, by R. Elliot Steel, M.A. (Methuen & Co.), is the first volume of a new "Science Series," "suitable" as the prospectus announces, "for use in schools," though the preface to the present volume declares "this book has been written chiefly for the information of those who, not having had the advantage of learning physical science in the course of their school education, may wish to know something respecting its methods and the wonders it has to show." As Mr. Steel's manual is admirable in many ways, the apparent discrepancy is of little moment. The book is well calculated to attract and retain the attention of the young. The exposition of the fundamental facts of Light, Heat, Sound, Magnetism, and Physiology is excellently clear. The sections on Zoology and Chemistry are also concise and relevant. That devoted to Geology is far too slight. The illustrative diagrams are numerous and good.

To another series, "Science in Plain Language," belongs Mr. William Durham's *Astronomy: Sun, Moon, Stars, &c.* (A. & C. Black). This is a very comprehensive little book. It describes the principal facts and speculations connected with astronomy, and is written in plain language for plain people. Mr. Durham has not forgotten that plain people may be imaginative, as his stirring picture of "The Earth as seen from the Moon" does sufficiently witness.

Lyrics and Epigrams, by M. Gray (Edinburgh: Douglas), is a collection of translations in verse from Goethe, Schiller, Rückert, Heine, Chamisso, and other German poets. The ballads and songs are rendered with considerable spirit in some instances. "The Floweret Wonderfair" is scarcely a translation of *Der Blümlein wunderschön*, and "I know a floweret wonderfair" might be better Englished as "I know a floweret wondrous fair."

Mr. C. Adolf Rehder's translation of *Annie of Tharau* (Aug. Siegle) introduces to the English reader the popular German poem by Franz Hirsch which deals with the courtship of Partatius, his marriage with Annie, and the famous song that Simon Dach wrote in honour of the wedding.. The words and music of the old song are tolerably familiar, as Mr. Rehder says, through Longfellow's version of the words. The rendering of the poem, which is worthy of its inspiration, is fluent, and the book is prettily got up in German fashion.

Mr. John Orlebar Payne has issued for private circulation an interesting volume of *Collections for a History of the Family of Malthus*, the fruit of assiduous research in many districts of England and protracted genealogical studies. The name, variously spelt, appears to have existed in the north, east, and south of England in very remote times. The illustrious author of the *Essay on the Principles of Population* was descended from a Berkshire family settled at Binfield, as Mr. Payne's table shows, as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Three Addresses to Girls at School, by the Rev. J. M. Wilson (Percival & Co.), treat of education, high school education, and religion, with the eloquence and conviction that characterize the Headmaster of Clifton when discoursing on "that inexhaustible subject, education." All three addresses positively glow with the virtue that is in education and all that it may do, and ought to do. But Mr. Wilson's enthusiasm for education leads him astray when he says that education "ought to give you imagination, and sympathy, and intelligence, and resource." Education has no more power to give girls and boys imagination than it has to give them the heaven-sent gift of humour. Mar these gifts it may; make them it cannot.

How to Shade from Models, by W. E. Sparkes (Cassell & Co.),

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(4) *L'Europe en* 1890. Par E. Wickersheimer. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Croquis parlementaires*. Par Sybil. Paris: Perrin.

is a practical manual of instruction in the art of shading, rendering of light, shade, and tone, in drawing from common objects and casts. The lessons are clear, simple, thoroughly expressive, and capitally illustrated by the author's diagrams.

From the same publishers we have the second annual volume of *The Year-Book of Commerce*, 1890-91, a handy compendium of statistical information, edited by Mr. Kenric B. Murray, and compiled under the authority of the London Chamber of Commerce.

Two excellent class-books for Indian schools are the *Second Book of Geography*, by Professor S. A. Hill, of which we have the third and revised edition (Allahabad: "Indian Press"), and the *Third Book of Geography*, by the same author, also issued from the "Indian Press." Both books are well illustrated with maps and diagrams.

We have also to note the fourth edition of the late Mr. Taswell-Langmead's *English Constitutional History*, revised by C. H. E. Carmichael (Stevens & Haynes); *An Elementary Treatise on Hydrodynamics and Sound*, by A. B. Basset, M.A. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); and *The Epistle to the Galatians*, with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. E. H. Perowne, D.D.—"The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges" (Cambridge: at the University Press).

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In Parliament.

THE autumn (which might be more appropriately called the winter) Session was opened on *Tuesday*. The QUEEN's Speech referred to the negotiations with Italy and Portugal in regard to Africa, and to the resumption of those on the subject of Newfoundland; touched on the partial distress in Ireland, and the measures intended to relieve it, especially on one for "augmenting the number of owners engaged in the "actual cultivation of the land"; promised a Tithe Bill, Bills for quickening private legislation affecting Scotland and Ireland, and a measure for assisting the Education rates. A considerable number of other projects were referred to, "in case time for further legislation should be found," HER MAJESTY hinting, with polite sarcasm, that in her recent experience she has found the time at her loyal Commons' disposal not sufficient in her loyal Commons' judgment for much law-making. Some of these matters, such as the appointment of a public trustee, may seem to some judgments of considerably more importance than the business actually likely to engage Parliament. The Address was moved and seconded in the House of Lords by Lord WINDSOR and Lord ARDILAUN, in the House of Commons by Colonel KENYON-SLANEY and Mr. FORREST FULTON. In the Upper House the usual decorous sparring between Lord SALISBURY and Lord GRANVILLE was relieved by tributes of sympathy to Lord ROSEBERY, and the Address was quickly passed. In the Lower House its passage was not much longer delayed. The new form which was adopted might not have expedited matters so much had it not been for other things, to which it is unnecessary to refer; but the Opposition were in no fighting mood, and for the first time for many years there was no adjournment of the debate. Discussion of the Tipperary affair, which had been so confidently promised, was put off because, and of course only because, those proceedings are unfinished; and Mr. SMITH expressed the very proper refusal of the Government to appoint a Commission or Committee to examine the STANLEY-BARTTELOT affair.

On *Wednesday* no actual business was done, the early finishing of the Address debate having caused a momentary gap in the public programme, and private members not being allowed to begin introducing Bills till three o'clock. At that time Mr. GLADSTONE was able to bring in his somewhat notorious measure for throwing open the Lord-Lieutenancy and Lord Chancellorship of Ireland to Roman Catholics—of course without any respect of persons. We have omitted to notice in another place that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL expressed himself as fervently on Mr. GLADSTONE's side at Hackney, and that Lord RIPON has sent a sum of money to "General" BOOTH.

On *Thursday* the Tithe Rent Charge Bill, and some others, were brought in and, as usual, read a first time unopposed. Mr. LABOUCHERE began the obstruction of the Session by opposing this formal stage in the case of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, which was introduced by Mr. BALFOUR. Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment, postponing any such scheme till after a general election, was defeated by 268 to 117, the Irish Gladstonians unkindly voting against the champion of purity. There was no other business done, and, except the short debate on the subject above referred to, little talking, and the House adjourned before six o'clock, the present curious condition of the Gladstonian mind being mighty expeditive.

Mr. Parnell.

On Sunday, from perhaps not quite a thousand pulpits, the Reverend BOANERGES B. BELLOWS was urging the outlawry of Mr. PARNELL. Some of Mr. PARNELL's previous defenders have rather unchivalrously listened to the voice of BOANERGES and echoed the cry. How this family dispute will be settled is not certain. But what is certain is, that if it is settled one way, a large number of the English Parnellites will, in the eyes of their Irish friends, be proved to be canting and half-hearted fools; while in the other event, the Irish friends will, in the opinion of their English colleagues, stand convicted as "obscene" reprobates. This will no doubt make the union of hearts closer than ever. To return, there followed a most singular imbroglio on Tuesday evening, when Mr. GLADSTONE—having, it is alleged, failed to influence Mr. PARNELL by private communications through Mr. MCCARTHY, and Mr. PARNELL having obtained a vote of confidence from his party—published a letter to Mr. MORLEY, stating or implying, in terms involved even for him, that either he or Mr. PARNELL must go. A second meeting of Irish members was then held; but Mr. PARNELL was not present, and the matter was left in uncertainty. A further meeting, interrupted and renewed, was held on Wednesday, when considerable diversity of opinion was shown among the Irish members, the feeling however hardening, it is said, towards the end in favour of Mr. PARNELL. The meeting was finally adjourned to Monday in order to obtain the opinion of absent members, and especially of those bright occidental stars, Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN. The English Gladstonians meanwhile abounded more than ever in abuse of Mr. PARNELL, and ecstatic admiration of the nobility of Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct in (as Mr. KINGSLEY has it somewhere) "divining the perfectly fit moment at which" to throw his friend overboard. It is very interesting and surprising that those Irish members who have some chance of succeeding Mr. PARNELL all seem (regretfully) to think he ought to go.

Home Politics out of Parliament.

The meeting of the National Liberal Federation continued on Friday week with confused noise and garments rolled alternately in bluster and soft sawder—a mixed Biblical metaphor naturally suggested by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. He (who supplied the bluster) was very, but most inaccurately, Biblical; the son of a clergyman and the grandson of an archbishop really should not confuse BELSHAZZAR and SENNACHERIB. The soft sawder was distributed by Mr. MORLEY, who talked about the "golden heart" of Dr. SPENCE WATSON. "Lord! "how principles pass away," the spectator may mutter as he dreams of the time when Mr. MORLEY would as soon have been guilty of this nauseous gush as Mr. BALFOUR would be now.——Lord SPENCER spoke on Thursday night at Bromley as lugubriously as usual, or a little more so. Lord SPENCER thinks that Mr. PARNELL must go; considering the past relations between them, it is not surprising.

Foreign Affairs.

The death of the King of HOLLAND can hardly be regretted for his own sake; and, Queen EMMA having been regularly inducted into the Regency, it will make scarcely even a formal change in the government of the Netherlands. In respect of Luxemburg, a real change will be made, the Duke of NASSAU succeeding and the Duchy becoming an independent State. King WILLIAM had some rather severe domestic troubles, but no public difficulties; whether the passage of the kingdom under the distaff, with the prospect of a long minority and a king-consort at the end of it, will occasion any remains to be seen.——The effervescence among the Sioux seems to be really serious; and, though an outbreak would probably result in something like the destruction of the last formidable Indian tribes, it might cause a great deal of suffering to whites. That the Indians have been badly treated by the Government, and worse by the people, of the United States is, unfortunately, a proposition which neither requires nor admits of argument.——An Association of French

adventurers has been formed to "connect the Congo with "Lake Tchad." This, if seriously carried out, would mean trouble; for it is wholly against the spirit of the Anglo-French Agreement, which keeps France to the north of the Lake, and would cut off the sphere of the Royal Niger Company from that of British East Africa. But it is not likely to be much more than talk.——The Italian elections, contrary to at least some prophecies, have returned a very large majority of Signor CRISPI's supporters; a thing, on the whole, satisfactory, as provisionally assuring the continuance of the general understanding between certain Powers, and keeping off once more the nightmare of war which weighed on Europe so long.——Prince HENRI of Orleans and his leader, M. BONVALOT, have been received in Paris with much pomp on their return from Thibet. Prince HENRI—who wrote a book, not without talent, though not richly endowed with taste, on his Indian experiences a short time ago—is no doubt a lad of mettle, and his new exploit will go to the *actif* (in his own language) of his house.——More financial crises, though lesser than before, are reported from the United States and Argentina.

The Bishop of Lincoln's Case.

On Friday there was delivered and on Saturday published the full judgment of the Archbishop and his Court in the Bishop of LINCOLN's case, This most important document is fully discussed elsewhere, and here we need only say that, though the balance of the judgment was very distinctly in the Bishop's favour, few Churchmen with judicial minds, whatever their party, will quarrel with it.

The Taunton Accident.

On Saturday last the jury in the Norton Fitzwarren trial for manslaughter found RICE, the signalman, not guilty; but in effect, and almost in words, advised that it should not be done again. A verdict of guilty, and a sentence to receive judgment when called upon, would have had the same effect in regard to RICE, and have been much more satisfactory from other points of view. But the nature of jurymen, assisted by the art of a certain kind of journalist, is making trial by jury more ridiculous every day.

Correspondence.

Mr. ANDREW JAMESON on Saturday last published a letter, in regard to his brother and the cannibal story, the tenor of which had been almost anticipated by the remarks made on the subject in these columns.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN recovered 150*l.* damages in his suit against Mrs. LANGTRY, in the *Lady Gladys* matter, on Friday week, and Mr. MEAD found himself obliged to dismiss the test summons obtained by the London County Council in the matter of sky signs.——The Scotch academic successes of the Unionist party have been followed up at Aberdeen, Lord HUNTLY beating Mr. BRYCE by 430 to 352 for the Lord Rectorship. ——On Monday Mr. Justice DAY heard the suit of DE SOUZA *v.* COBDEN, and five penalties of 25*l.* each were inflicted on the adventurous lady alderman. The amount of nonsense which has been talked on this case is intolerable, and the judge unluckily had to rebuke some of it as coming from Miss COBDEN's counsel. The talk of chivalry and generosity too, considering the liberal remarks made by Miss COBDEN's champions on Sir WALTER DE SOUZA's extraction, is a little contemptible.——A heavy gale from the west, attended by abnormally warm weather, was experienced last Sunday and did much damage by sea, and some, though less, by land. This same disturbance caused the most violent floods in various parts of the Continent, particularly in Belgium and at Carlsbad, where a great part of the town is under water. The abnormally warm weather was followed by weather as extraordinarily cold, and as we write snow-storms and hard frost are reported from all parts of England.——The murderer of the schoolmistress near Bolton confessed his crime on Tuesday at the Coroner's inquest, and it may be hoped that there will not be much time lost in "hanging of he."——On the same day the Court of Appeal upheld the judgment of the Court below against Dr. BARNARDO, and a boy was remanded at the North London Police Court, charged with accidental parricide by the too usual fooling with revolvers.——On Wednesday the first inoculation with Dr. KOCH's lymph in England was performed by Mr. WATSON CHEYNE at King's College Hospital. ——Although Mr. BOOTH's subscription list is mounting, some damaging blows have been administered during the week—by the Dean of WELLS, by Mr. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, by the Bishop of COLCHESTER, by the Charity Organization Society, and by others—to his scheme, which, however, continues to occupy the attention of many persons, to an extent only equalled by the case of Mr. PARNELL.——The Worshipful Company of Horners held their annual dinner on Wednesday last.

Obituary.

The obituary of the last ten days or so, even omitting the King of HOLLAND, is heavy. M. AUGUSTE SCHELER was a Belgian scholar of eminence, who had during a long life been particularly diligent and useful in editing that part of old French literature which belongs to provinces of Flanders and the Flemish border.——Early in the present week was announced the lamentable death of Mr. W. BECKETT, M.P., one of the Conservative members for Nottinghamshire, who was cut to pieces by a train at Blandford.——Mr. W. B. SCOTT was a poet, painter, architect, and general devotee of art and literature, who had reached a considerable age, and who, though power somehow failed him in executing his high imaginings, was a true lover both of art and letters, and the friend of many men great in both.——Mr. BELMONT was a rich New York banker.——Lord KINGSALE held the famous peerage which gave the right of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign, and so nettled WILLIAM the Dutchman into an expression of apparent chivalry, but real pique.——Mr. HODSON was a schoolmaster of merit, who was long rector of the Edinburgh Academy.——Baron KNEBEL was one of the best, and certainly one of the most fortunate, generals in the Austrian service, having been the only one who obtained any success over the Prussians in 1866. The Baron had, curiously enough, married Lord KINGSALE's sister.——Sir RIVERS THOMPSON had done long and efficient work as an Indian Civil Servant.

Books, &c.

No book of the week can vie in interest with Mr. WEMYSS REID's *Life of Lord Houghton*, which Messrs. CASSELL will, strictly speaking, publish on Monday, but of which a few copies have been distributed. If not one of the greatest, Lord HOUGHTON was one of the most characteristic and interesting, figures of the last half-century in England; and, though he left no memoirs or diaries, Mr. WEMYSS REID, by personal knowledge and the assistance of letters and verbal communications, has been able to make an exceedingly attractive book. That poetry is not quite a drug has been shown again by the issue of a one-volume edition of Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS's *Earthly Paradise* (REEVES & TURNER).——We have received the programme of a new periodical to be called *The Ladder*, and one of "A Patent Ornamental Fire-escape, useful, "efficient, always ready, and never out of order"—it is made "in connexion with rain-water pipes," and "a person may "descend it either facing the wall, facing the street, or with "his side to the street." This last peculiarity has obvious convenience. For further particulars apply to SYDNEY SIMMONS, Belle Isle, London, N., and Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S CASE.

WE have not recently read a document of better augury for the future of the Church of England than the judgment of the Archbishop's Court in READ and others *v.* The Lord Bishop of LINCOLN. The conclusions of it are good; the tenor and method of it are better. It contrasts very remarkably in these latter respects with the past decisions of some other tribunals in kindred matters, and though we are not sanguine enough to feel a hope that it will, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that it ought to, serve as a precedent. And the least part of the reason which we have for saying this is the agreement which we may feel with the actual decision as far as it legalizes, or does not legalize, disputed points of ritual. It is true that the judgment, even considered from this point of view, would be hard to quarrel with by any fair-minded member of the Anglican Church. Had the eastward position or the use of altar lights, had even the mixed chalice, been pronounced by such a Court as this to be illegal, it cannot be denied that a most serious shock would have been given to the loyalty of some English Churchmen whose loyalty is most to be considered. That a crop of "secessions" far more serious than those determined by the Jerusalem Bishopric or the GORHAM case would have sprung up is a minor matter. The person who "secedes" usually thereby proves himself to be a weak vessel, and no

great loss. The decision would not have affected doctrine in any competent eyes. But it would have cut the Church of England off in point of practice, custom, and what may be not irreverently called etiquette, from the Churches of the world. Worse than that, it would have cut it off from its own past, the past which belongs to it in unbroken and legitimate succession. On the other hand, the matters in which the decision is unfavourable or less favourable to the Bishop are of far less importance. There is no reasonable object, doctrinal, liturgical, or other, for the concealment of the manual acts, and the sign of the Cross being by express rubrical direction limited by the Church of England to certain ceremonial occasions, it is not in the least to be regretted that a rite which has no universal or imposing liturgical authority should be disallowed elsewhere. As for the eirenicon with which the judgment concludes, every one must accord it his esteem; it is less easy to hope that it will have much practical effect. If the Church Association were accessible to appeals based on considerations either of charity or of decency, the Church Association would have been self-dissolved long ago, or could never have come into existence. If the madder sort of Ritualist could have learnt moderation and a sound theory of churchmanship, some at least of these offences would hardly have come. But the peroration of the judgment as a matter of grace comes very well after the solid learning of the body of it as a matter of law, and with the spirit here breathed every one must be in sympathy. And so far the signs even as to its reception are hopeful, except as far as the chief offenders are concerned. The circular of Lord HALIFAX to the English Church Union is altogether admirable in tone and temper, while a meeting of Churchmen of the opposite school on Wednesday was even more to be commended in that its temper must have been more tried.

But, as we have said, the grounds on which the decisions have been arrived at and the general tenor of the argument are even more satisfactory than the decisions themselves. We observe with the profoundest astonishment (or should do so, if the faculty of being astonished remained to students of public affairs) that it has been quarrelled with precisely on the ground that it "hands over only the "shells to the Ritualists," while the Evangelicals are consoled by being told that there is no kernel. This language of the *Times*, which is, we fear, to be explained by other parts of the article in which it appears, as covering a sense of defeat, is, if it is really honest, and written without the old anti-Puseyite *arrière-pensée*, an instance of the hopeless misconception on these things too common among Englishmen. We have here, with no doubt the usual fate of displeasing both parties, more than once pointed out that there are High Church as well as Low Church Dissenters, and that the essence of Dissent is the attacking or the defending, the practising or the omitting, a rite or ceremony, not from the point of view of the question "Is this by the "law of the Church of England enjoined, allowed, or for-"bidden?" but from the point of view of the other question, "Does this symbolize some doctrine which I privately "wish that the Church of England should or should not "teach?" The usual Evangelical, in those gross, flagrant, and altogether inexcusable disobediences to Church law by omission and resistance in which he habitually and with impunity indulges, defends himself in words or tacitly by the plea that the ceremony is, has been thought to be, or may be thought to be, significant of "Popish" doctrine. At least some Ritualists have ransacked liturgies and histories for practices and paraphernalia which may assert or imply the doctrines to which the other school objects. Thus the most solemn of acts are reduced to a mere farce of the red rag and the bull, in which the red rag is flaunted of malice prepense to irritate the bull, and the bull plunges with brainless readiness at the red rag. The solid causeway of liturgical precedent on which the ARCHBISHOP and his colleagues have proceeded affords the only safe passage through the country which they had to cross. With two of the parties or sub-parties in the struggle it is indeed impossible to transact. The ignorant fanatics who hold that the Church of England started, as a brand-new body, at the Reformation, and their analogues at the other end whose sole endeavour is to annex the English Church at any, or almost any, cost to another section of the Church Catholic, deserve no consideration and no mercy. With any one who will not or cannot admit that the Anglican Church, while a branch of the Church Catholic, is an independent branch; or with any one who will not or cannot admit that the Church of England, though an independent branch, is a branch never separated and inseparable of the Church Catholic, there can be no common ground of discussion. But with those who—as every intelligent pronouncer and adopter of the formularies of the Church must—admit these facts, disputed questions of ritual present no more difficulty than any other disputes of historical scholarship and historical law. Starting from the existing and admitted constitutions of the Church of England as by law established, and (when these are not precise) interpreting them by the previous practice and theory of different branches of the Church Universal as they bear on the subjects in question, there may be hard work, but can be no insuperable difficulty in reaching a conclusion. From the point of view taken in the extraordinary article before referred to, the judge in a case, say, of dispute between neighbours on the erection of a party-wall would take into consideration, not the right of the erector to erect, as shown by title-deeds, but the political opinions of the two, the predilections of the complainant for stone or brick, or his fear that his neighbour might entertain obnoxious persons behind the division. Indeed, this point of view is exactly the point of view of the Welsh tithe-stealers, who refuse to pay tithes, not because the title of the receiver is bad or the obligation of the payer doubtful, but because they do not like the services that the tithes maintain. Half the complaints of ritual excess would have been obviated if officiating priests of the Church had remembered that her ceremonies are things ordained by her, and not expressions of their own opinions. Nearly all the rest would have been obviated if the aggrieved parishioner had remembered the same fact.

The greatest, if not the only, danger of the present situation is the attempt threatened by the Church Association to obtain from a nominally superior tribunal another of those judgments which have, in the eyes of all persons qualified to judge, blotted the fair fame of English jurisprudence by the utterly inadequate character of their examination into the very grounds of judgment. The enormous mischief which this would occasion ought, we should think, to prevent such a misfortune, and to overcome the curious and ancient delight of secular judges in thwarting ecclesiastical persons. It is barely possible also that the heavy pecuniary lesson which the Church Association has on this occasion received will have a good effect. But we have seldom known an occasion on which the *finis litium* was more urgently called for by the interest of the State. It is absurd to say that the tribunal was partisan; it took great care from the first to assume a position which could not offend the most Erastian of critics, while its own constitution might satisfy a stickler for theocracy. It has arrived at its decision on grounds at once the most solid and the most non-contentious. The aggrieved parishioner is told, indeed, that he must submit to see his parish priest do certain acts; but he is told also that he is not bound to accept the acts as an aggressive expression of the doctrines which he thinks he dislikes. The Ritualist, on the other hand, is not deprived of his just liberty, but he is distinctly cautioned against, and restrained from, "pranks." In one point the Evangelical may be said even to have the best of it, in that the judgment does not in the least affect that marvellous liberty of omission which he has so long enjoyed—and abused.

MORE BLACKIE ON BURNS.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR BLACKIE has been lecturing at Alnwick on ROBERT BURNS, on Himself, and on the *Saturday Review*, which is "the grand "platform of all kinds of conceit and impertinence." And yet Mr. BLACKIE is not pleased with the *Saturday Review*! However, that was a mere digression of the venerable orator's; on the whole, he clove pretty closely to his usual pair of topics. Mr. BLACKIE described BURNS as "a great and noble man"—a perfectly true description as far as it went. There is a great deal more to be said about BURNS; but Mr. BLACKIE, addressing himself particularly to the young, may be said to have "whistled o'er the lave o't." This is the easy, safe, and genial plan; it saves a great deal of trouble, and avoids a great deal of unpopularity. It is easy, pleasant, and popular to say that "the Devil walks about in many respectable "dresses—sailors and bonnie lassies." It "gets a laugh," as the clown says about pronouncing "melancholy" "lemon "jolly." Whether it is altogether worthy of venerable eld is another question. The matter of the lassies became serious enough to BURNS, and, as he said to Mrs. MACLEHOSE

(CLARINDA), "Damns me with a choice only of different "species of error and misconduct." To a great and noble man this was no laughing business. In the affair of JEAN ARMOUR and CLARINDA,

> His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true.

Never was a man with a sound heart in such a quandary. While he was legally married to JEAN ARMOUR, he was betrothed to Highland MARY. She died; his heart was broken, in the autumn of 1786. In 1787 came his tour on the Border, when "the Bard," as he said, "was within a "point and a half of being damnably in love" with at least four young women. Then came the affair with CLARINDA, whom he left to marry JEAN ARMOUR again, formally this time. Mr. BLACKIE told the Alnwick people that, on returning from Edinburgh, "the first thing he did was "to behave like a gentleman . . . to marry his first love, "JEAN ARMOUR." His first love! The names of earlier loves, Platonic and not Platonic, were Legion. Mr. BLACKIE has written a book on BURNS; he ought to know something about the poet's history. He either did not know the truth, or did not choose to tell it, if he is correctly reported. He simply "blethered." JEAN ARMOUR was no more BURNS's "first love" than HELEN of Troy was, if, in any true sense of the word, he loved JEAN ARMOUR at all. More, perhaps, than any other of his flames, she had suffered for his sake—had borne him, indeed, child after child before he "made her an honest woman." He made what amends he could; his behaviour had "damned him with a choice only "of different kinds of error and misconduct." He himself frankly avowed the truth about the unhappy affair, and the truth is the best thing to tell, even to a popular audience.

Mr. BLACKIE's acquaintance with his life-long theme is bewildering. He said that BURNS's book "brought in a "thousand pounds," and that, "like a gentleman and a "generous fellow," he gave his brother GILBERT five hundred of it. BURNS was generous, but he did not give what he did not possess. Mr. SCOTT DOUGLAS says that the book brought BURNS about 500*l.*, and that he handed over 200*l.* to his brother. Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH states the amount received by BURNS as between 500*l.* and 400*l.*, and the amount given to his brother by him as 180*l.* It may be "impertinent" to correct Mr. BLACKIE's arithmetic, but accuracy is the soul of biography, and Mr. BLACKIE is inaccurate, unless he has discovered some facts unknown before.

Mr. BLACKIE, however, has a vein of sense in his nonsense. He defended the Scotch for making BURNS an Exciseman. It had been thought "an awful disgrace. He "did not think that at all." People who *did* think that he called, in his urbane way, "a set of sentimental fools." We need not adopt his language; but nobody has yet answered the question, "What should have been done for "BURNS?" The Duke of BUCCLEUCH let HOGG have a farm rent free. The experiment failed; and BURNS, with his laudable independence, would probably have declined such an offer. Mr. BLACKIE remarked that the sons of dukes and duchesses let "the Devil run away with their "strength before they were thirty or forty." This is not precisely true of all dukes; but BURNS did exactly what Mr. BLACKIE says young dukes do. The Devil ran away with *his* strength before he was forty, though he had not the excuse of ducal birth. The conclusion was that BURNS was not a man at all. This is an evident inference; for "a man is not a man unless he has reason at "the helm," and BURNS had *not* reason at the helm; "he "had no self-control." These are queer compliments to pay the national idol, who certainly gave the world assurance of a man. What can be said of such a mixture of the true, the false, and the absurd, except that it is "blethers," in BURNS's own vigorous language? Obviously Mr. BLACKIE does not really know what he himself thinks about BURNS, and, if ever he was acquainted with the details of BURNS's history, he has forgotten them.

HARCOURT-CUM-MORLEY.

"ALWAYS coupled with that infernal Phenomenon," was the remark of Mr. FOLAIR when he heard of the part which he was to play in association with Miss NINETTA CRUMMLES in NICHOLAS NICKLEBY's drama. It is possible that a remark of a similar character may have been made by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he learned that he was to accompany Mr. JOHN MORLEY to Sheffield as the *Gastspieler* in the performances before the National Liberal Federation in Sheffield. The combination is judicious. Mr. JOHN MORLEY's demure gravity is lightened by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's irresponsible light-heartedness, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's hardened jocosity becomes more bearable when taken in conjunction with Mr. MORLEY's solemn earnestness. Both together are more tolerable than either would be alone.

It may be true of the celestial bodies, as it is, we have heard, in the theatrical world, that two stars keep not their courses in one sphere. But in politics, to judge from the example before us, the same rule of exclusion does not prevail. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY are twin-stars, each revolving round, shining on, and affectionately blinking at the other. There can, indeed, be as little rivalry between them as there is between the sedate and virtuous hero of melodrama and the first funny old man. The performances at Sheffield seem to have been well arranged, passing from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from Mr. JOHN MORLEY to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on Thursday of last week, and from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to Mr. MORLEY on the following day. Each orator usually avoids any interference with the business of the other. Mr. MORLEY seldom attempts to be funny, and when he makes the attempt it would have been better if he had not done so. His lightness is very heavy. Sir WILLIAM is not always as scrupulous in keeping off his friend's ground. When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT talked of following through good report or bad report—perhaps he said through good reporting or bad reporting, for the words were evidently spoken to the knights of the lead-pencil—the dictates of his conscience, and declaimed about the eternal principles of justice and truth, which, by way of highest eulogy, he declared to be worthy of the National Liberal Federation and of the great leader of a righteous cause, he must have felt that he was trespassing. It was as though OSRIC or the Gravedigger interwove HAMLET's words with his own part. The dictates of conscience, the eternal principles of truth and justice, and righteous causes in general, are distinctly within Mr. MORLEY's sphere of influence. The great leader is, of course, common property. It is a frequent weakness of comic actors to consider themselves specially fitted for serious parts. The late Mr. LISTON had that idea; and the earlier M. POQUELIN was not entirely free from it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT shares this ordinary infirmity of the profession. He is no doubt applauded when he ventures upon the moral sublime, just as an indulgent audience applauds a performer, without wishing him to repeat the experiment, venturing on something out of his own line. When ST. PAUL reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, his auditors trembled. When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT reasons on these subjects, his auditors must have a mighty disposition to laugh. But as he began by telling them he was a Yorkshireman addressing "brother "Yorkshiremen," no doubt audience and orator entered into the fun of the thing.

There was one point in common between Mr. MORLEY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at Sheffield; and that was their extravagant braggadocio. PISTOL or PAROLLES could not be more valiant. They both of them won the general election several times over; and in the act of putting on their armour boasted possibly rather more than they may find reason to do when the time arrives for taking it off. They were so very confident as to suggest that they are by no means easy as to what is going to happen, and were so cheerful as to leave the impression that they are profoundly out of spirits, but wish to conceal the fact from themselves. Mr. MORLEY is not content with boasting of what the Liberal party is going to do when the general election comes, but brags of what he personally will do when he has the opportunity of getting at Mr. BALFOUR. There will be nothing of the IRISH SECRETARY left. Not only so, but when the time arrives for Mr. MORLEY to repeat, "in "the most solemn and formal manner known to our insti-"tutions—before a judge and jury," that is, we presume, on oath—what he has already said "before a jury of his countrymen," the truth about the Tipperary riots shall be known. There was, we believe, a time, and it is not long ago, when Mr. MORLEY would in his critical conscience have been ashamed of talking of a public meeting at some Lancashire town as a jury of his countrymen. Mr. MORLEY once spoke of the newspaper press, with secret reference, it may be, to one or other or both of the two

journals which he at different times conducted, as an instrument for permanently lowering the level of political discussion. The public platform seems to be an even more potent instrument for lowering the level of taste and good manners, and for substituting a vicious rhetoric for thought. Mr. MORLEY's perpetual boasts of what he is going to do a little resemble the celebrated announcement of Mr. WINKLE in the Ipswich riots, and betray probably a misgiving that he may not do it, but is unwilling to let himself prematurely into the secret. The "jury" before which he was heard was, as he knows, a packed one; it had neither the power nor the disposition to cross-examine him; there were no other witnesses before it, and, if there had been, they would not have been listened to.

Mr. MORLEY considers that a Parliament in Dublin is necessary to restore the manly self-reliance of the peasants in the congested districts of Ireland. If Mr. MORLEY has read Mr. LECKY's book, of which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made a partisan use, he must have learnt that the Irish people have never cared much for either Parliamentary or ecclesiastical change. During nearly a century of perverse misunderstanding of their real demands, they have been given stones for bread, and serpents for fishes. What they want is the land, and what has been granted them has been Disestablishment, and what is now being offered them is an assembly of intriguers and declaimers in Dublin. Practically, Westminster is as near to Connemara as Dublin is. Mr. MORLEY in politics is declining from the level of a thinker to that of a phrase-monger. The conversion of the doctrinaire into the declaimer has been very rapid, and is now almost complete. In this respect he runs Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—to whom we must now devote a few words—close. We echo Sir WILLIAM's advice to the National Liberal Federation, which will not be taken by them, to read Mr. LECKY's last two volumes. If they do so, they will find that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has quoted only such part of Mr. LECKY's conclusions as suits his purpose; and, if they look into the matter more closely, that even that part of Mr. LECKY's conclusions is not established by Mr. LECKY's facts. Of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's attack on the probity of PITT, it is enough to say that it is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's, who is scarcely qualified to sit in judgment upon a point of this kind. This indiscriminate assailant of reputations dead and living is scrupulously sensitive to attacks upon his own conduct. When the denouncer of the suspension in certain minor cases of trial by jury is reminded that he was the author of an Act for hanging Irishmen without juries, he thinks he has sufficiently defended himself by dismissing the retort as a miserable *tu quoque*. "Tu quoque" is a favourite phrase with the scholars on the Opposition benches, who talk of passing under the Caudine forks, and who translate *cui bono* by "what is the use of it?" In their, as in the common, mouth *tu quoque* means "you're another," and describes the celebrated repartee of the pot to the kettle on the reciprocal accusation of blackness. It is rather the Latin equivalent of CÆSAR's apocryphal reproach to BRUTUS. Καὶ σὺ εἶ ἐκείνων; καὶ σύ, τέκνον; "Are you too among them; "you too, child?" Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT tries to leave the impression that the Government take the position—"Yes; we are doing wrong now; but then you did the "same wrong six or eight years ago." On the contrary, they say, "We are doing what is right now, and what you "acknowledged to be right by doing it when you had our "responsibilities, and would do again in similar circum-"stances." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has a perfect title to abase himself, and to go through penitential exercises, and to cry *Mea maxima culpa*—none of which things he shows the slightest disposition to do. Some of his colleagues in slander have the grace to show signs of shame, and try to hide themselves from themselves. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is complacently naked.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S VICTORY.

THE success of the Italian Ministry in the late elections was not so unexpected as the Democratic victory in the United States; but it has been even more complete. In mere numbers the Government majority is overwhelming. Four hundred and ten members in a Chamber of five hundred and eight have been returned to support Signor CRISPI. Then there is in Italy nothing answering to the elaborate system of checks which delay, if they do not altogether prevent, the complete victory of any party in America. Whatever the Italian Ministry has gained is effective strength capable of being used at once. It is not necessary to believe that all these votes have been given to the Government purely on its merits. The influence of the Administration is great in all Continental countries, and more particularly among the so-called Latin races. If Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO obtains a majority of five-sixths or seven-eighths in the approaching Spanish elections, it will only be because he thinks that proportion will look better than nineteen-twentieths. In France itself, as M. LEROY BEAULIEU has found to his cost, and many of his fellow-candidates with him, the Ministry has many means of controlling the returns. No doubt, a large proportion of the votes given to Ministerial candidates in Italy would have been given to whomsoever was in office. But Italian elections have never been quite so much a form as Spanish, and the returns do show that the popularity of the Ministry is genuine. In the towns, where it is always more difficult to put pressure on the voters than in the country, Ministerial candidates have been generally successful, and those members of the Opposition who have escaped defeat have seen their majorities diminished.

The particular feature of his policy which has done most to make Signor CRISPI popular is sufficiently indicated by the success of a by no means dignified manœuvre employed against the Opposition candidates in Rome. The city was placarded with bills professing to contain a recommendation of the opponents of the Government, given by the President of the "Union des Races Latines." This body is simply a French society which endeavours to promote the formation of a Latin union against the Germans. The supposed patronage of a Frenchman is said to have done the Opposition candidates not a little harm. There is a too pronounced American flavour about this trick, but it is in its way evidence as to what Italians think. The object was to represent Signor CRISPI's opponents as too French, which, again, is an indirect way of praising him for not being French at all. In fact, he has gained in popularity by that very policy of strict alliance with Germany and Austria which has been made matter of reproach against him by part at least of the Opposition. The determination of Italians to remain independent of France, if not hostile to her, may be taken to be a fixed quantity in Italian politics. The very favourite complaint of Signor CRISPI's critics, that he is overburdening Italy with military expenditure in obedience to the orders of his German allies, has produced no visible effect. Italians have apparently convinced themselves that their burdens would be still heavier if Italy wanted the support of the German Powers. They are doubtless conscious, too, that isolation would expose Italy to dangers which are especially disagreeable to the cautious, and by no means martial, Italian temperament. As for that accusation of arrogance to his colleagues of which so much has been made, it does not reflect much credit on the sagacity of those who brought it. Few things are more certain than this—that no popular leader was ever the worse thought of by the rank and file for keeping a tight hand on his lieutenants. A chief is elected to lead, and not to be led. The election has not been a triumph for Signor CRISPI only. With excellent judgment, the KING has kept in the background. He has at all times taken his own position for granted, as a thing not to be questioned. It is none the less a consideration which can hardly have escaped the most thoughtless voter, that all who support Signor CRISPI are on the side of the existing Monarchy, while those who oppose him are either Republicans who would launch Italy into absurd adventures, or Conservatives who are in favour of at least some measure of disintegration. The fact that Signor CRISPI was himself once a Republican, and has only accepted the monarchy as the best thing attainable, is in no way against him; for this is precisely the position of the vast majority of Italians. The essential things are that the monarchy has been accepted, and that what was choice, more or less conscious, with this generation will be habit with the next; which again works for stability and good order in Europe.

"THE BETTER SCAVENGER OF THE TWO."

SUCH is the dignified and eloquent expression applied to Dr. BARNARDO by the MASTER of the ROLLS. The other "scavenger" appears to be the Roman Catholic Church. But the context is somewhat obscure. The Court of Appeal, it is satisfactory to observe, has confirmed in every particular the judgment of the Divisional Court, and

has directed that Mrs. McHugh's child shall be restored to her. The Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Lopes add their belief that the strictures passed upon Dr. Barnardo in the Court below were wholly or partially undeserved. As to this it may be said that Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Mathews had the advantage of seeing and hearing the witnesses who described how by Dr. Barnardo's orders they had dogged the footsteps and listened to the conversation of the poor woman whose character they wished to destroy. On the other hand, Lord Esher and the Lords Justices had before them Dr. Barnardo's threatening letter to Mrs. McHugh, on which we commented a fortnight ago. If their Lordships consider that that letter was creditable to the writer of it, we cannot congratulate them upon their taste, and we venture to think that very few people will be of their opinion. It would have been quite right and proper on Dr. Barnardo's part to make some reasonable inquiry before handing over the boy to his mother, although strictly speaking it was his legal duty to comply immediately with her demand. But that is a very different thing from setting spies upon her who very well knew that he desired an unfavourable report, and menacing her with a minute investigation of her whole life if she persisted in asking what she had a right to ask. Lord Esher declines to regard the question as one between Dr. Barnardo and the mother. He says it is a fight over the child's soul, not over its body, and that Mrs. McHugh is in the hands of the priests. She may be. We do not envy her. But yielding to priestly influence is not a criminal offence, and Mrs. McHugh does not appear to have abandoned any definite set of religious principles when she embraced the Roman Catholic faith. One of Dr. Barnardo's patrons, Sir Robert Fowler, a well-known alderman, banker, and member of Parliament, who scarcely required Lord Esher's effusive testimonial, offered to take charge of the boy and put him out into the world. Mr. Walsh, a Roman Catholic gentleman, has made a similar offer, so that Mrs. McHugh's offspring, more fortunate than Ginx's Baby was, only escaped from one stroke of good fortune to fall under another. Mr. Walsh is the conqueror, and, unless the House of Lords should reverse the judgment of the Court of Appeal, will remain guardian of the infant. Five judges have now decided that Dr. Barnardo was wrong, and that the poor woman whom he tried to frighten was right.

We have received a curious letter from Dr. Barnardo, remonstrating against our former treatment of this subject. There is nothing surprising in that. Our criticisms of Dr. Barnardo's conduct were distinctly unfavourable, and people seldom like to be criticized unfavourably. Moreover, Dr. Barnardo is a philanthropist, and philanthropists—especially if they belong to the professional class—usually consider themselves exempt from error or responsibility. We have never assailed Dr. Barnardo's motives. They are no business of ours nor of the public. We have no desire to go beyond the mild censure of Lord Justice Lopes, who pronounces the Doctor "over-zealous, misguided, and "too prone to resist the law." Against the main doctrine of his letter it may be worth while to protest, if only because it is at once common and fallacious. Dr. Barnardo complains that for the last fifteen years, "on every public "occasion that it was possible to express a harsh or severe "judgment upon him or the work committed to his care, "the *Saturday Review* has been prominent on that side." Dr. Barnardo is always himself, and those who dislike the fussy interference with other people's affairs into which his proselytizing zeal hurries him from time to time naturally feel themselves compelled to take similar views of similar proceedings. If Dr. Barnardo will change his tactics we will change our verdict. "To most thoughtful "persons," Dr. Barnardo continues, "this will in itself "suggest that it [meaning ourselves] has not approached "the consideration of the present case with a perfectly "open and unbiassed mind." Dr. Barnardo's theory is that those who have once condemned him can never do him justice in future. This rather absurd proposition would at once disqualify most existing tribunals, whether primary or appellate, for dealing with Dr. Barnardo's infringements of private right, and would leave him free to pursue his way unmolested through the institutions of his country. Even Lord Esher, in spite of his irrelevant disquisition upon the respective merits of Protestants and Catholics—rather suitable to Exeter Hall than to the judicial Bench—is not inclined to let Dr. Barnardo run away with the notion that the children of the poor are the lawful prey of Evangelical fanatics. Dr. Barnardo would usurp for himself functions which no individual, however benevolent, could exercise with safety to the State.

THE INDIAN SCARE.

THE so-called Indian Scare is one of those things which no fellow can be expected to understand on this side of the Atlantic. Who is scared and why? The great Yankee nation cannot surely be scared by a few thousand Sioux in Dakota; and if the Sioux are scared, one cannot help suspecting it is because the agents of the great Yankee nation have been doing something they should not. The items of information are difficult to pick out from among reports of what the Free Silver Democrats intend and what the Farmers' Alliance. When you do get them, they hardly prove more than that somebody is lying like a Zanzibari valet. At the top of the column we are told that seven settlers have been scalped and that a battle is raging. At the bottom it is confidently announced that this is fiction, and that all is quiet on Pine Ridge. We dare say it is; but then, if nobody has been scalped, the fuss would seem to be about nothing. Then the appearance of our old and respected friend Buffalo Bill as an active personage on the scene is confusing. We like Buffalo Bill. We never liked him the less because his temporary popularity with Duchesses was so maddening to "respectable Americans." It was justified by the excellence of his manners. Then, too, he wore his long hair and picturesque costume with *crânerie*, and rode like an angel. Still one does associate him with a travelling circus, and though General Sheridan certifies him a brave fellow, and good frontier guide, his reappearance on the way to the scene of action harmonizes pleasingly with the air of unreality cast over the whole thing by newspaper lies. It fills up the picture to learn that Red Shirt "is "with him." Red Shirt, if our memory does not fail us for the first time, was with him when we last saw him at West Kensington. We respect Red Shirt. He refused to be enticed even by Mr. Gladstone into giving his opinion on Home Rule. He is a long-headed Red Man, and his candid opinion on the Indian Scare would be worth having.

It ought really not to be so difficult to learn whether the Indians in Dakota are going on the war-path or not. That something is happening we do gather, but the question is what that something may be. The United States Government is sending up troops as fast as it can, which indicates a belief that there is trouble ahead. But, then, it is also reported that General Schofield, who is in command of the Federal army, has sent an officer up to inquire into the question of rations, which seems to indicate the existence in his mind of a strong suspicion that the trouble is entirely due to breach of contract with the Indians. The Federal Government has made treaties with the tribes, by which it has bound itself to supply them with stores, as long as they keep within certain limits and do not break the peace. These treaties have been very frequently broken by the United States officials. When outbreaks have followed, it has been bad for the Indians, but it has not always been their fault. If the British Government in India failed to pay the salary—or blackmail, if that expression is preferred—which it has promised to the hillmen in the Khyber Pass, we should have no ground of complaint if the caravans were plundered. As for the stories about the belief of the Red Men in the coming of a Messiah, there may be truth in them. The delusion is not quite new, saving the reverence of Buffalo Bill. Something of the kind was seen before Tecumseh's war, which ended at Tippecanoe. The ghost-dancers are not at all unintelligible. We have found in Hindostan that mysterious signals are given among the native populations, and mysterious movements go on which sometimes end in nothing, and sometimes are the forerunners of an explosion. The Sioux may dance themselves out, and nothing more be heard of it all. If trouble follows, we shall still be interested to hear what set the ghost-dances and the rest of it going; whether it was a spontaneous delusion of the Indians, or dishonest dealing on the part of the Indian agencies. It would be premature to jump to the conclusion that the fault lies with the agencies. Sitting Bull, who is in the middle of this movement, as he was of the last, is a very "bad Indian" indeed. He has in an eminent degree the faculty of our own friend Osman Digna. He can make other men fight while he keeps at a safe distance himself. Sitting Bull may have been playing his old part of firebrand. If so, the Federal Government

has no choice. It must strike hard. But it touches the honour of the Federal Government to see that the unhappy Sioux are not hanged because of the bad name of SITTING BULL. If it is true that even the ghost-dancers are coming in for their rations, we can hardly believe that the nation is really intent on war. Neither do we quite understand how a great part of the Sioux can be migrating if no movement is observed in the neighbourhood of the agencies, as is also reported. On the whole, the Indian Scare is a mysterious business. To finish, we really must ask the great Yankee nation a simple question. Why do these things not happen in Canada, where there are many Sioux and other Red Men? Is it because the Indians are better, or because the agencies are more honest? We wait an answer.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

PROCEEDINGS in the House of Commons since the meeting of Parliament recall two familiar proverbs with almost equal force. To one of them which reminds us of the compensations of an ill wind, we need have no delicacy in openly referring; of the other we would rather say no more than that it treats of the falling out of ancient friends, and of a certain consequence thereof. This is a moment, the Gladstonians tell us, when it is the duty of every one to "refrain from irritating language," and we feel therefore that we should run some risk of disregarding this duty if we were to pursue further the train of reflection which the second proverb suggests. Be it ours, then, to view the painful difficulty which has arisen between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL under the symbol of an ill wind blowing alike upon the unjust Unionist and the just Gladstonian, and we may proceed to remark that it has blown the public the advantage of a sudden damming up of Parliamentary eloquence almost at its source. There can, we think, be no doubt whatever that these two incidents were connected together by way of cause and effect. It is true that the lobby was a good deal more interesting last Tuesday afternoon and evening than the interior of the House; but that is no uncommon matter of observation on the first night, and perhaps on most nights, of a Session. But in ordinary cases there would always be members below the Gangway, if not on the Front Bench, to sacrifice the pleasures of conversation outside to the duty of keeping the ball rolling for a week, at any rate, within. It was not the interest excited by the GLADSTONE-PARNELL "ruction" which caused the astounding portent of the collapse of the debate on the Address within a few hours of its commencement; it was the demoralizing effect of the ruction itself. Neither wing of the party would fight because each was sulking with the other. Even the most seasoned Parliamentary bores were too depressed and dispirited to ply their dreadful trade; and when in the simple but startling words of the *Times'* summary—"Dr. CLARK, speaking from the Front "Opposition Bench, which was entirely empty of its usual "occupants, intimated that he did not intend to move "the amendment in favour of Home Rule for Scotland of "which he had given notice," there was a general feeling that the game of obstruction was as much "up" as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S once favourite pastime of "law and "order," and the Address was agreed to without a division at, wonderful to state, a quarter past ten o'clock.

Nothing more flat and spiritless than the discussion thus brought to a timely end has ever been heard within the walls of Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE still adheres to the tradition of giving an indulgent, if not an actually benevolent, reception to the Ministerial programme; but he usually contrives to excogitate something or other in the way of plausible adverse criticism on their proposals. The other night, however, he did not even pay them the compliment of misrepresentation. He described their legislative policy much as they would have described it themselves; he commented on the blessed change which they have made in the form of the Address, and qualified his approval of it only by an objection so innocuous that he would have done more wisely to omit it; and for the rest he confined himself to a curiously unreasonable remonstrance with the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY on his proposal to take the whole time of the House for the consideration of the Land Purchase and the Tithes Bills, and for the measure relating to Private Bill legislation. It was certainly an unfortunate prediction of Mr. GLADSTONE'S that "the Government will "never secure an habitually easy passing of the Address, "according to the ancient fashion, so long as the course "of taking away the time of private members is pursued "wholesale." No doubt so very easy a passing of the Address as we have been fortunate enough to secure on this occasion may not become "habitual," but Mr. GLADSTONE'S prophecy is not much the less infelicitous on that account. For the character of the discussion last Tuesday night, apart altogether from its duration, showed at least that the particular course taken by a Government in ordering the business of the House has mighty little to do with the question whether they will encounter obstruction or not. Nobody but the leader of the Opposition, and probably not even he, believes that, if Mr. SMITH had promised the chatterers the amplest opportunities for chatter hereafter, they would have denied themselves a single hour's gabble in the debate on the Address; any more than, in the converse case, they would have let the House off one single display of their loquacity hereafter in consideration of being allowed the most abundant latitude for the indulgence of it during the first week of the Session. We sometimes wonder whether Mr. GLADSTONE, who is notoriously behind the age in many things, does really and *ex animo* cling to that superstitious belief in the right of the "private member" of which he so often makes himself the Parliamentary champion. Does he really think that there is an outside public burning to listen to Mr. CONYBEARE and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Dr. CLARK, and holding it a matter of the highest constitutional importance, and touching nearly the dearest interests of the nation, that the Government should provide as much of the public time as they can possibly spare from Ministerial business to allow these gentlemen and their like to "call attention" to questions in which they are interested? If so, we can only say that it is the most extraordinary delusion which ever found harbourage in the mind of an aged and experienced statesman, and that it argues a curiously complete blindness to the change which has taken place of late years in the national estimate, not only of the "private member" and his "rights," but also of the House of Commons itself.

The only portion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech which was of any immediate interest or importance was his announcement that Mr. MORLEY did not desire to raise the question of the Tipperary scuffle in the form of an amendment to the Address. His right hon. friend believed, he said, that it would be better to postpone the debate on this question until after he had given the evidence which he has been summoned to give, as a witness in the judicial proceedings, which have arisen out of the incident. Mr. GLADSTONE'S right hon. friend is well advised. It is certainly not desirable that he should discuss in the House of Commons the merits of a case with respect to which he is about to depose on oath, and in all probability to be flatly contradicted under the same sanction. That he has a right to have a "day found" for him by the Government—especially as he has waived his right to raise the question on the Address—is indisputable, and his claim did not require Mr. GLADSTONE'S singularly *naïf* advocacy on the score that "his right hon. friend has himself at one time "been responsible for the administration of Ireland." We can assure the Leader of the Opposition that Mr. MORLEY'S peculiar right on this ground to have the facilities offered which he asks for has at once suggested itself to every Unionist. The mere fact that a politician "at one time responsible for the administration of Ireland" has deemed it his duty to assist a "stripling" to get his head broken in a row with the Irish police is in itself sufficient to justify a Parliamentary debate on the subject, if only for the gratification of an intelligent curiosity. Of course Mr. SMITH promised it, and was doubtless glad enough to compound for a settlement of the matter on these terms. It is unlikely that, even if the Gladstonians are in sufficient heart to discuss anything before Christmas, except Mr. PARNELL'S inhuman refusal to commit *hari kari*, not conjointly with, after the companionable Japanese fashion, but in substitution for, Mr. GLADSTONE, they will occupy more than a night of the public time; whereas the introduction of an amendment might, directly or indirectly, have led to the addition of two or three nights to the debate on the Address. For the rest, the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY had an exceptionally easy task in replying to Mr. GLADSTONE'S perfunctory criticism on the tenor of the references to Ireland in the Royal Speech, and his more animated but—it strikes one—only half-sincere protest against the proposal to give immediate

urgency to the Land Purchase Bill and the two accompanying measures of which notice has been given. What, we may well ask, did Mr. GLADSTONE think that Parliament has been summoned for in the last week of November? To do business? Or to listen to the sweet voices of the gentlemen who avow—when you can catch a candid one—that they intend to use those voices for the primary purpose of preventing any business being done? One would really think, to listen to Mr. GLADSTONE, that the question as to which of these two purposes was in the contemplation of the Government and the country was not merely arguable, but one on which there was a plausible case for the second of the two hypotheses.

SOUZA *v.* COBDEN.

WHERESOEVER and in whomsoever the feminine temper in politics comes out, it is seen to be a most untoward and obnoxious thing. The more it comes out, the more intolerable it appears; and therefore it is not without a certain measure of complacency that we read of what was done in the cause DE SOUZA *v.* COBDEN, and mark the comment of tabby journalists on the prosecution and the judgment. The women who wish to thrust themselves into the conduct of affairs profess an inability to understand why men object to their doing so, unless it be upon the ground of an ignoble jealousy. If these ladies could rise a little above the heights to which their intellectual gifts have borne them, they might see that one essential part of the objection is to the bustling impatience of law which impelled Miss CONS and Miss COBDEN to put themselves in the wrong from the beginning.

The facts are that certain ladies set themselves forward as candidates for the London County Council; well knowing, we must suppose, that they were no more qualified for membership than if they had chosen to stand for so many Parliamentary boroughs. They were elected, just as much as they might have been in the other case if a majority of votes constituted a legal return, whether of woman or man. Lady SANDHURST was one of the ladies so elected. In her case prompt action was taken, and she was unseated on petition as disqualified by her sex. Miss CONS and Miss COBDEN fared differently. Action was not taken against them within the time appointed under the Municipal Corporations Act for challenging the return of persons disqualified for any reason; and of course there are various grounds of disqualification, some of which can and some cannot be removed. That time having expired, these ladies could not be unseated; but, obviously, the original disqualification in their case remained. And, according to Section 41 of the Municipal Corporations Act, "If any person "acts in a corporate office without making the declaration "by this Act required, or without being qualified at the "time of making the declaration, or after ceasing to be "qualified, or after becoming disqualified, he shall for each "offence be liable to a fine not exceeding fifty pounds, re-"coverable by action." This defines the position of Miss CONS and Miss COBDEN quite distinctly. As Mr. Justice DAY said of the last-named lady in giving judgment on Monday, "There can be no doubt that at the time of her "election, and of her making the declaration, she was un-"qualified, being a woman; and it is equally certain that "she was not one of the persons contemplated by the Act "who might afterwards qualify by getting rid of their dis-"qualification." If, therefore, she acted as Councillor, she did so in contravention of law, and at the risk of the punishments in that case provided. That neither Miss CONS nor Miss COBDEN was unaware of their position appears from the fact that after the decision against Lady SANDHURST they abstained from taking part in the proceedings of the London County Council. They did so for some time, at any rate; but then uprose the feminine temper—the same that is so much of a nuisance in men and women alike—and, to "vindicate" something or other, apparently, they went down to Spring Gardens and did what they were strictly and expressly forbidden to do by the law. The particulars of Miss CONS's offence we have not before us at the moment; but it seems to have been identical with that of Miss COBDEN, who, in February, spoke and voted on five divisions in the Council. Thereupon action was taken by a member of the Council against both the ladies; by order, the decision in the one case was to decide the other; and judgment has been given against Miss COBDEN in five mitigated penalties of 25*l.* each, with costs.

The first step in these proceedings is intelligible and blameless. If certain persons are honestly of opinion that women should be admitted to County Councils, or to Parliament for that matter, there is no harm in their putting themselves up for election, as a means of showing that popular opinion is in favour of a change in the law. The lady makes her experiment, it succeeds more or less, and there the matter should end. The experiment has been exhausted, and there stands whatever lesson it may happen to yield. The decision in Lady SANDHURST's case duly brought out the intention and injunction of the law in this matter; it is clear from Miss COBDEN's and Miss CONS's abstention from the business of the Council thereafter that they quite understood their position; and who believes that they supposed it possible to slip under the law and make a forced intrusion unpunished, with that 41st section of the Municipal Corporations Act in the way? But they must make the attempt because—because they were women. Since they were women, who should be "ungallant" enough to interfere with their little audacities in defying the law? Should any no-gentleman go out of his way to pull them up so rudely, what gushings of sympathy might be counted on, and how much of a sensation might advance the Cause!

Of course we shall hear that it is mere brutality to mention such impulses and calculations as possible where ladies are in the case; but there is no denying the results. There has been little sensation—hardly a flutter between Temple Bar and Bow; and there is no evidence at present that the Cause has been advanced. But as for the rest, it is only necessary to look to the way in which Miss COBDEN's prosecutor has been treated by the he-she journalists of the penny press. Of Sir WALTER DE SOUZA we know nothing beyond his intervention in this matter; but how does he appear here? In taking action against Miss COBDEN, which he had as much right to do as if she had been a man, he seems to have behaved with the utmost courtesy and consideration. This the judge went out of his way to notice, seeing that in the court itself the plaintiff had been treated to a variety of no-gentleman insinuations. But the judge's reproof had not the least effect on the champions of Woman in the press. The least angry of them contents himself with labelling Sir WALTER DE SOUZA's conduct as "not very "gracious or generous"; no generous man interferes when Woman girds up her petticoats to defy the law. Other and more high-toned commentators inform the plaintiff that when a man "comes forward with legal objections "to checkmate the Bow and Bromley electors, he is simply "guilty of an impertinence"; and that "in getting Miss "COBDEN fined 125*l.*" Sir WALTER DE SOUZA was not only "impertinent and offensive" but must be regarded as "a "common informer." Another gentleman of the press (same school) wants to know "who is this DE SOUZA, "who has performed the chivalrous part of prosecut-"ing the daughter of RICHARD COBDEN"? And then answering the question, he informs the world that the offensive male person is a sort of nigger-Portuguee. "Why "he was made Sir WALTER nobody knows. DE SOUZA "is a common name among the Portuguese half-castes of "India; and these half-castes are sometimes darker in "the skin than the natives with whom their forefathers "married." These are but specimens of the poor, spiteful stuff that has been poured out as balm for wounded womanhood—womanhood seized by ruffian hands in the attempt to steal a victory for the electors of Bow and Bromley. That such stealing is most improper does not seem to be at all considered; and yet the truth is that there is little more justification for it than could be advanced for going about stealing geese on a common. We are sorry to be constrained to speak so plainly, and of course we know that there *is* a difference between illegal offences committed from political and from personal motive. But we are addressing persons of a very high morality, who will not mistake our meaning if they will only deal with it fairly, and not according to feminine passion and prejudice.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE solemn act of adhesion to the Republic by which Cardinal LAVIGERIE has lately startled all the enemies, and not a few of the most zealous members, of his Church is a political event of some importance. It is not the less significant because it does not stand entirely alone. Even

before the last general election there were distinct signs among the Conservatives of an inclination to accept the Republic if only they could be sure that it would no longer be what it had become under Radical guidance. Such men as the Marquis DE BRETEUIL, who openly confessed that he was tired of the prolonged exclusion of his class from an active share in government, were obviously prepared to go some considerable distance towards the Republic, if only it would move a decent space towards them. Since the elections not a few Conservatives have openly given up any further hope of the restoration of the Monarchy. Within the last few weeks one section of them, represented by M. PIOU, has gone further than general declarations of adhesion. It has expressly said what particular Republican policy it is prepared to accept and support. There is nothing in the programme which a moderate Republican need hesitate to accept. Nothing which M. LÉON SAY, for instance, or the late M. RAOUL DUVAL, would not have been prepared to recognize as his policy. But up to the time when Cardinal LAVIGERIE delivered his speech in Algiers there had been no sign of any effective disposition among the clergy to give up their opposition to a form of government associated with the supremacy of their enemies. Cardinal LAVIGERIE has supplied what was wanting, and now the most sincere Churchman, who is becoming tired of sulking at the Republic, will be justified in assuming a more agreeable attitude by the example of a prelate whom no Clerical can pretend to disregard without conspicuous folly.

A Churchman who is in this frame of mind will be able to point out to critics on his own side that Cardinal LAVIGERIE is fresh from the seat of PETER. He has just paid a visit to the POPE, and he deliberately quotes the authority of LEO XIII. for his opinions. It is hardly likely that he would have done this unless he had consulted the head of the Church as to the step he was about to take. To Republicans it will be at least equally important that there is no sign in the Cardinal's speech of any mental reservation, nor any touch of casuistry. He is as explicit as a man can be. Republicans who are men of sense will not welcome him the less because he makes no attempt to disguise the repugnance with which he accepts the inevitable. The thing is that he does accept it. It is possible to detect a certain tone of irritation in the Cardinal's remarks on the present position of the monarchical cause, and also some sarcasm. The Count DE CHAMBORD, says the Cardinal, was so good a man that he ruined his cause out of pure virtue. His successor is also, no doubt, a very good man, and has bravely assumed responsibility for what has been done in his name. Unluckily he has forgotten that you must not be found out in doing evil that good may come of it, and, after that unlucky Boulangist alliance, the game is up. Besides, the Count of PARIS—from respectable motives, of course—refuses to do anything for himself, and will wait till France asks for him—which she shows no intention of doing. This is a renunciation, in the Cardinal's opinion. Thus does he, not without malice, scatter the thinnest possible coat of sugar over his bitterest pill. And now, the monarchy being impossible without a miracle—a thing which it is never safe to count on—there is nothing for it but to accept the Republic. The acceptance need not be enthusiastic; but it must be thorough. It must be made with the full intention of influencing the Republic, and no lingering wish to abolish it. What ultimate effect the Cardinal's declaration of adhesion and his advice to the Conservatives may have it is early to say. Beyond all doubt he has strengthened a movement which had already begun. The extreme Conservatives, whose Conservatism is largely hatred of the Republic, naturally decline to follow him, but they belong mostly to the older generation. The Radicals are quite fiercely angry with him. They have more than the usual measure of dislike which the faithful feel for a convert, and have besides many reasons for disliking whatever tends to strengthen the Moderate Republicans. It is incredible to them that a priest can be a Republican; and then, if they are to give up baiting the clergy, Republicanism itself would lose half its joys for them. But the lassitude which has come over France since the collapse of the Boulangist adventure is not favourable to the fanatics on either side. There is, therefore, a considerable probability that many Churchmen will follow the Cardinal, and many laymen join with M. PIOU in the attempt to form what this gentleman rather quaintly describes as "un grand parti tory, disputant le pouvoir aux radicaux devant le suffrage universel."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND RAILWAY SERVANTS.

AFTER long consultation, the nature of which must have been purely sentimental, the Taunton jury determined to acquit RICE, the signalman, of the charge of manslaughter in connexion with the recent disaster at Norton Fitzwarren. The verdict—"Not guilty of negligence"—is, of course, entirely contrary to the facts. No more conclusive evidence of negligence was ever submitted to a jury. The case against RICE was complete; yet the jury acquitted him. The absurdity of the verdict is heightened by the prolonged deliberation of the jury. The facts were simple and uncontested. There was practically no defence, for RICE admitted that the fatal accident was the result of his blundering. In charging the Grand Jury Mr. Justice GRANTHAM observed of RICE, "He had a certain duty to perform, and, in consequence of his not doing it, the lives of at least ten persons were sacrificed." In his summing up of the case, the judge directed the jury, with perfect clearness, on the plain facts. He saw nothing in the evidence to show that the collision had not been caused by RICE's negligence. The jury, however, appear to have found, in a singularly simple case, plenty of matter for discussion. They started with a long consultation that ended with disagreement, and, undismayed by the disagreement, entered upon further deliberation until they arrived at their verdict. In this protracted debate it is impossible to believe that the evidence, and only the evidence, formed the subject of deliberation. What, then, were the matters discussed, apart from the facts, by the jury? Whatever these topics were, we find it impossible to reconcile the evidence and the verdict, nor can we find any extenuating circumstances in the verdict. But it is almost certain that the jury thought they found in the evidence some extenuation of RICE's negligence, or something that proved his negligence to be not acutely culpable, perhaps not at all culpable. And, having considered what there was to be urged in mitigation of RICE's negligence, they proceeded to the illogical conclusion that there was no negligence whatever on his part. That RICE was suffering from an accident which had befallen him a short time before the night of the collision may have suggested to the jury reasonable doubts as to his fitness for the duties of signalman. But it was not pleaded on behalf of RICE that he was incompetent, and it must be remembered to the man's credit that he never attempted to shelter himself from the consequences of his blunder. It is obvious, therefore, that the jury, being moved by sympathy with RICE's position, his advanced age, and long term of service, made up their minds to disregard the facts, and base their decision on sentimental or extraneous issues.

The presentment of the Grand Jury on the subject of shunting trains will, we trust, receive the immediate consideration of the Government. The mistake of the driver of the goods train at Taunton does not in the least affect the question of the signalman's negligence. The practice of shunting trains on main lines ought to be forbidden absolutely. It is not a little strange, by the way, to note the speeches made at the Congress of Railway Men at Bethnal Green on the subject of the railway Companies' care for the public and their neglect of their own servants. The Chairman complained that, while the Companies had, under pressure of public opinion and Board of Trade pressure, made the travelling public "as safe as possible," they had "ignored the human machines they employed." The Norton Fitzwarren accident hardly supports this statement. The public are perfectly aware that there is much more to be done by the authorities before there can be any reasonable belief in the safety of railway travelling. And it would seem that the railway men are not less sensible of existing dangers. The Congress adopted a resolution urging the Government to take steps to compel Railway Companies to provide block sidings, by which accidents occurring through shunting trains across main lines should be prevented. On this subject there is really no room for divergent opinion. With regard to the employment of elderly men in signalling work, there is nothing to show that RICE should be classed with the overworked and underpaid men of whom Mr. BEDFORD spoke at Bethnal Green. His explanation of the employment of men between sixty and seventy years of age in signal-boxes is somewhat curious. One reason, according to Mr. BEDFORD, was that the Companies would not give the wages demanded by younger men. Another

reason was the refusal of pensions to old servants. A third reason was that the old men "hung on" because there was nothing but the workhouse for them if they resigned. Now, if it is true that younger men demand higher wages than those received by old and well-tried men, it is scarcely surprising that the Companies should hesitate to employ them on their own terms. We prefer to account for RICE's place in the signal-box on the ground of his long service and the natural unwillingness of the railway Company to part with an old and trusted servant. It is, of course, extremely important that men employed in railway duties that involve great public responsibility should be thoroughly competent. We are tolerably confident, with the Taunton verdict before us, that if RICE was in the grievous position of the underpaid and overworked class of whom Mr. BEDFORD spoke, the Taunton jury would have found more to add to their verdict than their condemnation of the practice of solitary night duty in signal-boxes.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. *SERPENT*.

THE narratives of the survivors of the *Serpent's* crew have put it beyond doubt that the vessel was lost by an error of navigation. The exact nature of that error can only be guessed at. None of the three men who reached the shore alive were in a position to give evidence of much value, and as the officers all perished, no more can ever be known. There will be no wish, except among those who make a trade of vamping up accusations, to insist, on what indications there are, that Captain Ross and his navigating officer were rash. If, however, it is true that land was sighted in the afternoon, we cannot help thinking that the ship ought never to have been where she was. The dangers of Cape Finisterre are so well known that merchant ships, which have every motive for making the quickest possible passage, keep well out from it, particularly in thick weather. The *Serpent* had no such motive for making a quick passage as could justify the decision to go close to a known peril. Tenderness to the memory of the dead is a very respectable feeling; but, after all, an event of this kind is a lesson and a warning. The error, whatever it was, cost HER MAJESTY'S navy a ship, and the lives of 176 trained men. Naval officers will, we take it, draw the moral that it is better in such a case as this to err on the side of over-caution, which can at the worst only lengthen the voyage and cost a few tons of coal. It is not to be desired that naval officers should be timid; but to avoid making a very dangerous coast in a thick night and a gale is not timidity—it is only seamanlike caution.

In the meantime, whatever may have caused the disaster, it is the melancholy fact that it will leave many women and children very ill provided for, if not actually destitute. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has publicly pointed out that, when all has been done by Government and the funds of Greenwich Hospital which can be done legally, there will remain "many wants, both present and prospective," which must be left to private charity. It is not particularly creditable that the widows and children of men who have perished on service should not be entitled to decent support by the country. As, however, they have no such claim, it will be a scandal if there is any hanging back on the part of those who have any money to give in charity, particularly at a time when thousands are ostentatiously offered to support a gigantic windy confidence-trick. We hope there will be no repetition of the meanness shown on some former occasions, when the Navy was left practically to raise the fund itself. Another act of virtue which is to be earnestly commended to those whom it concerns is the expression of contrition for overhaste in publishing lying stories about the harshness of Captain Ross. The survivors of the crew have denied that there was any truth in this tittle-tattle. A great deal of pain must have been caused by the publication of much trash, and no good end can possibly have been served. Is it too much to ask respectable papers to make a note of this, and also to make it a rule that such gabble is not to be published by them in future? Another question which suggests itself must be addressed to the Admiralty. It is why so much care has been taken to publish the telegram from the Captain of H.M.S. *Lapwing* describing the condition of the fragment of the *Serpent* which has been cast up at Camariñas. From this report we learn that the workmanship is excellent, that very few rivets have sheered, and that the junction of the armoured deck is intact. Well and good; but what does it all prove? That the *Serpent* was not jerry-built, perhaps, but not that she was well designed. A vessel may be both ill designed and well riveted. It does not, as we have already said, follow that a ship is good because she is lost by an error of navigation. The charge against all the vessels of the *Serpent* class and so many of our modern cruisers is that they are too light for the power of their engines, too much overweighted with tophamper, and that not only the comfort of the crews, but their health, is sacrificed to the engine-room. It is no answer to these accusations to say that the rivets of a fragment have not sheered, and that the junction of the armoured deck with the hull is intact. The survivors, it may be noted, though they have steadily refused to speak ill of their ship, do not go beyond saying that she was a good vessel of her class, which the sailors do not like. They do not like them for the intelligible reason that they are baked by the furnaces at all times, and that the mess deck is drenched in rough weather. However well the rivets were driven home, it will still remain a question whether a ship in which men are baked and drenched is a good ship for any sea, and whether in particular she is fit for the West Coast of Africa.

THE LIFE OF AN EGG.

LORD JUSTICE KAY has pronounced the judicial dictum that "the life of an egg is supposed to be "limited to a fortnight." Most Londoners, and everybody who is not a Londoner, will be disposed to think that the period specified by the Lord Justice is rather too long than too short. But it behoves the Bench to be cautious, and certainly after the fortnight eggs should be exclusively devoted to electioneering purposes. When the late Vice-Chancellor MALINS narrowly escaped in court the traditional fate of the candidate on a platform, he quaintly remarked that the egg must have been intended for his brother BACON. The Court of Appeal abstained from joking over the serious case of CAMPBELL & Co. *v.* NORWOOD and another. The defendant's name naturally suggests a strike, and such indeed was the origin of the dispute, although eggs were its substance, and its legal character was "mutual mistake." While the sum involved was only two hundred pounds, the principle, as men say when they are at a loss for a word or an idea, is commercially most important. The plaintiffs, being wholesale dealers in eggs, had shipped a hundred and twenty-seven cases of them from St. Petersburg on board a ship belonging to the defendants. A passing hope may here be expressed that the fowls of Russia lay eggs of an exceptionally enduring quality. However that may be, the fortnight was just saved in the bill of lading. On the 10th of August the precious freight started on its voyage, and on the 21st of August it duly reached London. But the year was 1889, and the great Dock Strike was in full swing. The plaintiffs, being British merchants, men of enterprise and resource, did not sit wringing their hands over the wickedness of those whom the MASTER of the ROLLS calls "abominable strikers" On the contrary, they offered to send their own people and take away the eggs by night. But the captain, who ought to be a Dock Director, would not hear of such a thing. Like the executioner in *Alice in Wonderland*, he had never done it in that way before, and he was not going to begin at his time of life. Besides, over the eggs was a quantity of grain, and the grain must be removed before the eggs could be touched. The reasoning of this worthy seaman is logically unimpeachable, and no doubt, according to the etiquette of his trade, the grain was entitled to precedence over the eggs. But, while he was stickling for point and punctilio, the eggs were spoiled, and the tyrannical provisions of the Septennial Act prevented what might have been a general demand for them even in that condition. Messrs. CAMPBELL & Co., as might have been expected, brought an action for damages. They had done their best to save their own property, and they objected to its being irretrievably injured by the incapacity of other people.

The Court decided, in accordance with plain facts and obvious common sense, that the defendants were liable, and that the verdict for the plaintiffs must stand. Under Mr. FINLAY'S useful Act the case came straight to the Court of Appeal, without the tedious and absurd formality

of passing through the Divisional Court. It would certainly have been monstrous if, in so clear a matter, there had been a double appeal, with the House of Lords as a possibility in the background. The plaintiffs were perfectly ready, and well able, to save their own goods. The only obstacle in their way was the obstinacy of the defendants' servant, who would not allow the cargo to be disturbed, even for the sake of saving part of it from destruction. In the original contract there was no clause about strikes. But it seems that the ship-owners could not have been sued if, in consequence of the strike, the merchants had been unable to accept delivery. The plaintiffs, however, relied upon a new and special contract. They said, and the jury found, that they had offered to remove their portion of the ship's cargo themselves, and that one of the defendants had accepted the offer on behalf of the firm. That being so, all difficulty in determining the position of the parties disappeared. A good deal of speculation was, indeed, devoted to the interesting question, Where were the eggs? Some declared that they were not under the oats at all, but in a different part of the vessel, which was a "general ship." As to that, however, they might have been easily extricated anyhow. The Lords Justices displayed upon this topic an edifying amount of practical knowledge. Lord Justice KAY "observed that the cases might have been raised by means "of ropes and pulleys through the oats without any "injury to the oats." "The oats giving way on each side," added Lord Justice LOPES, with a fine touch of imaginative accuracy. What the eggs would have been like when they had emerged from confinement and recovered from their voyage, it were perhaps better not too closely to consider. The egg of commerce is understood to be something quite different from the egg of the breakfast-table. But it is satisfactory that the capable side should have won, and that antiquated helplessness should have gone to the wall. Technical education is no doubt a salutary and necessary thing. The mental or moral qualities of quickness in decision and promptness in action will never be superseded by science on the one hand, or by a blind adherence to custom on the other.

THE NEW LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE New Land Purchase Bill, or rather the two new Bills which have taken the place of the single measure of last Session, have already—thanks to the demoralization of the obstructionists by a certain "crisis"—been read a first time. There is wisdom, we think, in this division of the Ministerial scheme into two parts, though we confess that we should have preferred a different line of cleavage. As it is, the arrangements for the sale and purchase of holdings, and the provisions for dealing with the "congested dis-"tricts," alike form part of Bill No. 1; though, considering how unanimous is the approval of the latter proposal, even among those who more than doubtfully regard the former, it might have been better policy to separate them from each other. The creation of the new Land Department for Ireland is an object which might have been appropriately united with that of Land Purchase, and might well have exchanged places with the congested district clauses in the first Bill, instead of forming the main material of Bill No. 2. However, the arrangement has been made now, and is doubtless unalterable, so that nothing remains but to take advantage of the crisis to push the former of the two measures through its second reading with all convenient speed.

As regards the other changes of the Bill, they are, or ought to be, all in the direction of increasing the facility of its progress through Parliament. It is hardly for the Parnellites, as Mr. BALFOUR reminded an indiscreetly "ironical" cheerer the other night, to object to that abolition of the limitation to twenty years' purchase which Mr. MORLEY himself contemplated proposing last Session; nor is it easy to conceive the most ingenious opponent of the Bill continuing to invent any objection to the proposal to give the Lord Lieutenant power in certain circumstances to extend the period of years within which the 8 per cent. of the purchase-money has to be paid. The only doubtful item among the changes, or rather the contemplated changes, in the measure is that at which Mr. BALFOUR hinted in the suggestion that the consent of the localities to the hypothecation of local funds might be sought and obtained by the "method of *plébiscite*." This is a somewhat obscure suggestion as it stands, and we should require to hear it further elucidated before pronouncing any definite opinion on it. But it certainly does not captivate at a first glance.

"FOR A TIME."

LORD SPENCER has been the first of the Gladstonian party, or the first of any importance therein, to venture on to the stump since his revered leader publicly cast off Mr. PARNELL in the columns of the newspapers. His contribution to the embittered controversy is one of remarkable discretion and even gentleness, as, indeed, we might expect from its author, whose spirit of Christian charity has been so often shown before in connexion with the leader of the Irish party; and as there is no reason to expect any different kind of utterance from Lord SPENCER on this subject—and certainly none such are recorded against him in the past—his mild exhortations, if ineffectual, are, at any rate, not contemptible. As much can hardly be said of the appeals which flow in such anxious abundance from the Gladstonian journalist, and which it is difficult for the most indifferent of onlookers to read without feeling that, if anything could harden him, in Mr. PARNELL's position, to defy Mr. GLADSTONE and all his following, it would be the methods adopted to bring him to submission. The varying doses of bluster and wheedle with which the (still) leader of the Irish party is daily plied in the English Radical press—loud denunciations of the vulgar LOTHARIO alternating with passionate appeals to the high-souled patriot—may well excite in that cynical observer the deepest emotions of disdain and disgust.

Lord SPENCER, at any rate, offers no such provocation. To him Mr. PARNELL is still the high-souled patriot after all, just as the Irish people and party (all, we suppose, but the recreant seventeen who want to drum him out) are all so many generous creatures of impulse who *cannot* bring themselves to bid farewell to Mr. PARNELL, not because they hope so much from him in the future, but because he has done so much for them in the past. "I can-"not," says Lord SPENCER, rising unconsciously to the manner of Mr. CHADBAND, "I cannot myself blame "the Irish for not repudiating at once Mr. PARNELL; "and why do I say this? I say it," my brethren, or rather ladies and gentlemen, "because they owe a debt "of the deepest gratitude to Mr. PARNELL for the services "which he has rendered." Nor can we think hardly of Mr. PARNELL if, in the light of his duty to himself, and from a feeling of how much Mr. STEWART, say, owes to Mr. PARNELL (there is less difficulty than usual in deciding this statesman's personality), he is unwilling to retire from the post of leader. Evidently he ought not to be roughly dealt with in Lord SPENCER's opinion, differing conspicuously on this point from that of the *Daily News*, on alternate days. The Irish people ought to ask him to "step "down from the pinnacle where he stands in their affectio ns "and give up the lead of the Irish party." And the English Gladstonian ought, we gather, to back up this appeal, and, in the same humbly conciliatory spirit, "We"—that is, Lord SPENCER and his friends—"who "have been working with the Irish, and working for their "cause for the last five years, may appeal to Mr. PARNELL, "and may appeal to the Irish nation, to meet us in this "respect, and not to endanger their own cause, this great "cause—merely on account of Mr. PARNELL, *whom we* "*honour*, and whom we well understand they honour so "much." It is not desirable that this honoured statesman should "at the present moment" remain as the leader of the Irish party. In other words—and here Lord SPENCER ranges himself in line with those stern advocates of domestic morality who feel that, if there is any moment when the obligations of the Seventh Commandment are more binding than at others, it is when the Nonconformist section of the Home Rule party are making themselves troublesome—it is not desirable "at the present moment" to retain Mr. PARNELL as leader. He should retire "for a "time"—a few months, Mr. DAVITT has put it at, though, perhaps, now that he knows how his friend "let him in" with reference to his defence to the divorce suit, he will extend the period of penance by a few weeks. But that is the "note" of all these moralists down to the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES himself. We wonder whether the "awakened "Nonconformist conscience" is really soothed in this fashion. If so, it is, indeed, easily lulled to sleep.

THE COMEDY OF DRUMMING OUT.

THE details of the very curious and complicated proceedings of last Tuesday concern, in the first place, the Gladstonian, not the Unionist, party; and there appear to be considerable differences in the way in which those whom they chiefly concern regard them. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE made a mistake in choosing Mr. MCCARTHY to convey his wishes—Mr. HENRY CAMPBELL is, we believe, the intermediary employed by Mr. PARNELL in important matters—why Mr. MCCARTHY played the very curious part which is assigned to him by the *Freeman's Journal*, whether the meeting of innocent Irish members was a trick of Mr. PARNELL'S, or the drumming-out letter a trick of Mr. GLADSTONE'S, are matters of some interest, but also matters which can wait. What is certain is that the purely Gladstonian party was on Wednesday morning furiously angry with Mr. PARNELL, and that the purely Parnellite party was not on that morning in very ardent charity with Mr. GLADSTONE. The utterances of the English Gladstonians in particular were heartrending, and their description of the climax of crime reached by Mr. PARNELL appalling. He had broken the commandments, he had broken the law, he might very conceivably have broken the water-pipe; and, as if all this were not enough, he had "treated Mr. GLADSTONE with lamentable want of "courtesy." Mr. GLADSTONE himself, with that almost unbelievable want of humour which characterizes him, bemoans himself that Mr. PARNELL, who offered his resignation in 1882 when he, Mr. GLADSTONE, did not want it, refuses it in 1890 when it would be extremely convenient. To this the Irish retorted, with perfect truth, that "it was Mr. GLADSTONE who came to Mr. PARNELL, not "Mr. PARNELL who came to Mr. GLADSTONE," and resented the assumption that the Irish party is a portion of the Gladstonian party. Not ours the attempt to console either, or to reconcile both. Indeed, the conduct of the two leaders appears to us perfectly natural. In Mr. GLADSTONE there is no difficulty. His party, indeed, claims for him the moral-sublime. There might have been some if his letter had been dated a week earlier, but the moral-sublime which waits to see how the Nonconformist cat will jump is not Himalayan in height or saintly in morality. To Mr. GLADSTONE the Parnellite alliance has been throughout simply a matter of votes, and it is a matter of votes still. The transfer, or even the withholding, of the Nonconformist vote would, no doubt, cost Mr. GLADSTONE even more English votes than Mr. PARNELL has brought him Irish. On the other hand, Mr. PARNELL has always treated on equal terms. He has been told by his allies that their sole reason (a reason which cannot be affected by his personal misdemeanours) for joining him is their conviction that Home Rule is necessary and right; and he has been accustomed to rule his party with absolute sway. Even if he had intended to retire, his play would have been correct, as giving him a greater air of voluntary action. He may very well have calculated that, if he stood out, Mr. GLADSTONE would give in; and it is very probable that Mr. GLADSTONE would.

With all this Unionists have, as it cannot be too often repeated, to do rather as spectators than as actors. In this particular heat of the race they have not got to ride, they have only got to sit. Whatever be the immediate result of the affair, the Gladstonian-Parnellite party cannot but be weakened by it; but no means of strengthening that weakness could be so effectual as the suspicion, still more the knowledge, that Unionists were thinking of making the use of this incident imprudently suggested by some. It would supply the common danger which is the greatest bond of union; it would set the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES a-calculating whether he loves the seventh commandment more than he hates the Church of England; it would make Mr. GLADSTONE forget his scruples, and the Irish the hectoring which they have received from their loving allies. As it is, events are playing the game of the Union as well as it can be played. The hollowness of the Separatist alliance has been shown almost equally on both sides, the English having been, as they say, convinced that their associates are persons reckless of moral laws, and the Irish seeing that *their* associates are domineering, if not also hypocritical, meddlers. These convictions must do good on both sides. The Irish will be still more and more convinced that the Gladstonian devotion to Home Rule is a mere pretext, at best a mere price. As for the English, they are, if we may believe them, at length disillusioned with Mr. PARNELL. The beginning of disillusion is as the letting out of waters, and it may be that, now it has once begun, it will not stop short at their Irish leader.

THE GREEK PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE production of the *Ion* this week will be remembered, we think, among the most successful undertakings of the Greek Play Committee at Cambridge, and it has confirmed our opinion that these performances are something more than an elegant amusement for scholars and the more or less scholarly public which frequents University ceremonies. Such, we believe, is the opinion formed, after an experience now ten years old, by almost all competent observers, and not least by those who know anything of the modern stage. In the actual presentation of a Greek play, many practical questions of its dramatic effect and significance are forced upon the managers and the audience. Although by no means irrelevant to right understanding of the work as a whole, or, in places, to the literary criticism of the text, these are precisely the points which even a careful and intelligent reader is most likely to overlook in the study. They have certainly been overlooked oftener than not by editors and critics who know the Greek theatre, or any theatre, only in books. It is easy to say that the modern acting version of a Greek play is not, and cannot be, the real thing, or anything that an old Greek would have recognized as plausibly like it. Nobody can deny that it is a grave drawback to the actors to speak or sing in a language not understood by a considerable number of the audience, and with a wholly conventional elocution. And it is certain that the nearest approach we can make in a modern theatre to the arrangements of the Athenian stage is a compromise in which the modern elements largely prevail. All this is so, but it is no less true that in all times and under all forms there is a great deal of permanent dramatic nature in the drama, and it can be effectually brought out, save for readers gifted with exceptional sympathy and imaginative power, only by acting the play. Shakspeare's theatre, after all, was different enough in material conditions from our own; it is even said by the learned that the pronunciation of English as Shakspeare and his fellows spoke and heard it would be barely intelligible to us now. But this does not prevent Shakspeare from holding the stage; and there are certainly some of his plays —*The Taming of the Shrew*, for instance—which must be seen on the stage to be appreciated.

Almost every revival of a Greek play in these latter years has taught us the same lesson. We have come away convinced that the Attic dramatists were not only great poets, but great theatrical artists. Notably this was the case with the *Eumenides* some years ago. The revelation of its acting qualities was altogether beyond what the majority of the spectators expected. In Euripides the construction is more modern than in Æschylus, and the interest of the action is more obvious. It is less surprising, therefore, that the situations of Euripidean tragedy should be effective in a modern revival. On the other hand, they are so much nearer to our ways of thought that the drawbacks are comparatively slight. The *Ion* gains by being acted rather than read, very much like a good modern play which is also good literature. Few scholars who have seen the performance at Cambridge doubt that the gain is a real one. The critical situation is not of those which depend on the setting of the scene or the correctness of accessories. Its interest is not even bound up with the details of the complications which have led to it. We cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Verrall had seen and heard the play on the stage before and not after writing his introduction, he would have been less confident in his ingenious (but to us most improbable) theory of the plot. He asks us to believe that, according to the poet's own conception of the story, Creusa was not Ion's mother at all; that the discovery by which the tragic situation is resolved is itself an elaborate fraud; and that the more discerning part of the audience, at any rate, were expected to make out this at the performance by piecing together various minute indications. Now to this supposition, after seeing as well as reading the play, we find one overwhelming objection; it wholly destroys the point of the argumentative dialogue between Ion and Creusa. And, again, it seems to us, with some force, we confess, in reading, but yet more forcibly in seeing, that Mr. Verrall's evidences for his theory are of the kind which may be constructed with an air of plausibility by picking out phrases up and down the text in one's study, but which (supposing them in themselves capable of the meaning put on them) would be quite imperceptible in the movement of the acted play.

With regard to the acting on this occasion, we have no doubt that Mr. Newton of King's, who took the leading and trying part of Creusa, deserves the first meed of praise. It is a part of sustained exertion and passion, and in many places a slight mistake in any direction might have converted the tragedy into involuntary burlesque, especially when we consider the somewhat ticklish composition of the audiences on these occasions. Your undergraduate at a play is almost as "tickle o' the sear" as the junior Bar in court at the hearing of a dull case. Mr. Newton was always dignified in speech and gesture, and often really powerful. Mr. Powys of Trinity looked and acted the part of Ion well, and yet we were in a manner disappointed. Consider-

ing what Ion's place is, and what his birth is proved to be, we think he should have a rather marked air of distinction. Mr. Powys's Ion was an affable young gentleman, quite at his ease with all sorts of company, but not exactly distinguished. We doubt not that the temple at Delphi, whose officers knew the secrets of all the noble families of Hellas, was much more like a great family solicitor's office than the common books of antiquities let us know. But it follows not that the minister of the temple who kept the outer court, and received pilgrims before passing them on to the more secret ministers of the oracle, was like the spruce modern clerk of a great solicitor; still less that it is expedient to give him that sort of air on the stage. Among the other performers, where all was good, we may single out the admirable get-up of Mr. Palk of Trinity as Creusa's ancient serving-man. The stage-management and the conduct of the music—inseparable from the success of the piece and from each other—were in the thrice-tried hands of Mr. J. W. Clark and Mr. Stanford, and the result was as good as anything could be. There was no hitch of any kind. The grouping was always tasteful and dramatically effective; the entries of the chorus were always at the right moment, and their evolutions correct, notwithstanding the limited space. In the composition of the chorus one liberty was taken; and it was the only way to avoid the incongruity of female attendants singing with male voices. The chorus was turned into a chorus of men, and the dialogue which necessarily belongs to Creusa's handmaidens was specially assigned to two persons on the stage. The "first maiden" and "second maiden," by the way (Mr. Wynne Wilson of St. John's and Mr. Olliver of Trinity), not only succeeded in "bearing their bodies seemly" in their unaccustomed garb, but were actors so well graced as to contribute materially to the scenic effect.

THE CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE end of the season has been chiefly remarkable for large fields and tedious delays at the starting-post; yet it is only fair to Mr. A. Coventry to say that, since he undertook his duties at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he has proved a skilful and successful starter. The fields at Derby were very large; and those at Warwick, the following week, were of good size, twenty starting for the Stoneleigh Maiden Plate on the Monday, twenty-one for the Grendon Nursery on the Tuesday, and nineteen for the Midland Counties Handicap on the Wednesday—a considerable improvement upon the fields at the same meeting a year ago, when a dozen was the largest number of horses that ran for any one race. At Manchester the fields were still larger; on the first day eighty-eight horses ran; the meeting opened with a field of twenty-three, and twenty and sixteen ran for two other races.

The Manchester November Handicap is the last great handicap of the season, and as such it is worth a little study. "Mr. Abington's" Father Confessor was put at the head of it, but he did not accept. He had been honoured with the same position for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and for Mr. Rose's Handicap at the Newmarket First October Meeting, although for the latter handicap Tyrant and Sheen (whose subscription as a sire for next season, at 100 guineas, by the way, is already full) were given the same amount of weight. Forfeit was paid for the five most heavily weighted horses, and this left Fallow Chat, the winner of last year, at the head of the acceptances. Mr. Vyner was good enough to have it stated very early in the sporting journals that that mare was coughing and was a doubtful starter, or she would have been heavily backed, and, as it was, she stood at 11 to 1 when the announcement was made. A few days later, as she was still coughing, she was very properly scratched. On the first day at Northampton, M. Ephrussi's Modestie was made favourite at 7 to 1; but on the second, after she had had a capital gallop of two miles and was being freely backed, she was suddenly scratched. There may have been excellent reasons for this proceeding. When Modestie was scratched, Mr. John Charlton's pretty, wiry, strong-quartered little mare, Silver Spur, the winner of the Great Ebor and Great Yorkshire Handicaps, was made favourite; but she soon had to give way to another four-year-old filly, the Duke of Hamilton's Mercy, who had been unplaced for all her races this year and was handicapped within 6 lbs. of Silver Spur. Another favourite was the Duke of Beaufort's three-year-old, Parlington, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, who was handicapped 10 lbs., again, below Mercy. Since the Epsom Spring Meeting his only performance had been to run unplaced for the Cesarewitch; but he started an equal favourite with Silver Spur at 6 to 1 for the November Handicap. Mr. R. Vyner's Lily of Lumley, who was handicapped 1 lb. above Parlington, was also a popular candidate. She had won races this year and shown some fair form; but at Doncaster she had been handicapped on equal terms with Silver Spur, whereas now she was placed a stone and a pound below her, in consequence of her wretched running for the Great Yorkshire Handicap. Mr. Blake's seven-year-old horse, Conservator, had done very little racing since he was a two-year-old, and he had only won two races in his life; but last year he had run second for this very stake. He was handicapped nearly a couple of stone below Silver Spur, and, although a small horse, he is very powerful; so many people thought that, over a heavy course under a moderate weight, he might very likely win. Then there was Mr. Burton's great, fine, lengthy, chestnut Barcaldine colt, Barmecide, who had beaten Lily of Lumley by four lengths when receiving 11 lbs., and was now to give her 3 lbs. He, also, was considered to be a horse suited to mud; for while he has great strength and "reach," he has scarcely speed enough to beat fast horses on hard ground. Mr. P. Buchanan's Star Trap was a three-year-old that had run in fourteen races this season and had won four, and, although they were of a low class, as a winner she was let off very lightly by being put in only 2 lbs. above the bottom weight in the handicap; and this reminds us that at the bottom of the handicap was Oxeye, who had won one race this year and five last year, including the Osmaston Nursery Handicap at Derby. Something, however, must be at the bottom, and Oxeye had shown some despicable form this season. Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember, whom he had beaten at Derby by a neck at 1 lb. a year ago, was now to give him as much as 25 lbs., as well she might on her form of this season; and this long, low, powerful filly, with her wide hips and well-placed shoulders, although not over favourably handicapped, had many backers. The neat little Australian horse, Ringmaster, had run fourteen times this season, and had only won one race, a hundred-pound plate. There was also that venerable plater, the eternal Tommy Tittlemouse, with only 7 st. 8 lbs. on his eight-year-old back.

There were five or six false starts; but at last the field got away on even terms. The ground was very deep in mud, and, making allowances for this, the pace was good. Brackley and Star Trap made the running during the early part of the race. When they had travelled over about half the course, Oxeye took the lead. More than a quarter of a mile from home Conservator and Brackley were beaten, and a little further on Oxeye also gave way. Shall We Remember then took up the running, attended by Parlington, Star Trap, Tommy Tittlemouse, Lily of Lumley, and Ringmaster. Below the distance the race had become a match between Shall We Remember and Parlington, who came on almost side by side, although very wide of each other, and well in front of the rest of the field. On reaching the stands, S. Loates called upon Parlington to make a final effort, and he dashed forward and won by three lengths. At the same time Ringmaster made a rush, passed several of his opponents as if they were standing still, and ran third, within three-quarters of a length of Shall We Remember. Old Tommy Tittlemouse was a very respectable fourth.

The Duke of Portland is again the largest winner of the year; but with 25,000*l.* instead of 73,000*l.* Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. H. Milner, General Byrne, Mr. A. W. Merry, "Mr. Abington," Colonel North, and Lord Calthorpe come next, with winnings from 14,000*l.* down to 10,000*l.* Among the jockeys, T. Loates, G. Barrett, J. Watts, S. Loates, F. Rickaby, and J. Fagan are the half dozen at the head of the list so far as winning mounts are concerned; but, in percentage of winnings to mounts, the best half dozen stand in the following order:—J. Fagan, J. Watts, T. Cannon, T. Loates, S. Loates, and F. Rickaby. The young stallion, St. Simon, whose stock won 24,000*l.* last year, has done still better this season with 32,000*l.*, and Barcaldine has risen from 9,000*l.* to 16,000*l.* Last year Bend Or's stock had only won about 6,000*l.*, whereas this season they have placed 17,000*l.* to his credit. On the other hand, the winnings of the stock of Hampton have fallen from 35,000*l.* to 7,000*l.*, and those of the stock of Galopin from 43,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* We only give the sums in round numbers.

MONEY MATTERS.

A RECOVERY in prices on the Stock Exchange after the crisis through which we have passed was natural. The intervention of the Bank of England and the other large banks has insured the payment in full of Messrs. Baring's acceptances. There is good ground for hoping that no serious failures will be allowed. And the scare upon Wednesday of last week was only indirectly due to Messrs. Baring's difficulties. It was reported that several joint-stock banks would refuse to lend to the Stock Exchange at the Settlement this week. Speculators, therefore, fearing they would be unable to carry over, and might be utterly ruined, sold their stocks at whatever prices they could get. After a panic of the kind a certain amount of recovery was to be expected. But we fear that the rise in prices is being carried too far and too quickly, and that unless there is a halt mischief will be done. As we have already said, there are good grounds for hoping that serious failures will not occur. But it would be misleading to say that grave difficulties do not still exist. Several great houses which have been able to weather the storm have still a large lock-up of capital, and have suffered very heavy losses. Speculators generally have suffered equally from the depreciation of South American and North American securities. And a shock has been given to credit from which it will not speedily recover. It is said, indeed, by operators on the Stock Exchange that before very long the Bank of England's reserve will probably reach 20 millions; that money, therefore, must become so abundant and cheap that speculation will be stimulated, and that prices will rise. But it is forgotten that the greater part of the gold now coming to the Bank of England will have to be repaid in a few months; that consequently the Bank cannot allow money to become abundant and cheap; that if, in spite of the Bank, it becomes easy, gold will be shipped to New York, Berlin, South Africa, India, and other places, and that then there

will be another scare, followed by a severe pinch when the Bank of France has to be repaid. To this operators reply that the Bank of England will prevent serious difficulties. We would recommend all concerned not to calculate too certainly upon that. The Bank of England intervened to assist Messrs. Baring, and it received guarantees against loss in doing so from all the banks because it was known that the failure of Messrs. Baring would have caused a shock that would be felt to the ends of the earth. But there are few houses like Messrs. Baring Brothers, and if the smaller houses defy experience and rush into difficulties, they must take the consequences. The Bank of England is not likely to help those who have not sufficient security to offer. And if it did so, public opinion would soon compel it to change its tactics; for there must not be even a suspicion of mismanagement at the Bank of England.

It is not at home only that serious difficulties exist. In Germany speculation has been rampant for years, and the slow liquidation that began twelve months ago is far from being completed yet. The bad state of the finances of Spain and Portugal is a danger to the Paris Bourse; and in New York there has been a crisis almost as severe as our own. There is a great lock-up of capital, a great stringency in the money market; heavy losses have been suffered by capitalists and speculators, and credit has received a shock; while trade is disorganized by political uncertainty. Operators, indeed, point to the combination of Mr. Jay Gould with the Vanderbilts and the Drexel Morgans as an assurance that rate troubles in the West are about to be ended. That is a sufficient argument, no doubt, for the mere speculator, who, provided there is an early rise that will enable him to sell at a profit, cares nothing what may happen afterwards. It is not an argument to mislead investors. Any one who knows anything of the past history of Mr. Jay Gould will put little faith in his promises of amendment, or in his professed desire to put an end, for all time to come, to wars of rates. There appears to be no doubt that he has got control of the Union Pacific; but it is not many years since he was driven from the control of that Company because of his mismanagement, and previous to that he wrecked the Erie. It is quite probable that he may wish for a rise in prices. Apparently he bought when prices were very low; and his usual custom is to exert himself to put up prices, to sell out when he has succeeded, and then to wreck the property of which he had obtained control. If he follows the same tactics now, he will be profuse in professions to Messrs. Drexel Morgan and Messrs. Vanderbilt, and he may even enter into engagements with them. But if he succeeds in bringing about a great rise in prices, he will be untrue to his past if he does not injure both those with whom he has contracted and the property he has controlled. It remains to be seen whether he can succeed in raising prices for any length of time. Circumstances in America are not favourable to him, public opinion is hardly likely to put much trust in his professions, and European investors, we hope, will keep clear of all securities with which he can tamper.

But the most serious danger of all affecting the Stock Exchange is the condition of the Argentine Republic. Since the change of Government there the Argentines have been hoping that Messrs. Baring Brothers would advance the money necessary to enable the Republic to reorganize its finances, and keep faith with its creditors. Now Messrs. Baring Brothers are not in a position to do so, and it is very uncertain whether other houses will give the required aid. Meantime credit is utterly paralysed, trade is depressed, and failures are occurring every day, while emigration on a considerable scale has set in. So utter is the collapse of credit that the premium on gold is higher than it was even before the fall of the Celman Administration. On Tuesday last it was reported to be as high as 250 per cent.—that is to say, one gold dollar was equal in value to three and a half paper dollars. While, according to private telegrams received in the City, the premium was over 300 per cent. The consequence was so grave that the Government had to close the Bourse, and large numbers of commercial houses suspended payment. It is only too probable that a crash so complete will be followed by political disturbance, and it is doubtful therefore whether the new Government will be able to hold its position. In any case, what is happening makes still more difficult the task of reorganizing the finances so as to enable the Republic to pay its way. But if the worst happens, the losses not only in this country, but upon the Continent, will be very severe, and are only too likely to revive alarm.

The Fortnightly Stock Exchange settlement, which began on Tuesday, has passed off more smoothly than at one time any one could have anticipated. The banks, which it was feared early last week would call in loans, did not do so, and though up to Friday evening it was thought that they would charge stiff rates, they proved themselves very lenient, lending freely at about 6 per cent. Within the Stock Exchange the accounts to be carried over were small. Apparently there is still a considerable account open for the fall, for there was a scarcity of stock in the home railway market, and there was also a scarcity of Spanish, Greek, and Argentine. How far this scarcity was real it is not easy to say. In any event rates were very easy, and even in the American market they did not exceed 7 per cent. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that there must necessarily have been large buying by investors. No doubt there was some investment buying during the past week or two, but the bulk of the buying was by speculators who sold what they had not possessed, and by powerful operators who desired to restore confidence to the market, and who, the better to carry out their purpose, paid for the stocks, and withdrew them from the market this week.

It was perhaps inevitable that the great influx of gold should lead to a sharp fall in the rates of interest and discount. During the week ended Wednesday night nearly two millions in gold were received from abroad, and during the fortnight ended that night the imports amounted to as much as $5\frac{1}{4}$ millions, while about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million more is on the way to this country. It is to be presumed that gold will now begin to flow back from the provinces, Scotland, and Ireland, in considerable amounts, and, therefore, the Bank of England's Reserve is likely to assume almost unprecedented proportions before long. It is not surprising under the circumstances that the value of money should have fallen rapidly. Loans were made to the Stock Exchange, as already stated, at 6 per cent. The rate for day-to-day loans has fallen at times as low as 3 per cent.; and the quotation for discount is now about $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.; and the Indian banks have placed the bills which are to arrive next week at from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. If this goes on, it is inevitable that gold shipments will begin, and they are likely to be large if once they set in for New York. It is to be recollected that the French and Russian gold, amounting together to $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, have to be repaid, and if much of the metal is now exported, the Bank will be in difficulty by-and-bye, alarm will in consequence spring up in the market, and we may have another period of crisis almost as severe as that through which we have passed. Although the banks and the discount-houses are rashly competing for bills, they still owe very large amounts to the Bank of England. During the week ended Wednesday, 19th, the outside market borrowed from the Bank over 7 millions; during the week ended Wednesday of this week the outside market repaid to the Bank not quite $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions. On Wednesday night, therefore, the outside market still owed to the Bank about $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions. The repayment of this debt will greatly reduce the supply in the outside market, and it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will do its utmost to maintain control. It ought not to lend at less than 7 per cent., or to discount below $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and, if necessary, it ought to borrow largely. It is important, above all things, that gold shipments should not be allowed.

It looks as if an attempt were about to be made to run up once more the price of silver. On Wednesday a rumour was circulated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would that evening announce that he intended to introduce a Bill for giving power to the Bank of England to issue ten millions of 1*l.* notes, the notes to be secured upon silver. Every well-informed person recognized, however, that, if 1*l.* notes are issued, they will be secured upon gold and not upon silver, as the object will be to increase the coin and bullion in the Bank of England. Therefore, that report was soon dropped, and it was said that a Free Coinage Act would be carried in the Session of Congress beginning on Monday, and would greatly raise the value of silver. Accordingly, the price of the metal, which, at the beginning of the week, was only 47*d.*, has been run up to 48*d.* per ounce. It remains to be seen how the speculation will fare. In the United States there is a large accumulation of the metal, and production everywhere is increasing; while consumption was checked by the high price reached in September. Speculators in America are consequently disheartened, and the Silver party appear to be intent upon passing a Free Coinage Bill—a Bill, that is to say, which shall enable every holder of silver to send it to the American Mints, and have it coined free of charge. In that case, of course, the Government will cease purchasing. The Silver party hope that such a measure would not only raise the price of silver, but would keep it permanently high. It is, of course, impossible to foresee what would happen. But the probability is strong that the Silver party will be utterly disappointed. That they are powerful enough to pass a Free Coinage Bill in the new Congress appears to be certain. But they cannot compel the people to accept silver coin if they are not willing to do so, nor can they compel the banks. As the New York Associated Banks and those of the principal Eastern cities now refuse silver, they will continue to do so after a Free Coinage Act. Therefore, it seems extremely probable that a Free Coinage Act would not increase the use of silver amongst the public, and as it would stop the Treasury purchases, it would almost inevitably lead to a sharp fall in the price of the metal. However, the Silver party refuses to see this, and it is possible that, if ease returns to the New York money market, there may be a renewed speculation in the metal, and a rise for a short time, followed of course and inevitably by a further fall.

IN CHANCERY.

ENDLESS possibilities underlie the happy notion on which Mr. Pinero has founded his farce *In Chancery*—that of a man who receives a knock on the head in a railway accident, and forgets everything that had happened previously, even his own name and abode. Such a personage is an extraordinarily suitable central figure for a farce, and Mr. Pinero well understands how to make much of him. The conception has the further merit of furnishing Mr. Terry with a character abounding in opportunities for the exhibition of his quaint methods, and the revival at Terry's Theatre presents dramatist and actor in a very favourable light. It is a curious fact that perplexity has often a comic side that

very readily lends itself to mirth. There seems, as a rule, to be something inherently ludicrous about a person who is sorely puzzled, and surely nothing can well be more puzzling to a man than an unsuccessful endeavour to recollect who he is and where he lives. Mr. Terry's nervous hesitating manner, with a sort of retrospective eye gazing vainly for something out of sight, is irresistibly funny. An incident which naturally suggests itself, given the oblivious man, is to make him—forgetting, of course, that he has a wife—come to the brink of matrimonial relations with another woman; and here Mr. Pinero furthermore equips him temporarily with another wife. For, on the evidence of a card found in the pocket of a great-coat (which does not belong to him, though of that he is unaware), he supposes that he is Montague Joliffe, and Mrs. Joliffe, a ward in Chancery, flying with her husband, of whom a detective is in pursuit, wishes to divert suspicion from the real Montague, so that in case of arrest the unconscious adopter of his name shall be the victim. The farce is very ingeniously put together, though Mr. Pinero has to carry out his mystification by the aid of the playbill, where Marmaduke Jackson is called Montague Joliffe, the veritable Joliffe being simply described as John. The audience does not know whether the unknown is married or not; and this part of the legend is kept for the last act, where the false Joliffe (accompanied by the real Mrs. Joliffe, her husband in attendance as a footman) arrives to occupy lodgings let by his wife, his supposed widow, who, having given him up as lost for ever, has set to work to earn a livelihood for herself.

The farce has, we believe, been played in London on one or two occasions for a few days, but has not won the notice it deserves, for it is a very genuine piece of fun thoroughly well worked out. A quainter figure is not easily conceivable than that of Marmaduke Jackson when, having greeted his own wife, whom he suddenly recognizes, memory returning to him as his eyes light on familiar objects, he gradually remembers that he has reached home with another bride, and that in all probability the girl he was to have married in the morning will soon be on the spot with her utterly unreasonable and violently irritable father. The straining of coincidence is to a great extent permissible in farce, though the little play would be better if Mr. Pinero had given a plausible explanation of the reason why the Joliffes go to such an out-of-the-way place as Sleepleton, and why, again, of all lodging-housekeepers in the country, they light upon Mrs. Jackson's rooms. One's enjoyment is increased when all the ends are smoothly worked in, when all the pieces of the puzzle fit exactly. Of the other parts, the only one that has noteworthy characteristics is the terribly touchy Irish landlord of the hotel to which the sufferers from the collision were taken, Captain McCafferty. No figure is more common on the stage than that of the man who loses his temper at the slightest, indeed without any, provocation; but Mr. Julian Cross contrives to give new colour to his representation of the type. A very small part, that of a maid at the lodging-house, was rendered prominent by the skilful handling of Miss Rose Dearing. This name is new to us, but its bearer has humour and perception of character. Mr. Pinero's dialogue in the farce is not remarkable for its wit; indeed, there are fewer quotable good things than are to be found in his pieces as a rule; but the natural utterances of the personages in the eccentric positions in which they find themselves are often particularly droll and diverting.

It is curious to note the critical attitude of a former generation which proclaimed *London Assurance* to be a brilliant work. Its conventionalities appeal little, or not at all, to playgoers of to-day who desire that there may be reason and probability in a dramatic piece—and *London Assurance* used to be set forth as an example of pure comedy—which could not have been formerly demanded. Conversation fifty years ago was somewhat inflated, but no people could ever have talked as the characters talk here, especially in the long and rhapsodical descriptions of nature and incident, one or more of which is allotted to almost every personage in the play. To some slight extent the glaring unreality of the extremely artificial piece is mitigated by the adoption of costumes of the period, but judged by the modern standard *London Assurance* is unacceptable. Mr. Wyndham rattles through the part of Dazzle in his usual farcical style, heavily weighted with a Charles Courtley, in the person of Mr. Bourchier, whose attempts at lightness are of the most laborious and clumsy character. Mr. Farren's Sir Harcourt is a careful and efficient study, and Mrs. Bernard Beere gives a new reading of Lady Gay Spanker, which makes her more natural and womanly than she is prone to appear. Miss Mary Moore is an agreeable Grace Harkaway, and Mr. Vincent an adequate Max.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD AND THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD, not satisfied with the very full reply to his objections in the *Saturday Review* of September 27, has appeared in the columns of the *Academy* with a fresh letter of some length. We need not in strictness take notice of this; but, as we are especially jealous of our historical accuracy, we will for the last time bestow a portion of our space on Mr. Arnold, who now practically limits his complaints to two, or rather three, points—respecting the question of the relationship of Geoffrey of York and William Longsword to Fair Rosamond, the dispute between Bishop Arfast and the convent, and the remarks on monastic exemptions—which he says "may be sound Anglican doctrine, but have nothing to do with historical science."

We shall take the liberty of reversing Mr. Arnold's order. With regard to the "Anglican" question, we might plead a certain celebrated sentence as to the privilege of Dorians to speak Doric. But we prefer to pass, remarking only on the singularity of that view of "historical science" which thinks that the relations of the Papacy to nations and national churches have "nothing to do" with it. With regard to Bishop Arfast, we must leave the judges to whom Mr. Arnold appeals, or others, to decide whether *ut intelligeretur comitatus* in the eleventh century could have the intensely nineteenth-century meaning of "that the feeling," or, as Mr. Arnold now modifies it, "the opinion of the county should be ascertained," instead of referring to such a regular hearing and decision by shire-moot as that which Mr. Freeman gives account of within a few years of the time on Penenden Heath. And we may add that, as Mr. Arnold appeals to Bishop Stubbs, and then complains of our reviewer for writing as if there were no such thing as a system of canon law, he had better see what Bishop Stubbs has to say about the Canon Law in England during the Conqueror's reign at p. 344 of his *Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History*.

But the Rosamond matter is different, and we are fairly amazed at a writer who deals with Latin documents and English history attaching to Latin and English texts the meaning which Mr. Arnold attaches. He says now, "Far be it from me to assert positively that either Geoffrey or William was the son of Fair Rosamond." He had in his book positively and *sans phrase* (p. 77 note) called Longsword "a son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond"; (p. 227 note) Geoffrey "the son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond." He says that our reviewer is more positive on the side of denial than the facts warrant. His own colleague in the Rolls Series, the late Mr. Dimock, the editor of Giraldus, had used stronger language than our reviewer; but this is nothing. Mr. Arnold actually says that the words of Giraldus, "qui adulter antea fuerat occultus, effectus postea manifestus," show "that the connexion existed previously." There is not one word in this text or context which shows, or even hints, that Giraldus meant the "antea adulter" to refer to Henry as the lover of Rosamond; and how any one who understands Latin can think there is passes our comprehension. But Mr. Arnold had a greater surprise for us than this. He says that Bishop Stubbs, "as might be expected, writes on this matter with the caution of a true critic (see his note at p. lxv of the third volume of Hoveden)." We did "see" it, and so shall the reader. It runs thus: "If his mother [Geoffrey's—born, according to Giraldus, in 1151] were indeed Fair Rosamond, who is described as a girl in 1176, she must have been the king's mistress for six and twenty years, and he must be credited with constancy at least." The Bishop is known as a master of irony when he pleases, but he could hardly have expected that Mr. Arnold, or any one, would tumble into so open a pit as this. Yet we have more against Mr. Arnold. The very note to which he appeals sends the reader to the editor's preface to Benedict of Peterborough. There Dr. Stubbs (ii. xxxi. note) writes that the passage "qui adulter antea" . . . "*settles* two traditionary statements about Rosamond—namely, that she was the mother of Geoffrey, who was born about 1158, and that she was put out of the way by Eleanor."

It is scarcely worth while after this to go into the less certain matter as to Longsword; the exposure of the manner in which Mr. Arnold reads and appeals to his authorities should be sufficient, and, as far as we are concerned, is.

THE WESTMINSTER GHOST-DANCERS.

I.

TELL us not, ye Transatlantics,
Of your Indians' wild unrest,
And the formidable antics
That alarm you in the West.
Though your panic-stricken ranches
Tremble at those salvage men—
Sioux, Arapahoes, Comanches,
The Kiowa, the Cheyenne;—
Though their frenzied dance be started,
Though in concert squaws and braves
Strive to summon their departed
Chiefs from their ancestral graves;
Know that here their mad gyration
Interests not any one—
In St. Stephen's "reservation"
Our ghost-dances have begun.

II.

Hands across and down the middle!
Choose your partners, give them room!
Easy 'twere to guess the riddle
Who it is belongs to whom.
Lo! yon aged warrior twirling
On his venerable "pins,"
Law and facts and morals whirling
Wildly round him as he spins;
While, distressed at his condition,
With a sort of spectral shame,
Flits the mournful apparition
Of his dead-and-buried fame.

See again yon crowd of gapers
  Watch that pair as round they go;
Whose are those phantasmal capers?
  Whose that shadowy heel and toe?
What that brace of figures ghostly
  That the statesmen twain have met,
And to whom, reluctant mostly,
  Either dancer seems to "set"?
What, Sir William, thus you foot it
  To the *revenant* of your creed?
You that timidly salute it—
  Is it *you*, Sir George, indeed?
"Set," then, H-rc--rt, scion royal,
  To that ghost of portly look!
Great Tr-v-ly-n, once the loyal,
  That attenuated "spook"!

III.

Hands across and down the middle!
  Choose your partners—give them room;
Easy 'twere to guess the riddle
  Who it is belongs to whom.
Others here and there upsetting,
  Mark that Thinker, once so staid,
Furiously pirouetting
  With a philosophic Shade.
Is it?—whisper—you have said it,
  You are right in your surmise,
'Tis the ghost of M-rl-y's credit
  As the foe of Compromise.

Nay, but who are these revolving
  Six in one, and one in six;
These who, each in each dissolving,
  Indistinguishably mix?
Is it Preston? Are they Stewart,
  Smith, Fox, Campbell—who can tell?
Scarce could even William Ew-rt
  Recognize his own P-rn-ll.
Round them spins one spectre single,
  'Tis the "High-souled Patriot" myth,
Bowing grimly as they mingle,
  Now to Stewart, now to Smith;
Now saluting Fox and Campbell,
  Now obeying Preston's call,
Now, amid the general scramble,
  Grinning mockery at them all.
Hands across and down the middle!
  Choose your partners, give them room
Easy 'twere to guess the riddle
  Who it is belongs to whom.

REVIEWS.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.*

SOME twenty years ago there were three names of form and fear that persons learned in literature were wont to conjure with. There was Jones, there was Wells, there was Beddoes—there was Beddoes, there was Wells, there was Jones. If you knew Jones and Wells and Beddoes, and admired them, it was well with you. If you knew them not, you were the subject of scornful pity; if you knew them, and did not admire them—but of this crime no examples are preserved. It was, however, generally agreed that it would never be merry with English literature till Jones and Wells and Beddoes were reprinted. And they reprinted Jones, and that event did not cause the sensation which was expected. And they reprinted Wells, and the chief result was that some ribald invented a theory (demonstrably unhistorical and wantonly insulting) that Joseph himself was the author of *Joseph and his Brethren*, and that they put him in the pit because he would recite pieces of it to them. Now Mr. Gosse, undaunted by these exemplars, has reprinted Beddoes.

He was quite right to do so; for Beddoes really stands a long way above either of the two persons with whom we have leashed him. Ebenezer Jones was an odd cross in time as well as in nature between the cockney and the spasmodic schools, a person not devoid of a certain poetic gift, but not very distinct and still less accomplished. Mr. Wells was an interesting example of the "single-speech" poet, though there have been more interesting than he. But Beddoes is, in French slang, a person. What sort of a person he is we shall endeavour to indicate, but he is certainly one. Moreover, the history both of himself and of his works is very remarkable and unusual. If ever any man started fair for the usual career of an Englishman of the upper middle-class, it was Beddoes. He was the son of a well-known Clifton physician; he was the nephew of Maria Edgeworth; he was educated at Charterhouse and Oxford; he was early introduced to literary society; he does not seem to have been under any necessity of earning his bread; he had what are the rarest of things to be found in conjunction, strong literary tastes and faculties with apparently great aptitude for science. He did not die very young—he was forty-six when, as it is now at length admitted, he committed suicide by curare after a long and hideous series of attempts to do it by cutting himself about and hindering the cure of his wounds. If there was any great turning point of disappointment or disgust in his life, there is no record of it. If he was mad (which seems, at least as regards his latest days, certain), he succeeded in avoiding compromising displays of his madness for about two-thirds of the ordinary span of life. But, having taken his degree at Oxford, he went abroad and lurked in Germany and Switzerland (partly studying medical science) for nearly a quarter of a century, almost entirely hiding himself from family and friends. After publishing two volumes of undergraduate verse, one of which he tried to suppress, but the other of which is at least and at worst remarkable, he printed nothing for all the rest of his life, and though his masterpiece (or failure of a masterpiece) did see the light in little known and scarcely sold editions just after his death, thanks to a faithful friend, the great part of his MSS. lurked for years longer in a chest at the foot of Mr. Browning's bed (we do not know that it was at the foot of his bed, but we borrow from a gruesome story of our youth respecting a nabob who kept the bones of his black mistress in that position) and has only now come out. *Per contra*, Beddoes had in the above-mentioned friend, Mr. Kelsall of Fareham, a friend of a thousand. He had in a cousin of the other sex, Miss Zoe King, a friend equally faithful. He had a trusty guardian of his remains in Mr. Browning, and he has now had a diligent and admiring editor, Mr. Gosse, who had already (ten years ago) done him the not small service of introducing some of his best things to the general reader in Mr. Ward's *English Poets*.

The one thing that is known to the general reader about Beddoes is, perhaps, after all (as it sometimes, though not always, is), the principal thing:—to wit, that he was a person who had saturated himself with a certain school of Elizabethan drama, the school which began, as it would seem, with *Jeronymo*, continued through Marlowe, the author of *Lust's Dominion*, Marston, Tourneur, and Webster to Ford, with a small influence on Massinger, Middleton, and others, and a kind of reflection even on Shakspeare in *Titus Andronicus*. Of all these, Beddoes is nearest to Tourneur, Webster, and Marston, and of these again he is nearest to Tourneur. His chief work, *Death's Jest-Book*, his early Oxford play, the *Bride's Tragedy*, alike resemble that author, except in the remarkable lyrics which are Beddoes's chief title to fame, and in which the egregious Cyril was below his contemporaries. This likeness has, of course, never been missed from the first by any competent reader of Beddoes; but as such readers, or any readers of him, have been very few, it is not superfluous to repeat it. Unfortunately, however, for the later writer, he exaggerated the formlessness and the inconsequence even of this most formless and inconsequent of his models. The *Bride's Tragedy* may be excused on the score of youthfulness; hardly so *Death's Jest-Book*, which he wrote and rewrote almost to the point of making it a *chef d'œuvre inconnu*, while there is a large store of "trimmings" in the shape of passages intended for insertion, but not actually inserted. To give an argument of *Death's Jest-Book*, say, in thirty lines would be a very pretty examination question, and would task and test the wit of the examinees much more legitimately than some questions usually set. It is, though in an unusual sense, a *pièce à tiroirs*, all full of motives, or submotives, which are constantly being disclosed, but which almost invariably come to nothing. It would take far too much room to sketch them—room which we want for other purposes. This formlessness besets the *Bride's Tragedy* in a lesser degree; and of the dramatic fragments, of *Torismond*, &c., it may fairly be urged that, fragmentary as they are, formlessness is natural and necessary to them. But, as Beddoes, with a great deal of leisure, in a long course of years and never attempting any poetical venture of importance except in dramatic form, did not succeed in mastering that form, it must be counted to him as a radical defect.

Nor does he, as it seems to us, attain that grace of his models which enables them to atone for formless wholes by miraculous scenes and splendid tirades. The African passages at the beginning of *Death's Jest-Book* have, indeed, a certain Calderonesque rather than Shakspearian grace; the character of Floribel in the *Bride's Tragedy* (something like a Castiza or Ordella of the elders) is touching; and the *macabre* tone of Isbrand the jester, though by no means uniformly well carried out, is effective. Also, it is justly claimed for Beddoes that he had mastered to a great degree the Elizabethan mould of blank verse. He had; but it is surprising how little use he makes of it. Take this tirade from *Death's Jest-Book*:—

Duke. Thither? Thither? Traitor
To every virtue. Ha! What's this thought,
Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,
Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,
And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak?
I know the moment: 'tis a dreadful one,
Which in the life of every one comes once;
When, for the frighted hesitating soul,
High heaven and luring sin with promises
Bid and contend: oft the faltering spirit,
O'ercome by the fair fascinating fiend,
Gives her eternal heritage of life
For one caress, for one triumphant crime.—
Pitiful villain! that dost long to sin,
And dar'st not. Shall I dream my soul is bathing
In his reviving blood, yet lose my right,
My only health, my sole delight on earth,

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* *The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes.* Edited by Edmund Gosse. 2 vols. London: Dent.

For fear of shadows on a chapel wall
In some pale painted Hell? No: by thy beauty,
I will possess thee, maiden. Doubt and care
Be trampled in the dust with the worm conscience!
Farewell then, Wolfram: now Amen is said
Unto thy time of being in this world:
Thou shalt die. Ha! the very word doth double
My strength of life: the resolution leaps
Into my heart divinely, as doth Mars
Upon the trembling footboard of his car,
Hurrying into battle wild and panting,
Even as my death-dispensing thought does now.
Ho! Ziba!

This reminds us, we confess, of that famous early sonnet of the Laureate's which begins

The form, the form alone is eloquent.

And it is particularly unfortunate for Beddoes that he chose for the most part the one literary kind in which form by itself will not do. We say for the most part, for there is another Beddoes, he of the lyrics, who is a much more successful and remarkable person. Even here the last or first grace of spontaneity and inevitableness escapes him too often. For his comic efforts we have much less admiration than Mr. Gosse has. "The Oviparous Tailor" seems to us a nasty, to-the-Germanish, extravaganza; "Old Adam the carrion crow," the chief thing of the kind in *Death's Jest-Book*, a wooden and creaking *pastiche*; "Lord Alcohol," something a little below the late Dr. Mackay at his best. But a very different judgment must be passed on such things as this:—

I.

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

II.

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

and this:—

Far away,
As we hear
The song of wild swans winging
Through the day,
The thought of him, who is no more, comes ringing
On my ear.
Gentle fear
On the breast
Of my memory comes breaking,
Near and near,
As night winds' murmurous music waking
Seas at rest.
As the blest
Tearful eye
Sees the sun, behind the ocean,
Red i' th' west,
Grow pale, and in changing hues and fading motion
Wane and die:
So do I
Wake or dream
* * *

and this, for all its "you" and "thou" confusion:—

Dirge.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.
But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

Nobody who knows anything about poetry can poohpooh a poet who can write like that. If anybody says that it is easily done by reading the dirges in Webster and the songs in Shakspeare and Fletcher, and so on, let him go and read the same and write things like it and print them, and we will set upon his brow no ordinary critical crown. Mr. Gosse allows that these verses are artificial, but for ourselves we do not quite know what verse is not artificial. Some conceals the art more than others, and Beddoes's is not of such; but in the cases we have quoted and others, the art has entirely fused the matter and there is no more to be said. At the same time it must be allowed that the stuff which is of this quality in him would hardly fill a dozen pages, and that there is a certain monotony in it which there should not be in a poet. What is more it is a monotony of the least pardonable kind, a monotony of excessive and apparently deliberate remoteness from frank and simple emotion. It might be unfair to say that Beddoes posed. His life and his work seem to have been very much of a piece, and the end of the former was certainly as grim as anything in the latter. But he has the air of posing, which is at least as bad as the reality and perhaps worse. On the whole, by far the best criticism on him is his own in the singular document which did duty for his will:—"I ought to have been among a variety [of other things] a good poet." He most certainly ought; we are not sure that for a few minutes now and then he was not one actually and really. But, as a whole, he was not, and the reason why is rather puzzling.

NOVELS.*

THERE are a few living novelisits—good, bad, and indifferent—of whom it may be said that they have invented a style and, perhaps, even founded a school. Their faults and virtues have been talked and written about until the subject is threadbare, and when a new book by one of them appears the only question with regard to it is whether it is a good or a bad specimen of the work of its author. There is no occasion for a critic to tell the public anything about its style: they know what that will be well enough. Now, it would be as wearisome as it would be unnecessary to discuss once more all the literary virtues and vices of the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*; but this we may say, that when one of her books comes up for review after a set of novels describing old garden walls almost down to the very insects which crawl upon them, analysing "feelings" into countless constituents, and mixing motives until vice is almost indistinguishable from virtue, we turn to it with much the same sense of relief as that with which an ungrateful child will impatiently throw down one of the beautiful and "natural" juvenile books of the latest date and eagerly devour, say, *Jack the Giant Killer*. No author more thoroughly understands the art of murder made easy and wickedness without fatigue—we mean, of course, in a literary sense. Before ninety pages of *One Life, One Love* have been read, a leading character has been murdered, his wife has gone mad, and her future husband has fallen in love with her. The chief agent in the story is a refined and intellectual murderer—or, to be more accurate, an accomplice in murder. It is impossible to avoid asking oneself whether so wise and intelligent a man could be so unwise and unintelligent as to place himself completely in the power of an unscrupulous rascal like the actual murderer. After all, perhaps he might. There would be nothing very new in the employment of an agent in the accomplishment of a murder. But when this wonderfully clever man was aware that the agent intended to commit the murder on his own account, his cleverness might have inclined him to leave well alone; or if he thought it necessary to assist in the murder by furnishing information, one so clever might have supplied it quietly, without forcing himself into notice as the informant. Yet, although faith may be strained and common sense irritated by all this incomprehensible folly, as well as by a gentleman who walks about the streets of London with nearly 4,000*l.* worth of bank-notes in his pocket, and by two or three astounding coincidences, *One Life, One Love* is a very favourable specimen of the work of Miss Braddon, and it shows fewer symptoms of overwriting than some of her earlier novels. Unlike some of her books, it by no means owes all its merit to its plot. On the contrary, the details of the prettiest chapter have little to do with the story. They describe the life of an old Frenchwoman, "a poor pensioner of a noble family," living in a small room at the top of a shabby, narrow house in Paris. Good, again, is the description of "an old English mansion, with moss-grown walls and deep-set windows, and a general greyness and low tone of colour which some people find dispiriting"—a house that "touched" the visitor "by a kind of mournful beauty and a sense of quiet desolation"; a "dear old house, very shabby as to carpets and curtains, but with lovely old furniture of Sir Charles Grandison's period, with old china in every corner." The heroine roamed about the rooms, "opening into one another, quaintly inconvenient, with queer little doors, half wainscot and half wall-paper"—"rooms that suggest the world as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen knew it; a world in which people dined at five o'clock, and danced country dances, and played on the spinet, and painted on velvet, and talked about the luncheon-tray and the Britska." On the tables and chimneypieces were cardboard hand-screens

* *One Life, One Love.* A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1890.

The Snake's Pass. By Bram Stoker, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

The Moment After: a Tale of the Unseen. By Robert Buchanan. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

The Miner's Right: a Tale of the Australian Goldfields. By Rolf Boldrewood, Author of "Robbery under Arms." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh; and other Tales. By Bret Harte. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

John Vale's Guardian. By D. Christie Murray, Author of "Aunt Rachel" &c. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

with pencil landscapes, spill-boxes, old albums and scrap-books, and work-baskets lined with faded satin. In short, the house was "full of things that had belonged to people who were all dead." No wonder that an "hour of silence and thoughtfulness in the desolate house" rendered the heroine's nerves "in a peculiar state"! When we came to a description of Venice, we expected to be bored with the usual rapturous rhapsodies devoted by novelists to that city, but we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves reading it with pleasure. By the way, when the writer of this review belonged to Bullingdon "Club at Oxford," it used not to be spelt "Bullendon."

Mr. Stoker has done well for himself and for readers of fiction in producing *The Snake's Pass*. The author's graceful and poetically-tinged *Under the Sunset* will be yet in the memory of many readers. In the volume now under notice Mr. Stoker has broken new ground, and broken it very well. The main plot of this story may be said to hang on the old, yet ever new, line, "ille mi par esse deo videtur"; and here "illa" falls as naturally and prettily in love as does he who sings enviously of "ille." The hero in *The Snake's Pass*, who is also the narrator of his own story, is an English gentleman of means travelling in Ireland, where he is captivated by the sweetest "colleen" that ever was seen. We have compressed, but not too much compressed, into one volume, readable from every point of view, a tale of true love, of a humorous and helpful car-driver, a wicked gombeen man, of two friends such as exist in undergraduate days, of triumphant virtue and baffled vice, and—last but not least—of a shifting bog which is an avatar of that King of the Snakes with whom St. Patrick had difficulties. The materials are, it will be seen, as simple as those for brewing potheen. The charm lies in Mr. Stoker's spontaneously original treatment of them, and here—to continue the metaphor—you have your true punch-maker. The descriptions of the scenery are singularly vivid and daring, without a touch of overlaying. The humour (we have hinted that Mr. Stoker has more than a touch of poetry) is true and unforced, and the interest never drags for a moment. There is not a single character, principal or subordinate, that is not sketched with a firm hand interpreting a keen insight. The dialect, both southern and northern, is, as might be expected, perfect. Andy, the car-driver, may fairly take rank with Lever's early creations. Had we space to quote, we should like to quote the relation in the beginning of the story of the legend of the Hill; but the scheme of the book is so complete that to select a portion here or there might do it injustice. Let us add that, while those who are disposed to care for a tale of love and villany admirably told cannot but be well content with *The Snake's Pass*, geologists also might, if they like, make a pretty quarrel of Mr. Stoker's theory of shifting bogs, and we shall have shown that there is food for all tastes in Mr. Stoker's most enticing volume. We shall not say that we hope Mr. Stoker will proceed to give us a three-volume novel, for the gift of writing compact stories like this is a gift of itself. Therefore, we will say that we do hope for more of the same bright and finished kind from Mr. Stoker's pen.

Mr. Robert Buchanan gives us a very simple recipe for convincing a hardened atheist—hang him until he is almost dead; then cut him down, and serve up converted. In *The Moment After*, a double murderer refused to repent or to believe in anything. Then he was hanged; but, owing to a bungle, the rope "yielded strand by strand, until the man's feet slipped to the ground, and there, half-supported and half-suspended, the body, with horrid convulsions, spun slowly round and round." By degrees he recovered, declared that he had been dead, and reported things in the next world to be, with some few exceptions, exactly as they are usually represented in the picture-books. He was now a true believer, the chaplain could do anything with him, and his one great wish was to be hanged again. The next day "he had set down on paper" "one of the most curious records ever written by the hand of man," giving an account of his experiences while he "spun slowly round and round." Remembering Mr. Robert Buchanan's poetical powers, we expected much from what professed to be a description of the moment after death; we thought that we were about to read something which would put the *Dream of Gerontius* into the shade, if it did not quite reach the sublimities of the *Inferno*; what we found was an account of a man scampering backwards and forwards, "for years and years," over a sandy plain, and we longed for our Dante, or even our Newman. "Eastward, over the sandy and illimitable track, a gigantic shadow of the gallows, with a corpse swinging pendant therefrom in sable silhouette, rose upon the horizon." Presently the patient had the souls of the two people whom he had murdered as companions; and this little party of three ran about the sands with the eagerness of children at the seaside. Finally, they arrived before "Him, and knew the face" they "had seen in the pictures"; "the Man who was crucified on the Cross." Our knowledge of Mr. Buchanan's abilities makes us regret that he should have written such a book; for any dyspeptic patient might dream something as good as this. There is one passage in the work which we consider not only unfair, but mischievous. A doctor is speaking about the ill-managed hanging, and he is made to say:—

> In the hospital, when cases are hopeless, they manage such things much better—quietly, with no pain. The victim does not even know that he is hanging over the brink of annihilation. One wave of the hand, one little push, and over he goes—disposed of for ever.

If it was worth while attempting to conceal the locality chosen as the scene of the story, under the name of "the shipping port of Fordmouth," why let the cat out of the bag by calling it "Portsmouth" on p. 115? The epilogue is simply very disagreeable, and by far the best thing in the whole book is the proem at the beginning. Taken as a whole, we cannot see how anybody can be made better, happier, merrier, or even sadder, for that matter, by reading this odd volume. It is horrible enough to disgust, but not sufficiently startling to engender the sensation vulgarly known as "the jumps."

We come next to three of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s one-volume reprints, clad in their familiar scarlet covers. "First edition (3 vols. crown 8vo.) April 1890. New edition (1 vol. crown 8vo.) October 1890." This inscription faces the first page of *The Miner's Right*. We confess that, in this instance, we preferred the "3 vols. crown 8vo.," for the print of the new edition is very small. While we admit that an early new edition is an excellent thing, we are disposed to think that authors and editors are apt to regard it too exclusively as a matter for pride and exultation. To us it appears that it ought to be equally an occasion for serious reflection, repentance, and amendment. Now we should have received the new one-volume edition of this capital tale of a gold-digger's life in Australia with far greater warmth and effusion if it had been weeded of something like two-thirds of its original bulk. It was a glorious opportunity, and it has been ruthlessly neglected. Fortunately there is not much love-making in the story, but what little there is might well have been what Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, used to call "gentled" a little in the new edition. This is the sort of thing, as it now stands:—"I supported her to a couch, and there, with her head leaning on my shoulder, we sat steeped in bliss so rarely granted to lovers in this changeful world." And again, "It was vouchsafed that I should wander amid groves hallowed by the presence of a pure and perfect love, gazing in the eyes of an Eve pure from every stain of mortal sin, as her guileless untempted prototype." If we did not think that there was much merit in the book, we should not put ourselves to the trouble of making these friendly remarks. The story is full of interesting adventures, and, turning from the author to the public, perhaps the best advice we can give, under the circumstances, is to read, skip, and excuse.

It is almost needless to say that a reprint of Mr. Bret Harte's *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh; and other Tales* is certain to be popular. The story of the Marsh and its two wild occupants, who succumb to the attractions of civilization, is an admirable specimen of the author's descriptive powers; but it stops with a jerk at the end, and the reader is left to finish it for himself. An unhappy marriage for the one and *delirium tremens* for the other are the endings which we venture to suggest as the most probable for the two leading characters, under the circumstances. "A Knight Errant on the Foot Hills," a Californian tale of the year 1852, is a specimen of Mr. Bret Harte in his humorous style, and in its own line it is quite as clever as "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh." It narrates the adventures of a modern Don Quixote, and he would be a terribly grave man who could read it through without a smile. "A Secret of Telegraph Hill" is simply a story, neither particularly descriptive nor particularly humorous, nor in any other way suited to show the special talents of the author to the best advantage. If not in quite his best style, "Captain Jim's Friend" is very characteristic of Mr. Bret Harte, and a good deal of it is amusing. Captain Jim "runs" "a mill o' literatoor and progress"—*i.e.* a local journal—and his "eddyter" is the friend in question. Having once taken him up and declared him to be one of the cleverest men living, nothing will induce him to admit the contrary, even when he finds him to be a humbug of the deepest dye, and a scoundrel as well; and when his "friend" has given him a mortal wound in a most underhand and murderous manner, rather than admit that he has been mistaken in the character of the man, he swears, as he is dying, that he himself had been trying to shoot his friend, who "got a holt o'" his derringer, "turned it agin" him in self-defence, and "sarved" him right. When the friend's scientific method of finding gold in a certain mine proves a failure, he accounts for it thus—"This yer blank fossiliferous trap, instead o' being superposed on top, is superposed on the bottom. And that means" "that this yer convulsion of nature, this prehistoric volcanic earthquake, instead of acting laterally and chuckin' the stream to one side, has been revolutionary and turned the old river-bed bottom-side up, and yer d——d cement hez got half the globe atop of it! Ye might strike it from China, but nowhere else."

We are glad to welcome the appearance of *John Vale's Guardian* in one volume; for, although it is a book which may be enjoyed by people of any age, it is more especially suited for boys, to whom a book in three volumes is hardly a book at all, but only a broken thing not worth mending. Now that the work has come out in what boys will think a sensible form, we expect their verdict to be "An awfully jolly book."

MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

INTIMATE personal biography came conspicuously into vogue some thirty or forty years ago. Long previously to that period the private lives of famous personages had been described,

* *The Light of Other Days.* By Willert Beale (Walter Maynard). 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

indeed it is within a very few months of a century since Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* set a new example. But Dr. Johnson's life was described because he was a very famous man, famous men were fewer than biographers, as the taste for reading biography spread, and so in the course of time everyone whose name was sufficiently well known to furnish a writer with an excuse came to be portrayed for the public benefit in his habit as he lived. Actors and musicians were specially subject to this treatment. We can readily imagine that Miss Anastasia Robinson, the famous singer who became Countess of Peterborough, Miss Lavinia Fenton, who died Duchess of Bolton (not having lived in the enjoyment of that rank so long as she should have done), and other ornaments of the stage, had careers of a more interesting character than those of many of their successors; but these ladies had not their biographers, or at any rate those who wrote about them had comparatively little to say. The love of gossip increased, however, by what it fed on, till by the time that Mario and Grisi were in their zenith it grew to well nigh its present dimensions, and public personages may almost be said to have had no private lives. Mr. Willert Beale's book is a development of the spirit of the age. He was a boy when Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* was produced in 1835, and, from his position in a well-known firm of music publishers, was thrown into intimacy with many of the best known—and some less known—musicians of the period. He had a faculty for writing, and the consequence is the compilation of these volumes, which comprise reminiscences of men and women who made names for themselves in their day. Mr. Beale does not profess to write a history of the musical world during the period he has known it, and we miss much that we should have been glad to hear of musicians who visited and distinguished themselves in England in the years which the book covers. If Mr. Beale had contemplated this work he would very likely have gone, for instance, to hear the *Elijah* first given in this country, and would have been present at many places where events took place which are here ignored or made the subject of casual reference; but perhaps the author does well to confine himself to people and matters that have come under his personal observation, and we gladly bear witness to the fact that his recollections are given with no transgressions of good taste.

There seem to have been few famous singers and instrumentalists of the day that did not perform for Mr. Beale in his capacity of impresario. It was under his direction that Thackeray's Lectures on "The Four Georges" were delivered; he it was who introduced Dr. W. H. Russell as a lecturer after the return of that brilliant correspondent from the Crimea; and it will be readily understood that he has much to say about very interesting people of whom he saw a great deal. Mr. Beale has a good memory, and, moreover, kept a diary, so that probably little matter of importance has escaped him. We mentioned *The Siege of Rochelle* just now by way of fixing a date, because the representation of that opera is one of the author's earliest recollections. Balfe was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Beale senior; and the boy describes his surprise at seeing his friend on the stage, for Balfe played in this opera, singing with a voice of little power but of much sympathetic charm in spite of its decidedly husky quality. "The Light of Other Days," which Mr. Beale takes for the title of his book, is the chief baritone song in the work, and was made popular in some degree, he thinks, by the fact that the air is introduced by a cornet solo. Whether this was the first time Balfe resorted to this device for impressing a tune on his audience we do not know, but the late Sir Julius Benedict once informed the present writer that Balfe recommended the practice to him. "They hear the air as a symphony, and then at the beginning of the song and afterwards as a refrain, and so by the time it comes again in the second verse they know it and think it's pretty," was the composer's explanation. Balfe and Thalberg, the pianist, taught Mr. Beale how to play leapfrog; but there was no amiable frivolity about Liszt, who appeared about this time, and criticized his audiences for their lack of pretty women, amongst other defects. He was less successful than Thalberg, though the latter is now quite forgotten, while Liszt's work has a limited circle of ardent devotees. How little Balfe was esteemed in his own day is shown by the fact that Addison, the music publisher, refused to advance him 100*l.* on *The Bohemian Girl* before the opera was produced. Several of his previous works had met with little success, it is true, but a publisher must have been a bad judge if he did not perceive the popularity which assuredly awaited "Then you'll remember me," and the other tuneful airs which still charm hearers. The arrival of the composer of *The Lily of Killarney* is described in due course, and also of

Stanzieri, a young composer of immense promise, who was induced by Grisi and Mario to come to London, and made his fortune here by skilful diplomacy. Being presented to a noble patron of musicians, he was engaged to give singing lessons to his lordship, who believed himself to be the happy possessor of an exceptional tenor voice. Stanzieri heard of this delusion, and took pains to foster it. At the first lesson, he asked his noble pupil to try over nothing but tenor music, and slyly played the accompaniment a third lower than it was written; thereby, of course, facilitating its performance, and enabling the singer to reach the highest notes with comparative ease. His lordship was delighted. He declared Stanzieri to be the only singing-master who really understood his voice, although every professor of the art, in and out of London, had been consulted on the subject. The trick was never, to my knowledge, discovered, and his lordship continued a generous patron of his favourite Maestro up to the time of Stanzieri's premature and much-regretted death.

Singers nowadays, if of the first rank, make far more money than at any previous period; but large sums were paid more than forty years ago, and an agreement is quoted by which Mr. Beale acquired the services of Mme. Alboni for one month on payment of 1,250*l.*, exclusive of travelling and other expenses. The favourite contralto was—if the description be not irreverent—sublet to Mr. Beale by Mr. Delafield, who paid her 4,000*l.* for the Royal Italian Opera season of 1848. Mario's terms are not specified, but some idea may be formed of the sums he earned from the following extract quoted by Mr. Beale from a book compiled by the great tenor's daughter:—

About the year 1852 or 1853 he bought the Villa Salviati from Mr. Vansittart, a lovely old palace, near Florence, where we used to spend our winters. I will give a few extracts from my daily journal about it, and also a romance connected with it, for the villa had witnessed many a tragedy and romance in its day. My father spent a large fortune on the dear old place, for he took a pleasure in restoring it to its original beauty, in furnishing it with various *objets d'art* and beautiful massive furniture, carefully collected from many a city and bric-à-brac shop, which were heaped up in the most striking disorder. Articles of value of every imaginable description, from rare old Venetian glass to modern statuettes, from delicate vinaigrettes to meerschaum cigar-tubes of quaint device, were disposed around on every available table or console. Paintings, too, of every degree of value—the originals bought from the artists out of charity, others bearing the names of authors who had never even looked upon their assumed handiwork, but there were also some worth thousands of pounds. I remember one of Raffaello, called "Fortunio," a semi-nude female turning a wheel with her foot, for which he gave 10,000*l.* There was also a portrait of Catherine de Médicis, who had once lived there, and another of the famous Veronica Cybo, notorious for the murder she perpetrated in the Villa Salviati.

Mario went on the stage as a means of livelihood, and if for one of innumerable objects of art to furnish his palace he could give 10,000*l.* the career must have been a profitable one indeed. He ruined himself by what may be called either generosity or extravagance, according to the view adopted; but 10,000*l.* pictures may well mark the road to ruin.

A considerable portion of the two volumes is taken up with reminiscences of Signor Mario and his no less famous wife; and, by the way, it may be here observed that the author is a little premature in his congratulations on the decadence of the foolish custom of giving a foreign prefix to an English name. "It is quite as objectionable," he remarks, "to reverse the fashion and give English prefixes to foreign names—Mr. Verdi is as absurd as Signor Balfe." It is so, and we note with satisfaction that the ridiculous pedantry of some English writers in this respect is not followed. We agree entirely with Mr. Beale that there is no more excuse for "Mr. Mario" than there is for "Signor Sims Reeves." To return to Mario, however, the sympathy evoked by his singing is shown by an anecdote. At a concert in Paris one of his songs was Alary's romance, "Ah! viens au bois"; and it created the usual effect. One young lady listened earnestly to the second verse, "Ah! viens au bois, folle maîtresse!" and, when the repetition of the "Viens au bois" had been sung with passionate fervour, she rose from her place as if unable to resist the melodious invitation, and in a dreamy ecstatic voice exclaimed, "Je viens! je viens!" The admiration excited by a popular tenor at times seems to be far from agreeable, and we are told of the annoyance Mario suffered from the devotion of a certain Miss Giles. Wherever and whenever Mario sang the lady appeared, and, so serious did the nuisance become that, when Grisi and Mario accepted an engagement for America, it was expressly stipulated that it should not be considered a breach of contract if they refused to embark in the same steamer with Miss Giles:—

The passenger-list of the *Russia* Cunarder was brought to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, for their inspection the evening before they were to go on board. It did not contain the objectionable name, and the Diva gave a sigh of relief, for at last, she supposed, the strange pursuit was given up. Stormy weather prevailed after the *Russia* had left Queenstown, and all but the most adventurous of the passengers remained below. Mario, ever the first and foremost to enjoy a storm, paced the deck, and took delight, as usual, in braving the elements. While walking to and fro, he stumbled over some tarpaulin, and, vainly trying to regain his balance, fell heavily upon it. A scream was heard, and the tarpaulin being raised, the form of Miss Giles, in a green silk dress, was discovered lying on the deck beneath it. Upon their return from America, when in Dublin, Mario wrote a letter of remonstrance to Miss Giles. We drew up the letter together. Signor Mario presented his compliments to the lady, and in the most gallant and respectful terms begged her to refrain from throwing away her money in the manner he had very reluctantly been compelled to notice. It had come to Mario's knowledge that his servant had been largely bribed to ascertain the towns we were about to visit, and this was a matter which in his opinion could not be overlooked. The letter was acknowledged as formally as it was written. Miss Giles thanked Signor Mario for the interest he evinced in her behalf, but refused to admit his right to dictate to her how she should dispose of her money. Of course the correspondence terminated then and there, and the pursuit was continued more vigorously than ever.

Of Thackeray Mr. Beale does not tell us much, except that, having stipulated to give five lectures for 250 guineas, the novelist drew attention to the circumstance that a cheque tendered him was for 250*l.*, and asked for the difference. Thackeray was quite right, and all that can be said is that, as a business man, Mr. Beale should have known that business is business. The lectures were not successful, but the bargain had been made. The popularity of Dr. Russell's description of the Crimean War was in a great measure due to Douglas Jerrold, who, finding at a private rehearsal that Dr. Russell's delivery was monotonous, jumped on to a supper-table, and amid the *débris* of the feast, recited the description of the Battle of the Alma with thrilling dramatic effect. A series of lessons

on delivery was afterwards given in Jerrold's garden at Kilburn, and the pupil proved himself to be very apt. An interesting piece of information not generally known is that the words of the superb duet for Raoul and Valentine in the *Huguenots* were originally written for Rossini, who intended to use them in *Guillaume Tell*. Mr. Beale quotes a conversation between Rossini and Meyerbeer, in the course of which the former made this statement. It will be seen with how many leaders of the attractive world of art Mr. Beale has been brought into contact. He was to have assisted the late Sir Julius Benedict in writing a biography, and we regret that the design was never carried out; for the pupil of Weber would have had a great deal that was of interest to tell. Sir Julius had a parrot which called him "Benedict" with much familiarity; but our own experience of the bird induces us to fancy that Mr. Beale has credited it with more apposite remarks than it ever actually made; and we suspect that he muddles his anecdote of the horse that was declared by an Irish publican to have "vernacular disease." "Of course the hotelkeeper alluded to vermicular disease—a malady to which horses are liable," Mr. Beale observes. What the man intended to say was probably "navicular."

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXIV.*

SHALL we be serious-minded, and begin with Mr. C. H. Firth's biography of Hampden, or shall we be frivolous enough to give the preference to that of Emma, Lady Hamilton, by Professor J. K. Laughton? The ordinary reader, we may safely predict, will take the second alternative; but, mindful of what is due to the dignity of a reviewer, we will resolutely choose the more severe course. Hampden is one of the ideal figures of English history as seen from the Whig point of view; and Whiggism having gone considerably out of fashion, its ideals now hardly rouse the enthusiasm once bestowed upon them. The Radical politician may by force of habit utter with respect the immortal name of Hampden; but he cannot really fall in love with a patriot of such a gentlemanlike, correct, and decorous type. Mr. Firth himself, biographer as he is, hardly glows over his subject; though this may be not from inability, but because he prefers to cite other men's opinions rather than to give his own. Quotations from so well-known a source as "Macaulay's Essays" might, we think, have been spared without detriment to a valuable article. Among other necessary functions of a hero's biographer, Mr. Firth discharges that of telling us, not only what to believe, but what *not* to believe. The legend about Hampden's frustrated intention of emigrating in company with Cromwell and Hazlerigg in April 1638 is dismissed as without foundation. "It is impossible to suppose that Hampden would have attempted to leave England while the suit about ship-money was still undecided, and the decision of the judges was not given till June 1638." The speech which was printed by Nalson and has been accepted by Forster as having been delivered by Hampden on the 4th January, 1642, "is a palpable forgery." Even contemporary reports of Hampden's military successes do not always bear scrutiny:—

> The newspapers and pamphlets of the period relate victories gained by him at Aylesbury and elsewhere, which are entirely fictitious. . . . In December [1642] a pamphlet was published containing an account of Hampden's capture of Reading, but, though accepted by Lord Nugent and Mr. Forster, this is simply one of the fictitious victories so frequent during the first years of the war. In the same fashion "Mercurius Aulicus" for 27 Jan. and 29 Jan. 1643 describes Hampden as commanding an attack on the royalist forces at Brill, whereas Hampden's letters prove that he was not present.

Deliberate fiction of a later date has been busy with his last moments—such at least is the opinion which Mr. Firth expressed more than a year ago in the *Academy*, and which he now repeats:—

> A detailed narrative of Hampden's last moments and last words, said to have been drawn up at the time by a certain Edward Clough, was contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," in 1815, by an anonymous correspondent . . . . This, though accepted as genuine by Hampden's biographers, is an impudent forgery, largely based on hints derived from Clarendon, and containing many words and expressions not in use in the seventeenth century. The last words attributed to Hampden ("O Lord, save my country") are probably copied from the somewhat similar utterance ascribed to the younger Pitt.

As for Amy Lyon, *alias* Emily or Emma Hart, finally known as Emma, Lady Hamilton, a vast deal of pains has been taken with her by Professor J. K. Laughton. We cannot say that nothing is left for future investigators, because obscurity still hangs over the details of her life between 1778 and 1780. During the interval "she is said on various and doubtful authority" to have figured as "a shop-girl, a lady's maid, a barmaid," and in other capacities. This *lacuna* notwithstanding, Professor Laughton is able to give us a great deal of not altogether edifying information about her early history. After the perusal, one is surprised to find him indulging in such a piece of gush as that Romney "conceived for her a passion of the best and purest kind." Even the wondrous loveliness of Lady Hamilton's face cannot elevate her into an object for the purest form of passion. It must be acknowledged, however, that this is the only time that the Professor gushes. He gives us Sir Gilbert Elliot's not very flattering description of her in 1796, when, beautiful as her face was, "her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day," and her manners were those of a barmaid. He reduces to very small dimensions her alleged public services, even in cases where Nelson himself accepted and corroborated her version of facts. He is perhaps even a little severe when he says, with questionable syntax, that "the repeated exhibition of herself fainting in public when Braham sang 'The Death of Nelson,' going apparently to the theatre for the purpose, throws some discredit on the genuineness of her woe." It is the manner of the vulgar—and Lady Hamilton, though not without an element of greatness, was of the vulgar—to express even genuine feeling by ostentatious conventional manifestations. A savage's grief is not the less real because he expresses it by prescribed howlings and streaks of ashes down his nose; nor, to take a less violent case, are the female members of a rustic family in some parts of England necessarily humbugs because, after the death of a relative, they exhibit themselves at church sniffing audibly into large white handkerchiefs.

Of Hamiltons, dukes, marquesses, earls, and others of less high degree there is no lack. Mr. Henderson undertakes several representatives of the name, including the Regent Moray's slayer, the fierce Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, and a kindred spirit, the John Hamilton who became a prominent member of the Catholic League in France, said mass and baptized in his cuirass, and dragged the councillor Jean Tardif from his bed to execution. Anthony Hamilton, author of the Memoirs of Grammont; Elizabeth Hamilton, author of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*; James Hamilton, of the "Hamiltonian system"; Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish martyr; Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury; Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, whose biography is by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the mathematician; "Single-Speech" Hamilton—are all names of note. Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire combine to supply an elaborate and interesting biography of one who was an Englishman by adoption only, Georg Friedrich Haendel, better known in this country as Handel. Mr. Stephen contributes the articles upon the historian Hallam and his two sons; and Miss Clerke gives an interesting account of the astronomer Halley. Queen Anne's Minister Harley is treated of by Mr. Russell Barker; and, to go to earlier times, we notice Mr. Reginald L. Poole's article upon Bishop Hallam, one of the English ambassadors at the Council of Constance; and those by Mr. Hunt upon Kings Harthacnut, Harold Harefoot, and Harold son of Godwine. The last is mainly founded upon the account in the *Norman Conquest*, to which "it is impossible to add any facts about Harold's life," though "the opinions expressed or implied" by the present biographer "are not always identical with" those of Mr. Freeman. Mr. Hunt also contributes the biography of Harding, otherwise Saint Stephen, the virtual founder of the Cistercian order. Of the military biographies, one of the most entertaining is that of Hugh, Baron von Halkett, the spirited captor of General Cambronne, whose flourish about the guard "he laconically pronounced to be 'damned humbug.'" The biographer, Mr. Manners Chichester, adds, "It is probable, however, that the words were actually spoken to the guard." He does not condescend to notice another French legend, according to which Cambronne's real utterance was something much less elegant, and was promptly met with a repartee in similar style. Among minor articles we note Mr. Tedder's account of an author almost unknown in this country, the eighteenth-century French dramatist D'Hèle, in reality Thomas Hales, an Englishman born, who may be classed with Anthony Hamilton as one of the few natives of the British Isles who have attained to complete literary mastery of French. Passing on, our eye lights upon the account of Westley Hall, who played fast and loose between two of John Wesley's sisters, and who, both in his preaching and his practice, became an awful example of what an apparently good young Methodist may come to. Politeness is really carried too far when this wretched being is dignified with the description of "eccentric divine." To conclude with a less unattractive specimen of humanity, we notice the Irish physician, politician, and whist-player, Alexander Henry Haliday, M.D., who, with praiseworthy penitence, left a legacy to his wife, expressly "by way of atonement for the many unmerciful scolds I have thrown away upon her at the whist table."

* *Dictionary of National Biography.* Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXIV. Hailes—Harriott. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

TYCHO BRAHE.*

APPROACHING Copenhagen by sea from the north, an island, soon after passing Elsinore, seems to stretch like a rampart half across the Sound. A nearer view shows it marked by few distinguishing features. At one extremity the solitary church of St. Ebb's stands apart; a few peasants' houses gather into a hamlet lower down; half a dozen alder-trees break the monotony of a glacis-like slope swelling to the modest elevation of one hundred and sixty feet. At this highest point, three centuries ago, stood the "lordly dwelling-place" of a baronial astronomer, who, while holding feudal state in and sway over his sea-girt terrestrial domain, renewed the science of the stars, excogitated a system of the world, and constituted himself the first rightful heir to the renown of Hipparchus. But this unique establishment crumbled with singular rapidity. Within a few

* *Tycho Brahe: a Picture of Scientific Life and Work in the Sixteenth Century.* By J. L. E. Dreyer, Ph.D., F.R.A.S. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1890.

years of its desertion by its owner its towers lay level with the dust, the instruments they had sheltered—the most perfect of pre-telescopic times—had been destroyed; willows and water-newts had taken possession of the crypts whence the skies had been long and eagerly scanned; and already in 1654 Gassendi could write with dreary truth, "Jam est campus, ubi Uraniburgum fuit."

Tycho Brahe, the eldest son of a Danish privy councillor named Otto Brahe, was born December 14, 1546, at the family seat of Knudstrup in Scania— a province geographically Swedish, but politically in those days Danish. At the age of one year he was adopted by a childless uncle, George Brahe, through the summary process of abduction; he entered the University of Copenhagen in April 1559; soon began to be curious about horoscopes; and was conquered for the legitimate side of what was then the same department of knowledge by the punctual fulfilment of prediction in the solar eclipse of August 21, 1560. His uncle, however, designed him for a statesman, and two years later sent him to Leipzig to study jurisprudence; but his bent was taken, and on August 15, 1563, with a pair of compasses for his sole tool, he made the first recorded of a long series of observations. The death of Geerge Brahe in 1565, as the result of a chill caught in pulling the King out of the Castle-moat at Copenhagen, left Tycho his own master; his other relatives, holding the stars beneath the notice of a gentleman, looked with coldness upon him, and with aversion upon his pursuits; so once more, though not for the last time, quitting his native country, he entered upon his *Wanderjahre*.

In the course of them he studied at Wittenberg, Rostock, and Basle, thus matriculating in all at five universities; forfeited a slice of his nose in a duel fought in the dark at Rostock; and built a gigantic quadrant for Paul Hainzel at Augsburg. The prompt verification of his announcement of the Sultan's impending death gained him applause, tempered with jeers, when it came to be known that Solyman had anticipated the significant eclipse of the moon on October 28, 1566, departing this life a couple of months too soon for the completion of their arrangements by the heavenly bodies. But in the venturesome matter of prognostications there are many misses for one hit. The death of his father, May 9, 1571, rendered Tycho lord of Knudstrup; residence there did not, however, suit him, and he took up his abode instead with his maternal uncle, Steen Bille, at Heridsvad Abbey, in the same neighbourhood. Here he fitted up a chemical laboratory, and worked in it industriously, with such result as might be expected—namely, the concoction of certain invaluable "elixirs," amid (we may be sure) the constantly-evaded pursuit of "that which flies before." Along this course he might have "sailed for evermore" but for a startling event, which recalled before it was too late his wavering allegiance to the stars.

This was the sudden appearance, November 11, 1572, of the famous "new star" in Cassiopeia, of which Tycho, though not the first, was by far the most intelligent and constant observer. He even demeaned himself (struggling to discard the prejudices of his rank) to publish a little book on the subject, largely occupied, indeed, with astrological speculations, yet including an "Elegy to Urania," in which he promised future performances of more moment in her honour—a purpose never again lost sight of. As the fittest locality for its execution, he had, after a tour of inspection abroad, chosen Basle, and was preparing to move his family thither, when his plans were changed by the munificence of Frederick II. Made aware, through the representations of the Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse—himself no mean astronomer—of the value of what he was about to lose, the Danish King fixed upon the island of Hveen (ceded in 1658 to Sweden) as an eligible site for an observatory, and offered it in fee to Tycho for his life, accompanied with a sum of money for building expenses. The proposal was accepted, and on August 8, 1576, "when the sun was rising together with Jupiter near Regulus, while the moon in Aquarius was setting," amid sundry and solemn libations, the foundation-stone of Uraniborg was laid.

"Royal, rich, and wide" the building rose; fanciful with quaint mediæval conceits of structure and decoration; turreted, pinnacled, galleried; embowered in gardens and arbours; the western windows of its gaily-painted "green-room" commanding the whole shipping pageant of the Sound, from which the gilded Pegasus surmounting its topmost spire might be seen to glitter in the sunshine. During twenty-one years Tycho Brahe led there a life after his own heart, observing diligently, enjoying himself, perhaps, boisterously. His instruments were, for that epoch, magnificent, and were used with consummate skill; he was surrounded by disciples, and corresponded with admirers; he entertained with lavish hospitality royal, noble, and learned guests. James VI. of Scotland visited Uraniborg, March 20, 1590, and unexpectedly encountered there a portrait of his whilom tutor, George Buchanan; Queen Sophia of Denmark, gratified with her stay of two days (enforced by a storm) in June 1586, brought her father, mother, cousin, and a large suite in the following August; her son, the young King Christian IV., came to view for himself the curiosities of the place, July 3, 1592; while the granddukes, princes, statesmen, chancellors, and minor notabilities who did likewise would be tedious to enumerate.

The rule at Hveen of the star-gazing potentate was an *imperium in imperio*:—

> From the centre all round to the sea
> He was lord—

not alone "of the fowl and the brute," but of his own numerous retinue, and of the peasants who tilled the soil, gave their labour *nolens volens* for his constructions, and were clapped into gaol when refractory. A pasha amid fellaheen, he inspired, over and above the natural fear incident to his arbitrary authority, something of supernatural awe through the uncanny contrivances in which his exuberant ingenuity found vent. His intimacy with the skies gave him, even in his own esteem, prophetic power; he was skilled in recondite mysteries of leechcraft, and distributed remedies gratis to crowds of applicants; his very fool, a dwarf called Jep, was credited with the possession of second-sight. His proceedings were self-centred to a degree difficult to realize in our days of divided labour. To say nothing of his title-rôle as astronomer, he played the parts of magistrate, mechanician, rag-dealer, papermaker, printer, and publisher; his own Latin epigraphs embellished his apartments; the island was studded with his mills, fishponds, and game-preserves. English mastiffs were among the favoured inmates of the castle, which held besides a quack doctoress who lived to the age of 124; and the menagerie was to have been completed by the importation of a tame elk from Scania, had not the animal, through observance of a custom "more honoured" (according to an eminent opinion) "in the breach," lost its life in consequence of a tumble downstairs at Landskrona Castle when in a state of intoxication.

At last, however, the collapse of the establishment at Hveen, long within view, actually arrived. It had only been maintained by the "indefatigable generosity" (to use Dr. Dreyer's phrase) of Frederick II. After Frederick's death in 1588, Tycho's position became precarious. He had taken little care to comply with the conditions of the various grants made to him; royal admonitions to do so met with tardy obedience; a discreditable quarrel with one of his tenants gave the enemies raised up by his haughty bearing a handle against him; another was found in some minute deviation of his chaplain, in a Calvinistic sense, from the Lutheran ritual; and so it came about that, his pension being withdrawn, and his Norwegian fief alienated, he quitted Hveen in disgust in April 1597, and, after various negotiations, finally replaced the lost favour of Christian IV. by the imperial patronage of the enthusiastic if impecunious Rudolph II.

But before he had settled to his observations at Prague, he was seized with illness, and died October 24, 1601, at the age of fifty-four. Like the refrain of a song, through the delirium of the last night, the words continually hung upon his lips, "Ne frustra vixisse videar." He certainly had not lived in vain, since Kepler was the architect of the edifice for which he had accumulated the materials. But for an account of his scientific achievements we must refer our readers to Dr. Dreyer's authoritative pages. From them we have culled the foregoing particulars, and they may, indeed, fairly be said to exhaust the subject of which they treat. The author has neglected no source of information; he writes of his hero with admirable impartiality; and consults the needs of his more studious readers by providing an excellent index, and a very full list of bibliographical references. The book is set off besides with some particularly interesting illustrations; and the result of much painstaking and accurate research has been the production of a biography, not specially attractive, it is true, in a purely literary sense, but of permanent value from the ample means it affords for the distinct realization of the character, surroundings, and individual place in the history of astronomy of one of the greatest observers the world has seen.

THE TREASURE BUSINESS.*

TREASURE-HUNTING is a capital subject for a story. But it is quite time that the writing of stories about treasure-hunting was left to the very few men who can do it. Of this genus of romance there are two species. The former and older is the tale of a hoard concealed by a pirate on an island of remote seas. Edgar Poe is the father of this species of story; his *Gold Bug* is the parent of the only other good narrative in this kind, *Treasure Island*. The second species deals with the stored wealth of ancient civilizations, and with life among races more or less civilized in hidden nooks of the world. In our day *King Solomon's Mines* originated, or revived, this kind of legend, and some parts of the vein were worked in *She* and *Allan Quatermain*. Of course the *imitatores, servum pecus*, have rushed in and marked out claims adjacent to Mr. Haggard's. There have, to be sure, been recent tales of ruined civilizations which did not derive from *King Solomon's Mines*. Mr. Frederick Boyle's very admirable sketch, *A Fetish City*, was earlier, we believe, than the journey of Mr. Quatermain. Mr. Kipling's remarkable tale of the two English adventurers in Kafiristan was much too brilliantly original to have been suggested by any new work. Mr. Murray's *Gobi and Shamo*—where the Greeks carried off from Eretria by the Great King are found somewhere north of Thibet—was begun, we understand, before *She* was published. Some one has also written a story of adventures among surviving descendants of the Incas; and probably there are a good many other fictions of this kind which have escaped our notice or have lapsed from our memory. We are not doing anything so silly and so stale as to talk of plagiarism.

* *The Aztec Treasure-House*. By Thomas Janvier. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Everybody has a right to hunt for treasure and for mysterious civilizations in any part of the world he pleases. Everybody is welcome who brings back the treasure of fresh and lively "copy" from these remote recesses. But the world even of boyish readers must inevitably be bored by the constant repetition of adventures which are apparently the work of unconscious memory, not of imagination or invention. This will be acknowledged by students who take the trouble to analyse Mr. Janvier's tale, *The Aztec Treasure-House*.

We repeat that we are not accusing Mr. Janvier of literary piracy. In many ways his book is highly respectable. It is very well written; it shows some acquaintance with Aztec archæology, though we own that we are not learned enough in the attempts at deciphering Aztec MSS. to say how far Mr. Janvier's archæology is fresh and accurate. The story contains three fresh and well-conceived characters—*El Sabio*, "The Wise One," the donkey; his master, Pablo, the native boy, and Fray Antonio, the Franciscan missionary. But when we have said this, and added that boys who are not too fastidious will probably enjoy *The Aztec Treasure-House*, we have given all the praise to that work which we can honestly bestow. The worst of it is that boys have such good memories. One of them, on being presented with *Dead Man's Rock*, exclaimed, "Why *this* scene is out of *Great Expectations*, and *that* is from *The Rajah's Diamonds*," and so on he went. That kind of boy will be very hard on *The Aztec Treasure-House*. He will read in it such a sentence as this:—"The tall young chief and Rayburn were just finishing the last round of what probably was as fine a fight as ever was fought. They were well matched in size and in weight, and if the Indian was any stronger than Rayburn, I can only say that he must have been a most wonderfully strong man." "Why," the ingenuous lad will exclaim, "the voice is the voice of Allan Quatermain; it is Twala and Sir Henry over again, but not half so good." In the same way, when the American adventurers in this new tale take part in a civil war in the Aztec state, wearing the native armour, and fighting with the native weapons, the least sophisticated will remark that this is the old story of Kukuanaland, placed in a different scene:—"For three American citizens, belonging to the nineteenth century, we certainly presented a strange appearance. . . . Each of us carried half a dozen darts, and strapped around our waists, outside our cotton-cloth armour, we each wore a maccahuitl, the heavy sword with a jagged double edge," and so forth. *Que veux-tu avec moi, pastiche?* as Delatouche said to George Sand with less provocation. In brief, the whole affair is *crambe repetita*. In place of an African hunter we have an American archæologist. For a comic character we have Young, a railway official. For Sir Harry we have Rayburn, an engineer. For the Portuguese chart we have an old letter of a Franciscan missionary, backed by a gold token, and part of an Aztec map and Migration legend in picture-writing, taken from a dead cacique. The next treasure-story must really do without a chart. We have had Poe's cipher, and the chart of Billy Bones, and the Portuguese Don's production, and the potsherd of Amenartas, and a plan branded on the back of a coloured gentleman, and Mr. Murray's Greek manuscript, and we resent the Franciscan's letter and the token of the cacique. In place of Solomon's Mines and Kukuana—to go on—we have a colony planted at the back of beyond by an old Aztec king. For the deadly thirst of Quatermain and Co. early in their march, we have the deadly thirst of Rayburn and Co. early in theirs. For the stalactited Kukuana kings in the cave, we have here the cave full of Aztec mummies. For the Silent Ones, we have the colossal statues of Chac-mool, a god, we think, of M. Le Plongeon's naming. For the way out of the diamond treasure-cave we have three or four ways out of three or four other caves and prisons, always discovered by the inquiring Young. For the jumping-off place in *She*, we have the jump by aid of a swinging chain across the narrow cañon in *The Aztec Treasure-House*. In place of the lunar (late solar) eclipse in *King Solomon's Mines*, we have a bolt from heaven called down by Fray Antonio. We have the usual city in a lake like Zu Vendis; we have the internal revolution in the city; we have, as was said, the modern Americans in ancient Aztec armour, like Sir Harry and his friends in the suits of chain mail. We have the usual surprise at firearms, and the excitement over the lighting of a match, and the withered-up old Priest-Captain in place of the withered up Gagool. A novelty is the use of hardened and tempered gold, which is employed instead of steel or bronze.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that in *The Aztec Treasure-House* we are among persons and events which are perfectly familiar. Perhaps in consequence of knowing almost all about it before, we are not much thrilled, nor surprised, nor excited, as a rule. It is not every one who can bend the long bow of Allan Quatermain. Perhaps authors who cannot bend that redoubtable weapon had better leave it alone, and among those authors is Mr. Janvier.

The new character in all this is Fray Antonio, whose heart is set on the crown of martyrdom, and who is, in short, an excellent study of the missionary character at its best, with all its gentle courage, and with none of its fanaticism. The boy with the donkey, and that sagacious animal itself, are also excellent. The railway metaphors of Young are amusing, and occasionally there is humour in the archæologist who starts the expedition. These persons, and certain traits in the narrative, suggest that Mr. Janvier could do something much better, and need not hunt a trail which has so lately been travelled, whether he knows it or not, by an abler explorer. It is perfectly possible that Mr. Janvier never glanced at *King Solomon's Mines* or at *She*; the chances of mythical coincidence, of different minds writing on similar ideas, are practically infinite. It may be merely by Mr. Janvier's bad luck that he has produced a story so extremely close to other modern stories. In that case the luck is very bad, and Mr. Janvier has not redeemed it by the power of making impossibilities, vast impossibilities, appear true and real for the moment. To write a good fiction about Aztec matters is extremely hard. Nobody can possibly hope to excel the romance of reality in this case—the story of Cortes as told by Prescott from contemporary documents. Anybody, especially any boy, who likes a romance of adventure has only to study *The Conquest of Mexico*; or, if he has read it before, to read it again. It has even the interest of a love story—an element which Mr. Janvier has judiciously omitted. He has taken pains; he has worked at the *realien* of his theme; he writes well, but his legend has the fatal defect of recalling other modern legends of infinitely more vigour and infinitely more *vraisemblance*. Several of the illustrations are good in themselves, but the "process" work of reproduction is generally coarse and feeble.

A JOURNALIST'S JOTTINGS.*

THE modest title of *A Journalist's Jottings* deprecates and disarms criticism as to the miscellaneous contents of these volumes. Many of the articles are so slight and so ephemeral in their interest as to have been scarcely worth reprinting. But all are written with a sprightliness or smartness which makes them distinctly readable. Mr. Kingston, in connexion with the *Daily Telegraph*, has seen foreign service, in war and peace, in most European countries. We chance to have met him in Continental capitals, making himself very much at home, with the ease of a cosmopolitan man of the world, and with a good-humoured aggressiveness which may have been invaluable in forcing the *consignes* of diplomatic ante-chambers, and persuading stiff-necked chiefs of the staff to give him more or less of aid and comfort. That he was a *persona grata* at various foreign courts is to be presumed from the number and variety of the honours and decorations he is entitled to append to his name. Consequently, perhaps, as he might himself observe, "it goes without saying" that his style has more of the slap-dash than of the classical, and has been formed on the principles and practice of the *Telegraph*. His humour frequently takes the form of the very literal translation of foreign phrases and idioms; and when using and abusing such objectionable epithets as "succulent" and "toothsome" we suspect he has been sitting, metaphorically, at the feet of his *confrère*, Mr. Sala, and modelling himself on that versatile master's mannerisms. Nevertheless, when we skip and pick and choose, we find much in the volumes that is capital reading. There are two subjects in particular which are continually recurring, and which make the volumes specially attractive to us. Mr. Kingston has travelled much in London as well as on the Continent, and has not only studied its topography in unfashionable thoroughfares and unfamiliar rookeries and blind alleys, but he has closely observed the customs of the inhabitants from West Kensington to Bethnal Green and Rotherhithe. And recognizing that eating and drinking play the most important part in human existence, offering the pleasures which every nation can appreciate, he has much to say about good cheer, and characteristic dishes and beverages all the world over. For example, he breaks ground with an article on beer, and it awakens many agreeable associations. When he is eloquent on the strength and invigorating qualities of the ale and stout brewed by Barclays, and Truman & Hanbury, and at Burton-on-Trent, we fondly remember tankards drained in snug rural hostelries after long rambling walks through romantic scenery, and in famous City houses in the good old days before "Joe's," and "Ned's," and "Reuben's" had given place to the modern restaurant. Again, we are transported to Bavaria, with its full-flavoured and somewhat heady beer, the density of which is disguised by the earthenware drinking-cups; and to Vienna, where, in the "Archduke Charles" and other establishments of the highest fashion, the amber-coloured fluid used to be more in favour then champagne, with the advantage of being infinitesimally cheap. We recall the "beer-cellars" of Berlin with their frescoed ceilings, where the brushes of illustrious Prussian artists had glorified Gambrinus, the gods of Valhalla with their bottomless horns, and the heroes of history who are said to have owed every defeat to being surprised by their enemies when heavy with liquor. But the Germans have always been a jovial race, and our author tells us of the drinking feats of modern champions, who show a phenomenal capacity for quenching an immoderate thirst, and who train for matches and miraculous performances by swallowing some thirty mugfuls of a night.

Perhaps it is rather putting the horse after the cart to pass on to "eels and shellfish," which are notoriously provocative of thirst. Talking of the profusion of eels in England, he might have been more historical. He makes no allusion to the enormous consumption of them by the monks and clergy of the middle ages in the swampy Eastern Counties; when paid in tithes and brought in by

* *A Journalist's Jottings.* By W. Beatty-Kingston, Author of "Music and Manners" &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

tenants they were standing dishes in the refectories of Ely and Peterborough. Nor does he allude to the immense takes in these counties in our own time, which have been graphically described by Mr. Davis in his delightful volume on the Norfolk Broads. It is all very well to rave about the beauties of the Thames; and, indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate them. But the eels, to our mind, are one of the chief charms of the romantic river. After a cool header in the stream in the early summer morning, they are unrivalled for breakfast, whether fried or spatch-cocked; and how often at Maidenhead, Windsor, or Henley have we had them stewed in claret sauce for dinner! It is absurd to say that the eel is indigestible; like the pilchard, the shark, or the whale, everything is in the method of treating him. Mr. Kingston remarks on the partiality of the lower orders for cheap periwinkles. We fear the days are gone by when, as old Mr. Weller remarked, a poor man, made desperate by his troubles, used to rush into the street and solace himself with oysters. But the costermonger who vends cockles or periwinkles is always sure of customers. At Ramsgate or Margate nothing pleases us so much as to see the holiday-makers crowding round the stalls where saucerfuls of these delicacies are sold for a penny, with the vinegar and the pin for extracting them thrown in. Though the mussels are now and then used as a sauce or a dressing, as in *filets de soles à la Cléopâtre*, they are shamefully and foolishly neglected in what Mr. Jeames styles the English "upper suckles." In France they know better; and Mr. Kingston describes many of the dishes that are always on the *menus* of the *restaurants* of highest reputation. We know nothing better in their way than the *moules à la poulette*—Mr. Kingston facetiously translates it as "mussels at the little hen"—though the *plat* is somewhat *bourgeois*, and is said besides to have a certain flavour of licentiousness, being universally popular with the light ladies who eat heavy suppers at unholy hours. The question of supper crops up, by the way, when Mr. Kingston goes on to comment on "Christmas customs." He dashes off vivid sketches of the German festivities, when Santa Claus comes down the chimneys, laden with gifts, and when the suburban woods are weeded of suitable stems to supply the cities with Christmas-trees of all sizes. He tells how "Christmas Eve" was invariably kept in the old Emperor's palace, "Unter den Linden," when each officer of the household, from the highest to the lowest, not only received an appropriate present, but swallowed, or pretended to swallow, his ration of the abominable and indigestible "pepper-cake." Even the French, who in general take good care of their digestions, break out, as by one consent, before the beginning of a new year, and gulping down deleterious and diabolical mixtures, like the rack punch which upset Jos Sedley at Vauxhall, see in the new year with splitting headaches and tremendous internal convulsions. Then there are the sweets in which the dignified Moslems indulge, at Constantinople and other Eastern cities, like so many grown-up children. The worst is that they not only enjoy them themselves, in season and out of season, but insist on pressing them on their honoured guests. *A propos* of sweets, we do not think Mr. Kingston alludes to the specialties that are sold at certain railway stations. Thus, there are the cakes of Banbury and the spiced gingerbread of Preston; and the *nougat* is as much the staple at Valence as cheap champagne at Epernay, or cheaper cutlery at Châtelherault. Travelling with children in the day-time, the *corvée* of the *nougat* buying is all very well, though it may result in calling in a doctor at Marseilles. But it does seem rather strong to wake up a dyspeptic bachelor in the small hours, and to insist upon his breaking his fast on a white-ribboned packet of stickiness.

Mr. Kingston sympathetically imagines the sufferings of the foreigner who finds himself alone in the wilderness of London on a wet Sunday in the winter. There is nothing for it but to sit in his lodgings or hotel and pass the time between bad feeding and depressing meditations. By way of contrast he tells us about the various Continental capitals. The churches are open in the morning for those who choose to attend But afterwards the picture and the sculpture galleries are open also; and the parks and public places are enlivened with melody, while there are chairs and coffee and ices and beer for all comers. In London or Liverpool the labourer too often passes the day of rest leaning up against a post, as Dickens has depicted him, with a short black pipe between his teeth, or bending over the zinc-plated counter of a gin-palace. In Vienna, for example, on the other hand, he can take the missus and the "kids" to the Prater, where any amount of cheap refreshment is provided; or he can go wandering among the fragrant fir-woods of Baden or Laxenburg; or he can seat himself after an easy stroll in the Volksgarten and listen to the strains which perpetuate the traditions of Strauss and Lanner. Yet London, Mr. Kingston points out, is really better off for recreation-grounds than any other great capital in the world, for they are distributed at reasonable intervals all over its vast extent. Though even now it is but indifferently provided with drinking fountains, and it was only the other day that the philanthropical Lord Meath, going on the principle that sitting is as cheap as standing, presented the weary wayfarer with some benches, which are inestimable blessings to the houseless at night. Not that the march of intelligent progress has been only in favour of the poor and destitute. Mr. Kingston reminds us how tobacco used to be tabooed in good or decent society. The smoker, like the dram-drinker or the opium-eater, indulged his predilections by stealth. He had to bribe and suborn the servants of the railway Companies; if seen with a cigar in his mouth, he was cut by respectable friends in the street; subsequently, after long agitation and much petitioning, he was sent on sufferance up to the attics of the clubs. Now the smokers have it all their own way, and we are rather inclined to compassionate the venerable Conservatives to whom the slightest scent of tobacco is an abomination. In the dining-rooms and halls of great clubs we have so many cigar-divans, and in houses of the most irreproachable fashion the liquors go out with the ladies and the cigarettes come in. Finally, Mr. Kingston closes his volumes with a moan over the decadence of the foreign correspondent, and it is a subject on which he speaks with authority. Formerly it was indispensable that the correspondent should have picturesque literary powers; now that the telegraph has cut the ground from under his feet it almost suffices that he should be a pushing interviewer, with the hide of a hippopotamus, though of course it is all the better that he should have the clothes and manners of a gentleman. And Mr. Kingston mentions some illustrious correspondents of the older school, most of whom are personally known to us. On some minor matters regarding them he is mistaken. He is wrong in saying that General Eber, the Viennese Correspondent of the *Times*, formed his first connexion with that journal during Garibaldi's southern campaigns. We have heard from the General himself that he was partly moved to take a lead in the expedition of the "three hundred" by the idea that he might be useful to "his friends in Printing House Square." And Mr. Kingston is well within the mark in the praise he bestows on the rare philological acquirements of Dr. Abel of Berlin, who first wrote for the *Times* and then for the *Standard*. We have seen Dr. Abel's floor literally bestrewed with journals in every speech and dialect that is spoken between the Baltic and the Bosphorus, and he consulted all in turn for purposes of quotation or reference as easily as an Englishman might have recourse to the files of the *Times* or the *Telegraph*.

TWO BOOKS ON NELSON.*

SAINTE-BEUVE once declared, in a moment of irritation, that he had had enough of the literature of the seventeenth century. He then went on to explain in what sense this angry assertion was to be understood. He loved the literature, and greatly respected scholarly work on it; but he rebelled when the wreckage of the century was forced on him with much parade by editors of insufficient knowledge. For our part, we are beginning to have more than enough of books about Nelson. His own letters and despatches are as good to read as ever, and a Life of him which should be literature would be welcome. But, instead of this last, we have had a series of pieces of bookmaking mostly done with paste and scissors. Selections from his despatches, fluent popular accounts, and a whole sheaf of volumes about the divine Emma, her cherry lips and rapid lies, her arch glances and robust appetite, her shape and her overgrown pretensions, have been literally tumbled out of the press. Now here are yet two more—a volume of paste-and-scissors work pure and simple from Mr. Clark Russell, and another of paste and scissors, with a difference, from Mr. G. Lathom Browne.

Of the two we slightly prefer Mr. Clark Russell's. We think it a piece of bookmaking unworthy of the author of *The Frozen Pirate* to make a volume out of the extracts he collected for his Nelson in the "Heroes of the Nations" series; but such as the book is it is harmless enough. The preface, however, has an unpleasant touch of offence in an instance of Mr. Russell's unlucky trick of sneering at other men. He must needs go out of his way to gird at "the deeply-admiring Sir Harris Nicolas" for publishing all Nelson's correspondence. The result is that "the eye reading through page after page of dull, formal official communications grows exhausted in the search for something good." Sir Harris Nicolas, who was a scholar, intended to collect and arrange all the evidence, not to pick out the plums for lazy readers, which is Mr. Clark Russell's avowed intention. He knew that much which looks dull or formal may be important evidence, and credited his reader with power to choose. Does Mr. Russell really suppose that any one who wishes to understand the life of Nelson will take his selection on trust? We certainly should not, if only because half a page further on he again goes out of his way to make a most superfluous blunder. "It may interest," he says, "but cannot satisfy, living and future generations, to learn that Rodney cut the enemy's line in one place and Nelson in two." Perhaps; but it will certainly edify this living generation as to Mr. Clark Russell's accuracy to be told that in the only battle in which he cut the enemy's line at all, Rodney did cut it in two places. Possibly it does not matter, but then why write about it? Condescension and blunders make an exasperating mixture.

To Mr. Lathom Browne we have to say much what we have said to Mr. Clark Russell. He calls his book a Life of Nelson as told "by himself, his comrades, and his friends." The list of authorities is a little curious, for it seems to imply that Nelson's comrades were not his friends; but let that pass. Our complaint is that this volume, like *Nelson's Words and Deeds*, is an in-

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* *Nelson: Public and Private Life of Horatio Viscount Nelson, as told by Himself, his Comrades, and his Friends.* By G. Lathom Browne, Author of "Wellington" &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Nelson's Words and Deeds: a Selection from the Despatches and Correspondence of Horatio Nelson. Edited by W. Clark Russell. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

complete collection of evidence—than which nothing in this world is more unsatisfactory. Whoever looks to Mr. Lathom Browne for an account of Nelson must take his word for it that the selection here made is fair. If he will not be content to do so, he must survey the evidence for himself; but then he can do that without Mr. Browne's help. It may be said that we are in some such difficulty with every biographer; but an author who makes a book out of the evidence does at least endeavour to give a work of art. Mr. Browne is not even content to make extracts from the letters and reports of witnesses. He quotes from other biographers. To take one example, the attack on Santa Cruz is described in a long quotation from Southey. Mr. Browne might have gone to a worse authority, certainly; but, after all, if we are to be referred to Southey, we need not read Mr. Browne. This is the merest paste and scissors. It is quite consistent with this that Mr. Browne has a way of shielding himself behind other people when he is actually driven to give an opinion on a disputed point. Thus on that wretched Emma Hamilton business we are told that "Professor Laughton says, with great truth, 'Those speak most positively who have least examined it.'" At the end of the chapter he "takes the liberty" to quote a long passage from Mr. Jeaffreson. Are Professor Laughton and Mr. Jeaffreson either "friends or comrades" of Nelson's? We conceive not. They are gentlemen who have written about him, and have come to certain conclusions, which, whatever else they may be, are not evidence. If we want to know what they think we can go to their work. It is intolerable to have them thrown at our head in a volume which professes to give us Nelson's life, as told by "himself, his comrades, and his friends." Admiral Jurien de la Gravière is freely quoted; but he also is opinion, and not evidence. His opinion is, indeed, to be listened to with respect; but he is not Nelson, nor his comrade, nor his friend. We have given, we think, sufficient reasons for not dealing with Mr. Lathom Browne's *Nelson* at length.

THE MARQUESS CORNWALLIS.*

LORD CORNWALLIS has been very properly included in the list of those "Rulers of India" whose biographies are calculated to illustrate the past growth and present development of the English administration in that country. His name is connected with several great measures, which more, perhaps, than any others have given a special colour to our rule, have influenced the course of subsequent legislation, and have made the Civil Service what it at present is. He completed the administrative fabric of which Warren Hastings, in the midst of unexampled difficulties and vicissitudes, had laid the foundation. The original conception of government in the East—corrupt native officials supervised by equally dishonest Europeans—had given place under Warren Hastings to a sincere attempt to introduce an efficient English organization. But Hastings's efforts in this direction had been interrupted by tremendous external dangers, and the unrelenting antagonism of his colleagues. Domestic reforms were necessarily fragmentary when they were effected in the intervals of struggles in which the very existence of the English rule was at stake. Lord Cornwallis, though he was twice compelled to take the field against Tippoo Sultan in Mysore, found, on the whole, a far more peaceful and more promising field for administrative experiments. The Government at home was sympathetic and friendly; the ferocious hostility of Philip Francis had given place to the loyal co-operation of colleagues as loyal and helpful as Mr. Shore. Cornwallis's first great operation was with the collection of the land revenue. When in 1786 he became Governor-General the English had been for twenty years the official custodians of this important impost. But twenty years served only to demonstrate the complexity of the subject, and the extreme difficulty of forming any correct idea of the conflicting rights and interests which existed between the Government, as head landlord, the Zemindars, as recognized intermediaries, and the actual occupants of the soil. Corruption and mismanagement were universal; native subordinates had come to the aid of puzzled European officials, whose attempts to master the subject had resulted in an ever-intensifying mystification. Some heroic servants of the Company plunged courageously into the chaos, and produced dissertations which are the admiration and terror of a later and less industrious generation. One of Lord Teignmouth's many minutes on the subject extends, Mr. Seton-Karr informs us, to 562 paragraphs, and covers nearly 90 pages of close print. The result of this practical experience and this copious minuting convinced Lord Cornwallis that the only way to deal with such a Gordian knot was to cut it effectually; and that the best course to adopt with regard to the intricacies and obscurities of land revenue in Bengal was to create a class of landlords who should take all the responsibility and anxiety of collection off the hands of the Government, pay a definite sum for their rights, and, subject to various restrictions enacted on the occupier's behalf, enjoy the benefit of any future increment arising from extension of area or enhancement in the value of agricultural produce. Lord Cornwallis was warned by his ablest coadjutor, the future Lord Teignmouth, that matters were not ripe for so final a measure, and that ampler knowledge would probably suggest desirable modifications of the scheme. The warning was neglected. Lord Cornwallis, despairing of any more complete mastery of the subject, refused to postpone the settlement of an interminable controversy, and the first chapter of his new Code of Regulations declared the Zemindars of Bengal—a term which comprehended alike territorial magnates and petty land agents—to be entitled, so long as the British Raj should last, to enjoy their possessions on payment of a yearly sum then definitely fixed. The disastrous effects of this ill-judged arrangement alike to the Government and to the occupier of the soil—the tangled growth of intermediate tenures which has sprung into existence, and the financial straits to which the Government has been reduced in consequence of the only taxable commodity in the richest province of India being, to a large extent, exempt from taxation, have long been matters of history, and are lucidly summarized in Mr. Seton-Karr's little treatise. It is in vain to contend, he considers, that Lord Cornwallis's action was not taken prematurely, with partial knowledge and insufficient experience. The best excuse is that the difficulties which confronted the Government were very serious; that a great portion of Bengal was lying waste or covered by forest without any reasonable prospect of reclamation; and that the Government, if, on the one hand, it has been a heavy pecuniary sufferer, has, on the other, reaped the advantage of a powerful class of landowners, whose interests are identical with its own. At the time of the Mutiny, the author points out, there was a marked contrast between Lower Bengal where the Permanent Settlement was in force, and the Upper Provinces where the land revenue was periodically revised, and the old village community had been recognized. In the Upper Provinces the outbreak of the Sepoys was followed by a popular movement so general that the British rule seemed, for the time, to have disappeared. In Lower Bengal, though there were several instances of military outbreak, the mutineers met with no countenance from the general population, and "literally melted away before the impassive demeanour, the want of sympathy, and the silent loyalty of the Zemindars."

But the establishment of a workable revenue system was but a portion of Cornwallis's task. It was necessary to supplement it by a Civil Service at once well disciplined, efficient, and clean-handed. The English establishment left much to be desired in each of these respects. The Company's officers were wretchedly paid, and were accustomed to supplement their incomes by methods more or less irregular. Cornwallis saw that the only remedy for such abuses was to give a liberal salary, to prohibit trading, and prescribe an exact and rigid rule of discipline. From his reforms dates the traditional purity of the Civil Service in India, a purity which, despite many strong temptations in an opposite direction, has, with but few exceptions, been honourably maintained.

With a view to this result Cornwallis effected a complete separation of judicial from executive functions, and submitted every official act to the scrutiny and arbitrament of regularly-constituted civil tribunals. Cornwallis's last, and perhaps most important, contribution to Indian administration was a systematized code of regulations, which, though in many respects obscure, crude, and incomplete, was a necessary prelude to the more lucid and exact codes which are so creditable a characteristic of modern Anglo-Indian administration.

Mr. Seton-Karr's account of the land laws of Bengal and of Lord Cornwallis's reforms is, as might be expected from so distinguished a servant of the Indian Government, conscientious, interesting and thoughtful. It is a tradition of the service that the Foreign Secretary should be an accomplished scholar and should wield a polished pen. Mr. Seton-Karr well maintains the prestige of a distinguished post. The conditions of his task forbade him to travel into the more generally interesting portions of Cornwallis's career, his command in America and his Viceroyalty in Ireland. But, restricted as is his sphere, Mr. Seton-Karr has brought much wide reading and general knowledge to enliven a subject so beset with technicalities as to run serious risk of discouraging and repelling the general reader. He gives us a valuable insight into Lord Cornwallis's character and intellect when he escaped from the murky atmosphere of Bengal tenures to larger and more congenial themes. A private and confidential letter to Dundas in 1790 on general questions of administration shows a wide range and vigorous and statesmanlike grasp of the subject. On another occasion he warns the Directors of the dangers of our military position, in language which, read in the light of subsequent events, has almost a prophetic tone. He died in harness. In 1805 the Ministry were becoming alarmed at the too splendid realization of Wellesley's ambitious programme, and Cornwallis, now in his sixty-seventh year, was selected by Pitt and Castlereagh to carry out a cheaper and less pretentious policy. He lived just long enough to make a disastrous concession to the ambition of the Mahratta princes, and to inaugurate a system of concession and self-effacement which, by almost unanimous consent of statesmen, soldiers, and historians, has been condemned as seriously lowering the prestige and influence of the Government, and as endeavouring to ignore duties and responsibilities which it was in vain for the English in India to decline. The ultimate verdict of history, while it approves the uprightness and conscientious devotion to public duty which characterized Cornwallis's career, will refuse him a place among the great Englishmen who have stamped their own personality on the page of Indian history—the Clives, the Wellesleys, the Dalhousies—the men of genius who at critical periods and on great emergencies have represented the power and resources of

* *Rulers of India—The Marquess Cornwallis.* By W. S. Seton-Karr, Esq. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

their country in the East. Despite some blunders, the results of which are a chronic embarrassment to the present rulers of India, Cornwallis may fairly be credited with the successful development of the administrative organization which Warren Hastings had left at a rudimentary stage, with the vigorous prosecution of the purifying process which has placed the Indian Civil Service on a distinguished eminence of official probity, and with the first systematic attempt to confer on the many millions of Indian subjects the inestimable boon of honest courts and an intelligible code.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Novello & Co. some excellent new compositions by W. H. Speer in "An Album of Six Songs." The first of them is a very good tenor song; No. 2 is a fairly pretty soprano air; No. 3 an excellent duet for tenor and baritone; and No. 4 a contralto song which is not quite up to the rest of its fellows. Nos. 5 and 6 are respectively baritone and soprano arias, which are marred by a tendency to introduce new phrases with abrupt modulations the reverse of pleasant. Very well harmonized, even if not particularly original, is a part song called "Silène," by Mr. John Henry.

Messrs. C. Woolhouse & Co. send us three pieces for cello and pianoforte, by Mr. W. Noel Johnson, and two four-part songs by Dr. W. Spark. None of these are either interesting or novel.

We look forward for the Rev. Baring Gould's promised *History of Songs of the West*, of which we have just received Part III. from Messrs. Methuen & Co., which does not contain any one song of great beauty, and is inferior to Parts I. and II., although they are of course curious and valuable as records of the music of bygone times.

The striking and essentially "taking" melody of "Sleeping-tide," a new song by Mr. Lawrence Kellie (Metzler & Co.), is likely to become popular. It is much the best of this popular artist and composer's works. An arrangement of Mr. Kellie's well-known song "Douglas Gordon" as a waltz is a not very satisfactory performance by Signor Bucalossi. An "Air de ballet" by Benjamin Goddard is a graceful piece for the piano; not good enough for the concert-room, but sufficiently showy for the drawing-room. "On, Stanley, on," by Walter Haughton, is a patriotic song, probably inspired by a perusal of *In Darkest Africa*, and is a feeble imitation of a long line of similar songs, of which "The Death of Nelson" was the original. A delightful old French air, "Le Portrait," has been carefully arranged by A. L. with English and French words. This is a gem worth preserving, being a quite perfect specimen of an eighteenth-century ballad or Chansonnette. "Far, far away," "The Brook," "The Cradle Song," and "The Throstle," are four by no means original songs by Alfred Cellier, of which the most deserving of praise is "The Cradle Song," with its pretty flowing accompaniment. A patriotic song with a stirring chorus is "Britain's Defence," by Mr. J. M. Coward. It is likely to be popular at political meetings and in music-halls. An album, appropriately called "Metzler's Red Album," contains eight well-known sacred songs by Mendelssohn, Handel, and Haydn. The type is clear, and it can be cordially recommended. *The American Organ Journal* can also be heartily endorsed. It is well printed, and the selection of sacred pieces it contains well made and arranged as voluntaries.

From Messrs. E. Aschenberg & Co. we have "Flowers of the Past," by Signor Denza, whose vein of originality seems on the decline, or else it needs awakening sadly, for this song does not contain a new phrase or idea. No praise can be bestowed upon "Union Jack," by J. M. Capel. It is a very poor affair indeed. "Mine Again," by F. L. Moir, is not worth much more than the song just mentioned. "Six Songs," by M. Emil Kreuz, with words selected from Burns, are clearly imitations of Mendelssohn's songs, with occasional snatches of old Scottish melodies introduced here and there with poor effect. Although above the average English ballads of the day, these songs are not of any particular merit.

Signor Paolo Tosti's "Back to the Old Love" (Ricordi & Co.) is in his usual sentimental style, but only an imitation of his former and much more remarkable compositions. "Love Light," by J. Hutchinson, is a commonplace song with a catchy waltz refrain.

The *entr'acte* music from *Zuleika*, a comic opera in three acts, by H. J. Wood (Joseph Williams), is a pretentious and really ugly piece, with modulations which are quite frightful. We know not if *Zuleika* has ever been published in complete form; if so, we are curious to see the rest of so astonishing a composition. The music to this *entr'acte* is remarkable in more senses than one. It is quite impossible to be musically duller.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THERE is plenty of material for the storyteller who would deal effectively with the romance of a painter's life, apart from what is provided in the generous pages of Vasari, where a few hints of gossip or a single anecdote might suffice for constructive legend in skilful hands. Andrea del Sarto, Raffaelle, Titian, Van Dyck, are a few names that are rich in suggestion to the romantic writer. Among the old Italian masters, the career of Filippo Lippi, however, as set forth in the fragmentary testimony of tradition and chroniclers, is an exceptionally promising subject, and with considerable sympathy is the story of the brilliant and audacious painter re-told and embellished in *Fra Filippo Lippi: a Romance*, by Margaret Vere Farrington (Putnam's Sons). The author has caught something of the spirit of the age of Cosmo de' Medici, and has evidently not only studied the period in books, but has also meditated upon it while sojourning in the Val d'Arno, as the pretty descriptive passages in her story prove. The loves of Filippo and Lucrezia and the Princess Beatrice are charmingly depicted, on the whole, though Filippo's language in repelling the Princess when she follows him from Florence and discovers him at Spoleto is a trifle more brutal than was necessary or indeed probable. The book, with its pretty binding, its photogravure illustrations of the painter's works, and views of Ancona, Florence, Spoleto, &c., is an attractive presentation volume.

In the composition of books for girls there are certain common elements that generally prevail. There are chapters of courtship, and a concluding page or so to celebrate the wedding, which suggest Byron's comparison of the "full-length" painting of love and the "bust" portraiture of marriage. The young lady with an ideal and the young lady with none but her own little narrow self are commonly contrasted. Then these girls' books, however deftly planned and well written they may be, are almost invariably illustrated in the flimsiest and feeblest style conceivable. The drawing of the figures is like that of the fashion-plates, with the allurement of well-cut, well-fitting costumes entirely evaded by the artist. It is really distressing to turn from Mrs. Meade's *Just a Love Tale* (Spencer Blackett) to the illustrations. The story is decidedly clever and interesting; but the disillusion that lies in the pictures is painful indeed. We have the same complaint to make of *Hamilton of King's*, by Alice Price (Partridge & Co.) There is some capital character-sketching in this story, and the motive of the story is fresh and stimulating. The sister of the heroine falls in love with a young man who passes, by means of the fraudulent use of a visiting-card, as Hamilton of King's; whereas he is Hamilton of Sidney. He neglects and abandons her, and she lets concealment, combined with a low fever, bring her to an early grave. Her sister vows vengeance, and when she meets Hamilton of King's exacts it. He loves, and proposes marriage. She rejects him, under the illusion of her dead sister's presence, with a very pretty and proper scorn. It all comes right, of course, in the end, and very ingeniously is the end worked out. *May Hamilton*, by M. B. (Briggs & Co.), is a "tale for girls," with singularly inane illustrations. The story is based on the ancient theme, beloved of all who make the moral tale, the degradation that ensues from "the tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive." May deceives a good deal with very little apparent purpose, and lies not a little; but she has harsh unfeeling parents, and we are not inclined to be hard upon her. In *Rollica Reed*, by Eliza Kerr (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), more Hamiltons occupy the field. They are the two shallow and vulgar daughters and the selfish son of rich parents, who do their best to make the life of their poor relation, Rollica Reed, a burden of misery. There is another poor relation attached to the family in the capacity of charwoman, who in the fulness of time leaves the noble-hearted Rollica 4,000*l*. Of this money coals of fire are made and outpoured on the heads of the enemy. With all its improbabilities, this is a moral tale and thoroughly readable.

Bevis: the Story of a Boy, by Richard Jefferies (Sampson Low & Co.), no more needs the commendation of the critical than does *Masterman Ready*. It is all that a boy's book should be, and in the first rank of such literature there is none more fascinating. There is a pleasure, though a melancholy pleasure, after reading Mr. Walter Besant's eloquent *Eulogy* of the author, in viewing this delightful book as to some extent the autobiography of the early years of Richard Jefferies. For if ever a happy boyhood was happily pictured, it is in these joyous scenes of the exploits of Bevis and Mark, on imaginary Roman battle-fields, voyaging in search of new continents and unknown seas, playing the serious and thrilling games of shipwreck on perilous islands among wild beasts and chimæras dire. *The Threshold of Science*, by C. R. Alder Wright, F.R.S. (Griffin & Co.), is a capital book for boys of scientific inclinations, who can command the simple apparatus of an elementary laboratory. It is also a good book for boys to read, apart from the hundreds of amusing and instructive experiments that crowd its pages. These are admirably explained and illustrated by numerous excellent diagrams.

Miss Mary Debenham's *A Little Candle* (National Society) is a well-conceived and spirited story of the days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The redoubtable Claverhouse shines as the heroic guardian of those who are oppressed by the fanatical Covenanters. Some courage, it must be confessed, was needed to depict a parson and his daughter as "martyrs" to the violence of the Covenanters, yet both the incidents of the story and the figure of Claverhouse himself are alike persuasively drawn. *The Vicar's Trio*, by Esmé Stuart (National Society), introduces three amusing children—the vicar's trio—of the "original," perhaps a trifle extravagant, order, who, among other wonderful enterprises, start a Church Restoration Fund with a weekly newspaper to support their undertaking. A small viscount

—a kind of Little Lord Fauntleroy—is their attached friend, and not the least service rendered to the society of the neighbourhood by the "trio" is their influence over this tiresome and rather spoiled nobleman. Among books for children *Please Tell Me Another Tale* (Skeffington) is one that deserves popularity. This is a collection of short stories by Miss Fanny Barry, Miss Theresa Dent, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Giberne, Mr. G. A. Henty, and others. Mr. Palmer Cox illustrates the book with some capital drawings of civilized bears. Another amusing collection of short tales is Mr. Baring Gould's *My Prague Pig*, &c. (Skeffington), a little book, excellent in style and matter, and full of quaint and pretty fancy. Mr. Arthur Waugh's *Schoolroom Theatricals* (Cassell & Co.) is one more addition to several recent books of dramatic sketches designed for representation by young people. Mr. Waugh writes in spritely rhymed couplets, and his dialogue is animated and terse. "Slimmi's Slippers," "The Queen of Hearts," and "Little Bo-Peep," are capital examples of Mr. Waugh's skill. The hints on producing the plays supply young aspirants with all that is necessary to giving effect to these little dramas.

The Family Coach—who filled it, who drove it, and who seized the reins, by M. and C. Lee (National Society), contains a graphic account of the adventures of a family of children who, with their nurse, are sent to meet their parents coming home from India, at Marseilles. How the eldest girl, who is very young, totally inexperienced, and with that delightful belief in herself that the young and inexperienced usually have, nearly upset the family in her attempt to drive it, we will leave its readers to find out. There is a very touching account in it of a girl who saves the life of a lame lady in a railway accident, and amusing scenes in the life of a pet cat, which one of the children smuggles away with him, unbeknown to all but his twin sister, who, being in the secret, shares his agony of guilt. The animal's presence is found out sooner than had been anticipated, and causes most unpleasant adventures to the driver of the coach.

Fresh from the Fens: a Story of Three Lincolnshire Lasses, by E. Ward (Seeley & Co.), is a prettily-written tale of three little girls—clergyman's daughters—who were sent from their peaceful, but poor, country house, on account of fever having broken out in the village, to stay with some rich relations, who were quite strangers to them. The way in which these little maidens made a friend for life of a bishop; how they converted a selfish and pleasure-loving household into a kindly one; how they softened hard hearts, and humanized a fiend-like cousin; how, in fact, they brought peace and happiness wherever they went by their simple faith and unconscious influence—all this is touchingly told. The book contains many good moral lessons for young and old.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have sent us a collection o Christmas cards, brilliant in execution and design. It is hard amongst them to pick out the best. However we may mention No. 3601, two designs of snowy landscape, one with spade, the other with broom cleverly attached; No. 1585, a snow-covered windmill; No. 3590, a picturesque lighthouse; No. 3553, winter landscape with effect in one of moonrise—the other sunset, decorated with bells and ivy; No. 1716, groups of our "Sweep your Doorway" urchins; No. 3592, delightful cats going through acrobatic performances; No. 3582, three designs of frogs and their airy gambols by moonlight; No. 3080, our great-grandfather and grandmother courting in their youth. The quaint old-fashioned dress makes the pictures very attractive. Nos. 3083 and 3605 are pretty floral designs, the former a sprig of flowers in a rustic frame surrounding the Christmas or New Year's greeting, the latter, in the "Art Gem Series," are groups of raised pansies or carnations bordering the Christmas greetings. A novel and most attractive feature in Raphael Tuck's set of cards is the "Transparent Series" Nos. 1589 and 1568, which recall most delightfully the entrancing toy diorama of one's childhood, now alas! almost, if not quite, extinct.

The Art Gem Calendar Cards, 829, 830, and 831, are pretty and useful, as they contain a small calendar for the year in a frame of embossed flowers. No. 3024 represents birdcages with a pair of birds. The folding cards are in great variety, some with ships on the opening panels (1583); some with floral designs, ivy leaves, and Christmas roses (1636); some with little sepia landscapes (1634); some with a sprig of mistletoe outside, and a small sea landscape inside. There are also Chinese lanterns, which when opened disclose pictures of Chinese dolls, dogs, and umbrellas (1643). Amongst the quaint ones are (3061) picturesque groups of children at play; (3608) a dog and cat, which on being beheaded discover a mouse in their throats; (3030) groups of Japanese children; (3037) frogs in Highland costume, dancing and playing the bagpipes; (3593) a gamp umbrella; (3563) an old Scotchman's and a sailor's head; (3587) a fisherman's head, with appropriate greetings.

Of the booklets, "Scraps of Rhymes," illustrated by Helen Maguire, Jane Willis Grey, &c.; "Songs of the Cornfields," by E. Nesbit, its cover in shape of a straw hat trimmed with poppies and ears of corn; "How they meet, and all about it," a romance of a rustic seat, in our great-grandfathers' time, its illustrations denoting that period; "Silver Chimes," a little bell-shaped booklet; and "The Beechat," by Samuel Woodworth, illustrated by Annie and Bessie Simpson—its shape agreeing with its title—are amongst the prettiest. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner forward a charming collection of books, booklets, and Christmas Cards. Of the former we must note *Some Old Love Songs*, and *A Book of Old Ballads*—both designed in a pretty and original manner by the late Alice Havers—and *The Harvest Fields*, illustrated by Ernest Wilson, as being very attractive. Among the booklets, those that will amuse and interest little children are "This Little Pig went to Market," a tale in five curls, illustrated by W. Weeks; "Lady Pussy-Cat's Ball," very cleverly illustrated, by A. M. Lockyer; "Dame Pussy's School," illustrated with much spirit, by H. H. Couldery, and "In Arcady," with pretty designs by Harriett M. Bennet; "Songs in the Snowdrifts," prettily got up, with illustrations by Alice West; and "London Sketches," drawn by Percy Robertson—with descriptive lines from Wordsworth, Shirley, Wynne, and Longfellow—are attractive additions to this year's booklets. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's "New Jewelled Souvenir" is also a charming design. Among the excellent autograph cards of the same firm, Nos. 6 and 9 are the most original. They are in boxes containing six or eight cards and envelopes. The "Quaint Notions for Christmas and New Year," sets of six cards, one with a pair of scissors, another with fork, knife, and spoon, another with bag and umbrella, &c., and each with a few lines to the point, are really original. There are pretty folding cards, designed by G. G. Kilburne, skates outside and the skaters inside (199); a violin and a banjo, which open and disclose New Year's greetings (264); a card in shape of a pie, with four-and-twenty blackbirds inside, by Alice West (207); Nos. 149 and 150 are good designs of leaves by A. D. Sigmund; two groups of children designed by W. Rainey (116); some pretty iridescent cards with "New Year 1891" (526 and 374) and "Christmas 1890" (529) on them; folding cards with iridescent flowers on the outside (367), designed by C. G. Noakes. Three designs of scenes in the hunting-field (285), and three others of fishermen's experiences (287), by J. C. Dollman; cats at lessons and play (203), cats at home (204), designed by H. H. Couldery; and three very pretty flower folding-cards—a lily, a daisy, and a geranium—designed by Bertha Maguire, are amongst the best. There is a nice cat, too, which can be made to stand by arching its back (137A).

We have received some good specimens of nursery-books from Routledge & Sons—"This is the House that Jack Built," the famous house forming the cover, and the various incidents which made it famous in coloured illustrations inside; "Old Mother Goose," with a picture of that historical lady outside, its contents being all our favourite old nursery rhymes, illustrated in a new fashion; "Oranges and Lemons," with coloured pictures of the game from its start to its finish; "The Circus Book," a never-tiring joy; the "Noah's Ark Painting Book," a godsend to children who "want to paint," as one page contains the uncoloured picture, and the opposite one the same coloured; and we are willing to believe that in Noah's time such colours existed.

For children just out of the nursery *Archie*, illustrated stories in prose and verse, with 40 full-page pictures by A. W. Cooper, A. F. Elwes, M. E. Edwards, F. A. Trayer, Hal Ludlow, and E. Y. Wheeler, contains a variety of short stories and sketches.

"The Railway Book" will be most interesting to tiny engineers, and has many illustrations.

Mr. Edmund Evans has sent us two most fascinating children's books, "A Frog he would a Wooing go," the shape of the book being a fantastic picture of the frog sitting on his portmanteau, holding up an umbrella, and with a huge bouquet in his hand, ready for the start on his disastrous wooing journey; the clever and humorous illustrations are by William Foster.

"A—Apple Pie," illustrated by Gordon Browne, is the other. The Alphabet is, indeed, made a joy, instead of a toil, to a child in this toy-book; its ingenious cover in the shape of an apple-pie preventing its even looking like an ordinary book.

Messrs. E. Wolf & Son have sent the new game of "The Burglar and the Bobbies," which bids fair to become the game of the season for winter evenings, and owing to its small price is within everybody's reach.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JOSEPH BERTRAND is one of the foremost and most learned mathematicians of France, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and a member of *the* Academy. His competence to treat the man (1) who, with Descartes and Leibnitz, stands at the head of all mathematicians who have been also men of letters is therefore peculiar. Indeed (and we might have expected it) M. Bertrand seems to take greater delight in treating the non-mathematical than the mathematical side of his hero. He does not, however, neglect the latter; and as few writers on Pascal have been equally competent to deal with it, this part of his treatment is particularly welcome. Without belittling them, he gives a rational explanation of the reported marvels of Pascal's youth, and he displays, not merely a perfect knowledge of the matter, but great fairness in dealing with the conduct of Descartes to Pascal, and of Pascal to the competitors in the cycloid problems which he set. In reference to this last matter, while defending Pascal against Condorcet's very inaccurate charges, he admits, and makes only too clear, the discourtesy and want of generosity which the author

(1) *Blaise Pascal.* Par Joseph Bertrand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

of the *Pensées* displayed, not only to the Jesuit Lalouère (as M. Bertrand, who is no Clerical, but much the reverse, says, Pascal *could* not be fair to a Jesuit), but to Wallis, with whom he had no cause of quarrel whatever. Indeed, M. Bertrand is very severe on Pascal's harshness of disposition—not too severe, as all inquirers into the matter ought to know. While prodigal of admiration for the superhuman cleverness of the *Provinciales*, he lays great stress on the indubitable fact that they are the utterance of an advocate, not a judge. On the *Pensées* he takes a line differing from most, if not all, recent authorities, and thinks that the 1670 redaction of the book is far less garbled than for the last fifty years it has been usual to hold. Here we cannot follow him. No doubt the modern editors, as is their way, have made some mountains of molehills; no doubt there has been attempted by "undogmatic" theologians a dead set at Pascal's faith, and a dead lift at his scepticism. But still any one who will compare the two versions must, we think, remain convinced of the amount of editing that was done. Besides, is it necessary to go much further than the known fact, fully set forth by M. Bertrand himself, that before the book was allowed to be published no less than twenty censors had each separately examined it, and that "every change which any censor thought proper to demand had been made"?

The first edition of M. Weiss's Essays on French Literary History (2) appeared exactly a quarter of a century ago. He tells us that it was quickly bought up, but that time or inclination, or both, failed him to bring out a second. Such negligence is rare, and in happier and more leisurely days it might have made a good thesis-subject to argue whether or not it is wise. On the one hand, a man escapes the dismal chances of "remainders" and of being charged (to quote a story told by Sir Walter Scott) for "selleridge." On the other, it will happen that his work, when at last resuscitated, has a *démodé* air—the air of being antiquated without being classical. That there is something of this about M. Weiss's book, brilliantly as it is written in parts, and fresh and interesting as its views still often are, we are not prepared to deny. The contents of it are essays and lectures delivered or written at odd times between 1858 and 1865, and part at least is on subjects then of the day. There is no greater strain than such a republication. To find, for instance, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Barrière coupled together is something of a shock to-day whatever it might have been then, and there are other things of the kind. But the book is, as we have said, admirably written, and has that quality of readableness, without flimsiness, which belongs only to a very few persons who are *à cheval* between journalism and literature. Of such M. Weiss, if not actually the king, is at least one of the archons; and it is very pleasant to read his work. In one respect—his championship of the specially "Gallic" writers, those who are light and joyous—he is on a tack which has been pursued ever since, though with too little result hitherto, by all the best critics, native and foreign, of French literature.

If any justification of M. Weiss were needed, it could hardly be supplied better than by M. Richepin's *Truandailles* (3). There are not many living writers of French cleverer than M. Richepin; and not a little of his work, such as the best parts of *La mer*, show that he can be more than clever. The same evidence is contained in the best parts of the present volume. Some of its pages are composed of mere jargon, good at most to enrich a dictionary of the *Langue verte*, others of mere "sculduddery," and others, again, of some things compared to which mere jargon and mere sculduddery are innocent—of sheer brutalities without passion, without joy, without amusement. Next to which brutalities we are as likely as not to get something that might figure, not too glaringly out of place, among Baudelaire's *Petits poèmes en prose*, or in *Gaspard de la nuit*. One is sometimes inclined to think that the regimen of Pumblechook would be the best for persons like M. Richepin—"and they tied him up, and they stuffed his mouth with flowering annuals [a pretty jest on the flowers of speech in which he now indulges], and they give him a dozen." The dose repeated, if necessary, would have a marvellous effect on many Frenchmen.

The lamented death at a very early age of Mr. Cyril Oliphant, almost immediately after the publication of his book on Musset (4), makes it unnecessary to criticize it with any great minuteness. It contains a long and careful analysis, with translations, of the poet's work; but the biographical part would have been improved by a somewhat larger and exacter entrance into detail; and the critical by a much wider acquaintance with the literary atmosphere of the time.

We retain not disagreeable memories of M. Hinzelin's novel, *André Marsy* (5). He is scarcely so happy in verse, though there are things of interest here. Such a stanza as this on Rabelais is surely the merest prose:—

> On désire parfois aux jours d'incertitude
> Ou d'injuste sévérité
> Un goût plus fin, plus sûr, plus de subtile étude,
> Et d'abord plus de pureté.

(2) *Essais sur l'histoire de la littérature française.* Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Truandailles.* Par Jean Richepin. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Alfred de Musset.* (Foreign Classics for English Readers.) By Cyril Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

(5) *Poèmes et poètes.* Par Emile Hinzelin. Paris: Didier.

It is a pity that M. Paul Alexis, who has much real talent, should confirm himself so much in the naturalist way. He dedicates *Madame Meuriot* (6) to Flaubert, but it is M. Zola who is the real inspirer, or, if Flaubert at all, the Flaubert of the *Education* and of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, not of *Madame Bovary* and the *Tentation*. The heroine, despite her unattractive passion for a cad of a boy half her age, is rather pathetic, and the whole story moves with dismal precision to its revolting end.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE late Dr. Leared's *Marocco and the Moors* (Sampson Low & Co.), of which we have a new edition revised by the late Sir Richard Burton, is not one of those books of travel that yield only the floating impressions and superficial observations of those restless voyagers who love change for its own sake. Dr. Leared, when he first visited Marocco, fifteen years since, was deeply interested in promoting a *sanatorium* at Tangiers, for which he secured an advantageous site, and in recommending both Tangiers and Mogador as winter health-resorts for English invalids. The former town has grown rapidly in favour since 1875, though the superior claims of Mogador are still too little regarded by those who fly south with the swallows for sunshine and health. But Dr. Leared was tempted far afield from the coast into the interior. He sojourned in the city of Marocco, thence to Safi, Azamoor, and Mazagan; he visited Fez, Mequinez, and Muley Idriz. He inspected the singular ruins of Cassar Pharaon, and wrote the interesting account of the site and remains of the Roman city of Volubilis which was published in 1878, in the *Academy*, and is reprinted in the appendix to the present volume at the request of Sir Richard Burton. Dr. Leared had an old-fashioned dislike for florid description and mere smartness. He preferred the works of older travellers to those of more modern style. His studies of Moorish life and character reveal keen and searching observation. Those who find refreshment in Shaw and other travellers of the last century will find *Marocco and the Moors* excellent reading. The maps, plans, and illustrations are also excellent. Dr. Leared's notes on the drugs employed medicinally by the Moors should interest others besides botanists and pharmacists. With other arts, the art of healing, in which they were once famous practitioners, has decayed among the Moors, yet in what remains of their pharmacopœia there is much that is curious, and a little that deserves study.

The Trees of North-Eastern America, by Charles S. Newhall (Putnam's Sons), is an illustrated description of familiar trees. The writer's practical aim is pithily set forth in the preface. The author meets a friend in a wood, or park, we suppose, who remarks of the trees around them, "Here are splendid specimens, and I don't know one of them." "Get a book that will help you," is the answer. "I cannot find such a book," is the not surprising reply; "I can find no book which in simple fashion will so describe the tree, from its foliage, bark, and style, that I can recognize it." "Then I will make one for you," is the reassuring remark. Mr. Newhall has not failed in fulfilling the promise, as far as it is possible to do so. There are people who live among trees all their time and never can do more than distinguish a poplar from an elm. For such, books are useless. But Mr. Newhall's book is admirably designed to help all who desire assistance. The descriptions are terse, clear, explicit, and relevant; the additional observations are brief, yet to the point. The drawings of foliage and fruit are very good indeed. Over one hundred kinds of trees are thus figured. As many of these are well known and much grown in England, Mr. Newhall's book well deserves the attention of readers on this side of the Atlantic. His work is very superior in accuracy and clearness of statement to other popular works of similar design.

The six short plays that make up Mr. J. A. Wheatley's *Dramatic Sketches* (Allen & Co.) are written in prose dialogue, with occasional songs introduced, "to be sung or said," it would seem, for no directions are given as to the music. The first four pieces are either farces or of the nature of farcical comedy. They are brightly written, if not marked by any originality of plan. "Faith," however, is a pretty comedietta, and should prove effective if represented by amateurs of experience. "Ali-Ben-Hassan," an historical drama of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella and the expulsion of the Moors, has a more ambitious scope, and is less suited to the resources of private theatricals.

The sermons and addresses of the Rev. Harry Jones are always sagacious, manly, genial, and refreshing. The little volume of Sunday afternoon lectures, *Courtship and Marriage*, &c. (Nisbet & Co.), is compact of excellent matter. The "word in season" is uttered by Mr. Jones with refreshing directness and clearness, not merely on the inexhaustible topic "Courtship and Marriage," but also in the "few plain words about other great matters," such as "Education," "Sensationalism," "Human Progress," "Drunkenness," "Gambling."

The late Mr. George P. Putnam's handy chronicle of historical events, *Tabular Views of Universal History* (Putnam's Sons), has been revised and written up to the close of last year by Mr. Lynds Jones. The additional work is executed in complete harmony with the spirit of the originator of this ingenious and useful attempt to record the progress of human society in parallel columns of dates and events.

(6) *Madame Meuriot.* Par Paul Alexis. Paris: Charpentier.

Other notable books are among our new editions this week. The "Aldine Edition" of Horace and James Smith's *Rejected Addresses* (Pickering & Chatto) is a very pretty reprint, with notes and introduction by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and the familiar portrait of the authors.

The third edition of Mr. Wilmot Harrison's handy guide, *Memorable London Houses* (Sampson Low & Co.), is considerably enlarged and improved by the addition of many names and houses, with notes on the "Master's House" in the Temple and the Deaneries of St. Paul's and Westminster, and a fresh instalment of Mr. G. N. Martin's clever drawings. This very ingenious tlitle book is as entertaining as it is trustworthy.

From Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. we have new editions of works by Richard Jefferies; *The Gamekeeper at Home*, with illustrations by Charles Whymper, and the delightful sketches of agricultural life, *Hodge and his Masters*.

Macaulay's *Reviews, Essays, and Poems*, with introduction by Mr. G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is a stout volume of over one thousand pages. The division of the page into two columns is rendered needlessly trying to the reader by the insertion in the text itself of index notes, which are not in every case indicative of the more salient points in the principal paragraphs.

Names we Love and Places we Know (Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited), is the title of a pretty birthday-book, with appropriate verses from the poets, and capital photographs of St. Paul's, the Tower, the Victoria Embankment, and other familiar London scenes.

In the "Minerva Library" series we have a well-printed edition of Lockhart's *Life of Burns* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with copious notes and appendices by Mr. John H. Ingram.

We have also received *The Elements of Elocution*, by Charles E. Clegg, a good selection of prose and verse, preluded by useful hints on reading and voice delivery (Philip & Son); a popular edition of Mr. H. C. Burdett's *Prince, Princess, and People*, illustrated (Routledge & Sons); *'Twixt Kiss and Lip*, by Professor F. Harald Williams, third edition (Gardner & Co.); *Abel Drake's Wife*, by John Saunders, new edition (Allen & Co.); *Wax*, a Novel, by Aliel Hope (Digby & Long), and *What to Read*, edited by Frederick Langbridge, Part IV. (Religious Tract Society).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. ON *Friday* week the Opposition recovered somewhat from the disarray into which they had been thrown by the PARNELL crisis; but the Government was well prepared for them, and a fair amount of business was done, the resistance coming (though Mr. GLADSTONE spoke) chiefly from the Irreconcilables, under their self-appointed chief, Mr. LABOUCHERE. Mr. SMITH's already announced motion for taking the whole time of the House till Christmas came first, and, having been shown by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY to be in accordance with precedent, was debated by himself, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Mr. LOWTHER, Mr. GLADSTONE, and others, and carried by a majority of 50 against 173 dissentients. On going into Committee of Supply, Mr. BRADLAUGH, unequally yoked with Mr. JENNINGS, made his usual attack on perpetual pensions, receiving support from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (an unpensioned scion of kings), and others. The Government, for whom Mr. GOSCHEN was the chief spokesman, were supported by 185 members to 152. There was little noteworthy in the debate, except the rather naïve effrontery with which Mr. PHILIPPS, a young Radical member, advocated delay, because the pensioners, becoming frightened, would take less compensation. The morality of which Mr. PHILIPPS's party talks so much would, we should have thought, suggest that a just demand should be paid at once, and an unjust one resisted at all hazards. The postmen's case and some other matters were discussed, and the House, still composed of early birds, adjourned about eight o'clock.

The run of the Government good luck (may NEMESIS be absent!) continued on *Monday*, when Mr. HERBERT GARDNER retreated from his amendment on the Tithe Bill, and the second reading of that measure, after being most feebly opposed, chiefly by Welsh members, was carried against a vague and rhetorical amendment of Mr. RENDEL's by 224 to 130. This matter took up the evening to midnight, and no other business of importance was done, the chief matter of interest in the questions being the statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that ether would be scheduled as a poison to stop the drinking of it in Ireland.

It was impossible that things could continue to go quite so swimmingly, and Mr. SMITH's extreme sanguineness perhaps provoked, let us hope not seriously, the goddess above respectfully referred to. On *Tuesday* night, for the first time in the Session, an adjournment took place in the debate of an important measure, the Land Purchase Bill. Even here, however, the oddity of the situation was maintained by the absence of all the Irish members and by the fact that the amendment on which the debate took place was moved by an unimportant private member, Mr. JOHN ELLIS, though Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. BALFOUR spoke on it. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who has not been amusing for a long time, seems to have felt that an effort must really be made to cheer up the doleful dumps of his party, and achieved a very respectable one in the observation that he opposed the measure "because it would delay "Home Rule." After this debate was adjourned, the second reading of the Transfer of Railways (Ireland) Bill was opposed by vote, though not by voice, and carried by 224 to 73.

The Land Purchase Bill also occupied the whole of *Wednesday* afternoon, when the Irish members returned to the House to vote both for the amendment and for the Bill. After Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Colonel NOLAN, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE (at doleful length), the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and others had spoken, the matter was settled by three divisions, the amendment being defeated by 245 to 173, the closure carried by 242 to 172, and the second reading by 268 to 130.

In Parliament on *Thursday* Mr. BALFOUR obtained leave to bring in a Seed Potatoes Bill, and got a supplementary estimate of 5,000*l.* for relief of distress in Ireland—the latter after some debate, but no division. Mr. STEVENSON's instruction on the Tithe Bill, which would have killed the measure by a side blow, and set up the general question in its place, was defeated by 203 to 68, and the House went into Committee on the Bill *pro formâ*. The Transfer of Railways (Ireland) Bill went through Committee, and was read a third time.

Mr. Parnell. On Saturday morning Mr. PARNELL published a long and remarkable Manifesto to the People of Ireland, meeting the Gladstonian controlment with controlment at least as determined, making some perhaps cynical, but very awkward, revelations as to the bottled-up scheme of Home Rule, declining, with his usual unyielding coolness, to regard the Irish party as in any sense under the orders of Mr. GLADSTONE, and, in case of need, appealing even from that party direct to the Irish people. This Manifesto promptly drew from Mr. GLADSTONE a furious rejoinder, in which the writer first denied all Mr. PARNELL's assertions in general, and then, by implication or otherwise, admitted most of them in particular. Hard is it to judge between a person who is admittedly capable of saying the thing that is not and one who is notoriously the champion of the world at concealing the thing that is. Mr. MORLEY, like a milder shade, followed his leader with a more plaintive disclaimer; and a vast tumult of minor voices was heard on Monday, among them that of Lord COMPTON, observing, after a fashion which in less righteous folk might seem Pharisaic, that the party led by Mr. GLADSTONE (and containing Lord COMPTON) stood higher than ever in the estimation of all right-minded men. The adjourned meeting of the Irish members duly took place on Monday, and a rare worry followed, the noise of battle rolling at Westminster all day till twelve o'clock at night. The quality of the Irish party was shown by the continuance of that wonderful unanimity on the part of all his possible successors in desiring the retirement of Mr. PARNELL, on which we commented last week, but the rank and file were more constant than their officers. Mr. PARNELL himself fought with what we believe is called courage worthy of a better cause, rallying many of the doubtfuls to his side, applying stinging taunts to the mild morality of Mr. MCCARTHY, forcing Mr. HEALY to a "withdrawal," pricking Mr. SEXTON (the great windbag) right cleverly, and causing the day to close on a still undecided fight. Meanwhile a hideous rumour ran that the populace of Cork had been crying "GL-DST-NE is a "sl-pp-ry old d-v-l." But this is incredible. At last, after another day's fighting on Tuesday, a division was come to upon Colonel NOLAN's (Parnellite) amendment to transfer the debate to Dublin, and decided against Mr. PARNELL by 44 to 29. This, however, did not terminate the matter, and the expressions of popular sympathy with Mr. PARNELL in Ireland grew stronger and stronger, though the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, after long hesitation, pronounced against him on Wednesday. When the party meetings were resumed on that day, they became private; but it was understood that an amendment by Mr. CLANCY (Parnellite) of the nature of a compromise, but clearly intended to divide the rebels, was under debate. Mr. SEXTON was apparently drawn into threatening the Chiltern Hundreds—the very thing, no doubt, that Mr. PARNELL wants. On Thursday night the purport of Mr. CLANCY's amendment was revealed, its result, in effect, being that Mr. PARNELL agreed to resign if a deputation to Mr. GLADSTONE obtained from him definite pledges on the

subject of the Constabulary and the Land Courts. Only two members objected, and Mr. PARNELL thus gained an almost complete victory. For either he proves his case as to Mr. GLADSTONE's indifference to Irish wishes, or, if Mr. GLADSTONE ties himself hand and foot to the Irish scheme, Mr. PARNELL, though in nominal retirement, will be Mr. GLADSTONE's master, and all Ireland—Nationalist Ireland—will regard him as such. The result of the deputation was not known yesterday early enough for us to take notice of it. Whatever be the result, Mr. PARNELL has done something to rehabilitate himself by the excellent fight he has shown against the curs and rats of his own party, and those loathsome hypocrites of another who put the Seventh Commandment in their pockets till it had been endorsed by Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES. By the way, some folk are puzzled by our good friend Mr. *Punch's* version of *Marmion*. That sage seems to forget that the DOUGLAS (1) said his house was at the King's disposal, not at that of the U. P. minister of North Berwick; (2) did not wait a week for the U. P. minister's opinion of MARMION's crime before declining to shake hands with him.

Politics out of Parliament. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, Mr. BURT, Mr. BRYCE, and other Separatists spoke at the Eighty Club and elsewhere on Tuesday, protesting themselves to be in the best of spirits, and feeling more moral than ever. Mr. BURT also said things less to order about the Eight Hours movement.——A probably sharp contest has begun in the Bassetlaw division of Nottinghamshire between Sir FREDERICK MILNER and Mr. MELLOR, Q.C. The Tory majority at the last contested election was very small; and it will not do to presume on the favour of circumstances.——On Wednesday Lord SALISBURY made an important speech at Rossendale.

Foreign Affairs. A terrible disaster to the great Lofoden fishing fleet was reported from Norway last week, the recent storms having (it was said) wrecked nearly a hundred boats, with great loss of life.——President HARRISON's Message, delivered to Congress on Monday, dealt with a considerable number of matters, and included apologetics for the failure of the Silver and Tariff Bills.——An Iradé has been issued by the Porte, inviting the Greek Patriarch to resume his functions, and dealing with the matters previously in dispute——Mr. STANLEY has lectured at New York on the Rearguard matters with his usual disingenuousness and more than his usual insolence.——The expected collision has taken place in Manicaland between the Chartered Company and the Portuguese; but, as at present the accounts are onesided, we think it best to defer examination of them.

Correspondence. Letters, showing sense and good feeling on both sides, were published on Saturday between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. SATCHELL HOPKINS, the heads of the Liberal and Tory parties in Birmingham, respecting the recent award of Lord SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON on the representation of that town.——On Monday two long and interesting criticisms of "General" BOOTH's scheme were published by Mr. HUXLEY and by Mr. LOCH of the Charity Organization Society. Another letter, this time from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and addressed to "General" BOOTH himself, was published on Wednesday. It "hedged" a little too much for a successor of ANSELM and SANCROFT, but was, on the whole, satisfactory in tenor.——Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STUART have written, challenging Mr. PARNELL's accuracy in some statements respecting them. The parties in the case considered, it will probably be wise to believe half the allegations, and not quite a quarter of the denials.

Miscellaneous. Lord WENLOCK has been appointed to succeed Lord CONNEMARA as Governor of Madras.——An exposition of what is frivolously called "The Elsmerium" was given on Saturday at the Portland Rooms. Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD urged the "bringing "back of faith" (in nothing in particular), and the "great "ideal" of uplifting SMITH and JONES to a higher level than that of ATHANASIUS and AQUINAS, of BUTLER and BERKELEY. Dr. MARTINEAU showed how the Rev. P. WICKSTEED was going to "replace" ST. PAUL and other antiquated teachers, and Mr. BLAKE ODGERS "wanted "nearly 350*l.*" We like Mr. BLAKE ODGERS best; you, at any rate, know where to have *him*. But whether Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, and Mr. WALTER BESANT, and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, and Mr. KITTLE of Toynbee, and Miss BEATRICE POTTER, "and," as Mr. THACKERAY says, "the "other fash'nables," who were there, gave him the 350*l.*, we know not.——One of the St. Paul's Reredos cases was dismissed with costs by the Court of Appeal on Tuesday, and on Wednesday ELEANOR WHEELER was convicted of the murder of Mrs. HOGG.——A new scheme of payment, &c., for the Metropolitan Police, matured by Sir EDWARD BRADFORD, has been sanctioned, and will, it may be hoped, remove all reasonable discontent in the force.

Sport. On Saturday last the Oxford Trial Eights were rowed at Moulsford, and it (or rather the succeeding *dies non*) being St. Andrew's Day, the Great Wall Match was played successfully—not in China, but in its special home at Eton.——There has been a good deal of steeplechasing during the week.

Obituary. Mr. Justice LITTON, of the Irish Land Commission, has followed his colleague, Mr. Justice O'HAGAN, very rapidly. He was, though sometimes inclining too much to the tenant's side, on the whole a just and impartial judge, and was proportionately unpopular with Land Leaguers.——Mr. GEORGE BELL was the founder, and till recently the active head, of a very important publishing house which combined celebrity for the publication of school-books (notably the at one time almost universally used *Bibliotheca Classica*) with a habit of ushering many young and some good poets on their first appearance; while latterly it had acquired, and very intelligently developed, the great BOHN Libraries.——Lord DERAMORE, as Sir THOMAS BATESON, long ago furnished Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD with an example, not ill selected, of his rather foolishly named "Barbarian" party—in other words, of a typical English gentleman, indifferent to culture, but possessing the merits of his order.——Mr. MASKELL, of Emmanuel Hospital, was a very learned antiquary.——Mr. CAPEL CURE, for some years a Canon of Windsor, had been still better known earlier, first as a parish clergyman in Oxford, and then as incumbent of the two well-known London churches of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and St. George's, Hanover Square.——Lord COTTESLOE, who died on Wednesday, at the great age of ninety-three, was a very well-known Parliamentary and administrative figure for more than the last two generations, and Sir BARNES PEACOCK, whose death opens the way to a new Lordship of Appeal, a very valuable member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.——Mr. CHARLES MARVIN can hardly be called a person of note, but he was at one time a person of very great notoriety.——The obituary of the week, already heavy, was increased at the last moment by the deaths of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON, the last relic but one of an old order which should never have become old, and of Mrs. PEEL, the wife of a First Commoner who has more than justified the great name under the burden of which he entered on the most difficult of offices.

Books, &c. The new volume (the first of *Le Régime Moderne*) of M. TAINE's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* has been issued by Messrs. HACHETTE, and we shall hope to return to it next week.——There have also appeared the first volume of Messrs. MORRIS and MAGNÚSSON's *Saga Library* (QUARITCH), Mr. GOSSE's *Life and Letters of Philip Henry Gosse* (KEGAN PAUL & Co.), Dr. NANSEN's *First Crossing of Greenland* (LONGMANS), and a volume of poems by Mr. W. H. POLLOCK, *Old and New* (EDEN, REMINGTON, & Co.)

MR. PARNELL AND HIS PARTY.

NOW that the storm excited by the publication of Mr. PARNELL's Manifesto has somewhat subsided, the time has perhaps come for inviting our Gladstonian friends to consider that startling *coup* with us in its moral and political aspects. And first of its moral aspect, which, as we note with pleasure, though not without respectful surprise, is the side of it which seems to press itself the more importunately on the Gladstonian view. Breaches of personal confidence to secure a political advantage are wrong: that seems now to be admitted as a general proposition by Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, and we welcome their adhesion to it, as heartily as we shall rejoice at their recognition, if they ever do recognize it, of the authority of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments as co-ordinate with that of the Seventh. Breaches, then, of personal confidence to secure political advantage being, in general, wrong, it remains to examine whether, and to what extent, if any, the particular circumstances of Mr. PARNELL's disclosures exempt them from the condemnation of the rule. For that particular

circumstance *may* so exempt such disclosures we know; since that very thing happened in the case of the CARNARVON-PARNELL conversation—a case which did not, we have it on the authority of the *Daily News*, conclusively convict Mr. PARNELL of dishonourable conduct, but merely raised "a question of difficult and "delicate casuistry." We gather, however, that these extenuating circumstances do not exist here. If "there "had been no divorce case, and if Mr. GLADSTONE had "emulated the treacherous conduct of Lord SALISBURY in "1886, only a very austere moralist could have found fault "with Mr. PARNELL." It might, perhaps, be pointed out that "treacherous conduct" is exactly what Mr. PARNELL accuses Mr. GLADSTONE of, and puts forward as the defence of his revelations; and, further, that if that defence be a good one on the merits, it is a little difficult to see why his having committed adultery should deprive him of the benefit of it. On this plea of Mr. PARNELL'S, however, we are not concerned to insist. Let us take it that there was no Gladstonian intrigue against him; that Mr. GLADSTONE did not catch at the O'SHEA scandal as a pretext for ousting him in favour of some more pliable leader (and we certainly confess to thinking, for our own part, that it would be very unlike our old Parliamentary hand to prefer this risky course to that of sinking his differences with Mr. PARNELL until after they had fought the next general election in pretended unanimity); that, in fact, the original impression of the Unionist onlooker was the correct one, and that Mr. GLADSTONE would never have made a hostile move against Mr. PARNELL if he had not been forced to do so by imminent danger of losing the Nonconformist vote. But, all these admissions made, it still remains that Mr. GLADSTONE, having offered Mr. PARNELL an inadequate Home Rule settlement—a settlement which he declares, and as the event has proved, not a single Nationalist member dares accept on behalf of Irish Nationalism—was pressing Mr. PARNELL, in the name and interests of that very cause, and on the plea that he would imperil it by retaining the leadership, to retire from that position. What, so situated, would his Gladstonian censors have had him do? Accept dismissal quietly, and thereby connive at the deceit which was about to be practised on the Irish people? Allow his countrymen to suppose that by his self-effacement he was assisting them to the satisfaction of their Nationalist aspirations, when he knew that the so-called satisfaction which would ultimately be offered them, and for which he was asked to sacrifice himself, was one which they would indignantly and contemptuously neglect? Is that the contention of the Gladstonians who are now so scandalized at Mr. PARNELL'S breach of faith? If so, they must be prepared to contend that it is the duty of a public man to stand by and see his country cajoled, and from his point of view betrayed, if he cannot warn her of the danger without declaring the details of a confidential communication.

Of course it may be said that this case of conscience, which strikes us as much more closely answering to the description quoted above of the CARNARVON-PARNELL case, need never have assumed the "difficult and delicate" form under which it is here presented. If Mr. GLADSTONE were not the GLADSTONE whom we know, and Mr. PARNELL were not the PARNELL so well known to us all (except, apparently, to Mr. GLADSTONE), it never would in fact have taken that form. The Irish leader would have gone to the English leader, and amicably pointed out to him the equities of the case. "If," he would have said, "you press for my "retirement in the name and interests of Irish Home Rule, "you are doubtless prepared to give me an express, precise, "and binding pledge to amend your inadequate proposals of "last year in such a manner as to make them acceptable to "myself and to the Irish people You decline? Then in "that case you cannot object to acquainting them or allowing "me to acquaint them with the nature of the Home Rule "settlement which you *do* propose to offer them, in order "that they may judge whether it is worth their while "to depose me for the sake of obtaining it." Had Mr. GLADSTONE refused this, and still continued to urge Mr. PARNELL'S retirement "for the sake of the Home Rule "cause," it would, indeed, be only a very austere moralist who could have found fault with him for telling the whole story in the Manifesto. But, as we have already observed, Mr. GLADSTONE is Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. PARNELL Mr. PARNELL, and as they are their respective selves, it was inevitable that matters—and men—should fall out as they did. If it was natural to the latter statesman to take a cynical pleasure in shocking the proprieties of English public life, and to prefer the defiant, the sensational, and the audacious way of doing the thing to the opposite method, it was equally natural to the former to provide him with the utmost possible amount of excuse. It may be that Mr. PARNELL would have gone out of his way to shock the proprieties as aforesaid; but, if so, there is all the less reason why Mr. GLADSTONE should have thrown the opportunity into his very path, and have enabled him to plead, if he chooses, that he could not possibly avoid it. Perhaps none but a man of Mr. PARNELL'S overweeningly arrogant and coldly vindictive disposition could have so avenged the galling insult offered to him by the precipitate publication in all the newspapers of what Mr. GLADSTONE intended for a decree of deposition on the very morrow of his re-election; but very certainly no one but a man of Mr. GLADSTONE'S imperious temper, and of his proved incapacity for dealing with men, would ever have put that insult upon him.

As to the political aspect of the Manifesto, that, we think we may say, can produce but one impression on any mind. We do not even stipulate for an unbiassed mind, for the truth is that no amount of party prepossession could have, or has, blinded the Gladstonians themselves to its disastrous effect. They have scarcely even attempted to disguise the consternation, bordering on despair, which it has spread throughout their ranks. Whatever happens, and however the intestine struggle which is now convulsing the Parnellite party may end, they all feel—they hardly deny that they feel—that the conspiracy, or let us say the "legitimate com-"bination"—of English and Irish Separatist for the destruction of the Union is hopelessly smashed up. Even the literal accuracy or inaccuracy of Mr. PARNELL'S account of the Hawarden negotiations is not, they are ruefully conscious, a matter of much importance, nor can they extract any consolation from Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter of denial, which denies nothing. Lord SALISBURY'S very pertinent commentary on the letter at Rossendale, to the effect that the remedy of Mr. PARNELL'S alleged misrepresentation is in Mr. GLADSTONE'S own hands, and that he can at any moment "tell us what he did say," has only added to their confusion. For whether is it worse that their leader should submit to the imputation of having offered inadequate terms to Mr. PARNELL—terms, however, which, as Lord SALISBURY shows, import quite sufficient menace to property in Ireland, and to the interests of the Imperial Parliament—or should consummate the disruption of his English following by enlarging Mr. PARNELL'S account of his offers? Yet, if Mr. GLADSTONE keeps silence, what remains for the party except doleful recognition of the fact that the policy of "double-shuffle"—as the PRIME MINISTER well has called it—has been exposed once for all? And, while this is their own sad state, a glance at the party upon whose united vote they were relying reveals the equally disconcerting spectacle of the Irish leader, whom they fondly imagined that their own general could cashier with a nod, maintaining a desperate and, to all appearance, a successful fight for his political existence, using every resource of his absolutely unscrupulous astuteness, now dodging nimbly, now striking hard, pulling the wires in Ireland with one hand, and managing the debate at Westminster with the other; now obstructing the proceedings for his deposition, and now administering dignified rebukes to those who accuse him of it, "ruling out" his opponents and ruling in his friends, and all with a coolness, a brazen audacity, and a command of the various arts of political *escroquerie* which testify with an almost scientific clearness to the American in his blood. What may be the event of the conflict is, at the moment of our writing, uncertain; but the last move which Mr. PARNELL has succeeded in imposing on the revolted section of his party is one which is calculated to place both them and Mr. GLADSTONE in a position of the profoundest embarrassment.

O. K. AS MINISTERING ANGEL.

THOUGH the prejudice of nation against nation may possibly have its uses, it is a very lamentable thing upon the whole, and it is as inveterate as deplorable. Deaf to the inner remonstrances of reason, preaching moves it not, and reading has but small effect; but it does yield to the discoveries of personal intercourse in many cases. Therefore, and considering how many woes might be softened if the Peoples understood each other a little better, it might well become one of the altruistic professions to pass the better part of one's life in a foreign capital for

the purpose of bringing about this better understanding. There are many societies for the improvement of mankind, but no association for this purpose; which is rather surprising, considering how hard the promoters of such guilds seem to be driven for a new idea. There are no great difficulties in the way—none, at any rate, that appear comparable to those which hamper the excellent work of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. You gather about you a certain number of gentlemen and ladies (and here Woman may indeed find a most fit as well as a most congenial mission), provided with certain qualifications. If possible, they should be rich, so as to be able to carry on the work at their own expense and with a nobler sense of self-sacrifice. It is of the highest importance that they should be handsome, of a generous bearing, of open countenance; essential that they should be possessed of that seductive quality which is commonly described as "nameless charm"; indispensable that they should speak at least two foreign tongues—if with a caressing intonation as well as a faultless accent, so much the better; and, above all, that they should have a certain degree of native tact, as much discretion as generosity, and a fairly good acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of the people they are appointed to dwell amongst. For the rest, the art of dinner-giving and the graces of those who really know how to dine out. It is impossible to say how much good might be done by an international Association of the kind we suggest: France sending her social missionaries to England, to Germany, to Russia; Russia dispersing her little band of mollifying agents in like manner, and so with all the great nations of Europe. There ought to be no difficulty about finding a sufficient number of well-qualified persons for this beneficent work, especially if the Association undertook to supply first-rate ameliorators with the funds necessary to operate with success where hospitality is indispensable and a liberal expenditure mere business.

And yet, perhaps, it *would* be difficult to find many persons with all the necessary qualifications combined. In most cases some one of them would be wanting, while none could be safely omitted; and it is to be feared that default would most often be found in the most important particulars—discretion, and a sensitive familiarity with the idiosyncrasies of a foreign people. Indeed, this very proposal (such as it is—we do not insist upon it) has its origin in a conspicuous failure for lack of these same qualities. We have had amongst us for many years a missionary of the kind suggested; not exactly, perhaps, but very nearly. This lady—for it is a lady of whom we speak—was never, so far as we are aware, the emissary of any such International Amelioration Society as has floated into our dreams. Her mission to this country was derived from a private sense of the need we are under of some one to correct the mischief of British notions about Russia; which, it seems, are more astonishingly erroneous than any other British notions whatever. The ultimate aim in view was obvious from the first: a union of hearts, by the extinction of prejudice and the dispersal of ignorant prepossessions. For this mission the lady in question seems to have been pre-eminently qualified. According to the testimony of all who are honoured with her friendship, nature denied her few of the gracious gifts necessary for her enterprise, and thereto were added high cultivation and a special acquaintance with affairs. Her mission began about the time of the Bulgarian atrocities, and was extremely successful during the heats and excitements of the Midlothian campaign. It was then that she became the public character she has since remained—ever courting attention to herself in that capacity either as O. K. or as Mme. Novikoff. No one can deny that she worked well in the Midlothian times—charming the rugged statesman with the nameless charm, bending the austere journalist to more gentle views of Russian policy, easing the minds of many a rude doubter who questioned the purely philanthropic and liberating impulses of the Divine Figure from the North. The same *beau rôle* was played at the time of the Penjdeh incident, when there was some danger that British ignorance and British prejudice might drive this country into a conflict in which the poor thing would be mangled too shockingly by the fair ameliorator's fellow-countrymen. By this time, however, the want we have gently alluded to had begun to come out most distinctly. Her exhortations, her expostulations, her arguments, were so strangely lacking in discretion, and so entirely ignorant of the sensibilities of the people she addressed, that they had all the appearance of insult; and might sometimes be blamelessly mistaken for a kind of nagging——what should it be called? Insolence is not the right word to apply to a lady, however much of a public character she may choose to be. It was not that, but something that is so called in the other sex, without the nagging; and unfortunately for O.K.'s friendly mission it is still injured by the same faults of omission or commission.

A remarkable illustration of this unhappy circumstance was lately supplied by the correspondence columns of the *Times*. Not long before, alarming stories were spread through Christendom, all to the effect that the Russian Government had resolved to put extreme pressure upon the Jewish people of the Czar. An elaborate scheme of correction, restriction, persecution (Mme. Novikoff may choose the word) had been revived and enlarged, and this time there was to be no trifling in its application. Certain details of the scheme becoming known, the Jews in England set up a great lamentation; and soon a large number of Englishmen, all of some note in the world, agreed to petition and protest against the infliction of the contemplated barbarities. Thereupon our inconsiderate ameliorator, instead of coming forward with a gentle explanation of whatever mistakes had been made by our protesting fellow-countrymen, instead of showing where they had been hasty, misinformed, or unreasonably meddling, opened in the *Times* a volley of sneers unprofitable and sniffs unseemly. Surely O. K. should have learned by this time that a more undiplomatical course of proceeding could not have been adopted. She might have remembered that when, some years ago, there was an outcry against the outraging of Jewish women by Anti-Semitic Russian patriots, a Russian lady got into some disgrace by suggesting that there might be too much fuss as to that sort of female. Certainly Mme. Novikoff might have remembered that, just as "some likes apples and some likes pears," so if some like Bulgarians, some like Jews; or, to put the matter another way, have an equal abhorrence of Turkish and of Russian cruelty. A discreet ameliorator, such as no doubt Mme. Novikoff would rather be, would have made allowances for what is really the same sentiment in both cases. Perhaps, too, she should have recollected that, being a woman, the expression of some regret at the hardships which Russian Jews might possibly and unavoidably be subjected to would be judicious. But that is not the Novikoffian way. She must write two letters, in which not a single syllable appears to show that the writer is capable of sympathy, or is in any degree anxious to account for what others call persecution. Her exquisitely feminine talents are spent in ridicule of British "twaddlers," intimations that the English generally are a set of canting humbugs who had better look at home, and very broad hints that a handful of effete islanders should be careful how they give advice to "a great military nation of 110 "millions of men." Now this is untoward. It is not the right way to do it. No doubt the Jews in Russia are very unpleasant; no doubt it becomes the people of one country to meddle as little as possible in the domestic affairs of another—never, indeed, without extremely good reason. But if Mme. Novikoff's purpose is what we presume it to be (union of hearts), we really must venture to inquire whether it is not possible to be rather more nice without being any the less Russian.

LORD SALISBURY AT ROSSENDALE.

THE Parnell part of Lord Salisbury's important speech to Lord Hartington's constituency on Wednesday will fall more conveniently for notice in another place. It might have been expected, and if it was the expectation it was fulfilled, that the Prime Minister would take on the subject the attitude of a man of honour who is also a man of sense, and not, as certain have taken, the attitude of a shuffler who has lost his head and is afraid of losing the game. But there is always a danger in moments of this kind when matters of absorbing, but what may be called semi-private, interest arise, of missing the greater and more permanent bearings of them. It is intensely diverting, no doubt, to watch the belated squirming of Mr. Gladstone and his followers, in their endeavour to get rid of their alliance with the unclean thing; and there is not only a sportsmanlike, but a generous, interest in watching the prowess at bay of a man who, almost hopelessly damned as he is by past acts, of which that now alleged against him is the most venial, is fighting for life against the ingratitude

of allies and the treachery of subordinates. But the attention bestowed on these things, and rightly as well as naturally bestowed, ought not to rob other things of due care.

The three things of this latter kind to which the PRIME MINISTER drew attention were the Unionist alliance, the true reason of the split among the Separatists, and the actual nature of the Government policy. The first and the last need the least comment. There can be no doubt that Lord SALISBURY laid down the right principle of the alliance when he insisted that it ought not to be an alliance of compromise. "Prodding," or as, from a different point of view, it was called in another case, "permeation," never came to good yet. There was also value in the brief peroration on the miscalled Coercion policy and the necessity for it. The lesson of that history of Ireland of which Gladstonians talk so much, and which (let us hope for the sake of their honesty or their intelligence), they read so little, is not that England has governed Ireland tyrannically, so much as that she has alternated periods of sharp treatment with periods of utter license. We have behaved like those schoolmasters of old, and perhaps of present, time who would let their school do what it liked for hours, then rush out of their den, knock over the nearest boy or two, cane another at haphazard, and retire. But the most valuable part of Lord SALISBURY's speech was, we think, his comments on the cause as distinguished from the occasion of the Gladstonian split. That split was certain to come, because the flaw existed from the first. The desires of the Irish members are, we think, foolish, and even wicked; but they are, at least as expressed by the pure Parnellites, consistent. They want to free Ireland from dependence upon England—wholly if they can; if not, to as great extent as possible. But the English Gladstonians, with a very few mostly unimportant exceptions, have no such desire. They may be indifferent to the dangers of Home Rule; they may perhaps, in the cases of a very few very stupid men, not perceive them. But their utmost good-will to Home Rule itself amounts to this—that they are willing to run the dangers, provided that, in this way or that, Ireland supports their party. And the Irish members, even those whose greed for promotion has made them revolt against Mr. PARNELL, cannot but see this. They cannot but see that Home Rule is a trifle to Mr. GLADSTONE compared to the Nonconformist vote; that Mr. GLADSTONE regards them merely—as the expressive Gallicism has it—as *sa chose*; that they are expected not merely to obey orders, but to obey orders which confessedly have for motive not the good, as they understand it, of Ireland, but the good of the English Gladstonian party. And now, as we see, they (still guided by their leader) have retaliated by making a demand of submission as absolute from Mr. GLADSTONE himself. He may have yielded, he may have refused, but the history of the matter makes it at least probable that the breach will never be thoroughly healed on their side; and that history, we may add, should warn all English parties henceforward of the ruinous folly, as well as the certain disgrace, of having any bargainings with Irish Nationalism.

JURIES AS ART CRITICS.

THE juryman in England is like the Ideal Wise Man of the Stoics. He knows all about everything, about morality, and even about Art. He decides between Mr. WHISTLER and Mr RUSKIN, between Mr. BELT and his Ghosts, and, of late, between Mr. THADDEUS, a painter, and Mr. STERNBERG, a mezzotinter, on a question of excellence in an early proof. Mr. THADDEUS, whose name has been most familiar to us in connexion with Warsaw, had painted a portrait of Sir RICHARD OWEN. He engaged Mr. STERNBERG, to engrave this in mezzotint, for a sum of 120*l.*, whereof 40*l.* had been paid. But, being dissatisfied with the result of Mr. STERNBERG's scrapings, Mr. THADDEUS declined to pay the remaining 80*l.*, and even demanded the return of his 40*l.*, though this claim was abandoned when the case was heard before Mr. Justice DAY in the Queen's Bench Division. As every one knows, the proofs of unfinished engravings are submitted, from time to time, to the painter whose work is being copied. He suggests corrections, and, in the process of mezzotint especially, these should not be difficult to make. Among the witnesses, Mr. ALGERNON GRAVES thought well of the mezzotint as it stands—very slight alterations, in his opinion, would suffice. Indeed, he wished that all such work on portraits was as good. Other publishers of engravings were content; but the painter, Mr. THADDEUS, was not content. He had seen three proofs, and in the second the engraver had not corrected the errors of the first, while the third still contained the incongruities of the first and second. On this Mr. THADDEUS not unnaturally lost patience. Mr. STERNBERG thought the blunders were "in "the pictchaw," as Mr. DU MAURIER's critic says. Mr. THADDEUS said that, anyhow, it was *his* picture that he wanted to have copied, as CROMWELL wished his own face to be represented, faults and all. He did not want ideal beauty after the conception of Mr. STERNBERG.

Then the much-to-be-pitied Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON was brought forward as a witness. It is extremely hard on a painter to be made an Art Critic. The President of the Academy knows that the British juryman is not always in sympathy with him about matters of his own profession. That was made plain enough in the BELT case. Sir FREDERICK agreed with the painter about the engraving, not with the publishers. According to the report, which may not be precisely accurate, Sir FREDERICK said that "there "was a tendency to exaggeration arising out of tone, "primarily on the nose," and there was something not satisfactory in the mouth. "The engraving did not do "justice to the picture as a painting." Still, "the de-"fect" (or excess) "in the nose might be remedied." Mr. LEHMANN thought "the nose was like a potato," and Sir RICHARD OWEN's nose is not like a potato. But potatoes may be pared, and the nose, perhaps, might be scraped down. Mr. MCLEAN thought "the engraving was a "caricature." "There was a weak, silly expression about "the mouth which did not appear in the picture." However, the jury swallowed the potato, did not object to the silliness of the mouth, and gave a verdict for Mr. STERNBERG. Sir RICHARD OWEN's own opinion, which should have been important, does not seem to have been asked. It is not clear whether any operations on the nose will still be performed. However, the public, after all, will probably be the ultimate judges, and as men of science are well acquainted with what a nose should be, they will purchase, or refrain from purchasing, the engraving in accordance with the verdict of taste and reason. Perhaps the jury not unjustly argued that artists are very seldom quite satisfied with the reproductions of their own works; that the engraver, like the coxswain of a boat, usually gets all the blame. If authors were allowed to stop translations which they think unjust and inadequate, surely French novelists would protest against most versions of their works which come into the English market. Suppose, to take an improbable case, that M. DAUDET did not like Mr. HENRY JAMES's version of his latest adventure of TARTARIN. The position of a jury, perhaps not learned in French, with M. DAUDET, and a dozen publishers and Academicians and literary men, giving contradictory evidence before them, would be puzzling and awkward. It seems a pity that such cases should not be decided in a friendly manner out of Court. The world would miss Mr. LOCKWOOD's dramatic recitations of Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN's dialogue; but a great deal of time and trouble would be saved, also a great deal of expense, and art and literature would be no losers in the long run. Setting aside the drama (if that can, indeed, be called literary), matters of literature are very seldom brought into Court, which speaks well for the common sense of authors and publishers.

THE SEAWORTHINESS OF WAR-SHIPS.

ADMIRAL COLOMB begins his article on the seaworthiness of our war-ships, in the current number of the *New Review*, by remarking that the public have "connected" the wreck of the *Serpent* and her alleged bad qualities "by methods which are not altogether patent "to the ordinary expert." Speaking, we presume, as an ordinary expert, Admiral COLOMB has an easy task in proving that the circumstances of the wreck prove nothing against the seaworthiness of the vessel. Lord BRASSEY, writing on the same subject in the same magazine, agrees with him, and Admiral ELLIOT, no partial judge of modern war-ships, comes to the same conclusion in the course of his remarks on the wreck in this month's *United Service Magazine*. The observation is a sufficiently obvious one, and so is this other—that the circumstances of the wreck prove nothing in favour of the seaworthiness of the *Serpent*. For the rest, the ordinary

expert had little reason to be surprised if the public did rather hastily attribute the disaster to the defects of the vessel. We have heard so much of late of the defects of the newer types of ships—not only of our own, but in the French and Italian navies—that it really was not so unreasonable on the part of the public to conclude that here was another instance of the same thing. Neither need naval officers complain if their countrymen are more ready to find fault with the ships than with the men who navigate them. In this case it must unhappily be taken as proved that it was not the fault of the ship.

When Lord BRASSEY and Admiral COLOMB go on to reassure the public as to the seaworthiness of the new types of vessel in general, they have a much less easy task. To some extent this is due to the difficulty of defining exactly what is meant by seaworthy. If any vessel which may be trusted to make a successful voyage, when no particular bad weather comes in her way, is entitled to the adjective, then not only all the ships in HER MAJESTY'S navy, but scores of crazy merchant craft, are seaworthy. This, however, is not what is generally meant when the word is used. We commonly suppose a vessel entitled to be so called to be one able to cope with the very worst weather, as far as the handiwork of man can, and to be thoroughly manageable in ordinary bad weather. If the term is taken in this sense, then, on the showing of even very favourable judges, the seaworthiness of not a few of our war-ships is very much to seek. It is acknowledged by most competent judges, and not denied by Lord BRASSEY, that whole classes of naval vessels—and notably that to which the *Serpent* belonged—are overweighted with top-hamper forward. The consequence is that they roll abominably in a very moderate sea, and dip their bows into every wave. Therefore they supply a very unsteady platform, from which it is nearly impossible to take good aim; they lose speed in rough weather, and ship immense quantities of water. In other words, they would, in a stiff breeze, be very ill able either to defend themselves or hurt an enemy, either to catch or to escape from a vessel not hampered by the same defects. It seems a somewhat lax use of words to describe such craft as seaworthy simply because they can be trusted to float. Lord BRASSEY insists that it is necessary to sacrifice some merely seagoing qualities in a war-ship for the sake of her armament. This is, we know, a favourite argument with all modern Admiralties, and it has force, but too much is made of it. Everything depends on how much is sacrificed. If it includes the power of aiming steadily and going at a good speed, it is hard to see what has been obtained in return for the seagoing qualities which have been given up. The certificates of seaworthiness which are given to certain classes of our ships by committees of Admirals, and complacently quoted by official persons, are occasionally curious reading. It is not at all an uncommon thing to find them saying that this or the other class of vessels rolls too quickly (read is crank), is greatly over-gunned, over-engined, and over-weighted, and yet is "seaworthy." One wonders more than a little what the Admirals mean till one gets to understand the working of the naval mind. As Admiral ELLIOT excellently says in his article, the old donkey frigates and ten-gun pelters were the finest craft which ever floated, if we are to believe their captains; but it is an undeniable fact that they were tubs and bathing-machines. There are, in fact, two things which can be asserted with confidence of nearly any naval officer. One is that, in the security of private conversation, he will d——n the Admiralty in heaps; the other is that he will say all the good he can officially of any ship the Admiralty gives him to command, and any gun it gives him to fight with. It is a very good spirit; but, remembering how strong it is, one is inclined to discount favourable reports a good deal. We prefer to rely on facts. One fact of some importance is the decision of the Admiralty to give up this or the other model. When, for example, we are told that both the English and French Admiralties are ceasing to build ships with very low freeboards, and yet that low freeboards are not at all bad things, we venture to ticket the second assertion as an excuse, and to accept the first as a confession that not a few ships in both navies are very dubiously "seaworthy," though we dare say they can float.

COMMITTEE-ROOM NO. 15.

"WHAT a Chairman of Committees he would make!" is said to have been the admiring exclamation extorted from Mr. GLADSTONE in days long gone by, as he watched Mr. PARNELL making play with the forms of the House, rising to this point of order, recalling that invariable precedent, or this recent ruling, and reducing to confusion the timid inexperience of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, or the hurried good intentions of Sir ARTHUR OTWAY. These were in the days before Mr. PEEL and Mr. COURTNEY; but even then the difference noted now between the demeanour of the House when the Speaker is in the Chair and its behaviour in Committee was apparent. A very estimable Chairman of Committees, applying to the solution of the problem the joint method and difference, came to the conclusion that the secret lay in the throne-like chair of the Speaker, his Court-suit, and his gown, and his wig, as contrasted with the white tie, the evening clothes, the natural hair, and the humble seat at the table of the Chairmen of Committees. Let them change places and costumes, and, handy-dandy, which would be Mr. SPEAKER and which the Chairman? It is not our business to discuss this development of the clothes philosophy, or to determine whether the perpetual problem why the House of Commons is orderly as a House and disorderly as a Committee is a matter of vestments merely, and has no reference to the persons inside them, or whether, not to raise any contemporary question, Sir HENRY BRAND and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR would have exchanged characters and fortunes if they had exchanged garments. It was in Committee, owing to the greater opportunities that it offers, that Mr. PARNELL displayed that mastery of Parliamentary legerdemain which put even the Old Parliamentary Hand up to a new conjuring trick or two. Mr. PARNELL knew Sir ERSKINE MAY better than Sir ERSKINE MAY knew himself. His ingenuity converted the "Treatise on Parliamentary Practice" into "The Parliamentary Obstructor's Manual." So that, from that spring whence order seemed to spring, disorder swelled. This was in the days before the great reconciliation had taken place which, by some strange moral chemistry, converted Mr. PARNELL'S flagitious crimes into splendid services. Of late years Mr. PARNELL, *rarus et infrequens* in his attendance in Parliament, has left the task of hindering public business to his mob of followers, and to their allies on the left hand of the chair. The result has been that obstruction has ceased to be a fine art, pursued with a nice sense of method, and has become a rude and disorderly scramble.

Mr. PARNELL has shown this week, however, that his hand is still in. It has not lost its cunning through lack of practice. He has been quite himself, as Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, in Committee-room No. 15. The position might have got upon the nerves of another person, but Mr. PARNELL is not troubled with nerves. We do not know that there is any precise parallel to his case. The nearest approach to one is perhaps to be found in the instance of that Speaker of the House of Commons who, finding his official income of 4,000*l.* a year insufficient, and condescending to double it by receiving gratifications from promoters of local Bills and other projectors, had to put the question that Mr. Speaker had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour, and to declare that he thought the "Ayes" had it. Even "the callous "heart and brazen forehead" of TREVOR, as MACAULAY styles them, shrank from putting to the House next day the question of his own expulsion, and he shut himself up, allowing that ceremony to be performed in his absence. There is no reason to think that Mr. PARNELL will, on any grounds of heart or forehead, shrink from putting the question of his own expulsion from the chairmanship of the Irish party when the time comes for his colleagues to decide it. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. PARNELL'S position resembles most that of a judge who should decide over his own trial for any offence the reader may like to imagine, who should decide the whole matter of procedure, what witnesses he would hear, and in what order, and should rule evidence to be admissible or inadmissible, and should wind up by addressing himself in his own defence. Mr. PARNELL in his private capacity has resolved himself into a plurality of persons—one substance under many names. In Committee-room No. 15 he partakes in some degree the threefold character of criminal, advocate, and judge. Occasionally it was difficult to discern in which of these characters Mr. PARNELL was acting. The Speaker or Chairman of Committees is, perhaps, scarcely recognizable in such reminders as "You had better take heed what you are talking of," "Don't sell me for nothing," "I will not stand an accusa-"tion of falsehood from TIMOTHY HEALY." Mr. PARNELL may not quite have fulfilled his intention of conducting the proceedings in Committee-room No. 15 according to Parlia-

mentary rules when, after putting a particular question, he declared that the "Ayes" had it without asking the voices of the "Noes"; but, making due allowances, the following dialogue does not very much exceed the conversational license sometimes allowed when the House of Commons is in Committee:—

Mr. PARNELL.—The question is "That this debate do now adjourn." As many as are of that opinion say "Ay." (Cries of "Ay.") I declare that the "Ayes" have it.

Mr. HEALY complained that the other side had not been asked whether they agreed.

Mr. PARNELL (rising).—The adjournment has been carried.

Mr. T. HEALY.—I move that Mr. M'Carthy take the chair. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. PARNELL.—I have not left the chair yet.

Mr. HEALY.—Then put the question, Mr. Parnell.

Mr. PARNELL.—I have put the question.

Mr. HEALY.—You have not.

Mr. PARNELL.—I am not going to have my ruling challenged by Mr. Healy.

After some other remarks Mr. Parnell again put the question, when the majority appeared to be in favour of continuing the debate, and therefore Mr. Parnell said that the discussion must proceed.

After a little more wrangling—

Mr. T. HEALY said he would agree to an adjournment on the understanding that the debate would terminate the next day.

Mr. PARNELL.—Do not have any understanding with him.

Mr. T. HEALY.—It is very hard to have any understanding with Mr. Parnell.

Mr. PARNELL.—Do not be dictating terms to me.

It is possible that the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees would not have tolerated or even confirmed the expression "the infamous proceedings of the Caucus in the corner," or submitted to the retort "More shame for you," or offered the following example of dignified rebuke to an offending member:—"I think that a most insolent and impertinent "observation—a most insolent and impertinent observa-"tion." The English House of Commons would be livelier for such interchanges of repartee as the following:—

Mr. WILLIAM CORBET.—Mr. Healy was a lawyer by profession, and could always make black white.

Mr. T. M. HEALY.—What is Mr. John Redmond's profession? You have more lawyers on your side than we have. (Laughter.)

Mr. J. REDMOND.—But you have more attorneys.

Mr. CAMPBELL.—All the Healy family are attorneys and lawyers. (Laughter.)

Again:—

Mr. Healy here went over and spoke to Sir Thomas Esmonde.

Mr. E. HARRINGTON.—Look at his legal adviser. If he is an honourable man, he wants no legal adviser.

It is satisfactory to find that the reciprocal feelings of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY resemble those which Mr. PICKWICK and Mr. BLOTTON of Aldgate entertained for each other; and that the expressions which we have quoted and many others are not to be understood in the natural, but only in a strictly Parnellite, sense. The debates in Committee Room No. 15 have been interesting as foreshadowing in some degree the temper and tone of the discussions which would take place in a Parliament in Dublin, if such a house of entertainment should ever be opened. The genius of the place in which the Irish party met, with years of sobering contact with English and Scotch members, and the disciplinary rule of a succession of Speakers, have perhaps tamed the wild spirits of Irish orators. But on Irish soil, and with Irish environment, they would soon awaken from their dream of decorum. It is really consoling to reflect that in Mr. CAMPBELL, M.P., whom it must be a perpetual delight to Mr. PARNELL to have as his private secretary, the Irish Parliament will possess a member well fitted to sustain the traditions of Sir BOYLE ROCHE, and, so far as his use of the English language is concerned, of Lord CASTLEREAGH. "I brand as infamous," said Mr. CAMPBELL, amidst sympathetic cheering, "the action of colleagues who "would thus go behind your back, and try to cut your "throat before the Irish people." If there is to be any throat-cutting, its destined victims will probably prefer, if they may be allowed to have a voice in the matter, that it should be attempted behind their backs, where, as a rule, they do not wear their throats.

THE TITHE BILL.

THE evening spent last Monday by the House of Commons on the Tithe Rent-Charge Recovery Bill cannot be said to have been ill spent, though the debate was not particularly cheerful reading, and though a great part of it illustrated one of the numerous anomalies of English Parliamentary affairs. After the speeches of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, of Mr. GARDNER, of Mr. GRAY, and of one or two others, the Bill was, strictly speaking, not debated at all, Mr. RENDEL's amendment (on which the division was taken, which occupied most of the speakers, and but for which, as Mr. PICTON, with surprising, but probably unconscious, humour, remarked, he himself would have cheerfully voted for the Bill), being academic enough for the Union of either University, and having nothing on earth to do with the subject. Neither the carrying nor the throwing out of the Bill would have been in the least inconsistent either with the affirmation or the negation of Mr. RENDEL's doctrine that "tithes are national pro-"perty to be devoted to national uses," and that the tithe rent charge in Wales ought to "be applied in "accordance with the constitutionally expressed wishes "of the people of the Principality." We know, indeed, and Mr. STUART RENDEL knows, and everybody knows who has looked into the question, that tithes are not national property to be devoted to national uses, but private property allocated to special purposes. We know, and Mr. STUART RENDEL knows, and everybody knows, that the last part of his proposition means provincial Home Rule or nothing. But tithes might be national property and Home Rule for St. Briavel's and St. Buryan's might be a good thing, and yet Mr. RENDEL's amendment would have nothing to do with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's Bill. That Bill is strictly limited to the collection, and in a very small degree the valuation, of tithe, whosesoever property it is, and to whatsoever uses it may be devoted. We must therefore be excused if we give little heed to the old speeches of young Welsh members about the hardship of making a man pay money, which in strictness he does not pay at all, to be spent on purposes which have absolutely nothing to do with his obligation to pay it. Some of the less educated of the Welsh Radicals may not have known that what they were talking was either irrelevance or hypocrisy, or both; but so it was all the same. As for Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's charges against the Bishop of ST. ASAPH, the Bishop has more than sufficiently disposed of them.

The Bill itself and the earlier part of the debate on it may deserve some comment. The former is, as its introducer admitted, a very little one. Its alteration of procedure so as to make it more clear than ever that, whoever pays tithes, it is not the occupier, is wholly good; and its recognition, modest as it is, of the fact that tithe ought to bear some moderate proportion to rent or value is good too. The hardships inflicted on persons who possess their incomes by a much clearer title than that by which the excellent solicitors and ministers who declaimed against tithes on Monday possess their fees and salaries have been shocking, the inconveniences of the actual procedure enormous, the confusions and mistakes which it causes perhaps in some cases genuine. The alteration of procedure and the shifting of liability must, to some extent at any rate, remedy the evil in all three cases. But there can be no really satisfactory solution of the matter until tithe is brought into some sort of rational harmony with that actual produce of the land on which, and on which only, it of right depends. It may be, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH says, a hardship to A that, after spending large sums to improve the productiveness of his land, he should find his tithe "grow." As Mr. GRAY retorted, it is a ten times greater hardship to B to spend those sums, and, while getting perhaps twenty per cent. of the old rent, to have to pay ninety per cent. of the old tithe. There is nothing whatever that is sacrosanct in the much-talked-of settlement of 1836; the power that made it can unmake it. On the other hand, it has done two very bad things—it has got utterly out of harmony with fact, and it has grievously obscured the just obligation of the tithe-payer. Without redemption or the establishment of a sliding scale, the question will never be satisfactorily settled; but the present Bill is at least a palliative and, in its recognition of the relation of rent and tithe, a kind of harbinger of a cure.

FRENCH HOSPITALITY.

NOTHING can exceed the vigilance of the journalists and Ministers who watch that no evil may befall the French Republic. They have lately discovered a new danger, and have taken steps to guard against it. The manner of the discovery was a little curious. It has lately been discovered that some Frenchmen have been bribed by foreigners to act as spies. From this fact, which is not

particularly creditable certainly, but is not wonderful, since there are rascals who are corruptible in France as well as elsewhere, the guardians of the Republic have drawn the startling deduction that no French officer or soldier is to be trusted in a beer-shop kept by a German. No Frenchman ought to go into such a place; but unhappily they do, and when they are civilians, there are no means of keeping them out. Soldiers, however, are in a different position. They can be ordered to keep away, and accordingly a list has been drawn up "of all cafés, wine-shops, and "other public places in Paris owned by foreigners or "patronized by them." This list is to be hung up in all the barracks in and about Paris. Officers and men will alike be forbidden to visit such places; for, as the French papers shrewdly say, if a Frenchman can be tempted to act as a spy, how much more likely is it that a foreigner will? If we do not see why it follows that, because some Frenchmen have been, and many foreigners may be, spies, no Frenchman should buy beer of a Bavarian, it is probably because we are stupid. Also, no doubt, if it seems to us that an order of this kind is an insult to the garrison of Paris, as implying that all its officers and men are liable to be corrupted by foreign bribes, that also is because we do not share the very delicate and very erratic French sense of honour. For our own part, we should not have said as much to any Frenchman we ever met, partly because it would have been rude, and partly because it would produce a "holtercation." Even General SAUSSIER, who has passed for a man of sense hitherto, can say it in Paris, and—as it seems—be applauded too.

French hospitality is certainly a wonderful thing. When a German comes to Paris bringing capital with him, and, having duly paid his rent and taxes, opens a beer-shop, he is held to be in the receipt of hospitality for which he ought to be exceedingly grateful. When the French Government sets up a big bazaar for the express purpose of tempting customers to Paris, where they will be expected to pay handsomely, that also is hospitality. When a Frenchman practises this virtue, he expects to be well paid for his trouble; and he also allows himself to remind the recipients of his kindness pretty frequently of the terms on which they are to be suffered to remain. "Foreigners are "here only on sufferance," says one paper, and then another warns them not to put the forbearance of France to further trials. Neither is all this by any means only the swagger of Parisian journalists. The attacks on Belgian and Italian workmen, which occurred a couple of years ago; the registration of foreigners for some not very clearly-defined purpose of a menacing kind; the threat to expel foreign doctors from the winter stations in the South, were more than swagger. Properly considered, they show pretty accurately what the nature of French hospitality is. The foreigner who comes provided with plenty of money to spend on the various more or less highly spiced forms of amusements which France provides, who goes away as soon as he is plucked, is welcome. But the foreigner who comes with money to use in business, or even only with labour to let on hire, is a competitor. France cannot do without him—in particular, she cannot do without the labourers, now that her own population is stationary or worse. But, though he is received, he is disliked, and when he becomes prosperous he is hated. It is this generous feeling which may be pretty confidently believed to be at the back of the patriotic zeal shown against the German beer-shops. They have flourished greatly of late years. Since the war Frenchmen have taken to the drinking of beer, and German beer too. Their patriotism has not been strong enough to make them stick to native liquor. So Bavarians and other Germans are doing an extending business. The sight of their prosperity has naturally proved irritating to the native brewer, and hence all this outcry about the danger to French principles which must result from the drinking of bocks in brasseries kept by these "nauseous intruders." As native brewers and publicans have votes, and, what is more, have a good deal of influence on the votes of others, they can always secure a hearing from Ministers. The patriotic cry is a safe one, and the nation has the spy mania on the brain; so it is convenient and safe for M. DE FREYCINET to direct General SAUSSIER to draw up his foolish list. As long as Frenchmen continue to like beer, and the Germans to brew it well, no great harm will be done to the foreign brasseries; and as for the absurdity of the whole demonstration, the French have not the humour to appreciate it.

THE KENTISH TOWN MURDER.

PERHAPS the most remarkable fact about the trial for murder which occupied the first three days of this week at the Old Bailey was the entire absence of any plausible, or even intelligible, defence. Mr. Justice DENMAN, whose experience of criminal trials is as great as that of any other judge on the Bench, paid a very high compliment to the prisoner's counsel, and no doubt Mr. HUTTON did what he could for his client. But he had no witnesses, the facts were against him, and the greatest advocate who ever lived could have made little impression upon the jury. One ingenious commentator has indeed suggested, in the spirit, and almost in the words, of Mr. SAMUEL WELLER, that, if only an *alibi* could have been proved, the prisoner might have been acquitted. No doubt she might. We must all bow to the oracle. People are not usually convicted before civilized tribunals when they can show that they were at a distance from the scene of the crime when that crime was perpetrated. Unfortunately for ELEANOR WHEELER, but fortunately for the ends of justice, the evidence for the prosecution, which was the only evidence given, was all the other way. It was not seriously disputed that poor Mrs. HOGG met with a violent death in the house where the prisoner lived, and in that part of it occupied by the prisoner. Unless the murder had been committed in the presence of eye-witnesses, it is difficult to see how the case could have been strengthened. The purveyors of sensationalism have been disappointed in their prognostications. They all predicted "curious revela-"tions" and "startling developments." The evidence for the defence was to "put an entirely new feature upon the "episode," to "clear up the mysterious side of the situation," to "involve a number of persons whose names are at present "kept strictly secret." Alas for the fallibility of *Pennialinus Vaticinator*! There were no curious revelations. There were no startling developments. There was no evidence for the defence. The police seem to have behaved with commendable discretion throughout, and to have sent anxious inquirers empty away, or thrown them altogether off the scent. That the prisoner should have had, so far as is known, or is ever likely to be known, no accomplice, may be thought surprising. When a woman breaks the Sixth Commandment, she usually resorts to poison. The character and extent of Mrs. HOGG's injuries, which were far more than sufficient to cause death, indicate an amount of physical strength on the part of her assailant which would have been remarkable even in a man. Moreover, although the deceased must have made some effort at self-defence, and though the neighbours heard sounds of breaking glass, the prisoner herself seems to have escaped without a scratch. Yet the theory that she did it alone seems almost as certain as the fact that she did it.

HOGG is a revolting creature—perhaps as unpleasant an animal as ever appeared in a witness-box, even at the Central Criminal Court. But he satisfactorily accounted for his own time, and must be pronounced innocent of complicity in the offence. When a murder has been brought home to the culprit, it is waste of time for any one except a novelist to hunt up a motive. Here, however, the motive is as obvious as the guilt. The old question, *Cui bono?* who profited by it? brings out the name of the prisoner, and suggests no other but the exculpated HOGG's. ELEANOR WHEELER was HOGG's mistress, and though she was not faithful to him, she may have wished to marry him. At any rate, she was jealous of his wife; and it is one of the pathetic incidents of this squalid tragedy that Mrs. HOGG had a presentiment of her danger. She told a friend that "Mrs. PEARCEY" had asked her to go to St. Leonard's and assist in finding a house. "But," she added, "who would think of looking for me in an empty house?" Why, in these circumstances, she accepted an invitation to tea with the woman she so justly feared can only be conjectured now. Perhaps she felt secure in the semi-publicity of lodgings; perhaps she thought the presence of her child would be a safeguard. If so, she was terribly deceived. Although the prisoner was tried and convicted for the murder of PHŒBE HOGG only, it cannot be doubted that the same hands took the lives of mother and daughter. This is an aggravation of an otherwise brutal and savage crime which must, one would hope, deprive the convict of sympathy, even among the most irrational sentimentalists. Something of horror and pity there must always be in the deliberate hunting down of a defenceless creature for three long days according to all the forms of law. Not to be moved

even by the imagination of such a performance is unnatural. To assist at it as at an amusing spectacle is scandalous. But *la bête humaine*, which has survived so many centuries of Christian civilization, must be kept down by rough methods, and mercy to such as ELEANOR WHEELER is cruelty to such as PHŒBE HOGG. A less nauseous subject of contemplation than the record of hideous wickedness is Mr. Justice DENMAN's lucid exposure of a common, but false and fallacious, analogy. Mr. HUTTON, like so many defending counsel before him, observed that "a chain was no stronger "than its weakest link." The application of this maxim to a chain of evidence assumes that all the facts alleged are mutually interdependent. An assemblage of probabilities, amounting in the aggregate to practical certainty, would not be destroyed, might not even be perceptibly weakened, by the disappearance, or refutation, of the least important among them.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the PRESIDENT of the United States contains this year a very exceptional number of passages, which are of direct interest to Europe, and of special interest to ourselves. His reference to the unsettled Behring Sea difficulty would alone give his Message a claim to especial attention. If Mr. HARRISON's words indicate accurately the policy which the Federal Government is resolved to pursue, it is only too probable that the difficulty will prove insoluble. It is hardly to be expected that the ever-hopeful persons who continue to believe that an appeal to arbitration offers a sure way out of all international disputes will be shaken in their faith by the very convincing proof the PRESIDENT offers of its entire futility in cases of real difficulty. It has not, says Mr HARRISON, been found possible to accept her Britannic MAJESTY's offer to submit the matter to arbitration, because "the form of reference proposed" was not thought well calculated "to assure a conclusion satis-"factory to either party." This somewhat vague phrase is explained in the next passage of the Message:—"The PRESIDENT sincerely hopes that, before another "sealing season, some arrangement may be concluded "assuring to the United States a property-right in the "Behring Sea derived from Russia, which had not been "disregarded by any nation for over eighty years preceding "the outbreak of the existing trouble." The United States, in fact, insist that the alleged sovereign right over Behring Sea, which is the very matter in dispute between the Governments, shall be excluded from the reference as being altogether beyond question. The audacity of the pretension has a certain charm. This so-called property-right has not been disregarded for the simple reason that it never existed. When, as is sufficiently notorious, the Russian Government advanced the claim, the United States took the lead in rejecting it, for reasons which are conclusive against its own present pretensions. The attempts of Mr. BLAINE to quibble out of the consequences of Mr. ADAMS's declaration have been fully exposed by the Marquess of SALISBURY. By re-asserting this monstrous demand, Mr. HARRISON gives the best of all possible reasons for doubting whether an arrangement can be concluded before the next or any other sealing season. For the rest, it is not quite certainly the interest of the Republican party that a fair settlement should be reached before the approaching Presidential election. It is useful at such times to possess a pretext for insolence towards England.

Another, and a hardly less significant, portion of the Address re-asserts the equally exasperating claim of the United States to dictate the terms on which foreign nations shall accept its pork and live stock. Substantially Mr. HARRISON claims that, whenever the United States believes its own meat and cattle to be above reproach, foreign States shall accept them without question. His Government has condescended to make inquiries at home and also abroad. They have convinced the PRESIDENT and his advisers that no case of pleuro-pneumonia has occurred among cattle landed in England for months. The United States Government is, therefore, in a position to give a guarantee. "Its non-acceptance," so Mr. HARRISON goes on to say, "will quite clearly reveal the real motive of any continued "restriction upon their use, and that having been made "clear, the duty of the executive will be very plain." It will be its duty, we presume, to make use of the power to suspend all trade with those countries which are not held to treat America fairly lately conferred on the PRESIDENT. This claim on the part of the United States Government to compel foreign nations to accept the decisions of its officials without question is not less outrageous than the parallel claim to exercise proprietary rights over the open sea. If we are to suppose that such demands are to be enforced to the full, Europe would necessarily have to look forward to a state of war with the United States in the immediate future. Experience fortunately shows that bombast of this kind is directed less to the neighbours than to the voters of the Union. The laws which have been passed to enable the PRESIDENT to apply pressure to foreign Powers were designed to reconcile the farmers to the increased protection given to manufacturers by favouring the export of food. But things have not gone as it was hoped they would. In consequence, then, of the recent notorious disappointment, it was much the interest of the PRESIDENT to remind the Southern and Western farmer that something effectual is proposed to be done for him also. Hence this threat to the foreigner who will not trust Americans not to inflict upon him trichinosis and pleuro-pneumonia. The large portion of his Message which Mr. HARRISON devotes to the MCKINLEY Bill and its kindred measures justifies the prevision of those who declined to believe that the Democratic victory would be followed by a speedy and unopposed reversal of the policy pursued by means of them. The PRESIDENT and the Republican leaders have resolved—wisely, perhaps, and certainly not unmanfully—to refuse to confess themselves beaten so long as they can go on fighting. Mr. HARRISON boldly congratulates "Congress and the country upon the "passage, during last session, of an unusual number of im-"portant laws calculated to quicken and enlarge our manu-"factures," and "to increase our markets for bread-stuffs "and provisions at home and abroad; to give more constant "employment and better wages to labourers," and to do many other good things. He meets the ugly fact that these measures have as yet only produced a rise in the price of nearly all kinds of goods, unaccompanied by any increase of wages, or any sign that employment will be more constant, by confession and avoidance. He does not deny the rise, but does refuse to acknowledge that it was due to the MCKINLEY Bill. Mr. HARRISON finds a sufficient explanation in a "general upward tendency," largely due to the Silver Bill, and in the over-haste of middlemen to make the most of a chance. Articles not touched by the tariff have advanced as much as others, and this, he argues, proves the MCKINLEY Bill to be innocent of the offence of causing the increase. The criticism is ingenious, and, to some extent, just; but Mr. HARRISON will find it difficult to persuade the Democrats that the Bill did not materially reinforce the upward tendency. His opponents may also go on to ask what they gain by an upward tendency of which the advantages seem likely to be monopolized by manufacturers and middlemen. The Silver Bill itself has been a distinct disappointment, for there has been a fall, and not a rise, in the price of the metal. It is good policy in Mr. HARRISON to insist that the rise in prices may not be permanent, and to make the most of the disturbing effect which further tampering with the tariff might have on the market. But he and his party are in this trying position, that, if prices do fall, the manufacturers will have gained nothing by the Bill, and if they remain high, it will still be the interest of the consumer to readjust the tariff.

The courage of the Republicans is still so little abated that they have not even given up the Force Bill. As the PRESIDENT acutely remarks, the name is invidious, since every law must have the support of force, and one not more than another. The observation is judicious, but it will take more than reminders of the undoubted truth that every law must have a sanction, to reconcile the South to a measure which, though it professed to be of universal application, was unquestionably intended to deprive the whites, who are all Democrats, of their control over the negro vote, which is commonly Republican. Whether local authorities ought or ought not to have all control over "the certification which establishes a *primâ facie* right to a "seat in Congress," it is a fact that, if this control is lost in the South, the local administration would soon be at the mercy of the negroes, and the white adventurers from the North who make use of them. The experience of the "Reconstruction "Era" has taught the Southern States what this means, and they will not be easily forced to endure it again. They will certainly have the sympathy of nearly all the North in their resistance to a most odious form of tyranny. It is

not obvious what advantage the Republicans hope to obtain from adhering now to a measure which was meant to serve mere party interests. They will only make the South more solidly democratic than ever, and they cannot hope to profit by the very various feelings which supported the Abolitionist movement. The truth probably is that the Republicans cannot afford to alienate any section of their diminished supporters—not even the followers of Mr. CABOT LODGE, the author of the Force Bill. They must needs struggle on with what they can keep together of their old following, on the old lines.

STILL IN THE DARK.

WE have not waited long for the inevitable results of "General" BOOTH's hardy announcement at the Exeter Hall Meeting. The moment it became clear that the working of the big scheme was to be entrusted solely to the Salvation Army, with Mr. BOOTH as sole and self-appointed trustee, it became clear also that the big scheme was, after all, an ingenious design to raise the wind for the Salvation Army. Naturally, therefore, public attention is now directed, as we anticipated it would be from the first, to the claims of the Salvation Army upon the confidence of the charitable and the religious. As Mr. BOOTH's cumbrous scheme is to be carried out by the Army, according to "the custom of the Army," it is only reasonable that the spirit of inquiry should be roused. And there are very wholesome signs of the awakening. Mr. C. S. LOCH, the Secretary to the Charity Organization Society, has put forth a patient, temperate, and entirely notable letter on the promises and the performances of the Salvation Army. Professor HUXLEY's vigorous letter, setting forth his reasons for declining to invest in Mr. BOOTH's hands a large sum of money placed at his disposal by a friend, is nothing less than a trumpet blast that will clear the air of the confusing vapours engendered by ignorant and gushing sentimentalists. Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES has lifted up his voice again from his old impregnable position, and again is left unanswered, though, perhaps, not unsatisfied. For Mr. BOOTH's deaf ear and Mr. LLEWELLYN's plain questions can only be accounted for on one supposition. The questions are contrary to the rule of the Army. Mr. BOOTH, in fact, is the Army. The delay in accepting Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's offer of Drury Lane as a theatre of demonstration must be set down to the conditions attached to the offer. As Mr. BOOTH is determined to ignore the rule of this world and to be his own trustee, Mr. HARRIS's conditions are contrary to the custom of the "General" and not to be entertained one moment. Mr. BOOTH would not only exact implicit obedience to his rule from all enrolled under his discipline, but is equally bent upon establishing the same unquestioning docility in the minds of his subscribers. This policy does not commend itself to Mr. HUXLEY. He foresees that, if successful, it can only develop into a deadening and demoralizing influence. His historical parallels and deductions are interesting and characteristic; yet his insight and sagacity are more admirably displayed in his conclusion to take his stand by the side of Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES. The future of the Salvation Army is very much less important than its past. What evidence is there that the work of the Army justifies the unfaltering confidence of everybody that Mr. BOOTH claims? Apart from eccentric show, noise, and buffoonery, we know of nothing in the methods of Salvationists that entitles the Army to take precedence of all other philanthropic institutions. It is easy to talk about "chaotic "charity," and contrast the shilling'sworth of harm with the sixpennyworth of good; but we have no guarantee whatever of Mr. BOOTH's ability to satisfy subscribers with a shilling'sworth of good for every shilling invested. Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES has denied the boasted success of the Salvation Army, and the philanthropy, competency, and fairness of Mr. DAVIES are, as Mr. HUXLEY justly observes, beyond question.

Mr. HUXLEY's request for more light upon the subject has met with no response at present. His resolution in favour of non-subscription must, on the other hand, have been considerably strengthened by Mr. LOCH's critical review of the situation, while it is certain there is nothing in arrest of his judgment to be discovered in the letter addressed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to "the Reverend WILLIAM BOOTH." We venture to doubt if this epistle can be paralleled in archiepiscopal annals. It irresistibly suggests that the writer was skating on exceedingly thin ice. Perhaps this impression is due to the ARCHBISHOP's recollections of former associations with the reverend "General" and his staff, when prosecuting certain moral investigations. Yet, with all its timidity and tenderness of tone, it contains one broad and surprising deviation into sense. "Our experience," writes the ARCHBISHOP, "does not convince me that the characteristic modes of "the Salvation Army are capable of producing lasting moral "effects in a whole class or district." This is excellent, indeed, though it is too much nullified by the rest of the letter. What the characteristic modes are is matter of notoriety. The Vicar of Harwich quotes, in an admirable letter on the subject, a specimen of those modes; and anything more characteristic, in its buffoonery and vulgarity, could scarcely be imagined. If, however, the ARCHBISHOP's experience is such as he describes, it supplies the most cogent argument against entrusting Mr. BOOTH with the unexampled sinews of war with which he desires to equip his forces. Yet, in the scorn of logic, the ARCHBISHOP proceeds to bless the "General," by pleading for the co-ordination of his labours with those whose efforts are stigmatized as "chaotic" by Mr. BOOTH. Does the ARCHBISHOP, does any rational person, believe that the "General" will give over his characteristic modes, and fall in with Mr. LOCH's sensible suggestions? To do this were equivalent to effacing himself and disbanding the Army; and with this self-denying ordinance it would be utterly unreasonable to expect Mr. BOOTH to comply.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

WE question whether, of all the lately multiplying proofs of the shameless factiousness and cynical indifference to the real interests of Ireland which have disgraced the GLADSTONE-PARNELL combination, now happily broken up, there has been any to compare in cogency with the recent votes of the Irish party on the various divisions on the Land Purchase Bill. In rising the other night to support the amendment of Mr. JOHN ELLIS (the Mr. ELLIS who keeps a proscription list of Irish resident magistrates), Mr. GLADSTONE repeated a remark made by him last year to the effect that the Government "would commit a "great mistake if it passed a large measure of land pur-"chase for Ireland," in opposition to what he politely called "the decided convictions" of the Irish members; and went on to say that, though last year these convictions were undoubtedly hostile to the kind of measure then introduced, we have "in the peculiar circumstances of "the present moment" no information from them on that point. Mr. GLADSTONE does injustice, we think, to his own power of appropriating and assimilating information. It happens that one among "the peculiar circumstances of "the present moment," and far from the least peculiar of them, has been Mr. PARNELL's disclosure of the fact that the Gladstonian place-hunter can be more callously regardless of the needs of Ireland than even an Irish agitator, and that whereas Mr. PARNELL hesitated to intercept the boon offered to the Irish tenant by the Government, his English allies had no scruples of their own on the point, and succeeded in overruling his. Another peculiar circumstance conveying "information" as to the present views of Irish members is that as soon as the Gladstonian constraint upon him had been removed by the rupture of the alliance, Mr. PARNELL took some thirty of his colleagues into the lobby with him to support the Government on the motion for leave to introduce the Bill. And a last and most peculiar circumstance of all which has arisen from Mr. GLADSTONE's speech is that, on the motion for the second reading, Ministers had the support of the entire Irish party.

The significance of this last event is fully appreciable only by those who reflect on the present plight of the party in question. It has split up into two bitterly hostile sections, each loudly proclaiming themselves the only genuine representatives of the will of Ireland; but while one of these groups is as confident that Mr. PARNELL's countrymen have disowned him as the other is assured that they uphold him, they agree with a quite wonderful unanimity in thinking that their leader, whether they repudiate or support him, gives expression to the wishes of Ireland in supporting the Land Purchase Bill. Not even the most ambitious SEXTON or mutinous HEALY of them all has dared to record a vote against the measure, or even—on the last division—to absent himself from the Lobby. They acknowledge, one and all, that the scheme embodied is

eagerly and shrewdly desired by all that class of Irishmen whom they endeavoured last year to represent as either duped by it or disdainful of it, and that, at such a crisis as this, it may, in a very literal sense, be "more than their "places are worth" to stand in its way. Their vote in favour of Mr. ELLIS's long and argumentative amendment was, of course, nothing more than a mere formal registration of their assent to the string of "anti-"coercionist" propositions contained in its preamble; and as soon as this academic formula had been duly negatived, they showed their perception of the real merits of the Bill by coming over in a body to swell the Ministerial majority from 70 to 138. We do not believe that they were under any illusion last year as to the wishes of the Irish tenantry, or that they needed or have since then received any additional enlightenment on the question. The truth of the matter, so far as we can learn, is simply this—that the facilities for the acquisition of freehold, never otherwise than welcome and attractive to the Irish tenantry, have been caught at of late by them with increasing avidity; that transactions of land purchase have multiplied and continue multiplying; and that a clear idea of the vast extension which the Ministerial measure will give to the system has got itself thoroughly fixed in the Irish agricultural mind. This may or may not be for the best; on that point opinions still differ as much as ever; but the now complete demonstration of the popular feeling on the subject is, from the point of view of the immediate political situation, the important fact.

THE BUSINESS OF THE SESSION.

IF anybody in the exercise of the "liberty of prophesy-"ing" had ventured a fortnight ago to predict the condition of public business at the end of the first week in December, his vaticinations would have been received with mingled pity and derision. We doubt, indeed, whether any, even of those who foresaw the probability of party and "domestic difficulties" arising among the Opposition by reason of the inconsiderate proceedings of Mr. Justice BUTT, can have formed anything approaching an adequate conception of their results. In all likelihood, their utmost hopes were bounded by the vision of a Gladstonian and Parnellite party, ill at ease with themselves and each other, depressed and dispirited by recent events, and compelled to limit their fighting to the barest minimum consistent with due respect for the maxim that "it is the "business of an Opposition to oppose." No one ever imagined for a moment that things could come to such a pass as to render it impossible to render to this maxim any show of homage whatsoever, and that the "busi-"ness" of one wing of the Opposition would prove to be to fight desperately among themselves in a Committee-room, and of the other to collect in the lobby, awaiting breathlessly the result of the struggle. No one ever supposed that the "Privy Councillors' Bench" on the Speaker's left would be emptied night after night of its perplexed and discomfited occupants, elsewhere taking comfortless counsel with each other under the "heavy "blow and sore discouragement" which has fallen upon their party and their hopes; or that the back benches below the gangway would themselves be absolutely tenantless for nights together; or that the front bench in that quarter of the House should be occupied by a LABOUCHERE in whom, not only the power of obstruction, but the mere propensity for mischief, seems to have become extinct.

Let us for a moment review the surprising distance which Parliament has traversed in this incredibly short space of time, and the far-stretching file of legislative milestones which it has left behind it. The House of Commons met on Tuesday, November 25, and voted the Address before they adjourned for the night. By the end of the week the Government had not only carried their motion—often an obstinately resisted one—to "take the "whole time of the House," but all the three measures which were given a front place in the Ministerial programme had been brought in and read a first time. On Monday last the Tithes Bill passed its second reading, after one night's debate. On Tuesday night Mr. BALFOUR moved the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase, and this motion, after one adjournment of the debate, was carried at the morning sitting of the following day. On Thursday the CHIEF SECRETARY got leave to introduce the Seed Potatoes Bill, and obtained a vote of the Supplementary Estimate of 5,000*l.* for the relief of distress in Ireland; after which Mr. STEVENSON's instruction to the Committee on the Tithe Bill was discussed and disposed of, and the measure definitely entered upon the Committee stage. Similar progress was expected to be made last night with the Land Purchase Bill, and when the SPEAKER has been moved out of the Chair as regards that measure, the Government will actually have exhausted all that part of their Sessional programme which they defined as urgent on the night when Parliament met. And all this within the space of eight working Parliamentary days! It is a "record-breaking" performance, and indeed it breaks records which date from a time when the normal "pace" was a good deal better than in this day of Parliamentary "obstacle races." People are already talking of an immediate adjournment for the Christmas vacation, and, having regard to the painful position in which the GLADSTONE-PARNELL party are placed, and their pressing need for consultation with their English and Irish constituents, it would be needless cruelty to keep them longer at Westminster. The sooner we are able to wish both wings of the Separatist party "a merry Christmas," reminding them at the same time that Yule-tide is emphatically the season, we will not say of "union"—since that might arouse painful memories—but of reconciliation, the better we shall be pleased.

COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS.

IT is not generally known that, among the Simonidean codices which the late Mr. Coxe did not buy for the Bodleian, there was a fragment purporting to be from the lost work of the traveller Pytheas. We have been favoured with a free translation of it, which runs thus:—"Concerning the religious affairs of those islanders I heard many strange things. And in particular one of their priests told me that the god of the Hyperboreans is called Andrew, but that he is also singularly worshipped in one city in the southern part of the great island. This is done only in that one city, and on one day—namely, the last day of the month before the winter solstice; and the ceremonies are on this wise. There is a certain wall built of baked bricks, and a sacred enclosure, which however is not covered in, is made by drawing a line in the direction of the wall, and not many feet from it. And at either end a shrine is marked out by certain chalk marks of unknown origin, in which shrines the most mysterious portion of the rites takes place. And on the day I have mentioned, twenty-two young men, chosen from the best of the citizens, place themselves against this wall, clad in parti-coloured garments, which express the solemnity of the occasion by tokens understood among the initiated. And certain of the elder priests, who have themselves formerly accomplished the rites, place a leather ball in the midst of them with great care and reverence. And the young men, being disposed in two equal bands, and each clad in colours of its own, struggle against the wall in the sight of the elders of the city, and of many pilgrims who have journeyed thither for the purpose, each party striving to take the ball by pushing and kicking into the shrine at the opposite end of the wall. Now of these shrines, one is called Good Calx and the other Bad Calx; but as everything necessary to the worship of the god must be in some way good, and especially since in Bad Calx there is, as I was told, an exceedingly sacred tree, I suppose that in these names there is a mystery which is not disclosed to strangers.

"When the ball is in Calx, there takes place a rite of high solemnity, of which that priest gave me some account; but it appears that even those who are present and see it do not understand it, unless they have been trained to it in their youth. The ball being inserted among the worshippers with special reverence by some of the more ancient priests, one of the young men, suitably chosen for strength and piety, does his best (for it is part of the god's rites that the other party must hinder him if they can) to elevate this ball against the wall with his foot and his hand touching it at the same time. And if he succeeds in this enterprise, he calls out in the Hyperborean tongue, γότιτ. Now the priest told me the meaning of this word; but out of respect for the god I do not think fit to reveal it. After this there takes place a still more solemn rite of throwing the ball, as the case may be, at the sacred tree aforesaid, or at a sacred door at the other end of the wall; but for the greater honour of the god this is purposely made so difficult that it is but seldom fully accomplished. Neither are the spectators idle, for they shout continually during the rites. These things I tell as they were reported to me, not knowing whether they be all credible. But I cannot believe that any one could have imagined such ceremonies if they did not really take place, and it was evident to me that the priest spoke the truth when he ascribed them to religious devotion. For manifestly nothing but great zeal for the gods of their city would induce well-born young men to take part in rites so strange and so laborious. And I thought it not amiss to relate the story somewhat minutely, considering that, although these barbarians are in every way far behind us Greeks in arts and letters, yet in their athletic exercises and in their forms of religion there may be points which even in Greece a wise man shall find worthy of re-

gard." We have tacitly made the best general sense we could of the obscure and apparently corrupt phrases which are frequent (whether by accident or design) in the Simonidean MS. If only the fragment came out of a better custody, there are reasons which would make one like to think it genuine. Not that Etonians have need of Pytheas or anybody else to convince them that the Wall Game is of immemorial antiquity. Modern destructive criticism may, perhaps, make it probable that the Wall was built in historical times. But it cannot touch the Idea of the Wall, or disprove the cherished belief that in the unconscious operation of that Idea on the mind of King Henry VI. lies the true secret of the foundation of Eton College.

No saint, at all events, is honoured in these northern lands with more select and mysterious rites than St. Andrew on his day at Eton, or the vigil when, as this year, the day falls on a Sunday. The understanding of British institutions is the despair of foreigners; English public schools and their constitution are the despair of Englishmen who are not public schoolmen; and the Wall Game at Eton is the despair of public schoolmen who are not Etonians. It has been explained in these columns by one well practised with the football and the pen, and beyond the knowledge that it was his to impart shall no man go. We may now record that last Saturday's match of Collegers and Oppidans was as pretty and well-contested a match as one shall see, though it ended without anything being scored. The elevens were as nearly equal as possible, the Oppidans having some advantage in weight of metal, which was fairly balanced by the Collegers' greater experience of the game. For the first half-hour there was nothing decisive, though Collegers seemed to have slightly the upper hand, mainly by reason of their skilful handling of the ball when it came out of the bully. The second half-hour began with signs of hope for Oppidans and fear for Collegers that superior weight would tell before the end of the game. But the Collegers rallied, and more than rallied, and the spectators were at last rewarded with ten minutes of exciting adventure. A brilliant kick of Lubbock, the College flying-man (when could an Eton match in winter or summer fields be without a Lubbock?) sent the ball into Oppidan calx; and it was good calx. Great, then, were the expectations of a shy among Collegers past and present. But that shy was not got. Nay, more, as the ball slipped out of the bully in calx, Cadogan, the Oppidan flying-man, and a worthy rival to Lubbock, was ware of it. With a kick of excellent strength and direction, he sent the ball far along the wall. And behold the too confident Collegers had neglected to secure their rear, and with a swift run down the ball was past them all—yes, and even past their calx. And now the Oppidans, having thus snatched advantage out of defeat, would have in turn tried their fortune for a shy. But time was up, and the end of the match was an honourable draw. Then did the spectators disperse, and the boys whose parents and uncles had come to see the match and got leave for them were carried off up town, and there was *pernis pestis* and *callo calamitas* in the inns of Eton and Windsor.

Nature is perhaps at her worst in the Thames valley about St. Andrew's day. It is pretty sure to be cold, more likely than not to be damp and misty. Frost, with a suspicion of coming thaw, was the condition of earth and air last week, a condition which combines all inclemencies. No stranger should be introduced for the first time to Eton or Oxford in such weather; and the same is in some measure true of Cambridge. But there is a compensation in the domestic charm of school and college gatherings in winter-time. At such a meeting as Collegers and Oppidans there is no thought of showing off to the public at large. Old schoolfellows meet on their own ground, and the old esoteric jokes and catchwords, things mysterious or frivolous to outsiders, are in their right place. On the Fourth of June Eton gives herself to the world; on St. Andrew's day she reserves herself for Etonians.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE present exhibition of the Royal Society attains a high level of respectable mediocrity. There are few figure pieces, but the landscapes are numerous, and, on the whole, are good. Mr. Charles Robertson's twelve drawings form an important section of the gathering. He has both town pieces with figures introduced into them and landscapes pure and simple. Of the former, the best, perhaps, is the "Story-teller, Damascus," which depicts an open place in an Eastern city, with a verandah surrounding it; under which many cross-legged Arabs sit in a semicircle, and give keen attention to a man who stands in the centre and who relates to them, with much earnestness of manner, the last new story or the latest bit of scandal. Above rises a minaret, round which doves flutter and coo. Mr. Robertson seems to us to be least successful in his "Ghazeeyeh, Egypt" (52), where a dancing girl pirouettes and sways her body to and fro for the entertainment of a grand seigneur, who, with hookah in mouth, reclines on a divan and dreamily gazes at the performance. The legs of the girl are not well modelled; her narrow skirt might, for all appearance to the contrary, be wrapped round blocks of marble or wood. But the most original and, perhaps for that reason, the most striking of Mr. Robertson's foreign drawings is that of "The Housetops, Damascus" (337). Here is seen a very city of roofs gleaming white in the intense light, while a welcome touch of green, in the shape of a tower, relieves the monotone. By Mr. Holman Hunt is a laboriously detailed illustration to an early English poem (303). This drawing is made in white chalk on a buff ground, and is most elaborately carried out; it represents a heavy-faced woman with sad eyes carrying a jewelled brazier, and herself much begemmed. The two rainbows over her head, and the busy plain below and beyond her, all seem pregnant with a somewhat pedantic symbolism.

Mr. Herbert M. Marshall presents many very charming studies in red roofs, shrouded in the mist and smoke of Whitby—that favoured haunt of artists. Mr. Alfred Hunt exhibits some charming dreamy and mysterious bits of coast and river; "Reefs at Low Tide" (70) is a characteristic example of this painter's style; Mr. Hunt casts a quiet spell over this dreary coast.

Mr. Arthur Melville's "The Cañon of Ronda" (67) is like an illustration to a fairy story; it seems an enchanted valley, so steep are its sides, and so fiercely red is the light which shines on one side of it, while we feel sure that the spindley cypresses are nothing else than human beings turned into timber. Another drawing that has equally a charmed look is Mr. Walter Crane's "Town Gate of Church, Prachatic" (274), in which one quaint building with an unknown animal on it vies with another on whose front a rearing charger, in mosaic, rides fiercely. The other four views of places by Mr. Crane are spoilt by the foliage of trees being left in a completely unfinished condition.

Mr. Albert Goodwin gives us a lovely and very original rendering of the "Ponte Vecchio, Florence" (243). Miss Clara Montalba seems to have happily abandoned her rougher impressionist vein, and to have returned to her earlier and more finished style, in some charming bits of Venice. In Mr. Henry Moore's "A Rough Day" (326), the rocking motion of the waves is rendered with his usual skill. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "First Breath of Autumn" (13) is lovely in colour, and is carried far in detail and finish; but the irregular lines of the composition do not seem very fortunate. Mr. Allingham's gentle country-scenes are always welcome. Nor would the exhibition be complete without some of Mr. Marks's popular studies of birds, here represented by white cockatoos of splendid presence. Mr. Glindoni exhibits several character and costume drawings; Mr. Brewtnell some pretty heads of girls, in pastel; and Mr. Arthur Hopkins his usual unreal and rather crudely-coloured groups of figures.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 6 to 5 per cent. During the preceding fortnight the fall in the value of money had been so rapid and so excessive, that apparently they have been carried away by the current. For four days after the difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers became known, the joint-stock and private banks not only ceased lending and discounting, but they called in immense amounts of money they had previously lent, with the result that almost all business went to the Bank of England, and that institution charged from 7 to 8 per cent. for discounts, and 8 per cent. for loans. Apprehension in consequence became so great that the Governor of the Bank of England had to interfere. Then the joint-stock and private banks rushed from one extreme to another. They competed actively with one another for loans and discounts. The great foreign banks did the same, and the consequence is that in a fortnight the rate of discount in the open market fell to less than 4 per cent. Indeed the Treasury Bills on Monday were taken at a rate as low as 3*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* per cent. Some decline in rates was to be expected, and indeed was highly desirable. Had the joint-stock and private banks persisted in calling in loans and refusing to discount, they would have provoked a panic. The Governor of the Bank of England, therefore, did good service in remonstrating with them, and in inducing them to change their tactics. But they have made almost as great a mistake since as they did before in competing too eagerly for bills. They argue that the crisis is now past, and, therefore, the need for keeping large cash reserves; and they point out that gold is coming from abroad in such immense amounts that money must be abundant and cheap for a long time to come—that consequently it is not merely safe, but proper, to give trade the benefit of low rates. It is undoubtedly true that immense sums of gold are coming from abroad. In the three weeks ended Wednesday night, the Bank of England received about $5\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling, and over another million is on the way to this country. But, in spite of that, if the value of money remains as it is at present, or falls further, there will be difficulty before long.

The banks, the discount-houses, and the bill-brokers forget, or do not think it worth while to bear in mind, that most of the gold which has been received by the Bank of England during the past few weeks did not come here naturally, but was borrowed by the Bank from France and Russia, and that, therefore, it will have to be repaid before many months. It is true, no doubt, that the loans can be renewed if everything goes smooth; but it is possible that difficulties may arise abroad, and that, in consequence, renewal may not be convenient. The crops in Russia for the past two years have not been good, and the Finance Minister is apprehensive that the finances may suffer seriously. It is possible, then, that he may be compelled to transfer from London to

Paris to pay the interest on the Russian debt the greater part, if not the whole, of the money due to him. And if there were to be a crisis in Berlin, or if the difficulties of Portugal and Spain were to become more serious than they already are, the Bank of France, also, might have to call upon the Bank of England for repayment of its loan. Further, it is to be borne in mind that a great French funding loan for about 35 millions sterling is to be brought out in the spring; and, even if the Bank of France does not take the gold to make that loan a success, the other great French banks may withdraw large sums from London in order to apply for it. In any case, whether the gold has to be repaid in February or three months later, it will have to be repaid some time; and it will be unfortunate, therefore, if the coin and bullion held by the Bank of England are seriously reduced before the time for payment arrives. And that they will be reduced if rates remain low in London, is only too probable. Already it is profitable to take gold from London to Berlin, and it is expected that most of the metal which will arrive now will in fact be bought in the open market, and shipped to Hamburg. That there will also be an American demand is at present highly likely. The New York money market is exceedingly stringent, and threatens to become even more so as the month advances. About the middle of December there is always more or less of difficulty in the New York market, partly because there is then a withdrawal of funds from New York to the South for moving the cotton crop, and partly to make preparation for the immense sums that have to be paid in interest and dividends on New Year's Day. The Associated Banks are this year exceptionally bare of supplies. When the demands come upon them next week or the week after, they may be compelled to cease lending and discounting altogether. And rates may rise so high that it will be necessary to obtain gold in London to prevent a serious crisis. These are the most serious dangers; but of course there will also be the usual miscellaneous demands which spring up whenever money is abundant and cheap in London, and in this way the drain may become so great as seriously to alarm the market. If we were in ordinary times, a considerable drain would not matter much, considering how strong the Bank of England is. But everybody knows that the times are not ordinary. Credit has received a shock from which it will not speedily recover, and if gold shipments set in upon a large scale, the alarmist rumours that were so rife lately may be revived. It is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the lock-up of capital is still very great, and that several important firms have suffered heavy losses. There is good reason for believing that, in spite of the lock-up and in spite of their losses, they are solvent; but, as we lately said, whenever the market is alarmed, it refuses to give heed to such assurances, and is excited by every unfavourable rumour that circulates. It is unfortunate, then, that rates in the outside market have been allowed to fall so rapidly and so much. It is difficult, no doubt, for the Bank of England to act. It already has an immense reserve of unemployed money, and it is increasing. The Directors naturally are unwilling to artificially add to their unemployed funds, and for a while they were justified in hoping that the banks and discount-houses would be reasonable enough to see that these are not times for imprudent competition. But they must recognize now that the banks and the discount-houses will not take warning, that each one is so eager to retain business that it thinks only of what is to its immediate interest. It seems incumbent, then, upon the Bank of England to interfere once more. It ought to borrow enough to obtain control of the market; and, if it does so, it will soon recoup itself for the expense. The surplus supply in the market is large, unquestionably, and the Directors may feel that it is impossible for them to recover control. If that be so, then rates will fall further until gold shipments begin, and then indisputably we shall have fresh alarm. Perhaps it would not be necessary to incur the trouble and expense of getting control of the market by means of large borrowing if the Governor of the Bank were to put himself in communication with the principal joint-stock and private banks. A fortnight ago his remonstrances availed to prevent unwise restriction of advances; now, if he were to point out the dangers of what is happening, he might induce the leading banks to co-operate with him in maintaining rates.

The price of silver rose on Monday to 48¾*d.* per ounce, but fell next day to 48⅛*d.* per ounce, because of the disappointment of the market at the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury sent to Congress with the President's Message. Mr. Windom states that from 8 to 10 million ounces of silver have accumulated in the United States—that is, about two months' purchases by the Treasury. He points out that if the Treasury were to buy up this quantity the metal would be imported in large quantities, and a fresh accumulation would thus take place. And he gives it as his opinion that some time must elapse before the surplus will be worked off. From this it would seem improbable that there can be much recovery in price, and there was a further fall on Thursday to 47½*d.* per ounce. At the same time the Secretary of the Treasury approves of the new Act, saying that it is a great improvement on the Bland Act. But he regrets that the purchases by the Treasury were not limited to the output in the United States. The market naturally has been disappointed by the Report. A number of Bills for making the coinage of the metal free have been introduced in both Houses, and it is said that there is much probability of free coinage being adopted. Whether it will be vetoed by the President remains to be seen, for the President and Mr. Windom both deprecate fresh legislation, pleading that the new Act ought to be given time to work. Meanwhile, the opinion expressed by Mr. Windom that after a while consumption outside of the United States will so increase as to absorb the accumulation of the metal does not seem very probable. Doubtless there will be an increase in the imports into India during the next three or four months, for always the first three months of the year are the most active in the export trade from India. The value of money in consequence rises very greatly, and there is a demand for increased bullion. But, except in India, during the next few months there does not seem much probability of increased consumption. A falling-off in the consumption is, indeed, much more likely, and at the same time the production is augmenting rapidly.

The unwise and rapid rise on the Stock Exchange which we noted last week continued up to Friday afternoon. On Saturday and Monday there was a pause, and on Tuesday all American prices gave way. There was recovery on Wednesday, but the speculation is hardly likely to be renewed on a considerable scale. Money is for the moment cheap and abundant, but it is possible now to ship gold both to New York and to Hamburg without loss, and the probability is that considerable shipments will take place. If they do rates will rise rapidly, and it is quite possible that even before the end of the year the market may become stringent. In New York there is already considerable stringency, and it is almost sure to increase before Christmas. There is a strong demand for coin and notes to move the cotton crop. There is much distrust all over the Union because of the reckless speculation in houses, lands, industrial securities, and the like, and there is a good deal of hoarding of money in consequence by the banks of the interior. Lastly, in spite of Mr. Windom's plea to the contrary, the Treasury is a disturbing influence. Therefore, the stringency is likely to increase, and, over and above all this, failures continue to be reported all over the Union. In Germany there is a slow liquidation going on, and the Paris Bourse is alone really active and confident. Hitherto it has been able to keep up the prices of international securities, but Paris is affected to some extent by the collapse in the Argentine Republic, and it is still more affected by the financial distress of Portugal and Spain. It is said that the apprehended crisis in Portugal is averted for the time being. A group of Continental banks are alleged to have agreed to advance 6½ millions sterling, which will enable the Government to repay Messrs. Baring Brothers, and also to defray the January interest on its debt, and to meet other obligations falling due soon. But Portuguese credit has almost gone, and it will not be able to continue paying the interest on its debt if it has to stop borrowing. More serious than all is the continued crisis in the Argentine Republic. Political troubles are again threatening, the Government has lost public confidence, the Minister for War is particularly obnoxious, and a fresh outbreak is therefore possible at any moment. It seems incredible, therefore, that the reckless speculation of the past fortnight can be carried much further.

The French and German members of the Argentine Committee were unable to agree with their English colleagues. Only one French and one German were appointed, while there were altogether six English members. The two foreign members proposed that a loan should be made to the Argentine Government to pay the interest on its debt for two years, and that it should be secured on the Customs revenue. The English members declined, and the two foreign members therefore withdrew on Tuesday last. On Wednesday the English members arrived at a decision which has been communicated to the Governor of the Bank of England. It is to fund the interest and guarantees of all kinds for which the Argentine Government is liable for the next three years—that is to say, the Committee says that the Argentine Republic is bankrupt, and it proposes to relieve it from the necessity of paying cash for three years to come. In the interval it is hoped that the crisis will come to an end, that the depreciated paper will rise in value, that the revenue will increase and the expenditure decline, and that then a definitive arrangement can be made. The bonds to be given in lieu of interest and guarantees are to be secured on the Customs revenue, ranking immediately after the 1886 loan. The Committee does not deal with the provincial and municipal debts, nor with the provincial Cedulas. It is said that a proposal regarding the Cedulas will be made in a day or two, and it is understood that negotiations are going on between the National and Provincial Governments with regard to the provincial debts. The proposal of the Committee is perhaps the best possible under the circumstances, but it hardly warrants the congratulations with which it has been received by the Stock Exchange. Practically the Committee declared themselves unable to say at present what the Argentine Republic can pay, and they put off, probably until after the elections a year and a half hence, the determination of the matter. In the meantime the funding of interest and guarantees will increase the debt by about 12 millions sterling, and as the new bonds are to bear 6 per cent. interest, a further annual charge of 720,000*l.* a year will be saddled on the Argentine Republic, and will rank before that for the existing debts and guarantees, except the loan of 1886. While, therefore, the bondholders are insured for three years' paper that will be worth something, their bonds at the same time are to rank after new bonds involving an annual charge of 720,000*l.* a year.

DRAWINGS BY HOKUSAI.

A VERY remarkable collection of works by the most eminent Japanese artist of the eighteenth century, Hokusai, the master of the Ukiyo-yé Rin School, is now on view in the rooms of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street. Of few Japanese artists do we Europeans form any distinct personal impression, but we have portraits of Hokusai, fragments of autobiography, a clearly defined record. He was born at Yedo in 1760, and he died very old and full of honours, but working to the last, in 1849. He called himself, in 1835, "the old man mad about drawing," and expressed the hope that he might pass the limit of a hundred years, still advancing in technical skill and knowledge of nature. In the present collection we seem brought close to this marvellous mind and eye; he becomes real to us, and not the least, perhaps, because his well-worn drawing-board is here, of seasoned wood, its edges worn and smooth with the constant passage of those admirable fingers.

The collection is a very rich one. It not merely contains more than two hundred original drawings and proof-engravings, but in glass cases are copies of two of the great publications which Hokusai illustrated, *The Hundred Views of Fuji* and *The Thirty-six Famous Poetesses.* Other less important books are here also, and portfolios containing a number of engravings which it has not been found possible to place on the walls. In these illustrated books, at which we may glance before going round the walls, we note not merely the art of Hokusai himself, but the skill of the painters who could transfer to their pages drawing so exquisite and colour so brilliant. Among animal specimens we must mention a ruddy-brown fish with an eye of sapphire-blue, swimming in a silver bowl, and some peacocks, whose variegated tails, ranging from red to apple-green, resemble gems in the intensity of their hue.

Hokusai's strong artistic nature led him to see subjects for his brush in the simplest everyday things, objects which in themselves were of insignificant value, but which were beautiful either in colour or in the curves of line that they took; while in the case of animals and birds there was the added charm of expression and purpose to be felt and rendered in such a way that even a casual observer would be conscious of it as he turned over the leaves of one of these famous *Man-gwa* or sketch-books.

Of the sketches of natural objects there are so many that are both true and striking that it is difficult to know which to select, from the slight sketch of the "Cucumber Flower" (9), with its glaucous or saffron-yellow bloom, and of the long bean-pod (108), which is a perfect example of brush-power, to the busy pink-tailed rats (54) and the gamecock, with his deep blue breast (154), until, after passing heavy puffing toads and a night-jar pouring forth its discordant whirring notes to the moon—called in the Catalogue "A Flight of Birds before the New Moon" (72)—we come to the most striking of all the drawings of animals, to the study of "A Serpent Watching a Small Bird" (141). In this drawing a snake, green above and pink beneath, is gliding up a bamboo-stalk, on which is perched a foolish-looking little Java sparrow. The mode in which the double action of the reptile, the upper part of which climbs the bamboo, while the lower half is dragged along the ground, is suggested shows a wonderful skill in eye and hand.

The elaborateness of many of the drawings is apt to be confusing where no colour is employed; and, to a Western eye, the uniformity of the lines prevents one figure from standing out from another. The design numbered 122, and other similar studies, drawn in heavy lines of equal value, are difficult to understand in this state. But these designs, if carried out in bronze, or with the blank spaces filled in with colours as in a window, would at once become clear to the perception. The title "Drawing of a Lady and Horse" (147) is misleading; the little carved wooden horse's head, with a long scarf attached to it, by which the lady holds it, is surely only emblematical, and signifies that the woman is performing the dance of the horse, in the same way that, in another sketch, "A Daimio" (79) watches a young woman executing the cat dance. Indeed, such an example may be seen in "The Dance" (192), in which several ladies of quality are seated on the floor, shielded by a transparent screen from the strong draught which is causing the candles to gutter, and are looking on at an entertainment of dancing, where, among the group of figures in floating draperies which advances towards them, there is one dancer who holds aloft a similar small carved horse's head, with a long scarf floating from it, which she holds in her other hand.

Of the *Surimonos*, or Japanese New Year's cards, there are many examples. The fashion which the Japanese encourage, of writing short poems for special occasions, and having them illustrated by the leading artists of the day, is a charming one. Of these Surimonos, one, called "A Young Mother and her Child in the Country" (109), is exquisite in colour, and suggests the work of Fred Walker in its minute attention to detail. Some of the subjects of these designs are simply *genre*, as in "A Cup containing Asparagus" (112), which, although slight, is very delicate in colour. Many more of them are domestic, representing a young girl at her toilet, or out walking, or in the snow, or cutting grass, or they are studies of two girls gathering pine branches, or masquerading with guitar and lantern. Children are everywhere, at the panorama, on their mothers' backs, with dolls, and with puppies. The country scenes show such subjects as planting fir-trees; a maple-tree with leaves and butterflies; a saw-pit, with a great tree trunk in mid-air, being sawn in two at an acute angle; or of two "Salt-makers getting water from the sea" (83), in what look like wicker ladles—surely a slow process.

No exhibition of Japanese pictures would be complete without a few goblins, and so amongst these realistic sketches we find several portraits of blue and white spooks. The white bogie, however, is only a snow-man, while the little blue-faced "Demon squatting with his pipe and tobacco" (1) is too good-humoured in expression to frighten any sober person. But it is to the original hand-sketches that the spectator returns to admire again their pure colour and the skill and delicacy with which they are treated. The sketch of "A Cock and Hen" (13) in black and grey shades, relieved by red and white tones, and painted on a pale brown ground, surrounded by a dull red mount, is very complete. "The Tortoise" (5), with the convexity of its shell so truly suggested by the way in which the light catches the central ridge of its back, is excellent; while the fascinating "Tiger" (19), with his argumentative expression, is good; and "A Sculptor of Masks" (45) most pleasing, the man smiling in a friendly spirit of content at the faces of his own handicraft.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE curious and unaccountable apathy with which London amateurs persist in treating orchestral concerts in the winter season is apparently as marked this year as on previous occasions. Although several performances of more than usual interest have taken place during the past fortnight, yet on no occasion has anything like a large audience been attracted, and it is much to be feared that the pecuniary results to the energetic impresarios who meet with so little support can be anything but satisfactory. Mr. Henschel, who on the 20th ult. began a new series of Symphony Concerts, especially deserves better support; for he has now for some seasons attempted to supply a deficiency which had long been felt, by providing first-class orchestral concerts in the winter at moderate prices. The programme of his opening concert, without being at all sensational, was admirably selected. Symphonies by Mozart and Brahms occupied the most important place; but the chief interest in the concert lay in the revival of an Overture by C. P. E. Bach, and the performance of two of the Entr'actes from Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont.* The Overture, though so styled by the composer, is more in the form of a short concerto. It consists of three movements, the first two of which are much the best, and show that the composer still retained something of the style of his great father, J. S. Bach, and was not altogether a follower of the "pig-tail" school to which almost all his contemporaries in Germany belonged. The last movement is more trivial, and less worthy of the great name the composer bore. The work was performed in its original form, a double-keyed harpsichord being employed to fill up the harmonies. The effect cannot have been altogether in accordance with the composer's intentions; for the modern orchestra is much more sonorous than that of Bach's time, and the feeble tinkle of the harpsichord was often scarcely audible. The instrument used was also not a very powerful one, and it possessed the drawback of not having stops, upon the proper use of which so much of the charm of tone of the harpsichord depends. The best performances of the evening were those of the beautiful *Egmont* Entr'actes, and of the Overture to Wagner's *Flying Dutchman.* In the former, Mr. Henschel succeeded in getting some really delicate effects from his orchestra, while the latter was played with much vigour and fire. The performance of the two Symphonies was not so good, though, on the whole, the band seemed better than at the last series of these concerts.

On the following evening, Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, gave his second Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall, when the programme comprised his own "Concerto Fantastique" for pianoforte and orchestra, two numbers from a suite of "Scènes Symphoniques Catalanes," a "Rhapsodie Cubaine" (all for orchestra), and several small pianoforte solos, besides the Orchestral Prelude to Señor Breton's opera "*Gli Amanti di Teruel,*" and a Scherzo and Trio and "Zapateado" from the same pen. The concerto was heard last summer at Señor Albeniz's Orchestral Concert at Steinway Hall, but it created a much more favourable impression when performed under Señor Breton's able conductorship. It is gracefully written and effective, but, like all the composer's music, shows that he is very eclectic in his style, and does not possess much individuality. The same remarks apply to the other compositions by him which were brought forward on the 21st; he is best as a writer of short pianoforte pieces, which are always graceful and refined, like the composer's own playing. Señor Albeniz was also heard in two short pieces by Scarlatti, in Tausig's disarrangement of Weber's "Invitation à la Danse," and in Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" for pianoforte and orchestra. His playing of the last-named work was extremely delicate; in the pieces by Scarlatti he hurried the *tempi* so much that the effect was indistinct and uncertain. The new compositions by Señor Breton which were brought forward at this concert were less ambitious in character than the Symphony played at Señor Albeniz's first

concert, and there was accordingly less fault to be found with them. Neither the operatic Prelude nor the Scherzo and Trio is very original in character; both show distinct signs of French influence; but they are well written, and though the orchestration is rather heavy, they cannot be said to be ineffective. Much better than these was a dramatic Overture by Mr. Arthur Hervey, which opened the concert. The composer has been hitherto chiefly known as a writer of graceful songs, but this very promising composition shows that he is capable of more ambitious work. The Overture is constructed entirely upon three themes, but it is worked up with considerable power and effect, and scored with a thorough knowledge of orchestral resources. In spirit Mr. Hervey's music shows German tendencies; but there is a clearness and method about his writing which prove that he can think for himself and, what is more to the purpose, that he knows how to reproduce his ideas with good effect.

The appearance of M. Paderewski at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday, the 22nd, attracted a more than usually large audience. On this occasion the Polish pianist chose for his principal solo his own Concerto in A minor, Op. 17, a work which was noticed in these columns on the occasion of its performance at his Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall last summer. The performance at Sydenham served to confirm the opinion then expressed as to its merits, though the orchestral accompaniments were hardly so well played on this occasion as at the earlier performance; in the slow movement especially the strings were by no means in tune. M. Paderewski's other solos were Chopin's Nocturne in B major, and Liszt's Transcription of Paganini's "Campanella" Rondo, after which he played, by way of encore, Rubinstein's arrangement of the march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." The Symphony was Beethoven's "Eroica," which was not played as well as usual at these concerts. The famous horn passage in the trio was especially bad. The concert began with Mendelssohn's Overture, "The Hebrides," and ended with the ballet-music from M. Saint-Saëns's new opera, *Ascanio*. It has more than once been necessary to protest against the custom which obtains at these concerts of putting new works at the end of a long programme; the arrangement of this concert afforded a particularly flagrant example of this irritating habit. There was no necessity to perform M. Saint-Saëns's ballet-music at all, if it was not thought worth a better place in the programme; but, as it happens, it is a particularly charming example of a branch of composition in which the French master excels, and it was well worth a better place. Moreover, to make matters worse, the Programme-book contained what professed to be an analysis of the work, which practically consisted of a string of disparaging remarks. It cannot too often be repeated that the writer of an analysis has no business to pronounce any opinion as to the merits of the work of which he treats. If an audience's judgment of a composition is to be dictated by the author of the analytical programme, the sooner analytical programmes are done away with the better. Such displays of priggishness as that contained in the analysis of the *Ascanio* ballet-music can be of no use to any one, and will only serve to bring discredit upon the critical acumen of English musicians.

It is difficult to speak in moderate terms of the admirable performances at Sir Charles Hallé's second Orchestral Concert, which took place on Friday, the 28th ultimo. From the opening horn passage in Weber's *Oberon* Overture to the end of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, such extraordinarily perfect playing has been seldom, if ever, heard in London. The Symphony especially, familiar though it is, seemed endowed with new life; the Allegretto was played as if the whole band was one player, and the Finale was given with a brightness which was delightful to listen to. Dvořák's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (Op. 33), the solo part of which was well played by Sir Charles Hallé, is not one of the Bohemian master's best compositions, though, like all that he writes, it deserves an occasional hearing. The rest of the programme consisted of the Allegretto from Spohr's Third Symphony; but the Weber Overture and Beethoven Symphony were by far the most interesting performances, and were alone worth a journey to St. James's Hall on such an inclement night.

At the last two Popular Concerts the chief features of interest have been the production by M. Paderewski, last Saturday afternoon, of a well-written Violin Sonata of his own composition, the violin part of which received ample justice at the hands of Mme. Neruda, and the first appearance at these concerts of Señor Albeniz, who joined Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti last Monday evening in Beethoven's Trio in C minor, besides playing a group of four short sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti. The performance of the Trio was, on the whole, excellent; but the work is not one which demands the highest qualities of a player of chamber-music, and opinion as to Señor Albeniz's merits in this respect must be reserved until an opportunity is afforded of hearing him in some other work. The vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who charmed her audience by her singing of a ballad by James Hook, "When first the East," one of the old-world songs the flavour of which she alone seems to possess the secret of reproducing. Amongst minor concerts the only one which calls for notice is Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's first vocal recital, which took place at Princes' Hall on the afternoon of the 24th ult. Both artists were in excellent voice, and their admirable performances of songs and duets by Marco da Gagliano, Grétry, Handel, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Henschel, and Ambroise Thomas were received with loud applause from a large audience. It is almost impossible to single out any one number in the programme as better than the others; but Mr. Henschel has seldom been heard to greater advantage than in Schumann's gloomy "Löwen-braut," or Brahms's fine "O wüsst' ich doch" and "Ich sah als Knabe" (both from Opus 63), while Mrs. Henschel's charming singing of her husband's "Morgens als Lerche" (Op. 46) earned a well-merited encore. In three of Beethoven's arrangements of Scotch songs the concert-givers were assisted by Miss Shinner (violin) and Miss Hemmings (violoncello).

EXHIBITIONS.

At Messrs. Buck & Reid's Gallery, in New Bond Street, there is on view a small collection of views of Norway, painted in water-colour by Mr. W. W. May, R.I. These drawings are carefully executed, but their general effect is somewhat tame and disappointing; there is great variety of subject, the scenes including snug little towns, bold glaciers, torrents, waterfalls, ships, and the midnight sun, but there is not much variety in their handling nor courage in their treatment. "The Great Leerfos, Trondhjem" (1), is too much like a miniature Niagara to be impressive, while the mountain torrent of "On the Stor Vand" (47) might be any waterfall and be anywhere. "In the Rolfsö Sund, near Hammerfest" (3), is one of many studies of grey clouds on a blue sky; this particular one, however, has snow lying on the range of rocky cliffs. Nos 10 and 11 are of busy "Bergen from the Custom House Quay," the little town nestled beneath a beetling hill. "Leith" (14) is a fine effect of rain, sweeping down incessantly and unceasingly in its fury. "Hestmandö, on the Arctic Circle" (15) shows a strange smooth sea of the colour of a black pearl, with a jagged island rising up beyond, and clouds sweeping down upon it; this is very impressive. But many of the seas here are too much broken up and monotonously painted, the water being not heavy enough, nor is it too carefully drawn; "Windy Day at Hammerfest" (21) is an instance of this, while the carelessly dabbed sea spoils the neat and bright effect of "Bergen" (62).

There are, of course, several examples of snow-scapes; the arrested avalanche, apparently of white paper, in "Svartisen Glacier, Nordland" (58) is not a very happy specimen, while the crude patch of snow in "View from Meraak, Geiranger Fjord" (42) spoils the beauty of the steep green hills, and is aided in accomplishing this by the coarsely-treated sky, where one of more delicacy would have been in better keeping with the subject. In "At Næs, Romsdalsfjörd" (29) the snow is less uniform and white, and the slight tinting of it is an improvement, holding it in keeping with its surroundings; while the deep and mysterious shadow on the hillside is very effective. The rounded white-faced "Bass Rock" (46), with its cap of green, is in strong contrast with the forbidding and jagged rocks of "Hestmandö" and "Hammerfest," and with the long lines of the cliffs of the "Lofoden Islands" and the "Skopshorn." The "View from the Tyvfjeld" (45) shows a strange and charming distinction between the gentle blue sea and the line of the fierce-looking serrated rocks. The several studies of rain-effects are good, whether they be of the fine rain-clouds settling down insidiously on the rocky shores of the "Skopshorn" (70), or the heavy wet clouds endeavouring, apparently unsuccessfully, to get a hold on the forbidding range of the "Lofoden Islands" (68). But it is to the drawing of the "North Cape, Midnight, July 30" (65) that the spectator will turn again, to regard with fascination that quiet wonder of the midnight sun; it looks like a beautiful dream, all is so quiet and so still in the soft lilac and pink of the arctic midnight.

A small collection of bright and interesting paintings by Mr. Alfred Hartley, chiefly of Suffolk, are now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street. In a pleasing preface to the catalogue, Mr. Hartley dwells upon some incidents in the life of Constable, and especially on his love for the country-side around the river Stour; the suggestion that, as a miller's son, Constable had unusual opportunity and encouragement for studying the signs of the sky, and the cloud indications of approaching winds, is a happy one; since to the man who owns a windmill, that grist grinds only which a fair wind favours. But report is not clear upon the point whether Constable was born at the windmill of Bergholt or at the watermill of Flatford. Among Mr. Hartley's paintings there are several which are of places which are interesting as in some way associated with the name of Constable. Of these "Willy Lott's House" (9), showing the end and side of a house, embowered with roses and creepers, and standing beside a stream, Mr. Hartley imagines to look exactly as it did half a century ago. Bergholt, a town at one time inhabited by Flemish weavers, and retaining still upon its churches traces of earlier Norman occupation, is here depicted as a clean, bright little town, with a wide and sandy road, and possessing a snug, welcome-inspiring inn planted at an open corner of its High Street.

Much of Mr. Hartley's painting is clever and effective, with considerable freedom of brush-power; but there is a generosity of oil and varnish about it which is a little excessive. The pictures of subjects seen in sunshine are pleasant; one of sheep in a slanting field, with a hedge of irregular brown trees at its upper end, is reposeful and pleasing; while another painting, of "Midsummer" (36), is delightful; it is full of the effect of sun-

shine, and the atmosphere seems to scintillate with heat. In "Haymaking—Flatford" (26) the light is not so truly rendered; it might be equally well moonlight or sunlight.

"EVERY LITTLE FLOWER."

IN *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakspeare's Fairy Queen, Titania, tells in most pathetic verse how

> The Moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
> And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
> Lamenting some enforced chastity.

This charming passage has a curious significance in the light of modern science. It was not till long after the days of Shakspeare that the curious fact was known that the two sexes pervaded the whole of life in nature, both vegetable and animal, except in the lowest organisms. As we know in the case of plants the same flower may be male and female; or the same tree may bear male and female blossoms differing exceedingly; or the male and female blossoms may be borne on different plants of the same species. But these discoveries in botany had not been made when Shakspeare wrote, and the minute facts concerning the visiting of plants by bees, moths, and flies have but recently been detected, showing us how very beautiful the loves of the flowers may be to us. The colours and the songs of birds are modes of courtship; the colours and the scent of flowers are endowments to attract the bee, the great match-maker. It is difficult to see in what sense this "enforced chastity" of the flower in Shakspeare's verse can be taken, except in the true sense, yet the true sense was unknown to mankind when Shakspeare wrote. The numerous and ingenious commentators on his plays have left this unnoticed, and have made no comments on so beautiful and so significant a passage simply because the sexes of flowers were unknown to them. With our present knowledge of nature and her subtle ways of accomplishing her ends, the poetic imagery of Titania's words would be fine, but no more. She was a sublime Fairy Queen, indeed, if she knew then what, so far as can be learnt, no mortal knew.

This passage, as well as being beautiful, is a great curiosity in literature. It cannot be explained as a flash of genius hitting on an obscure truth by inspiration. If so, the flash enlightened no one; for it did not lead to the knowledge of the sexes in every little flower, nor does it appear to have been taken even as a hint by any one. It is very difficult to translate the passage into any simple or figurative sense without our full knowledge of the sexes of flowers. And it cannot be taken in any other sense than the common well-known one, that the moon with a misty look indicates rain, and that rain with cold is injurious to flowers because it prevents the fertilization of the male and female blossom. Shakspeare was a great and close observer of nature, which he put to its best use in the extreme beauty of his poetry, especially so in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where he hangs a pearl on every cowslip's ear, knows a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows, with sweet musk roses and with eglantine, and where sleeps Titania.

The beauty of the language and the beauty of the sentiments expressed by the character of the Fairy Queen throughout *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the flowery land of dreams, are Shakspeare's own; and it is wonderful that the lament of the little flowers should touch us so nearly if it were at the time merely a haphazard metaphor, written for its beauty rather than for its truth.

In very early days the fruit-eaters of the East, perforce, observed that some trees were fruitless unless others of the same species were present, and they took boughs of the blossom of the one and hung them over the blossoms of the other. Nor did it escape the notice of the ancient philosophers, to whom the idea of sex occurred, as a metaphor rather than as a fact. But this was in the case of the small minority that bear the male and female blossoms on separate plants; it was not every little flower as we now know it to be. The analogy of the sexes was a late discovery in botany, and it was Linnæus who founded his system on it in the eighteenth century (1736), though before his time the idea had entered the minds of botanists, notably Grew in 1676, not however early enough to explain Shakspeare's allusion. In latter days the all-pervading influence of sex on all life, whether sensitive or insensitive, has been the subject of minute investigation, and Charles Darwin made an elaborate study of this provision of nature, showing even in plants bearing hermaphrodite flowers—flowers which contain both sexes in one blossom—that there is a subtle contrivance of nature in favour of crossing, and against breeding *in and in*. If the theory of evolution may be accepted, it is not difficult to suppose that a cross from a stranger in more favourable surroundings, implying superior vigour, might lead to a stronger variety in a species, and the selection of the fittest in the struggle for life. Thus sex of itself alone would be an evolution in favour of variation, and the predominance of the strongest. In these modern times gardeners with a hair-pencil perform the office of insects, and accomplish wonderful results by crossing, the offsprings being finer flowers, or finer fruits, or finer trees, as they will. They reject the failures more ruthlessly than even nature herself.

Shakspeare's lament of every little flower for some enforced chastity remains a curious question in literature. In the *Winter's Tale* there is a passage of the same nature, which might go to show that some insight of the truth had inspired his genius:—

> Pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
> Most incident to maids.

REVIEWS.

THE GREEK WORLD UNDER ROMAN SWAY.*

MR. MAHAFFY has a difficulty in keeping King Charles's Head out of the Memorial. His new book continues the history of the society, philosophy, literature, and religion of the Greek or Græcized world, from the time of Polybius to that of Plutarch. The subject in itself is enough, or more than enough, for the volume. Yet Mr. Mahaffy must introduce some obscure private grievance of his own into his preface:—

> The present scholarship, both of Germany and England, has been positively vitiated by the fashion among its Professors of taking criticism as an act of hostility, and pursuing the critic with such rancour that no quiet man thinks it worth his while to set his neighbour right, or expose, however gently, a piece of literary imposture, at the cost of being maligned or annoyed for the rest of his life

What is all this about? Nobody enjoys being accused of "literary imposture," especially if his conscience is like a sea at rest; but who has been accusing whom, and has anybody been annoying Mr. Mahaffy? Scholars are ever a quarrelsome and vituperative race, especially archæologists; but they are not nearly so bad as in older times, and they are certainly not worse than ordinary uneducated reviewers. These gentry no sooner hear of a popular book than their first desire is to prove that the author has stolen it from somebody else. We do not hear so much of this peculiarly spiteful kind of folly among scholars, and we certainly never knew that Mr. Mahaffy had suffered from the amateur literary detective. Perhaps there has been a quarrel at Dublin.

Mr. Mahaffy's work deals with a subject which is, or at least which used to be, neglected in the English Universities. Greek history practically ended with a certain famous sacrifice; Livy and Tacitus were almost the only authorities for Roman affairs; such documents as Cicero's Letters were only read "for scholarship"; Polybius, Plutarch, Lucian, Diodorus, Strabo, were left unopened. The style of most of these authors was thought second-rate; and the history of their period was, as Mr. Mahaffy says of that of Egypt and Syria in a certain period, "such a weariness of intricacy, that it was justly abandoned to a few specialists." The studies of Oxford, at least, have become much wider, and we imagine that Mr. Mahaffy's new book will be found serviceable by the modern undergraduate. His subject—Greek influence under Roman sway from the Indus to Gades—is a mighty maze, and perhaps nobody can possess the special knowledge needed for its adequate treatment. For example, Mr. Mahaffy suggests that the Buddhists may have founded some sort of school in Galilee or in the mountains of Judæa; and he mentions an inscription in which Açoka speaks of having sent missionaries and medicine to Antiochus II., Ptolemy II., and other potentates. Here is precisely the kind of point on which special knowledge is needed far beyond the scope of the "irresponsible indolent reviewer." It is clear that for a king to send more or less missionary embassies to his brother kings is a very different thing from establishing a Buddhist missionary school among the unlettered peasants of a small and remote district. We are by no means inclined to attribute any Jewish religious change to any such influence, but Mr. Mahaffy leans to this theory. Asceticism and its accompanying notes are too characteristic of human thought everywhere to need specially Buddhistic teaching. However, the suggestion is an example of Mr. Mahaffy's attention to the evidence of inscriptions. According to the old sceptical Oxford teaching, that evidence is mere historical bric-à-brac. Mr. Mahaffy has a much higher value for it, and certainly the sceptical estimate is too low. But we do not feel, as we read his book, that inscriptions, so far, have added so very much to our information. For example, as to the revival of the Delphian oracle in Plutarch's time, Mr. Mahaffy cites (p. 319) an inscription of Korope on Methone, where there was an oracle much visited by strangers. But Mr. Mahaffy sees clearly that many of these strangers may have been mere tourists, and the date of the Korope inscription is uncertain. In *Mélusine* M. Henri Gaidoz lately showed how inscriptions, and similar documents, even in modern France, might absolutely mislead the historian of the future. Mr. Mahaffy mentions that, in papyrus mummy cases near Mesinet el Fayoum Mr. Flinders Petrie has found quantities of Greek writings, fragments of the *Phædo*, and of the lost *Antiope* of Euripides. He infers that Greek life and learning were more widely diffused in Egypt, about 284–224 B.C., than has been believed, and here the documentary evidence seems good and valuable. There must, indeed, have been plenty of Greek books when they were used, as in *In Memoriam*, "to line a box."

With a subject so vast, and with space so limited (some four hundred pages), it was perhaps inevitable that Mr. Mahaffy's book should seem scrappy, and should be anything but easy reading.

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* *The Greek World under Roman Sway.* By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Whether more pains in arrangement and composition might have improved it, might have made what is essential more conspicuous, it is difficult for anybody to say who has not attempted Mr. Mahaffy's task. We can scarcely blame him if he sometimes wearied; and weary he must have been when he wrote that sentiment "did not prevent Agrippa from imposing on the inhabitants" (of New Ilium) "an enormous fine for a misadventure to a Roman princess, which they could hardly have averted, and which was remitted at the intercession of Herod the Great." Here the second "which" applies to the fine; but the language is most embroiled. The ordinary reader would like to know what the Princess's misadventure was. They may consult "Nicolaus Damasc. *de vita sua*, frag. 3." Mr. Mahaffy has not pandered to the spirit of the New Journalism. Again, if a jar of wine cost 100 drachmæ, how big was the jar? Was it one of the big ones that held at least a dozen? Unless we know that, we do not learn whether the wine was "an expensive wine," as Mr. Talbot Twysden said his was not, or rather cheap at the price. Mr. Mahaffy is occasionally much unlike Théophile Gautier. His metaphors are mixed. He talks about "the key to disturbances which could not, indeed, shake off the yoke, but which showed the internal sores with which the mighty commonwealth was afflicted." Animals which wear yokes do not try to shake them off because they have internal maladies.

In a book like this we have to skip about with some mental activity. Mr. Mahaffy's first chapter is on the risings of Hellenic or Hellenized slaves in Sicily, and on Sylla's attempt at conservative reconstruction. His second is on Chandragupta and Açoka, stone-building in India, and the supposed relations of the Greek and the Indian drama. He thinks that the Indians must have copied Greek plays given by strolling Dionysiac companies for the amusement of princes, "while the majority of their retinue must have found the dialogue quite incomprehensible," poor fellows! They could not get up and go away, as Marius did, when he was taken to see a Greek play. This was worthy of Marius's good sense. A Greek play (as now performed) is the very abyss of tedium; but few people are so frank as Marius. Mr. Mahaffy now comes back to Hellenism in Syria and Egypt, to the Maccabees, and to the interesting voyages of Eudoxus and the possible Malagassy "found half dead in a boat alone." Next, after some remarks on African exploration, we have "the Acclimatization of Greek Philosophy in Roman society." We Saxons are notoriously dull; we can hardly jump about thus with Mr. Mahaffy, who has done all these feats of mental agility in sixty pages, and who informs us that Cato "was no gentleman." The settlement of the East, the bringing of Greek works of art to Rome, the inscriptions, the trade, the decadence of Delos next engage us, and it is certain that here the inscriptions are of most undeniable value as to "the free port of the Ægean" and the inroads of the pirates. Mr. Mahaffy now traces in a clear and interesting manner the Roman acceptance of Greek education and the reaction against it; his remarks on the attitude of Cicero towards the Greeks are also acute and valuable. He thinks Cicero and his son were careless of the beauty and romance of Athens. But we can hardly expect the younger Cicero to have written letters home on the plan of Mr. Bouncer at Oxford. The best passage on Greek "philosopher-companions" is that on Philodemus, Piso's led captain, the poet and philosopher. This passage is separated by a long distance from what Mr. Mahaffy has to say about Meleager and the other contemporary poets of the *Anthology*. Mr. Mahaffy, who calls Theocritus an Alexandrian pedant, has little toleration for the epigrammatists; indeed, he regards their art as much on a level with the making of double acrostics. To Meleager he allows excellence in "pathetic exclamation, in passionate soliloquy, and in a Carlylesque richness of poetical epithets." But he tells us "nothing of politics or of home life," though it is admitted that his spring flowers are vernal, and not such as grow in autumn. It is needless to remark that Mr. Mahaffy, in our opinion, much underrates the *Anthology*, both as poetry and as evidence on the "home life" of Greece. In such evidence the epitaphs and *anathematica* and *epideiktika* are exceedingly rich. As to the poetry, it has inspired poets ever since; it is often tender, pathetic, and, in the case of Leonidas of Tarentum, celebrates the dignity of rural labour in a style worthy of Wordsworth. And this poetry, so well, if inadequately, described by Longfellow, this collection of darkened love-lamps, of faded flowers, of dusty garlands, these echoes of voices from the graves of maidens, matrons, fishers, seamen, singers, this museum of gems, is "an amusement like double acrostics." Mr. Mahaffy has accustomed us to queer violences of individual prejudice, but to few more arbitrary than this; to few which more clearly show his lapses of taste, and his partial incompetence to understand the spirit of Greece. We have not space to follow him through the Greece of the early Emperors. His most interesting passage is perhaps his excellent translation of Dion's account of rural life in the "hollows of Euboea," a text more truthful, perhaps, than Mr. Mahaffy is inclined to think, a story very little known to English readers, and far more beautiful than the famous prose idyl of *Daphnis and Chloe*. Mr. Mahaffy, to our comfort, admits that Plutarch was "essentially a gentleman." He disbelieves, and we hope his scepticism is justified, in some of the details of life in Apuleius. He compares the *Golden Ass* to some French novels:—"The society for which such books are written must have shown that they are to its taste; the society which such books portray may have been wholly different." The abomination of Nero's taste may have been transplanted by Apuleius to Greece. So Mr. Mahaffy declines to use Apuleius as evidence, and returns to Plutarch, of whose religious system he gives a capital account. Probably Mr. Mahaffy's observations on domestic life as revealed by Plutarch are the most interesting paragraphs in his book to the general reader. It is not a very clearly arranged book; the materials are so heterogeneous that they supply an excuse for want of clearness. But probably there is no other book from which the English reader can learn so much about the subject, and none of its kind that will be more useful to the true serious student.

NOVELS.*

"DRESSMAKING," remarked little Miss Macnabb, "is just like a' the airts I ever heard tell of, a kind of epitome of life." And it was, furthermore, her opinion that "it wants good blood in your veins and a leddy's bringing up before you'll ever make a dress that will set off a leddy." Such sentiments would fit in well enough with a theory which not a few persons of quality put into practice nowadays; but they must have sounded dangerously subversive seventy years since, when Kirsteen Douglas—a Douglas of Drumcarro—resolved to fend for herself and earn her living as a dressmaker. Kirsteen saw as clearly as any one could the consequences of the step she was taking. She was in no way minded to undervalue the dignity of her family. "I am not his grace's clanswoman," she tells the Duchess, when that noble lady threatens her with the Duke's displeasure. "The Douglases, I have always heard tell, were sovran in their own place, and gave no reverence to one of another name." She can take a high tone, too, with her sister, who has run away with a Glasgow doctor; a doctor, for all his respectability, being a common person to the proud Highland girl. But love conquers pride; and Kirsteen, troth-plighted to her own lad in India, will do anything honest sooner than be driven to marry Glendochart, an old man who might be her father. Neither the Laird of Drumcarro's arguments nor his threats avail to move her an inch from her determination. "Ye will be a lucky woman," he tells her; "ye're to have Glendochart estates for your life, and it's a very fine downsitting." Kirsteen is firm as a rock, and then the laird, as usual, loses his temper. "What are ye?" he cries; "a creature of no account, a lass that has to obey her father till she gets her man, and then to obey him." Equally futile is her mother's remonstrance.

> "Oh, Kirsteen! it's very little a lassie knows; ye think of a bonny lad, a bright eye, or a taking look, or a fine figure at the dancing or the like of that. But who will tell ye if he may not be just a deevil in the house? Who will tell ye that he may not just ding ye into a corner and shame ye before the bairns, or drive ye doited with his temper, or make your bed and your board a hell on earth? Oh, it's little, little, a lassie kens! She thinks she will please her fancy, or she listens to a flattering tongue, or looks to a bonny outside; and all the time it's just meesery she's wedding, and not a bonny lad!"

Poor Mrs. Douglas may well speak with feeling. The laird is just a deevil in the house. The auld slave-driver, as the neighbours would call him at times—in his hot youth he had gone to seek a fortune in the West Indies—was a hard husband as well as a hard father; and her lot is inexpressibly sad. She is the best drawn character in the book, for it requires no little skill to win sympathy for a commonplace, weak-minded woman, with neither comeliness nor spirit, but only a capacity for suffering. The scene at her death-bed is wonderfully pathetic. "'Tis just a sight for the angels," Kirsteen said. Doubtless, however, we should be chiefly interested in that young person herself. A strong-minded woman, she is also an attractive one. The spoken romance of her life is told in two brief sentences:—"Will ye wait for me, Kirsteen, till I come back?" and the whispered answer, "That I will," straight from her true heart. Wait, she does, though he never comes; and while we do not, as a general rule, advise all young ladies who cannot marry the lad of their choice to run away from their homes, and set up as milliners, we are quite prepared to give this bonny Kirsteen, with her Highland grace and her spirit, high rank and place among our favourite Scotch heroines. Nor will we dwell on the reflection that as likely as not she would have been very happy and comfortable in the end if she had taken Glendochart and the fine downsitting as mistress of the elderly beau's estate. If one may hint at a flaw in the book, it can be detected in the too sombre hue of the story. It is not that there is no touch of humour to lighten and relieve the gloom, and Kirsteen is too self-reliant and serene to think only of her troubles; but one gets a laugh too seldom; while the one character who is consistently frivolous, Lord John, pays for it by having his neck broken.

The Last of the Fenwickes is in most respects an admirable story. Charlotte Brontë might have imagined the family at

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* *Kirsteen: the Story of a Scotch Family Seventy Years Ago.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Last of the Fenwickes. By Helen Shipton. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1891.

The Winding Way. A Novel. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Sidney. By Margaret Deland. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Nutshell Novels. By J. Ashby-Sterry. London: Hutchinson & Co.

The Idle Hour Series—Wedding. By Robert Overton, and other Writers. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Cogshall Grange; the disreputable grandfather who had once been a gentleman, the coarse-bred sons—old Adam Fenwicke crowned a wild career by marrying his cook—and Isobel herself. Miss Fenwicke is the daughter of a George Fenwicke who was thrown from his horse and killed hardly a year after his runaway match with pretty Delia Marshall. Two days afterwards Isobel was born, and in a couple of days more the child was left without either father or mother. Brought up at first by her mother's people, she had been taken when seven years old to the Grange, and there spends her girlhood amid surroundings that would have hopelessly ruined a weaker character. Her grandfather has lost every trace of good breeding; her uncles, rough squireens, care for little else than a close deal over a horse or a drinking bout and game of cards with boon companions. Her aunt, the honest, well-meaning Mrs. Moultrie, who might have rescued her from the sordid degradation of life at the Grange, is also killed in an accident, and Isobel is left to grow up as best she can, with no companions of her own age, and no education save what she gets out of Sir Walter Scott's novels—not bad school-books for a girl, either. But the finer qualities of the race, lost or latent in two generations, come out again in Adam Fenwicke's granddaughter, who has all the points and grace of a family that once held its own with the best in the county. Isobel knows by intuition that everything about her is mean and despicable. At the same time, she believes that escape is out of the question, that she is the last of a doomed name. She has been born a Fenwicke; and this, she thinks, must cut her off irretrievably from the whole civilized world. Even when Prince Charming appears on the scene in the person of Alwyn Craufurd, her first impulse is to warn him to have nothing to do with the Grange or its inhabitants. With just a little more vigour in the character of Alwyn Craufurd, *The Last of the Fenwickes* would be a much better story than it is. His way of lifting his eyebrows and looking bored when anybody opposes him is quite compatible, of course, with ferocious and even fiend-like energy. One knows this from a study of modern politics as expounded by gentlemen of the Irish party. Nor is there anything effeminate in his sentimental affection for Jack Beresford; while the fit of petulant despondency in which he "chucks the service," notwithstanding his taste for a military life, may be only the result of Maltese fever. But men of the world ought not to behave like sentimental young ladies, and this is what Craufurd does when he quarrels with the Beresfords and goes off with the intention of hiding himself. There is something wrong, too, in the scene where, like Browning's Count Gismond, he comes to blows with the man who has libelled his lady-love. What he does may be right enough, but he says far too much. Yet these are small defects, when the author has created a central figure like Isobel Fenwicke, and can paint exactly the background which best sets off her sweetness and simplicity.

When two young gentlemen, marvellously alike in look and bearing, meet for the first time on board an Atlantic mail steamer, we know perfectly well what must happen. One of them will be going home to England to establish his claim to a baronetcy and 25,000*l.* a year, more or less; while the other will belong to the class that has brains but no money. The real Sir Roger will die or be killed, or else disappear till the penultimate chapter, and his counterfeit presentment will take fraudulent possession of the estate. In *The Winding Way* the real Sir Roger—Sir Philip Livingstone, we mean—is drowned outright; the s.s. *Hermione* being lost with all on board, but two, in mid-ocean. Paul Laverack, who resembles the drowned baronet, is saved, and so is Mr. Amaziah Flyshaker, who, as the tale progresses, comes in usefully as an instrument of retribution and as a comic character. After the shipwreck, of course, Paul goes at once to Yorkshire and finds no difficulty in passing himself off as a baronet, though he feels a trifle awkward when called upon to kiss the defunct Sir Philip's sister. This kissing business, we notice, is always introduced in some form or another. Unlike his illustrious prototype, the pseudo-Sir Philip has received a liberal education, so that he can quote Horace and discuss Theocritus with any baronet in Burke; accomplishments which would have saved the claimant to the Tichborne title and estates many a discomfiture. Among the more startling variations introduced into a now threadbare plot is the incident of the dream. The young lady who had to be kissed was Sir Philip's twin sister. On the night when the *Hermione* went down she dreamt about an open boat at sea, with a dead man and a living one, each the image of her brother. We must leave it to the occult to say whether Miss Livingstone, being in Yorkshire, could have seen, at 3.5 A.M. Greenwich time, a vision of something that actually happened just before sunrise, half way across the Atlantic. Surely allowance should be made for the difference of longitude. This twin sister, Helena Livingstone, is a beautiful young goddess with a splendid head, magnificent hair, and the rarest smile. Her portrait, we should like to add, may be seen in places where they advertise. "More than one noble lord whose pockets were as empty as his vows were impassioned, sacrificed themselves at her shrine," while her smile, that rarest smile, served to electrify a whole roomful of men. It is Mr. Sharpe, the family lawyer, who gives us such a gushing account of Miss Livingstone's personal charms, though his reminiscences are somewhat unprofessional. "Heavens!" he writes, "what a beauty she was! You may take your girls of sweet seventeen for me; I like to see a woman fully developed . . . Woman's like wine, best when it's fully matured." The Rabelaisian old lawyer is still more unprofessional when, in his capacity as coroner, he lets a man already in custody on a charge of murder tender evidence on oath.

Major Mortimer Lee brings up his daughter Sidney on a plan of his own. The loss of his wife has affected him in the same way as the knowledge of human misery affected Gautama Buddha, and Count Tolstoï. The only escape, he says, from the tragedy of consciousness which the caprice of the motiveless will fastens on us is resignation, is the giving up of desire, is the giving up of living. The nearest approach to what we call happiness is negation. So Sidney is taught that immortality is only a pretty hope, with no more foundation in reason than a fairy story. Without a belief in immortality she will never dare to fasten her soul to another soul. "She will not love," the Major thinks, "and so she shall escape suffering." In his opinion, "love is hell." Sidney is an apt pupil, and becomes quite an accomplished little Buddhist, as far as a firm belief in the doctrine of negation can make one. She goes to church occasionally, but only because she likes the music. When a young gentleman entreats her to fall in love with him, she will not hear of it. "There would be no grief," she cries, "if there were no love. Love means grief; it means fear. Oh! truly, I do not see how sane people can deliberately invite suffering by loving each other." Upon this the young gentleman goes home, and proceeds to die of heart disease, which so upsets Miss Lee in her philosophy that she presently declares herself willing to marry him on his death-bed; and does it. Whether *Sidney* will be as widely read as *John Ward, Preacher*, by the same author, we cannot say; but it would be a clever and interesting story if some of the characters were left out, Sidney herself included. Her aunt, Miss Sally, is delightful, and the worldly Mrs. Paul should be preserved. We notice yet another example of the blundering which confuses Frankenstein with the monster he created. Major Lee talks of Christianity as "a conception so blastingly cruel that men would die at the very sight of the Frankenstein they had called into their minds." "Blastingly," by-the-bye, is an odd expression. So is antagonize in such phrases as "Alan was alternately charmed and antagonized by Sidney's attitude towards life," or "Alan felt a growing disinclination to antagonize Sidney's father." On the whole, we are oftener antagonized than charmed by the book.

The author of *Nutshell Novels* rashly refers to "those tiresome children who, when you have told them a tale, ask—and what then?" This is too often the reflection produced after reading Mr. Ashby-Sterry's amiable but unexciting stories. The most impressive incident in the whole collection will be found in the tale of "Ruddleton's Revenge." Mr. Ruddleton, a wealthy gentleman, writes a play, *Airy Nothings*, which, after a brief run, is withdrawn to make way for *Clover*, a new and original comedy, by Mr. Shunkle. Irritated at his failure, the author of *Airy Nothings* surreptitiously buys up all the tickets for the first performance of *Clover*, and throws them into the fire. The result is a remarkably thin house. There is really little else to note in the story except that *Chansonnette* is twice spelt wrongly, which, seeing that the author has written so many, is certainly curious. Some of the *Nutshell Novels* are not novels at all, but merely more or less humorous sketches. The maximum of humour is reached when a military officer is called a lobsterious old disciplinarian.

The short stories put together under the comprehensive title *Wedding* have, at any rate, the merit of variety. There are reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny, by Colonel A. J. Macpherson; American tales, by Miss Ella Wheeler and Judge Clark; a story of English society, by Mr. Manville Fenn; and, oddly enough, an extract from the miscellaneous works of Theodore Hook. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Markham is amusing. In order to enjoy certain legacies, they have to become, the one Mr. Farebridge and the other Mrs. Merryweather, much to the mystification of the lady boarders at an hotel in Florida. One can pick up a good deal of information about American life from the book, as well as some choice examples of the American language. Sometimes we find people elegantly located in a handsome house. Sometimes they whittle sticks.

GREEK SCULPTURE.*

THE ten years which have elapsed since Mr. A. S. Murray published the first edition of his valuable work on Greek Sculpture have formed an exceptionally memorable decade in the archæological history of this century, on account of the great number of new discoveries that have been made and the very important fresh lights that have been thrown on the subject of the plastic arts of the Greek race. These discoveries have been wide in geographical extent, and no less wide in the variety of the artistic periods which they illustrate. It is therefore somewhat disappointing to find that Mr. Murray has added nothing, and has made no modifications in the second volume of his book, which deals with the whole wide field of Greek sculpture from Phidias downwards. Mr. Murray tells us nothing of some of the most important of all the many plastic treasures which have recently come to light. Every archæologist will remember the thrill of excitement that was felt by all students of Greek art when it was announced that

* *A History of Greek Sculpture.* By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. Revised edition. London: John Murray, 1890.

the German excavators at Elis had discovered the Hermes by Praxiteles, which Pausanias saw standing in its recess in the temple of Hera in the Altis of Olympia. Common as are later copies of works by the most famous Greek sculptors, it is a rare piece of good luck to get hold of an original work which can, with reasonable certainty, be attributed to some known and illustrious name. This rare good fortune has recently befriended the Greek explorers at Mantinæa, and the Museum of Athens has now been enriched with another original work, which, by its graceful design and delicate modelling, bears witness to Pausanias's correctness when he attributes it, like the Hermes, to Praxiteles himself (see Paus. VIII. ix. 1). This new-found treasure consists of three well-preserved marble slabs, with reliefs of the Muses, which once decorated the pedestal of Praxiteles's group of Leto and her children, Apollo and Artemis, which stood in the curious double temple at Mantinæa, half of which was dedicated to the above-named deities, and the other half, with its cultus statue by Alcamenes, to the younger deity Asklepios, who in the fifth century B.C. developed from a somewhat humble origin into a god of wide fame and veneration.

A still more important discovery, unnoticed by Mr. Murray, has been the unearthing at Lycosura, in Arcadia, of many large and important fragments of another group which is described by Pausanias at unusual length (VIII. xxxvii. 3 to 5). This group has the double interest of being an actual example of a cultus group of statues in a very sacred temple and also as supplying specimens of the skill of a sculptor, Damophon of Messene, who has hitherto only been known from literary records, neither original nor copy of any statue by him being previously known to exist. Even the date at which he lived was doubtful; some writers placing him early and others towards the close of the fourth century B.C. Little more was known about Damophon than the fact that he was the sculptor of certain marble statues, and that he was selected for the difficult and honourable task of repairing the ivory which had got loose on the famous chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Phidias in the Olympian temple.

The group which, at least partially, has been recovered, appears to have struck Pausanias as an exceptionally remarkable piece of sculpture. It consisted of two seated figures of colossal size representing the very sacred Chthonian goddesses Demeter and her daughter Persephone, who at Lycosura was worshipped under the mystic name of Despoina, "the Sovereign Lady." Behind these enthroned deities was a standing figure of Artemis, holding a lamp and two serpents, and another statue representing the Titan Anytus in full armour. These statues, which are in marble, are finished with much minuteness of detail in spite of their great size. The eyes were inlaid in coloured stones or enamels after the early Greek fashion, and the flesh is all polished to a fine ivory-like surface. The most striking thing about these statues is the extraordinary elaboration of the drapery, a great part of which is completely covered with patterns, carved in delicate relief, representing animals, griffin-like monsters, and human figures, together with floral designs of very rich effect. The whole *technique* of the group suggests that the sculptor, though working in marble, had in his mind the gold and ivory or gilt bronze which, till his time, had been the usual materials for cultus statues inside a temple cella—thus marking a transitional stage from the more costly method to the simpler marble sculpture of the age of Praxiteles and his successors.

Again, no history of Greek sculpture should omit some reference to the many important pieces of sculpture which have been found in the sacred precinct of Asklepios, at Epidauros, or that most interesting of Greek buildings, the great *Tholos* or sacred "Pump-room" in the same temenos, which, Pausanias tells us, was designed by Polyclitus. The evidence of the existing remains shows that Pausanias is here speaking, though perhaps unknowingly, of the younger Polyclitus, who lived two generations later than the famous contemporary of Myron and Phidias. As an architectural work this *Tholos* is of great importance as supplying an earlier example (probably of about 370 B.C.) of the Corinthian style than any which was previously known. The building consisted of a circular *cella*, in the middle of which was the sacred well of Asklepios, with an external ring of Doric columns, and an internal circle, within the cella, of columns of fully-developed Corinthian style. The whole of this magnificent structure, including the tiles of its roof, was built of the glittering white Parian marble, the effect of which, under a Greek sun, is magnificent beyond all description.

In some ways the most startling of all the recent finds has been the discovery, in the Hall of the Mysteries at Eleusis, of reproductions in marble, on a small scale, most beautifully and accurately worked, of some of the statues in the pediment of the Athenian Parthenon. The most perfect of these is a copy, about eighteen inches high, of the group which still remains, in a sadly mutilated state, in the north angle of the west pediment, statues of a seated man and a lady whose arm is round his neck, commonly known as Cecrops and one of his daughters. Fortunately the copy from Eleusis is very well preserved, and has far more beauty, both in general design and detail, than even a vivid imagination can lend to the shattered wreck of which it is a reproduction.

The discovery of these two or three little statues creates the wild hope that possibly a complete set of copies of the sculpture in both pediments of the Parthenon may some day come to light, and thus lead to a more certain knowledge of what the meanings of the various figures really are. Those that have been found are, happily, works of a good Greek period—not coarse Roman caricatures, like the reproduction of the gold and ivory statue of Athene, the discovery of which was announced in such glowing language by the Mayor of Athens a few years ago.

In the first volume of Mr. Murray's revised edition some important additions have been made, especially an account of some of the numerous archaic female statues which have been found on the Athenian Acropolis among the great mass of ruin and débris which was caused by the Persian invasion in 480 B.C. On the whole these very stately and, frequently, graceful statues, with their delicately modelled heads, tend to show that Attic sculpture was more advanced at the beginning of the fifth century B.C. than had hitherto been supposed. They not only possess great dignity of form, but in many cases have a deeply thoughtful and even spiritual beauty of expression, very unlike the rigid type of face which was formerly thought to have been universally prevalent in the sculpture of Athens before the Persian war. Judging from his descriptions, Mr. Murray has not had the advantage of personally studying the many newly-discovered pieces of sculpture in Athens. This is a serious drawback to the value of his work. No one now can possibly write an adequate history of Greek art in any branch, and least of all a history of sculpture, without a careful study of the many recent additions to the treasures contained in the three chief museums of Athens. Certainly no one who had seen them could possibly have omitted, as Mr. Murray does, all mention of the colossal groups, carved in local limestone, which are now the most striking and interesting of all the contents of the Acropolis Museum—more important for the history of Greek art than even the archaic female figures in Parian marble. The latter were not wholly new in type and subject, but nothing like these colossal stone statues had ever been discovered before. Some of these statues, which probably date as far back as the first half of the sixth century B.C., have belonged to the pediments of some early Athenian temple. The principal subjects appear to be Herakles strangling the sea-god Triton—a monster half human and half fish-like in form—treated in general design very much like the same object which occurs on the sculptured architrave from Assos, which is now in the Louvre, and also on many early vase-paintings. The other subject was Zeus slaying a strange Typhon-monster, with triple winged human bodies and serpent terminations. The style of these colossal pieces of sculpture is very remarkable, combining great spirit and vigour of movement in all the limbs, with absolutely blank, expressionless faces. All are coloured in the most brilliant way with crimson flesh, and in the case of Typhon, with hair originally of bright ultramarine, though time has partly changed the pigment from blue to green. Other no less remarkable groups represent a bull being pulled down by two lions which have sprung upon it, one over its head, the other over its haunches; brilliant streams of crimson blood are flowing from each point where the teeth or claws of the lions are fixed in the flesh of the struggling and dying bull. This colossal group seems to have been repeated twice with little or no variation.

The archaic statues of athletes, which are among the recent acquisitions of the Athenian museums, are also well worthy of notice, and go far to prove the correctness of Dr. Waldstein's theory, published some years ago, that many of the early so-called figures of Apollo, with long plaited hair, really represent, not any deity, but merely athletes who had been victors in some important contest. Though still a work of much value, containing a large amount of useful matter, one cannot but feel that Mr. Murray's revised edition is, comparatively speaking, an inferior work for the year 1890 than his first edition was for 1880. It is also disappointing to find that the author has done nothing to improve his very clumsy and frequently ungrammatical style, which makes the study of his really useful book very difficult and irritating. Constantly Mr. Murray begins an inordinately long sentence without apparently knowing what he is going to say at the end of it. As an example, we may quote the following sentence (not an unfair sample of the whole), in which the writer is speaking of a statue erected in honour of Kimon's victory over the Persians:—

> No doubt there must have been in Athens itself some very definite monument of so splendid a victory, and from the position of the temple of Athena Nike with reference to the south wall, it is argued that the erection of this building should be included in the statement about the fortifying of this wall, and that the xoanon which Kalamis copied was no other than the sacred statue of this temple, the pomegranate in her hand not only indicating, as did the palm tree at Delphi, a victory over Orientals, but having special allusion to the town of Side, the symbol of which was a pomegranate, and which, from its nearness to the scene of the battle, if not from some now unknown active part in it, would naturally have been associated with the event.

Some illustrations have been added to this edition, but not many. Those throughout the work are of very unequal merit; some are very bad, such as the metope from Selinus at Vol. I. p. 293; others are excellent; but unfortunately all have the very serious defect of being without any scale or figuring, and are therefore liable seriously to mislead the student. No one, for example, would guess from the illustration (I. p. 144) of the "Athene—relief in bronze," in the Acropolis Museum, that it is only about twelve inches high.

Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, Mr. Murray's *History of Greek Sculpture* has many merits. It is exceptionally free from inaccuracies on matters of fact. One slip does need correction—the marble throne with the relief of the Tyrannicides, Harmodios and Aristogeiton, is not "at Athens" (p. 160), but is at Broom Hall in Fife, as is recorded by Michaelis in his work on Greek Sculpture in Britain.

MAGELLAN.*

DR. GUILLEMARD notes it in his preface as a curious circumstance that, "while the world is year by year presented with biographies of persons who cannot lay a claim to a tithe of the renown so justly accorded to Magellan, no life of the great circumnavigator has yet been written in English, or, indeed —if we make one exception—in any other language." But his own book shows that there is very good reason for the apparent neglect. The truth is that, apart from his great voyage, which has been abundantly recorded, there is no life of Magellan to be written. There is not enough known about him. Dr. Guillemard, after gently hinting blame on Señor Diego de Barros Arana for dismissing the navigator's early life in five pages, promises to supply the defect. He devotes a goodish number of pages to an attempt to keep his word, but we cannot accept this part of the book as biography at all. It is full of accounts of the campaigns of the elder Almeida, of his son Dom Lourenço, and of Albuquerque; but, though Magellan was present in many of these operations, he is, on Dr. Guillemard's own showing, only rarely mentioned as having particularly distinguished himself. When giving an account of Albuquerque's second attack on Goa, Dr. Guillemard has to confess that Correa—the best authority for the time—does not mention Magellan among the "valentes cavalleiros honrados" present on the occasion; but adds that he "may well come under the head of the 'outros cavalleiros honrados' who were present." He may or may not. It is hardly worth while to tell a man's early life at length if it cannot be given with greater precision than this. The fact is that Dr. Guillemard has really nothing of importance to add to what has been already told by Lord Stanley of Alderley in his *First Voyage Round the World*, done for the Hakluyt Society in 1874. This being thus, we could wish that he had acknowledged his obligations to his Lordship somewhat more warmly, and had avoided a certain tone of condescension which appears at times. Lord Stanley's book is a very different one from Dr. Guillemard's. It is a translation of Pigafetta and other authorities elucidated by notes. It was quite competent to Dr. Guillemard to use it; but literary courtesy required him to be very explicit in his thanks and acknowledgments, and it also required him not to talk as if he had himself added materially to knowledge, when in fact he has not so done. At times, too, he might with advantage have taken the wording of Lord Stanley's translation. In Lord Stanley Pigafetta gives as his reason for going on the voyage the wish to see "the very great and awful things of the ocean." This sounds much better than "the wonderful things of the ocean," the phrase taken by Dr. Guillemard.

The story of the famous voyage is well told by Dr. Guillemard. He himself will, we imagine, acknowledge that, considering how well the way had been prepared for him by a long series of predecessors, beginning with Maximilian Transylvanus and ending with Navarrete, the work was not difficult. His judgment on the few disputed points in Magellan's life is, we think, sound. It is well known that the navigator has been much reproached by his countrymen for renouncing his allegiance to his native King and entering the service of Charles V. Dr. Guillemard, who in this again follows Lord Stanley, points out that Castilian and Portuguese nobles had all through the middle ages claimed the right to renounce their allegiance and seek their fortunes elsewhere when dissatisfied at home. We may point out, too, that Magellan would probably have defended himself by saying that he had left the underlord for the overlord, the King for the Emperor, who was the sovereign of all Christendom. This last phrase was used at least once by him in his negotiations with the princes of the Indian Islands. Dr. Guillemard very properly defends Magellan for the measures he took to suppress the mutiny at Port St. Julian. It shows some ignorance to call the killing of Luis de Mendoza an assassination. The man was a mutineer, and was openly cut down on his own deck by the alguazil of the expedition, Gomez de Espinosa, whose post corresponded to that of the provost-marshal in a land force. As for the other mutineers, who were either beheaded and quartered or marooned, they deserved their fate for rebelling against a chief appointed by the Emperor, to whom, moreover, they had all personally sworn homage in all the forms. We do not find it equally possible to agree with Dr. Guillemard when he argues that Magellan knew of the existence of the Strait before he sailed. The evidence for the belief does not amount to more than this—that in the capitulation granted to Magellan and his partner, Ruy Faleiro, in 1518, the words "buscar *el* estrecho de aquellas mares" are used. The definite article, Dr. Guillemard thinks, shows that a particular strait was in the mind of the scribes. We think this is doing the definite article too much honour. No more was meant than the Strait which must exist if the oceans were connected at all. The fact that a strait is marked in Schöner's globes of 1515 and 1520 proves, we think, equally little. A glance at the neat copies of the Western Hemisphere of these globes given in this book will show that the Strait is put at about the mouth of the River Plate, which had been discovered by Juan Diaz de Solis in 1515. For the rest, these globes are but poor evidence, for they both mark a strait at the Isthmus of Darien, and are in all respects wild in their geography. Vague knowledge of the River Plate, which was for a time believed to be a strait, accounts for the marking on the globes, and for some passages which Dr. Guillemard quotes from contemporary geographical works. As for hazy stories about Portuguese navigators who may have gone far south down the eastern coast of South America, they are surely not evidence. No doubt Magellan believed that there was a communication between the oceans, otherwise he would not have gone on his voyage. When, however, one remembers how boldly the navigators of the sixteenth century reasoned on very trifling evidence, one need not believe that this conviction was based on more than guesswork and Magellan's theories as to what the nature of things required. He was right, and therefore he was a great discoverer fully entitled to all the credit.

* *The World's Great Explorers—The Life of Ferdinand Magellan, and the Circumnavigation of the Globe*, 1480-81. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. Cantab. London: George Philip. 1890.

A STRAIGHT ROAD TO PARNASSUS.*

THIS book bids fair to slay the old superstition that the use of an English-Latin dictionary is an illicit process leading to false conclusions. There is no doubt that the faithful following of any previously existing dictionary would lead, and often has led, to the making of very queer verse; but this has been due not so much to any vice in the method as to the fact that there have been no dictionaries suited to the purpose. Even the best graduses have been so overloaded with questionable synonyms and phrases, culled at random from post-classical writers, as to encumber the path rather than to clear it. Messrs. Ainger and Wintle have earned the gratitude of Etonian generations yet unborn by supplying the very book that is wanted. Their work will always make verses come easier, and it will often make them come right. The first merit we note is that there is not too much of anything—no long strings of useless words. Sometimes, perhaps, there is even too little; thus, for instance, we do not know why neither *vertex* nor *culmen* is given as an equivalent for "top," but it is more important that the construction *summus mons* should be suggested, and here it is. Again, the authors have been careful to guard against the use of post-classical words and phrases. Words not authorised by the usage of Virgil, Ovid, and Horace in the *Odes* have the author's name appended, and the necessary warning is given with such words as *melos*, which may be used in lyrics, but not in elegiacs. Another excellent feature in the book is the frequent reference to Latin poetry. Thus, under the head "parrot," the reader is referred to Ovid's dainty little elegy in the *Amores* on Corinna's parrot, a passage full of useful hints for young versifiers. There is one difficulty in compiling a verse dictionary which Messrs. Ainger and Wintle have not quite met. This is the frequent occurrence in English verse, and especially in ballads suitable for turning into elegiacs, of words poetical or archaic, the meaning of which may be unknown to many boys. Of course, the best solution of the difficulty is to have the English passage read over and explained in form; but masters, whether from lack of time or other causes, do not always adopt this plan. A good many such words are to be found in this dictionary; but others are not, and we fancy that a good solution of the difficulty would be to append to the book a list of such words with the most ordinary English equivalent of each, which could then be looked out in the body of the work. A glossary of this kind would not merely be a considerable help to boys, but would, in the long run, save space. We find, for example, in this book "breastplate," "corslet," "hauberk," "habergeon," all pretty nearly synonymous, and all having the same Latin equivalent. A boy might look out "hauberk," duly render it by *lorica*, and go calmly on his way without knowing the meaning of either English or Latin; and if any one says that no boy would do this, he knows not the easy-going ways of youth. Have not we who write been confronted with such a line as

> Muscosos equites errantes margine cernit,

and received the much-needed explanation that the writer meant "Moss-troopers roaming on the Border"? There are two points on which the opinions of schoolmasters will be divided. The first is, whether it was expedient to give the quantities of all syllables, instead of marking only those which are doubtful, and leaving the rest to be arrived at by the rules of prosody. On this point we shall content ourselves with echoing the judgment of Mr. Spectator on the sign of the "Saracen's Head." The other is, should epithets be given, or should they not? Advocates of the latter course will urge that it encourages thought, while the former to some extent supersedes it; but we hold that in the earlier stages of verse-making boys need all the help they can get, and that such help as we find here rather promotes than checks thought. For Messrs. Ainger and Wintle do not give their epithets in Latin, but in English, and, if only to save himself the trouble of fruitless looking-out, a boy will select for his noun an epithet suitable to the context. When this book is used there will be no more of such *Gradus*-built couplets as the following:—

> Per gelidos colles celeri pede tarda senectus
> Incedit, rapido quos fovet igne dies;

* *An English-Latin Gradus, or Verse-Dictionary.* Compiled by A. C. Ainger, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and H. G. Wintle, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, Assistant-Masters in Eton College. London: John Murray.

or of such lines as

En, venit aspectu virgo pudibunda protervo,

examples which can be matched from the recollections of most schoolmasters.

A parting word of praise is due to the careful accuracy with which the book has been prepared. Slips there must be, we suppose, but a minute examination, supplemented by experiment on suitable *corpora vilia*, has failed to reveal to us a single error, even a misplaced mark of quantity.

BROADSWORD AND SINGLESTICK.*

ONE of the drawbacks to the modern fashion of "Series" is that books have to be produced whether they are really wanted or not. In the matter of sabre-play, the late Mr. J. M. Waite's *Lessons* (which are not out of print that we know of) contain in a clear and orderly form everything that most learners can desire, and much that even a skilled teacher may profit by; while Captain Hutton's *Cold Steel*, published only last year, meets the wishes of the more curious amateur by its workmanlike substance, its excellent illustrations, and the general elegance of its production. Thus Mr. R. G. Allanson-Winn and Mr. C. Phillipps-Wolley, who have undertaken *Broadsword and Singlestick* (with quarter-staff and other weapons of sorts thrown in) for the "All-England Series" have somewhat formidable predecessors to compete with. We cannot say they have succeeded. We need not doubt their practical competence as amateurs; but their work shows defective power of exposition and arrangement, inadequate knowledge of the history of their subject, and total want of acquaintance with Continental swordsmanship. One sentence, about an institution so well known and so often described by English writers as the German *Schläger* duel, is so far from being *Commentmässig* that it makes three mistakes in four lines. Then a treatise on sabre-play is not improved in lucidity by the separate treatment of sabre and singlestick from different and almost opposed points of view. Mr. Allanson-Winn is rightly of opinion that a sword is a sword and a stick is a stick; Mr. Phillipps-Wolley does not seem at all clear about it. We cannot think that a beginner will derive anything but bewilderment from a book so put together. System there is none, in any part of it. Being a volume in a series, and cheap, the book may probably sell; we cannot recommend it on its merits.

SOMERSET RECORDS.†

OLD wills—provided that they are old enough—are generally pleasant reading, for they tell us much about the social life of the times to which they belong. The summaries which the Rev. F. W. Weaver has made of wills formerly deposited at the Probate Registry of Wells, and dated for the most part between 1527 and 1536, contain a great deal of information of this kind. The wills are given in a short and convenient form; each summary is headed with the name and abode of the testator, and the date of the will; then follow brief statements, in the original spelling, of specific legacies; and lastly come the names of the residuary legatee, the "overseers," and the witnesses. To the later wills are also appended the date and place of probate, and the value of the effects. Most of the wills are in English, and explanations of unusual terms, and references which will enable the reader to learn more about some of the persons mentioned in the text are supplied in the margin. In a large number of cases the first witness is the parson of the parish, who frequently drew up his parishioners' wills for them. The pious legacies, which appear in greater or less number in all, or nearly all, the wills, throw some light on the habit of adopting in each parish certain objects for special devotion, and the system on which contributions were made on their behalf. In some parishes these special devotions were numerous; at Dulverton, for example, there were as many as twelve of them. For the most part they were supported by brotherhoods or guilds, each guild taking one as its peculiar care. Grants were made out of the common fund for the maintenance of the guild-service, and legacies of money or of articles of value were left for the same purpose by members of the guild and by other parishioners also.

Full information as to the working of the principle of association for the maintenance of special devotions, will be found in the volume of *Church-Wardens' Accounts*, lately edited for the Somerset Record Society by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse. The accounts, which are taken from the churchwardens' books of six parishes in Somerset, and range from 1349 to 1560, are introduced by a thoughtful preface dealing with the church life of the parish. After noting that the liability of the parishioners to maintain their church—though arising *in foro conscientiæ*, and accordingly, as may be gathered from Mr. Weaver's *Wills*, urged on testators by the clergy—was, if needful, enforced by the Church courts, the Bishop proceeds to point out how funds were raised for the purpose. One case only is known to him in which the vote of a rate by a majority of parishioners was held to bind the minority; this was at Bridgwater, where certain defaulters were called to answer for their non-payment in the Archdeacon's Court. The part taken by the Church in promoting popular amusements was a fruitful source of income, and Church Ales became the commonest of the means adopted by the wardens for eliciting the bounty of their fellow-parishioners. With these festivals was closely connected the Church-house, the "focus of the social life of the parish," which, "beginning with a bake-house for the holy wafer and holy loaf," grew into a place of entertainment, an intermediate step being its use as a brew-house for the brewing and sale of holy ale for the benefit of the church funds. At Tintinhull the Church-house seems to have been completed in 1497, when two shillings were received by the wardens for allowing private brewings there. Ales were, of course, held in the parish before that date, specially on St. Margaret's Day, the festival of the dedication of the church. To the Tintinhull Ales came the people of the neighbouring parishes of Montacute and Stoke, and the Tintinhull parishioners returned these visits when their neighbours held their Ales, the visitors in each case taking their offerings with them. When, for some reason or other, the Tintinhull people did not attend the Montacute Ale in 1513, their wardens made an offering for the parish, entering in their accounts, "It. laid owt at the Churche alle at Montague for the deffawtt of apparence of owr neybars xxd." So, too, in 1447, the Yatton wardens enter "servicia [cerevisia] ecclesie de Congarisberi iv.d." The Church Ales and wakes became scenes of disorder, and an attack was made upon them by Chief Justice Richardson in 1632; Bishop Hobhouse has, we think, been misled as to the year by not allowing for the difference between O. S. and N. S. Richardson was soundly rated by Laud for his interference, and as he left the Archbishop's presence declared, with tears, that he had "been almost choked by a pair of lawn sleeves"; he, not, of course, the Lord Keeper Coventry, as is suggested here, was forced to withdraw his order as to the Ales. William Piers, Bishop of Bath and Wells, wrote the Archbishop a letter, given in Prynne's *Canterburies Doom*, and reprinted here, declaring that the Ales were harmless and useful. An important part of the warden's funds was derived from the guilds of which we have already spoken; for each guild had its feast-day when it gathered money, and after it had paid the sum required for its special purposes, it handed over a contribution to the churchwardens. At Croscombe, where the church accounts, as given here, extend from 1474 to 1560, the guild system was carried out with singular completeness; for we find guilds of Young Men, Maidens, Webbers (Weavers), Tuckers (Fullers), Archers, represented by Robin Hood and Little John, Hogglers (labourers), and once of Wives, presenting their offerings in the church. The act is dramatically described by such entries in the Accounts as "Comes the maydyngs & presents in xvi.s. iijd ob.," and "Comys Robyn Hode & presents in xxiijs. viij.d." Many of the guilds had a store of live-stock managed by their wardens, and the wardens of the church had in like manner to farm for its benefit, and received gifts both by will and otherwise of sheep, cows, and bees for the increase of the church-stock. Liberality was also stimulated by the custom of keeping a "Bede-roll," or "Martilege." A roll of this kind is given in the Morebath accounts; it was read over to the parishioners on high-days, and "their prayers were bidden on behalf of the donors, *pro bono statu*, if living, *pro salute animæ* if dead"; and by it "schall ye see & knoo how this churche was prevaylyd by the dethe of all those persons that here after ys expressyd by name." Some instances will be found of the performance of plays, which also brought in money to the church funds. In 1452 five parishioners of Tintinhull presented 6*s.* 8*d.* to the wardens "de incremento unius ludi vocati Christmasse play." Taking the accounts as his guide, the Bishop has worked out a complete picture of the ecclesiastical side of parochial life during the latter part of the middle ages. In the course of his preface he remarks that churchwardens were wholly free from civil functions until the reign of Henry VIII., when they were called upon to provide equipments for soldiers; their duties in connexion with the relief of the poor began in the next reign. Many entries in the Yatton accounts refer to the changes in worship effected in the sixteenth century. In 1548 the wardens paid 12*d.* for the taking down of the images in the church, in 1552 a carpenter received 3*s.* 4*d.* for "makyng the tabull in the chaunsell," and 4*s.* 4*d.* was expended on a "boke for the Communion." As soon as Mary came to the throne, large sums were laid out in replacing the old books and ornaments of the church, and in 1559 fresh expenses were incurred by the removal of the Rood and the "plucking down of the Images." The volume is furnished with a useful glossary and a good index. The Somerset Record Society has been fortunate in receiving the help of an ecclesiastical antiquary of such sound learning as Bishop Hobhouse, who, besides his present work, has edited for the Council the *Register of Bishop Drokensford*, noticed here at the time of its appearance. Each of the four volumes which the Society has printed during the four years of its existence contains some valuable contribution to our knowledge of the past; in the one on which we have been writing there is much to delight, not only serious students, but every one capable of enjoying a vivid representation of one side of English life in bygone times.

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* *Broadsword and Singlestick.* By R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillipps-Wolley. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.

† *Wells Wills.* Arranged in Parishes and annotated by Frederic William Weaver, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Church-Wardens' Accounts of Croscombe, Pilton, Yatton, Tintinhull, Morebath, and St. Michaels, Bath, 1349–1560. Edited by Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse (Late Bishop of Nelson, N.Z.). Printed for Subscribers, by the Somerset Record Society 1890.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.*

AMONG the losses which Oxford has sustained by death during the current year, none has been felt more deeply than that of the Rev. Aubrey Moore, late Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, who died in January last. Both as Examining Chaplain to the late and to the present Bishop of Oxford, and as the deputy of the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, he had large opportunities of influencing candidates for Holy Orders. His influence was uniformly excellent; he was a sound Churchman, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and a man of blameless life and undoubted piety. His lectures on ecclesiastical history were well attended and highly valued, and the volume before us has been edited by one of his personal friends, the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, in response to many requests, as a memorial of the lectures themselves and as "a tribute of respect and affection" for the lecturer. Although it is impossible not to sympathize with the motives which inspired Mr. Coolidge to undertake this task, we think that he has acted unwisely. The lectures were not left by Mr. Moore in a finished state; indeed, we are told that he "had expressed his intention of rewriting them before publication"; some of them are represented here by bare notes, others may be presumed to be little more than rough outlines, and even some of the more completely written lack the polish that they would undoubtedly have received from the author had he been spared to prepare them for press. We do not think it fair to Mr. Moore's memory to send out into the world under his name a book made up out of materials held by him to need such a thorough revision as would have entailed rewriting, and eked out here and there by the help of scraps from his pupils' note-books. As regards the matter of the volume we can only say that, while we can easily understand that the young men for whom the lectures were written found them interesting and instructive, they do not generally appear to us to be important as a contribution to learning. Among those best worth preservation is the lecture on the Ordinal of 1550, which contains a vigorous and well-considered defence of the validity of Anglican orders. The lectures on the reign of Elizabeth are, as a rule, the most finished. Referring to the meetings for separate worship held by the deprived clergy in 1566 as the first schism in the English Church, Mr. Moore said:—

> What was the principle involved in the schism? Really whether the English Church is a new one, or the old Church reformed. The Anglo-Catholics fought for its continuity and identity. The Separatists wanted a new Church on the Swiss model. They looked upon the English Church as suffering from "arrested development." This was shown when the attack was gradually shifted from the surplice to episcopacy. If bishop meant superintendent, the Separatists did not object; if bishop meant bishop, it was papistry (p. 269).

In a later lecture he pointed out that the persecution of the Independents was "the work of the State, not the Church," and that the Barrowists were supposed, even by the Puritans themselves, to be dangerous to the State. On the question whether they are entitled to be called martyrs, he quoted the rule "Causa non pœna facit martyres," and urged that they did not suffer in the cause of liberty of conscience, but of "a particular theory of the Church, which they wished the State to enforce at the point of the sword"; that they were not, therefore, "apostles of toleration." The next lecture but one, on "The Church and the Papists," was never written, and the editor of the volume has supplied its place with an article contributed by himself to the *Guardian*, which, he believes, was, or would have been, used in its composition. Some articles and reviews by Mr. Moore are also reprinted from the *Guardian*. The most interesting of them, on "Zwingli and Zwinglianism," was delivered as a lecture. If Mr. Moore had revised the matter printed here, he would probably, we think, have altered what he wrote as to the drift of the first article of the Great Charter, and his editor has surely done him scant justice in publishing a series of rough notes, in one of which John à Lasco is described as a Lutheran—"Influx of Lutherans—*Bucer, Peter Martyr, John à Lasco*, &c." (p. 500).

BOOKS IN SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.†

IT has long been a jest against Oxford Dons, and particularly against the generation of them which immediately succeeded the first Commission, that their existence was not complete without putting down a book on the "forthcoming" lists of the Clarendon Press, and then carefully abstaining from producing it. There are said to have been instances which remained thus some five-and-twenty years in limbo—unborn, and hardly even conceived. The book which heads our list is the very Dionysus of such things; having, after long gestation by Mr. Thursfield, been at last kindly re-fathered and mothered by Mr. Reynolds, and happily ushered into the world. To drop the figurative style, its first designer, either too busy or not busy enough to finish it, turned it over to Mr. Reynolds, who tells us (and we can readily believe him) that he found it practically necessary to begin it over again. Nothing is more difficult, and few things are less satisfactory, than to work on another man's lines. We have no doubt that it would have been an excellent book if Mr. Thursfield had done it; we are sure that it is an excellent book as it appears. Few books have been more edited than Bacon's *Essays*, Mr. Aldis Wright's edition in particular being in its own way a model; and it cannot have been easy to imprint a character of originality on any fresh issue of it. But Mr. Reynolds has succeeded in doing this. In the first place, he has displayed great learning, and still more diligence, in hunting up Bacon's constant, but loose and vague, quotations—a line of work followed, of course, before, but never so successfully. In the second place, he has taken a different, and a very usefully different, view of the language and phraseology of the book from that which has been usual. Mr. Wright thinks that there are few difficulties in the *Essays*; Mr. Reynolds that they bristle with difficulties. The fact is that both are right. To the reader who comes to them prepared with a previous knowledge of Elizabethan writers, or who is content to understand without exactly nailing down the words to the meaning, they offer very few obstacles. To any one who says "Let us be accurate. Supposing I knew nothing but modern—*i.e.* post-Addisonian—English, and had to limit myself strictly to my knowledge, should I understand this?" there are much older writers than Bacon who offer far less difficulty. Hence it is very useful to have a commentator who takes this point of view. Lastly (and, except his diligence as a quotation hunter, we think this is his strongest point), Mr. Reynolds considers the Essays from first to last in a decidedly fresh and original way, as illustrations of personal character. Bacon has had plenty of enemies, but his editors (under the charm probably of his magnificent literary faculty) have generally been his partisans. Mr. Reynolds is of the other faction, to an extent which will shock pupils of Mr. Spedding. He does not, indeed, take the old paradoxical contrast-view which makes Bacon a compound of undoubted demi-god and undoubted scoundrel. A typical Renaissance statesman of the lower kind and a typical Renaissance man of letters of the very highest—these words, though they are not his, would, we think, pretty accurately sum up Mr. Reynolds's estimate of Bacon. And the Essays no doubt afford ample opportunity for making out the description. We ought, perhaps, to add that the book is an exceedingly handsome one; and then we shall have said enough to show that for a library edition it will not be easy to beat.

Mr. Bullen has presented his subscribers with the third volume of his new series of Old Plays, containing the works of Robert Davenport. Of these *King John and Matilda* and *The City Night Cap* have been long known to students of Elizabethan literature. The third play, *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, founded in part on an old-world *fabliau* story, the earliest English version of which is probably the Dunbarian or pseudo-Dunbarian *Friars of Berwick*, is less known, but interesting; and, though the minor poems which Mr. Bullen has added are not great shakes, they are in place. Of Davenport himself, nothing is known; but he ranks with quite the best of the latest division of so-called Elizabethan dramatists—that is to say, those who wrote in the second quarter of the seventeenth century, and were in strictness Caroline, though Davenport himself produced at least two plays in the last years of James I. Indeed, *King John and Matilda* (except for the infallible test of gradually breaking down blank verse) has snatches of a far older time, and might have been written in the days of our James, at any rate, if not in those of Eliza herself. The work is quite worthy of this handsome series, which, if its subscribers are wise, will some day be a possession of no small value, and not as those which (owing to this cause or that) are hardly finished before they can be bought for about a tithe of what their hapless constituents have paid for them.

It is satisfactory to find that there are in England publishers who have the pluck to produce such a book as Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; though we really are not sure that so much good print and paper might not have been spent to better purpose. Three huge volumes, containing perhaps thirteen or fourteen hundred quarto pages, doth the *Palace* occupy, and almost its whole literary interest consists in the fact that the great men of the Elizabethan period read it, and borrowed plots from its translations of foreign stories. Surely the 172 copies of Haslewood's reprint (from which this in turn is reprinted, with collations of the early editions) might have sufficed for the very few persons who want to consult Painter as a whole, or to verify the citations from him made by Shakspearian and other commentators? However, it is doubtless well to reprint too much rather than too little. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who edits the book, has contributed an introduction which is brisk and fine, and not unpleasant reading. There are, indeed, slips in it. Mr. Jacobs, when he says (quite correctly) that Bonaventure des Periers probably assisted Marguerite of Navarre in the *Heptameron*, most unluckily adds that Bonaventure had already written things of the kind, "such as the *Cymbalum Mundi*." He means, of course, Des Periers's other work, the *Contes et joyeux Devis*. But he is almost certainly right in holding that Ascham in a famous passage was glancing at Painter for his

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* *Lectures and Papers on the History of the Reformation in England and on the Continent.* By the late Aubrey Lackington Moore, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Examining Chaplain to the late and present Lord Bishops of Oxford, Fellow, Tutor, and Dean of Divinity of Magdalen College, and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

† *Bacon's Essays.* Edited by S. H. Reynolds. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

The Works of Robert Davenport. Edited by A. H. Bullen. Privately printed. 1890.

The Palace of Pleasure. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. 3 vols. London: Nutt. 1890.

Epistolæ HoElianæ. 2 vols. London: Stott. 1890.

The Defence of Poesy. By Sir Philip Sidney. Edited by A. S. Cook. Boston (Mass.): Ginn. 1890.

"loose tales." The said Painter seems to have been a very ingenious man; for when Clerk of the Ordnance he moved stores from one arsenal to another, charging them as new purchases, and pocketing the money. And perhaps Ascham, in his zeal for archery, hated him all the more for having to do with villanous saltpetre.

If it be true that, as Mr. W. H. Bennett, the editor of this pretty little edition of Howell's Letters, says, they are "almost entirely unknown to the general reader," so much the worse for the general reader. We should have thought that Thackeray's eulogy, which Mr. Bennett quotes, must have sent many such readers to them. The lack of modern editions, which is a fact, is partly explicable by the great abundance of the old. Still, it is rather odd that more reprints have not been called for, and the book most certainly deserved the place which it has received in Mr. Stott's pretty miniature library, the print of which (as is *not* the case in some miniature libraries) is intelligently large as well as clear. Mr. Bennett's introduction is careful and good; the notes, though not many, are sufficient and well informed, and the text asserts itself to be, and we doubt not is, carefully revised. Such revision is particularly necessary in the case of a book which was constantly reprinted at a time when reprints were even more carelessly executed than they are at present. But the fact is that Howell is always pleasing. We do not know that Mr. Thackeray selected exactly the right word in calling him "priggish," unless a more genial sense be given to that word than is usual. Certainly, if he was a prig, he was not a bad prig. He had the Welsh egotism and the Welsh coxcombry and pedantry; but he had also Welsh good qualities, which made him deserve to be a countryman of Fluellen. It is perhaps undesirable to read too much of him at a time; but he is quite admirable to dip into, and to read on journeys, and to read when you are tired, and, in short, for various uses, which are among the most precious, if also among the least pretentious, offices of books.

Professor Albert Cook, who has already done good work in modern literature, has produced a useful edition of Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*—to give it the commoner title. There is a tolerably elaborate introduction and very full notes, containing much information on the vocabulary of the piece, and a great many parallel passages and authorities ancient and modern. We do not like a paper of specimen questions which we find in our copy, but, as it is separately paged, and not even bound up with the rest, so shamefaced an appearance shall win it mercy. If we have a fault to find with Professor Cook, it is his habit—a habit which we have noted in American scholars frequently of late, and which they seem to have borrowed from German models—of never giving an opinion of his own when he can quote from some other authority. This is modest, but we think mistaken. Literary tubs should stand upon their own bottoms; and if a man is qualified to profess a language, he is qualified to give his own opinion, and not merely that of the great Jones or the little great Robinson. We are also somewhat surprised to find Professor Cook taking hardly any note of the fact that Sidney's criticism, so far from pointing the way to the "melodious bursts" that actually followed, would, had it been obeyed, have stifled those bursts altogether. But the intelligent student will soon find this out for himself, and many things that Professor Cook tells him he would not so find.

We may recommend an excellent edition of the text of *Macbeth* from the First Folio, with the variants of the others, by A. Wagner (Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt). There is no commentary; but, for educational use or literary reference, it is a most valuable edition of the text.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

MR. EUSTACE'S *Trigonometry* is a good practical introduction, up to measurement of heights and distances, or simple areas. There is no investigation of the method of calculating logarithms nor any proof of the logarithmic series; and indeed these, though essential, ought perhaps to be relegated to treatises on algebra proper. On the other hand, we think that the theory of proportional parts ought not, in the interest of the inquiring student, to be assumed without a word of explanation. The geometrical proofs of formulæ are good, though sometimes—*e.g.* p. 77—a simpler mode could be given. In two of the diagrams we note a fault, one of the mariner's compass, p. 206; the other on p. 11, where the arc A Q is obviously too long, or A P too short. Mr. Eustace treats the subjects of "limits" clearly.

Mr. Matthews' Manual is not only obviously a sound work for illustrating in detail the application of logarithms to arithmetical and trigonometrical purposes, but supplies a good summary of the theory; the main propositions being clearly set forth, with well-chosen brief proofs, and ample illustrations. This work will, we imagine, become speedily a standard text-book of the classes preparing for our army examinations. "Annuities" occupy some seven large pages, and the same space is devoted to a full discussion of the Napierian and common systems of logarithms.

From Mr. Milne, whose *Weekly Problem Papers* and their "Companion" we formerly had occasion to speak well of, there now arrives, with Mr. Davis as joint-author, a neat manual of the geometrical properties of the parabola. The propositions are apparently suitably arranged to form a continuous treatise, with consistent notation of the figures throughout—the latter a valuable feature. A simpler proof of Prop. XIV. occurs to us; and a corollary to it should always be exhibited as the basis of the geometrical theory of projectiles. There is good store of examples for practice, with an appendix of valuable hints for their solution.

Three elementary works by Mr. Pinkerton require only a short notice, two of them being second and improved editions of books formerly reviewed. The "Theoretical Mechanics" is a neat manual of such principles, facts, and illustrations of the science of dynamics as are suitable for the "first stage" of the Science and Art Examination, or the London Matriculation. The book includes a chapter on Hydrostatics and another on Pneumatics; and concludes with 30 pp. of selected examination questions. The only fault we note is an inconsistency in the notation used; so that a symbol meaning "divided by the square of *sec.*" is put instead of "per second per second." If a contraction must be used for the latter phrase because it frequently recurs, why not put *p.″ p.″*, which is almost self-explanatory?

Mr. Ward's *Papers in Trigonometry* is a collection of graduated examples, ranging from what he terms "English" and "French" measurement of angles to the summation of series. Mr. Steel's "Physics" belongs to the same series, intended for school examinations, and gives sets of papers on the subjects "sound," "heat," "light," "magnetism," and "electricity." By the method of this series the answers to questions are given in a separate book, which must naturally render these manuals less valuable for many students.

Mr. Spencer's class-book on "Sound, Light, and Heat" is evidently drawn up from actual experience as a teacher; and will prove well adapted to prepare students for the elementary stage of those subjects in the Science and Art Department's examinations or those of the London Matriculation. The text is supplied with clearly-drawn diagrams, of a kind that are easily reproduced by pupils.

* *Notes on Trigonometry and Logarithms.* By the Rev. J. M. Eustace, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Manual of Logarithms for the use of Students preparing for Army and other Examinations. By G. F. Matthews, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Geometrical Conics. Part I. *The Parabola.* By Rev. J. J. Milne, M.A., and R. F. Davis, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Theoretical Mechanics. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Elementary Text-Book of Dynamics and Hydrostatics. Second edition. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Elementary Text-Book of Trigonometry. New edition. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Examination Papers in Trigonometry. By G. H. Ward, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.

Natural Science Examination Papers. By R. E. Steel, M.A. Part II. Physics. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Sound, Light, and Heat. By J. Spencer, B.Sc. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

THREE BOOKS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.*

HOME Life on an Ostrich Farm is the delightful story of a buoyant temperament, making the best of things and rising triumphantly superior to a succession of difficulties. Mrs. Martin has not only much that is interesting to tell, but she tells it with a brightness of style that shows real literary genius. *Home Life* is an admirable and practical handbook for intending colonists and their wives. She protests consistently that she thoroughly enjoyed herself, and that she will always look back with pleasure on her happy days in South Africa. As matter of fact, she went through a deal of trouble, and she is candid enough in all conscience as to the sorrows which darkened her existence. The ostrich farm taken by her husband was situated in the Karoo, and Nature had saved costly wire-railing on one side by fencing it in with a formidable range of mountains. Yet even the mountains were by no means an unmixed benefit, for they sheltered leopards and jackals, which preyed upon the flocks, and fierce baboons, which scared the ostriches. And it appears that, though an ostrich can kick like a horse, its legs are so extremely brittle as to snap on the slightest provocation. When it is alarmed, or even when disporting itself in the playful dances in which it delights, it is very likely to get a compound fracture. And when an ostrich comes under the hands of doctor or surgeon, science is almost invariaby baffled by constitutional depression. The patient may seem to be doing extremely well, and all the symptoms may appear in favour of recovery. But it is pretty sure to stop short of actual convalescence, and the drugs and dressings alike are wasted. Even if it be killed for the larder when an accident occurs, you cannot make salvage of much of the bulky body. The flesh, so far as it goes, is said to be excellent; but it all runs to the thighs, and the rest of the lanky framework is mere skeleton and skin. When you have made soup of the thighs and devilled the drumsticks, all is over. Moreover, ostriches, even in robust health, are aggravating fowls on which to depend for a livelihood. Their being frightened by baboons is excusable enough;

* *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm.* By Annie Martin. London: Phillips & Sons. 1890.

City Boys in the Woods; or, a Trapping Venture in Maine. By Henry P. Wells. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

How "No. 1" became "1½" in Norway. By J. Maitland Stuart. London: Hutchinson & Co.

for the baboon, with his savage features and surly bark, is as repulsive-looking as he is really formidable. But the ostriches will go simultaneously into a panic over nothing, and they take to flight, like the wicked, when neither man nor beast thinks of pursuing. And when they do flee, they either dash headlong into the wire-fencing, or, with their short wings and their long sprawling legs, they go straight ahead into the wilderness. Then Hottentot or Caffre riders must be sent in pursuit, and native servants are as scatterbrained as the ostriches; so that the odds are greatly against the birds being recovered. The owner's name or mark is always branded on the thigh by a somewhat cruel process; but the felonious practice has been brought to great perfection of effacing it by superimposing a broader mark. Each pair of birds is consigned to a fenced paddock of about one hundred acres, and peregrinations on an ostrich farm are by no means free from danger. The cock is apt to turn vicious, and his determined charge is even more fatal than that of a bull; for, having struck down the intruder on his feeding grounds, he proceeds to trample him to death. So no one goes abroad unprotected by the "tackey," which is a strong branch of mimosa with the thorns left on at the end. The thorns when thrust in the bird's face compel him to close his eyes, and then the bearer of the branch gains time for a fresh start before the bird pulls itself together to renew the attack. We should say that, even with the skill and nerve of a Spanish *matador*, the game was somewhat too exciting to be played habitually in so sultry a climate. As to the climate, no doubt it is delightfully invigorating, and a surer specific for lung disease in its early stages than any lymph that is likely to be compounded in Berlin. But, especially in the Karoo, the protracted droughts make farming of all kinds tryingly speculative. When we are told that three really wet days in the year would suffice for all the farmer's needs, we see how terribly precarious the rainfall must be. Day after day, the tantalizing clouds will bank up, to disperse again without letting down one drop of moisture. To be sure, when the rain does come, it descends with a vengeance. The dry watercourses turn into raging torrents, sweeping away any live stock that may have taken refuge in the snug nooks and corners; the embankments of the reservoirs very probably give way, instead of holding back the invaluable fluid, and Mrs. Martin gives a pathetic description of being washed on one occasion out of her comfortable bedroom, and seeing the contents of a luxuriously fitted little drawing-room ruined. Neither thatch nor the flat roof of corrugated zinc can be guaranteed to hold good against the deluge. The droughts and intense heat are fatal to good housekeeping. There is no butter for the possessors of a dairy through great part of the year, and recourse must be had to abominable substitutes. The cows dry up; there is no cream and little milk. When a sheep or an Angora goat is slaughtered, the blue-bottles, or rather "green-bottles," swarm to the carcase, which must be carefully protected by mosquito nets. The meat begins to turn high immediately, and even strong solutions of brine will not preserve it for more than a day or two. Fowls are consequently the great stand-by, with an occasional interlude of game. Mrs. Martin gives a horrible picture of the filth and carelessness of the native cooks. In fact, in South Africa, servants of all kinds must be emphatically "the greatest plague of life." The mistress must always be on the alert, and it appears that, if it were not for the honour and dignity of the thing, she might as well dispense with domestics altogether. She would not only save board and wages, but crockery and house-linen and indefinite waste. Nor are the men much better than the maids; and Mrs. Martin's husband used to rise himself each day before daybreak, that he might waken his drowsy herds, and send them afield to their duties. Moreover, the housewife sends out the rations from a store resembling the "general merchant's" shop in Scotland, and that daily duty is no sinecure. The servants, who are treated with excessive liberality, will always suspect their employers of cheating; even examining the familiar scales with a cunning grin, although incapable of detecting any tampering with the balance.

But the great charm of Mrs. Martin's book is the inimitable description of her domesticated animals. Sympathizing with her sympathy for their winning ways and quaint idiosyncrasies, we must say nevertheless that she and her husband were the most long-suffering of mortals. With the exception of Toto, the English collie, the pets were all so many incarnations of the spirit of mischief. There were the meercats, who did more harm to curtains, carpets, &c., than any number of vivacious puppies; there was Bobby the raven, who was an irreclaimable thief, as thoroughly "up to snuff" of all sorts as the Artful Dodger, and who shamefully abused the confidence of his benefactors; and there was a playful young baboon, who, after having scattered a bottleful of diamonds, wrecking the works of a watch and the entire contents of a tent, wound up by making his teeth meet in the leg of his justly irritated master. Most comical of all is the portrait, with illustrative description, of Jacob, the solemn secretary bird. Jacob, who was a finished actor and impostor, always exaggerated the airs of a sickly sorrowful old man, and, with his insatiable appetite, would profess to be starving when really gorged to repletion. Kittens were his favourite article of diet, and litters of them were brought him from houses in the neighbourhood. On one occasion he seized one, and made a bolt of it before the preliminary ceremony of knocking it on the head. The kitten, being so far not much the worse, mewed plaintively from Jacob's interior. Jacob was sorely puzzled as to where the sound came from. On second thoughts, it struck him that there must be a second kitten in the grass somewhere near, so he proceeded immediately to an unsuccessful search.

City Boys in the Woods is a story of American adventure. It is said to be strictly founded upon facts, and we see every reason to believe that. Mr. Wells is evidently a master in woodcraft, and understands thoroughly what he is writing about. The scenes of the adventures are in the picturesque wilderness which, covering the northern districts of the State of Maine, stretches beyond the Canadian frontiers. We confess we had no idea that there was such an extent of seldom-trodden solitudes fairly stocked with fur-bearing animals and the rarer species of big game within tolerably easy reach of populous industrial cities. But the two city boys were keenly alive to the fact. The sons of wealthy merchants, they begged to be allowed to fit themselves out for a season's hunting and trapping. The indulgent parents may misdoubt the boys' sporting gifts, but having every faith in their steadiness, generously "plank down the dollars." We may remark that, though that particular phrase has been borrowed by ourselves, the book is racy with American idioms. The boys do fit themselves out, regardless of expense, with a variety of articles more or less useful. Besides the arms, ammunition, and iron traps, the boat they have hired for river navigation is heavily laden with a quantity of grocery stores. The start is intensely discouraging; they see very little game; they miss the rare chances they do get; they cannot kindle fires; the cooking is execrable; and, finally, the grave difficulties of the sylvan navigation culminate in the boat going to the bottom. These babes in the wood are left absolutely destitute in the trackless recesses of an unknown forest, made well-nigh impracticable by "wind-falls." It would have been a case of slow death by starvation, and of the American robins paying the funeral honours to the corpses, had not a veteran trapper come to the rescue. Mr. Dant is a highly respectable man, and omniscient as to the woods and their inhabitants. It may be said of him that anything he doesn't know ain't worth knowing. He takes a great fancy to his young friends, who have cast themselves on his hospitality, and takes every pains to teach them everything. Thanks to the weather, the rough woods, and the long distances, they suffer considerable hardships. But they have the luck to kill both moose and caribou; and they are instructed in all the methods of shooting these animals, from calling through a horn to flashing with a lantern. Most instructive are the elaborate notes on natural history, generally enlivened by anecdotes and Mr. Dant's personal reminiscences; and we learn from them, by the way, that the intelligence of the beaver has been absurdly exaggerated, and that the architectural skill attributed to the beast is in great measure mythical. Most interesting, perhaps, are Mr. Dant's remarks on the dangers and hardships of the solitary trapper. In reality, the first essential is skill in the use of the axe, since fuel or shelter must be procured on the shortest notice; and it appears, moreover, that the narrow-bladed American axe is an awkward weapon even in practised hands. The account of the severity of the trapper's winter labours is enough to make the stay-at-home Christian shudder; and since each night he must skin all the animals he has trapped, he often cannot turn in beneath the temporary bark shanty till midnight, though he must be up and out again at daybreak. In fact, if Mr. Dant had not made a point of resting on the Sundays, he must have worn himself down into even finer condition than that in which the boys found him. We may add that the volume is delightfully illustrated.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the book on Norway, nor does it greatly signify. It is persistently funny, and almost invariably dull. "How No. 1 became 1½" is a pleasant paraphrase for intimating that Mr. Stuart fell in love during his Norwegian wanderings, and that marriage duly followed flirtations and courtship. We do not say that there are not lively passages, and we come now and again on a rather happy description of scenery. But we resent having continually to disentangle the writer's meaning from involved passages darkened by this drollery, as if we were wrestling with a crabbed text in the "fathers," simply because he will insist on being consistently comical through something like 320 pages.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Messrs. Frost & Reed, of 8 Clare Street, Bristol, two engravings by Mr. John Finnie. They are examples of pure mezzotint, an artistic process so unusual nowadays as to deserve all the attention which can fairly be given to it. Nor is it difficult to praise Mr. Finnie's work, although it is a little too theatrical in its chiaroscuro. "The Windmill" is a landscape of a mill on a slight elevation, with a pool below it, seen with the rising moon in the background. This effective plate suffers from a little flatness and want of relief. We prefer "Capel Curig," with its stormy sky in the manner of Cecil Lawson, and its rich lights on water and foliage, falling from a moon which is out of sight above us. The publication of each of these picturesque works of art is absolutely limited to one hundred and twenty-five signed impressions.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. have sent us a large goupil-gravure, "An Al-Fresco Toilet." This is taken from one of those somewhat gaudy and histrionic compositions of life as it is supposed

to proceed in Venice, for which Mr. Fildes so long abandoned his homelier and truer English studies. This large print may be popular; we cannot call it interesting.

TURNER'S RICHMONDSHIRE.*

ALL admirers of Turner who agree with Mr. Ruskin's estimate of the artist's Yorkshire drawings—and it is hard to conceive there are many dissenters—cannot but feel deep interest in the work of contemporary engravers of Turner. The noble folio, *Richmondshire*, illustrated by Turner, comprises twenty line engravings, printed on India paper and handsomely mounted, is, indeed, as Mr. Marcus B. Huish says, "a distinct gain to Art literature." That these plates should come to light again, and in excellent condition, must certainly be considerated fortunate; still more fortunate is it that so admirable a form of presenting them once again should have been suggested by Mr. Huish. These engravings are of twofold interest. First, they afford excellent material for comparing the various styles of interpreting Turner's very complex and difficult work adopted by the school of English engravings of the period. Secondly, as Mr. Huish points out, the engravings are valuable apart from their connexion with Turner, as representative of a stage in the history of engravings—that between the school of Woollett and his pupils and the later masters, such as Miller. The *Richmondshire* series includes examples by most of the chief line-engravers of the first period of the century. Three are by John Pye, and two of these—the "Junction of the Greta and the Tees," and the "Wycliffe"—are exceedingly beautiful and wonderfully successful. Scott, W. R. Smith, S. Middiman, and Charles Heath, all men of high repute, are responsible for two plates each. Of the rest, H. and J. Le Keux, Middiman, and J. Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin, and a pupil of Woollett, are names best remembered now.

The story of the original publication of these plates is curious. They were, like most of Turner's work, designed for book illustration, the book they honoured being a portion of the Rev. Dr. Whitaker's *History of the North Riding of Yorkshire*. The subjects of these landscape-drawings were not Turner's choice. They were selected by a local committee of gentlemen, who doubtless knew what they wanted, if they were not better judges of the beauties of the Greta and the Tees than Turner himself. Five of the subjects—and they are exceedingly fine—were chosen by Dr. Raine, the father of Mrs. Alfred Hunt, whose sympathetic comments and descriptions in the present volume are excellent in style and observation. A more beautiful folio than Turner's *Richmondshire* has not issued from the press for many a year.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

AMONG the new gift books of the season, *Wild Life on a Tidal Water*, illustrated with photo-etchings by Messrs. P. H. Emerson and T. F. Goodall (Sampson Low & Co.), affords fresh testimony to Mr. Emerson's fidelity to the charms of open-air existence on the Norfolk "Broads," and his unshaken belief in the merits of photo-etching. In this volume Mr. Emerson relates the "adventures of a house-boat and her crew" on Breydon Water during a recent summer, and succeeds in suggesting a lively impression of a pleasurable sojourn in the wild flats and water-ways around Great Yarmouth. It is a very frank recital. Afloat or ashore, fishing or painting, the two artists find their time fully occupied, as the interesting record of their observation shows. The natives are capitally sketched, and their racy speech noted by Mr. Emerson. Gunners, sailors, fishermen, and so forth, were found not less worthy of study than the landscape or the Yarmouth quays and water-side architecture. "Joey," the sailor, is certainly an amusing "native," and a fisherman, known as "the Harnsee," cunning in the art of eel-catching, brightens the pages of the chronicle with his sporting lore. Tragedy there was to record, and an episode of romance, of which Mr. Emerson is at once frank and reticent. He tantalizes us with an explicit account of the meeting, the walks on the sands, the day on Yarmouth pier, and leaves the sequel in mystery. The photo-etchings after Messrs. Emerson and Goodall's paintings are the work of Messrs. W. L. Colls and A. Dawson. The artistic results, as with other reproductive processes, vary considerably. Some of the plates that deal with shipping and buildings are fairly successful; others, in which the defects of the process are more apparent, are harsh and lack tone. "The Bowling Green," for example, is a plate that might readily be bettered by simple photography. "On Gorleston Sands" is, however, a pleasing example of what may be effected with photo-etching. The new volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co., Lim.) is, as usual, one of the most attractive gift-books that appear annually. The etching that forms the frontispiece is a remarkably fine reproduction by Mr. James Dobie of Mr. F. Hall's pathetic picture "Adversity." Mr. Dobie is also represented by admirable etchings after Mr. Waterlow's "Wolf! Wolf!" and Mr. Frank Bramley's popular picture, "A Hopeless Dawn," now at South Kensington; Mr. Kennedy's vigorous painting, "Neptune," also finds a spirited and accomplished etcher in P. A. Massé. Among the photogravures are excellent plates, after pictures by Messrs. F. Bourdillon, Dudley Hardy, Blair Leighton, and others. The critical articles on recent exhibitions by Mr. Claude Phillips, Mr. William Anderson, and other writers, are, as heretofore, excellent in matter and illustration. Mr. J. E. Hodgson's papers on "The Royal Academy in the Last Century," the series of articles on Artists' Studios, Mr. W. J. Loftie's descriptive and historical contribution on the Royal Palaces, may be named as indicative of the variety of the letterpress and the many aspects of interest the *Art Journal* offers to all classes of people. *The Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) for the current year is a handsome volume. The etchings include Mr. Dobie's "A Roman Boat Race," after Mr. Poynter's painting; Munkacsy's "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughter," by C. Courtry; Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lord Heathfield," by M. Rajon; and "The Halt," a fine example of M. Leopold Flameng's skill, after M. Meissonier's picture. The photogravures, or "goupilgravures," of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. are exceptionally good. Among them are Mr. Herkomer's "Chapel of the Charterhouse," the original of which is at South Kensington, and the admirable "Last Muster"; "The Shipwrecked Fisherman," of Josef Israels; Mr. Frank Bramley's "Saved," and an excellent reproduction of "The Return of the Flock," a moonlight pastoral subject by Charles Jacques. The illustrations in the text are fully up to the standard of past volumes. Especially good are the engravings of works by Old Masters, fine examples of which are given in Mr. Walter Armstrong's notes on paintings in the Glasgow Corporation Gallery. On the whole, *The Magazine of Art* volume forms an admirable Christmas present. Mr. Theodore Child has worked out a pretty notion with happy results in his pleasant volume of engravings and comment entitled *Young People and Old Pictures* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) He has projected a gallery of engravings representing children of various ages and countries as painted by the Italian, Flemish, English, Dutch, French, and Spanish masters. The selection is thoroughly representative, and the pictures are carefully reproduced. Mr. Child's handling of the attractive theme, so well illustrated in this charming book, bright, interesting, and agreeably discursive. Realism is the distinctive feature of the illustrations in *Sketches of England*, by "A Foreign Artist" and "A Foreign Author" ("Art Journal" Office), and the realism is not invariably concerned with what is beautiful. M. Myrbach's sketches possess the force and spirit which the skilful artist never fails to impart to his impressions of life *en plein air*. In the groups of tourists at Canterbury, the frolicsome bathers or beach loungers at Ramsgate, the sketches of the streets of York, the busy life of Liverpool markets and docks, we have convincing evidence of M. Myrbach's deft hand and keen eye. The plates in colour are tame in comparison with the black-and-white work. M. Villars, who supplies the text, writes with excellent knowledge and considerable sympathy. He is seldom caught with Gallic spectacles veiling his judgment of English manners and customs—nor, it may be said, of English costumes.

Opening *The World of Adventure* (Cassell & Co.) we happened on certain recitals of affairs gory and criminal that suggested an illustrated volume of minor horrors, perils, and thrilling adventures. The horrors, it is fair to say, do not prevail over the legitimate interest that attaches to wonderful yet true stories of adventure. The book is, in fact, an entertaining collection, from many sources, of tales of shipwreck, prisoners, pirates, Indians, bandits, wild voyages, the French Revolution, and the like. The illustrations are numerous and for the most part extremely effective. *One-and-Twenty Pages*, by "Twym" (Glasgow: Bryce & Co.), is a set of one-and-twenty pages of sketches, all vivacious and of a comic spirit, illustrating the humours of a music-hall audience, a pantomime rehearsal, seaside holidays, and many another cheerful theme. An artist so genuinely sportive as "Twym" undoubtedly is might have spared us the gruesome incident of the aspiring golfer who has decapitated himself by his "first and final stroke." This is a repulsive invention simply, and not in the least degree funny. *Romance of Real Life* (Religious Tract Society) is a volume—printed in good clear type, and illustrated with good woodcuts—that sets forth "true incidents in the Lives of Great and Good." The biographical selection admirably illustrates the excellent aim of the book. The translation from Boisgobey, *An Ocean Knight* (Warne & Co.), is not only a representative specimen of the author's exciting fiction, but is got up in good style and admirably illustrated by Adrien Marie, whose Mediterranean corsairs are among the most picturesque scoundrels the fancy can paint. The scope of *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is so encyclopædic as to baffle any attempt at generalized description of its multifarious contents. Every section of this recreative and instructive magazine is admirably illustrated by plans and diagrams. It teaches, in thoroughly practical fashion, how ambitious youths of mechanical instincts can make a hundred useful articles, from a window-sash to an American organ. *Short Biographies for the People*, vol. vii. (Religious Tract Society), is a collection of the excellent "Biographical Tracts," issued at one penny, with portraits of genuine merit. These lives of eminent persons are well written, and perfectly suited for circulation in village book-clubs and reading-rooms.

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* *Richmondshire.* Illustrated by Twenty Line Engravings after Drawings by J. M. W. Turner. With Descriptions by Mrs. Alfred Hunt and an Introduction by Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. London: Virtue & Co. (Lim.) 1891.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's new stories for the well-provided British boy are likely enough to quicken the pulses of old boys as well as young. Brisk, expressive dialogue is commonly an admirable characteristic of this author. Where most writers would employ descriptive or direct narrative in conducting the action of the story, Mr. Fenn's continuity of action is expressed in dialogue, and very terse and dramatic the dialogue often is. Were they far less bright, inventive, and amusing than they are, Mr. Fenn's stories, for this reason alone, can never be dull. *Syd Bolton* (Methuen & Co.) is the story of "the boy who would not go to sea," though Syd's father, a captain in the navy, and his uncle, an admiral, are determined that he shall be a sailor. He has a sympathizer in his hatred of the sea in the scapegrace son of a sailor, who acts as gardener. The two boys run away, and, after some brief but sobering experience, Syd returns home penitent. The admiral and the captain affect great anger, though secretly their soft hearts melt when Syd comes home famished, their carefully-concealed feeling for the boy occasioning an amusing scene. The captain and the admiral creep in the dead of night by different ways to the pantry with the design of obtaining supper for the starving Syd, who is imprisoned in his bedroom, and as they meet and confess their weakness, they are set upon by the servants, who belabour them, thinking they are burglars. Syd eventually goes to sea on board his father's ship, and plays a brave part in the company of the mariner gardener, promoted as boatswain, and his son Panama.

In *Cutlass and Cudgel* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), a very exciting story of smuggling on the Sussex coast, Mr. Fenn relates the adventures of two boys, whose characters are admirably drawn and piquantly contrasted. In action and speech these youngsters, the one a middy on a revenue cutter, the other the son of a smuggling farmer, are delightfully true to nature. In this clever and interesting story the author's art in sustaining action by dialogue is particularly striking. "*Nolens Volens*" (Partridge & Co.), though in some respects less unconventional than the preceding stories, is not one whit less skilful in plot and narration. Mr. Fenn opens this story of the days of pressgangs in Bristol city, and by a sudden and truly dramatic incident shifts the scene to New Zealand, where adventures of a surprising kind befall the hero. *Lost in Samoa*, by E. S. Ellis (Cassell & Co.), is a story of beachcombers and a buried treasure which lies under the sea off the coast of Samoa. This treasure—a casket of diamonds sunk in the wrecked hold of a schooner—is not recovered by the hero until many perils are incurred, all of which are plausibly set forth in the story. Mr. Ellis tells his story in spirited style. *New York to Brest in Seven Hours*, by André Laurie (Sampson Low & Co.), is as full of wild imagining as that very clever story, *The Conquest of the Moon*, though the author, in this new venture in imaginative science, is by no means so successful in persuading the reader of the credibility of his inventions. Much ingenuity is shown in the scheme for conveying petroleum from the Pennsylvanian oil-fields to Europe by sea; but, clever as the device is, it cannot compare with the impressiveness of the scheme for conquering the moon. M. Jules Verne's sequel to his famous moon story, *The Purchase of the North Pole* (Sampson Low & Co.), is, like most sequels in fiction, singularly disappointing and a trifle dull withal. Barbicane & Co. fascinate no longer.

Mr. G. Norway, in *Hussein the Hostage* (Blackie & Son), relates the adventures of a boy in Persia, and, working what is practically new ground among writers for boys, shows much freshness and spirit. In the first place, Mr. Norway has evidently carefully studied his subject. Persia and the Persians are subjected to no perfunctory treatment, and the pictures of Teheran and its neighbourhood are, like the characters in the story, attractive and well delineated. *Tad*, by G. S. Ellis (Cassell & Co.), is a very wholesome story, with a moral that is not the less excellent for being naturally suggested and not strained. Tad, the hero, is a good fellow in all respects, though open to the corrupting influences of one Jones, who is intent on preaching, illustrating to his son Tad the immoral doctrine of "getting even" with folk. *Lennard's Leader*, by Edward N. Hoare (S. P. C. K.), is a story that utilizes Mr. H. M. Stanley's account of the Emin Relief Expedition. It is matter for surprise, as well as for congratulation, that there are not more books of the kind. Hawthorne's *Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales* (Routledge) is a book that can never fail to charm girls or boys, however frequently it be reprinted. *Pictures and Stories of English History* (Nelson & Sons) is a pretty gift-book for children. Miss Esmé Stuart's skill in devising historical tales for young people is well exemplified in her interesting, if somewhat florid, story, *In the Days of Luther* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The new edition of Mr. Robert Routledge's excellent illustrated descriptive summary of scientific progress, *Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century* (Routledge & Co.), comprises some additional matter and is revised to date.

Messrs. De la Rue & Co. have a pretty and useful assortment of diaries. A Russia-leather card-case and diary chased in gold, No. 2240, size B, another dark red Russia-leather purse, card-case, and diary combined, No. 8829, size B, are especially useful and very handsome without being bulky. No. 3544, size C, is a good-sized purse in Russia leather, with diary. The condensed diary and engagement book, in small red leather case, is useful for a gentleman's pocket: so is the thumb-shaped diary, very small, bound in leather; another, the same size and shape, in a Russia-leather case, and another bound in velvet. The red-letter calendar, bound in leather, with pockets for cards and stamps, size A, No. 6063, and the finger-shaped condensed diary, in leather case, are also convenient and pretty. Leather almanac stands are in every shape, colour, and size. Mr. De la Rue's improved diary and memorandum book as a desk diary is most useful.

Messrs. John Walker & Co. have some "Back Loop Pocket Diaries" of various sizes, which are beautifully got up, in Russia and other leather, with pencils in the "back loop"; the two most charming, perhaps, are rather a large-sized one, No. 78, and one quite small, 181.

The Religious Tract Society has a pocket-book and Scripture Calendar with a variety of commercial and other information. A verse from Scripture is quoted for each day; the pocket-book almanac, with motto texts, takes up a small space and is very useful.

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons have brought out a new and very attractive edition of Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant* and *Early Lessons*. Both books are prettily illustrated by F. A. Fraser. We who remember the little brown volumes, and whose imaginations supplied the illustrations, perhaps may sigh over the bright cover and well-supplied pictures of the present edition; but there is no doubt that the present generation of children will appreciate these delightful stories in their present guise.

Tricks with Cards, by Professor Hoffman (Routledge), taken from *Modern Magic*, begins with the general principles of Sleight-of-hand, applicable to card tricks, and goes on to illustrate by drawings and words numberless clever card tricks.

Acting Charades and Proverbs, by Anne Bowman and other writers (Routledge), will be a much-needed help to those who want words for their charades, and who are not good at inventing dialogues for themselves in acting them. *Acting Proverbs* are also made easy for those who delight in this pastime.

The Christmas number of *London Society* is as usual a collection of bright enough stories, capitally adapted to while away odd time in a railway train or a waiting-room. For special praise we may single out Mr. Stewart Dawson's story "Harold Farquharson's Secret," the setting of which is placed naturally enough at Eton on the Fourth of June. All old Etonians will turn to this with expectation of pleasure, and will not be disappointed. To steal an apt quotation made by another old Etonian, "By many names men call us, in many lands we dwell," and thus Mr. Stewart Dawson appeals, and will appeal successfully, to an audience fit, but by no means few.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas number of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is as full of matter and as enticing in manner as usual, and to say that is to give high praise. We may call special attention to Mr. Brookfield's brilliant and caustic story.

A new translation, edited by Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, of the ever-pleasing *Swiss Family Robinson* (Routledge), promises well on the title-page, and the promise is thoroughly fulfilled. The translation is good, like the print; the pictures are well chosen and well executed. The slight cuts and alterations seem judicious enough; while one passage, that about Fritz and the dogs, unaccountably omitted in various modern editions, is here fully restored.

Dr. Gordon Stables's *By Sea and Land* (Warne & Co) is written in the author's well-known style, and contains a sufficient variety of adventures in various parts of the world, with interesting descriptions of the manners and customs of many men and cities. The character of young Lord Kildoon is perhaps the best touched in the book. The illustrations are spirited. The narrative is disfigured by a gibe (on p. 250) in very curious, and not at all attractive, taste at the sister service.

Mr. Edward A. Rand's *Up North in a Whaler* (Hutchinson & Co.) is a lively enough story of the kind of life and adventure which its title indicates, with the pointing of morals perhaps a little too much insisted on. It is written, partly at least, in very choice Yankee, and blunders characteristic of the great American nation are made in the attempt to show how ill-educated English folk misplace their h's.

Messrs. Prang & Co. (Boston) have sent us some very good specimens of their Christmas cards. Those with groups of children are the most fascinating; a little girl with her lap full of dolls, one playing with her dolls, three little ones unpacking a parcel, some dancing, a pretty boy playing with his dog. There are some pretty sprays of flowers, and a combination of birds and leaves. There are also some nice little booklets, *A True Story of My Dolls*, by Elizabeth S. Tucker, is most quaint; whilst *Christmas Morn*, by M. J. Jaques, illustrated by Lizbeth B. Humphrey, *Christmas Tide*, by E. Annie S. Page, also illustrated by L. B. Humphrey, *The Sago Valley*, illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews, *Haunts of Whittier*, illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, and *Twilight Fancies*, by Mrs. Lyman H. Weeks, are all well executed and interesting. "Playing School" is a picture, well worth framing, of children sitting on a bench in the garden, playing at being taught by a tiny girl, who is sitting in front of them with great importance and gravity, a book in her hand. Messrs. Bemrose & Sons have sent us some useful calendars, to hang up, with little landscapes on them. One, the "Scripture Calendar," has a text for every day in the year.

The bound volume of *The Leisure Hour*, for 1890 (56 Paternoster Row), will be a good possession, containing as it does papers on every variety of subjects, tales, and adventures, poetry, and household queries. The same can be said of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, in which the monthly paper called "The Gatherer," justly described as "an illustrated record of invention, discovery, literature, and

science," is very attractive. *The Sunday at Home* is another of these attractive volumes, combining religious teaching with stories and things of interest to all who are earnestly disposed. Its "Sunday Enigmas" are most useful in adding to the scriptural knowledge of those who try to find them out. In this volume there is a very pretty carol for children, "Oh, Joyful and Sweet was the Singing." *The Marvellous Budget*, being 65,536 stories about Jack and Jill, by the Rev. F. Bennett (Cassell & Co.), well deserves its title, and is uncommonly well illustrated. *When We Were Children*, by E. M. Green, illustrated by W. G. Burton (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is simply told and true to nature. *The Little Ladies*, by Helen Milman (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is here described in Helen Milman's own opening words:—"This is not a love story, or an ordeal story, or a story of events, not even an exciting story, or a 'shilling dreadful,' it is only a simple story of two children." It is prettily written, and with particularly good illustrations by Emily F. Harding. *Stories for Somebody*, by Edith Carrington (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), begins with "Somebody" who is the enemy of a little girl who put all her faults on "Somebody"—there are five other stories, all of them combining home life with natural history in an enchanting manner. The illustrations are by Mrs. H. M. Stanley (Dorothy Tennant), with her usual originality of design and carefulness of drawing. *The Mystery of the Rat-Tailed Grey; or the Curate-in-Charge*, by W. Y. Hodgson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a tale in verse of a sporting parson, who under the guise of a high-church meek curate takes in a parish full of old maids—his horse's disguise (a false tail) falls off and reveals his master's deceit. *Told by the Fireside* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a set of stories for children, by various well-known authors, and illustrated with great go and finish by Marie Seymour Lucas. *Over the Sea*, stories of two worlds (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is another book full of good illustrations and well-written stories for rather older children, edited by A. Patchett Martin. *Hearts and Voices: Songs of the Better Land* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a succession of pretty hymns such as our little ones love, with coloured as well as black-and-white pictures. *The Newbery Toy Books* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) have amongst them "The Book of Beasts," "The Book of Birds," and "The Book of Fishes," by E. C. Phillips (Mrs. Horace B. Lasher), which describe beasts, birds, and fishes both in the letterpress and by the illustrations, and contain a deal of instruction and interest. *The Old Corner Series* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) are many of the old nursery rhymes and fairy-tales, such as "Blue-beard," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Cock Robin," "Aladdin," &c., renewed with "entirely original illustrations by famous artists," and will be a fresh delight to children. *The Rosebud Annual* (Clark & Co.) is quite delightful with its clever pictures, stories for beginners in reading, and pretty, easy little songs.

The Welcome Hour (Marshall Brothers) in its bound volume contains much that is useful, interesting, and amusing, besides puzzles and historical prize competitions. *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.) is a treasure worth giving any of our little folks, having in its pages a fund of amusement of every description. *Pictures illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, with Appropriate Stories for Children*, by Emma Marshall (Nisbet & Co.), is a happy way of making our little ones understand each clause in a prayer which, having been taught before they could understand anything, so many say by rote. The illustrations are descriptive of each story. *The Dawn of Day* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a monthly illustrated magazine for Sunday School and parish use, bound in one volume for the year. Each number contains a serial story and a child's story, has a paper on cookery, gardening, church teaching, poetry, &c. *The Child's Pictorial* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a monthly coloured magazine for children, and makes a most attractive volume when bound, filled as it is with tales of all kinds to fascinate a child.

Animal Painting for Beginners (Blackie & Son) best describes itself in its title-page as being "twelve simple studies in colours, drawn from nature by Stephen T. Dadd and Stanley E. B. Montefiore, with practical directions for drawing and painting, and numerous pencil sketches by Harrison Weir, A. T. Elves, and R. H. Moore," and will be a godsend to our ambitious young artists. *The Royal Portrait Gallery* (Nelson & Sons) has sixty-two illustrations, with portraits of all our kings and queens, Queen Victoria being on the opening page. The portraits are somewhat hard in outline, but are characteristic; the rest of the pictures are well executed. The letterpress contains in a few lines the principal events in each reign.

Rosalinda and other Fairy Tales, by Anna Cross and Blanche Atkinson (George Allen), are fairy tales more like the real old ones of our childhood than any we have read for some time, in all their fantastic imagination. These tales are prettily illustrated by Alfred Lys Baldry. *Her One Ambition*, by Rowland Grey, illustrated by Maud Porter and Ellen Welby (Raphael Tuck & Sons), is a story of a girl whose "one ambition" is to see her brother Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. All she goes through to help him, her trials and triumphs, are prettily and graphically told; the illustrations are well worthy of the book. *A Peep into Catland* (Warne & Co.), life sketches, by Constance E. Howell, with descriptions by Aimée de V. Dawson and others, supply the most fascinating peeps into Catland we have seen for many a long day. "Darby and Joan," under a torn umbrella, the three little puzzled kittens learning their lessons, those playing with a work-basket, winding a clock, dipping into a mustard pot, the mother washing her kittens in a tub, hanging the clothes out to dry, &c. &c. are each and all quaint to the last degree.

The Air Child, and other New Fairy Tales, by Frances G. Low (Griffith & Farran), is to be commended. Miss Low has imagination and, what is still more important in writing for children, fancy. The stories are told in a quaint inconsequent fashion that leads one on till one arrives at the end of the book and puts it down with regret. Mercifully, too, they end happily, and obvious morals they have none. Morals are excellent in classics like "Blue Beard" and "Little Red Riding Hood"; but the whole duty of the modern fairy-story is to be amusing and cheerful, and to teach us nothing, unless it be quite unawares. Perhaps unawares some teaching may be found in Miss Low's charming stories; but, if so, she may be forgiven because of the manner of it, and her book may be remembered as one that will amuse children as well as do them good.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DÉBIDOUR'S History of Europe from the Congress of Vienna to that of Berlin (1) is to a certain extent similar to Mr. Fyffe's recent work in English, and is written from no very different point of view, considering the fact that one writer is an Englishman and the other a Frenchman. Both endeavour to write impartially, and to summarize rather than discuss; but both belong to the extreme, if not the extremest, Liberal party, and this plays not a little havoc with their good intentions. M. Débidour, indeed, is much more precise than Mr. Fyffe, and consequently his book will be much more useful as a work of reference; though we do not remember in Mr. Fyffe's volumes any such strange instance of ignorance as "Sir Bulwer," and in more important matters M. Débidour requires a great deal of "controlling." But he has an admirable index, is seldom wrong in positive affirmation, though often in indirect allusion, and gives, according to the excellent French practice so rare in England, solid little biographical notes on every person of importance mentioned.

The drawbacks of the system by which in France everybody is a somebody-*iste*, and the somebody grows obsolete in ten years or so, are well exemplified in M. Joseph Reinach's essays (2). M. Reinach is Gambettist or nothing, and Gambetta is with Queen Anne and "Tommy." Nevertheless, if men die, questions do not; and the opinion of a person of real ability, as M. Reinach certainly is, on the Eastern question, colonial policy, clericalism, reform, police, and the like, will generally have some value. Therefore, let them by all means be put on more permanent record than periodical publication can give.

The very dates of Admiral Count de Gueydon's naval essays or reports (3) (the earliest is, we think, 1860, the latest 1874) explain a good deal of the character of the book. The author is described in the preface as a *mémoire vénérée*, and his conclusions are brought forward rather as bearing on later questions than as substantive documents. In fact, there is nothing new, and, perhaps there is less novelty in naval management than in anything else, for man and the sea, which are the main factors in the problem, are very unchangeable commodities.

Of the novels before us, *Tantine* (4), a volume of short stories, is, we think, decidedly the best. The title-story, giving the romance of a pretty old maid, is itself very pretty; and there is a good deal of varied talent in the others. Mlle. Louba Volanoff (5) deserved her Christian name in more senses than one. She was a Russian young woman of the most terrible, not of the ordinary fashion of Russian beauty, according to French novelists, but even worse in her morals. She was betrothed to a rich and foolish young man named Lucien, who had a poor and learned, but also foolish, friend named Louis. At the head of this Louis did Mlle. Volanoff throw herself—and more. She made irruptions into his study, and stayed there till she had her will of him; she seduced him down to Fontainebleau, and there kept him prisoner of love; in fact, she generally played the gay Lothario to his shrinking modesty. He was horrified at the thoughts of betraying his friend, but had neither the pluck to refuse nor the pluck to brazen it out, and when the deed was done he wanted Louba to marry him, which she did not see at all, being very fain of Lucien's money, and generously prepared to "disdamage" Louis as much as he liked. And he interrupted the wedding ceremony and went home to die of endocarditis. And Louba, who was spending her honeymoon at Nice in great contempt of her husband, said he was "lâche" for doing so: which word indeed describes him pretty fully and fairly. M. Rondelet, who has written all kinds of improving literature, explains in his preface to *Une femme bien malheureuse* (6) what a novel ought

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(1) *Histoire diplomatique de l'Europe.* Par M. Débidour. 2 tomes. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *La politique opportuniste*, 1880–1889. Par J. Reinach. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Idées maritimes d'hier—réformes maritimes de demain.* Par l'Amiral Comte de Gueydon. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Tantine.* Par H. Allais. London: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Louba Volanoff.* Par E. Valentin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Une femme bien malheureuse.* Par A. Rondelet. Paris: Perrin.

to be. We are sorry to say that his own, according to the one infallible test, is what it ought not; for we have found it quite impossible to read it. M. Pierre Sales has now almost as much of a public and of a manner of his own as M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, and it is not necessary to say more of or for *Le diamant noir* (7). *Un rêve à deux* (8), is eminently what recent slang calls a *berquinade*. It is an unfortunate thing, but there is sometimes something hardly less distasteful to the British mind in French virtue than in French vice. The heroine marries a man much older than herself, for whom she does not in the least care, carries on a platonic flirtation for years with a young male person, who, fortunately, "would do nothing for to hurt her," marries him to somebody else, out of pure virtue, and then falls in love with her husband because—and, as it would seem, only because—she is going to become, and does become, a mother by this previously unloved partner. It is of the noblest conventional morality, but perhaps "casts a cold," as they say in its own language. As for the French version of Mr. O'Brien's *When we were Boys* (9), we can only say, "Happy is the man who has a wife that can translate his work from bad English into good French." The preface, by M. Burdeau, a Deputy, is short and silly. Except the person who congratulated Mr. Parnell on his refusal, as a Catholic, to kiss the Bible in a Protestant court, we have not recently met a more astonishing example of French ignorance than the person who describes Mr. Smith Barry as a "propriétaire inhumain." Even *United Ireland* knows better than that.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN what may not inaptly be termed a memorial volume—*Gottfried Keller: a Selection of his Tales*, translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker (Fisher Unwin)—we have a brief, yet well-considered, sketch of the life and work of the Swiss poet Gottfried Keller, with specimens of his short stories selected from *Die Leute von Seldwyla*. The translator's "Memoirs"—written, it seems, before the death of Keller in July last—recounts the chief biographical facts of Keller's career as landscape-painter, poet, and novelist; and deals with the scope and quality of his writings in the course of a sympathetic review. That Keller's verse will never be so popular as his prose is perhaps a truism. His lyrics, for the most part, certainly suggest that he did not find in poetry the perfect freedom that prose yielded. It was in prose that he best proved his artistic capacity; and it was in prose—the prose of the admirable "Seldwyla" stories—that he was first revealed to the discerning Auerbach as a new and notable poet. Of these lively and pleasant pictures of life in the town and district of "Seldwyla" three examples are given by the translator, together with the author's introduction to the series. They are well chosen and faithfully rendered. The English reader could not have a more representative selection of Keller's stories than "Dietegen," "The Abused Love-Letters," and that amusing romance of a journeyman tailor, "Clothes Maketh Man."

Charles Waterton's *Wanderings in South America* (Nelson & Sons) is a tasteful reprint of one of the most charming and entertaining books of travel and natural history in any literature. Sydney Smith, whose review of the book in the *Edinburgh* is given by way of introduction, felt or pretended to feel nothing but amazement that a country gentleman should prefer life with Indians and monkeys to the balls and assemblies of civilized society. He wrote of Waterton, as he wrote of Sir Joseph Banks, in a whimsical strain of banter and admiration. Waterton's enthusiasm excited in him something like amused consternation. "He seems," says the reviewer, "to love the forests, the tigers, and the apes—to rejoice that he is the only man there, that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons!" Perhaps we should now wonder at Sydney Smith's wonderment. It does not strike us as at all grotesque that a humane chivalrous gentleman should solace himself in the forests of Guiana, during the brief intervals between terrific encounters with snakes, by reading Horace or Virgil, or that he should make a nightly offering of his foot to the vampire bat, and passionately regret that "this winged surgeon" refused the temptation. Who can read unmoved the touching story of the distressed sloth, assisted by the amiable traveller to his arboreal haunts? Gently does he convey the quaint beast suspended from a stout bough to the nearest tree, and with a fine gush of old-fashioned sentiment follow the flight of the happy and swift sloth through the mysterious forest. It is Uncle Toby turned naturalist. But the charm of the book is inexhaustible, and is reflected, not ineffectively, in the illustrations. Especially thrilling is the picture of vampire bats attacking guileless sleepers in the moonlight.

"Fritz" of Prussia, by Lucy Taylor (Nelson & Sons), is a volume of history and biography devoted to a popular chronicle of the leading events of the life of the late German Emperor. Naturally the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870–71 occupy a large portion of the book; they are not, as in some similar compilations, unduly treated to the exclusion of other interesting matters. On the whole, the book is well proportioned and written in a pleasing and entirely unpretentious style.

Asbestos, by Robert H. Jones (Crosby Lockwood & Co.), is a descriptive treatise on the properties and uses of asbestos by a writer who not long since published an interesting pamphlet on the asbestos mines of Canada. In the present volume Mr. Jones has collected some very valuable information respecting the varieties of asbestos, its substitutes, and the chief sources of supply. His account of the rich Canadian mines, and of those of Italy, based on personal study and investigation, is marked by the thoroughness that distinguishes every section of his practical treatise. Almost past enumeration are the uses of asbestos at the present time, and the future, as Mr. Jones shows, is rich in the promise of yet greater possibilities for its employment. America appears to be the principal consumer of asbestos in arts and manufactures, though in Germany and in England it is extensively used as packing in engineering work, felt, paint, lubricants, &c. The last new thing in the application of the fibre is a "tobacco-paper," and a compound of tobacco and asbestos for smoking in a pipe. Among the numerous "substitutes" of which Mr. Jones treats, slag wool or silicate cotton is highly commended as a lining for walls, roofs, and floors, being proof against vermin and fire-resisting. Mr. Jones's book is well illustrated by "collotype" plates and diagrams.

In the *Leisure Hour* Library we have two capital books for persons curious about many things and how they are done. Both are by Mr. W. J. Gordon, and both are published by the Religious Tract Society. *Foundry, Forge, and Factory* is descriptive of the North-country iron-foundries, the wonders of Elswick, the making of the Forth Bridge, the Barrow works, the glass factories of St. Helen's, machine-printing, &c. *How London Lives* deals in effective style with the markets, the lighting, the cleaning of London, and describes the daily routine at the Post Office, hospitals, and the work of the police.

From the same publishers we have two recent additions to the useful "By-paths of Bible Knowledge" series—*Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus*, by the late J. T. Wood, F.S.A., a handy abstract of the author's work on the antiquities of Ephesus; and *Early Bible Songs*, with introduction and notes by A. H. Drysdale on the nature and spirit of Hebrew song.

The intentions of Mr. Percy Russell, when he set himself to compose *The Author's Manual* (Digby & Long), were doubtless excellent intentions; but they are not made good on publication. His book is anything but what it is stated to be on the title-page. It is not "a complete and practical guide to all branches of literary work," nor can we say it is likely to assist any person who has any real claim to be considered an author.

Unlike the preceding volumes of the "International Library," Mr. E. J. Dillon's translation from Count Tolstoï's *Work while ye have the Light* (Heinemann) can scarcely be ranked with fiction. As a story it is exceedingly thin, for no one can possibly feel the slightest interest in Pamphilius, that very early Christian, or in Julius, that very modern young Roman. As a sermon, the book is not particularly effective and a trifle musty. We are entirely sympathetic, however, with the excellent lady, in the author's introduction, who rebukes her husband for his ill-conditioned praise of celibacy and his maudlin proposition that he should lead a new life and let his wife and children look to themselves.

The British Almanac and Companion for 1891 (Stationers' Company) is a handy compendium of useful information relative to Government, Education, the Church, the Law, Army and Navy, &c. The usual restrospects of the year's art, science, music, drama, sport, are contributed by Mr. Langton Cole, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Mr. E. W. Maunder, and other competent writers.

Mr. David Stott's pretty series "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors" is enriched by a reprint in two volumes of Carlyle's translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, with an introduction by Professor Dowden, and notes by Mr. C. K. Shorter.

The third volume of Professor Arthur Cayley's *Collected Mathematical Papers* (Cambridge: at the University Press) comprises sixty-four papers originally published between the years 1857 and 1862.

Nearly two-thirds of Mr. G. J. Smith's *Synopsis of English and American Literature* (Boston: Ginn & Co.) are occupied with writers and writings of the nineteenth century. Quantity, not quality, is the compiler's rule in treating of the present century, and the writers are dealt with on the principle of taking *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Mr. Swinburne, by the way, is said to have "successfully revived the drama in *Tristram*." Chatterton, who is classed with impostors like Macpherson—not with the poets—is said to have taken "poems" from "Canynge's coffer." He wrote, we are told, "The Rowley Papers." The author of this "summary of our literature" is described in the title as "Instructor in English, Washington, D. C., High School."

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have two volumes of poetry that should receive the widest welcome from the discriminating public. The first is the new edition in one volume of Matthew Arnold's *Poetical Works*. In appearance this desirable book is uniform with the one-volume edition of Wordsworth for which Mr. John Morley wrote an Introduction, though the type and paper are superior. The book is, indeed, beautifully printed, and has an excellent portrait. The new and enlarged edition in one volume of *Poems* by Christina G. Rossetti is another very attractive book. It comprises D. G. Rossetti's designs for "The Princess

(7) *Le diamant noir*. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(8) *Un rêve à deux*. Par C. Trouessart. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(9) *A vingt ans*. Traduit de l'Anglais de W. O'Brien par Mme. W. O'Brien. Paris: Charpentier.

Progress" and "Goblin Market," the first two collections of lyrics by the most charming and most original of English poetesses.

Among new editions we have *The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire*, by W. Chambers Lefroy, F.S.A., with etchings by MM. Brunet-Debaines and H. Toussaint (Seeley & Co.); Mr. Wallace Bruce's poems, *In Clover and Heather* (Blackwood & Sons); *The Unknown Horn of Africa*, by the late F. L. James, with an obituary notice of the author by J. A. and W. D. James, second edition, containing narrative and notes only (Philip & Son); and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's *Life of Lord Stratford de Redclyffe* (Longmans & Co.)

We have also received *Sweet Cicely; or, Josiah Allen as a Politician*, by Marietta Holley, illustrated (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Maria and I*, by Edgar Lee (Bristol: Arrowsmith); *John Ruskin: a Study*, by the Rev. E. P. Downes ("Great Thoughts" Office); *Mormon Saints*, by W. Herbert Thomas (Houlston & Sons); *A Transatlantic Voyage*, by William Hamilton (Digby & Long); and *Stammering*, by B. Beasley, thirteenth edition (Birmingham: Hudson).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Forms of Entry, and further information, may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Kensington, 122 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W. The Forms must be returned filled up by January 31.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. A WEEK of extraordinary energy in Parliament was not shamed by its last night on *Friday*. Mr. SMITH and Mr. GLADSTONE having acquitted themselves gracefully of the expression, informal but sincere, of the House's sympathy with its SPEAKER in his then recent loss, the Land Purchase Bill was taken, and, after a vain attempt by Mr. ROBERTSON to throw instructions in the way, the House went into Committee and at once reported progress. Then the Seed Potatoes Bill was taken, and after it had been read a second time, the Government, seeing the good dispositions of the House, accelerated even their designed rate of progress, and by special leave got it through the Committee stage; while the supplementary vote of 5,000*l*. for Ireland was agreed to on report of Supply. Mr. LOWTHER made some fight for discussing the case of HARGAN before the House adjourned; but, having received general expressions of sympathy and an assurance from Mr. SMITH that the HOME SECRETARY was carefully considering the case, withdrew for the present. "And so home."

On *Monday* a brief sitting of the House of Lords took place. In the Lower House Mr. SMITH mentioned the intention of the Government, when the immediate business of the day was concluded, to adjourn to January 22. Mr. HEALY, after a frantic splutter against the formal moving of the second reading of the Land Department (Ireland) Bill by Mr. BALFOUR, got a member of his family to move its rejection. After a discussion of little interest, except that both sections of the Nationalists took part in it, the second reading was carried by 191 to 129. The Lords' amendments to the Transfer of Railways (Ireland) Bill were agreed to, a little conversation on next year's programme took place, and the House adjourned.

On *Tuesday* both Houses met for some formal work and conversation. The Royal assent was given to the two Irish Bills (Seed Potatoes and Transfer of Railways), a few arrangements were made, and then the Wonderful Autumn Session of 1890, in which the House had talked less and done more than in any Parliamentary period of equal length during living memory, came to a close by adjournment to the date above mentioned.

Mr. Parnell. The extraordinary Parliamentary, or just-outside-of-Parliamentary, drama with which the name of Mr. PARNELL will always be connected lost none of its interest at the end of last week. Mr. GLADSTONE, being too pure to have even indirect communication with Mr. PARNELL, stipulated for some formal changes in the reference to him, which were agreed to by Mr. PARNELL with the promptest and most contemptuous alacrity. On Saturday the interest rose higher than ever. Mr. GLADSTONE late the night before had fulfilled Mr. PARNELL's anticipations to the letter by declining, though everything had been done to meet his scruples, to give the delegates any assurance whatever—a very wise course in itself, if it had not been made gratuitously insulting by his previous conduct. The Irish party met to consider this, and after a stormy debate, in which Mr. HEALY behaved with characteristic chivalry, the malcontent majority, finding themselves completely checkmated by Mr. PARNELL, left him in possession of the field and the chair, and seceded to some unsacred mount, where they formed themselves into a new party of forty-five, with Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY (whose youthful offspring sighed as a patriot, but obeyed as a son, and followed him) as figure-head, surrounded by a council of war to see fair. Thus there are now two Irish parties, every member of the larger but irregular one, which has no single or efficient leader, having broken his pledge of obedience to Mr. PARNELL, and being bound in honour to resign his seat. Mr. PARNELL, on the other hand, with a small but united party and the greater part of Nationalist Ireland at his back, remains ready to fight at the best advantage. And so the first act of the drama ended; but the extreme cleverness of Mr. PARNELL's management was shown on Monday, when he did not attempt, as a stupider man would have done, any opposition to the motion of the seceding Whip, Mr. DEASY, for a new writ in Kilkenny. Why should he? Let Winter-king Mr JUSTIN MCCARTHY and the rest of them do or say what they will, they are still his men. That is the theory; and Mr. PARNELL, observing it scrupulously, set off to Ireland on Tuesday to put the practice in hand. His methods were practical with a vengeance. Having arrived early on Wednesday morning at Dublin, and refreshed himself by the reception of divers addresses (a process wherein, as in his previous speeches "at the carriage "window" in London, it is impossible not to suspect a parody too audacious and horrible to hint at in prose), he gathered a posse and made for the offices of *United Ireland*. He captured that fortress from the rebellious O'Brienites, turned the acting-editor out of doors, confiscated and burnt large numbers of an ingeniously intended early issue against himself, and, the *Freeman's Journal* being already on his side, left the anti-Parnellites scarcely a rag to write a curse on. Next he held a great meeting at the Rotunda, described the proceedings of Mr. GLADSTONE with much freedom and accuracy, and may be said to have been left master of the situation generally. For, though a gang of O'Brienites entered the office under cover of night (defeating the garrison of one caretaker's wife), and broke up some type, Mr. PARNELL in person recaptured the citadel next day with axe and crowbar. Then he set off to Cork, meeting with favourable receptions all the way, except at Mallow, an O'Brienite stronghold. Meanwhile poor Mr. O'BRIEN, in far New York, was described as "greatly shocked" at the razzia on the periodical in which he used to hold sweet converse about Lord SPENCER and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN; and the anti-Parnellites, while Mr. PARNELL was acting, issued an excessively long and excessively dull manifesto, from which it appears that when they re-elected Mr. PARNELL they really meant treason all the time. They call themselves "Patriots," from which it appears that Parnellism is only the penultimate refuge of the class. Also Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY has done Mr. PARNELL the service, which hundreds of persons who have worked with Sir JOHN will declare to be the greatest possible, of quitting his side, and is to be faced at Kilkenny by Mr. VINCENT SCULLY.

Foreign Affairs. In regard to the Manicaland trouble the Portuguese have admitted much by demanding a joint Commission. A *modus vivendi* on the top of a convention was not very good heraldry, but a joint Commission superimposed on both would be worse. It would appear, however, from statements made later in England, and by Englishmen, that there is a good deal of mere trade jealousy and of the counter-assertions of rival *concessionnaires* in the matter.——Loud boastings from New York publishers that New York is to be the publishing centre of the world followed the acceptance of the Copyright Bill by the House of Representatives, and showed pretty conclusively that the last thing in the American head is to do any good to "this side."——A mild interest should have been taken in the proceedings which, during this week, have reintroduced Luxemburg to the European family as a State, not merely autonomous, but independent, with a sovereign to itself and everything complete.——The Italian Parliament was opened with a speech from King HUMBERT on Wednesday.——The Spaniards appear to have had some sharp, but successful, fighting with the natives in the Caroline Islands.——A despatch has been sent by Lord KNUTSFORD to the Governor of Newfoundland, recounting

the present state of the dispute with France, and deprecating—not too soon—unwise action on the part of the colonists.——M. DE FREYCINET was elected to the Académie Française on Thursday—an honour which would have been greater if the competition had been more serious. But M. ZOLA was a candidate *pour rire*, and the others hardly even that.

Politics out of Parliament.

Mr. GLADSTONE, in order, if possible, to save the recent situation by winning Bassetlaw (which it will be remembered went at the last contested election to the Tories by a very small majority), visited the constituency on Thursday. This visit was, of course, only made "on the way to Hawarden," between which place and London, Retford and Worksop are notoriously situated (see same atlas as that which shows "your "Tower" in the immediate neighbourhood of "your Parks" and "your Court of St. James's"). The people of the Bassetlaw division also enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

Correspondence.

The Dean of WELLS has followed up his previous attack on "General" BOOTH's plan with a very sober and weighty letter to the *Times* of Monday, on the General's investment schemes. Mr. HUXLEY (who was afterwards provoked to yet another utterance, sharper than ever, by some characteristic remarks of Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S) and others returned to the same charge on Tuesday, on which day Professor DICEY also wrote to the *Times* on the PARNELL crisis. Mr. DICEY took up and very well enforced the proposition advanced here last week, that the whole matter ought to be a lesson to any English party against bargaining with Nationalism; but he perhaps went rather far in advising Englishmen to regard Parnellite and anti-Parnellite as pot and kettle. Mr. PARNELL, Heaven knows, is black enough; but the anti-Parnellites, the *contrebanque* of the great swindle of Irish Nationalism, are as black as he in all his blackness, and blackened afresh by their breach of their pledges to him. They were wedded to him by solemn, if not exactly holy, espousals, and they have been false to him, the co-respondent being Mr. GLADSTONE—and that is the humour of it.——A singularly impudent epistle has been published from Mr. STANLEY, affecting to sum up the Rear guard dispute, which is probably the first instance of a summing-up proceeding from the dock. Mr. STANLEY, it seems, is deeply grieved at African exploration being sullied by atrocities. It was probably another Mr. STANLEY who was on the Victoria Nyanza some years ago.

Miscellaneous.

A formal reply to the *Times'* criticisms by the Government experts responsible for the adoption of the magazine rifle was published at the end of last week.——Professor CREIGHTON succeeds Mr. CAPEL CURE as Canon of Windsor—a very good appointment—and Mr. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE takes Canon CREIGHTON'S room at Worcester.——Mr. Justice ROMER delivered on Saturday last an elaborate judgment in the Pelican Club case restraining the defendants from doing most of the things complained of between midnight and seven in the morning.——A fresh financial crisis, or rather a relapse of the same, has been reported from New York; and something like a recrudescence of strikes appears to have set in, difficulties being reported with some of the Shipping Unions, and from different parts of the country as to workers on land. At the Docks on Tuesday some serious scuffles took place, firearms being, it is said, used, or at least shown.——Mr. R. S. WRIGHT has been appointed to the judgeship vacant by Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON'S death, and most people will at least agree that an abler man is not to be found on the Bench.——The County Cricket Council dissolved itself on Monday in a rather odd manner.——On the afternoon of that day M. MAUREL gave a lecture on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre on the Lyric Art, with practical illustrations at its close. Full comment on this will be found elsewhere.——The County Council arranged its campaign against sky-signs on Tuesday, providing for six years' respite in the case of the actual abominations.——Mrs. PEEL was buried on Wednesday at Sandy in the presence of a concourse of distinguished persons, a service being simultaneously held and largely attended in St. Margaret's, Westminster.——The meeting of protest against the treatment of the Jews in Russia came off on the same day in the Guildhall.——The Smithfield Club Show—"the Cattle Show" *par excellence*—has been held, despite excessively bad weather, with success during the week, the chief honours once more falling to HER MAJESTY.——The charge against SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE was withdrawn on Wednesday; and on the same day it was announced that, in spite of the adjurations of Canon HEURTLEY and all the better members of their own party, the Church Association had lodged an appeal against the ARCHBISHOP'S decision in READ *v.* the Bishop of LINCOLN.——The P. and O. steamer *Nepaul* was wrecked on the Mewstone, just outside Plymouth, on Wednesday night, in the fog; but, despite the usual Lascar panic, no lives were lost.

Obituary.

The heavy loss which the Church has suffered by the death of the DEAN of ST. PAUL'S is commented on elsewhere.——Lord TOLLEMACHE, who died at the great age of eighty-five on Wednesday, was one of the best landlords and most practical farmers in England, a good Tory, and the very ideal of a benevolent despot.——M. RUELENS, of the King's Library at Brussels, was known by careful work on several subjects connected with the Low Countries, notably RUBENS and THOMAS À KEMPIS.——M. EDMOND DE LAFAYETTE was the grandson of his grandfather.

Books, &c.

A very great number of books have been issued during the present week, and it is rather difficult to select any for special notice. The Princess BEATRICE'S translation of the *Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach* (MURRAY), Dr. BIRKBECK HILL'S very handsome *Footsteps of Dr. Johnson in Scotland* (SAMPSON LOW), and a reprint of JONATHAN SCOTT'S version of the *Arabian Nights*, with pretty illustrations (PICKERING & CHATTO), perhaps, deserve to bear the bell from different points of view as well as any.——Thursday was the first night of the Westminster Play.

THE SESSION SO FAR.

THERE is no doubt that all Governments ought to be equipped, whether by the aid of astrology or otherwise, with supernatural powers of penetration into the future. It is the least that can be expected of them, and is indeed to be regarded as an essential part of the "consideration "moving from them" for the official salaries which they draw and the official position which they enjoy. Of this the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and his colleagues have had to be somewhat sternly reminded within the last few days by some of their political critics. Parliament assembled (they will not deny) on the 25th of last month, and Ministers thereupon laid before the House of Commons a programme of legislative work which they assumed would be sufficient to occupy the full time of that Assembly up till within a week of Christmas Day. The House, in fact, received from its leader what professed to be a sufficient set of directions for four weeks' employment; "instead of which," to adapt a memorable locution, "they are going about the country "hunting foxes." And all this because the Government neglected to foresee, not only Mr. GLADSTONE'S rash attempt to bounce Mr. PARNELL out of his leadership by gazetting his retirement in the newspapers without any previous consultation with him, but all the catastrophic and cataclysmic results which that rash attempt engendered. Ministers had actually no more prescience of the fact that the Irish benches would be empty for a fortnight, and that the deserted English Radicals would be sitting on the bench below in a state of depression, not to say stupefaction, too profound to allow them to say "No" even to an Irish Relief Bill — HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, we say, had no more "foreknowledge absolute" of all this than had the Opposition or even their candid critics themselves; and they "laid their plans," as they have the face to put it, "accordingly." They assumed, that is to say, that in committing themselves and the House of Commons to an undertaking to read the three principal Ministerial Bills a second time, and to get the Deputy-Speaker replaced by the Chairman of Committees, they were cutting out at least five weeks' Parliamentary work, and might be thankful—they even in their reprehensible ignorance went so far as to say—if Parliament was able to make good the undertaking by sitting right up till Christmas Eve. A more inexcusable miscalculation, or one which might more easily have been avoided by a little exercise of the black art, we have never known. The Government ought of course to have invited the House of Commons to carry the three Bills in question, not only into Committee, but through and out of it, within thirty

days; and then they would, at least, have been on the safe side.

To abandon irony, however, as an instrument rather dangerous of employment on a question which interests a large number of Gladstonians, it is at first sight a more reasonable criticism on the course pursued by the Government that, though they could not, indeed, have foreseen the course of events when they planned their Parliamentary programme, they might, by the light of those events, have revised it. It having turned out that the House was able to do what it had been asked to do in a much shorter time than was expected, why not ask it to do something more? The three Ministerial measures having been seen safe into Committee by the 8th instead of the 24th of December, why not spend another ten days or a fortnight in taking one or more of them partially through the Committee stage? To these questions, however, there are more answers than one. Ministers, in the first place, may very well have thought that, as the summons to an autumn Session is regarded as an extraordinary demand on the public spirit of members, the men who have cheerfully responded to it should get the benefit of any extraordinary stroke of luck which may relieve them from their duties at an earlier day than was expected. Good progress has been made, and better still ought not, in this case at any rate, to be allowed to play the part of *ennemi du bien*. Moreover, the real "better" in this case would be to send members to their homes in good spirits, with the pleasant recollection of their easy but busy little Session, unmarred by any later and less agreeable associations, fresh in their minds, and with an unlooked-for fortnight of additional rest and recreation to prepare themselves for the battle of the coming year. There was, however, a more cogent and practical reason than this for adhering to the original plan—a reason which the "new" Irish party under its new, or one of its new, leaders was obliging enough to supply. The exhaustion of the Ministerial programme coincided with curious exactitude with that of the patience of the Parnellite mutineers under the dilatory tactics of their chief. The Government Bill got into Committee about the time that the Irish party got out of it, and just as Mr. Courtney descended to his seat as Chairman, Mr. Justin M'Carthy was ascending to his. No time was lost in showing the House—not, it is true, by the action of Mr. M'Carthy himself—that the Irish party, or, at any rate, those members of the secessionist section who think themselves big enough to fill Mr. Parnell's shoes, would have been obstructing business throughout the short Session, if they had not been otherwise too pressingly engaged; and that they have all along proposed to renew the game of Obstruction as soon as they had settled their private quarrel. There was indeed some probability on the face of matters that for the moment, at any rate, Obstructionist activity would be particularly pronounced. Mr. Healy, for one, would be under strong inducement to show himself indispensable to his party, and to set his remarkable fighting qualities in effective contrast to the tame and colourless characteristics of his nominal chief. His performance on the night of the first appearance of the reconstituted party in the House of Commons was in his most finished—which is to say his most blatantly offensive—style, and gave promise of much behaviour of the same sort if the particular measure then before the House had been persevered with. In view of this, the Government, we think, would in any case have been well advised in adjourning the Session. The chances are that but little more progress, or, at any rate, an amount by no means commensurate with the trouble expended in achieving it, could have been made during the next fortnight; and that time, therefore, will be more profitably spent in recruiting Ministerial energies in preparation for the labours of the coming year.

It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the highly satisfactory details of the progress made with public business since Parliament met at the end of last month. So considerable is it that, having regard to the fact that there is happily no Address to be disposed of in January next, and that the House on its reassembling can proceed at once to business, there seems a fair prospect of getting through Committee with one or more of the principal measures before Parliament rises again for Easter. The outlook for the Land Purchase Bill in particular is especially promising. Even assuming, which is by no means certain, that the quarrel between the two factions of the Irish party should have closed before the end of January next with the visible triumph of one side or the other, there seems little probability that the victors will find themselves disposed to offer any effective obstruction to the progress of Mr. Balfour's measure. We know already that, if Mr. Parnell wins, he will be inclined rather to assist than to hinder its passage through Parliament, and it seems, to say the least of it, improbable that his adversaries, in spite of the noisy boastings of Mr. Healy, will venture on the now clearly unpopular course of opposing it. As to the Gladstonians, their principal organ in the London press has already had the moral hardihood to hint that the success of Mr. Balfour's much-abused measure might, after all, be the means of relieving the English Separatist party from one of the gravest of their existing embarrassments. This, of course, comes very near to the expression of a hope that the game of the most virtuous of all English parties may be simplified by the realization of a policy which they have loudly denounced as fraught with equal danger to the interests of the British taxpayer and to the peace and prosperity of Ireland. But these moral vagaries of personified public virtue are no affair of ours. All we need concern ourselves with is the fact that, for reasons of their own, unprincipled or otherwise, the English enemies of the Union have now as little inducement as their Irish allies—if allies we may still call them—to defeat the Land Purchase Bill. That they will actively co-operate in promoting its enactment it would, no doubt, be too much to expect. A sullen melancholy on their part is the most that can be counted on, and, of course, we should have to be prepared for their seizing greedily on any opportunity, if such should unfortunately offer, for combining to upset the Government by an adverse vote on some side issue. But there is reason to believe that they will make no serious attempt to prevent the passage of the Bill by obstruction pure and simple; and this assurance alone would be no inconsiderable gain.

PELICANS IN CHANCERY.

PELICANS, at least in the literal sense of the word, are estimable creatures. But their proper place is the wilderness, and not Gerrard Street, Soho. In restraining them from continuing two out of the three separate disturbances which they are alleged to create, Mr. Justice Romer has done something to diminish the causes of sleeplessness with which London abounds. The case has been heard at great length, first in the Long Vacation and afterwards at the present sittings. Mr. Justice Lawrance, as Vacation Judge, declined to interfere. He said there were affidavits on both sides, and the evidence was conflicting, and all the counsel were very able; but it was not the season, and the safest thing would be to make no order. "Gentlemen," said the American judge, who had been elected rather for his personal popularity than for his knowledge of the law, "if you think the prisoner guilty, you "ought to convict him. If you think him innocent, you "ought to acquit him. But if likewise you don't under-"stand the case, and can't make head or tail of the evidence, "why then I'll be hanged if I know what you ought to do." Mr. Justice Romer, having heard and considered a great mass of testimony, came to the conclusion that there was an undoubted nuisance, which he ought to restrain. No one who took the trouble of reading his lucid and sensible judgment can have failed to agree with him. Indeed, if there be any doubt as to the correctness of his decision, it arises, not on the points where he granted an injunction, but on the point where he refused one. The Pelican Club has not come before the public on this occasion for the first time. A good deal of its linen was washed in open court when a member unsuccessfully endeavoured to set up a legal obstacle against his own expulsion. The manners of the place were then freely described, and excited, like the officious proceedings of Mr. Micawber's children, a good deal of hostile comment. One of the objects with which the Club was formed is "affording entertainments to its members "by boxing contests for large money prizes between cele-"brated professional pugilists." The morality, or even the legality, of prize-fighting was not, of course, raised before Mr. Justice Romer. When it was raised before that rather dim luminary of the law, Sir Peter Edlin, the jury failed to agree, and were discharged, the prosecution being subsequently abandoned by the Crown. What Mr. Justice Romer had to decide was whether the boxing and its attendant circumstances constituted an improper abridgment of the peace and comfort enjoyed by the neighbourhood.

The boxing itself did not, and not even the plaintiffs alleged that it did. Therefore the question, rather interesting in form, was how far, as respects the law of nuisance, a man is responsible for the indirect consequences of his acts.

A conviction for obstructing a thoroughfare has been upheld when all that the defendant had done was to exhibit in his shop window a mechanical apparatus which attracted a crowd. If one can imagine MILLET's "Angelus" exposed to public view in the Strand, it is easy to perceive how completely the pavement might become blocked, and the progress of pedestrians impeded. The freeholders, lessees, and occupants of 33 Gerrard Street applied this analogy to the proprietor of the Pelican Club. "You "may," they said, "conduct your fights quietly enough. "We don't deny it. But the announcement of them, and "the eagerness felt by betting-men to ascertain their result, "collects a noisy mob in front of our house, which prevents "us from obtaining in the one instance a good rent, in the "other a good night's rest. Then the whistling for cabs at "all hours of the morning, and the free remarks of cabmen "who don't get fares, rouse us from our slumbers in a most "unpleasant way. Moreover you have concerts, with "music, singing, and applause, which put the finishing "touch to our misery, and make night absolutely hideous." Mr. Justice ROMER treated the last complaint very lightly, and even the plaintiffs' counsel did not make much of it. The crowd and the whistling he took to be serious, as they certainly are. The defendant must have been perfectly conscious of the fact that his entertainments increased the floating population of Gerrard Street. For he invariably warned the police beforehand of what was about to happen, so that an extraordinary force might be provided. His request was always complied with; and this affords food for thought. The Metropolitan Police are an expensive body. There are not too many of them—but, rather too few—for the business of preserving order and repressing crime. It seems somewhat odd, and not altogether satisfactory, that constables paid by the public for the performance of public duties should be at the beck and call of an enterprising sportsman who employs professional pugilists for his own profit. Mr. Justice ROMER has most righteously forbidden the cab-calling and the crowd-collecting between midnight and seven o'clock. Ratepayers who take no interest in pugilistic encounters may be excused for thinking that, if the noble art of self-defence cannot be practised without police protection, it had better not be practised at all.

DR. CHURCH.

EVEN after the deaths of Dr. LIGHTFOOT and Dr. LIDDON, his colleagues in the great foundation which has nourished so many of the glories of the Anglican communion, that communion has suffered one of the severest of possible losses in the late DEAN of ST. PAUL'S. For he was of a different type from either, and of one which has been even more characteristic of the Church of England in the past, and which she will have more difficulty in preserving in the future. Distinguished neither as a popular preacher (though his sermons had high literary and intellectual merit) nor as a theologian in the special sense, Dean CHURCH had that combination of scholarship, literary power, orthodoxy, and gentle living which has never been produced in such perfection as by the English Universities and the English Church. Some articles on his death have dragged forward his political opinions. We, who notice scholars and churchmen only as churchmen and scholars, need say no more of these opinions than that they were never obtruded, and that they were fortunate in that they induced Mr. GLADSTONE to confer a specially appropriate preferment on perhaps the only ecclesiastic of his party who would not have made a too ludicrous flagrancy of contrast with MANSEL. If Dr. CHURCH had not the unique combination of vigour, profundity, and wit which marked his predecessor, he had even a wider and more accomplished range of scholarship, a less mundane temper, and a completer absorption in those pursuits which win the respect of the intelligent, while they do not puzzle or disturb the fools. Of few men living, or recently living, could it be said with such truth that he had every one's good word whose good word was worth having. His rule of the great cathedral coincided with, and in great part determined, a period of almost unprecedented improvement in its services and ornaments. His literary work, if not large or containing any one *magnum opus*, is one of the chief recent monuments of that academic style, correct without dryness, and flowing without redundancy, which is growing more and more rare in England. A Churchman without intolerance, a scholar without pedantry, a man of letters of the sincerest piety, he has for once given the very fullest justification for the remark common in such cases, that it will be hard indeed to fill his place.

His life should have been a singularly happy one, despite the weak health which, however, permitted him to reach an age nearer the fourscore years than the threescore and ten. It was, at any rate, proportioned and adapted to his character and tastes in a degree which falls to the lot of few. Somewhat irregularly educated till he went to Oxford, he fell there at once, as into his proper place, into a life which had not then been spoilt by the modern welter of academic fuss and folly, but which was animated by the great battle of the Tractarian movement. It fell to his lot to be a very front-fighter in the crisis of that movement, when the "Nobis "procuratoribus non placet" of his colleague GUILLEMARD and himself justified that curious veto, arrested the violence of the majority, and probably prevented a fatal disruption of the English Church. Some years later, at the exact middle of the course of his life, he retired for the best part of two decades to a country living, where, without neglecting his duties, he could indulge, what too many scholars never can indulge, his appetite for study. Then he passed about an equal space of time in a position which, though not now extremely lucrative, is probably the most enviable of its kind for combined dignity, means, and freedom from exhausting or troublesome labour. The Devil's advocate may object that so long a life of such opportunities should have left more work, or work of a different character—but only the Devil's advocate. A few books—no one of any great size—a few essays; a certain number of articles contributed to the columns of periodicals, including our own, sum it up. Probably some men, not mere bookmakers or compilers, write as much as the whole of it in a year or two at most. But, little voluminous as it is, it has the quality which is hardly ever possessed except by work which is the harvest of a quiet mind, not hurried or jaded, not tasked or held to contribution. That quality is not brilliancy; it is not extraordinary vigour—it is not even abnormal acuteness or profundity. It is a combination of wide range with patient accuracy, of judicial thought with scholarly expression, of finished grace of form with solid preparation of matter. Such a combination can only come of the union of leisure, education, and taste; while, perhaps, it is only exhibited in perfection by those who combine with these good things certain moral virtues of which Dean CHURCH was as eminent, though less conspicuous, an example, and who thus escape or conquer the vanity, the irritability, the injustice to others which too frequently beset the scholar.

THE NEW RIFLE.

THE flyting of the *Times* and the War Office, or at least of so much of the War Office as was the Small Arm Committee, makes a very pretty quarrel. They flyte over the new rifle, which we must not call the LEE-SPEED, and they all but attain in spirit to the vigour of language reached by the heroes who conducted the great slanging match in *Sigurd the Volsung*. Quite without foundation; Unworthy of notice; It is presumed he means; No evidence of any such thing, say the dispersed atoms of what was the Small Arm Committee. Official dust throwing; Mere quibbling; Can learn if they try; A little audacious (with sarcastic emphasis), bellows the anonymous warrior on the walls in Printing House Square. They who once were the Small Arm Committee deny with contempt that the Report of the Commandant of the School of Musketry on the rifle which was Mark I., and is to be Mark II., has been suppressed. On the contrary, it is in a Blue Book, and the author was received into the bosom of the Small Arm Committee before it was dispersed. To which comes the answer, Where is your miserable Blue Book which no unofficial man has seen? is it not even as Mrs. HARRIS; and, besides, how dare you absorb the Commandant of the School of Musketry at Hythe? He ought to have been a witness, you made him an accomplice by flat bribery and corruption. To which one half hears a suppressed mutter of "If we had

"only bribed and corrupted you ——" It is, we say again, a pretty quarrel conducted in the scientific military style of the day. On the one hand, an invisible gunner ensconced in Printing House Square, is vehemently bombarding the disconnected members of the whilom Small Arm Committee. On the other hand, they are scientifically pitching shells over the walls of the *Times* at the concealed hostile expert.

What decision are we to come to between the conflicting appeals of DONALD and SANDERS? On the whole, we incline to the opinion that the *Times* has made out its case. It may or may not be right as to the merits of the dust-shield, the cleaner, the extractor, and the exact amount of force which is required to slew round the cocking tumbler. But there are two or three things which it has made very clear—namely, that Marks I. and II. have been elaborated out of the LEE rifle, or have been built up on it, by a series of experiments conducted over many years; that these experiments have been made by a gunsmith who was employed, not to do his best to make a good rifle, but to do the best with a weapon which was put into his hands; that the gunsmith worked under the eyes of the Committee which called him in; that it consisted of gentlemen who are not themselves gunmakers; that expert and Committee are committed to approval of their own handiwork; that, after all, they still only hope the weapon will be made thoroughly satisfactory after a few more improvements have been effected; and, finally, that the ultimate efficiency of the weapon will depend on the ammunition to be used in it, the nature of which is still a mystery. Now Mark II. may be a much better rifle than the angry gentleman in the *Times* will allow. The magnificent faith in their weapon displayed by General SMITH and Colonels HALFORD and SLADE seems to us quite respectable. It is refreshing in these days to find persons so sure they are right that they can only compare their rifle, for the perfection with which all its parts are designed to support one another, and form in combination a whole exquisitely adjusted for its purpose, to the human form divine. There is a Satanic pride about the slightly blasphemous claim which has a distinct dignity. But to recognize its artistic merits is not to accept it. The General and the Colonels do not, we gather, maintain that even Mark II. is quite finished. Certainly they give no assurance that the ammunition is ready. While this is the case, it is surely more than a little premature to serve the rifle out to the British army. This, it is as well to remember, is the real question. Mark II. may or may not be a very good rifle. We ourselves gather from what has been said on both sides that it belongs to a class of weapon for which we have no kind of liking—that it is full of small parts, all liable to get out of gear, and half, at least, of which have been designed to counterbalance the faults of others. It seems to us that a tool, of which this can be said, is for all kinds of work a bad tool. Still we allow that there is much here which is necessarily largely matter of opinion. It is, however, surely a matter, not of opinion, but of business, that the nation should not commit itself to an immense expenditure on rifles till it is sure that the gain will be proportionate to the outlay. Now there is so much doubt as to the real value of the rifle that the decision to adopt it at once would certainly be unbusinesslike in an eminent degree. It must not be forgotten that there is really no pressing necessity to rearm the troops. The Martini-Henry, though it may not be perfection, is quite capable of killing enemies at a great rate and a sufficient distance. No foreign army is as yet supplied with a weapon so superior to our own as to put our troops at a great disadvantage. A slight superiority is not so vitally important that in the hope of obviating it we should rush into the extravagance of serving out hundreds of thousands of rifles which may themselves turn out to be imperfect. The Chassepot was a better weapon than the needle-gun; but it did not save the French from defeat. It is, moreover, undeniably the case that every Continental War Office is in the same difficulty as our own. On all hands we hear of experiments with rifles, and with ammunition, and of mistakes made. There is, therefore, absolutely no hurry, even if it be taken for granted that a magazine rifle is so superior to the single-loader that we must adopt one. We need not add, we presume, that unanimity has not been reached, even on this point. While, therefore, so much is uncertain, the War Office will be very ill advised if it commits the country to an expenditure of millions for a doubtful good.

It is inevitable that such a discussion as this should be marked by great personal bitterness, by innuendoes, and by the imputation of motives of a more or less discreditable kind. We have observed, with no sort of pride, that this tone generally does distinguish all sorts of service disputes in this country. It seems to be very difficult for naval and military gentlemen to believe that brother officers can differ from them without being fools or rogues, or both. At least, so we should conclude from their language, but perhaps they do not mean all they say. Civilians take their tone from the martial men, and so our discussions are marked by the use of language which in any other country would lead to a score of duels. We have yet to learn that truth is better served than manners by this scolding. It is, again, inevitable that we should have been told at length once more that it is all the fault of the inherent vices of the War Office, and is in particular due to our familiar old bogie "No responsibility." Whatever the wrangle may have proved as to the rifle, it has shown us something about this platitude. The three officers who signed the War Office reply may not have disposed of the *Times*, but they have made it very clear that they consider themselves responsible for Mark II., that they are prepared to stand to it, and that they claim to have honestly done their best. Now what would the writer in the *Times* propose to do with Major-General SMITH, Colonel HALFORD, and Colonel SLADE? Not employ them again on a Small Arm Committee—and what else? Again, it is made matter of complaint that they are not practical gunmakers, and so no judges. Well, then, suppose the War Office had trusted directly to Mr. SPEED, and that he had done precisely what he has done, how should we deal with Mr. SPEED? It is to be noted that the *Times* will not trust an inventor, but then he must be checked by somebody, either another inventor (and we know what that would mean), or by other General SMITHS, other Colonel HALFORDS, other Colonel SLADES. We must either trust the mechanician by himself or the official who overlooks the mechanician. There is no third way; and when all this clamour about no responsibility comes to be examined, it is found to mean really that the particular men who do the work are not as wise as they might be. This, we allow, is often a well-grounded complaint. We believe the observation was made by acute critics of the Assyrian War Office in the reign of TIGLATH PILESER II. It was, it is, true; but no man has yet learnt how to increase the sum of human sagacity.

HARGAN AND THE HOME OFFICE.

BEFORE the House of Commons rose for the Christmas recess, a brief but interesting conversation was held upon the case of WALTER HARGAN. Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, supported by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, desired to move an Address to the Crown praying that, as WALTER HARGAN, now under sentence of penal servitude for twenty years, had committed manslaughter in self-defence, HER MAJESTY would be graciously pleased to grant him a free pardon. There were, however, technical difficulties in the way of raising a debate upon the question. Parliament had been summoned to meet in November for the purpose of proceeding with certain Government Bills, and the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY had obtained the whole time of the House for that purpose. Mr. LOWTHER, being a private member, was thus shut out from his ordinary opportunities, and Mr. SMITH most unluckily could not see his way to making an exception which would prolong the first part of the Session. It is easy to appreciate Mr. SMITH's motives. But if he had strained a point on behalf of this unfortunate convict, he would have received general approval out of doors, whatever might have been the "feeling of the House." The Government cannot help knowing how strongly this young soldier's fate has excited the compassion, and even moved the indignation, of the public. The petition for his release was signed by all sorts and conditions of men. The press, without distinction of party, has taken the same line. This is no instance of sensational claptrap or vulgar sentimentalism. Mr. LOWTHER and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are not exactly the sort of people to be caught by emotional appeals against the decisions of legal tribunals. Mr. SMITH, with commendable good sense, showed that he at least understood the situation. He did not content himself with the official plea that Government was bound to liberate the House, and terminate the sittings, as soon as their own business was finished. He went on to urge that the case

was not ripe for discussion, being under the attentive consideration of his right honourable friend the HOME SECRETARY. Now, in ordinary circumstances, this might be a sufficient answer; but, as it is, the reply was open to criticism; and we cannot help regretting that Mr. LOWTHER abstained from using all the forms of the House to secure his end. Mr. MATTHEWS is a man of ability and accomplishment in certain lines; but only one Home Secretary of modern times has more conspicuously failed to command the confidence of reasonable persons.

HARGAN was convicted more than two months ago, and during the whole of that period the depositions must have been at the service of the HOME SECRETARY. The HOME SECRETARY must have had ample opportunities of consulting Mr. Justice CHARLES. If he is still unable to form an opinion upon which he can act, there seems small probability of his ever doing so at all. He has now received a respite till the 22nd of January, when Parliament reassembles. But he has also received an unmistakable warning that, if he has not made up his mind in the meantime, his hand will be forced. Mr. LOWTHER gave notice that he would immediately after the recess, if HARGAN'S sentence were still unaltered, move the adjournment of the House, and call attention to the case as "a definite matter of urgent "public importance." Certainly it will be at least as much worth the notice of the House as the wrongs of Miss CASS, where also Mr. MATTHEWS was concerned, and when a far less influential member of Parliament than Mr. LOWTHER defeated HER MAJESTY'S Ministers by a considerable majority. Mr. MATTHEWS and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN represent the same great town, though Mr. CHAMBERLAIN knows far more about Birmingham than does Mr. MATTHEWS. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S experience as Mayor and in other civic affairs must have taught him the danger of tolerating ruffianism in the streets, or of expressing, even indirectly, the slightest sympathies with such rowdies as the men whom HARGAN shot. HARGAN, it may be said, should not have carried a revolver. Nowhere has the promiscuous employment of revolvers been more strongly condemned than in these columns. But the Kingsland Road had been the scene of recent and numerous outrages when HARGAN, under much provocation, had recourse to his weapon. It is probable that, if he had been without such an implement, he would not be alive now. The London magistrates are waking up to their duty in respect of those who make an improper display of firearms in public places, and Mr. BUSHBY in particular inflicted the other day the exemplary punishment of a month's hard labour upon a rough who had brandished a pistol. But if anything could check the wholesome abhorrence of playing with gunpowder which prevails in this country, it would be such a monstrous sentence as was passed upon HARGAN by Mr. Justice CHARLES. That sentence it is the function of Mr. MATTHEWS, exercising the prerogative of the Crown, to revise, and to annul. No intricate questions of law or evidence are involved. Granting that HARGAN broke the law and acted too hastily, he has already suffered a penalty fully adequate to his offence.

THE MANICA DISPUTE.

ALTHOUGH the details as to what actually happened in Manicaland are even yet by no means clear, almost enough is known to show the complete injustice of upbraiding the Chartered Company, as certain old abettors of Boers and Russians did, for filibustering aggression. It may be, indeed, that the quarrel, as some contend, is merely between two trading Companies, both English, and in that case we may let them "fight dog, fight bear" with great equanimity. But from the international point of view it is almost sufficient that the Portuguese, though pleading insufficient information as to the actual occurrence, have adopted two different lines of attempting to put the Company in the wrong. At one moment they say that MUTACA'S country lies on the Portuguese side of the line drawn by the Convention of August; at another that MUTACA is a vassal of GUNGUNHAMA, and that GUNGUNHAMA is a vassal of Portugal. Now, it may be observed that as to both the positive assertions in the separate, not to say inconsistent, pleas, a direct denial is opposed. MUTACA'S country does not, say some, lie Portugalwards of the Convention line, and if it does, it is owing to the inefficiency of the maps employed. (This, it must be confessed, is rather weak and more worthy of the Portuguese themselves than of their enemies.) Not only is the GUNGUNHAMA-MUTACA argument a very delicate one in international law, but GUNGUNHAMA himself is, it is said, the most refractory of vassals, and not in the very least disposed to declare himself the KING of PORTUGAL'S man.

These recriminations are unsatisfactory enough, because, short of some Imperial delegate, we do not know who can be trusted to warrant the facts. The maps are anything but clear, and historical title-deeds there are practically none. Fortunately, however, it is otherwise with the arguments based on the asserted facts. These it is possible for any reasonable man to judge *securus*, and they certainly seem in the present case to be against the Portuguese. Granting, for the sake of argument, that Manicaland was by the Convention Portugal's, or that in equitable construction of that Convention vassals of Portugal's vassals were to be left alone, the fatal difficulty arises that the Portuguese, notoriously and by their own fault, did not accept that Convention. They would not ratify it; they would none of it; and it was not till the other day that they consented to the *modus vivendi* which made its terms binding for the time on both nations. Yet, again, the very clearest article of that *modus* was the clause that it was to take effect from the date of signing in November, and not earlier. It is notorious—it is proved by the complaints of the Portuguese themselves—that Mr. COLQUHOUN'S arrangements with MUTACA took place after the date of the Convention, so that she cannot plead that; and before the date specified in the *modus*, so that she cannot plead that. By omission in the first case, by express acceptance in the second, Portugal is barred from pleading either of these instruments in the present case. And, therefore, if it is really true that Colonel D'ANDRADE and his three hundred—not of Thermopylæ—did robustiously enter Manicaland, did pull down British flags (an amusement apparently possessing an extraordinary attraction for the Lusitanian mind), did then catch a Tartar in the shape of the Company's mounted police, and had to endure capture, rehoisting of the Union Jack, and the like, it is difficult to see how they could be possibly otherwise than in the wrong. Unluckily, too, the action is exactly in accordance with the news which was received from Mozambique, before the acceptance by Portugal of the *modus vivendi*, news which attributed to the authorities, or some authorities, there a deliberate intention to revert to the SERPA PINTO and COUTINHO tactics of raiding and flag-lowering. We have almost the exact circumstance of the old case of A boasting that he would kill B with a certain knife, and B being found with that knife in him. Besides, Colonel D'ANDRADE must either have had a valid commission from a Portuguese authority or not. If he had not, the Chartered Company's officials were perfectly right to "surround" him. If he had, it is not for the Portuguese, but for the English, to complain of a Government which negotiates with one hand, and sends armed forces to commit hostile acts with the other.

SKY-SIGNS.

SKY-SIGNS and the nuisance of them have hardly been subjects of much actuality this week. The sky has commonly not been visible through the opaque sheet of nastiness stretched at about the level of the second-floor windows. There might have been as many signs as the love of advertisement could put up, and all of them as ugly as the British artistic tradesman could make them, and it really would not have mattered. Still fogs do not endure for ever, and we should like to be secure from the fate which threatened us a short time ago—to have some certainty that we shall not be reduced to long for the fog to preserve us from the sight of sky-signs. Therefore we are distinctly obliged to the County Council for the Bill which it has drafted, with intent to preserve us from these horrors, and also to protect our heads from the falling fragments of such sky-signs as work loose in a high wind. The words grandmotherly legislation were uttered, we observe, in the County Council when the draft of the Bill was tabled by the Committee. We do not like grandmotherly legislation; but then neither do we think that all laws intended to restrain pestilent, vulgar people from making a nuisance are necessarily grandmotherly. So the Bill deserves encouragement, and those who drafted it applause, this time.

From the account of the Bill given by Mr. C. HARRISON, it appears that it is proposed to make a list of existing sky-signs which will be licensed for three successive periods of

two years, provided they do not become unsafe before the period is up. At the end of that time all shall come down. No new ones are to be put up after the passing of the Bill. At the end of the six years, then, London will be quit of them henceforth and for ever afterwards. From this outline the Bill appears to be at once drastic and properly tender of vested interests. What definition of a sky-sign it may contain we do not know, and it is obvious that on this point there may be discussion. Mr. F. HARRISON began a discussion on it at the very start. He moved an amendment to the effect that the Bill should be referred back to the Committee with an instruction that they should insert "the "following provisions—(1) To define a *minimum* measure-"ment under which nothing shall be regarded as a sky-"sign; (2) that nothing shall be considered a sky-sign of "which no part stands above any part of the building on "which it is placed." Mr. F. HARRISON's amendment was rejected, and we are glad of it, for the smell of rat is distinctly perceptible in the second clause. If that is not to be a sky-sign of which no part goes above any part of the building on which it stands, what will prevent an enterprising person from running up his chimneys to give himself space for horrors? Lord COMPTON did not propose an amendment; but he did make a very horrible suggestion. He actually said that "Nothing would be so æsthetically "nice for London as flags, whatever might be written on "them, flying from every shop." If the Bill contains nothing about flags, we hope a very stringent clause prohibiting them will be introduced. The sound doctrine was propounded by Dr. LONGSTAFFE, who said "that people "should not only not be allowed to do that which was a "nuisance and injurious to health, but should not be per-"mitted to do that which was a nuisance to the senses of "the neighbours" It is an excellent doctrine, and capable of many applications.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

IF Mme. NOVIKOFF were less a child of Nature, she would have made a much better business of her attack on British interference with the Russian regulation of Russian Jews. The extreme indiscretion, the lamentable absence of *savoir faire* in what she had to say, we were constrained to remark upon last week; and though she had a good opportunity of amendment before the Guildhall meeting of Wednesday was held, she evidently knew not how to avail herself of it. Again she wrote to the *Times* that "Nihilist murderers seem to be popular in England"; that if one of these criminals were to aver that Russian mothers habitually ate their children, more indignation meetings would doubtless be held at Guildhall; that an English newspaper correspondent at St. Petersburg called on Mme. NOVIKOFF one day in a gloomy frame of mind, saying, "Do you know, I think that unless I invent some "horrors about Russia I shall have to give up my post," and that soon after he was recalled—such stuff as this ran all through the lady's letter; which ended with a notification that "a great military Power with an army of two million "soldiers" is not to be disturbed by the wild attacks of mistaken philanthropists at public meetings, "even though "these be as imposing and brilliant as the Lord Mayor's "Show itself."

Mme. NOVIKOFF might have done better than this. Her incompetence for the mission she is engaged upon appears not only in what she does say, but in what she might have said to some effect had she chosen to employ the wisdom of the serpent in a dovelike manner. She might have asked whether the late accounts of the restrictions on Jewish citizenship in Russia had come from any but Jewish sources; whether the Jews are not habitually inclined to vociferate in a rather exaggerated way when they have a wrong to complain of; and whether anything is known of what the Russian Government might say for itself in this matter, if its Ministers were in the habit of speaking from public platforms and writing in monthly reviews. She might have reminded the conveners of the Guildhall meeting that the CZAR, whose natural humanity they rely upon, is himself the law-maker in Russia; that no decrees like those complained of could have been issued without his knowledge and understanding of them; and therefore that an undesigned offence might be committed by any body of foreigners who approached him with a request to repeal the inhuman laws of which he could not but be ignorant. She might have urged that before taking that step it would, at any rate, be well for the conveners of the meeting to consider whether there may not be some other provocation, besides mere race hatred and religious animosity, to account for the extreme severities to which the Jews in Russia have been subjected. The voice of the dove speaking, Mme. NOVIKOFF might have allowed herself to admit that Czars are but human, after all; and that perhaps some allowance should be made for a CZAR whose father was most barbarously murdered, whose own life has been attempted half a dozen times and is in daily danger still, who is called to reign over a vast population by no means beyond revolutionary incitements, and who has frequent occasion to mark these two things: Jews abound in the Nihilist societies, and seem to be more busily and devotedly engaged in revolutionary propagandism than the rest of his subjects. Going a little further into detail, she might have suggested that the determination of the CZAR to sweep the Jews out of the villages could be partially explained, perhaps, by a not unnatural if ill-advised desire to limit the propaganda of discontent, and by a belief that somehow the Jews do "eat up" peasant property in the villages in a way which no Father of his People could view with pleasure. To all this there is a good argumentative answer, no doubt; but it would have served Mme. NOVIKOFF's purpose far better than those epistles of hers, in which she does not even stoop to seek a palliative for the ruthlessness she seems to take a pride in and certainly fails to deny.

Or she might very well have taken another line. It may be a duty for the people of this or any other country to protest against a series of regulations so sweepingly cruel as the new laws against the Jews in Russia. Without being disposed to swagger about the "right of English "public opinion to make an appeal to the Government "of the CZAR," we think, with all commonly humane and commonly sensible persons, that the Russian Government should know how strongly these new laws are condemned where there is more light than has yet found its way into Muscovy. But if, without referring to her "two "millions of well-drilled and well-disciplined soldiers," Mme. NOVIKOFF had pointed out that organized interference in such a case as this is unlikely to be listened to, and that it is not quite the same thing as the spontaneous outcry of popular opinion, we should be disposed to agree with her. We are told that these offensive laws "have been elaborated "by a special Government Committee"; it is absurd to assume, then, that the CZAR knows nothing about them, or cannot approve of them; and, considering who the CZAR is, and what he is, it should be no surprise if the memorial which is to be presented to his Majesty does more harm than good. The purpose of the meeting was so humane, and the names of those who gave their help to it so influential, that any mistake in the management of it is to be deplored. Now it was a mistake to call this meeting by the mouth of the LORD MAYOR of London and to hold it at the Guildhall; or so, at any rate, we venture to think. Everybody knows that the LORD MAYOR takes rank in the minds of foreigners as a high State functionary; the Guildhall is his House of Parliament; and it follows that Wednesday's meeting wears a look which should have been carefully avoided as unconducive to success. It would have been far better to proceed upon the line of persuasion than of pressure, or of anything that could take the appearance of pressure in the eyes of a prince like the Russian ALEXANDER III. The meeting having been so convened and so held, it ended with the adoption of a resolution to this effect:—"That a suitable memorial be presented "to his Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR of ALL the "RUSSIAS respectfully praying his Majesty to repeal all "the exceptional and restrictive laws and disabilities "which afflict his Jewish subjects; and that the said "memorial be signed by the Right Honourable the LORD "MAYOR in the name of the citizens of London, and "be transmitted by his Lordship to his Majesty." Again the LORD MAYOR; and the LORD MAYOR is not to sign the memorial as one of many private citizens—a memorial praying the CZAR to repeal the laws that "afflict his "Jewish subjects"—but to do so in his official capacity and in the name of the citizens of London. Our sympathies being strongly with the purpose of the meeting, we are sorry to see it attempted in this way. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that such a memorial, so signed and so presented, is less likely to soften the heart of the CZAR than to harden it. We have been reminded this week that the Russians themselves "have no right what-

"ever to make a collective petition; that would imme-
"diately fall under the category of revolutionary ac-
"tion." This is no reason why a petition should not be presented to the Russian Government by citizens of a foreign State, and no ground of presumption that it would be ungraciously put aside. But when the petition conveys a request for the repeal of certain laws which, whether the CZAR is aware of their existence or not, are unjust and cruel, and when the petition is to be presented to the CZAR himself, in the face of day, by the LORD MAYOR of London and in the name of its citizens, the domestic regulations of Russia afford no additional hope that it will be taken without anger. Not that an angry answer need be expected. No answer at all is more likely; but the point is whether a right thing has been done in the right way; whether a good purpose has not been unduly prejudiced by overdoing its machinery; and whether, if the Russian Government should happen to take offence at what any autocratic Power might think an excessive interference in method, if not of intention, the Jews of the Muscovite Empire will find themselves better off. That is the point we are dubious about, and yet with some faint glimmer of hope that the doubt may promptly disappear.

THE ESCAPE OF THE BRUISERS.

AS the Treasury has, apparently, become convinced that it was useless to hope for a verdict on the notorious SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE fight, it was only fair that proceedings against the men should be stopped. The two men were certainly entitled to more consideration than it would be desirable, as a rule, to show to those who deliberately risk breaking the law. They were—we use the phrase in no invidious sense—put up to it by highly respectable gentlemen. They pummelled one another violently, though for a brief space, in order that an authoritative judgment might be obtained on the question whether men whose hands are covered with any sort of glove may knock one another about, *secundum artem*, for the amusement of such as care to pay to see the sight. It is not their fault if the jury could not agree. There is considerable doubt whether any other jury would agree, and therefore the most rational course was possibly to do what has been done—namely, to take a formal verdict of acquittal, and consider the incident closed. This may seem a somewhat lame conclusion to four months' fuss; but the lameness is rather apparent than real. The inability of the jury to agree has practically settled this much, that glove-fights, which do not go nearer to being prize-fights than the encounter between SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE, may be held in future with impunity. It is possible, since the jury could not agree in this case after the learned Chairman had laid down the law, and learned counsel had argued, that another jury would disagree in another similar case. It is, of course, rash to predict what the twelve honest men who combine to play HARUN-AL-RASHID in the box will do, but this looks not impossible. Besides, the twelve might combine to acquit the accused. There being, therefore, two chances out of three that a prosecution will be useless, it is not likely that any will be brought. This is, of course, another way of saying that SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE can begin again at the Ormonde Club if they see sufficient inducement; and that other SLAVINS and MCAULIFFES may buckle to at other clubs. We really do not know that it matters much. If the larger part of the world, which does not care to go to glove-fights, would only cease to care about them as long as they do not cause an obstruction, the smaller world, which does like them, may be left to indulge its taste in peace. After all, the fact that men can be found to pay large sums for such very brief joy as is afforded by the sight of two rounds of violent slogging, mainly illustrates the truth that a fool and his money are soon parted.

CAPTAIN SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN.

IT may be—and perhaps, as they are fighting on the side of the light in the person of Mr. GLADSTONE, it must be—that the mutineers of Mr. PARNELL'S army are destined to prevail against him in the pitched battle which has just begun between them in Ireland. On that point we offer no opinion. But having now seen the first blows struck on either side, we may permit ourselves to say that, if the fated issue of the conflict be really such as we have assumed above, the whole past history of the world can show no example of a combatant foredoomed to defeat who looked so like winning, nor any body of predestined victors who, at the very outset, have so strangely resembled beaten men. To read the stirring, ringing, passionate, yet at the same time adroit and deeply calculated, harangue which Mr. PARNELL delivered the other night in the Rotunda at Dublin, and then to glance aside from it to the couple of columns of neatly phrased, becomingly conceived, and absolutely ineffective address to the Irish people, which flanks it in the columns of the newspapers, is like watching a fight between an Indian wielding a tomahawk and a missionary armed only with a bundle of tracts. From the point of view of the proprieties, literary and oratorical, the advantage is all on the side of the political missionaries. Their appeal to their fellow-countrymen contains nothing that is unscrupulous, unfair, or, in a word, other than "nice," while their opponent flings imputations broadcast, abounds in suppressions of truth and suggestions of falsehood, unblushingly exalts his own merits at the expense of his late lieutenants, and offers defences so audacious of his negligent generalship that they excite almost as much mirth as anger. But, when all is said, you feel that the one man understands the game he is playing, and that the other men do not; and though it is assuredly no reproach to anybody's moral character to be unfamiliar with such a game as is here in question, it is a reflection upon the intelligence of anybody to engage in it, or in any other contest, without the requisite knowledge. No one is bound to go to Donnybrook, but if he does, he is a fool to go there without a shillelagh; and that, as it seems to us, is the case of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY and his friends.

Among a people who love fighting *an und für sich* like the Irish, the mere contrast between the spirit of Mr. PARNELL'S appeal and that of his opponents must count for many points in his favour. But he is far from having to rely upon that distinction alone. His speech was as adroit and artful, in one at least of its passages, as it was vehement in others. Thus while Mr. MCCARTHY and the other Girondins are elaborately vindicating their action in the immediate past, the resolute Jacobin opposed to them is thinking of the future, and has already stolen a march upon them by a bid for the support of the labourers. This is his reply to the declaration of the Bishops, and is doubtless designed to assist him in those purely agricultural parts of Ireland where, reversing the case of the towns, the priestly influence is strongest and his own weakest. We have yet to see what effect it may produce; but whatever that effect may be, it will not, we suspect, be in any degree weakened by the indignant outcry of his opponents at so belated a conversion to the labourers' cause.

There is, indeed, something almost as pathetic as it is comic in the apparent bewilderment of the Gladstonians at the discovery that it is utterly futile to offer even the most conclusive proof of Mr. PARNELL'S unworthiness to the people who so obstinately believe in him. In vain do the *Daily News* and the organ of Professor STUART remind the Irish labourers that Mr. PARNELL only recently forbade MICHAEL DAVITT to take up their cause. In vain do they dwell on his indolent seclusion of himself from politics for the last four years, in his acquiescence in Mr. GLADSTONE'S inadequate Home Rule proposals, until he quarrelled with their author, or on the many other circumstances of suspicion which go to discredit Mr. PARNELL'S claim to pose as the one supremely patriotic champion of the cause of Ireland. All this goes in at one of the Irish peasants' ears and out at the other. They shut their eyes to the most patent facts, and close the doors of their minds against inferences from them which ought to be irresistible; and all because Mr. PARNELL is Mr. PARNELL, and they choose to believe in him in defiance of all evidence. It is a melancholy example of the fatuity of political superstition; therein we entirely concur with Professor STUART and the *Daily News*. It is sad to find that a whole community of apparently rational and professedly reasoning beings should be thus impenetrable to the most convincing proofs that the idol of their adoration is a recklessly self-seeking, political schemer, the slave of his own consuming ambitions, ready to adopt or abandon any set of principles at their bidding, prepared to sacrifice to them the highest interests of his country, and over and over again convicted of utter indifference, whenever it serves his purpose, to the obligations of truth. Where we part company with these

estimable, but perplexed, Gladstonians is in their apparent conviction that the phenomenon is without a parallel in our age and country. For, although it may be a pure illusion on our part, we shall die in the belief that we have seen something strangely resembling it on this side of St. George's Channel.

"DARKNESS VISIBLE."

CRITICISM of "General" BOOTH's big scheme—if so clumsy an agglomeration of ill-assorted proposals may be called a scheme—has at length taken the inevitable shape of inquiry into the methods of work favoured by the Salvation Army. The scheme, in fact, is now recognized as a Salvationist scheme. It is to be worked by Salvationists, on the financial principles of Salvationists, in that dark, mysterious fashion of working that suggests to prosaic seekers of the tangible SAIREY GAMP's pleasant fiction concerning Mrs. HARRIS. For it is conceivable that, by dint of assiduous drumming, friendly puffing in "the papers," and ubiquitous advertisement, the Salvationist propaganda may really impose upon the public some share of its own belief in itself. Mr. LOCH has, it seems, inspired that inconvenient yet formidable person, the independent inquirer. Mr. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD has been applying the test of Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES to the boasted success of the Salvation Army in a populous district of Southwark. Like Mr. DAVIES, he can find no trace of that Army. What happened in the North-West, when careful examination of facts replaced credulous acceptation of self-puffery, has happened again in the South-East. Mr. FRESHFIELD could not discover a single "saved" item in that teeming field of investigation, though he sought among thousands of "cases." A very singular record this for an ever-victorious Army in one of the chief centres of the largest city of the world. Perhaps the Army has been employed on "foreign service," or it has been found that Geneva or the cities of India provide happier advertising grounds than the poorer haunts of the "sub-"merged tenth" at home. But if inquiry has been awakened by Mr. HUXLEY's vigorous criticism, we have yet to note one more example of the credulous confidence in the "General," which Mr. HUXLEY is eager to check before it it sufficiently fruitful in subscription to make inevitable the mischief he anticipates. Mr. H. J. ATKINSON offers a large sum to Mr. BOOTH for the exquisite reason, it would seem, that "signing a cheque is not much trouble." He does not admire the "characteristic modes" of "the Rev. "WILLIAM BOOTH" any more than the Archbishop of CANTERBURY does. He has not a word to say for the peculiar custom of the Army with regard to trust funds and accounts. But it is so easy to sign a cheque for some hundreds, and so pleasant, too, if the signing brings comfort to the giver. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. ATKINSON that he might dispose of a large sum like that which he offers to Mr. BOOTH with tolerable certainty that it would be wisely disbursed in cases of genuine distress. Yet to do this were to incur trouble, and it is a certain saving of trouble to give "in a lump," as it were, and let the troubled waters of the vasty deep work their will upon the offering. Mr. ATKINSON, and those of a similar impulsive generosity, will carefully read and consider, we sincerely trust, the wise words of Mr. ALBERT PEEL, Chairman of the Annual Conference of Poor Law Guardians, held this week at Exeter Hall. After an opportune reference to the eight and a half millions which the Guardians in England and Wales were permitted to handle annually, Mr. PEEL remarked, with what we fear shows the spirit of prophecy:—"The success of the Poor-"rate and of General BOOTH's scheme lay in the ease with "which those who did not wish to be bored by a continuous "consideration of the poor could draw a cheque." Signing a cheque is not much trouble; and, if you sign away a thousand to the "General," you are rid for a while of any compunctions with regard to the poor and unfortunate of your own parish. The vicar may look reproachful, the well-tried and well-worked charities you have hitherto befriended may suffer. But what of that? Your cheque is big, and so is the scheme.

Already, then, have we a foretaste of demoralization, though it is in the giver to the fund, and not in the worker of it, as Mr. HUXLEY forecasts. The rest will follow with absolute certainty, if true sense and true charity do not prevail. As Mr. HUXLEY observes, "The sole question for "consideration at present is, whether the scheme, keeping "specially in view the spirit in which it is to be worked, is "likely to do more good than harm."

The scheme is, in fact, a Salvationist scheme, and must be regarded with the natural distrust which the singular and somewhat indefinite rules that govern the Salvationist labours must inspire in all thoughtful persons. There is absolutely no evidence whatever to induce us to believe that Mr. BOOTH's promises for the future of his fund are justified by his work in the past. If you take away the pageantry, the processions, the noise, and the advertisements, there remain scarcely any data upon which to establish public confidence in the Salvation Army. There is abundant mystery, of course, and certain positive and awkward facts that have never been questioned. Against those sensational "cases" cited in Mr. BOOTH's volume we may place the investigations of Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES, Mr. FRESHFIELD, and others. We repeat the unavoidable conclusion that philanthropic professors must be judged by their works. There is no better way out of "Darkest England" than ways open, free, and illuminated. Such ways are not revealed in Mr. BOOTH's book and speeches. Nor do we find any enlightenment in the rash and incoherent letter of Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN. Mr. BUCHANAN has not studied the scheme of Mr. BOOTH. He does neither uphold nor condemn it. Yet does Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN recklessly intervene in the discussion, simply for the pure joy of indulging in a kind of ghost-dance, because he deems he sees Mr. HUXLEY at length at the feet of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN would be better employed if he were to attempt to reply to Mr. HUXLEY's criticisms of that strong man and type of individualism, Mr. BOOTH, instead of questioning and re-questioning the reasoning powers of his old "antagonist." Let him meet Mr. HUXLEY on this subject. Then shall we see what will come of that earthquaking encounter between logic and sentimentalism.

A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

MR. PARNELL, although for the moment in actual conflict only with his revolted party, is contriving to make things the reverse of pleasant for Mr. GLADSTONE. Not content with giving a daring burlesque of the champion railway orator's speeches, the very day before one of them was to be delivered, he proceeded to deliver an address at Dublin, which actually and damagingly anticipated some of the most interesting portions of its matter. If, for instance, he had foreseen that Mr. GLADSTONE was about to rehearse to the people of Retford the moving tale of "Duty and the Divorce Court; or, "the Fire-Escape and the Awakened Conscience," he could not have composed a more awkward preface for it. Of course we may attach what value we choose to Mr. PARNELL's insinuation that, if the statesman great and good (and even as it should seem more good than great) had entered into direct personal communications with the unsuccessful co-respondent, he (the U. C.) would possibly, or might conceivably, or could becomingly, have retired from the leadership. But the undeniable and melancholy fact is that Mr. PARNELL does here put his finger on a weak—a very weak—point in Mr. GLADSTONE's management of the matter—a point so weak, indeed, that his newspaper *claque* have been desperately labouring during the past week to make out that their leader's sole reason for not endeavouring to communicate with Mr. PARNELL before the meeting of Parliament was that he did not know his address. He was ready, we suppose, on the very morning when the grant of the decree *nisi* was reported in the papers to seek an interview with the sinner, and sadly but firmly pronounce his "I love "thee! but never more be officer of mine." If only he could have found out where CASSIO then was! But he could not; and so he had to wait, and then the Nonconformists became noisy, and the Priceless HUGHES and the other "good man" drummed louder and louder on their hollow rostrum, and, at last—well, at last, the whole grace, in every sense of the word, of Mr. GLADSTONE's championship of the Awakened Conscience was lost. And all because he did not know Mr. C. S. S. F. P. PARNELL's address.

Yet, for some reason or other, Mr. GLADSTONE did not himself mention this explanation of "facts and dates" in his

little platform speech at Retford. He has left it to his apologists—we apologize ourselves for the word—to work it in the press. For himself, he is content with the simpler expedient of ignoring dates altogether. "Then," he said, "came the proceedings in the Divorce Court; and these "proceedings"—that is, the proceedings themselves, and not their influence upon any other persons, be the same few or numerous, and whether or not possessed of the electoral franchise—"produced on my mind this effect—to "wit, that they would destroy entirely the moral weight "and the moral force which are absolutely necessary in "Parliament to, &c." And, further, they produced the effect that Mr. PARNELL would be an unfit man to make "Constitutional Governor" of Ireland. Hence it was necessary to insist on his deposition, and now that he has been deposed—if he has been really deposed, of which Mr. GLADSTONE of course has no doubt—and that there is no chance, as of course there is not, of his "popping "up again," why, the cause of Separation is as "sacred and "holy as it ever was," and the electors of Bassetlaw will show their sense of its sacredness and holiness by electing Mr. MELLOR. Then all will go well; the Liberal party will regain courage; the huge fissure which gapes in the ranks of the Irish Separatist party will miraculously close; the English electorate will be eager to place the legislative and executive independence with those who have within the last fortnight shown how worthy a use they could make of it; and the "fulfilment of the national aspirations" of Ireland will be assured. In one point, and one only, will the otherwise absolute freedom of the Irish people be qualified. They will have the control of their own destinies in every respect except that of deciding who is to rule over them. They must not use their new liberty to make Mr. PARNELL their "Constitutional Governor," because the people of England do not recognize him as a fit person to fill that office, and it would be absurd to begin by giving the Irish people the power of reversing judgment on a question which Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians have undertaken to decide finally in their name. Hence it is clear that the Home Rule Bill of the future will have to be accompanied by a PARNELL Disability Bill; the details of which Mr. GLADSTONE will, perhaps, explain on some future occasion.

MINCHINHAMPTON.

TO the jaded man of business in search of a holiday many outlets are available; but, if he have the good fortune to be a golfer, it is possible he may consult that useful *vade mecum*, the *Golfer's Annual*, with a view to the selection of his retreat. Here, however, he may be embarrassed by the very multiplicity of resorts open to him, and find himself at the end of his reading in worse plight than ever for making his decision. To such, then, we would venture the advice to try Minchinhampton. It is just possible there may be some whose geographical knowledge does not rise in this instance with alertness to the occasion; it may be enough to say that the delimitation of frontier will be sufficiently scientific if we state that Minchinhampton is in Gloucestershire, some three miles or so from Stroud, on the Great Western Railway, and easily reached in two or three hours from Paddington, or, if the Midland is preferred, Woodchester station is the alternative choice. The county has long been known in the annals of sport as the home of the Graces and first-class cricket; and, besides, is not the name of Badminton suggestive of every sport known to the philathletic Briton? It were surely fitting, then, that golf should become acclimatized in such a locality. It would hardly be possible for the most enthusiastic player to ignore the magnificent views obtainable from Minchinhampton Common, where the links are situated—not, of course, that he would be likely to see much of it if he was only all square and five to play, or in some such parlous condition; but, given more favourable circumstances, and he would be free to let his eye roam over miles and miles of country, far away over the valley of the Severn, westward as far as the Black Mountains in Glamorganshire, and north-westward to the Beacons of Herefordshire and Worcestershire above Malvern. Even though the reader is no golfer, yet let him go and see for himself, preferably on a fine spring or summer day, what not the least beautiful of English counties has to offer him. The Common is a tableland—very much so indeed. From each side there is a steep, in some places precipitous, descent. On the north the descent is into the beautiful valley of Stroud-water, comprising the village of Brinscombe and the town of Stroud; on the south to Nailsworth; and south-west to the old Roman station of Woodchester. These descents are intersected by "coombes" and deep ravines, ancient watercourses, draining down to the Severn. The highest part of the Common is nearly 500 feet above the adjoining valleys, and some 700 above the level of the sea. It comprises some 500 or 600 acres, though formerly containing about 1,000. The lovers of history, of archæology, of geology will here find scope for researches in their several departments. Roman traces are abundant—are apparent, indeed, as hazards on the Links. The Laird of Monkbarns would here have been as much in his glory, and with far greater warrant, than at the Kaim of Kinprunes. Here he might have elaborated his "Essay on Castrametation" to his heart's content, and invested the topics of "*castra æstiva*" and "*castra stativa*" with a halo of altogether transcendent interest. For here can be traced, to quote his own words, "a proper *agger*, or *vallum*, with its corresponding ditch, or *fossa*," sufficiently apparent even to observers of such "indistinct" vision as Mr. Lovel. These earthworks, commencing at Littleworth, extend for nearly three miles to a smaller common, known by the sufficiently suggestive name of "Woeful Dane Bottom." It is not known for certain at whose hands, Saxon or Norman, or at what date, the unfortunates in question "dreed their weird"; but imagination may well supply the details, one of which is, according to tradition, that the blood ran there as deep as horses' fetlocks. Leaving Romans, Danes, and their successors, and coming nearer our own time, we have the tradition that Charles I. tarried at the "Old Lodge" on his way from Cirencester to the siege of Gloucester. He had dinner there, and afterwards played a game of bowls on the old bowling-green adjoining. This bowling-green is in perfect order at the present day, and is of very great antiquity, as evidenced by the fine old yew-trees growing round it, though it is not known at what date it was enclosed. The "Old Lodge" itself is said to have been used by Henry VIII. as a hunting-box; at the present day it does duty as the golfers' club-house. About a century later the Revivalist preacher, George Whitfield, addressed large congregations on the Common; in fact, what is locally known as "Whitfield's Tump" is to be seen on the approach side of the sixth hole—"Tump" signifying in the vernacular a small mound or eminence. In those days, as in these, Revivalist methods and doctrines seem to have been productive of considerable differences of opinion, not to say of serious personal inconvenience; for after one of these meetings there was a regular riot in the village; some arms and legs were broken, and, we suppose, of course, heads also; the preacher was threatened with immersion in the skin-pits, and things generally were pretty lively, after the fashion of Donnybrook Fair. But all the same the man of peace got the best of it in the end; for he and his friends moved for a "rule of Court in the King's Bench" against five of the ring-leaders, who were subsequently convicted at Gloucester Assizes; the Methodists, however, did not press their advantage, being content to have their power recognized, notwithstanding the general prejudice against them.

To travel from history to fiction, one of the first things an intending visitor should do is to renew his acquaintance with *John Halifax, Gentleman*; for in it Mrs. Craik, or Miss Muloch, one should rather say, describes with faithful pen Minchinhampton Common, under the name of Enderley Flat. She wrote the greater part of the book while living at Rose Cottage, Amberley, a little village which the golfer will see when he makes the acquaintance of the second hole. "Did you never hear of Enderley Flat, the highest tableland in England? Such a fresh, free, breezy spot—how the wind sweeps over it!" John says to his friend Phineas Fletcher, and this is one of the points that at once strikes one as such a faithful description. The breezes, fresh from the Bristol Channel, seem warranted to put to flight all "distemperature and black choler," whether "hepatic, splenetic, or meseraic," so bracing are they and exhilarating in their effects.

The geology of the Common may possibly present some features of attraction for the golfer; but the attraction will be mainly that of gravitation of the topped ball into the depths of the weather-stone quarries, which are deftly utilized and cunningly devised as hazards. There is one particularly pretty shot—namely, at the eleventh hole—where the tee is on the brink of one of these abysses. In reality, the hole is only about the distance of a half-iron shot; but whether from the effects of optical illusion or otherwise, the distance appears, to a stranger at least, to be much greater than it really is, while for the average beginner the outlook is so portentous that this pit of Tophet claims many a sad victim. The first and second holes present no points for comment, except that an approach shot to the second must not be too strong, under pain of rolling over the Common down a precipitous place whence return is difficult; but on the way to the third hole there is an opportunity for studying the Great Oolite formation in one of the quarries aforesaid. A long driver will enjoy the tee shot over it, and a short one will dodge round the corner, but of course loses an enormous amount of ground. The sixth, seventh, and eighth holes are also all good ones, a hazard of brambles at the latter, near the putting-green, necessitating a careful approach. For the half-round, between 36 and 40 is good, and similarly for the return journey, so that 80 or under may be set down as first-class play; but, if all the available talent could be concentrated at once, by tournament or otherwise, it is probable that somebody might average four a hole all through, under favourable weather conditions. Near the twelfth hole is a signpost known as "Tom Long's Post," from the fact that the person in question, having hanged himself in a cottage near Rodborough Manor-house, is buried at the cross-roads, with a stake through his heart. The fourteenth hole is a good long one, the longest on the green, and a five here is good

play; for the rest it is pretty plain sailing, and a string of fours ought to finish up the round. The excellence of the turf calls for special remark; for an inland green it is indeed remarkable, and at times of the year when even on sea-side links the scythe is in continual requisition, the growth on this Common is never sufficient to interfere with the game; hence it is especially suitable as a golfer's summer quarters. The ladies here are enthusiastic votaries of the game, taking the keenest interest in it; they have a course of their own laid out, one too which demands the use of a set of clubs, and not of the putter alone. The Common is said to have been given to the poor of the parish by Dame Alice de Hampton, in the reign of Henry VIII.; it is said the donor afterwards became a nun, the prefix "Minchin" signifying "a little nun." But while these and kindred researches may interest Jonathan Oldbuck, we would recommend to the modern sportsman on other grounds a trial of the Common, as being emphatically the place to spend a happy day.

M. MAUREL ON LYRIC ART.

IT was a novel and interesting function to which Mr. Irving invited a number of artistic persons and personages at the Lyceum Theatre. M. Maurel was to expound the principles and practice of the modern development of the Lyric Art; and—a very pleasing feature in the ceremony—to give illustrations of the methods he described. Standing behind a table at the back of the stage, facing the footlights, M. Maurel gave the lecture. It was full of instruction, and it was in itself bright, even brilliant; but it lost some touch of lightness from M. Maurel's merit of courtesy in speaking his words "very carefully and slow," out of consideration, no doubt, for the less French brethren. All the lecturer's theories were absolutely and perfectly sound, and probably they revealed a hitherto invisible world to many in the audience. That is, in an audience of such a size it is only the minority who have studied M. Maurel's art seriously, and who in hearing his beautifully balanced sentences could say to themselves, "Quite so; a real canon; but how well put!" And well put the sentences were in every sense, for M. Maurel is not among the singers whose speaking voice disappoints.

M. Maurel divides the practice of the lyric art into three elements—the technical, the psychological, and the scenographic. The first, as he explained, deals in a chiefly mechanical manner with the singing; the second with the interpretation of character; and the third solely, of course, with the optical illusion. The lecturer was encouraging to young singers whose vocal means are not extraordinary. Stars, he pointed out, are rare; but a moderate voice, well cultivated, with a perfect mastery of the "mezza gola," may reach remarkable artistic possibilities. Study and practice on the top of natural aptitude and modest means are the guide to success, and even after the success has been attained the study and practice must continue. M. Faure, M. Maurel's great predecessor, had a habit of constantly singing scales almost wherever he might be; probably he did this unconsciously. About the psychological and scenographic elements M. Maurel had not very much to say, or, at any rate, did not say very much, though here detail would have been very welcome. We should like to have heard, for instance, the principle on which M. Maurel studies a character, and also, taking certain parts in which we have seen him, how he seeks to produce his effects. We hope that the book which he promises will contain much matter of this kind.

The vocal illustrations revealed M. Maurel, if revelation was necessary, as a great artist, though, after the exercise of speaking for so long a time, his voice was not at its best. The singer explained his intentions, and then carried them out. Thus, the "Hymne à Eros" consists of three verses; the first explanatory of the subject, requiring only the "mezza gola"; the second expressing enthusiasm, demanding power; and the third calling for the display of voluptuous and dreamy ecstasy. It is sad to think how few members of an average audience appreciate the delicacy and sensibility of such an actor and singer as M. Maurel. Wolfram was the next character drawn upon—though, by the way, in a translation of the address, we are sorely puzzled to know what the compiler of the English version means by describing Wolfram as "a knightly poet surrounded by general considerations." What are these, and how do they surround a man? However, M. Maurel sang the beautiful romance of the third act, and then followed with Rigoletto's address to the courtiers, an excerpt from Verdi's Iago, and, as an illustration of gaiety, the "Mandolinata." Some who remember well Gardoni's graceful singing of this graceful lilt were fairly astonished at M. Maurel's power in dealing with it, and felt inclined to say "Who would have thought the old song had so much blood in it?" It was, as M. Maurel said, a *gaîté méridionale* that he put into it, and it was given with a masterful daring ever controlled by the exponent's keen artistic sense. It was a fit conclusion to a singularly varied and striking illustration of M. Maurel's artistic convictions and genius.

This genius—for it is only fair to call it so—had been previously shown in the strange power with which M. Maurel, in morning dress, and in the half-real, half-unreal light of an afternoon stage, became by turns Wolfram, Rigoletto, with all Victor Hugo's passion and perversity put into the part, and Iago, as Shakspeare meant the part. Thinking over a unique performance, one wonders whether to praise M. Maurel more as singer or as actor. Perhaps as actor, for everybody knew that M. Maurel was a past master in a first-rate school of singing. Everybody also knew that M. Maurel was a brilliant actor in certain operatic parts—an actor to be compared, and yet not to be compared, with M. Faure, because the one artist has been at once the supplement and the complement of the other. What everybody did not know was that M. Maurel, after delivering a lecture which lasted an hour, could at will inspire himself with the sacred fire, and become for our delectation Wolfram, Rigoletto, Iago, and the perfection of Tartarin and his tribe.

THE CRYPTOPROCTA.

AN addition to the Zoo Gardens of far more than usual interest has been made by the acquisition of a Cryptoprocta (*Cryptoprocta ferox*) purchased by the Society on November 12 last. The animal—an inhabitant of Madagascar, the home of so many curious forms of animal life—is "new to the collection," which fact alone renders its appearance in the Gardens a matter of interest. Our reason, however, for attaching unusual importance to its arrival is that it is not only "new to the collection," but is also an extremely rare animal—so rare, indeed, that it is little known to science. It is, of course, no uncommon thing for the Society to obtain animals specimens of which have never before been seen in the Gardens, or indeed even in Europe—the gaur, for example—yet which are perfectly well known both to scientific men and to sportsmen; but Cryptoprocta is not one of these, as very few specimens have been obtained, and only two, so far as we are aware, have previously been seen alive in Europe, one of which was living in the Zoological Gardens at Rotterdam in the year 1873, and the other in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, in the year 1874. The fact that the animal has only a scientific name—or, rather, that it possesses no English name—goes far to prove its rarity. It has the further distinction of being the only known member of its family. Of the few specimens obtained, the first known to science was presented to the Zoological Society so long ago as 1833 by Mr. Telfair, a corresponding member of the Society and President of the Mauritius Natural History Society, and was described by Mr. Bennett in Vol. I. of the *Transactions of the Zoological Society*. This animal, however, did not reach England alive. The donor stated that he received it from the interior of the southern part of Madagascar, but that he had not seen in Mauritius any of the Madagascar people who were acquainted with it. He kept it for some months, and described it as the most savage creature of its size that he ever met with. Its motions and power and activity were those of a tiger, and it had the same appetite for blood and destruction of animal life. Its muscular force was very great, and the muscles of its limbs were remarkably full and thick. Since that time M. Pollen, one of the joint authors of Schlegel and Pollen's *Faune de Madagascar*, has added considerably to our knowledge of this little-known animal. Cryptoprocta appears to form a connecting link between the civets (*Viverridæ*) and the cats (*Felidæ*), having, according to Bennett, the prickly tongue, the two tubercular molar teeth in the upper jaw, and other characteristics which distinguish the civets from the cats on one side and from dogs on the other; but, like the cats, its claws are retractile. Bennett describes them as "truly retractile," but M. Pollen says that they are not so perfectly retractile as those of the cat. In its internal anatomy, Bennett tells us, it nearly approaches the cats. In many respects, again, it resembles the Paradoxures, for example, in the nakedness of the soles of its feet—a very noticeable characteristic—but it differs from them in that its hair is close, short, and smooth, instead of being soft, loose, and spreading, as is the case with members of that family, and in the fact from which Bennett gave it its generic name. M. Pollen, who enumerates many points in which it both resembles and differs from the *Felidæ*, compares its colour to that of the puma (*Felis concolor*), a very happy comparison, the animal being a light brownish red. This author, who appears to have had some experience of these animals in their native haunts, tells us that they are called "fossa" by the natives of Madagascar, and describes them as being by no means dangerous to man except when wounded or during the breeding season, though the natives appear to have a very wholesome dread of them, and have many curious stories and fables about them. They are said to be terribly destructive—*massacreurs de première classe*, is M Pollen's expression—and he relates that one of them in a very short time carried off two turkeys, three geese, and a score of fowls, the owner of which assured him that fossas would, if occasion offered, take not only fowls, but also young pigs and other domestic animals. They are also said to climb trees in pursuit of lemurs, of the flesh of which animals they are very fond. When the natives capture an unfortunate fossa they torture it to death, having previously burnt off its moustaches for the purpose of disgracing it, as they say. M. Pollen gives an account of an expedition which he made during his stay in Madagascar for the purpose of shooting a Cryptoprocta which had been doing great mischief to the villagers' fowls. The hunt, if so it can be called, took place by moonlight. Accompanied by several natives, one of whom carried a cock, he took up his position in a small thicket at some distance from the village. The

cock was then made fast to a peg, driven into the ground, a short distance from their hiding place, by a cord, one end of which was held by one of the hunters, who, by constantly jerking it, kept the bird in a state of noisy excitement, with the result that, after waiting about half an hour, a noise like the howling of dogs was heard at some distance. This was repeated from time to time, at last two fossas appeared under the shade of some large trees, and "like shadows gliding through the grass"; though the cock was not allowed to be quiet, the cunning animals, no doubt suspecting mischief, kept out of range. M. Pollen, however, eventually obtained a shot, but was only successful in breaking the leg of one of them, which unfortunately escaped, the other going off, as he says, safe and sound. It appears that the flesh of the Cryptoprocta is, in the opinion of the natives, good to eat, for we are told that they enjoy "beefsteaks" of this animal, which they say are excellent.

The specimen now in the Zoo is a young male, about half grown. It is to be seen in the "small Cats' House," and is apparently in excellent health, and has taken kindly to its new quarters. It is a curious-looking little beast, about the size of a large cat, with a long body, and short, stout legs, and, perhaps, at the first glance the most noticeable part of it, a tail which is very long, cylindrical, and tapering. Its colour, with the exception of the tips of its toes, which are white, is a bright reddish-brown, the under parts being by far the reddest. Its head is much like that of a genet. Marvellously quick as it is in all its movements, its general appearance makes it easy to believe it the arch-destroyer which M. Pollen describes. It certainly does not show the untameable ferocity described by Telfair; indeed, it seems rather a kindly little animal, especially when compared with many of its neighbours in the Cats' House, among which may be reckoned some of the fiercest creatures in the Gardens; but we believe it is not to be trusted. In conclusion, while hoping that it may live long and thrive in its present quarters, we have the satisfaction of knowing that, when it dies, science is likely to profit by its decease.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Smithfield Club's fat stock show this year is undoubtedly one of the best that has ever been held. In point of numbers it has been exceeded only in 1888, when there were 604 entrances against 597 this year. The sheep and pigs, however, are more numerous than even in 1888 or any other year, and the cattle have been exceeded only three times, 1885, 1887, and 1888. The prizes offered are also somewhat larger. The only important change in the classification is that in the case of sheep the championship prize of 50*l.* has been divided into two, a championship prize of 30*l.* for short wools, and another of 20*l.* for long wools. A new rule has also been introduced that sheep exhibited must be shorn in the year of exhibition. The quality of the animals has never been exceeded, speaking generally. There is a very high standard of excellence in most of the cattle classes, and the sheep are exceptionally fine. The Devons, Herefords, Shorthorns, Sussex, and Crossbreeds are all of exceptional excellence. The Kerry, Dexter, and other small breeds for which a class was created last year are well represented this year, and it may be hoped that the class is permanently established. Perhaps the Polled Scots are the least satisfactory class, though amongst them there are many very fine animals. It is a remarkable evidence of the general high excellence that the class of young steers of no fewer than four breeds, the Devon, Herefords, Sussex, and Crossbreeds, were all commended as a whole by the judges. As so frequently happens at Islington, some of the awards made at Birmingham last week have been reversed. Thus in the Middle Steer Class of Polled Scots the beast which was given first prize at Bingley Hall has been relegated to the third place at the Agricultural Hall, while the animal which was judged second at Birmingham is placed first at Islington, and a beast that was only highly commended last week is put second this week. But the most remarkable difference of opinion between the judges at the two Shows was as regards the female class of Polled Scots. Mr. Clement Stephenson's big Scotch polled heifer, which was only placed second in its class at Bingley Hall, and, therefore, did not enter into competition for the championship prize, at Islington was placed first in its class, was awarded the Scotch championship, and was finally held in reserve for the best cow and heifer, and also for the best animal in the Show. Scotch opinion appears to be in favour of the Bingley Hall decision, but most Englishmen think that Mr. Stephenson's animal did not get her due at Birmingham. The final competition for the championship was between this heifer of Mr. Stephenson's and a beautiful roan short-horn heifer of a little over two years and nine months, bred by Mr. Duthie, of Collynie, Aberdeenshire, and fattened on the Queen's farm at Windsor. The latter animal carried off the prize, with the general approval of all competent judges. Of course, before obtaining this award, she had won the first prize in her class, the cup for the best female in the cattle class, and the breed cup for the best shorthorn.

The Queen has been a most successful exhibitor. With thirteen beasts she has carried off the championship of the Show, the championship for the best cow or heifer, the championship of the shorthorn and Devon breeds, three first prizes, two seconds, one third, one high commendation, and two commendations. At Birmingham a week before with ten animals she took the Elkington Challenge Cup for the best beast in the Show, the President's Cup for the best animal bred and fed by the exhibitor, the championship prizes for the Hereford, Shorthorn, and Devon breeds, and six first prizes. Indeed, since 1883 her victories have been quite remarkable. The Queen, however, has now decided to exhibit in future only animals bred and fed on her own farms. The decision will give general gratification to competitors; but, unless Her Majesty's example is generally followed, we respectfully doubt whether the purpose for which cattle shows are maintained will be furthered by the new rule. Hitherto all exhibitors have felt free to buy promising animals where they could find them and to feed them for exhibition. The Prince of Wales, it is true, has confined himself to exhibiting only beasts bred by himself; but hardly any other exhibitor has hesitated to buy what seemed a likely animal. And it may be questioned whether cattle-farming is not more benefited by acting in that way than by strictly confining exhibitions to animals bred by the exhibitor. It is difficult to say how much merit is due to breed and how much to preparing and feeding. The heifer with which the Queen has this year won the championship prize, for example, has been on the Windsor farm for over two years. And it is at least possible that the change from the North of Scotland to the South of England, and the skill and judgment of the Superintendent of Windsor Farm, may have had as much to do with the excellence of the animal as its breed. However, the decision has been taken, and it is to be hoped that it will influence other exhibitors to confine themselves also to showing only animals bred by them. To come back to the Show; it is satisfactory to find that the quality is generally so excellent, and that there is a recovery in the entrances from the falling off of last year. We are not warranted in inferring, therefore, that the condition of agriculture is improving; for exhibitors so largely consist of very wealthy persons that they are little affected by agricultural depression. Yet it is unquestionable that the depression is lightening. Farming is gradually adapting itself to the new conditions; prices are better, and therefore rents are being paid more promptly than for a considerable time past. If the improvement lasts, it will tend, let us hope, to greater interest in cattle shows, and to an endeavour generally to improve agriculture.

The sheep classes, as already stated, are more numerous than ever before, and of exceptional quality. The number of pens is 224 against 205 last year. The chief increase is in the Hampshire breed. They are exactly twice as numerous as twelve months ago, and perhaps better than ever before, certainly much superior to the exhibitions of the past few years. Mr. Newton, of Crowmarsh Battle, Wallingford, takes the champion plate for the best pen of short-wool sheep in the Show. He also takes the breed cup for Hampshires, and all the first prizes of the same breed. Mr. Newton's first-prize lambs are the heaviest in the Show, weighing nearly 6½ cwts. They are wonderfully good as well as large, being only ten months and two weeks old. In the same class Mr. Newton is second. The Shropshires, though somewhat fewer than last year, are excellent in quality, and the Suffolks, though few, are choice. In the long-wools the champion prize is taken by a pen of Lincolns, exhibited by Mr. Pears, of Mere Hall, Lincoln, who also takes the breed cup for Lincolns. And the Leicesters, though not numerous, are often fine. In regard to the judging, there is some complaint that the tendency for some time past has been to favour size rather than quality in the case of the short-wool South Downs, and it is urged that this is a mistake, as the South Downs are specially valued for delicacy of quality, which can hardly be retained if they are made much bigger. However this may be, the class is very well represented. The pig classes, though not so excellent as the sheep, are fairly well represented. The Berkshires, the Middle whites, and the blacks form a good show, and the Tamworths are not bad, but the large whites are poorly represented. Exhibitors complain that, while these animals are in high demand for breeding purposes, they are rather neglected at fat shows. Now lean pork is in favour, they make, it is argued, the best bacon, yet the judges favour fatter pigs. Unquestionably this seems to be a mistake. Upon the whole, however, pigs are a good exhibition; but the most remarkable feature of the Show as already said, is the sheep, which in almost every case are far above the average. To the action of the Council in splitting the championship prize into two prizes, one for long-wools and the other for short, is attributed a large part of the increase in the number of entrances this year. This seems to encourage a further step in the same direction. Could not the Council augment the number of prizes, or at all events could it not add to the championship prizes? As yet it has merely split the old prizes. Might it not increase each of the two prizes? The fact that the competition in wool with our Colonies and South America is so keen and is growing keener is surely a reason for giving all possible encouragement to our own flockmasters.

MR. BARRETT'S NEW MELODRAMA.

WRITERS of melodramas seem quite unable to get away from the old and too-well-worn idea of a hero accused of a crime he has not committed. The author of *The Silver King* did indeed break new ground by making his hero suppose that he

has murdered his enemy; but this is only a variation of the theme. Playwrights who devote themselves to works of this class seem to be sorely lacking in imagination and invention. A melodrama is a rough sort of tragedy which ends happily, and there is surely no reason why all such pieces should be constructed on the same lines. We find the old notion once more in *The People's Idol*, the work by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Widnell with which the New Olympic Theatre has just been opened; but here it is handled with some feebleness and hesitation, indeed there is altogether too much make-believe. Lawrence St. Aubrey, J.P.—the author insists on the J.P. in the playbill, though it would be assumed that such a personage was in the commission of the peace—is a wealthy and most virtuous ironmaster, with a younger brother who has no money and not much morality—at least he has involved himself with a schoolmistress, who makes him pay for his past indiscretion, and has become a troublesome incumbrance, for Arthur St. Aubrey has just married. She insists on his meeting her in a ruined abbey, and bringing her money; but the excellent Lawrence is made acquainted with the affair, and goes to keep the appointment, when he comes across the girl's old sweetheart, Jim Stevens, the People's Idol—idolized because he leads a strike. The man is waiting to execute vengeance on the seducer of the schoolmistress, and, taking him for Lawrence, attempts to shoot him; but Lawrence, an expert wrestler, seizes and heavily throws his assailant, and believes that the fall was fatal. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and Lawrence had, of course, the amplest justification. He, unarmed, was simply defending himself from a would-be murderer armed with a revolver; but the authors affect to imagine that he acts naturally and reasonably in so bitterly deploring the stain of blood upon his hands that he cannot face his fellow-men or carry out his engagement to the girl who had promised to marry him. This really will not do at all, even for melodrama, where motives are not ordinarily too closely investigated. As a matter of fact, Stevens gets up again as soon as Lawrence has gone to get some brandy. He was subject to heart disease, and had only fainted. But in a struggle with the girl, she strikes him with an iron bar; he staggers, and falls; falls, moreover—and this is odd—exactly on the spot where Lawrence left him, and this time he is dead.

The play is not without merit of a kind; for, if we can only accept Lawrence's view of his conduct, there is some dramatic strength in his subsequent scene with the schoolmistress, he and she both supposing themselves guilty of Stevens's death. This, indeed, is somewhat ingenious, for we are supposed to sympathize with the relief with which Lawrence learns that he is innocent of what has troubled him, and the spectator who does not examine too curiously may experience this sentiment—the faculty of infinite make-believe must be a great aid to the enjoyment of the simple-minded drama. A very prosaic explanation presently comes from the doctor to the effect that the man died of "heart disease, accelerated by heavy drinking and excitement"; so that, in truth, Lawrence's distress was doubly unnecessary. A weak point in the play is the general feebleness of the characters. There is the leader of the strike, Jim Stevens, and there are some sketches; one of the even lower type of demagogue who demands his exceedingly indefinite rights, and declines to work until he gets them; another of the unwilling striker, who demurs at being called a blackleg because he wants to earn a livelihood for his wife and children; but, with the exception of these, the people of the play are the merest shadows. Lawrence St. Aubrey is a perfectly commonplace type of a straightforward, well-meaning man; and Grace Duncan, who, according to the ordinary system of classification, would rank as heroine, is, if possible, a more commonplace type still. The story of the play might be told without the direct mention of her existence; and there are others who come and go without in any way impressing the spectator with a sense of their identity or personality. Some of the lack of distinction may be due to the players. The authors have given them little material to work upon; but it is in such cases that the actor, by giving individuality to a faint outline, shows his strength—if he has any. Mr. Wilson Barrett is a little prone to be didactic; his air—half humble, half self-assertive—soon becomes monotonous. The fact is that he has a bad part in Lawrence St. Aubrey, and does not see how to make it better. Miss Winifred Emery has a worse part still in Grace Duncan, and we are surprised to note a deficiency of that refinement which we have regarded as her chief source of strength. She is by no means vulgar; but her little love affair is carried on as we should suppose such affairs are conducted by the usual middle-class young woman of the day. An actress should idealize. Myra Keith, a schoolmistress, would probably be the more striking part of the play, if it were more skilfully treated. But Miss Belmore is undecided, so far as we can understand, whether to make her the brazen adventuress or the victim whose trust has been betrayed. Mr. Melford is tolerably graphic as the agitator Stevens, and Mr. Elliott gives colour to the bluster of a drunken lout who wants his rights. The scenes which show the meetings of the men are well arranged, and the honest workman, whose name we do not quite identify, spoke his lines with sincerity. Mr. George Barrett—a highly capable comedian, it need scarcely be said—has a very poor part in Stevens's father.

SIR BARNES PEACOCK.

THAT notices of this eminent lawyer should refer mainly to the reputation gained by him in O'Connell's time, and to the position which he long filled at the Privy Council, is not surprising. The political and the legal world, nearly fifty years ago, was taken by surprise when the majority of the Law Lords adopted the ingenious argument of the junior counsel for the defence, in opposition to such distinguished advocates as Follett and Thesiger, and in utter disregard of the views of a whole bench of acute and learned judges. For the last twenty years Sir Barnes Peacock, with such colleagues as Sir Montague Smith and the late Sir James Colvile, has been an able member of the Judicial Committee, and has decided many weighty judgments on appeals from India and the Colonies. But one period of his middle life has been rather lightly passed over, and yet it merits at least as much space as our contemporaries have given to the career of the Baron of the Exchequer, who only just survived him.

In 1852 Mr. Peacock, who had taken silk, and who ultimately must have been raised to the English Bench had he chosen to remain in England, was sent out to India to fill the place of Legal Member of Council vacant by the death of the late Mr. Drinkwater Bethune. Lord Dalhousie, having settled the Punjab, was then occupied with the affairs of Burma; but during the next few years the Governor-General and his Council had leisure to occupy themselves with a variety of internal and pacific measures, all needing legislative enactments for their complete success, and in all of which Mr. Peacock found ample scope for the exercise of his legal and scientific knowledge. Nor was his pen idle when an important political measure was discussed. The annexation of Oudh became the subject of an animated contest on paper between the Governor-General and Sir John Peter Grant. The legal member of the Supreme Council, as might have been foreseen, looked at a difficult problem more from a legal than a political standpoint. But in his well-reasoned minute in the Oudh Blue-book he showed conclusively that the British Government had as good a right to interfere in a case of prolonged misgovernment by a despot as a Court of justice would have to enforce a civil contract; and in the end Mr. Peacock, who had at one time been inclined to remove the incapable Sovereign, but to govern the province on his behalf and for his benefit, came round to the view that nothing short of complete annexation would absolve us from our obligations to the country and the people.

In 1854, at the last renewal of the Company's charter, there was established for the first time in Indian history a Legislative Council, in which members got on their legs, made speeches instead of writing minutes on the introduction of a Bill, spoke more than once in Committee on its clauses, bowed to the ruling of the Chair, and in a great measure adopted the forms of the House of Commons. Here Mr. Peacock's aptitude for oral discussion came into play. The new body was composed of the Executive Council of the Governor-General, of four members of the Civil Service, who represented severally the Governments of Bombay and Madras, and the Lieutenant-Governorships of Agra and Bengal, and of the Chief Justice and of a Puisne Judge of the old Supreme Court of Calcutta. The assistance in debate of English lawyers trained to discuss the operation of statutes and to weigh carefully the precise effect of legal phraseology was then thought fully to counterbalance any and all objections against the admission of grave judges into what might become an arena of hot political debate. And so when Sir James Colvile retired from the Chief-Justiceship in 1859, Mr. Peacock succeeded him, became Sir Barnes, and as Chief Justice kept his place in the Legislative Council of Lord Canning. The mere titles of the laws added to the Indian Statute-book between 1854 and 1861 would fill columns of print. Many of them were passed to satisfy local or departmental requirements, such as the conservancy of great cities, the regulation of the police, the emigration of coolies, the levy of tolls on canals and of dues at seaports. But others were stately pillars and notable landmarks in administration. Neat civil and criminal Codes of Procedure replaced a confused mass of contradictory statutes hewn roughly at various times, with little regard to the connexion of one law with another, and with no consideration for the perplexities of suitors and Courts. A Penal Code, drafted originally by Macaulay and his colleagues of the Law Commission between 1833 and 1837, and laid on the shelf until the Government could find leisure for its full consideration, was discussed, criticized, revised, section by section and clause by clause, and finally passed into law. No more admirable code is available for the tribunals of any other country in the world; so precise and philosophic in its definitions, so luminous in the arrangement of its chapters, so clear in assigning to the magistrate, the Court of Sessions, and the Court of Appeal, the limits of their respective penal jurisdictions. In the same period an Act was passed which removed all legal obstacles to the remarriage of Hindu widows, and which is in striking contrast to the fussy measures of interference with Hindu social customs discussed this year with such jauntiness and ignorance. Above all, the pledges given to the tenants of a vast province by the Governor-General, who settled the Land Revenue on a permanent basis, and purified and reformed the whole Civil Service, were at last redeemed. In a celebrated Act which has been called the charter of the Bengal peasantry, the position of the tenant-proprietor and of the Ryot with occupancy rights was at last secured and defined. Customs, sometimes overridden by the strong arm of the despotic landholder, some-

times evaded, but never denied or uprooted, were stereotyped by law; and the government of Lord Canning, in spite of the interruptions of the Mutiny, at last, after a lapse of sixty years, fulfilled the promises and completed the beneficent legislation of Cornwallis. In all these important discussions Sir B. Peacock, who, in the absence of the Governor-General, presided at the meetings of the Council, took a prominent part. He may be said to have shown several of his colleagues, who had hitherto recorded their opinions on paper, how to reply in debate. His legal experience told him how to put remedies or prohibitions into clear language such as English and native judges could understand and apply; and his familiarity with English procedure did not prevent him from accepting the suggestions of colleagues much more conversant with Oriental proclivities and feelings, and more able to forecast the probable working of an Indian revenue or civil Code. After seven years of legislative activity—*neque enim plus septima ducitur æstas*—the Legislative Council constituted by Lord Dalhousie came to an end, and was replaced by another body in which members speak without rising to their feet, and in which judges have no place.

But another wide field was soon thrown open to Sir Barnes Peacock. In 1862 Lord Halifax carried out his measure for the amalgamation of the Supreme Court of Calcutta and of the Sudder Court, or highest appellate tribunal of the Company, into a High Court of Justice. Spite of the best intentions of Indian administrators and proconsuls, and of the desire of most Queen's judges to avoid undue interference with the action of the Executive, there had always been some risk of collision between the Law and the State. Independent and non-official Englishmen engaged in commercial or agricultural enterprise in the interior looked to the Supreme Court as a protector against the over-zealous magistrate. No Englishman in Bengal could be tried and convicted for anything above a trivial misdemeanour, except with the benefit of a Cossitolla jury and an ermined judge. Offenders accused of felony or grave crime, with the prosecutor and batches of witnesses, had to be brought down from the very frontiers of the Empire, and from all intermediate Stations, to be arraigned and tried in Calcutta. The institution of one High Court for Bengal and of another for Agra and the North-West Provinces, removed much of this scandal. It was not unnaturally predicted in 1862 that there would be abundant room for disagreement and disorder in a new Court composed of such opposite materials as barrister-judges ignorant of the native languages and proud of their English law, and civilians who had been magistrates and Commissioners, who swore by the Regulations, and could cross-examine witnesses and decipher Persian documents better than a paid interpreter. But these lugubrious predictions entirely failed. Occasionally a few lances may have been splintered when the judges met to decide about the length of the autumnal vacation, the admission of native attorneys to the Court, or the rules for the entry of Special Appeals on the file. But slowly and harmoniously the fusion of the two systems went on. On one occasion, when the Government of Bengal made an unprovoked attack on the independence of the Court, the Chief Justice was loyally supported by all his colleagues, barrister and civilian judges, in repelling the aggressor. On another occasion, when an impetuous English barrister came into violent collision with a Bench of judges, and claimed that he had only vindicated the independence of the Bar as Erskine had done before Justice Buller in the Dean of St. Asaph's case, Sir Barnes pithily remarked that one slight difference distinguished the two cases—namely, that "Erskine was quite right and Mr. —— was quite wrong." The number of judges composing the new Court enabled the Chief Justice to settle difficult and disputed questions and to reconcile conflicting decisions by summoning a full Bench, which often consisted of seven or nine judges, and in one memorable instance comprised the whole fifteen. Once five judges met to consider the novel point whether the English rule of non-admission of the evidence of the wife against the husband when charged with a grave criminal offence should guide the Courts of the interior. The Chief Justice, with three civilians and one barrister-judge, had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that such a rule would be wholly inapplicable to a state of society where a good Mahomedan might have four and a philosophical Brahman fifty wives. On another occasion, when the intentions of the framers of the Rent Act, X of 1859, were discussed for eight days before fifteen judges, the Chief Justice was left in a minority of one. The appeal was known as the "Great Rent Case," and the main contention between very able advocates, employed by the Zamindar and the Ryot respectively, was whether rents in the Lower Provinces had been, and were to be, the subject of custom or of contract. The majority of the Court, comprising five judges, trained, like the Chief Justice, in English law, a native judge of the highest repute, and nine civilians conversant with every variety of tenure and custom from the confines of Eastern Bengal to Oudh and the Punjab, decided that no Zamindar was entitled to a higher rate than the custom of the Hundred warranted. His rent was not that obtainable by open competition, but was measured by the rate payable by the same class of Ryots for land of a like description and with similar advantages in the villages adjacent. This ruling, against which no petition for leave to appeal was ever preferred to the Privy Council, guided the Courts of the Lower Provinces for just twenty years, and until the passing of the recent Bengal Tenancy Act. But it would be very unfair to take away from the stature or to depreciate the attainments of an eminent judge by dwelling much on a difference between him and his colleagues, even where, as subsequent experience proved, they were wholly in the right. For other important cases, referred or appealed, the Chief Justice was in the habit of applying the best principles, but not the language, of English judges to novel or intricate points, and he never committed the mistake—traceable in the decisions of some of his colleagues—of quoting from the rulings of the Exchequer or the Common Pleas, as if they were printed and available for the enlightenment of the Civil Judge of Dacca and the Principal Sudder Amin of Chittagong. In one important department the Chief Justice and his colleagues effected a wholesome revolution. It had been the practice with the judges of the old Court of Appeal of the Company to re-try criminal appeals on paper, and to scrutinize the dead record as if it were as good and as clear a deliverance as the living voice of the witness who appeared in the original Court. Convictions obtained at careful trials at the Sessions Court of any district were often set aside by a single Judge of Appeal on very insufficient grounds. Rogues and dacoits looked to the Appellate Court as giving them a chance of annulling the sentence passed by the judge and assessors who had heard the witnesses speak, who understood their language, and who were most qualified to decide on its value. With the promulgation of the new Codes, and the establishment of the High Court, all this was remedied. Criminal cases were now tested carefully in appeal, but not re-tried. By the establishment of the jury system in some half-dozen districts, appeals were only admitted on points of law. In other cases, the High Court was only careful to inquire if there had been a miscarriage of justice. For all this result Indian society, official and unofficial, may thank Sir Barnes Peacock. His excellent constitution enabled him to work steadily for eighteen years in the plains, with only one furlough to England. And his resolute and calm demeanour on a hot day in April or May, while counsel were arguing some intricate case of adoption by a Hindoo widow, or were endeavouring to reconcile irreconcilable oral and written evidence about the disappearance of some two miles of a native gentleman's estate in the waters of the Ganges or the Megna, used to be the envy and admiration of his wearied and perspiring colleagues. He would now and then dwell, with pardonable exultation, on the part taken by himself in the O'Connell case, as well as in another less known appeal, when an unfortunate individual, having been convicted of forgery under a very old statute and sentenced to a long term of transportation, Mr. Peacock—with the assent of the Attorney-General of the day—procured his client's acquittal by conclusively showing that under the statute relied on he ought to have been hanged. His term of service in India was, in length, not equalled by any one of his position, with, perhaps, the exception of the late Sir Edward Ryan. In importance it probably surpasses them all. And he leaves behind him the reputation of an ingenious and successful advocate, of a formidable opponent in debate and discussion, of a practical legislator, and of a learned, impartial, and upright judge, by no means disinclined to be severe when the public interests seemed to require severity.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE exhibitions of fine art are upon us in their cohorts. It has been as much as what Mr. Walter Sickert (in a manifesto we shall presently refer to) calls "that most depressing person, the clowning art-critic," could do to rush this week from one shrine of beauty to another. Now that at each show the clowning one is called upon, not merely to look at pictures, but to be reproved by egotistical painters in shabby little personal prefaces as well, his lot is no sinecure. In old days it was necessary to preserve one's temper when the fawning showman offered to point out to one "the special beauties." It is now a greater test still of mental equilibrium to keep one's temper with the gentleman in velvet who swaggers about his own genius or the genius of his friends in the preface to his catalogue.

Mr. Francis E. James, we hasten to say, produces good wine, and might very well dispense with the thorny bush which his friend Mr. Walter Sickert hangs out. Mr. Sickert has airs but not thoughts, impudence but not originality. At least, this is the impression that his amazingly silly and truculent essay produces upon the unprejudiced mind. If the visitor to the Dudley Gallery can manage to creep between the legs of this Colossus who holds the door, he will be rewarded by an exhibition of genuine artistic charm. Mr. James has arranged his water-colour drawings and sketches with great skill, the white silk mounts, the white frames, the very slightness and light tones of the studies themselves being aided by the delicate hangings on which they are placed. The drawings themselves are phantoms of memory, mere dreams of places, mere suggestions or suspicions of flowers. A few slightly withered purple pansies in a glass, a handful of crimson pelargoniums wrapped in a shred of florists' paper, a spike of columbine, such are some of the subjects of Mr. James's choice. As far as they go, they are eminently satisfactory, and that they go but a very little way is no business of ours. His landscapes are of the same kind, impressive and true, but extremely slight and visionary.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswell's, 160 New Bond Street, is exhibited a collection the name of which reminds us of the titles of Nonconformist divinity in the seventeenth century. Let our readers know that this is called "An Exhibition of Pictures

by Artists residing in, or painting at, Newlyn, St. Ives, Falmouth, &c., in Cornwall—a Collection illustrating the Artistic Movement which is associated with that part of England." It seems to us that "Pictures by the Cornish School" would say all that in less lumbering form, and would say it more truly, for this exhibition does not "illustrate" the Cornish movement. It only gives a number of second-rate examples of it. What is really illustrated is the seamy side of this very interesting and amiable phase of British art. When we see at the Royal Academy the most important and successful productions of Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Tuke, we are inclined to think that these mark the habitual level of the Cornish school. Alas! this little exhibition with the long name disillusions us. Here we see the mannerisms of the rank and file, the sense of fatigue, the hopeless confusion of detail, overworked surface and messy paint. Endless seas, on sandy beaches, in which the foam turns up in lumps of white paint. A fisher population exclusively occupied in receiving letters or telegrams. Green fields with grey cows, exactly the tint and tone of the grey sky beyond, so that the cows look like holes through which the sky is seen. These are the three inevitable Cornish subjects, repeated in every variety, from the cleverness of Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. Alfred Brown down to the clumsiness of their feeblest pupil. Certain charming tricks, however, all seem to have caught—the lovely blues and greens, injured by a partiality for unnatural lilac, and, above all, that delightful freedom in painting out of doors, under the genuine light of day.

There are, however, a few excellent pictures. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's "The Witch" (91) is an admirable bit of impressionist painting. A little girl in an orchard is terrified by a hag who crosses her path, attended by two ravens, who swoop towards the child. There is a sense of mystery and wildness about this composition which is very fine. To Mr. Tuke, who is a painter of some genius, we say, with all the directness of which we are capable, that the claptrap business of the telegram, treated in his large "The Message" (11), is unworthy of him. Not here, O Apollo! not in this common and empty *genre*, are haunts meet for thee. Mrs. Marianne Stokes (the ladies are strong in the Cornish school) has a very beautiful and skilful study of a girl in white, called "Edelweiss" (70). Mr. Norman Garstin's "Other People's Dinners" (26), with its little boy in an orange cap, with turkeys and thistles, is a capital example. Clever and powerful, but too coarse, is Mr. Bishop's red-haired girl in a high-backed chair, called "The Dawn of Imagination" (32); his "Shy" (93) is not worthy of the same hand. Mr. Detmold's "Peaceful Evening" (66), boys with little boats along the sands, is like a Wilkie, which it is odd to note in a Cornish picture; Mr. Detmold draws well. Among all these works, however, a comparatively slight landscape by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, "The Bridge" (98), easily takes the first place for technical merit. The landscapes of Mr. Adrian Stokes, here, are not ambitious, but they are very true and accomplished, especially in the movement of the seas. Mr. Stokes seems to be a cynosure to his colleagues; the seascapes in direct imitation of his are legion. We must mention with approval Mr. Fox, Mr. Wyly Grier, and Mr. John Crooke.

In Mr. Albert Goodwin we have an artist who has long ago won the deep consideration of amateurs, and whose new exhibition at the Fine Art Society is sure of recognition from the public. Being what he is, why is not Mr. Goodwin more? This is a question which has often troubled us. The memory of every close student of contemporary painting will easily recall works of Mr. Goodwin's, especially water-colour drawings, of a force and beauty which displayed actual genius. We need but refer to some of the Sindbad series. Why, then, is this painter confessedly still striving for a recognized position, still regarded as of promise rather than of performance? We believe the reason to be that he is of vacillating ambition; that he is not sufficiently enamoured of any one aspect of art to impress that, and that only, on the public; and, moreover, that his critical faculty is so slightly developed that he presents us with his failures and his successes without perceiving any distinction between the one and the other.

In the present exhibition Mr. Goodwin, as usual, gives us several totally distinct classes of work. First, there are his pale architectural studies, faintly washed in, mostly of English cathedral towns. These have the details drawn in ink, on a ground of buff tone, and are as interesting as, but no more so than, the studies of a professional architect. In a second class the painter gives us atmospheric effects of an extreme refinement, opalescent skies fading into yellow haze, or English river-scenes under the beautiful pearly light of fading afternoon. These often present the Turneresque peculiarity of the greenness of foliage being entirely ignored, the leaves indicated in brown only. Indeed, in this section of his work, Mr. Albert Goodwin is directly derived from Turner. There is a third class, in which the painter uses his memory of violent or gorgeous impressions of sunset or sunrise to reconstruct scenes of an entirely imaginative, sometimes positively impossible, splendour. This is the class in which Mr. Goodwin has always produced his greatest successes and his worst failures. In these drawings his skies are like the paved work of a sapphire, and across them rolls a pageant of incomparable crimson and orange, liver-colour and indigo. There may even be said to be a fourth class of curious little portraits of brilliant towns, painted like jewels on grey paper. Each of these four kinds of pictures has its peculiar merit, but none seems to belong to the others, and this variety of talent, this restlessness in the face of nature, is distracting. In Mr. Albert Goodwin the sensitiveness to physical beauty seems developed beyond the judgment which directs and defines. With his extraordinary talent, he seems to be too often like a child in a meadow of many flowers, who plucks handfuls here and there, only to fling them away in favour of new favourites.

Of the four exhibitions with which we are occupied to-day, all of them of some importance, it is the collection of Mr. George Hitchcock's pictures which has given us the most unalloyed pleasure. A year ago this name, though recognized in France and in Holland, was unknown in England. The startling success of "The Tulip Garden" in this year's Royal Academy revealed to us the talent of an American artist of unusual gifts. An exhibition of Mr. Hitchcock's sketches, later in the summer, increased our impression of his powers. In the present exhibition, which consists of large and important works, we do not find the same fulness of brilliant pure tints which we met with in the studies. There is here a certain roughness to which we have to become accustomed before we appreciate the remarkable harmony of all these low tones. The painter's view of nature presents a curious and interesting mixture of truth and imagination. Nothing could be more real than his treatment of hillsides and trees; yet he bathes them in sentiment. With the exception of one large set Dutch landscape, "The Low Countries" (5), the subjects of the pictures are sad peasant-women advancing down ragged hillsides or over dunes, often with the flowers characteristic of the soil, mullein, sea-poppies, and blossoming grasses, at their feet. No more striking example of Mr. Hitchcock's work can be found than the not very appropriately named "The Manger" (8), with its naïve mingling of naturalism and symbolism. In the background is a Dutch windmill against a grey sky, and poplar trees. But the garden-wall is in the middle distance, and from it stretches a long bed filled with pink tulips. In front is a bright green lawn, with one flame-coloured tulip rising out of it. Here Madonna sits, with a nimbus round her head, in a Dutch lace cap, red bodice and green flowered skirt, holding in her arms the Infant, dressed like a Dutch baby in frock and hood. The general effect of this is singularly harmonious and lovely, in spite of its oddity.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE unwise legislation in the United States this year is bringing its punishment after it more quickly than any one ventured to expect. The McKinley Tariff Act was passed avowedly to exclude foreign manufactures, and enable the American manufacturers to get a monopoly of the home market Importers concluded that, if they could supply themselves with large quantities of European goods before the new tariff came into operation, they would be free from foreign competition, and would reap very large profits. Therefore, they exhausted their credit in buying goods all over Europe. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the imports just before the tariff came into force were so large that they almost caused a crisis in the New York money market. But the elections last month have changed the whole situation. Now it is probable that the new tariff will be swept away before long. Therefore, the public is not willing to buy European goods at the present high prices. And the importers find too much of their capital locked up in unsaleable commodities. The banks, as a matter of course, are very unwilling to discount commercial paper in consequence of all this; and thus importers are in the most serious difficulties. Somewhat similar is the position of the speculators in silver. They thought that the Silver Act would enable them to control the market, and to make the price whatever they pleased. As a matter of fact, the rapid rise has checked consumption all over the world outside the United States, and at the same time has increased production, so much so that the Secretary of the Treasury estimates that there is an accumulation of silver in the United States of about 10 millions of ounces. Silver has fallen rapidly, therefore, from the high quotation at the beginning of September, and seems likely to fall further. Thus, speculators in European manufactures and in silver are in the greatest embarrassments, and bankers are afraid to give them the accommodation they require. There is likewise a large lock-up in railway bonds and shares, manufactured during the past three or four years in order to enable railway Companies to build lines which were not wanted, and which, therefore, do not earn the interest upon the bonds, in many cases do not even earn the working expenses. Over and above all this, there has been a wild speculation upon the Stock Exchange, and a still wilder speculation in houses, lands, industrial Companies, trusts, and the like, while a great deal of money has been sunk in the South, not only in building railways, but in opening up mines, constructing factories, and generally in developing the resources of the country. The capital so employed may in the long run prove highly remunerative; but for the present it has been sunk too rapidly, and the return is too small to enable the owners to continue their operations. The commercial classes all over the Union, therefore, are in such difficulties that, for a considerable time past, the banks have been unwilling to discount commercial paper.

The collapse of Messrs. Baring Brothers has added to these serious difficulties. As our readers know, Messrs. Baring Brothers conducted, perhaps, the largest merchant banking business in the world. Their connexion with the United States was very old

and very profitable. Merchants, therefore, had credits in the aggregate amounting to immense sums with Messrs. Baring Brothers, and they drew bills upon that firm to carry on their operations. It is impossible for them now to go on drawing, and very many have been unable to get new credits opened for them here; for other merchant bankers in London, uncertain what might be the outcome of the Baring difficulties, have been unwilling to extend the accommodation they are in the habit of giving. Besides all that, there has been a very natural alarm created in the United States by the collapse of so great a house. The credit of Messrs. Baring Brothers was quite as high in America as it was at home; and when it has been found that that great house was unable to bear the pressure that came upon it, it is not surprising that people should begin to doubt the stability of smaller London houses. Therefore holders of bills drawn upon London find it impossible to dispose of them. And, as a matter of course, they are often therefore unable to meet their engagements. In their difficulties they have offered to sell the bills cheaper and cheaper, with the result that the sterling exchange fell below the point at which gold can be exported profitably from this country to New York. The crisis in London, it will thus be seen, has aggravated that through which the United States are passing; but it is not correct to say, as some of our contemporaries do, that the American crisis is the effect of the English one. There are causes quite sufficient to have produced the crisis in the United States even if we had escaped the breakdown of credit with which we are face to face. Naturally there has been a sharp fall in the prices of American railroad securities this week. We warned our readers that the recent recovery had been carried much too far, and could not last. And we spoke so because we were aware of the difficulties that then were making themselves felt in the United States. But the effect upon the Stock Exchange, so far as the English public is concerned, is less serious than the influence the crisis is likely to exercise upon our trade. It is evident that a discredit so general and so serious as is now making itself manifest in the United States must lessen very greatly the power of Americans to buy European goods. They had already reduced their power by extravagantly raising their tariff, and now the breakdown of their credit still further diminishes their power. On the other hand, the discredit of sterling bills in the United States is equally unfavourable to our own trade. A merchant, for example, in the South cannot now export cotton on consignment to his agents and draw against it upon Messrs. Baring Brothers. For the time being it is necessary to send out gold to get the cotton, and that obviously restricts very seriously the purchasing power of this country. It is to be feared, then, that the effect of the American crisis will be to cripple for a while the purchasing power of British manufacturers who work up American raw materials. They cannot buy the raw materials for cash in the same way as they could buy them on credit, and consequently they must reduce their operations. Indirectly, too, the trade of both countries must suffer from the stringency of the money market and the uncertainty in regard to gold movements, while every fall in Stock Exchange prices, by lowering the borrowing power of stockholders, adds further to the adverse influence of the crisis.

This critical state of things has led, as was to be expected, to considerable gold shipments from London. On Tuesday and Wednesday nearly 900,000*l.* were sent to New York. It is probable that under any circumstances gold would have to be sent, for the money market in New York is so stringent that, if it were not relieved, a panic such as has not been seen for many years would be almost inevitable. But the shipments are likely to be larger than they need be because of the reckless competition of banks and billbrokers here in London, upon which we commented last week. It may well be doubted whether the sending of gold to New York will very much improve the situation there. As pointed out above, the real difficulty is a general discredit, resulting partly from the crisis here in London, but mainly from over-trading and too great a lock-up at home. The utmost then that can be expected from gold shipments is that they will strengthen the banks, and should a run upon them arise, enable them to stand the strain. But they will not put an end to the discredit that exists. On the other hand, it is to be recollected that every million taken from London now makes us the less able to repay the Bank of France by-and-by, and also the less in a position to meet any difficulties that may arise elsewhere. Should there be a renewal of alarm with ourselves, or should a crisis arise in Berlin, the shipments of gold to New York will increase the peril. The joint-stock and private banks and billbrokers even yet, however, fail to see the seriousness of the situation. The rate of discount in the open market, it is true, went up on Wednesday to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but on Thursday declined again to $4\frac{3}{8}$ per cent., which, considering the magnitude of the demands that may come upon the market, is very much too low.

The silver market has not been as much affected by the crisis in New York as might have been expected. The crisis to a large extent, as explained above, is the outcome of silver legislation. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the alarm excited amongst the more cautious capitalists in the Eastern and Middle States by the passage of the Silver Act and the agitation for free coinage has not contributed very seriously to the crisis. As far as one can judge, gold is being hoarded at present. If this be so, it is surprising that the silver market has not given way more than it has done. There is a large lock-up in silver, the stock is accumulating, and the consumption is rather falling off. One would naturally have expected, then, that when it is so difficult to obtain advances from the banks the speculators would be compelled to sell. Probably the explanation is that the bulk of the silver which has now accumulated in the United States, estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury to be from eight to ten million ounces, is held by the mining Companies. They have not pressed sales, expecting that the Treasury would be obliged to buy at higher and higher prices. And now that the crisis has come, it is to be presumed that they are able to hold back from the market while the mere speculators have been compelled to dispose of what they held.

At the fortnightly settlement, which began on the Stock Exchange on Wednesday, the banks and discount-houses lent freely at 5 per cent., and the rate tended rather downwards as the day advanced. Inside the House the carrying-over rates were distinctly easy. It is curious that comparatively rates were higher on good stocks in the foreign market, such, for example, as Egyptian Preference Three and a Half per Cents., than on the purely speculative, which investors ought not to touch. The inference is either that the good stocks have been in greater speculative demand quite lately, or else that they are being used to borrow upon when speculative stocks will not be accepted. In the home railway market rates were very easy, and generally the evidence tends to show that large quantities of stocks are being paid for, and taken off the market. Still, we doubt whether the time for favourable purchases by investors has yet arrived. Looking at the condition of things in the United States and the overgrown speculation upon the Continent, it is difficult to believe that the liquidation is yet completed, or that prices have fallen as much as they will do. One would naturally expect a considerable further decline in American securities of all kinds, good as well as bad. And it is difficult to believe that the speculation on the Continent can be very long maintained now that there has been a breakdown both in London and in New York. The wild speculation that sent prices up for about ten days after the Wednesday following the Baring collapse was succeeded last week by a period of inactivity. At the beginning of this week there was a very sharp fall caused by the panic in New York on Saturday. On Tuesday, however, there was an attempt to run up prices in the American department. It was said that the worst was over in New York, that the gold being shipped from London would revive confidence, and that the railway Companies were composing their differences. The upward movement continued on Wednesday morning; but on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday there was a further decline. And it will be strange if there is not a considerable further fall before the year is out in the American department. The Berlin Bourse is weak, and is inclined to limit business. In Paris, however, confidence is still maintained.

The Turkish and Egyptian Governments have concluded to their mutual agreement negotiations preparatory to the conversion of the Turkish loans secured upon the Egyptian Tribute. Of course, the actual Conversion cannot be attempted until the money market becomes easy, and we doubt very much whether it can be successfully carried through for a considerable time to come. But the arrangement is wise, all the same. The Turkish Government, by reducing the interest on the Tribute loans, will set free a portion of the Tribute, and thus can borrow more money. The Egyptian Government, on its part, by co-operating with Turkey gets a concession from the Porte, which, it is estimated, will give it 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.* a year.

The Board of Trade Returns issued late on Saturday last show that trade has already suffered from the shock that has been given to credit, and from the long-continued dearness of money. There is a decided decrease in the imports of the raw materials of manufactures last month compared with November of last year. And there is also a considerable falling-off in the exports. We fear that the consequences of the crisis here and in America will be felt still more severely next year, for there is a general distrust of bills upon London abroad, in consequence of the Baring catastrophe, and that limits the power of doing business both as regards exporters and importers.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE supply of infant musical prodigies during the last few years has been so plentiful that amateurs have begun to lose interest in the performances of child pianists and violinists. This is, doubtless, due to the fact that the success achieved by Josef Hofmann and Otto Hegner led to the appearance of several other young people, who were even more immature in their art than those clever children. The appearance of the young violoncellist, Master Jean Gerardy—"aged $12\frac{1}{2}$ years," as was announced on the programme—last Thursday week, should certainly serve to stimulate interest in such performances. In the case of most musical prodigies, it is clearly a critic's duty to advise a return to study; but with Jean Gerardy this is not the case, for the child is already a finished artist, and his performances deserve almost unqualified praise. The strength of his tone and admirable finish of his execution leave nothing to be desired, and he is evidently well able to hold his own against performers of mature years. His performance of Goltermann's Concerto in A minor and of Servais's Fantasia on Schubert's Waltz, "Le Désir," showed that he can master the most intricate and brilliant music for his instrument; while in Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," the dignity and breadth of his playing gave evidence that he possesses even higher powers

Though his tone is somewhat nasal, his intonation is quite faultless, and his bowing is extraordinarily good, even leaving out of consideration the fact that he is scarcely taller than the instrument upon which he plays. A pleasant feature in the concert was Miss Carlotta Elliot's artistic singing of songs by Schubert, Grieg, Cowen, Thomé, and Gounod. The accompaniments throughout were played by Mr. Waddington Cooke in a manner which deserves high praise.

The attendance at Mr. Henschel's second Symphony Concert, which took place on Thursday evening, though still far from large, showed some improvement on that of the previous concert. The lack of support which these excellent performances meet with is unaccountable; it has reached such a pitch that Mr. Henschel has issued a circular announcing that he will be unable to continue the undertaking unless he receives sufficient subscribers to the remaining four concerts to enable him to pay the expenses without an appeal to guarantors. For several years there was a general complaint as to the utter absence of orchestral music in London in the winter. For four seasons Mr. Henschel has tried to supply this want, and it will be simply a disgrace to London amateurs if he is now forced to give up the venture for lack of support. The programme of the last concert was, as usual, selected with care and discrimination. It comprised Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, a Selection from Act III. of *Die Meistersinger*, Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody, the Pastoral Symphony from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, and a Suite in E for Strings, by Miss E. M. Smyth, an Overture from whose pen was recently played at the Crystal Palace. Though the Suite is a comparatively early work of the composer's, having been performed some years ago as a String Quintet at the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, it is a more favourable specimen of her talents than the Overture played at Sydenham. It consists of five movements, all of which are extremely clever, though, perhaps, not very original. The composer has evidently been strongly influenced by a course of study which has embraced very different schools; but, in spite of this, the work contains some good writing and is full of promise. The best number is a very expressive Andantino. At the end of the performance Miss Smyth was called to the platform to acknowledge the warm applause with which her Suite was received. Schubert's Symphony was played with intelligence and refinement, and the music from Bach's Oratorio was admirably performed, and did much credit to Mr. Henschel's care as a conductor.

On the evening of the 5th, St. James's Hall was filled to overflowing by the usual crowded audience which assembles whenever Señor Sarasate plays. On this occasion he dispensed with the services of an orchestra, and the programme consisted entirely of violin and pianoforte solos and duets. The most interesting performance was that of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata." Señor Sarasate's style is hardly broad enough to do full justice to the tragic intensity of the opening Adagio and Presto, but his playing of the Andante and Variations was admirable, and the concluding Presto, which was taken at an astonishing pace, was a marvellous display of execution. It is a pity that so inartistic a mistake should have been made as to accept an encore for the second of the Variations. The remainder of the programme consisted entirely of pieces which Señor Sarasate has made familiar by constant repetition. He was ably assisted by Mme. Berthe Marx, who also played a Fantaisie by Chopin and an "Étude en forme de Valse" by way of solos; the latter was more suited to her graceful and refined style than the former.

The last Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace was of unusual interest. The programme began with Berlioz's Overture to *Waverley*, an excellent performance of which was given. This was followed by Mr. Hamish MacCunn's setting for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra of James Hyslop's ballad "The Cameronian's Dream," a work which was first performed at Edinburgh last January, but had not previously been heard in London. Like all the composer's work, it is strongest in its orchestration and weakest in the choral-writing. In the former Mr. MacCunn first made his mark, and he has not progressed much since. In "The Cameronian's Dream," though the subject is picturesque, he has, moreover, been hampered by the singularly bald verse of the poem and by the almost grotesque imagery which it occasionally presents. He has not sufficient experience in choral-writing to enable him to overcome the difficulty of setting a long poem written throughout in one metre, and the result is that the musical effect, wherever the voices are introduced, is entirely subservient to the metrical structure of the poem. This defect is less felt in the solo passages, which were declaimed with great vigour by Mr. Henschel, than in the choral portions of the work. The orchestration is throughout excellent; the pastoral passages descriptive of the dawn on Airds Moss, and the ascent of the chariot of fire containing the souls of the slain Cameronians, are as good as anything Mr. MacCunn has done. It is much to be regretted that the effect of such good work should be marred by the deficiencies of the vocal writing. If the composer would only realize that in this respect he has almost everything to learn, he might still fulfil the great promise of his early compositions. The performance of the ballad was, on the whole, very good, and the composer, who conducted in person, was warmly greeted at its close. The concert ended with Mr. Hubert Parry's Cantata, "L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso," which was noticed in these columns on the occasion of its first performance at the Norwich Festival last October. In every respect but one, Saturday's performance was inferior to that at Norwich, the exception being Mr. Henschel's fine singing of the music allotted to the baritone soloist, in which his admirable declamation did full justice both to Milton's words and Mr. Parry's music. Otherwise there is not much to be said in praise of the performance. Both chorus and orchestra were evidently unfamiliar with the music; the former were at their best in the beautiful setting of the lines beginning

And when the sun begins to fling,

which was sung with some degree of refinement, and at their worst in the final chorus, in which a disaster was narrowly avoided. The orchestral playing was principally remarkable for conspicuous mistakes, some of which—especially those made by the flute—were absolutely inexcusable. The soprano music was sung by Miss Amy Sherwin, who was thoroughly out of voice, and sang throughout alternately sharp and flat. In spite of these serious drawbacks, the good impression produced by the work at Norwich was amply confirmed. Though not likely to be as popular with the public as either the composer's *Judith* or his *St. Cecilia's Day*, it will always be heard with pleasure by musicians as a model of artistic union of poetry and music.

The programme of last Monday's Popular Concert comprised a String Quartet in B flat (Op. 74, No. 2) by Spohr, which had not previously been heard at these concerts. It cannot be said to throw any new light upon the accepted view of Spohr's genius. It is well written and tolerably effective, but deficient in interest and rather old-fashioned. The pianist at this concert was Herr Schönberger, who gave a fine performance of Chopin's Sonata in B minor, Op. 58, a work which is well calculated to display his admirable technique. If his playing were a little more sympathetic and less hard in quality, he would rank very high among pianists. In Schubert's Trio in E flat, in which Herr Schönberger was associated with Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti, he was less satisfactory than in the Sonata and the Study by Chopin, which he played for an encore. The vocalist was Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who sang Schumann's fine ballad "Belshazzar," and the same composer's "Der Contrabandiste."

Ample testimony—if any were needed—to the good work being done by the Royal College of Music was afforded by the concert given by the pupils of the institution at St. James's Hall last Wednesday evening. The most important number in the programme was a setting for Tenor Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra, of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," the composition of Mr. Charles Wood, a former student of the College. Mr. Wood's music is essentially modern in character, and accordingly it is hardly possible to judge definitely of its merits at a single hearing. It may, however, be safely said that the Ode shows powers of no mean description, and is characterized throughout by real strength both of conception and execution. Though in the main the music reflects the style of his masters, yet signs are not wanting that the composer has an individuality of his own. Where this was most marked—as in his treatment of the concluding portion of the work—the music was most satisfactory; and that this may be taken as a good augury for the future every one who has the prosperity of English music at heart will sincerely wish. Mr. Wood's treatment of Shelley's words, which are extremely difficult to set, shows great skill, and his writing, both for chorus and orchestra, is far above the average. At present he is inclined to be too lavish with the means at his command, but this is a common fault of youth; experience only teaches that one of the main secrets of effect lies in husbanding resource until the proper moment comes for its full display. The most satisfactory features of the rest of the concert were the orchestral performances of Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, and Berlioz's Symphony, "Harold en Italie," both of which were admirably interpreted under Professor Stanford's conductorship. Miss Cecile Elieson created a very favourable impression by an excellent performance of Vieuxtemps' "Fantaisie-Caprice" (Op. 11), for violin solo and orchestra, in which she displayed great purity of tone and finished execution. The vocal numbers consisted of an air from Mozart's *Seraglio*, well sung by Mr. C. J. Magrath, though the compass of the singer's voice was hardly low enough for the music; the Finale to Act I. of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, which was carefully sung by Misses E. Walker, M. Davies, E. Webster, and Messrs. E. P. Branscombe, J. Sandbrook, and C. J. Magrath; and an "O Salutaris" by Cherubini, sung by Miss M. Chamberlain. The latter lady has apparently a fine mezzo-soprano voice, but at present her production leaves much to be desired.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

I WANDERED through Euston's commodious station,
Not thinking myself of a journey by rail,
But surveying that scene of confused animation
That marks the despatch of the Limited Mail.

When, behold! I was 'ware of a crowd on the platform,
Excited, elated, collected in scores,
Such as only assembles to gaze upon that form
Which every devoted Gladstonian adores.

"And 'tis these noble souls thus besieging his carriage,"
I cried, with a thrill that was almost a sob,
"Whom our insolent Tories would dare to disparage,
Forsooth, as a mere idol-worshipping mob.

"Nay, I own them my brothers; I'll do as my kin do;
Their train I will join, and at his I will stare;
If so be I may see but that face at the window,
In aureole framed of his silvery hair."

Reverentially, then, by the footboard I placed me,
And into the first-class compartment I peered,
When I found, with surprise, that the figure that faced me
Had less of white locks than of gingery beard.

He arose; he approached; he drew nearer and nearer—
I felt my heart sink with unnameable dread—
He flattened his nose on the glass, and grew clearer;
He opened the window and put out his head.

O horror of horrors! O lightning and thunder!
O moment that seemed into ages to swell!
That face that I gazed on in agonized wonder
Was—catch me, my Schn-dh-rst!—*the phiz of P-rn-ll*!

Like a man in a trance—a dyspeptical dreamer—
Who, hag-ridden, lies through the lingering night,
I listened, perforce, to this daring blasphemer
Profanely burlesquing that holiest rite.

Yes, I heard him—and, hearing him, who would not hate him?—
Hold forth 'mid his followers' impious cheers,
And in language which might have been borrowed *verbatim*
From him whom all England—all Europe—reveres,

He discoursed, and with pride, of his mission of evil;
They "bade him Godspeed on that mission," said he.
Just as if any power that exists but the D-v-l
Could speed an opponent of W. G.

And he ended (O last, O supreme desecration!
Which almost our Saint's very language profaned!)
By emitting—great Heavens!—the absurd declaration
That he and his cause were Divinely sustained!

It was over, and I from the terminus hurried,
With looks of anxiety fixed on its roof,
And my brain with this thought unrelentingly worried,
Which here I set forth for the public behoof.

"What, though like a bull through a warehouse of china
This man has his way through the Decalogue made,
Though his feet through the shattered commandments of Sina—
Sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth—unconcernedly wade,

"Still, I doubt if the worst of his many excesses
Such shock through the mind of the country will send
As this skit on our deity's 'platform' addresses,
With that most audacious of 'tags' at the end."

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF LORD HOUGHTON.*

IN some ways the biographer of Lord Houghton may be said to have had an easy task. In other ways he is beset with difficulties to the verge of impossibility. The advantages are obvious. Material was abundant, and almost all of it interesting. Not only was Lord Houghton's manhood contemporary with the stirring events of English and European affairs for more than half a century, from the times of the first Reform Bill onwards; he lived in intimate contact with those events, and often in the freest intercourse with the chief actors in them. At the same time he lived in detachment from party responsibilities and restraints, a detachment which the constant strain of irony in his character caused him, we doubt not sincerely, to regret, but without which his individual genius could not well have been fully developed. He was able to combine the qualities of an accomplished man of the world with those of an artist and of a critical and philosophical spectator. Future historians of our time will have to take account of Richard Monckton Milnes not less as the friend of Carlyle and Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Tennyson than as the political confidant of Guizot and Tocqueville. He saw, not merely from the outside, but with inner knowledge and informed sympathy, the making of Italy and Germany. He knew Louis Napoleon in his former and in his latter exile. He felt the power and the fascination of the Church of Rome as very few English Protestants have done, and understood them too well to be drawn within them. In arts and letters he lived to see throngs of worshippers at shrines where he had dared to worship alone. He was among the first who perceived the genius of Blake outside of Blake's own limited circle of intimacy. He was equally at home with Landor in Florence, with Emerson in Concord, and with M. Renan in Paris. Dealing with life as a continuing liberal education, he was ever young in spirit; and down to his last days, the sons of his old friends joyfully claimed him as not only the friend of their fathers but their own.

He was a scholar and a man of letters to the backbone; and if the reputation of his published work seems at this day to be rather a decorative background to the man and his doings than essential to him, it is not because his literary merit was not genuine, but because it was less singular than his other powers. Such a life could not be otherwise than full of interest. Lord Houghton had failings as all men must have; but dulness at any rate was one which the most audacious invention of his enemies could never have imputed to him. It is true that hostile invention had but poor chances of experiment in Lord Houghton's case, for his enemies were very few. This would seem, at first sight, an ideal subject for biography. Mr. Wemyss Reid has had everything a biographer could wish for; he has used his means with a practised hand; his book must needs be welcome to all who knew and loved Lord Houghton; it is of those books which one is glad to take up and very loth to lay down. It is at this moment giving pleasure to scores of readers to whom Lord Houghton, a few weeks ago, was little or nothing more than a name.

And yet one feels that the difficulties are great also. None can fail to see that this is the interesting life of an interesting man. But will American or Australian readers now, or our children hereafter, find in these pages the true genius of Lord Houghton? Can such a character be fixed in speeches, and notes of travel and books, and confidences of State, or in even the most intimate letters? It is no fault of the biographer if some things are beyond pen and ink; but we have our doubts. Lord Houghton was accomplished in many things, and excellent in several; but his peculiar genius was for conversation—we mean in the largest sense. It was not only that he was a master of the art of talking, an art which is too much neglected or even foolishly disparaged in this country. Perhaps one could name his equals (if one looked as far as Paris, possibly his superiors) in polished exposition, or in dramatic narration, or in telling and yet courteous repartee. But Lord Houghton did not talk for talking's sake. With him it was a material part, but still only part, of the conduct of life among educated men with a view to its common and harmonious enjoyment. He cultivated the art of making the best of life as a whole, and showed how a man, without any prejudice to its necessary duties, may vastly increase the innocent pleasure of himself and others. A lover of paradox, he was himself a standing and delightful paradox, a Yorkshire gentleman who had caught the secret of Continental felicity without ceasing to be an Englishman and a Yorkshireman. He claimed supremacy in his generation for one form of studied conversation in which excellence is rarely attained—the after-dinner speech. And the claim was just; he had precisely the readiness and tact, the mixture of jest with earnest, the kindly sense of earthly vanities along with enjoyment of earthly pleasures, that make such utterances neither frivolous nor pompous, but human. In the glow of his large and generous humanity the coldness of our everyday platitudes and conventions melted and vanished away. Sometimes there was scope for these qualities on more serious, though still festive, occasions. Thus it was when in 1866 Lord Houghton, still in his vigour, was called on to deliver the chief address at the opening of the Union Society's new rooms at Cambridge. The little book in which this is recorded is among the cherished possessions of those who took part in that day's gathering, and Mr. Reid has done well to reprint Lord Houghton's words in full. And thus it befell, too, another time at Cambridge, when almost in the last year of his life, in the May term of 1884, Lord Houghton attended the opening of the Museum of Archæology. He was there in his old age, manifestly infirm in some ways; those who did not know him might have thought him a broken man. A scholar and a lover of classic antiquity, still he was there as an amateur among the leaders of our Hellenic studies, men not lacking in eloquence to enforce their learning. Sir Charles Newton and Mr. Jebb were there, and they spoke wisely and well. And yet it is no disparagement to them to say that, if any one speech were to be named as the speech of that day, it was Lord Houghton's. By some strange accident there is no mention whatever of this occasion in Mr. Wemyss Reid's book; in a future edition this defect should be supplied, and the speech should be republished if an adequate report of it can be found. Another thing which has been overlooked, and ought some day to be duly commemorated, is Lord Houghton's membership of the Rabelais Club. The club has already been so often mentioned in public, with or without warrant, that no scruple is possible.

Remembering these things, and others which cannot be mentioned in public, we must think that the best part of Lord Houghton was that which can hardly be made to live in books. But posterity hereafter, and strangers now, will never know what they have missed (as for these words of ours, they are for those who already know), and they will have very much to be thankful for. Hardly a page of these volumes does not contain some pleasant anecdote, some neatly-turned epigram, some fine touch of criticism, or some fresh light on the history of politics or letters. Among the most curious passages are those that bring out the double-edged quality of Lord Houghton's mind. They also show how impossible it really was

* *The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton.* By T. Wemyss Reid. 2 vols. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

that he should conform himself to the official routine of English politics, and how wise Peel was, according to the wisdom of the House of Commons, when he did not offer Milnes the Under-Secretaryship of the Foreign Office. In 1843 Milnes wrote concerning the Factory Education controversy:—"The Dissenters have shown a bitterness and fanaticism worthy of the palmiest days of the Church." At the outbreak of the war in 1870 he wrote:—"I am Prussian to the backbone, which is a pure homage to principle, as they are the least agreeable people in the world." What are party leaders to do with such a man? Signs are not wanting that Lord Houghton, who was at one time gravely disappointed, came to perceive that it could not have been otherwise. He said, in taking leave of his constituents when he was raised to the peerage:—"I have never been able to throw myself into that full party spirit which, in a country like ours, is, perhaps, almost necessary for the prominent success of any public man. I remember Sir Thomas Fremantle, our whipper-in, in the House of Commons, coming to me and saying, 'Now, do try for once in your life to make a speech in which you are not going to be candid.'" In the struggle of politics, as in other struggles, the fittest survive; but the fittest are not always the best. At some unspecified time Lord Houghton wrote or said, "Gladstone's method of impartiality is being furiously earnest on both sides of a question." If instead of "furiously earnest" we read "sympathetically critical," we shall be pretty near a fair statement of Lord Houghton's own political habit of thought. Moreover, as if to complete the irony of his public character, the questions of domestic policy where Lord Houghton did actively take a side on his own responsibility were apt to be of the secondary kind, those which are nowadays called fads by people whom they do not happen to interest. In one word, Lord Houghton shared with many scholars, perhaps with most scholars who are also men of the world, the weakness (if it be a weakness) of being hard to persuade that anything within the immediate range of practical politics really matters very much.

But Lord Houghton could be deeply moved in those great causes which now and then fix the attention of the civilized world and appeal to both intellect and imagination. He followed the movement of European politics with more than critical interest, and there his cosmopolitan training, which in some ways was against him at home, stood him in good stead. His instincts and insight were seldom at fault. We may forget some day, but America will not forget, that Lord Houghton was of that minority in the English political world who from the very first stood by the North through all the confusions and evil report of the Civil War in its earlier days. There was danger of England being committed in the other direction, and to every one of the steadfast minority belongs the credit, such as that credit was, of having averted it. Not many years after the war Mr. Benjamin Moran, then the United States Secretary of Legation here, was Lord Houghton's guest. He told a story which we have never seen published, how just before the end a man in a boat on a Southern river hailed another on the bank who was making up cut logs into "cords." He asked if the wood was for sale. "Yes." "Will you take Confederate paper?" "Yes; *cord for cord*." The company laughed, some with their hearts and some with their lips; few of them had earned the right to laugh as Lord Houghton had. Years afterwards he had his visible reward—the very reward he would have chosen—when he crossed the Atlantic, and was received by American citizens of all conditions as a public benefactor. Ingratitude is said to be the besetting vice of nations, but some nations are not ungrateful.

It would be but poor service to Mr. Wemyss Reid's book and its readers to attempt a choice of anecdotes or letters, where almost everything is good. And, although we do not think Mr. Reid has wholly succeeded in his properly expressed desire to print nothing which can cause needless pain to any one, we should do more harm than good if we called specific attention to lapses of this kind. A few such can scarce be escaped in dealing with a large mass of private letters; and, moreover, the fault is of a kind which time cures. One incident may be singled out for the distinction of the persons concerned, its illustration of Lord Houghton's effective services to English letters in ways that could not be public at the time, and its bearing on questions still current. It was Richard Milnes who, forty-seven years ago, persuaded Peel to confer on Mr. Tennyson a Civil List pension, and this for the express reason—a reason which has lately been urged on the Treasury with indifferent success for the present—that such pensions were not intended to be merely charitable gifts, but "to be bestowed in the interests of English literature and of the nation at large." Carlyle comes into the story as quickening Milnes in his humorously prophetic manner. Milnes suggested (of course in jest) that his constituents, who had never heard of Alfred Tennyson, would think he had been doing a job for some poor relation. Thereupon Carlyle said, "Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get his pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned." We leave Mr. Wemyss Reid with one piece of criticism; why has he not printed Tocqueville's and Guizot's letters in the original? There is none too much good French prose in the world, and Tocqueville, if not Guizot, is a French classic. Some one deserves commendation for supplying the book with a good thing too often missed in biographies, a full index.

Finally, we take leave to reprint a printed, but hitherto unpublished, piece, adapted from an epigram of Goethe's, which we also give for comparison. In workmanship there is nothing to distinguish this from Lord Houghton's published and accessible verse, but the choice and the turn are thoroughly characteristic. The German runs thus:—

Böcke, zur Linken mit Euch! so ordnet künftig der Richter,
Und Ihr Schäfchen, Ihr sollt ruhig zur Rechten mir stehn!
Wohl! Doch Eines ist noch von ihm zu hoffen; dann sagt er:
Seid, Vernünftige, mir grad' gegenüber gestellt!

And Lord Houghton's English:—

I had a vision of Judgment: of God and the flock on each hand:
Sheep in a bleating content: goats in distraction and fear:
Men of good sense and good humour before Him in reverence stand:
"Friends of all time," God said, "gladly I welcome you here."

STORIES.*

IT is a bold thing to call a story *The Baronets and their Brides*; it is setting oneself so high a standard to write up to. The Rev. W. M. Cox has, however, dared it, and has justified his daring. Bevan, in a steamer going from Oban to Ballachulish, listened to "the plaintive strains of a Highlander's pibroch at the other end of the boat." He had a "muscular and warm-hearted nature" and loved Amelia Finlay, who had helped him to listen to the pibroch. So they climbed a hill, and he "read to her from the guide-book," and soon after "proposed and was accepted." His father was a little uneasy at hearing of the engagement. He wrote—beginning "My own dear Arthur"—"When I stood before the altar with your late dear mother, I was struck with the solemnity and deep feeling with which the clergyman uttered those words for us to say after him—*till death do us part*." Now the papa's misgivings were justified, and the lady Arthur ought to have read guide-books to was not Amelia at all, but Dorothy Ashburton, who said to her aunt, "In other words, what chasteness is to the snowdrop and the lily, what richness is to the tulip and the dahlia, what fragrance is to the jasmine and the rose, such is sentiment to the ideas of the intellect." This Dorothy was beloved by her cousin, Sir Richard Hazledale, a sporting baronet, who, when asked by his intimate friend why he did not marry her, replied, "The reason is that I have not moral courage to break off from my rakish habits." This was after dinner, and thereupon the two men returned to the drawing-room and the society of the sentimental Dorothy; and "the Captain" (Sir Richard's friend), "asking her to play, took her hand to conduct her to the piano." Dorothy's aunt, who was also Sir Richard's mother, distrusted sentiment; and, when asked by her son whether she had never given way to it, answered, "Well, to say I never did give way to it would be to ignore the allowance which should be made for gushing childhood, till toned down by mixing with the *élite* of society, and a constant observance of its *proprieties*." So Sir Richard plucked up courage to propose to his cousin, who refused him, and added, "Accept this little keepsake book, called the 'Threefold Cord,' like the one I always keep on my toilette-table; and if you keep it on your own, and for one minute each morning read the three short verses, containing a promise, a precept, and a prayer, allotted for each day in the year, it may do you good, as it often has me, and will doubtless do so for days and years to come." Sir Richard was much cast down, so much so that soon after the Captain, his friend, put "his arm round his dear friend's shoulders," observing, "Seeing you moping here, I thought I would steal up and slap you on the back for a joke." Then it turned out that the Captain was also in love with Dorothy, and Sir Richard wished him luck; but he "felt it his duty to depart for India without telling his love" to the lady. He did what he felt to be his duty, and it shortly became Sir Richard's duty to break to his mother and cousin the news that his friend—whose affection, by the way, Dorothy fully reciprocated—"had peacefully died of a rifle-shot wound in the chest." He was very diplomatic, and said that the Captain was ill, and that India was bad for him, but that he "felt it his duty to go; and you know what he is, or rather what he was." His mother was not to be deceived. "'Richard, a mother's ear and eye are quick inlets of impression,' she quietly observed; 'and my impression is that some unfavourable news has brought you over here this morning.'" After this it is to be feared that he neglected the study of the "Threefold Cord"; for he went off and flirted with Amelia Finlay. She soliloquized—"I am tossed on the horns of a dilemma"—but determined to jilt Bevan, and marry the baronet. Then Sir Richard took to dissipation, and ultimately blew his brains out at Monte Carlo. And meanwhile Bevan's papa was made a baronet, and died, and Arthur Bevan became Sir Arthur,

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* *The Baronets and their Brides.* By William Matthew Cox, Vicar of Tockwith, York. London: Nisbet & Co. 1890.

A Man's Mistake. By Minnie Worboise, Author of "A Summer's Madness" &c. London: Clarke & Co. 1890.

Claude and Claudia. A Tale. By Mrs. Herbert Martin, Author of "Bonnie Lesley" &c. Illustrated by Caroline Paterson. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

The Rajah's Legacy. By David Ker, Author of "The Boy Slave in Bokhara" &c. Illustrated by A. W. Cooper. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

True of Heart. By Kay Spen, Author of "Granny's Strong Box" &c. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

and would have answered Amelia's purpose just as well; but it was too late. Dorothy, bereft of her first love, the Captain, was making hot love to him. She wrote a poem, and laid it on his plate at breakfast. It was supposed to be uttered by him, and contained this stanza:—

> To the first lark of spring
> My hat I always raise;
> He seems to me to sing
> Our Maker's grateful praise.

He "pressed it to his lips"; and when she not only wrote another—an epitaph on a dead dog—but had it "stereotyped on a tablet," he gave in, and pressed her to his lips. As for Amelia, she is disposed of with a brutality suggestive of the concluding line of "Augustus was a chubby lad." Her proceedings "soon resulted in delirium; and the ultimate issue in a few days was death."

Hyacinth Dell, an orphan of sixteen, ill brought up, ill conducted, pert, and vulgar, went to live with two aunts, or great-aunts, dull ladies, and very strict in their notions, whose "united ages" amounted to a hundred and sixty-one years. She flirted with a Mr. Armstrong, who had an elderly and moribund wife. The wife approved of it, and when she died Hyacinth came to view the remains, and flirted with the widower more than ever in the room with the deceased. So he employed her as governess to his daughter, and things went well enough until he saw her kissing a strange man at midnight in a dark lane. The man was only her vagabond father, who was supposed to be dead, but she could not explain this, because he (the father) was wanted by the police for manslaughter, and had sworn her to secrecy. So Armstrong gave her the sack. After a time she fell in with a Salvation Army sort of parson, and did good works, until at last she happened upon her felonious parent, and saw him die, whereby her mouth was opened, and her ex-employer promptly married her. By this time her eldest aunt, who was over ninety, had taken a great fancy to her, and so everybody was pleased. The story is called *A Man's Mistake*, and Mr. Armstrong was the Man.

Clement Dumaresq was a shifty headstrong boy, and could paint a little and play the fiddle with genius, and would not work. He gave his widowed father no end of trouble, and at last put his walking-stick through a picture, by Claude, worth 2,000*l.*, which was the only consolation of his parent's melancholy life, because it reminded him of his deceased wife. So Clement ran away and married a virtuous but very vulgar music-hall songstress, and called his only daughter Claudia after the picture. And after eight years he fell ill, and his wife was killed in a railway accident, and he brought his daughter home to his father and painted a picture of her to be hung in the place of the Claude, and died, and, we presume, was buried.

The Rajah's Legacy is about a boy who was at Rugby, where he befriended a black in the street. Then he was ruined and went to India, looking for hidden treasure buried by an ancestor, to which he had got a clue by a surprising coincidence. He knocked up against the black, who was grateful, but for which he would certainly not have found it. He had a bad half-hour in a tree about two feet from a tiger believed by the illustrator to be as big as a rhinoceros. The "long arm of coincidence" pervades this story in a degree hard to be excelled.

What can *True of Heart* be about but a governess? She was most invaluable to a most delightful family. She tamed the naughty girl, and made her as good as gold; she brightened the life of the blind but amiable stepmother; there were no brothers, and nobody kissed her. That is, until her true love of days long ago turned up in catacombs, and on the top of a cliff where the tide rose at the very least thirty-two feet, and in other appropriate places, and cleared up the misunderstandings which had kept him away. Ultimately they were married, and so was every one else who cared to be.

DUBLIN VERSES.*

WE are not disparaging the more solid merits of contemporary Irish scholarship if we say that it excels in the lighter graces. There are still plenty of elegant versifiers left at Oxford and Cambridge, but it is to Dublin that we look for the pretty ingenuities which used to be regarded as the best practical test (has anyone found a better?) of classical study. In a pleasant apology for Greek and Latin verses prefixed to *Dublin Translations* it is stated that the art was never more encouraged in Trinity College than it is at present. You may get your scholarship, your senior moderatorship, and even your fellowship without writing verses. That is as it should be; but we are glad to hear that "at all these examinations the marks are so allotted as to give a very considerable advantage to the skilful composer." The preface, by the way, is dated 1882, but there is nothing on the title-page to show that this is a second or enlarged edition. If the book has appeared before, it is our misfortune to have missed it. We may heartily recommend it to every man with a taste for good Greek and (we think) better Latin. Most of the "fair copies" embodied in *Dublin Translations* have already seen the light, either in *Hesperidum Susurri* or *Kottabos*. But it is sad to notice how many of the scholars who made them have made their last. A more pleasant aspect of the list of contributors is the number of the names distinguished in critical research. It may be sufficient to mention those of J. F. Davies and the editor himself, whose work on Cicero's Letters has recently been reviewed in these columns.

There is a special interest in the following lines signed by Thomas Maguire, a version of three stanzas of "The Ancient Mariner," beginning "Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink":—

> undique fluctus erat, tabulas squalere videres,
> undique fluctus erat, fauces sitis horrida torret.
> di nobis meliora! putrescit pontus ab imis
> sedibus ipse, et fœda modis animalia miris
> lenta trahunt lentum tabentia crura per æquor.
> nunc hinc nunc illinc noctu circumsilit ignis
> intentatque necem; fluctus variante colore
> æstuat, ut quondam, saga miscente, venena.

It would not be easy to find a neater rendering of Tennyson's address to the critics than this by J. F. Davies:—

> O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
> Irresponsible indolent reviewers,
> Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem,
> All composed in a metre of Catullus;
> All in quantity, careful of my motion,
> Like the skater on thin ice that hardly bears him,
> Lest I fall unawares before the people,
> Waking laughter in indolent reviewers. &c. &c.

> ignavi male judices quot estis
> exlegum pecus et pigerrimorum,
> en parvum in trutinam poema veni
> perscriptum penitus modis Catulli,
> certis temporibus, memorque motus,
> ne lapsum, velut ire fune tento
> coner, fabula multa in urbe fiam
> et dem judicibus pigris cachinnos.
> κ.τ.λ.

Widely different is the merit of a rather daring version (by H. B. Leech) of the much-translated passage (2 Samuel i. 19) beginning "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen!"—

> ὡς τὸ σὸν ἄνθος ὄλωλε χαμαιπετὲς ὄρθιον, αἶα,
> κλάζε, Παλαιστίνα, δυσκέλαδον τε βοάν.
> μὴ λεγέτω Γάθεός τις ἐν εὐρυχόροισιν ἀγυιαῖς
> δυστυχίαν στρατιᾶς τᾶσδε διολλυμένας·
> Ἀσκαλίων ἀμαθὴς ἔστω, μὴ τοῦτο κλύουσαι
> πῆμα Φιλίστιναι τέρψιν ἔχωσι κόραι.
> κ.τ.λ.

From the many sets of Greek iambics it is difficult to make a choice for quotation. This (by A. W. Quill) is a translation of a well-known passage in *King Richard II.* The Queen speaks:—

> Q. Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
> Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
> G. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
> I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
> Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
> I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
> Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
> In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

> Α. κηπουρέ, τῶνδέ μοι λόγων κακάγγελε,
> ὄλοιτο τοῦδε πρέμνοθεν κήπου φυτά.
> Κ. εἴ πως, ἄνασσα τλῆμον, ὧδέ γ' εὐτυχοῖς
> πάντως ὄλοιτ' αὐτοῖσι κῆπος ἄνθεσιν.
> τῇδ' ἡ τάλαιν' ἔβαλλε δάκρυον πικρόν·
> ἦ πήγανον τῇδ', ἐργάνην τῶν χερνίβων,
> πικρὸν σπερῶ—πηγαὶ γὰρ ἐξ ὄσσων πικραὶ
> τῇδ' ἐρράγησαν—μνῆμα βασιλείου δύης.

The Greek verses here quoted are not the best in the collection, but they are fair samples of the average merit. These and most of the other "copies" in the book would not be eminent amongst the very best of modern versions, but they may fairly be called first-rate. Here is one of the editor's happiest efforts in a different style; he is translating Falstaff:—

> Though I could 'scape shot-free in London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt; there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered; there's not three of my three hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg through life.

> Ἐν τἀγορᾷ μὲν ἀσύμβολος ἂν ἀπῳχόμην
> βδύλλω δὲ ταύτῃ πολεμίων τὴν ξυμβολήν,
> πρὶν γάρ τι πράττεσθαί τιν', ἐκπραχθήσεται·
> βαβαί· τίς ὁ ταύτῃ κείμενος; λέγων κυρῶ
> Θρασύαχον; ὦ Ζεῦ, τὸ κλέος οἱ τελεῖ βροτῶν
> οὐ δή φενακισμὸς μὰ Δία τὸ καλῶς κλύειν.
> θερμότερος οὔ μοι τηκτὸς οὐδὲ βαρύτερος
> μόλυβδος, ὃν Ζεὺς ἀποτρέποι πλευρῶν ἐμῶν·
> ἅλις τὸ γαστρίον τόδ' ὃ πιέζει μ' ἀεί.
> εὖ τοι λόχον ἐμόν, ῥακόδυτ' ὄντα κάθαρματα,
> ἐνεχύτριστ', ἐκ γὰρ τῶνδε πεντήκοντ' ἔγὼ
> τριακοσίων τ' ἐς οἶκον οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐδὲ τρεῖς
> ἔσωσα, πεινήσοντας ἐν φορυτῷ κακῶς
> παρὰ τὴν ἔπαλξιν.

That is an undeniably successful version; in language as close as needs be, it gives the very spirit of the original. And many other comic versions, equally successful, are included in this collection. But in every case where the success is really unqualified we notice one thing—that the humour of the original lies entirely in wittiness of thought, not in quaintness of language. The contributors to this volume have made many attempts to render "funny bits," but we believe that, without

* *Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse*, edited by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Regius Professor of Greek. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

exception, they have failed, elegantly, of course, but utterly. Take the following nursery rhyme:—

There once was a lady of Russia,
Who scream'd so that no one could hush her;
Her screams were extreme,
You ne'er heard such a scream
As was screamed by this lady of Russia.

This is how the editor puts it into Greek:—

γυνή ποτ' ἀβάτοις ἔμπολις Σκυθῶν γύαις
ἔρρηξ' ἰυγὴν οὐ φίλοις κατάσχετον
λαμπρὰν διατόρον οὐκ ὑπερτοξεύσιμον
γυναικογηρύτοισιν ὀρθιάσμιασιν.

That is perhaps as well as it could be done. But it was not worth the doing. And even more remarkable, we think, is the failure of that ingenious versifier, Mr. Hastings Crossley, to render the spirit of "The Three Sailors of Bristol City" "who took a boat and went to sea." Let us plunge *in medias res*:—

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am confounded hungery."
Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no wittles, so we must eat we."
Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"Oh gorging Jim, what a fool you be!

"There's little Bill, as is young and tender;
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.
O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you;
So undo the collar of your chemee."

When Bill he heard this information
He used his pocket handkerchee;
"Oh let me say my catechism
As my poor mammy taught it me!"

The Latin version is smooth and clever; but is it in the least bit funny?

quæ cum vidisset Penius sic orsus; "amice,
dispeream, ventrem ni premat arta fames!"
tum Barathro; "victus quoniam non suppetit usus,
nostrum alter vereor non sit edendus," ait.
olli indignanti similis similisque jocanti;
"Ecquem stultitiæ ponis, inepte, modum?
Telemachi succo turgent (conciditur?) artus;
non faciunt denti corpora dura senum.
stat tibi mactatum ferro consumere corpus;
da, puer, a tunica libera colla tua."
audierat juvenis: lacrimamque premebat obortam
cum subito emunctis naribus esset opus.
"o bone, bis senas liceat recitare tabellas,
quas olim didici, matre docente, puer."

Having quoted Mr. Crossley's failure, it is but fair to mention a case where he came much nearer to success, his version of "Father William" from *Alice in Wonderland*. We have but space for a couple of stanzas:—

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

All the lines, except perhaps the second and last, in the following version are as pointed as the original:—

indoluit, genitor, quoties gingiva senilis,
ipsa nocent tactu mollia larda suo;
at, quæso, anser ubi est? non ossa neque ora supersunt;
o vires raras insolitamque gulam.
ille sub hæc; "olim causas ego publicus egi,
at reduci parvum fit domus ipsa forum;
qui mihi maxillas his viribus induit usus,
at senio haud fractus manserit ille vigor.

In the epigram pure and simple it was to be expected that a good Latinist like Mr. T. J. B. Brady would score his points:—

AN EPITAPH ON A DEBTOR.

An arch accountant here was laid,
Who borrow'd, and who never paid.
If he's in Heaven, I could swear
That he is upon credit there.

hoc qui tumulo jacet sepultus,
prudentissimus ille debitorum,
nunquam reddidit æra mutuatus.
si nunc arva tenet beata, naulum
ne vivam nisi debeat Charoni.

One more epigram may be quoted, the editor's version of "The Devil a monk would be":—

"me mala crux agitet" clamabat Vappa "Catonem
ni salvus referam," febre tenente latus.
audiit ægrotum facili deus aure. quid ille?
me mala crux agitet si Cato Vappa fuit!

In conclusion, we may thank the editor and his contributors for a volume which may give many an odd hour's delight to scholars, even to those who have allowed their Greek and Latin to become a little rusty. But, before we conclude, we may be permitted to quote some lines from Professor Arthur Palmer's neat and tender rendering of "Sally in our Alley":—

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

non hujus facio dies profestos—
festi plus oculis meis amantur!
tum demum licet ire feriatum
et cultum pretiosiore veste
cum cara spatiarier puella:
illam depereo impotente amore
juxta nos habitantem in angiportu.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd;
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

adsisto, domino trahente, sacris,
et male audio identidem, quod inde,
orarit bona verba cum sacerdos,
erum inter medias preces hiantem
linquens, aufugio ad meam puellam;
quæ desiderium meum est, meum mel,
juxta nos habitans in angiportu.

THROUGH THE STABLE AND SADDLE-ROOM.*

IT is not often that a book is taken up and laid down with equal reluctance, yet such is likely to be the case with any one who for critical purpose is obliged to read the volume under notice. So much has been written about the horse and his household arrangements, which is either rubbish or too technical to be comprehended by any save experts who require no teaching, that it is really delightful to meet with a treatise which is at once elaborate and simple, so simple that even "the altogether ignorant, those who know absolutely nothing about horses and stables," for whose behoof the author professes to have written, cannot fail to understand every word of doctrine, whilst those who have spent their lives in the stable may learn from every chapter, or have their memories refreshed about some fact which it is well to bear in mind. For it is with facts, not fancies, that Major Fisher deals, and if at times he appears to be somewhat dogmatic, his exact knowledge justifies his dogmatism.

Through Stable and Saddle-room is divided into four parts respectively entitled "Stable and Stable Gear," "Coach-house and Saddle-room," "Feeding and Farriery," and "Ailments and their Treatment," each of these being subdivided into numerous chapters, none of which are too long, nor is there any attempt at spinning out in any part of the work. A few remarks and extracts from each will serve to show what a thorough master of his craft is the author. The information here given as to the construction of stables is that, perhaps, which will be found to be the least generally useful, for a very small percentage of the people who keep horses have ever been called upon to build stables, which are, as a rule, either inherited or bought ready made, so the horse-owner has to make the best of such buildings as he possesses. But in drainage, ventilation, and general arrangement and fittings much may be done to remedy original faults of construction, and in all these matters valuable instruction is contained in these pages, though it is remarkable that, in dealing with drainage, no mention should be made of the system which now finds favour in many stables—namely, that of having no drainage at all connected with stalls or boxes. "Perfect ventilation meaning perfectly free from draught" is by no means so unattainable as people are apt to imagine, and the best method of cheaply and effectively obtaining it is here shortly set forth, though, having used the word *cheaply*, it may be as well to state at once that Major Fisher has a supreme contempt for the cheap and nasty, maintaining throughout his book that the best of everything is well worth paying for, and more frequently than is supposed worth the price charged by the purveyors. As to water supply, another elementary necessity, the rules laid down are good, the use of water *especially* hard being wisely deprecated; but why recommend as a softening agent "Anti-calcaire" or any other stuff, when rain-water can be had for the catching? This portion of the book gives the fullest information, not only as to what is necessary in the way of stable fittings, such as mangers, rack-chains, pillar reins, lead lines, &c., but also for clothing, bandages, corn-measures, knee-caps, singeing lamps, and those manifold accessories of horse toilette known, and known only too well, by hapless horse-owners under the generic name of "tools," which seem to require renewing about once a fortnight. Of each and of all the best of these articles the price is given, as well as of the *number* required. The plan so often adopted of making the groom find tools on an allowance per horse per month does not appear to find favour with Major Fisher, as he makes no mention of it. Amongst things not generally known, it may be well to call attention to the strong recommendation he gives of naphthaline—a white powder in a crystallized form—for the purpose of keeping moth out of clothing and woollen bandages, and which, though having a pungent smell, does not scent the articles with which it comes in contact. The First Part concludes with some admirable maxims for riding and leading horses at exercise. Happy he who can instil even this much of common sense into his stablemen!

Part II., dealing with Coach-house and Saddle-room, furnishes an epitome of everything that can possibly be included under these headings; from the floor of the coach-house to the ceiling of the servants' bedrooms, nothing is omitted. In matters pertaining to horse furniture Major Fisher, as might be expected, is severely orthodox, all superfluity of gear or pretence of ornament is unsparingly condemned. At the same time, he has perfect toleration for the opinions of others in some weighty questions which have ere now sorely vexed the souls of sportsmen. For instance, nothing can be fairer than his position as regards "plain flaps" *v.* "knee-rolls" on saddles; though, when he says that the latter were chiefly in vogue till a "few years ago," he must give a liberal interpretation to that phrase, for plain flaps have certainly been in common use for the last five and twenty or thirty

* *Through the Stable and Saddle-room.* By Arthur J. Fisher, late 21st Hussars. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

years. He declares his own decided personal preference for this sort of saddle. "I always use plain flaps," he says; "I like the look of them; they show off a horse's shoulder better. They last longer and look more sportsmanlike; but, if asked if my seat is as *perfectly* strong in them as in a 'knee-rolled' saddle, I reply 'Certainly not'"; and he further admits that it is sheer folly for a man who has all his life ridden with the pads in front of his knee to take to the plain flap, in order to be in the fashion—such a change can only bring discomfort both to horse and rider. How many horsemen, we wonder, know the names of the component parts of a saddle, still less how the saddle is made? There need be no more ignorance on the subject, for in this chapter it is explained with equal clearness and brevity. As to the use of the breastplate, the author's feelings are doubtless those of many who have discarded this adjunct, in deference to the Leicestershire *mode* of eschewing one particle of unnecessary saddlery, as he is "old-fashioned enough to like it, and there must, in my opinion, be times when it is useful. It always to me seems to be the badge of the hunter." He has strangely omitted to give an instance where it is of undoubted use. Hog-maned hunters are common enough in Leicestershire as elsewhere, and on to the backs of one of these it is well nigh impossible for a man, not in the prime of youth and activity, to mount after a fall, unless he has a breast-plate by which to haul himself up. As to the correct position of the saddle, we are informed that "it *should* be placed fairly and truly in the centre of the horse's back." Quite right. Yet it may be added that a horse *should* be fairly and truly made, which he generally is not, and as a matter of fact every horse has got a place where he will carry his saddle, and it can be fixed in no other, girth we never so wisely.

Always sensible and humane, Major Fisher is never more so than when treating of bits and bridles. He is fully aware of the justice of a sporting friend's remark, that few horses have a mouth for a snaffle, and fewer men hands for a bit; yet as every one who rides must have something to steer and hold on by, the following excellent list is given of bits which afford quite sufficient variety for every-day requirements—"Snaffle," "ordinary bit and bridoon," "Pelham," "Ben Morgan." The use and construction of the last-named, which is not so well known as the others, is fully explained. The words of wisdom with regard to the bearing-rein are too long to quote; but they go to prove that it is not the use, but the abuse, of it which is cruel.

"Feeding and Farriery" form the contents of Part III. The instructions for the selection and purchase of forage are so good that a tyro might, after reading them, be almost trusted to go to market by himself; at any rate, they should to a great degree render him independent of his groom's commission-biassed advice. Here is a recipe, which will be new to most people, for the detection of kiln-dried oats:—"Rub some of the oats quickly between the palms of the hands, when the smell of the sulphur which is used in the kiln to bleach them will be noticeable on the hands." As simple and expeditious a test as need be desired. Moss-litter, which has become so popular since the increased price of straw, seems not to be an unmixed blessing, though there is no question that feet do well on it. Still, if horses *do* eat it, as here asserted, and our author never appears to make rash statements, his conclusion that it *must* do them harm is irresistible, and it is also said soon to stop up drains. The whole routine of stable-work is minutely set forth, including watering, feeding, exercising and grooming from 6 A.M., which is the hour recommended for the commencement of operations both in summer and winter, to last lock up at 10 P.M.; and be it noted that watering *before* feeding is expressly enjoined for the following very sufficient reason:—

> A horse has two stomachs, or what is equivalent to two stomachs. All fluid is carried through the first or food stomach into what answers the purpose of the second. If corn is given just before watering, the water must necessarily pass through the corn. As is well known, the effect of water on corn is to swell the latter. Therefore, whether chewed or not, the result of water passing through corn must be to swell it, and if the water is given *after* the corn the latter, being swollen, may possibly cause colic—indeed, very frequently does so.

The best plan of all would be, of course, to let the water stand in the stable, though there are various objections not here mentioned to the practice. There is special advice that rock-salt should always be in the manger; and this has many advantages. It is a tonic, horses like it, and they play with it, and are thus prevented from seeking more hurtful playthings. Few people realize how *bored* a well-bred horse can become.

The rules for strapping and grooming, and for the general supervision thereof by the master, will be always far more honoured by both parties in the breach than in the observance. One matter, however, of supreme importance may be insisted on with some chance of commanding obedience—namely, the avoidance of mud fever, by never touching a horse's legs, or, indeed, any part of his body except his feet, with water, after he comes home from hunting. It would be even better, perhaps, to omit the last clause, and forbid the use of water altogether. Let the orders be—Dry, brush, and bandage. Brush, clean, and bandage. The instructions as to shoeing and general treatment of a horse's feet are, as befits the importance of the subject, more minute though not less intelligible, than the rest of the work. The Charlier shoe is the one which finds most favour with Major Fisher, though, from the scarcity of farriers who can make or adjust it, it is hardly likely to come into very general use. Let those who wonder why their hunters so often over-reach, read p. 244, and profit by the information it contains. Cleanliness and the disuse of the farrier's drawing-knife are pointed out as the chief factors in the preservation of the foot; but these expedients are even less likely to be adopted than the Charlier shoe.

Part IV. is devoted to the ailments to which horseflesh is heir, and the treatment of those commoner forms of illness of which, sooner or later, there must be experience in every stable. The gravest maladies, glanders and farcy, are merely mentioned as necessitating the immediate destruction of the afflicted animal; but, expert as Major Fisher is, we should require further evidence before acquiescing in his root-and-branch condemnation of any stable where these dreadful diseases have existed. "Razing to the ground and replacing the soil with entirely fresh" is a drastic system of prevention which is beyond the pockets and the courage of most people.

The distinction between "roaring" and "broken wind," two totally different infirmities, constantly confused in men's minds, is very clearly explained; but the only technical language in the book is employed (necessarily) in the description of Dr. Cotterell's operation on the throat for roaring, and will certainly not be understood by many except veterinary surgeons, few of whom would be found willing to undertake so formidable a business. On the other hand, the treatment of splint by the process known as "periosteotomy" reads as if it might easily be performed by any one possessed of a little nerve and a sharp penknife. "The skin of the leg is moved round by the hand from the back of the leg as far as it *can* be done, until it is over the splint. A downward incision is then made through the skin and periosteum on to the splint itself. The splint is thus at once freed, and so is the periosteum from any distension" (which is the cause of pain in splint). "The pain is relieved, and the slit which has been made in the skin soon heals, as it is not over the lump formed by the splint." The "blue bag" application for sore back in its earliest stage, and indeed the whole of the remedies prescribed for that most tiresome and disabling of complaints, are well worthy of attention, as are the two palliatives—mustard to the throat, and steaming of the head—for colds, from which it is truly remarked "horses suffer infinitely more than we do, far more than people are apt to suppose." It will be found, perhaps, more easy to get the groom to apply the mustard than the steam bucket, since the former makes more mark and gives much less trouble than the latter. It is to be regretted that Major Fisher in so exhaustive a treatise on horse-sickness, should give no hints as to feeling the pulse or taking the temperature of stable patients, both indications being fully as important with horses as with human beings. This, however, is about the only omission we have noticed throughout the work. So anxious, indeed, is the author for the comfort and guidance of his *protégé* the ignorant horse-owner, that the concluding pages contain some valuable advice as to clothing himself and his servants, as well as a few excellent hints as to his conduct and demeanour when buying a horse; and here for once Major Fisher fairly takes our breath away when he says, "A *good* dealer will not sell you a *bad* horse." If this be a rule, assuredly it is one which is almost obliterated by exceptions. Bad horses are exactly what every dealer wants to sell; he is sure to buy some, and he must find fools to take them off his hands. Good horses are tolerably sure to sell themselves.

JOHNSON'S LIVES.*

IN the Preface to the third edition of the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* Boswell speaks exultingly of the other "incomparable works" of its author, works which, he prophesies, "will be read and admired as long as the English language shall be spoken or understood." Of these, again, he elsewhere characterizes the *Lives of the Poets* as the best. It is "the richest, most beautiful, and indeed most perfect production of Johnson's pen." And yet, in these days, we are bound to say that neither the legacy as a whole, nor the most valuable part of it, according to Johnson's faithful biographer, has fulfilled its promise of perpetuity. No one now reads *Rasselas* and *The Rambler* except their editors, Dr. Birkbeck Hill and Dr. Macaulay; *Irene* is as dead as that "consummate tragedy," the *Phædra* of "Rag" Smith; *London* gathers dust on the same shelf as Churchill's *Ghost*; and Johnson's *Life* (by another hand) has outlived Johnson's *Lives*. Upon the whole, however, we agree with Boswell as to this last. We could understand any one, like the criminal in Macaulay, preferring the gallows to the "Prince of Abyssinia"; we give up, and cheerfully, all the dreary Sophrons and Aspers of the essays; we reject all but a line or two of the poem and the play; but the *Lives of the Poets* should, we think, still retain a modified attraction for healthy literary appetites. It is true that Johnson was an indolent and even a negligent investigator—witness the curious list of errors so carefully scheduled by Cunningham: it is true that his scheme was ridiculously narrow—witness its exclusion of Shakspeare, Chaucer, and Spenser: it is true, also, that he was at times almost criminally unsympathetic—witness his treatment of Collins, Gray, and Milton; but, with all reservations, these biographical sketches can never be wisely neglected. They contain the criticisms of a mind, not critical after our fashion, but nevertheless essentially and normally critical;

* *Johnson's Lives of the Poets.* Edited, with Notes, by Mrs. Alexander Napier, and an Introduction by J. W. Hales, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1890.

they have all the value that attaches to the thoughts of a thinker whose thoughts were always in thinking order, whose independence of judgment was notorious, and whose knowledge, experience, and memory were, as a rule, only equalled by the sagacity and directness of his intellectual perceptions.

To add a new edition of the *Lives of the Poets* to Bohn's famous Library was therefore no ill-timed thought; and the task belonged almost of necessity to Mrs. Napier. As will be remembered, she was responsible for the excellent volume of *Johnsoniana* which closed her late husband's edition of Boswell's *Life*; and in taking up the *Lives of the Poets* she was simply, as her dedication states, completing a work which he had already designed and begun. She has managed to induce Professor Hales to prefix an Introduction, which is a little *chef d'œuvre* of compact information and sound criticism; and she has enlisted more than one illustrious contributor to her stock of notes. That by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, for example, on the British Museum in Gray's time, has only one fault—it is too brief for its theme, and might easily have been expanded into an appendix. As regards the text, she has scrupulously followed Johnson's last revision, reproducing it literally—a proceeding which by editors of the earlier sort was a matter of very secondary importance. Mr. Peter Cunningham's knowledge was of the widest, and his merits were many: but (says Mrs. Napier), while professing to follow his author, "he did not scruple to correct, in the text itself, what he considered Johnson's mistakes, altering names and dates, inserting matter deliberately omitted by Johnson, and even rearranging paragraphs in accordance with information obtained since Johnson's time." These things were allowable in the good old days when Croker foisted the whole of the *Tour to the Hebrides* into the body of Boswell's narrative. Happily, we have changed all that. Of course, on the other hand, reproduction may be too slavish, and we are not sure, because Johnson's printers put "unkle," "publick," and the like, it is absolutely necessary to follow their example now. As regards Mrs. Napier's notes, they are, in general, laudably brief, helpful, and to the purpose—characteristics which are notably at variance with the immoderate and incontinent custom of extract-building which now passes current for erudite illustration. That they are wholly without lapses it would be too much to say; indeed, specialism has of late years dealt so largely with many of the writers in Johnson's list, that it would scarcely be possible in a work of this kind to avoid error. These, however, are trifling blemishes in a large enterprise. We shall mention but two upon which we have happened, chiefly because they involve minor matters of fact. It was discovered at the bi-centenary of Gay that he was born, not in 1688, but in 1685; and it is a mistake to say (p. 260, vol. ii.) that "Black-Eyed Susan" is contained in the *What D'ye Call It?* "Black-Eyed Susan" was published as a twopenny sheet in January, 1719, long after the date of Gay's "tragi-comi-pastoral-farce," which was produced in 1715. Mrs. Napier was, no doubt, thinking of the pretty song, "'Twas when the seas were roaring."

NOVELS.*

WE always expect, and generally get, good work from the author of *Dr. Jacob*, and *Love and Mirage* is no exception, and certainly no disappointment, in this case. It is well written, almost pedantically so—and it possesses an originality which, whilst it overpowers a slight tendency to high-flightedness, is sure to appeal to all lovers of romantic literature. With German surroundings and characteristics evidently at heart, the author cannot avoid becoming occasionally metaphysical; but she is never fatiguing. With a touch skilfully light, she marks the difference between their young people and ours, though without ever drawing an unkindly comparison. The two young girls are quite delightful specimens of artlessness—one of them even asks the hero to fight a duel for her the first day she meets him, and none of their charming freshness is lost on the fervent, admiring pen of their depictor. The other lady—and we presume the heroine—is an unusual, and almost unknown, personality, and, as a creation, she is distinctly attractive. The English gentlemen are good specimens of their kind. The hero—an art critic—having arrived at thirty heart-whole, naturally falls in love with two women, within the space of a few days. His brother, an agreeable youth, who knows his own mind, manages his love affairs admirably. The many and varied descriptions of the island—the author never names it—on which the "Romance" takes place are each and every one pictures. The "Mirage" is an exceptionally fine bit of imaginative writing—quite a poem—and it is made to appear most vividly real. It is a fascinating work; perhaps not one to put into the hands of young girls, but, in any case, it is pleasant, and in some cases it may be profitable reading.

When an author has a distinct style, which she can easily produce with skill and charm, it is almost melancholy to find her endeavouring to explore one which is evidently foreign to her, and in the intricacies of which she is apt to get entangled. *Sapphira* is simply a description of two extremely improbable families. The heroine never comes within bowling distance of her namesake; in fact, she is the weakest exponent of the part we have ever read of. She is a lady—not at all weak-minded—who is led by her servants to suppress the fact that her husband (who at the time was seriously ill) has committed suicide, in order that she may obtain the insurance moneys. The insurance society, however, fails before she receives her claim, yet still she—strange to say—bribes her two dependents, and lives a life of fear and misery under the influence of their watchful eyes and threatening tongues. She is a burden to herself and her surroundings from that time. Consequently, her three children are brought up in a curious fashion, and the result is an oddly priggish trio. One of them—the novelist of the family, who "looks through people without seeing them"—is a terrible infliction. After about twenty years of martyrdom—entirely caused by her own lack of promptness—during which time she has done nothing but "sigh and knit," the threats of the one remaining servant cause the entire family to fly to France. Once there the children manage to get an explanation out of their mother. She at last tells them the horrible "secret" which rendered her so "false and degraded," and such a nuisance to all who knew her. Then her favourite child—the writer—treats her most harshly, and poor Sapphira finally dies, from injuries received when putting out the fire the daughter caused when in a fit of hysteria, brought on by her mother's "crime," she upset a lamp. This child is an exceedingly trying character, whose strong-minded workings and wanderings are no more interesting than her dissertation on publishing and publishers is profitable. The little French town is well described, and the Vitrés are, although mere sketches, fairly lifelike, but none of the other characters are, and the Scropes are quite impossible people. It is, of course, a sad crime to endeavour to get insurance money in an unorthodox manner, but in this instance that foolish effort does not form a sufficiently reasonable plot to hang the substance of two volumes upon.

In Crime's Disguise is not altogether a disagreeable book, and excepting a little nervous amateurishness at the beginning and a feeble vehemence in the parts the author most wished to appear forcible, it is readable enough. It is well knitted together, and, apart from those points, well told; but the "Introduction" is not impressive—such wide-eyed solemnity about such a plot is an evident trick, and one that is not well maintained in this book. The hero—a member of a secret society of murderers—is also a dramatic author, who springs into fame as the latter, with some rapidity; but he deserved to do so, if only for his coolness in using other authors' situations, and perhaps their plots.

Dr. Rollinson's Dilemma suggests many other stories of the same class, and they are usually French. A young and lovely woman comes wounded to the doctor's door in the middle of the night; he patches her up, calls her a "poor houseless Magdalen"; he is abused by his housekeeper, who has a similar opinion of the lady, and finally he falls in love with her. She is, of course, a respectable married woman, whose husband has stabbed her because she would not cheat at cards, and because she was too respectable. However, in the course of time an intermediate lover kills the bad husband, and then dies himself, and Dr. Rollinson and his beautiful patient marry and are happy. The story is told in the first person, and the hero's garrulous self-examinations are exceedingly wearisome.

If Inspector Moser had written his book himself, in his own way, with his own expressions, and in his own vernacular, straight and fresh from his own experiences, an original book of detective stories might have been the welcome result; but by the delegating of most of the work into other hands his *Stories from Scotland Yard* have not, as far as we can see, gained in interest. The two writers have somehow managed to get rid of the fresh crispness that tales at first hand should possess. The stories needed no polish, and it is the attempt to burnish them that deprives them entirely of the charm of naturalness, and makes them appear as though their principal points had been left out. The "recorder" is, moreover, never quite able to settle to his own satisfaction upon which author, living or dead, he would best like to model his style, or which would best suit his work. Therefore he is most impartial, and he gives us a different specimen in each tale.

* *Love and Mirage.* By M. Betham Edwards. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Sapphira. By Sarah Tytler. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

In Crime's Disguise. By F. C. Mitford. London: Trischler & Co.

Dr. Rollinson's Dilemma. By L. E. Tiddeman. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.

Stories from Scotland Yard. By Inspector Moser and Charles F. Rideal. London: George Routledge & Sons.

THE LIVES OF THE NORTHS.*

WE greeted Dr. Jessopp's comparatively recent publication of the hitherto unpublished autobiography of Roger North as it deserved. We have even a warmer greeting for his republication of it in cheap and complete form in company with the older and already known lives (of the other brothers by the same hand) to which it properly belongs. The whole makes one of the most delightful, as well as one of the most useful, books of its kind that can be imagined, and, following the practice which, though some think otherwise, we think the best compliment to an editor, we have only to suggest that Messrs. Bell and Dr. Jessopp should follow it up with a Bohn's Library reissue of the

* *The Lives of the Norths.* Edited by Dr. Jessopp. 3 vols. Bohn's Library. London: Bell & Sons.

Examen. That stout and invaluable quarto is, indeed, not a very dear or rare book in its original form; but, though neither dear nor rare, it is not exactly common, and, besides, it is heavy for the degenerate modern hands of one sitting in arm-chairs and not studying at a desk. We hold it to be part of the duty of each generation or two to keep the works of the famous men its fathers venal at the stall at a moment's notice, and honoured with such care as it has to give, not merely rummageable out of book marine-stores at indefinitely long notice.

The works of Roger North are very noticeable works indeed. Macaulay speaks harshly of Roger's style, while admitting his powers of observation; but that Variorum edition of Macaulay himself which will some day appear will show how very largely my Lord of the country of Cocksure was indebted to Roger, not merely for the substance, but even for the form, of many of the most striking passages of his History. The same vigorous partisan is almost indifferently severe on the principles and (*risum teneatis*) the partisanship of all three Norths—Lord Guildford, Roger, and Dudley. Of John, the unlucky Master of Trinity, who seems to have been doctored into his grave, he has, we think, said little or nothing. And it may be admitted that, though we should probably have heard little of Francis's time-serving and Dudley's hardness and Roger's intolerance, if they had not been all bitter Tories, there was something not wholly pleasant in the North character, a something which was more largely present in the English type of the seventeenth century than our national vanity sometimes acknowledges. Guildford stuck consistently to his party, it is true; but it is not agreeable to read of his cringing ways, not merely to Sunderland and Jeffreys, but to others. Dudley was not only, as Macaulay admits, an economist of the first order and a wonderfully clear thinker, but a man of undaunted courage. The way in which, after the fall of his party and in the midst of the Revolution, he braved all the terrors of the House of Commons, and practically in his own person prevented the Whig Terror which was aimed at by an Assembly so recklessly partisan that it even patronized Oates, is one of the pluckiest things in English history. Yet his brother's picture of the way in which for gain this English gentleman, of a noble family and a high spirit, played to the Turkish pashas very much the part of Shylock, as Shylock describes his own degradations, causes rather a revulsion. Roger was a stout non-juror, and had been a stout anti-Papist in the very heyday of James's zeal; yet his own complacent description of the way in which he "put an opportune slight too rough and plain to be mentioned" upon Lady Finetta Pope, because he thought she was only playing with his suit, is again rather trying to the finer feelings.

But this matters very little. We meet the same curious mixture in many writers of Roger's time; what we meet in very few of them is the quaint raciness of his style and the extraordinary vividness of his observation and his writing concerning men and manners. The pedantry which Macaulay charges against him must be granted. But how can you avoid loving a man who tells you how "sitting in the company [he] should perceive a plain expergiscence, though [he] had no sense of drowsiness"; how Lord Guildford was "no clubster, listed among good fellows"; how Dudley "made a large and limpid deduction of the whole cause"? In this delightful, if somewhat *baroque*, lingo Roger tells all sorts of agreeable things. The accounts of the circuits in the life of the Lord Keeper, of the ways of Turkish trading in that of Dudley, of John's investiture in his sinecure of Llandinam, where he did not kiss the alehouse maid, as it seems he ought to have done, and she "very gravely made him a curtsey, and said, 'Sir, I do perceive you do like no Wels'oman'"; of his own yachtings on the Thames (Roger was one of the first of "Corinthians"), of a hundred and a thousand other things, are inferior in charm to few things in English literature. There are books which are delightful to read, but not specially fruitful in instruction; there are books that are fruitful in instruction, but not specially delightful to read. *The Lives of the Norths* is both; it is very nearly as amusing as Pepys; it is quite as characteristically, if not always so lightly written, and if it throws a little less light on an individual character and tells us rather less about specific things (for Roger kept his strictly historical remarks in the main for the *Examen*), it is even more illustrative of a certain side of the national character. He who reads it attentively can hardly rise from the reading without knowing more—a great deal more—than he did before about the thoughts and ways of Englishmen in that remarkable half-century which passed from the restoration to the death of Anne.

HISTORIC ODDITIES.*

LIKE many other second ventures, this second series of *Historic Oddities*, as the author chooses to call them, is not so successful, or, at any rate, does not seem to us such pleasant reading, as the first. Although here, as elsewhere, Mr. Baring Gould tells his stories skilfully, he has not in this volume been altogether fortunate in his choice of subjects. Two or three of his narratives are too full of blood and tortures, and his mysteries fail to excite our curiosity. He begins with an account of a singularly revolting outbreak of religious mania near Schaffhausen in 1823, which culminated in one girl being beaten to death and another being crucified by their sisters and friends. We next have a story of some commonplace murders, the only circumstance at all strange in connexion with them being of a sort which occurs pretty often: a man who was probably innocent declared that he was guilty of the crimes, first, as the sole murderer, and then as an accessory, while the real murderer at one time denied, and at another affirmed the other's guilt. The horrible tortures inflicted on certain Jews at Damascus who were suspected of having taken part in the murder of the friar Thomas in 1840 are told in rather sickening detail. The next paper is on the accusations of murder and sacrilege brought against the Jews in the middle ages. Many cases of accusations of murder are quoted, one or two of them being new to us, though we could supply several which have been passed over. No mention, for example, is made of the alleged murders at Blois in 1171, at Gloucester at about the same date, at Bury St. Edmunds, where St. Robert was the supposed victim, in 1181, at Northampton in 1279, or at Cracow in 1407. Mr. Baring Gould should have referred in his note on authorities to Francisque Michel's pamphlet *Hugues de Lincoln*. An attempt to rifle the corpse of the Duchess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, the theft of manuscripts from the Royal Library at Paris by a renegade priest, in 1705, and the imposture of Coulon, a restaurant-keeper at Warsaw, who pretended that he had been bribed to poison Louis XVIII., afford materials for articles which would pass muster in a monthly magazine. The two last papers in the volume deal with weightier matters, and are, even as stories, better worth reading than the rest; one gives a minute account of the troubles which distracted Milan with reference to the marriage of the clergy during the latter years of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth centuries; the other the history of the revolt of the Anabaptists at Münster under John of Leyden. Both narratives are put together from original, as well as later, authorities, and are told with a good deal of life and spirit.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.*

THIS handsome little volume has three attractions—its text (of which it is not necessary to say anything, except that the oftener we read it the better we like it), its illustrations, and its preface. In this last Mr. Dobson reviews, with that almost unique combination of modesty and competence which distinguishes his critical work, the illustrations to the *Vicar* from the earliest times to the present example—of which, as it is dedicated to himself, he says nothing. The paper is exceedingly interesting, and one remark in it—that "each age has a trick of investing the book it decorates with something of its own temperament and atmosphere"—is almost the last word on the subject. Not to be outdone, however, we may go a little further, and say that every age (adding "country") *ought* to have this trick—an extension which will press less severely than some of Mr. Dobson's own remarks on, for instance, the French illustrations of Goldsmith. With regard to Mr. Thomson's cuts, the frontispiece—"When Lovely Woman stoops to Folly"—is really very pretty indeed; and all the rest, which are numerous, are fluent, inventive, and debonnair. If we must find a fault with them (and criticism without fault-finding is like beef without mustard, to adopt Henry V.'s grim comparison), it is that they have a certain conventional rococo about them. It is not disagreeable in itself, and is very well kept up; but it is conventional, and it is rococo to some extent. Still it does not prevent the book from being, and some may think that it even assists it to be, one of the best illustrated *Vicars* that we know.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND.†

IT is always a distinguished thing to have done what no man has done before you. It is also an honourable thing to have done what required foresight, care, daring, and endurance in the doing. Now, as nobody had crossed Greenland before Dr. Nansen and his companions, as they moreover all displayed some, and some displayed all, of the great qualities named above, we shall not invidiously ask whether it was worth while to cross Greenland at all. In spite of his resolute affirmations to the contrary, Dr. Nansen does not seem to us to be quite sure whether the results attained quite balanced the effort. He who did the things may fairly be modest about them. For our part, we are quite prepared to judge travel by the rule which the wise apply to poetry—to hold that the manner is more than the matter. The actual crossing of Greenland is, in truth, the least interesting part of Dr. Nansen's book. It occupies but one hundred and fifty pages or so out of a thousand. It is the history of steady trudging over slopes or dead-levels of snow, varied by storms. It proves only what had been shrewdly guessed already—namely, that the interior of Greenland is covered

* *Historic Oddities and Strange Events.* By S. Baring Gould, M.A., Author of "Mehalah" &c. Second Series. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

* *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. With a Preface by Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan.

† *The First Crossing of Greenland.* By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated from the Norwegian by Hubert Majendie Gepp, M.A. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Longmans, 1890.

with ice and snow. But the want of variety in the interior of Greenland is not the fault of Dr. Nansen. In so far, we say again, as he has done what no man did before, and has done it by pluck and good management, he ranks with the great explorers—with Magellan, and Hudson, and Mungo Park—in kind, if not in degree. This, we hope, is praise enough for any man.

The whole story is greatly to the honour of Dr. Nansen and his companions. His manner of speaking of them is very refreshing in these days, when another tone has too much prevailed. All have their due share of honour—Otto Sverdrup, the merchant skipper, who was Dr. Nansen's right-hand man, a Norwegian of a good stock and a fine seaman; Lieutenant Oluf Dietrichson, the soldier-officer who went with him to make the maps and take observations; Kristian Trana, half peasant, half fisherman; and the two Lapps, Balto and Ravna, who went as servants, are all honourably mentioned and frankly thanked. Dr. Nansen insists that his expedition could not have succeeded if all had not worked cheerfully together. He is entitled to the credit, however, of having chosen his companions well; and then the whole organization of the expedition was his work, and the enterprise had been thought out by him. We will not deny that the book seems to us unduly long—to be, in fact, a little padded out. There is, for instance, a long chapter in the first volume on "Ski" and the art of "Skilöbning," which, though readable, is too long. Ski are the long narrow snow-shoes of the Norwegians on which they skate. These implements are long and very narrow. The skilöbner slides on them, and does not walk, as the Canadian does in his snow-shoes. Dr. Nansen has to confess that they can only be used when the snow is in good condition; but when it is, the skilöbner can cover extraordinary distances in a wonderfully short time. When the conditions are fitting, we have no doubt it is great fun, and it is certainly exhilarating to read Dr. Nansen's descriptions of the way in which a skilöbner will shoot down hills as steep as a house. The sport must beat tobogganing hollow. Dr. Nansen's little party made their way to the east coast of Greenland in a Norwegian sealer. He calculated shrewdly and boldly that it would be better to start from the savage East coast and make for the Danish colonies on the West, because in this case the party would have only starvation behind, and would, therefore, be driven on to their only refuge at Godthaab. Their hardships began early, for they were knocking about for weeks on their sealer before a chance presented itself of breaking through the floating ice which drifts along the East coast. When at last they saw an opening they suffered an irritating disappointment. The floe on which they landed drifted into a current, and they were swept far to the south before they could get close in shore into water free from ice. At last they found an opening and launched their boat. Then they had to work up the coast a long way to reach their take-off. At last they made their start with their sledges, tent, provisions, and spirit lamp for cooking. Their actual march was, as Dr. Nansen confesses, but dull, being but a steady tramp on snow varied by a few narrow escapes among crevasses, and a storm or two in which they were nearly smothered. We confess to a certain sympathy with the usually taciturn Trana when he at last, exasperated by the toil of pulling his sledge and the discomforts of existence under such conditions, declared to Lieutenant Dietrichson that a man must be a fool to put himself voluntarily into such work. Dr. Nansen speaks of the joys of the struggle, the magnificence of the sky, and the Northern Lights; but he has to confess that the party had to pig together three in a bag at night, that the stove could never make their food more than tepid, that they suffered cruelly from thirst, and could not wash. Other and swinish discomforts were no doubt endured, but are passed over by Dr. Nansen. At last they crossed the great swelling plain of ice and snow which entirely covers Greenland, and fell down to Ameralikfjord. Here Dr. Nansen found the advantage of having with him so thorough a seaman as Sverdrup. Ameralikfjord is uninhabited, and they were compelled to build a boat in which to make their way to Godthaab. Sverdrup made one with branches of a willow tree, and the waterproof floor of their tent. In this craft the two hardy Norsemen made their way to Godthaab, from whence a boat was sent for the rest of the party. As it was late in the season, they were compelled to winter in the little Danish settlement. Dr. Nansen gives a long account of their life there and of the condition of the Eskimo, which is readable, though we cannot say that it seems to us to contain much which is very new. His picture of the effect of civilization on the Eskimo is melancholy, but in that respect it does not differ from other reports we have heard of the consequences to primitive peoples of contact with civilization. The Danish Government seems to behave fairly to its subjects. The journey is not likely to make a sensation, but there is nothing in it of which the Norwegians need be other than proud.

WANNETA THE SIOUX.*

THE fashion of Red Indian romances has altered. In *Wanneta the Sioux* Mr. Moorehead has none of the old Mohican eloquence. We hear nothing about forked tongues and fire-water, and very little about the Great Spirit, whose name, at present, is Waukantauka. The Sioux chiefs talk current American. "You are a conceited old fool," says the chief to the Medicine Man; "and your age and long stay in our tribe alone saves you from being kicked out on the prairie to shift for yourself." Mr. Parnell could not speak more brusquely of Mr. Gladstone. Now, in the old days, the oration would have been more like this:—"O Jossakeed," said the Great Serpent, solemnly, "thy winters have been as the snows upon the hillside, and thy medicine was even as the powders of the Longknives. But now art thou bereft of thy wits, and puffed up with pride even as Mudjekeewis, the great bull frog. Behold, on the prairie the wind howls and the coyotes cry, and with them shall be thy home, and thy wigwam shall be desolate, unless thou learnest wisdom." That is more like the kind of talk, but perhaps Mr. Moorehead's version is more accurate. He writes of the Sioux on their reservations, and gives a depressing account of their fortnightly visit to the Agency, for a dole of beef and flour. The Red Man had fallen very low when he stretched out his hands for the white dust of the Pale Faces. But he had not yet helped quite to exterminate all the buffaloes, which became extinct, it seems, only five years ago. Since the supply of buffaloes failed, the Sioux are only truculent painted paupers, in receipt of outdoor relief. There is very little of the old romance of Cooper about them, and that little is destroyed by the peculiarly hideous processed portraits of Sioux and Crows which do duty as illustrations. Mr. Moorehead's principal qualification for writing an Indian novel appears to be knowledge of Indian life and customs. He writes in a style of almost bald simplicity and commonness, and we cannot say that he strikes us as being very good at a love-scene. His heroine, Wanneta, is a Sioux girl who has been for three years at an Eastern boarding school. She comes back full of delight at rejoining her tribe, and of a frankly expressed desire to "do them good." For this purpose she reads them extracts from *Hiawatha*, but these do not mollify Indian manners, nor prevent them from being ferocious. As Wanneta is botanizing with her favoured brave, Strong Heart, they are surrounded by hostile Crow Indians. From the shelter of a hollow in the rock, and with the aid of a Winchester repeating rifle, Strong Heart repulses thirty Crows, and kills, we think, about eighteen of them. The feat was not easy, as we fancy the cavern must have filled with smoke, through which the hero could hardly have seen to shoot. Mr. Moorehead does not dwell on this possibly theoretical difficulty. Many readers will learn with regret that there are combats in this novel, and that the combats are gory. It is an axiom of criticism that there should be no fights in stories; or that, if fights there are, there must be no bloodshed. Mr. Moorehead freely violates this canon, and he has a very respectable engagement, according to the best models, when the Crows, led by the Sioux medicine-man and a rejected lover of Wanneta's, attack the Agency where the wounded Strong Heart is lying. We confess that we have no moral or æsthetic objections to a fight in fiction; but a deliberate and minute account of a hideous scene of torture is another affair. The Indians have always been notorious for cold-blooded cruelty; but there was no occasion for Mr. Moorehead to report a fashion of death "not worthy to be described," as the Greek historian says. Cooper would never have done this. The chapter to which we refer is hideous, and unfit to be read. We can say this deliberately, as, in much reading of Jesuit and other records of Indian torments, we do not remember to have met anything so repulsive as Mr. Moorehead's picture. What does not make it better, is the presence of the educated heroine, Wanneta, at the torturing to death of the treacherous Medicine Man, her own grandfather. The novel would gain a great deal, and would be infinitely fitter for the reading of young people, the chief students of such books, if this chapter were cut out. It would be enough to say that the Medicine Man was put to death. A novel is not an ethnological treatise, and if any one wants to know how the Indians settle accounts with their enemies, there are plenty of accessible authorities on the subject.

For the rest, Mr. Moorehead's sketches of Indian life, of Indian courtship, buffalo-hunting, dancing, and warfare are lively, accurate, we believe, and readable. He makes out rather a bad case for his countrymen, especially for the younger Custer, who fell with General Custer in that Indian Isandhlwana. The Sioux, according to Mr. Moorehead's version of all that happened, were certainly much wronged. Their present attitude is the result, apparently, of broken treaties and bad faith on the side of some servants of the United States. But it is to be feared that the Sioux position is untenable. The States cannot for ever go on alternately feeding and betraying those ferocious painted paupers. Good as their cause may be, "the constitution of things is somehow against" their ideal mode of life. Their utterly unspeakable cruelties when they take to arms put them outside the pale of humanity and provoke the most horrible retaliations in kind. It appears that we in Canada behave better than the States do to our Indians; but then we make up for it by our treatment of the black fellows in Queensland. It may be that, by a steady policy, the States might have educated the Sioux and Crows into agriculturists; but the ordinary agents of the States have hardly been the men to work this metamorphosis. The Indians have preserved a form of society and religion and have clung to a mode of life which are anachronisms and impossible. They have to be fed like children by the United States, and, probably enough, they are often robbed by unscrupulous agents. When gold is found

* *Wanneta the Sioux.* By Warren K. Moorehead. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

on their reservations treaties become mere straw in a flame. The Indians retaliate with cruelties which inevitably provoke a terrible revenge. There is no way out of the difficulty, unless the States bestow a great deal of money and of honest hard work in domesticating and educating the Red Man. It seems unfair to disarm him and to leave his greedy white neighbours armed. He will probably resist disarmament, as Cetewayo rejected Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum, and then the bow and scalping-knife will have to fight it out with the Gatling-gun. This, at least, is the impression which Mr. Moorehead's book leaves on us. It ends before the calamity of Custer, closing at a moment when the clever heroine's intrigues have secured an interval of peace. We cannot praise Mr. Moorehead's style. He talks of "writing a person," instead of "writing to a person," he uses "back of" to mean "behind," he remarks that "Wanneta believed her grandfather to be a fraud as a physician." The best American writers do not use such phrases, which are no more classical American than they are correct English. For the rest, Mr. Moorehead's descriptions are clear and unaffected; he is never bombastical, his fights are fair fights, his knowledge of Indian economy seems adequate, and his novel would be very suitable to young readers if he would only excise his woeful twelfth chapter. There are traits of Indian character, such as its reckless generosity, and its poetical sense of honour, which he does not bring out; in fact, there is no poetry in his volume. For that, and for probably the best view of Indian life as it used to be, we must go to John Tanner's history of his own captivity, a somewhat neglected but excellent work. Possibly the doles and the dependence have altered Indian character very much. In this work the tribes are distinctly more honourable, however, in public affairs than the officials of the United States. Apparently the American Government has not taken due pains to be well and thoroughly informed in this branch of what we may call their foreign affairs. An important message from a great chief is neglected and laughed at, as the work of a "squaw-man," or white hanger-on of the Sioux. If all this be correctly stated, the States have "slatterned away their character," as Chesterfield says, in their dealings with the Red Men. They can only be governed by educated and scrupulously honest intelligence, but the position of an Indian agent scarcely tempts the best minds in the country. The Sioux are not in contact with people like our best Indian civilians, but with needy and unscrupulous adventurers.

TWO BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.*

WE are glad to welcome an improved and amply illustrated edition of *Berge's Complete Natural History*. This is an excellent popular introduction to the subject, and is so arranged that, without being pedantic, it offers itself to teachers and parents with remarkable skill. Those who have children that take intelligent interest in zoology may well use this volume as a primer of that science, holding the book rigorously in their own hands, and allowing a sight of each successive picture to be a part of the lesson and its reward. This edition contains sixteen large plates, rather brightly, but effectively enough, coloured; and more than 300 smaller illustrations in the text. Of course it will have to be carefully explained to credulous infancy that the lion is more than twice as long as the water shrew-mouse in real life, and the chamois no rival in stature to the hippopotamus. Some of the plates are singularly good; that of the British butterflies, for instance, and that in which the chameleon lies down with the asp. The marine Invertebrata are hurried over rather smartly in two or three pages, and such prominent denizens of our own shores as the sea-anemones might have been mentioned, where space is found for descriptions of the branching corals and of the Physalis. But, on the whole, we have nothing but praise for a useful and attractive volume.

Miss Ballard's moths and butterflies are American species, and her landscape and her seasons also are not ours. Her pleasantly-written volume is therefore comparatively unlikely to attract the notice that it deserves, as not being near enough to the interests of our youthful local collectors. But those who take pleasure in reading about what they cannot take a part in will be gratified to meet with this new and enlarged English edition of an old American book. *Insect Life* appeared as long ago as 1879; *Moths and Butterflies* is the same volume with more stories in it, and new pictures. It is brightly and sentimentally written, with evidences of genuine first-hand observation on the part of its author. The engravings will make many young people realize, not without envy, how much richer New England is than Old England in large and showy species of Lepidoptera.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ILLUSTRATED.†

THIS charming little edition recalls an old favourite, the translation of Galland's version of the *Arabian Nights* made by Dr. Jonathan Scott in 1811. This is the form in which the youth of many generations have been set dreaming of the wonders of the gorgeous East, and it may safely be said to have had thousands of readers where the more learned edition of Lane has had hundreds, and the too-learned text of Burton only tens. It marks a happy mean. It has not the errors of the numerous eighteenth-century translations of Galland, for Scott was an accomplished Arabic scholar, and yet it has none of the grossness of the latest versions. Without unduly praising its accuracy, we may safely say that it preserves all of the colour and fragrance of the original which it is safe to carry into ordinary English family life.

This edition, which is exquisitely printed, and bound in four pretty little dumpy red volumes, very pleasant to read, is profusely adorned with plates which are signed by Mr. S. L. Wood. These seem to have been reproduced in Munich by one of the processes fashionable at the present day, from water-colour drawings, probably in monochrome. Mr. Wood is a skilful illustrator. He avoids Europeanizing his groups, and he seems to have a genuine acquaintance with Oriental types and manners. His princes and young soldiers are of an admirable Eastern character, sleek, agile, and, even in their anger, gracious. In the *Sinbad* series Mr. Wood is not quite as happy as usual. He is more successful in depicting scenes of the bazaar and street life than in realizing the marvels of imagination. Some of the spirited designs, such as "Bahman follows the Bowl" and "Prince Ahmed leaving the Castle," both in vol. iv., are particularly good.

We are promised, in the same attractive form, a *Gil Blas* in three volumes, a *Don Quixote* in three volumes, and a *Gulliver's Travels* in one. All these will be welcome, but the first most of all. The latest generation, as we have reason to fear, is anything but well grounded in its *Gil Blas*, for which, with all its shortcomings, we would willingly exchange a wilderness of the popular literature of to-day.

SONGS OF A SAVOYARD.*

THE songs from the Savoy operas which Mr. W. S. Gilbert has collected in a pretty volume, dedicated to Sir Arthur Sullivan, are tolerably familiar to all theatre-goers. Their association with the music is so happy, and has proved so enduring, that the reader of this delightful Christmas book will find it scarcely possible to study Mr. Gilbert's amusing and ingenious verse apart from the dulcet and haunting melodies of the composer. With the reading of the very first lines you are bewitched by the insidious strains of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Trial by Jury*, *Patience*, and the rest. Music and words become one, like the voice and the instrument of the accomplished vocalist. Who could read "When I first put this uniform on," or "Prithee, pretty maiden," or "When a felon's not engaged in his employment," and defy all recollection of the music? You may not at first sight recognize the title "Solatium" as a lyric in *Trial by Jury*, but it is absolutely certain that the lines

> Comes the broken flower,
> Comes the cheated maid,

are sufficient to revive the beautiful air with which Sir Arthur Sullivan has set the words. The pathos of the music, in this instance, is of an entirely different order from the pathos of the words; but music and verse agree, as music and sweet poetry should agree, yet seldom do in modern operatic work. But with those characteristic examples of Mr. Gilbert's dexterous rhyming and nimble fancy, which Mr. Grossmith was wont to render with such inimitable spirit—"Oh, my name is John Wellington Wells!" and the like—there is a decided advantage in the detached form of the songs as now reprinted. The gay and provoking influence of "Bab" is here assertive, and the irresistible "Bab" humour is reinforced by Mr. Gilbert's delightfully quaint and whimsical sketches. The artist of the *Bab Ballads* shows no loss of his ancient skill in these diverting head- and tail-pieces. The picture of the enterprising burglar "when he isn't burgling" is a charming example; and the Usher charging the Jury in the box, the Lord Chancellor dancing with his pretty wards, and the "humane Mikado," are as excellently comic as any of the original "Bab" illustrations. Among these *Songs of a Savoyard* are two only that were not given in representation. Both are from *Iolanthe*. The first, "The Reward of Merit," is a characteristic specimen of the author's satire. It is the ballad of a genius who is generally acknowledged, yet entirely unrewarded, until by a relation's death he becomes a millionaire and is created a peer. It sets out in Mr. Gilbert's favourite sprightly style and tripsome metre—

> Dr. Belville was regarded as the Crichton of his age,
> His tragedies were reckoned much too thoughtful for the stage;
> His poems held a noble rank, although it's very true
> That, being very proper, they were read by very few.
> He was a famous painter, too, and shone upon the "line;"
> And even Mr. Ruskin came and worshipped at his shrine;
> But, alas! the school he followed was heroically high—
> The kind of Art men rave about, but very seldom buy—
> And everybody said,
> "How can he be repaid,
> This very great, this very good, this very gifted man?"
> But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

* *Berge's Complete Natural History of the Animal, Mineral, and Vegetable Kingdoms.* Edited by R. F. Crawford. London: Dean & Son.

Among the Moths and Butterflies. By Julia P. Ballard. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *The Aldine Edition of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.* Illustrated by S. L. Wood. 4 vols. London: Pickering & Chatto.

* *Songs of a Savoyard.* By W. S. Gilbert. Illustrated b the Author. London: Routledge & Sons (Lim.) 1890.

The second example, omitted on representation, is a very quaint and reassuring song of a British sentry—"Sleep on!" its pleasing title. Why these songs were cut from the score we are not informed, but here they are in the Savoyard's song-book, and worthy of their company are they.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

V.

THE Laureate's Country (Seeley & Co.) is a charming volume of etchings and descriptive letterpress, illustrating Lord Tennyson's association, with Lincolnshire, the Isle of Wight, Clevedon, and the Blackdown country. The photo-etchings, after Mr. Edward Hull's drawings, are exceedingly pretty, and will delight all who are interested in Tennysonian topography. Mr. Alfred J. Church treats a popular subject in a pleasant and sympathetic style. He knows the districts he describes, and not less is his acquaintance with the facts of the poet's biography. His quotations from the poems are generally apt, and often very illustrative. Altogether, this is one of the best of this season's gift-books. *Charing Cross to St. Paul's* (Seeley & Co.) is a volume of pictorial topography, in which Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Joseph Pennell are associated. The topography, in this instance, is more restricted, but it is rich in material to a lover of London and a practised writer like Mr. McCarthy, whose notes on the life of the streets, the theatres, and so forth, are written in an animated style, and form an agreeable accompaniment to Mr. Pennell's clever etchings. The artist's skill in pen-and-ink drawing is never more strikingly shown than in his treatment of City life and open-air impressions of the bustle of streets and street architecture. "The Strand" should have been the title of the book; and never have the present-day aspects of that thoroughfare been more vigorously and tellingly depicted than by Mr. Pennell. The second instalment of *Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales*, edited by Professor Bonney (Cassell & Co.), is as fair to outward view as it is interesting within. The illustrations are excellent, and reproduced in excellent style by the engravers. In addition to the editor's contributions on St. George's, Windsor, the Tower Chapels, St. Mary's, Cambridge, Bradford-on-Avon, the volume contains descriptions of Fairfield, by Mr. Harold Lewis; St. Mary's, Oxford, by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt; St. Peter's, Norwich, by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp; Evesham and Pershore, by the Dean of Gloucester; Louth, by Miss Constance Anderson, &c. This year the *Art Annual*, issued from the *Art Journal* Office, is devoted to the *Life and Work of Birket Foster*, and is illustrated by many charming examples of the artist's work in water-colour and black-and-white. Mr. Marcus B. Huish, in his interesting narrative of the career of Mr. Birket Foster, succeeds, we are glad to note, in doing justice to the artist's delightful contributions as a book-illustrator. The specimens of this work, and of the more elaborate landscape compositions that are given in this interesting Annual, are both well rendered and well selected.

Under the title *Dreamland in History* (W. Isbister, Limited) the Dean of Gloucester, with the aid of Mr. Herbert Railton's admirable architectural etchings, tells the story of the Duke of Normandy from the days of Rollo and William Longsword to the Conqueror, and of their peaceful association with the magnificent abbeys and shrines of Normandy. Fécamp, Falaise, Caen, Rouen, Bayeux, the monastery of Bec, supply the artist with abundant material for illustrating a fascinating theme. The second portion of the volume, "The Story of a Norman Abbey," is devoted by Dr. Spence to the ecclesiastical history of Gloucester and the building of the cathedral. This, also, is very fully illustrated by Mr. Railton. In this delightful and comely volume Dr. Spence has utilized the writings of ancient chroniclers and the researches of modern archæologists with excellent results. *Lloyd's Sketches of Indian Life* (Chapman & Hall) depicts, in a series of lively chromos from drawings by Mr. W. J. Lloyd, some of the chief incidents in Anglo-Indian life and the principal native occupations. This is a capital picture-book, without any superfluous text. *Popular Scientific Recreations* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), translated from the *Récréations Scientifiques* of M. Gaston Tissandier, is a new and enlarged edition of an illustrated scientific guide that is appropriately called "a storehouse of instruction and amusement." The book comprises hundreds of "experiments" in all branches of applied science, and is illustrated throughout with capital woodcuts.

Through Magic Glasses, by Arabella B. Buckley (Stanford), is a sequel to that very delightful book, *The Fairyland of Science*, and deals with the marvels revealed by the telescope, the microscope, and the photographic camera. For young people of scientific tastes a better book could not be found than this. The author's exposition is perfectly clear and simple. She possesses the art of interesting the young in matters remote from their ordinary experience, and of rendering complex questions perfectly intelligible to children. The chapter on the spectroscope, for instance, and that on volcanoes, are models of luminous, unpedantic, yet strictly scientific interpretation of natural laws and phenomena. *Through Magic Glasses* is illustrated with many beautiful engravings. Mr. W. Clark Russell's sea-stories are never deficient in marine atmosphere and life. In *Master Rocksfellar's Voyage* (Methuen & Co.), a boy's first voyage, a voyage in an emigrant ship to the Antipodes, is described in an animated, yet minutely descriptive, narrative. The little games played upon the "first voyager," and the distress he suffers, are forcibly and amusingly set forth. The story is not one that will inspire boys with a longing for the sea, perhaps; but it is certain that boys who are wishing to go to sea could not read a truer or more striking recital of life on board ship. In Mr. Louis Pendleton's *King Tom and the Runaways* (New York: Appleton & Co.) we have a specimen of the American book for boys that could not be bettered. The author, whose delightful Georgian novel, *In the Wire-Grass*, we recall with pleasure, ranks with the most facile and charming of American storytellers. His sketches of plantation life before the war, of the negro and negro folk-lore, are singularly bright and interesting. In the present story he deals with the adventures of two boys and a diverting runaway slave, who enjoy strange and thrilling times in a swamp that proves to be anything but dismal.

Maggie in Mythica, by F. B. Doveton (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is a fairy story designed on familiar modern lines, with pleasant illustrations by Mr. Harrington Wilson. Maggie's experiences of a dream within a dream in fairyland, though not particularly original, are sufficiently varied to interest little ones. Those who yet believe in the charm of allegory will find a once popular and now old-fashioned method of interesting and training the young exemplified in Lady Alicia Blackwood's *Little Lines and Threads of Gold to Guide Them* (Nelson & Sons). The nomenclature is decidedly trying. "Cosiurity" and "Mr. Gildfools," "Decoibiendes" and "Esselcar," appear to make strenuous demands on the etymologist, if such names do not exercise the fancy of the ingenious. *True Stories from French History*, compiled by N. M. Paul (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), professes to deal with historical episodes that are vivid and striking, though we cannot but think these same episodes are rather more vivid and striking when read in any good summary of French history. In the "Onward" series we have to note Mr. W. E. A. Axon's *William Lloyd Garrison* (Partridge), a biography of the notorious Abolitionist, or "Liberator," as he has, with much exaggeration, been styled. The *Onward Reciter* (Partridge) is a "choice selection" of prose and verse suitable to Templar lodges, Band of Hope gatherings, and the like. *Jack's Ashore*, by Maud Hodges (Dean & Son), is a really good nautical drama for home representation by small boys. It can be played without "properties"; the necessary directions are supplied, and any boys who will trouble to learn their parts should succeed in acting it. We have also received a new and revised edition of two capital little plays for young actors, *Thornrose and Sparkledor*; *Ricket with the Tuft*, by Mary C. Rowsell (French).

The Girl's Own Poetry Book, edited by E. Davenport (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), contains a good selection from many of our best-known poets of poetry that ought specially to appeal to a girl's mind. The little poem by Clifford Harrison which opens the book is a touching dedication to "Girls and Girl-Life." *The Little Colonists; or, King Penguin Land*, by Theo Gift (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a well-told story of a little orphan girl who goes to live with an uncle and aunt in the Falkland Islands. She has many adventures with her cousins before she gets used to the life, and the account of these adventures makes the book interesting to boys as well as girls.

Amongst Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.'s pretty collection of Christmas books, are *Five, Ten, and Fifteen*, by the author of *Honor Bright*, &c., which shows the contrast between gipsy and civilized life, and the friendship which can exist between children of each set. *The White Kangaroo*, a tale of Colonial life, by E. Davenport Cleland, is a capital story of two boys' adventures in Australia, and their attempts to catch the White Kangaroo. It has the merit, too, of being founded on fact. *Halt, Larry's Luck, Hardy and Foolhardy, All's Well, Tom's Opinion*, all by the author of *Honor Bright*, are capital books for schoolboys, full of brightness, hairbreadth escapes, and exciting incidents. *All's Well* is a sequel to *Larry's Luck*. *Abbot's Cleve, Grigory of the Foretop*, and *Going for a Soldier* are books containing some short stories, edited and selected by J. Erskine Clarke, with taste and judgment. *The Children of the Castle* (Macmillan & Co.) will rank amongst Mrs. Molesworth's happiest efforts; it is sure to take a girl's fancy, being full of pretty imagination. Its illustrations, by Walter Crane, add considerably to the attractiveness of this charming little book. *Memoirs of Bob, the Spotted Terrier* (Routledge & Sons), is a bewitching history of a terrier, with all its successes and vicissitudes, told by himself. Harrison Weir has illustrated it in his usual spirited manner. *Little Great-Grandmother*, by Mrs. Hubert Martin (Routledge & Sons), is a story of the quaint old times when childhood was not the easy-going time it is now, but full of strict rules and restrictions, and the story of "Great-Grandmother's Childhood" is interestingly told, and the illustrations by A. Chantrey Corbould are very pretty. *Rosebud*, by Mrs. Adams Acton (Jeanie Hering) (Routledge & Sons), is a story which will amuse and interest children, and bring home to them many scenes in their lives. *The Garret and the Garden; or, Low Life High Up*, and *Jeff Benson; or, the Young Coastguardsman*, by R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet & Co.), are two good stories by this popular author, bound up in one book. *Eastward Ho!* (Nisbet & Co.) will be found a pretty and touching story for girls, by Emma Marshall, and thoroughly sets forth one of the maxims on the title-page of the book—"Learn the luxury of doing good."

Least Said, Soonest Mended, by Agnes Giberne; *Her Two: a Story of To-day*, by Mrs. G. S. Reaney, and *The Princesses of Penruth*, by Mary H. Debenham (Nisbet & Co.), are all tales for girls that are attractive each in its own way, and are simply and prettily written. *Rex Raynor, Artist: a Story of Sowing and Reaping*, by Silas K. Hocking (Warne & Co.), shows how an artist can become so in spite of his surroundings, and, though it sets forth all the struggles of an artist's life bound with an artistic temperament, it ends in the victory and well-being of the hero of the book, Rex Raynor. *Lost on Brown Willy; or, the Print of the Cloven Foot*, by the Rev. A. N. Malan (Warne & Co.), is a most engaging tale of the adventures of two schoolboys, mixed up with legends of the Cornish moors and Dartmoor. Luckily for the other fellows in his school dormitory, one of the boys gets lost on the moor and goes through many and various experiences before he is restored again to his friends. The book is very well illustrated by its author. *Heart of Gold*, by L. T. Meade (Warne & Co.), is attractive in many ways. It is a pretty love story, well illustrated, and printed in a particularly clear, nice type. *Birdie's Resolve; and How it was Accomplished*, by Evelyn Everett-Green, and *Dulcie's Love Story*, by the same author (Nelson & Sons), are two pretty books for young people, prettily written. *Birdie's Resolve* is essentially a child's book. *Dulcie's Love Story* is for older girls, and has enough romance in it to please the most romantic.

Amongst the books we have received from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, *A Pearl in the Shell*, by Austin Clare, is a very good one, and is best described, in Austin Clare's own words, as "a Tale of Life and Love in the North Countrie"; and the "Pearl in the Shell" proves herself a pearl indeed. *A Boy's Honour*, by Maud Christie; *Very Much in Earnest*, by Annette Lyster; and *Hope: a Tale of a Somersetshire Village*, by Mabel E. Fowler, are all nice books for children, with good moral lessons. *The Church Catechism*, with Notes by E. M., and twelve coloured illustrations, is a little book which will be most useful to those teaching their children the Church Catechism, and wishing to make it as clear and attractive as possible. *Alexis and his Flowers: Flower-lore for Boys and Girls*, by Beatrix F. Cresswell (T. Fisher Unwin), is, indeed, botany made easy and delightful to our young folks, who will respond to the invitation—

> "Come wander with me," she said,
> "In regions yet untrod,
> And read what is still unread,
> From the manuscripts of God."

Dumps and I, by Mrs. Parr (Methuen & Co.), is a prettily told story of a deformed boy (Dumps) whose parentage is a secret only disclosed towards the end of the book. The influence for good he has on the lives of all around him and his patience are strikingly set before the readers of *Dumps and I*.

Watchers for the Dawn; and other Studies of Christian Character, by Mrs. U. R. Lloyd (John Hogg), will give its readers much interesting information, and many anecdotes of characters in Christian history which are not generally known. *Famous London Merchants*, by H. R. Fox Bourne (John Hogg), is a book which will interest all boys who are fond of biographies of famous English merchants, the names of whom are probably as yet their only knowledge of them. *Under the Walnut-Tree: Stories told by the Birds*, by Frances Armstrong (John Hogg), is a capital little book. Each bird tells a characteristic story to a little girl who has expressed this wish:—"I wish! Oh! how I wish that birds could speak to me." Her wish is granted in the pleasantest way; for, as she lies under a walnut-tree, a rook, a robin, a blackbird, a water-wagtail, a sparrow, a wood-pigeon, a swallow, and a jackdaw come by turns and tell her their tales. *The Fortunes of Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond* are captivating stories about three cats—Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond—by the same author (John Hogg). *Nut-Brown Roger and I*, by J. H. Yoxall (Blackie & Son), is a romance of the highway, wherein a highwayman's life and adventures are made dangerously fascinating to boys. *Unlucky*, by Caroline Austin (Blackie & Son), is a touching story of a little girl born to do awkward, unlucky things, and especially to aggravate her stepmother. The end is, to our mind, too sad for a girl's story. *Bonnie Boy's Soap Bubble*, by Maggie Lymington (Biggs & Co.), is a tale of the adventures of a boy and his dog in "Bubble Land." "Bubble Land" is in the land of dreams, and any child who wants to go there must read *Bonnie Boy's Soap Bubble*. *Santa Claus on a Lark; and Other Christmas Stories*, by Washington Gladden (Fisher Unwin), are a succession of fantastic stories which will please our little folks with their quaintness and originality.

The Christmas Number of the *Queen* has even more than its usual attractions, with its pretty stories and pictures, tricks and puzzles, new games, a good article on "Out-door Sports and Amusements of the Year," by Lady Fairlie Cuningham; on "Some Fashionable Dogs," by Rawdon Lee; on "The Manners of To-day," by E. Portman; on "Home Education," by Mr. Wrighton; and on "Domestic Medicine Three Hundred Years Ago," by Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. Another very valuable article is "Hints to Young Singers," by Mme Albani.

Our old friend *Mr. Punch* makes a new departure in a Christmas number instead of an Almanack. His many friends will have no reason to resent the change of title.

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. have sent us a beautiful collection of Christmas cards and booklets. Amongst the folding cards the most original are those representing crackers (477*a*), which, when pulled out, disclose different animals' heads; 433, *a, b, c*, when unfolded represent four sandwich-men, four soldiers, four policemen, and four sailors; 466 is a plum-pudding with sixpence in the centre when unfolded; 466*a* a Christmas cake, disclosing the traditional cat and the fiddle when opened; 213, 281, 282, 313, 167 are all pretty groups of flowers; 224 represents rabbits; 229 is in form of a luggage label with quaint monkeys on one side on a gold ground; 293 and 293*a* lovely sprigs of heather, with appropriate verses on the cards; 138, tiny cards with Cupids and butterflies. Amongst the booklets Keble's "Star of the East" carries off the palm. It is beautifully got up, bound in a white cover, illuminated round every page, and its coloured illustrations represent several of the famous pictures of the Madonna and Child. Next in attraction comes "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," also bound in white, with sepia illustrations by C. M. Padday. "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, from the *Pickwick Papers*, has also appeared as a charming booklet, illustrated very well by Frank Bindley. "Adeste Fideles," "Jubilate Deo," "Magnificat" are all beautifully got up.

"Auld Lang Syne," with its sprays of heather on the cover and pretty little pictures and flowers inside, is most attractive; so are "Trust in the Lord" and "Good Tidings," by Margaret Haycraft. This last booklet is prettily illustrated by Kate Sturgeon. Amongst the small ones are "Our Father which art in Heaven," with verses by Frances Ridley Havergal, and "Bells across the Snow," by the same; "Hark, hark, my Soul" and Keble's "Christmas Day," all prettily bound and illustrated; two delightful children's booklets, illustrated by E. Caldwell, "This Little Pig," got up in the shape of a hand, and "The Frog's Wooing," with a frog sitting on a sofa as its cover.

The Christmas number of *Rod and Gun* contains some clever sporting stories, amongst others—"The White Woodcock," by F. G. Walters; "An Apparition in the Hunting Field," by W. Earl Hodgson; "Minnie: a North Australian Episode," by Charles H. Eden; "Her First Stag," a very original sketch by Egerton Castle; "A Phantom Fish," by Walter Herries Pollock; "Hunting Blacks in North Queensland," by Harold Finch-Hatton; and "The Idyll of a Sun-Spear," by Lady Colin Campbell. The supplement to the *Rod and Gun* Christmas number is a happy thought—a page of photographs of its contributors.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* has many attractions. Comments on *As You Like It*, by Andrew Lang, with clever illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey, some good stories, a very interesting paper on "A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion," by Theodore Child, with beautiful illustrations from paintings by G. F. Watts, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, and a good article on "Japanese Women," by Pierre Loti.

The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains, amongst other good things, a touching story, by Richard Harding Davis, called "My Disreputable Friend McRaegen," a good description of "Christie's," by Humphry Ward, and an interesting paper on "Neapolitan Art," by A. F. Jacassy.

Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co. have sent more, and if possible even more attractive, cards. Amongst them the best are the folding card representing a leather bag, with a landscape and verses as its contents; a greeting on tinted paper, with ribbon and seal attached; children in a framework of toys; a folding card, with Father Christmas outside and pictures and "Christmas cheer" inside; a lantern which discloses verses and a group of cats; a card with a picture of shepherds and their sheep in a star, with a framework of snow, mistletoe, and robins, and verses underneath; a lovely cross of flowers, with a star-shaped landscape in the middle; a pretty little winter-clad girl in an archway decorated with ivy; an apple with verses inside; a group of cherubs and verses in a pretty frame; snow-frosted landscapes decorated with ivy or holly; and, perhaps the prettiest and quaintest of all, a card with a smaller one attached to it by a bow of ribbon, with pretty little devices and greetings on it. "Sweet Summer-time" is a delightful packet, containing twelve landscape studies, with Scripture texts, and the "Twelve Jewelled Texts" are perfect in design and taste; each large card has a text in large illuminated letters, and flowers round it; in the middle is a verse from the Bible, in accordance with the text. "The latest Novelty in Magic Leaves" is a box containing a number of designs on paper, invisible until a soft pencil or crayon is passed lightly over them, when the design at once appears—a delightful amusement for tiny children, who cannot yet draw. Messrs. Dean & Son have sent us some delightful children's Toy-books—"The Holiday Toy-book," a regular Barnum feast; "Fun and Sport," where, by pulling a card, the figures move. "Merry Movements" is another of these moving picture toy-books. "Cinderella," "The Three Tiny Pigs," and "A. B. C. of the World," all with gorgeous pictures. "Happy Little Folks Own Book" and "Merry Hours," little books containing pictures and tales in untearable cloth. From Messrs. Charles Letts & Co. we have received specimens of the "Improved Diary" in various sizes, with interleaved blotting-paper, all with the many useful features that have always distinguished these excellent diaries. The smaller cloth-bound diaries are excellently adapted to household and business purposes, or the private jottings of individuals. A very neat form is the Pocket Diary, "one day to a page," with thin paper and limp leather binding. Mr. Charles Letts's Household Account Book is both handy and compact. The list of printed items is really comprehensive,

and expenses may be tabulated in both daily amounts and weekly totals.

From Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh we have specimens of that old favourite, Pettitt's Scribbling Diary, and Blackwood's Octavo Diary, the latter with useful reference maps of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other centres of industry.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. (Limited) forward examples of the well-known Diaries of the Letts's Diary Company.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. TAINE'S great book (1) has at least one indisputable merit, besides many disputable or disputed—it is not like any other history. Its author owes, no doubt, a good deal to Macaulay, for whom he seems to have the somewhat disproportionate reverence which the best foreign critics often have for writers in other languages than their own. He owes something to Carlyle—to whom many years ago he was rather less than just, but to whom the whole of the *Origines* are, in effect, a palinode from the crude judgments of the *English Literature*. He owes a very little to Michelet, and, as far as we can see, next to nothing at all to any one else. Even to these writers his indebtednesses are in parts, not in the general; and his present volume sets the peculiar method of history-writing which he pursues, perhaps, more clearly before the reader than any previous one. We do not say that it is the best possible method of history-writing; we do not think it is; but it is singularly effective, and all the more so because the subject is one which has been simply drowned in a welter of words. Out of these words M. Taine fishes it with the hook of Graffiacane, and holds it up, a sight to men and angels, and lets Rubicante and the rest mangle it right fearsomely. To drop metaphor, the first hundred pages or so of this volume are devoted to a portrait of Napoleon, in M. Taine's well-known way, composed of short snatches of authorities, printed and unprinted, thrown together into a whole by comparatively little writing of the historian's own. After the worst that Lanfrey and all the rest of them have done, this is, perhaps, the most terrible portrait of "Jupiter-Scapin" that has ever been drawn. It is not all in black—M. Taine is far too clever for that, though he may be thought to have gone a little far in his gold pickings-out when he leashes Napoleon with Dante and Michelangelo as the three greatest products of the Italian type. We do not think that, when Dante and Michelangelo meet M. Taine, as they may some day, they will be obliged to him; for, though both had failings, they were gentlemen, and Napoleon, with all his genius, was not—as, indeed, M. Taine most fully demonstrates. But what he is most concerned to demonstrate (and in the second and larger part of his book he works out the demonstration with marvellous patience and ingenuity) is that both in his good and his bad qualities Napoleon was essentially un-French, and that the new social and political order which he established, and which, under whatever name, has continued practically unaltered in France to the present day, has, for that very reason, periodically failed to ensure political, and has never succeeded in establishing social, stability. It was a work of genius (so we read M. Taine), and so it lasts; it was dissociated from history and national character, and so, though lasting, it perpetually breaks down. It is only a seeming paradox, and for ourselves we have long rallied to it by anticipation. In parts and places, of course, we do not agree with M. Taine. But no student of history, who is not besotted with the "modern" craze, can fail to acknowledge the power with which he works out the worse side of the *carrière ouverte aux talents*, the subtlety of his expression of the weakness which an excessive and universal stimulation of the desire to get on has on states and individuals. More especially has this part of his work value for Englishmen, because of the tendency (not by any means confined to nominal Radicals) to level and obliterate; to say, "What reason is there in this distinction?" "What use in this anomaly?" There is always use in anomalies and distinctions, because (here again we put our own words in M. Taine's mouth) they hold the social machine steady, as a rough surface holds steadier than a smooth. This, of course, is treason to modernity. But M. Taine has long been famous as that kind of traitor; and, when the federation of the world brings him to block and hurdle, we do not greatly care if we journey to Tyburn in his (in this respect) very worshipful company.

M. Ferdinand Fabre (whose works, highly and justly thought of by many, have not come under our notice with such regularity as we could desire) has made a remarkable study in *Un illuminé* (2). The Marquis Claude Abrial de Pierrerue is a saint with one weak point. He gives, careless of the peculations of his agents, his whole means, and the means of all those whom he can influence, to works of charity; and, more than that, he works personally in doing good by stealth. He is the humblest and most fervent of Catholics, perfectly indifferent to his private comfort and prosperity, capable of leaving all that he has, and following Christ. But his pride of race is intractable; and when one of his *protégés* comes into a great fortune, and wants to marry his daughter, he, being penniless, forces her into a Carmelite convent, and is the cause of her own death and the suicide of her lover. The theme is extremely well worked out, though, perhaps, at rather too great length, and the minor characters (especially the belated grisette, Rosa Krüger) show remarkable skill. As for M. Rabusson, he has generally been clever and disagreeable. In *Hallali!* (3), though still clever, he is very nearly, if not quite, *déplaisant*. The Baron de Buttencourt, who, having seduced Madeleine Hart for love and married her cousin for money, wants Madeleine to continue the *liaison* in his own house, and bullies her abominably because she will not; her lover, a priggish atheist; the Baron's mother, a kind of Lady Kew without the brains; the minor characters, modernized copies of M. Feuillet's male and female fribbles; even Madeleine herself, whose difficult situation, suggested, no doubt, by *La petite comtesse* and *Julia de Trécœur*, might be made pathetic, but is not—are all unsympathetic to the last degree, while the Baroness, though not disagreeable, is rather dull. Nor can we say much for Mme. Henry Greville's (4) last—the story of an erring wife, who returns after many years to her husband at his solicitation, that their daughter may enter the world without difficulty, and is martyrized, not by her husband (who is rather impossibly angelic), but by the daughter's ingratitude and by the contempt, only at the last broken down, of her son. There is too much pain in the subject and not enough power in the treatment.

We have before us a book on British America, *Au Canada et chez les peaux rouges*, by Charles Demanche (Paris: Hachette), with some good illustrations, which shows the interest taken by Frenchmen in their old colony; a translation (Paris: Alcan) of Sir John Lubbock's *The Senses and Instincts of Animals*; and two "abridged" editions (Cambridge: Pitt Press) of the Cambridge University Press French texts—to wit, Dr. Braunholtz's *Les plaideurs* and *Les précieuses ridicules*.

(1) *Les origines de la France contemporaine—Le régime moderne.* Tome 1. Par H. Taine. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Un illuminé.* Par Ferdinand Fabre. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Hallali!* Par H. Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Le passé.* Par Henry Greville. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE works of Mr. George Meredith have long been regarded as the peculiar possession of the discerning few who discovered the virtue that is in them, and entered into possession of their rich inheritance like a company of merchant adventurers in the brave days of discovery. They have not ceased to proclaim their good fortune and their perspicuity with improvident disregard of what these democratic days might bring forth, with their "cheap editions" and intolerable "popularity." Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is one of the most enthusiastic of the little band. His well-timed volume, *George Meredith: some Characteristics*, with a Bibliography by Mr. John Lane (Elkin Mathews), is not without many comfortable words for the afflicted faithful; for not only should it retard for a while the evil day of popularity, but it indicates a safe refuge for true and original believers when that day is upon us. For this relief we are grateful to Mr. Le Gallienne. The "acute and honourable minority" are bidden to entrench themselves in Mr. Meredith's poetry, where they shall retain their ancient superiority of position without fear of incursions and alarums. Should any one falter in the way, misliking the impregnable position suggested, he cannot but be re-established by Mr. Le Gallienne's copious extracts and commentary on *Modern Love*. It is through his style, chiefly, that Mr. Meredith has been regarded as a *virtuoso* in the art of fiction. With his hostile critics, says Mr. Le Gallienne, style is the "precious, offending quality"—that style, so brilliant, so subtle, so epigrammatic, with its delicate sword-play of phrase, its "bludgeoning" by metaphor. "A great metaphor," the writer observes, is "the essential quality" of Mr. Meredith's work. He is tempted to suggest that "in the handling of imaginative phrase" there has been no author like unto Mr. Meredith since Shakspeare. In short, as does happen to your modern eulogist, Mr. Le Gallienne's discussion of Mr. Meredith's "style," both of the novels and the poems, is stayed only by that terrible *ne plus ultra*, Shakspeare. Of course Mr. Meredith is not the only distinguished author who has inspired a little following with adoration that is a little on the other side of idolatry. Mr. Le Gallienne's enthusiasm is so sincere and charming, it is a pity that he is not more critical in selecting illustrations of his theme. The examples he cites from that most Meredithian of books, *The Egoist*, are decidedly unhappy in several instances. The first of these is nothing but a palpable conceit, the fruit of the novelist's laboured research in metaphor and phrase-making:—"'You are cold, my love? you shivered,' said Sir Willoughby Patterne, as he walked across his park one morning with his betrothed, Clara Middleton, then in the throes of her first effort to break off her engagement. 'I am not cold,' said Clara; 'some one, I suppose, is walking over my grave.' The gulf of a caress hove in view like an enormous billow hollowing under the curled ridge. She stooped to a buttercup; the monster swept by." Mr. Le Gallienne's admiration of this rather strained and elaborate ingenuity is something inordinate. Then there is the famous description of the leg, adored by all the faithful. And, again, there is the chapter on "an aged and great wine," concerning which, since Mr. Le Gallienne thinks Mr. Meredith's Dr. Middleton more "alive" than his great prototype, it is sufficient to point out that Peacock's Dr. Folliott never could have capitulated to the charms of port

ninety years old. Madeira it might have been. Peacock knew better than to associate *his* Doctor with so pernicious a blunder. Mr. Lane's Bibliography is evidently most carefully compiled, and Mr. W. Morton Fullerton's notes "with regard to George Meredith in America" are curious and ingenuous.

There ought to be, by the way, a real demand for Mr. Le Gallienne's book in America, even if the names of George Meredith and "Owen Meredith" are no longer, as Mr. Fullerton says, confused in the popular mind; for we find no mention of the novelist in Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson's essay, *The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature* (Longmans & Co.), though the poet is incidentally quoted. Mr. Thompson deals with the art of fiction from various aspects. His discourse treats of the "Æsthetic Value of Fiction," "Realism and Idealism," "Art, Morals, and Science," "Construction," and "Criticism of Fiction." There are sections devoted to the "Exhibition" of power, suffering, love, social life, the comic—each with its more or less appropriate illustrations from novelists. This portion of the book might, on the method adopted by the author, have been indefinitely prolonged without, it seems to us, affording any enlightenment to the student of fiction. Mr. Thompson's subject is really too vast for treatment in an essay. "The Æsthetic Value of Fiction" might alone, we are inclined to think, from the insight shown in his analysis of the pleasure to be found in the reading of fiction, have engaged Mr. Thompson's philosophic mind with more satisfactory results than the present volume yields.

A notable addition to the numerous books on Nursing that have lately appeared is Dr. Th. Billroth's practical and comprehensive handbook, *The Care of the Sick, at Home and in the Hospital* (Sampson Low & Co.), translated from the third German edition by Mr. J. Bentall Endean. A prominent feature of this book is the excellent arrangement of its contents. The guidance and instruction are explicit and clearly set forth, while the necessary information may be readily acquired by all who consult the volume.

Mr. Heinemann's new series of "Scientific Handbooks" opens with an English edition of Mr. Walter Lee Brown's *Manual of Assaying*, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged, with an additional chapter on the "Assaying of Fuels," by Mr. A. B. Griffiths. This handy volume deals with the processes of assaying gold, silver, copper, and lead ores. It comprises also an excellent and well-illustrated description of the apparatus and re-agents employed in assaying.

American *vers de société*, collected from various volumes and magazines, are represented in the new volume of the pretty "Moray Library," edited by Mr. Gleeson White, *Garde Joyeuse* (Stanesby & Co.) Many of these airy effusions of sportive rhyming will be familiar to readers of *Life*, the *Century Magazine*, and other periodicals. Mr. Clinton Scollard's sparkling lays are also not new to the English reader. On the whole, Mr. Gleeson White has collected a goodly assortment of verse and versicles, though it shows a somewhat liberal interpretation of the designation *vers de société*.

In the "Canterbury Poets" series, Mrs. William Sharp's *Women Poets of the Victorian Era* (Walter Scott) is a collection of verse by some forty or fifty writers, with an introduction that appears to be identical with that prefixed by Mrs. Sharp to a similar anthology published a year or two since.

The Dramatic Peerage (Dodd, Eyton, & Co.), compiled by Messrs. Erskine Reid and Herbert Compton, is a useful little book of reference to the careers of actors and actresses of the London stage. Partly biographical, partly descriptive, the alphabetical notices are well written, and appear to be perfectly fair and accurate. Altogether, the book is likely to prove an excellent successor to Mr. Pascoe's dramatic *List*.

Visitors to Egypt will find a very handy and instructive guide in Mariette's *Outlines of Egyptian History*, translated by M. Brodrick (Gilbert & Rivington). This version of Mariette is printed in clear type, and may be carried in the pocket.

From Messrs. A. & C. Black we have received the first monthly part of the new edition of Sir Daniel Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*, considerably revised, and illustrated with the author's original designs and from other sources. This is a handsome re-issue of Sir Daniel Wilson's attractive work on the ancient history of Edinburgh.

The Rev. C. H. Bousfield has published a little volume of *Latin Verse* translations (London: Geo. Bell & Sons, 1890) with the laudable purpose of encouraging the study of that accomplishment among teachers and learners of the classics. He speaks of his own work with such modesty as to entitle himself to all reasonable indulgence. But with no possible indulgence, we regret to say, can we persuade ourselves that Mr. Bousfield's Latin is up to the mark of modern scholarship. Any scholar who will look at the impossible combination of tenses on p. 77 may see what we mean.

To the "All England" series Mr. A. F. Jenkin contributes a capital handbook on *Gymnastics* (Bell & Sons), with illustrations from instantaneous photography.

We have also received *The Unwritten Constitution of the United States*, by Christopher G. Tiedeman (Putnam's Sons); *Elementary Chemistry*, by Robert Avey Ward (Cassell & Co.); *District Visitors, Deaconesses, and a Third Order* (Skeffington); *Income-tax: To Pay or Not?* a useful little book for taxpayers (Income Tax Inquiry Office); and *Fleet Street*, 1846–1890, by Walter Wellsman (Mitchell).

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CHRONICLE.

Mr. Parnell.

THE incidents of the great Parnellian battle (to use a famous historical phrase) became almost too numerous towards the end of last week. Before the cats sat down to internecine war in the appropriate locality of Kilkenny, there was running and riding, alarums and excursions, of almost all possible kinds. Cork implored to be allowed to march on Mallow, while with Mr. HEALY and Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY in Kilkenny itself it was war to the umbrella. In Dublin Liffey found his waves befouled yet further with unexpected copies of the spurious *United Ireland*. The National League offices were beset, and, in short, there was the height of diversion entirely. Except Mr. HEALY and Mr. DAVITT, the chief anti-Parnellites, up to the beginning of this week, with a nice appreciation of the well-known duty of generals, abstained from the thick of the battle, and, sitting apart on solitary rocks, bewailed the wickedness of Mr. PARNELL in plaintive strains. On Saturday last both Mr. PARNELL and Mr. HEALY did useful work, though the latter, in denouncing "the altar of Mr. PARNELL's lusts," perhaps forgot a little too obviously that he had himself ostentatiously sacrificed on that structure between the disaster in the Divorce Court and the pronouncement of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, or (to adopt the order which is not only historic but causal) the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES and Mr. GLADSTONE. Neither was present at Tipperary, where, however, a good fight of the old order took place, a minority of Parnellites standing staunchly to their guns, while Patriotism charged with all its Canonry. The anti-Parnellite version of what was Mr. O'BRIEN's paper appeared under the singularly awkward and ominous title of *Suppressed United Ireland*, with a fresh Manifesto by Archbishop WALSH. Mr. O'BRIEN himself, who has started for Europe, has adopted a rather unexpected, and not wholly intelligible, attitude of conciliation, the success of which would be more probable if it were more possible. It is impossible to chronicle all the meetings at which Mr. PARNELL attended or did not attend; but they came to a climax at the appropriate station of Ballinakill, where Mr. DAVITT and Dr. TANNER, armed with authentic shillelagh, upheld the day, to the damage of the "penman's" skull; while their chivalrous myrmidons threw lime into Mr. PARNELL's eyes. For these are the methods of Patriotism; and thus for the first time, perhaps, in history did Poetical Justice lurk in a lime-bag. It is, however, satisfactory to hear that, besides giving Mr. PARNELL much pain (of which he is not wholly undeserving), this valiant act did not do him a great deal of harm. As for the flowers of speech which were interchanged, it was roses, roses all the way, on both sides, as may well be imagined. Meanwhile poor Mr. MCCARTHY (*Justinissimus unus*, and most unfit for such scenes) was receiving a most unkind reception from the people of Cork, and *Suppressed United Ireland* became suppressed indeed by the brutal methods of injunction, which tyranny of the law makes it no longer probable, but certain, that Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. PARNELL are in league. On Wednesday Mr. PARNELL issued a rather wild address to the "men of the hillsides," and Mr. MCCARTHY, under the protection of the police, held a meeting at Cork—Mr. MCCARTHY, who, as the *Daily News* most agreeably says, "at the age of eighteen was a rebel himself. Through-"out his life he has been devoted to the cause of his "country." On Thursday Mr. PARNELL, though warned to mind his eye, did not do so, and in a bandaged condition addressed divers meetings.

Foreign Affairs.

The Servian Skuptschina decided last week that, in accordance with traditional wisdom, it would not interpose in the quarrel between King MILAN and Queen NATALIE.——The excitement in Portugal about the Manicaland dispute continues, and some fears are entertained of a collision between the Colonial forces and the South African Company's police, while reinforcements are being sent from Portugal; but the *modus vivendi* ought to settle these jars.——The death of SITTING BULL was followed by a good deal of fighting between the Indians and the American troops.——A rumour that the Italians are marching on Kassala obtained little credence from well-informed persons, and was publicly and positively contradicted by Signor CRISPI himself on Wednesday.——The German EMPEROR, who is now once more a father, made another of his "progress" speeches, in reference this time to school teaching, in Berlin on Wednesday. Probably some Germans, if they know a certain pretty old air, have been softly singing "O the Broom! the bonny "new broom," both before and since.

Home Politics.

The results of Mr. GLADSTONE's visits to Retford and Worksop were made known on Tuesday morning. Sir FREDERICK MILNER, the Tory candidate, defeated Mr. MELLOR by 4,381 to 3,653, the majority of 728 being about two-and-a-half times that by which the late Mr. BECKETT won the seat in 1885.——The Liberal Union Club dined last Tuesday evening and heard speeches from Sir HENRY JAMES and Mr. FROUDE. A balm for Bassetlaw has been discovered by some Separatists in the fact that Mr. FROUDE praised the legislation of 1881. In the first place, considering that every one of his more prominent hosts had taken an active part in promoting that most mistaken and mischievous Act, Mr. FROUDE could hardly have blamed it; in the second place, he had already aired his opinions on this subject in his book on Lord BEACONSFIELD; and, in the third place, we do not know any one, Unionist or Separatist, who regards Mr. FROUDE in the light of a consistent and accurate thinker on politics. Being a very clever man, he is naturally a Unionist—as about eighty-five per cent. of clever men are—but, being Mr. FROUDE, he as naturally provides himself with what the Ettrick Shepherd calls a "pair o' dowgs" (or several pair) on that, as on most other, subjects.——Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham on Wednesday, on the local politics of the town, and on the possibility of what he politely calls the Liberal party coming together again.——Mr. LABOUCHERE said at North West Ham (to be safe, we had better adopt the exact summary of his own political friends) that the Bassetlaw electors "desired to accentuate Mr. GLADSTONE's "declaration that the Liberal party could not be connected "with the Irish party as long as Mr. PARNELL was their "leader." To which we cannot but think that Mr. GLADSTONE would be justified in retorting, "It was all very "well to accentuate my declarations, but why did you kick "my nominee downstairs?"

The Rabelais Pictures.

On Thursday the jury in the case of the RABELAIS pictures found the defendants guilty of exhibiting and selling indecent work, but without evil intention. This, of course, was a verdict of Guilty, and, indeed, it would have been very odd if any other had been returned. Had the defendants taken any trouble to consult competent opinion, they would have escaped a position in which it is difficult to feel much sympathy for them. In postponing sentence till the question of destruction is decided, Sir P. H. EDLIN took occasion to make a very sensible correction of some absurd remarks about RABELAIS himself, made both at the opening and the close of the case by Mr. BESLEY, the prosecuting counsel. Persons learned in the law are not bound to be competent in literature; but it would be rather hard if their ignorance and bad taste in that sphere were allowed to weigh against defendants in the other.

Hargan's Case.

Mr. MATTHEWS, stimulated by Mr. LOWTHER, has, on the whole, come to a very sound decision in commuting HARGAN's sentence to twelve months' hard labour (including, we suppose, the term of penal servitude already undergone). Free shooting

with revolvers cannot be allowed to go unpunished; but, as was very clearly shown here, the circumstances made the actual sentence wholly and most incomprehensibly disproportionate.

Correspondence. On Saturday last Mr. WALTER BARTTELOT replied with dignity and, as experts know, with rigid accuracy to Mr. STANLEY's outrageous letter-telegram. Mr. BARTTELOT was also able to produce a very valuable testimony from Lieutenant BAERT, a Belgian officer, whose name has been much quoted in these squabbles. This revival of a controversy which can only be satisfactorily settled in one way, also brought out recrimination from Mr. STANLEY, a letter from Mr. ANDREW JAMESON, and other documents.——Colonel SAUNDERSON has supported with temper, but perhaps unnecessarily, his undoubtedly true assertion, at Retford, that Mr. GLADSTONE had condoned murder.——The alleged misconduct of the Lascars on board the *Nepaul* has been contradicted.——The Bishop of LINCOLN has intimated his submission to the ARCHBISHOP's judgment in an excellent letter to the clergy of his diocese.

Miscellaneous. Sir CHARLES CROSTHWAITE has left the Chief Commissionership of Burmah with not, on the whole, such golden opinions as attended him when he took it up. The position is a very trying one, and, much as English rule has done already for the province, there is a great deal more to do.——On Monday the PRINCE OF WALES, accompanied by several members of the Royal Family, installed the Duke of CLARENCE as Provincial Grandmaster of the Berkshire Freemasons.——A meeting of the Birmingham Conservative Association, shedding some natural tears, accepted the recent decision of Lord SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON, and adopted the suggestion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for a joint-Committee.——A considerable money testimonial was presented by a meeting of Liberationists to Mr. MIALL, the late editor of the *Nonconformist*.——On Monday, Mr. Justice STEPHEN, in sentencing some country newspaper publishers and printers to a fine in the QUEEN *v.* MASTERS, took occasion to deliver some just animadversions on the practice which had brought the defendants into trouble. The fact is that the stale and silly trick of denouncing "the great unpaid," "justices' justice," and so forth, has gone unpunished far too long. In such cases the particular persons who are at length "pulled up" no doubt feel themselves victims, but the public interest is, on the whole, very well served.——The Croydon Board of Guardians have resolved not to undergo this Christmas the curse pronounced on those who rob a poor man of his beer—which is well done of them.——The *Serpent* court-martial was opened on Tuesday at Devonport, and found on Wednesday that the ship was lost by an error of judgment in navigation.——On Tuesday also Sir CHARLES RUSSELL made in the MARKS case (which ended on Wednesday in a verdict for the defendant) a most eloquent and touching protest against a brother barrister, who had treated him in an arrogant, bullying, and overbearing manner.——The man SPROW, the Southampton dock agitator, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment; some of those who had yielded to his or others' influence being also found guilty, and, with unquestionable mercy, but, perhaps, rather dubious judgment, let off.——The underground electric railway from Southwark to Stockwell was at last opened on Thursday. On the same day a terrible railway accident took place in Canada, near Quebec, and the Grand Hotel at Margate was burnt down.

Sport. The Cambridge University Trial Eights brought about a very good race on Monday.

Obituary. The death of Sir EDGAR BOEHM, discovered in a singular manner, was announced on Saturday.——Mrs. MUNDELLA died, regretted by many friends, on the same day.——The killing of SITTING BULL, the Sioux chief, has given the greatest satisfaction to President HARRISON, but perhaps will be regarded even by Americans of the nobler sort with regret. The famous chief did not, in the proper sense, die fighting, but fell, it is not quite clear by whose hand, in an attempt of his braves to recapture him from the Indian police who had arrested him.——Dr. JAMES CROLL, a physicist of eminence; M. ADOLPHE BELOT, a novelist, not, we fear it must be said, unto edification, but of considerable narrative power; the Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady GRAHAM-MONTGOMERY, must be added to the list.

THE BASSETLAW ELECTION.

THERE have been few cases in which the temptation to interfere with the forced jollity of losers was less pressing than in that of the election which was decided on Monday, and the result of which was made known on Tuesday, in the Bassetlaw division of Nottinghamshire. There is, indeed, a great deal of such jollity about. One authority holds that it was all the slipperiness of the roads; another, apparently, that the Gladstonians really polled a thousand more than anybody else; Mr. LABOUCHERE, that the electors who might have won it stayed away to oblige Mr. GLADSTONE. As a matter of fact, it would be too much to say that the Gladstonians moved heaven and earth to win the seat; but they certainly moved earth, and perhaps another place. There was not, probably, any Irish vote of importance to be influenced, one way or the other, by present events. The last contested election had so gone that a change of opinion on the part of less than two per cent. of the constituency would have seated Mr. MELLOR. No stone was left unturned in the way of canvassing, speaking, placarding, and the like. Not content with this, they must needs distort the railway system of Great Britain so as to make Retford on the way from London to Hawarden, and according to a practice from which most political leaders have, for very intelligible reasons, shrunk, bring Mr. GLADSTONE himself down to exhort the Bassetlaw voters at their two principal centres. Mr. GLADSTONE did his best, and it is not for us here to appraise the exact quality of that best. He defended his conduct in the present Irish crisis; he urged the irrelevance of that crisis to Home Rule; he urged the irrelevance of Home Rule itself to the general question of getting in a sound Gladstonian majority; he touched on all points likely to interest the Retford farmers and the Worksop miners; he, since he could not well be born again in Nottinghamshire, revived touching, though rather awkward, memories of his old political connexion (as a Tory nominee) with the county. In other ways, the Gladstonians had a fair field to fight on, and no favour to fight with. The principal Tory landowner of the district, with an equity as wise as it was politic, and as politic as it was wise, gave all his people to understand that they would please him best by pleasing themselves in voting, and any PORTLAND tenant, who cared to vote for Mr. MELLOR, could journey to the poll in a PORTLAND carriage. There is good reason for believing that the Gladstonians really thought they were going to win—indeed, if they did not, their conduct in bringing Mr. GLADSTONE down was simply demented. "Ventum est ad "G. O. M." must have been either the suggestion of delusive hope, or the last counsel of desperation. And they were beaten "to flat sewing," as a delightful person once rendered in all innocence a French idiom as recondite as it is expressive. They had, being given over to themselves, hinted—or, rather, declared—that if they were beaten, it would be by the dint of the 400 out-voters, "a vast "majority of whom were Tory." The four hundred out-voters might have remained at home—yea, seven-eighths might have voted on the other side, and the result would not have been affected.

Do we exult over this? Not in the very least. Sir FREDERICK MILNER is an excellent addition or restoration to the ranks of Tory M.P.'s, and his election just now is all the more appropriate in that he was the instrument in exposing the impudent Gladstonian lie about an alliance between the Tories and Mr. PARNELL. But very few things are further from our wish than to sing pæans and Te Deums over Bassetlaw; and if the victory—which is a far more considerable one, though it consist only in the retention of a seat, than many over which Gladstonians have gone into convulsions of joy—were to induce any rashness in Unionists we should consider it a grave misfortune. What it is is simply an encouragement to keep pegging away, to sit fast, and to give bubbles time to burst. Home Rule has been for some weeks obligingly showing itself the unworkable falsehood and sham that it is, in a manner comprehensible to a rather larger number of persons than usual, but we cannot trust that it will go on doing so. The whole electorate is only moderately influenced by such things, or there would certainly not have been 3,600 Mellorites in Bassetlaw. And it is never well to be in a hurry about anything.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE IRISHMAN.

THERE is, of course, a serious side to the Irish faction fight; there is a serious side to everything—even to the present position of the Gladstonian party, who may be regarded not merely in the purely comic aspect of a simple, swindled MOSES PRIMROSE, but in the tragic guise of a duped and despairing FAUSTUS. Still we have no intention of surveying the Irish faction fight just at present from the serious side; the less so as it obviously makes our adversaries very uncomfortable to hear it criticized from the humorous point of view—perhaps because they feel (and this always qualifies a man's amusement at a joke) that they are themselves making handsome, but involuntary, contributions of the objective description to the fun. There is plenty of moral, grave enough for a Quakers' meeting, to be drawn from the furious quarrel now raging between the rival bands of patriots in Ireland. We ourselves, as well as others, have, indeed, already pointed the public attention to what the glorified Board School boys—who nowadays invent for us all the new words that we do not borrow from the Americans—call "the "object-lesson," which Parnellites and anti-Parnellites are combining to give to the "slow-witted" people who pretend to rule them; and, no doubt, it will again fall to us and to those others to hammer home the nail of instruction by patiently and even wearisomely repeated strokes. But to-day, at least, since life is short and Dulness is ever watching for his prey, let us give ourselves up to the pure joys of the gayest, merriest, maddest May Day of a situation that has ever dawned upon us since *Charles O'Malley* held unchallenged place at the head of our "hundred best "books." *Nunc est bibendum*; for there was clearly a brisk consumption of whisky in North Kilkenny during the past week,

> nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus et baculo caput,

though we believe, with all respect to the Irish HORACE, that for a shillelagh, as opposed to a walking-stick, *fustis* would be the more correct word.

We have referred to *Charles O'Malley*, and we must pause for a moment to render a pious tribute to the memory of an Irishman of genius whose perfect accuracy in this portrayal of the national manners and whose sympathetic comprehension of the national temperament have been so triumphantly, if so tardily, established on the market square of—how himself would have revelled in the very name of it!—Ballinakill. It is curious, it is almost pathetic, to reflect that but for this ever-memorable "ruction" we should have gone to our graves, some two generations of us, in the belief that the Irishman of CHARLES LEVER'S novels had not only no complete original, but no suggestion even, in the world of realities, and was the pure creation of its author's delightfully humorous fancy. A long course of political demoralization, ending in an enforced alliance with a preternaturally earnest, humourless, and largely Puritanized English political party, might, perhaps, it was charitably suggested, have compelled him to conceal his lighter and brighter qualities, or even led to their decay and extinction altogether. But this explanation was rejected by many sceptical minds; and Englishmen in general were settling down, we imagine, into the fixed conviction that the typical Irishman of LEVER—the "rollicking" Irishman—had never, at any time, a flesh-and-blood existence, when lo! a sudden flood of light upon the market square of Ballinakill, and we find, not merely that he has existed, but that he still exists, and in the fullest vigour of abounding and cudgel-playing life. He is there in all varieties; every portrait in the delightful Leverian gallery seems to have started from its frame—the "bhoy"; the comic and pugnacious priest; the wild but beloved squireen, who plunges with such hearty good will into an electoral struggle; even the stock villain of Irish fiction, the wicked and treacherous lawyer, who fawns upon his patron in prosperity and insults him in adversity—even he, too, is represented. And, being all of them represented, do they "behave as such"? Do they "rollick"? Did they rollick at Ballinakill? For all answer to that question we need not send our readers further than to the depositions of that wonderful witness, the *Daily News'* Correspondent at the seat of war. His evidence is the more valuable because he is no friend to rollicking, which he indistinctly but correctly feels to be no certain index to the capacity for self-government. He would rather that the Irish did not rollick just at this moment, when elections are being contested in England; and he would certainly prefer that the more exuberant rollickers should hail from the Parnellite side of the square. All the more interesting is it to note the manner in which the contagion of Irish gaiety overcomes even this frigid observer, and he describes with zest and sympathy—occasionally even with spirit—the military performances of his own moral-force party. Thus:—"In the twinkling of an eye the plucky "priest bounded off the car, flourishing his cudgel and "elbowing his way with astonishing rapidity through "the dense mass. But Mr. DAVITT, brandishing his white-"thorn in his left hand—the only one he has—pressed "ahead of him. Dr. TANNER, with his blackthorn, forced "his way alongside of him, and in a few moments was in "the thick of the scrimmage." So keen is his sympathy with these artists distributing their "impressionist" efforts in "black and white" that he is indignant at the resistance which they met with. "A cowardly fellow dealt Mr. "DAVITT a blow on the temple," instead of keeping the movement within the lines of the Constitution. Then appears on the scene another "plucky priest," but not so described, since he, unlike Father O'HALLORAN, came from Mr. PARNELL'S car, whence he had been borne on the shoulders of the Parnellites in the direction of the Nationalist host. To the bard of the *Daily News* his purpose was clearly hostile, but other singers declare that he came as a peacemaker. Who shall say? for, as he was beginning "My friends"—an exordium, by-the-bye, which does not sound defiant, and which even the Gladstonian rhapsodist reports—"Mr. DAVITT struck one of the "bearers on the arm. This caused him to loosen hold of "his reverence, who came down to earth again rather "more quickly than he had come up," and black mud covered his eyes. Time would fail to tell how at Castlecomer other priests distinguished themselves at the head of their flocks; how Father DOWNEY, of Conahy, "advanced "in an exalted and threatening manner at the head of a "big contingent of the DAVITT party, brandishing a stick "above his head," and how Father MURPHY, of Carlow, "rose and lifted his arm"—may we take it that his reverend fist was clenched?—"and shouted to Father DOWNEY and "his friends to keep the peace"; and how those about Mr. PARNELL called Father DOWNEY a "coward" and "a dis-"grace to his cloth," and how, lastly—and here comes in the only unorthodox, or, it may be, merely "modern" Irish touch in the whole performance—some ruffian threw a bag of lime, euphemistically described by the DAVITT party as "mud" or "flour," at Mr. PARNELL.

After these exciting incidents, the appearance of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY on the scene, and "for the first time on "any stage" as "the leader of the Irish people," seems to bring us back again, as from a dream of the picturesque O'Malleyan past, to the prosaic realities of modern Irish life. It is difficult to take Mr. MCCARTHY seriously as what is called a practical politician; to accept him as a leader when the fun of practical politics has become as fast and furious as it is at present is quite impossible. The proceedings at the "great and enthusiastic meeting"—as a too partial friend describes the gathering of anti-Parnellites at Cork in an assembly-hall which its proprietors required them to guarantee against demolition by their adversaries—were not inspiriting. Mr. MCCARTHY does not, and cannot, shine on an occasion of this sort,

> although behind him come
> Of the accomplished Healys one,
> And Mr. Flynn and Mr. Lane,
> And others of the rebel clan,
> While Huntly is at home.

The game which this section of the anti-Parnellite section are playing is an eminently proper and decorous one; but it is not the game which was being played at Ballinakill and Castlecomer on the day before; and, what is more, it is evidently not the game which, at the moment, is most to the taste of the Irish people. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the universal zest with which the whole political community, amateur and professional, in Ireland are throwing off the irksome restraints of a four-years' alliance with an English party, and a concurrent confinement to the milk-and-water methods of English party-warfare. They storm newspaper offices and attack railway trains, they break heads and fling mud at each other, with all the buoyancy and *abandon* of fresh emancipation; they call each other "hounds," and "jack-"daws," and "gutter-sparrows," with a blessed sense of relief. The effect of an exodus from the schoolroom into the playground could not be more marked and characteristic than are the consequences of the dismissal of the Irish

Parliamentary party from the presence of the head-master. But just as this exodus serves to bring out the real character of the schoolboy—however long he may have remained in class, and however well he may have behaved there—so the parallel event in the world of politics has given us back the true Irishman, the Irishman whom we loved and whom we all thought we had lost.

SITTING BULL.

SITTING BULL has died like a warrior, apparently; by a man's death, at all events, and not a cow's death. He was less of a soldier than a statesman, in his degree; but since the Indian Mahdi, TEHCUMSEH, none of the Red race have wielded stronger and wider influence. He was the brain of the revolt in which CRAZY HORSE was the arm—the great uprising of 1876, in which General CUSTER perished, and General CROOK was long held at bay. After the discomfiture of the Sioux, SITTING BULL retired to Canada, whence he was permitted to return, with diminished prestige, to the Sioux reservation. The reports of his death—indeed all the news from the scene of war, or of "military operations"—are confused. Apparently, a force of police had been sent against SITTING BULL; he was overpowering them, when they were reinforced by troops; he was captured, a rescue was attempted, and SITTING BULL was shot. It reads a little as if some one had played HODSON's part in the affair of the Delhi princes. However SITTING BULL came by his death, it is rather improbable that his fall will put a stop to the Indian war. It will be the most sacred of duties to avenge him, especially if the Indians conceive that he was treacherously taken off, and that is just the kind of idea which they will be ready to entertain. SITTING BULL dead may be more terrible than SITTING BULL living, and, as he no longer held such a high position in the tribe as of old, it is probable that he leaves able and experienced successors. We may think it better for him to die than to live, and to be dragged round in a twopenny triumph by BUFFALO BILL. Whatever the course of events may be at present, it is to be presumed that the States will now settle accounts with the Sioux once for all. The quarrel is practically irreconcilable. All attempts to provide for the Indians on reservations and by doles are futile, while the Indians decline to live by agriculture. The buffaloes are gone; the Red Men are, as we said last week, ferocious paupers in receipt of out-door relief, and goaded by an eternal and perfectly natural sense of wrong. They have again and again been dispossessed in living memory; their lands have been invaded by gold-miners and hunters; they have been tempted into acts of violence—these have been avenged; the Sioux have retaliated with ferocity, cruelty has bred cruelty, and so the endless circle of wrong renews itself. It is impossible for the Indians to "vote solid," like the Irish, and other strangers in the States. As long as they maintain their tribal organizations, as long as they only profess allegiance to chiefs, medicine-men, and traditions, they cannot become American citizens: they are foreigners, and hostile foreigners, within the State. If disarmed, they will probably become a kind of dangerous gipsies, wanderers in the land. They regard all trade as mere cheating, all industry as slavery; though, of course, there are exceptions to this rule—for example, among the Cherokees. It has been suggested that they will retire south and west, and blend with the Pueblo peoples—Zuñis, Moquis, and the rest. More probably they will endeavour to eat those comparatively unwarlike peoples up. Red Indian history, apparently, could have no other end. Even the Iroquois, the Romans of the continent, the people of the League and the Long House, were strong merely for war. They had no more desire than CHAKA to found a settled and industrial empire; they conquered for conquest's sake, like the NAPOLEON of the Zulus. It is sometimes conjectured that the Aztecs were once no better than a Sioux horde; but the Aztecs must have had far more germs of civilization than the Sioux before they conquered Mexico. Had COLUMBUS never discovered America, it is extremely improbable that four centuries would have found the Indians more civilized than they are at present. For some mysterious reason their temperament is alien to civilization; they could neither evolve it nor accept it from without. American dealings with them have not been creditable to Americans; but it is hard to see how any modern people could co-exist with them in the same territories and keep the peace. Any irresponsible trapper or tourist might at any moment provoke a war, and the Indian theory of revenge, and of the "solidarity" of the Long-knives, made that war universal and abominably cruel. BROWN shoots GREEN BEAR in one region, so FLYING CLOUD burns SMITH's house and scalps his children in another. There is, frankly, no living with such people, and the disappearance of the warlike tribes is only a question of time. Our own conduct to the Murri in Australia, if not to the Maoris in New Zealand, makes it difficult for us to throw the first stone at the United States, though it is true that in Canada we have been much more humane in our dealings with the Indians.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

AT the present moment, nothing becomes the leaders of the Ministerial party so much as silence. So far as the Government is concerned, the legislative plans of the year are complete, all are sufficiently understood, and some have already been advanced to the Committee stage in the House of Commons. Whatever objections may yet be made to these measures will be met when they arise or are repeated; while, as for the grand point of controversy between the two parties, all that need be said about that, considering the crazy condition into which Home Rule and Home Rulers have fallen, is best left to the public journals. But that the representatives of Unionist Liberalism should speak out a little is natural enough. It cannot be allowed, indeed, that they need any justification beyond that which is supplied by the wild-cat contentions of Irish patriotism to-day; but they have been so malignantly and contemptuously abused by their friends of old, that they may be pardoned if they come forward in the midst of the din to ask, in Parliamentary language, "Who is "Silly Billy now?" This was done by more patient Liberal-Unionists than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN before Mr. CHAMBERLAIN addressed his friends at Birmingham the other night; and even his most virulent enemies must allow that he put the question with great delicacy. His business, however, was less to vindicate the common sense of his party in the past than to offer counsel for its future conduct. Many Birmingham Conservatives are displeased with the award that was lately made upon a question referred to Lord SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON, and have expressed their disappointment strongly. To soothe this feeling was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's first business on Wednesday night, and he went about it very handsomely; with the result, no doubt, that what he had further to say upon the essential importance of maintaining and strengthening the alliance between Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists will have its full effect where that alliance has been much disturbed.

That, however, was not the most interesting part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech of Wednesday night. As soon as it appeared from the violent revelations of the Irish quarrel that Home Rule must be dropped, unless the Gladstonians are to wander back into the wilderness, a new question arose amongst certain of the Liberal-Unionists. Had we been asked where it was most likely to arise, we should have answered, at a guess, in that section which is least inclined to Conservative opinion—which is most Radical, in short. For the question was this:—Since it is clear that a Home Rule policy can no longer be proceeded with, why should not the Liberal party become re-united, forming up on the lines that were abandoned in 1886? It was this policy alone that divided us, and it is now to all intents and purposes swept out of the way. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the first man of any importance to give voice to the suggestion in public, and what he tells us is that it came from the Gladstonian side; which Mr. GLADSTONE himself will be loth to believe. It seems that many of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's former friends amongst the Gladstonians have resumed communication with him "within the last week," confessing that Home Rule has become impossible, and urging him to take the reunion of the Liberal party into consideration. Whether similar communications have been made to Lord HARTINGTON is not publicly known; but what the reply must be is frankly stated by Lord HARTINGTON's more Radical colleague. The reply must be that the thing is impossible; impossible as matters stand certainly. The first obstacle to a reunion of the Liberal party as it existed under Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership in 1885 is Mr. GLADSTONE himself. No matter how many of his followers believe Home Rule for Ireland an impossible project now, his own mind re-

mains buoyantly convinced that its abandonment would be both wicked and unwise. As long as he continues in that mood, at the same time retaining his command of the Opposition, reunion of the party which he has shattered twice is as hopeless as Home Rule itself. But even if Mr. GLADSTONE were to give up the impossible project, and if, moreover, he were to retire with the dear defunct to Hawarden's shades, the Liberal-Unionists must remain very much where they now stand. They could not join the Gladstonians even then, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, and his reason is this: that party has other leaders besides Mr. GLADSTONE; and even now the most powerful element in it is composed of men who, "under his guidance, have been supporting the divorce of "politics from morality until at last there is hardly a single "one of the Commandments that any longer receives their "support. There is no anarchical proposal, whether affecting "the interests of this country, or the interests of the United "Kingdom as a whole, to which these gentry have not given "their aid. With such men it is as impossible now as it "always has been to have any dealings."

There is no ambiguity in these declarations, which faithfully represent the facts of the case as they stand. It may be that the first-named obstacle to Gladstonian re-union will be removed before long. Mr. GLADSTONE's determination still to advance the Home Rule banner can hardly be maintained against daily-increasing proof that it would be not only hazardous but criminal to give any number of the QUEEN's subjects into the hands of these raving leaders of the Irish race, and the medicine-men who disgrace the name of priest. It is almost incredible that he himself can stand against such glaring evidence long—certain that if he does, he will stand almost alone. But supposing the one obstacle removed, the other will remain, and it is equally fatal to the hopes of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Gladstonian correspondents. To speak plainly, the Laboucherians are the main difficulty, though it is possible that the right honourable member for Birmingham had Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and some others in the corner of his eye when he declaimed against "the gentry" with whom it is impossible to have any dealings. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN foresees that some reconstruction of parties is at hand—possibly if Mr. GLADSTONE should give up, possibly in the heat of the next general election; and his suggestion appears to be that no time should be lost in combining the Conservatives with the steadier Liberals of both camps in a new National Party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's experiences as an associate of the present Government persuade him that a combination which has worked so well "in Imperial politics" may be equally successful in the direction of domestic affairs; and the great need of the time is a national party which will hold as firm a front against the Anarchists—"the English "Nihilists, as I have termed them"—as against Irish Home Rule. We are quite of the same opinion, and only differ from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN if he proposes to force the growth of this new party by any kind of Schnadhorstian gardening. We should even have preferred complete silence on the subject at present. Nothing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or any other managing politician can say is likely to hasten or solidify a reconstruction of parties which shall put all the more sober-minded men in England together against the New Radicalism, which, of course, will have to reform on lines of its own when Home Rule has foundered outright. It will not be long to wait till that event occurs, and till the Gladstonian Radicals proceed to the more advanced position where they hope to prosper indeed. Meanwhile, every day contributes something to the shaping and the growth of the new party which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN longs to behold in full establishment; and the better way to assist the process is to leave it entirely to Messrs. PARNELL and DAVITT, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LABOUCHERE. Materially assisted by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, they began the work some time ago; it is now proceeding at so rapid a rate that nothing more can be desired; and any meddling in the way of management from the Ministerial side would be dangerously premature.

PADLEWSKI'S ESCAPE.

IT is always pleasant to see how easily the Old World can beat the New when it tries. If there was one product of America which might have been thought capable of defying competition, it was the lying, pushing, self-advertising newspaper man. For a longish time the Yankee reporter was, indeed, without rival. But we now know that this was due to no inherent superiority in him, but simply to the restraining influence exercised on European journalism by the lingering tradition that all kinds of writing for publication should be more or less literature. This superstition has been renounced; and now where is the Yankee reporter? A few weeks ago a Parisian reporter gave a spicy account of the personal appearance and opinions of the jurors summoned for the EYRAUD trial. It turned out that he had really seen three, and that two of them had promised to kick him downstairs if he did not take himself off at once. In the meantime he had made his sensation.

Now, M. GEORGES DE LABRUYÈRE—convinced for his part that all is not said in the way of reporting at least—has done a feat which may make the American reporter pale with envy. Some weeks ago, to start at the real beginning of the story, he presented himself in the office of the *Eclair*, and said:—"I have a great "piece of reporting in my mind's eye, such as no paper has "yet done; only I cannot tell you what it is to be, nor "when you will have the copy. Now, will you stand the "racket, and chance it?" The editor took the sporting offer, and came down with the money. In a few days he was rewarded by a bundle of copy containing a detailed and readable account of the remarkable dexterity with which M. GEORGES DE LABRUYÈRE had contrived to smuggle out of France no less a person than PADLEWSKI, the supposed murderer of General SELIVERSTOFF. It was really worth printing and reading. M. DE LABRUYÈRE has obviously given to journalism the faculties which were meant for the production of stories in the manner of GABORIAU. He tells how he was summoned from dinner and appealed to by a fair-haired lady with characterless features and remarkable eyelids to save PADLEWSKI; how, on being assured that the killing of SELIVERSTOFF was an execution, and not a murder, he agreed; how they disguised PADLEWSKI in reach-me-downs, so that he had "tout "l'aspect d'un membre du Jockey et de l'Union"; and then how he was manœuvred over the frontier by M. DE LABRUYÈRE and two friends. They all pretended to be on the way to fight a duel, and had adventures like "TARTARIN sur les Alpes," with bagmen who were taken for Russian spies, and with police officers at the frontier. Great was the sensation caused by this report in *L'Eclair*, and much honour redounded to the writer. But he has not been left alone in his glory. A M. FERNAND GRÉGOIRE has come forward to inform the public that he also had a share. He concealed PADLEWSKI after the murder. Then a Mme. DUC QUERCY has insisted on sharing. She, it seems, concealed PADLEWSKI in her husband's bed. This third claimant has aroused the wrath of M. DE LABRUYÈRE's friend, Mme. SÉVERINE, who is indignant because "that woman" has forced herself into the coursing of the hare which others started. Now MM. DE LABRUYÈRE and GRÉGOIRE, together with Mme. DUC QUERCY, are in prison, and poor Mme. SÉVERINE is out in the cold, clamouring for arrest. The police and the Nihilists are alike unanimous in declaring that the whole story is nonsense. PADLEWSKI is in Paris, say the police. He went to Brussels on the very day of the murder, say the Nihilists. That M. DE LABRUYÈRE crossed the frontier with somebody seems to be certain, but beyond that there is nothing but assertions and doubt. It is, happily, not our duty to get at the truth. We are content to note that it is the interest of the Socialists, to which body MM. DE LABRUYÈRE and GRÉGOIRE belong, to lead the police off PADLEWSKI's track if they can; that it is the interest of the French Government to show zeal in pursuing General SELIVERSTOFF's murderer, but not necessarily to catch him; and that people who say Parisian journalism has no enterprise do not know what they are talking about. Not the least certain of these truths is the last. The Parisian reporter is certainly an enterprising fellow, and we note that he holds strongly to the faith held by some of our own journalists, that the law is made to be broken when a boom is wanted. M. DE LABRUYÈRE will have to maintain that proposition before the Courts now, and he may not find them so easy of persuasion as that born journalist the editor of *L'Eclair*.

THE WINCHESTER SENTENCES.

IT is so satisfactory a thing to have secured a sentence on one of the Union mob leaders that we should perhaps be content not to complain of the lenity which Mr. Justice GRANTHAM showed to the Southampton prisoners at Winchester. Still these men have undoubtedly got off very cheaply indeed. It may be a proof of the humanity of the Southampton authorities that they begged the Judge to show mercy to the eighteen men indicted for riot and assault on the police during the Southampton strike; and yet an offence of that magnitude deserves somewhat smarter punishment than the order to come up for judgment if required. This was all the eighteen men got. ALFRED FORD, who received the same formal punishment, had been guilty of a particularly serious act of violence. There is no doubt that he placed a piece of wood across the London and South-Western Railway line at Southampton in order to prevent a train from coming into the Docks. Now, of course it would be absurd to say that causing an obstruction as FORD did was an offence on all fours with a deliberate attempt to wreck a train; but it certainly was an outrageous interference with the Company's rights, and a gross aggression on the public. If FORD had received the same sentence passed on SPROW, he would still have had reason to think himself lucky. The Southampton authorities and Mr. Justice GRANTHAM thought otherwise. The prosecution begged the judge to be lenient, and the judge rather more than took them at their word. FORD and the eighteen rioters may go away from Winchester full of gratitude to both the prosecutor and the judge; but it is only too probable that they and like-minded persons elsewhere will be filled with something much less respectable—namely, with a conviction that causing obstruction and assaulting the police are very trifling offences indeed when committed by a workman on strike.

As a set-off to this we have, however, the sentence on SPROW. This man had behaved in the worst possible Union manner. He had, to begin with, no business in the Southampton strike at all. He is described as a rivetter; but, as a matter of fact, he was simply a professional agitator. He came down from London for no other purpose than to egg the Southampton strikers on to violence by inflammatory harangues. He recommended the boycotting of the Mayor of Southampton, and distinctly incited the strikers to make riotous attacks on the so-called blacklegs. He contrived—by the use of persuasion of that kind which is remarkably like intimidation, or by intimidation pure and simple—to persuade the crew of a steamer and some of the servants of the Southampton Dock Company to leave their work. By a curious oversight, of which SPROW's counsel made good use, the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act of 1875 does not apply to seamen. The first count of the indictment, which dealt with the charge of inducing the crew of the *La Plata* to leave their ship, was therefore withdrawn, but the jury had no difficulty in finding SPROW guilty on the other counts, and Mr. Justice GRANTHAM sentenced him to the very moderate term of three months' imprisonment. We must needs be content with what Acts of Parliament and the humanitarian sentiment of the times allow us to obtain. At any rate this sentence, mild as it is, has made it clear that the firebrands who make it their business to promote the use of violence by working men can be punished when they can be brought to book. As a rule, they have been cunning enough to avoid committing themselves, and even when they had undoubtedly rendered themselves liable to prosecution, they have been uniformly allowed to escape. SPROW has been a welcome exception. He went a little further than the more cunning kind of agitator, and he had the ill-luck to find a prosecutor. If his adventure only makes other agitators more careful, it will still have been useful. Taken in combination with the fine inflicted at Bristol on the other SPROWS who induced the labourers to leave their work on the *Gardiprè*, it ought to show employers who are subject to attack by the agitator vermin that they are not without legal means of defending themselves and punishing their assailants.

THE REAL MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET.

MINUTE discrepancies, and even great discrepancies, constantly occur in fiction, and perhaps it is only the meticulous critic who troubles himself much about them. SCOTT makes the sun set in the sea on the East Coast; Mr. JAMES PAYN makes a heroine now golden-haired and now with locks like the raven's wing. These trifles do not affect the interest of the novels in which they occur, though it is certainly startling when the crescent moon of evening changes to "a golden shield" of full moon by midnight. There is a proverb that "liars should have good memories," and so should novelists; but their memories are usually short, and the same piece of ground in a description will be now flat and now hilly. It is odd that these trifles do not leap at the author's eyes as he corrects his proofs, and it is still more odd that HOMER makes fewer discrepancies in the Odyssey than can be found in, perhaps, any novel of equal length, though HOMER had no proofsheets at all. The practice of writing novels bit by bit, for serial publication, and of neglecting to correct the whole when it is made into volumes, and when the author is weary of it, probably accounts for many of the blunders that are the joy of young reviewers. But it is assuredly strange that an artist so conscientiously careful as EDGAR POE should have admitted so many errors of congruity into his analysis of a mysterious murder, the *Mystery of Marie Roget*. A young woman, MARY ROGERS, a shopgirl, disappeared from her home in New York. Her body was found floating in the Hudson River, three days later. She had been strangled, and thrown into the water; but the police of New York were unable to discover the assassin. POE, who was living at a distance from New York, read the newspapers carefully, and published a story in which, shifting the scene to Paris and altering names, he endeavoured to solve the problem. This story is *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. It is a piece of work, like the deciphering of cryptograms, in which POE excelled. He merely alters names, and changes the place of the murder. But in doing so he makes slips which are surprising. The most essential is about the dead girl's character. The evidence is said to attest her "virtue"; but it appears that some months before she was murdered she had vanished from home, and lived for a week with a naval officer, the man whom POE suspects of having been the murderer. Then what becomes of her virtue? POE appears inclined to think that she preserved it in her retreat with the sailor; but this is merely to introduce a touch of the supernatural. Again, it is asserted that the girl's mother, when she did not return on the night of her murder, said that she feared she would never see MARIE again. This was a natural expression of anxiety; but later in the story POE contradicts himself, and declares that the mother made this remark in the *morning* of the fatal day, when the girl had merely stated that she was going to see her aunt, and had asked a respectable young man, her betrothed, to meet her there and walk home with her. Obviously a great deal depends on whether the mother suspected danger from the first, or whether she was merely alarmed when her daughter did not return at night. POE has moved the scene, as we said, to Paris. He represents the streets of that far from Sabbatarian city as being empty at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. "At nine on Sunday the populace are chiefly within "doors, *preparing for church*." The italics are his own. "No person can have failed to notice the peculiarly "deserted air of the town from about eight till ten on the "morning of every Sabbath." It may have been noticed in New York, in Paris it is less obvious. Finally POE says, speaking of the Seine, that people would "make *haste* to "get home, when a wide river is to be crossed in small "boats, when storm impends, and when night *approaches*." The dangers of crossing the tempestuous breadth of the storm-swept Seine are novel to mariners. POE is thinking of the Hudson River, as before he was thinking of a New York Sunday. The circumstances of the two towns could not be made to fit, or he did not observe the discrepancies. His solution of the mystery, at all events, involves no such vital improbability as the statement in *The Murder in the Rue Morgue*, that a man chivied a monkey through the streets of Paris, at three in the morning, without being observed by anybody, and that the monkey, or rather the orang-utan, lived in comfortable seclusion in Paris till its owner "caught it."

MR. RHODES'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE announcement that Mr. CECIL RHODES starts for England next week to have personal colloquy with Ministers on the subject of "Zambesia" is an important one —not less, but rather more, important because it is accom-

panied by the statement that the South Africa Company have ordered their gendarmerie to withdraw from Manicaland. The latter statement, if it be true, shows that the Company and those Cape Colonists who direct its affairs are resolved not to give unnecessary provocation; the former, that both attach very great weight to the laying of their views before Lord SALISBURY. No one, we suppose, who has ever considered the matter, has failed to see a certain inconvenience, actual or possible, in Mr. RHODES's double position as Premier of the Cape Ministry and managing director of the Company—an inconvenience which is far from being lessened by the fact that, though the existence of the Company is distinctly for the benefit of the Empire, it is regarded by the party to which Mr. RHODES belongs in Cape politics, by no means wholly from an Imperial point of view. There is thus a considerable danger that Mr. RHODES may postpone the interests of the Colony to those of the Company, and still more that he may postpone the interests of the Empire to those of the Colony. It should, indeed, be perfectly possible to conciliate all three. But, in order to do this, it is necessary that Mr. RHODES should keep in mind that, though Englishmen hope to see the Cape derive great benefit from the extensions of British territory northwards, those extensions are made, first of all, in the interest of the whole Empire and not merely in those of the Cape. There is a natural tendency to forget this on the spot, as was shown by the exceedingly foolish and unbecoming expressions of a certain portion of Colonial opinion on the subject of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement. And, if necessary, Mr. RHODES will have to be reminded of it.

His journey is not likely to concern "Zambesia" only, for there happen to be several other unsettled matters in which the Cape takes a keen and direct interest, such as the delimitation of Walfisch Bay with the Germans, the relations of the various South African colonies and States, and the like. But the Portuguese matter must naturally be of the first consequence. It is, indeed, exceedingly desirable that this should be settled. If Captain FORBES has really been recalled from Manicaland, immediate danger of a collision between his forces and the Portuguese is over, and it is not clear how it can be renewed without the Portuguese putting themselves completely in the wrong. But the same or a similar difficulty may recur at more points than one of the vast territory included in the original agreement, and left in an awkwardly undefined state by the *modus vivendi*. The particular dispute may, indeed, be not difficult of adjustment, though, what with the rival claims of the competing Companies, and the nice questions, of date and otherwise, which the treaty with MUTACA and the brushes between Captain FORBES and Colonel D'ANDRADE raise, it is complicated enough. But in the inflammable temper of the Portuguese, who are sending out regular troops and stores at a rate which they can very ill afford, and who do not seem averse to the employment of student battalions, patriotic volunteers, and other irregular kinds of soldiery almost certain to be ineffective, but very likely to be troublesome, the prospect is most unsatisfactory. Probably the best thing that could happen would be that the minor dispute should be settled a little more in favour of Portugal than strict justice demands, in order that that sensitive country may be put in good humour for the ratification of the original convention. Nothing less than this can obviate the possibility, indeed the very great probability, of collisions which in the long run must turn out to the disadvantage of the Portuguese, but which it is extremely desirable to avoid by the display of any reasonable forbearance on England's part. If Mr. RHODES really possesses statesmanlike ability, it ought not to be difficult to convince him of this.

MR. LOCH AND "GENERAL" BOOTH.

THE pamphlet, written by Mr. C. S. LOCH, and adopted by the Charity Organization Society, must satisfy "General" BOOTH, however unfavourable Mr. LOCH's criticism may be, that it is inspired by "the honest and intelligent conviction" which the Salvation Army leader insisted should animate those who reject his scheme. In this *Examination of General Booth's Social Scheme*, Mr. LOCH expresses the honest and intelligent conviction that the big scheme "cannot be carried out with any reasonable measure of success." And, further, Mr. LOCH fulfils Mr. BOOTH's other condition of non-subscription by declaring on behalf of the Society that he is prepared with other plans, partly new, partly well tried, that will "more effectually accomplish the end" contemplated by Mr. BOOTH. Few, if any, of Mr. LOCH's readers will, we think, fail to share his conviction. The grounds of objection, some of which we anticipated on the appearance of Mr. BOOTH's book, deal with proposals that are obviously mischievous, or likely to contribute to the evils with which the scheme professes to grapple, and with other proposals that are clearly impracticable, or must reasonably be so regarded. In the first place, there is the demoralizing incitement of free food and shelter offered indiscriminately. Mr. LOCH cannot describe this as a preventive measure. It would, he justly observes, invite more applicants than can be provided for. Men will come for what they can get, and go when they are tired or have earned a little. The multiplication of shelters would make a shiftless wandering from one to another of these centres both easy and natural. The relief may aid a few, Mr. LOCH admits; but "it will help to make vagrants of many, or at least not raise them out of their vagrancy." The absence of all discrimination and the absolute neglect of inquiry are defects that Mr. LOCH considers extremely serious. To work thus is, he remarks, "as if one would work more seriously without knowledge than with it." Mr. LOCH is entirely for concerted action, with inquiry, in charitable labours. Mr. BOOTH rejects both principles. "He will not select his cases according to his real ability to help them; they rather may select him out of the many providers of cheap and philanthropic lodgment which are at hand." Nothing could be more neat and exact than this illustration. The isolation of Mr. BOOTH's scheme and its claim to independence are points that cannot be looked upon as auguring success. Mr. LOCH does not omit to deal with certain remarkable features of Mr. BOOTH's scheme that owe their origin, we are inclined to think, to an overweening sense of the power and the importance of the Salvation Army. He notes, while treating of Mr. BOOTH's book, the ignoring of, or contemptuous reference to, existing schemes well tried and proved serviceable; the scorn poured out upon thrift and self-respect which thoroughly merits Professor HUXLEY's caustic comment; and the failure to recognize the fact that there is ever an upward movement as well as a downward movement among the destitute, and that the "submerged tenth" or "seventy-seventh," as Mr. LOCH puts it, is not accurately described as an inert mass to be lifted, or as a bog that may be drained. If, then, there is a restless movement upward and downward, varying considerably in localities and in degree of intensity, it is obvious that the work of assisting the destitute can be more effectively executed locally and by associated enterprises than by indiscriminate sweeps with the Salvation ladle. The process of "casting or hauling," as Mr. LOCH has it, will not solve the problem. But much may be done by intelligent assistance to "the moving atoms" as they rise through one grade of destitution to another upwards, and by the prevention of those that threaten to fall. To treat all alike "in the lump" is but a sure way towards confusion and wasted effort.

Dealing with the statistics upon which Mr. BOOTH bases his proposals for a City Colony, a Farm Colony, and so forth, Mr. LOCH is struck, as others have been, by the effect they have produced upon the "General's" never-failing rhetoric. For his estimate of the "poorest class" in London Mr. BOOTH appears to have consulted Mr. CHARLES BOOTH's *Labour and Life of the People*. His figures appear to be identical with those given in this book. But they are very differently used, as Mr. LOCH's instructive parallel shows, and are made to enforce very different conclusions. For example, Mr. CHARLES BOOTH estimates 100,000 of "very poor" who subsist on "casual earnings." The "General" accepts the figures; but he masses the whole 100,000 as "starving." He adopts Mr. C. BOOTH's figures, and substitutes his own more sensational description of the condition of these "very poor." Throughout *In Darkest England* this disposition to exaggeration is freely indulged in. This very class of casual labourers, numbering 100,000 according to both estimates, is described as "starving" by "General" BOOTH, though Mr. CHARLES BOOTH is "careful to explain that a very large percentage of them are not in distress." This may be a Salvation Army method, but people who prefer the plain truth to the most picturesque colouring of its similitude will think "General" BOOTH is perilously near misrepresenting Mr. CHARLES BOOTH, to whose book he appeals. To give

the figures, and omit the very important comment we have quoted, may, perhaps, tend to heighten the effect and move the hearts of the charitable; but the process is not likely to inspire confidence in the Salvation Army scheme or "General" BOOTH's statements. Nor does this curious instance of the use of statistics stand alone; Mr. LOCH cites others, and could have cited more than he does. There is that remarkable reference to 43,000 children of the Board schools in London, "unfed and starving," concerning which, Mr. LOCH observes, "he [Mr. BOOTH] has apparently taken "no trouble to ascertain whether the figures were correct," though as "ghastly figures," of course, "they serve well "enough." Mr. LOCH's able little book must be accounted a public service. If those who refuse to examine Mr. BOOTH's book, and find drawing cheques so easy, would only set themselves to read Mr. LOCH's "Examination," there would be improved chances for the practical co-operation in charity which Mr. LOCH advocates, "by local and well-"directed efforts."

THE *SERPENT* COURT-MARTIAL.

THE finding of the Court on the loss of the *Serpent* had been foreseen. It had not been supposed that the inquiry could last long, or that it would contain anything new. The reporter, who has been particularly imaginative about this case from the beginning, had reason to think, a few days ago, that one of the three survivors would have important evidence to give, which would throw great light on the disaster. The reporter has been uttterly wrong. BURTON, GOULD, and LUXON have added nothing to the very straightforward stories they had told already. There was more novelty in the communications received from the Captain of the Spanish steamer *Beneta*, a vessel which was in the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Villano just before the disaster, and the Captain of the S.S. *Peninsula*, which passed the *Serpent* in the afternoon of the 10th. But though their statements were new, they only confirm the belief that the *Serpent* was lost by an error of navigation. The Court could come to no other decision.

In the course of the inquiry, every other explanation of the wreck was conclusively shown to be untenable. Much had been made of the effect of the land on the compasses. It appears, however, that the Spanish Captain whose statement was read to the Court had never noticed that any impression was produced on his compasses, though he had navigated those waters for fifteen years. Staff-Commander CREAK, who was examined on this point, explained that, though the land affects the compasses, its influence on them in the case of the *Serpent* would have been very trifling. Moreover, what influence it did have should have worked for the safety of the ship. In the Northern Hemisphere the land attracts the compass, which means that it draws the northern point of the needle to itself, and therefore turns the southern point away. As the *Serpent* was going to the South, with the land to the east of her, this error should have kept her off the land. It cannot therefore be said that the influence, whatever it is, of the iron coast of Spain on the ship's compasses had any share in causing the wreck of the ship. Neither does it appear that there is any ground for thinking that the vessel was swept out of her course by a current of exceptional strength. Neither the *Beneta* nor the *Peninsula* noticed any current other than that which is always to be met off Finisterre. If the Captain of the S.S. *Peninsula* has accurately stated the position of his vessel at the time when she met the *Serpent* on the afternoon of the 10th, and if LUXON has remembered accurately the course which he was ordered to steer on that afternoon, it seems certain that she was directly headed for the land. Staff-Commander EDWARDS, who worked out her course on this hypothesis, calculated that it would place her four and a half miles to the east of the place at which she was actually lost. This agrees fairly well with the alteration of her course to the westward which was made during the afternoon. It is obvious that Captain Ros knew himself to be too far to the eastward, and it is also, unhappily, certain that he misjudged the amount of his deviation from the safe track. Everything, in fact, points to an error in navigation, as the only possible explanation of the disaster. The report that land had been sighted in the course of the afternoon is not supported by any evidence. If it had turned out to be well founded, the case against Captain Ros and his navigating officer would be very serious indeed. As it is, it only appears that they made a mistake, of which the exact nature can only be guessed at. The fact that the consequences of their error were terrible does not prove that it was of a very gross nature. On the other hand, it cannot be forgotten that the *Serpent* was lost on one of the very best known and most frequented pieces of dangerous coast in the world. Hundreds of merchant-ships, indeed thousands, pass Cape Finisterre every year. Every war-ship which leaves England for every foreign station in the South and East must necessarily follow the track from which the *Serpent* so fatally deviated on the wrong side. Had Captain Ros and his navigating officer survived the loss of their vessel, it would have been a serious aggravation of the charge against them that they went wrong in such familiar waters and among dangers successfully avoided by thousands of seamen of all nations—dangers, too, which can so easily be left at a safe distance by the simple precaution of taking enough sea-room. The Court went as carefully as the evidence before it would allow, into the alleged unseaworthiness of the vessel. We can see nothing in that evidence that the class to which the *Serpent* belonged is really satisfactory; but there was no shred of proof that she either broke down or proved unmanageable. The fact that she was as sound as her design permitted her to be, and that her fittings were of good quality, together with the excellent discipline shown by the ship's company under very severe trial, are the only satisfactory features of a very melancholy story.

The judgment of the Admiralty on the naval manœuvres this summer contains even less which is new than the finding of the *Serpent* court-martial. There is, in fact, as far as it deals with the actual manœuvres, nothing which has not been said here in other words and from another point of view. The Admiralty has to make this sufficiently obvious observation, that the two fleets only proved that when there is plenty of sea-room ships can avoid meeting one another very easily. The judges are painfully conscious that these operations must necessarily be very much of a sham as pictures of real war. They do not, of course, put it quite so crudely as that; but this is what they say. The hostile fleet might have given more sport if, instead of taking full advantage of the permission to avoid observation, it had come into the narrow seas. If, however, it had done this, we doubt whether the consequent operations would have been more instructive than those which actually took place. It is not very probable that in real warfare the weaker fleet would come where the stronger had the best possible chance of catching it. The most is made, very naturally, of the instruction to be gained from the success with which Sir MICHAEL CULME SEYMOUR coaled his ships at sea. For our part, we are not sure that the most is very much. After all, Sir MICHAEL had the advantage of very fine weather. No doubt in real warfare an admiral who found the conditions equally favourable could do the same thing; but during by far the greater part of the year no admiral could calculate on finding calm weather at sea, and where the penalties of failure would be so very serious as they must be in actual warfare, no officer would like to run the risk of finding himself short of coal far from an anchorage, and in rough weather where he had no friendly port within reach. The mere fact that he had a whole fleet of coal transports with him would be no advantage if the weather did not allow him to tranship the coal. War cannot be conducted on the supposition that the conditions will always be of the most favourable character. Very much the same criticism must be made on what is said of the torpedo attack made on Admiral TRYON's fleet at Plymouth. The Admiralty say, in speaking of this incident, that "during the late "manœuvres it was proved by actual experience that there "are officers who can navigate their boats for hours together "across a crowded route, can reach their objective punc-"tually at the prearranged time, and can then manœuvre "at very high speed at night in an anchorage so filled with "shipping that manœuvring in it when fresh and in broad "daylight would require much care and attention." We admire the dash, spirit, and power of steering at high speed shown by the officers of the torpedo-boats which came over from Scilly to Plymouth as highly as they deserve; but a reserve must be made when the Admiralty goes on to say that we must revise our opinion of the effective radius of torpedo-boat action. Under what conditions is that effective radius to be supposed to exist? The torpedo-boat attack which opened the manœuvres of this year took place on a remarkably fine summer night. It was, in the opinion of

the Admiral commanding at Plymouth, altogether premature. He had taken no measures of precaution against it, as he dated the beginning of the manœuvres later than the officer commanding at Scilly. The torpedo-boat lieutenants, therefore, had really nothing to consider beyond the difficulty of steering at a high rate of speed. But we must decline to believe that such conditions as these could be reproduced in actual warfare except by an extraordinary combination of accidents on which nobody has got any right to calculate. If England and France were, unhappily, at war at this moment, what could English torpedo-boats starting from Scilly, or French torpedo-boats from Cherbourg, do in the Channel in the condition in which it has been for weeks? After all, that is the question. During ten months of the year at least the Channel is very seldom indeed in the condition of a millpond, and unless it is, we venture to believe that such a raid as was made from Scilly would not be possible. Moreover, in war-time Admiral TRYON would not have been found in dressing-gown and slippers, taking his ease in Plymouth harbour. The extremely artificial character of these manœuvres makes the solemn official comment on them sound very unreal. For the rest, we suspect that the official judges are pretty much of that opinion themselves. There are various indications in their Report that they secretly hold what we think is the rational opinion—namely, that the best these manœuvres can do is to give officers and men opportunities of cruising and practising in squadron. To be sure this is much; but then it could be attained without a parade of tactical problems which can never be fairly worked out in the time allowed for naval manœuvres, even if a dozen other necessary conditions were not inevitably absent in peace-time.

THE LIBERAL-UNIONISTS' DINNER.

IT would be highly distasteful to us to have to compare the historian unfavourably with the politician, and we are glad, therefore, to feel that it would be unfair to found any such comparison on a couple of after-dinner speeches, in which a politician of only average capacity might not improbably have an advantage over a historian of exceptional gift. But, inasmuch as at the Liberal-Unionists' dinner the other night the chair was filled by a political orator of far more than ordinary accomplishment, who, moreover, spoke, under the inspiring influences of the moment, perhaps a little "above his form," it will be still less disparagement to the discourse delivered by the guest of the evening to express our decided preference for the speech of the Chairman. Sir HENRY JAMES, however, was fortunate in being expected to confine himself almost wholly to contemporary politics. He was not called upon to do more, and, in fact, he did little more than discuss the present situation of the Irish Question, and to say that he discussed it with much force, and even eloquence, is to say little. A Liberal-Unionist, especially a prominent actor in the secession in 1886, who does not find his tongue unloosed, and his mouth filled with winged words at this particular juncture, may rest assured that he will never make a stirring speech in his life. Sir HENRY JAMES has made many such, on less provocation, and he was naturally moved on this occasion to a display of unwonted oratorical vigour. His speech throughout was in the "alone-we-did-"it" strain, but we should be the last to criticize it on that account, or to deny that the Liberal-Unionists have an exclusive right to that inspiriting tune. Alone they did it; that is the unquestionable fact. They have a perfect right to point to the Irish Pandemonium, and to remind the British nation, and above all the Gladstonians thereto belonging, they have to thank the Liberal-Unionists for the happy circumstance that they are at the moment the spectators of merely a slightly magnified street row instead of a bloody civil war.

That Mr. FROUDE's views on contemporary Irish politics are substantially identical with those of Sir HENRY JAMES is, of course, to be assumed; but it was, or he conceived it to be, his duty to deal with his subject historically; and we all know that some of Mr. FROUDE's opinions upon Irish history, both remote and recent, are not easy to reconcile either with his present political convictions or with each other. He hardly seems to know whether to bless or ban the Irish Protestant Parliament of the period before 1782; and, although he frankly admits the necessity of the Union, he seems to part but unwillingly with the notion that GRATTAN's inefficient and dangerous political machine might have been somehow or other made to work. Again, although he holds, and holds quite rightly, by the conviction that what Ireland needs is, not to govern herself, which she is incapable of doing, but to be well governed by England, he has persuaded himself that Mr. GLADSTONE made a beginning of good government by the Land Act of 1881. How he reconciles this with the fact that the party to which he himself belongs is at this moment labouring to make a clean sweep of the whole agrarian system which that Act established, and that they are doing so with the acknowledged approval, though with the insincere and indirect opposition, of its authors, and with the intention of replacing it by a gigantic financial and political experiment which no nation would think of attempting except under compulsion of an absolutely intolerable *status quo*—how, we say, he contrives to reconcile his approval of Mr. GLADSTONE's land legislation nine years ago with these facts, we are at a loss to imagine. He may perhaps contend that the legislation itself would have done no harm if firm government had gone hand in hand with it; but, unless he means by this that the same Imperial Parliament which passed the Irish Land Act ought to have gone on to disfranchise Ireland—a proposition for which there is much to be said—the contention which we have hypothetically attributed to him will not help him much. For it was a simple impossibility to continue the firm government of Ireland with legislation which despoiled and paralysed the class by whose assistance, whatever their shortcomings, which Mr. FROUDE, by the way, most unfairly exaggerates, the country had theretofore been governed.

MARKS AND BUTTERFIELD.

THE acquittal of Mr. BUTTERFIELD on the charge of libelling Mr. MARKS was a rather unexpected termination of a ten days' trial which was less than a nine days' wonder. Even if more exciting events had not absorbed the attention of the public, most people had become weary of what seemed like an endless and almost unintelligible case. Interest has, however, been revived by the strange and quasi-dramatic manner in which the protracted proceedings ended on Wednesday. Although the jury, after little more than an hour's deliberation, found the defendant BUTTERFIELD Not Guilty, the RECORDER at once expressed his entire disagreement with the verdict, describing it as "utterly "wrong." The jury expressly found that the libel was true in substance and in fact, adding, in accordance with the terms of Lord CAMPBELL's Act, that its publication had been for the benefit of the community. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, whose experience of criminal justice is as great as that of any judge on the Bench, quarrels with both portions of this finding. He says that, in the first place, it cannot be for the advantage of the public that ancient scandals should be raked up, and hurled against a man's private character, merely because he promotes companies and edits a financial journal. In the second place, he protests that there was not a particle of evidence to warrant the title-page of the libellous pamphlet. No one can deny that this complete and direct conflict between the exponent of the law and the arbiters of the facts is a very serious matter indeed. Of course the practical result is wholly unaffected by the RECORDER's opinion. Mr. BUTTERFIELD was at once discharged, and Mr. MARKS was directed, as the statute enjoins, to pay the whole costs of the defence, which must be considerable. There can be no new trial after a verdict of Not Guilty in a criminal court, and Mr. MARKS has no appeal against a decision which casts a grave slur upon his character. "Libel or no libel is for the jury." This, the main doctrine of FOX's Act, or ERSKINE's Act, as it should perhaps be more properly called, applies in terms to a prosecution as this was, and not to a civil action, as it might have been. All students of legal history will remember the famous conversation between Lord Chancellor THURLOW and Lord CAMDEN in the House of Lords. Lord THURLOW wished to introduce a general provision for new trials. Lord CAMDEN, "What! a new trial when the "defendant has been acquitted?" Lord THURLOW, "Yes." Lord CAMDEN, "No, I thank you." "You are a British "jury," said Mr. Justice MAULE on one occasion, "and you "can do anything you like." It must, however, be re-

membered that the form of procedure was chosen by Mr. MARKS. He might have sued Mr. BUTTERFIELD for damages, as Mr. BUTTERFIELD had previously and unsuccessfully sued him. He chose to put his adversary in the dock, to shut his mouth, and to demand a punishment which might have amounted to imprisonment for a year. If he does not altogether like the consequences, he has only himself to thank.

At the same time it is impossible not to agree with the RECORDER in his remarks about the public interest. To prove that Mr. MARKS is at the present time abusing his position as editor of the *Financial Times* to puff commercial enterprises in which he is himself concerned might be a laudable act on Mr. BUTTERFIELD's part, or at least one deserving the gratitude of investors, from whatever motive it was performed. To show that eleven or twelve years ago Mr. MARKS, then a very young man, seduced and swindled a German widow in New York, cannot, with all due deference to the jury, do the slightest good to any rational human being. Yet here, again, one must bear in mind that, by putting the criminal law in motion, Mr. MARKS deliberately gave himself an advantage, and made it incumbent upon Mr. BUTTERFIELD to prove truth plus public interest, instead of truth alone. Mr. BUTTERFIELD has succeeded, and those who gamble must pay the stakes. The previous history of the parties, whom two juries have virtually designated as pot and kettle, may perhaps supply an explanation of the course which Mr. MARKS thought fit to adopt, and for which his own counsel made a kind of apology. Four years ago Mr. BUTTERFIELD, an American, then newly arrived in this country, floated, or helped to float, the Great Homer Consolidated Mining Company. This scheme was severely criticized by the *Financial News*, which alleged, in the picturesque language of the Stock Exchange, that Great Homer was a wild cat. The article containing this attack was published on the 28th of December, 1886. Mr. BUTTERFIELD went to law, and claimed as damages the modest sum of a hundred thousand pounds. Our admirable system of jurisprudence—the envy of surrounding nations and the glory of our own—enabled this dispute to be settled in the month of June 1890, when the libel was held to have been justified, and a verdict passed for the defendant MARKS. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in his opening statement at the Old Bailey, declared that Mr. MARKS's taxed costs, which came to nearly a thousand pounds, had never been paid, and that Mr. BUTTERFIELD had become a bankrupt without available assets. In these circumstances, Mr. MARKS may have felt the impossibility of getting blood from a stone, and may have thought that the only mode of vindicating his reputation was the indictment of his assailant. The right of every private citizen to invoke the terrors of the law in the august name of the Crown exists in no other European country than this. It would have been most desirable to lay the case against Mr. BUTTERFIELD before the preliminary tribunal of a Public Prosecutor.

The title-page, denounced by the RECORDER as not sustained by a fragment of evidence, runs as follows:—"The same HARRY MARKS. He is exploiting London now, "after overdoing New York. A sad story told by one of "his victims. Widow KOPPEL's jewelry borrowed to go "to a Seligmann dinner. The woman robbed, ill-used, and "deserted." A worse libel has seldom appeared. The jury have found it to be true, and that its publication was a duty. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS says, not merely that he disagrees with the jury, but that they had no evidence to go upon. If a judge had so expressed himself in a civil case, and the plaintiff had chosen to move for a new trial, it would have been granted almost as a matter of course. Mr. GILL said that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL ought to have submitted to the Court, as a point of law, that there was no evidence of justification. But Sir CHARLES could not have done so. Mr. MARKS was, no doubt, in reality upon his trial, and the defendant was bound to prove the charges in his pamphlet as strictly as if the prosecutor had been indicted for them. Yet, in form, the defendant was not MARKS, but BUTTERFIELD, and though a judge may direct an acquittal, he cannot direct a conviction. The RECORDER might, indeed, have given the jury a good deal more assistance than he did actually give them. He might have summed up with greater fulness, and he might have commented upon the startling narrative of the Rae Mine. The jury, however, had the whole testimony on both sides before them, and a London jury ought to understand matters of business. The two principal witnesses, Mrs. KOPPEL and Mr. MARKS himself, were examined and cross-examined at great length. Mr. MARKS displayed extraordinary ability, and was altogether too much for Mr. GILL. He did not deny the intrigue with Mrs. KOPPEL, but he absolutely repudiated having swindled her of out her property, or left her without means. Mrs. KOPPEL was compelled to acknowledge that she had signed receipts for frequent remittances from Mr. MARKS, and could only explain this apparent contradiction by the rather lame excuse that she did not know what she was signing. The RECORDER did not think the affairs of the Rae Mine relevant to the issue. They were, however, by far the most interesting part of the case, and they certainly appear to be not unconnected with the charge of "exploiting London," subject to the rather fine point raised by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL on the word "now." Mr. GILL, whose knowledge of French seems to be limited, says that "exploiting" means "defrauding." It is usually supposed to mean "making the most of," and would, therefore, require an innuendo to be libellous. The whole story of the Rae Mine, with its nominal vendor, its sham gold, and the unscrupulous "bearing" of the shares in the *Financial News*, was most discreditable to Mr. MARKS, and must have strongly influenced the jury.

The moral of the case, so far as it can be said to have one, is that nobody should ever invest money on the authority of a financial newspaper. This may look rather like saying that people should not be taken in by the confidence trick, or that offers to send fifty pounds by return of post in exchange for five shillings should be received with suspicion. But, sooner or later, by dint of repeated lessons, the most obvious truths are driven into the heads of country clergymen, half-pay officers, widows with small incomes, and the rest of the band by whom Rae Farms are turned into Rae Mines. The position of Mr. MARKS is awkward, although he endeavours to make the best of it by appealing in his paper from the jury to the RECORDER. One very curious and entertaining feature of the trial has been the perpetual sparring between the leading counsel on each side. Mr. C. F. GILL has succeeded in showing the world, especially that large class of mankind who make their living as solicitors, that he is not afraid of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. Up to a certain point it has been difficult not to sympathize with Mr. GILL. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is a great advocate and an ornament of his profession. But he expects to have things his own way, and is what schoolboys would call a bit of a bully. Like Mr. Justice STARELEIGH, his temper borders on the irritable, and he brooks not contradiction. The spectacle of Mr. GILL standing up to him and, in the cant phrase, giving him as good as he brought, was therefore not without its charms. But when counsel says to an opponent, eminent or humble, "You are paid to say "that," and suggests that a brother barrister was retained because he had married the daughter of the solicitor who retained him, he lowers his own dignity, and debases the tone of the Bar. The RECORDER made some strong remarks in charging the jury upon the unprofessional conduct of the defence. It would have been better if he had interfered at the time, and not created in the public mind an impression of disapproving helplessness. Indeed, the whole proceedings were unworthy of a court of justice. Mr. BUTTERFIELD's friends, or Mr. MARKS's enemies, assembled in large numbers, and applauded as if they had been in a theatre. It is to be regretted that Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS wanted the necessary authority to suppress disgraceful disorder.

THE CONVICT HARGAN.

MR. MATTHEWS has taken a little longer time than could really have been necessary in making up his mind to advise the commutation of the sentence upon WALTER HARGAN. Delay of this sort in a case which, like this, is one of the simplest possible description, is always to be deplored, because it creates the avoidable and undesirable impression that the Home Secretary is at variance with public opinion on the merits of the matter, and is waiting to see whether the agitation will not blow over, while all the time prepared to yield to it against his own judgment if it should gather strength instead of subsiding. We are quite ready to believe that

such a theory of Mr. MATTHEWS's prolonged deliberation would do him grave injustice, and we cannot but regret, therefore, that he has not been a little more prompt in his decision. The case, we must repeat, was one of the plainest possible sailing; and it was clear not only that the sentence upon HARGAN was excessive, but that it was so excessive as to render it quite impossible for any Home Secretary to allow it to stand. This, in itself, relieved Mr. MATTHEWS of some difficulty. There are occasions on which a Minister may well regard it as his duty to treat a judge's sentence very much as judges themselves frequently treat a jury's assessment of damages. He may say, that is, that, though he himself would have been disposed to inflict a lighter penalty, he will not undertake to disturb a decision arrived at upon better means of forming it than he himself possesses. Judges, however, do not so treat a finding of damages when it is plainly unreasonable, which was the case with the punishment awarded to WALTER HARGAN by Mr. Justice CHARLES. That this is the HOME SECRETARY's own view is more than evident; for it appears not only from the fact, but from the amount of the commutation. And the monstrosity of a penalty so grossly and flagrantly disproportionate to the offence visited by it that a revising authority has, as in the present instance, to strike off ninety-five per cent. of its term, ought surely to have been discoverable in less than two months.

However, the discovery has been made, or at least acted upon, at last, and HARGAN, instead of doing twenty years of penal servitude, will undergo a year's imprisonment with hard labour. The addition of this latter incident to his punishment goes some way to reduce the actual amount of the grace which has been nominally extended to him; but Mr. MATTHEWS may have felt that he could not well reduce the term to one-twentieth of its length without adding something to the severity of the penalty. HARGAN will, no doubt, prefer a year of hard labour to five or seven years of the lighter discipline of penal servitude; and though, morally speaking, he has perhaps already suffered an adequate retribution for his offence, such as it was, there might have been some difficulty in advising the grant of a free pardon to a man whose act, whatever excuses may be pleaded for it, cannot be said to come within the legal definition of justifiable homicide. But if it was not exactly *se defendendo* in the technical sense of the phrase that he fired upon his pursuers, the act was done in a species of self-defence to which, in the particular circumstances of the district wherein the affair took place, and having regard to the character and behaviour of the other parties to it, no man could be severely blamed for resorting. If HARGAN's life was not in positive danger at the moment of his firing his revolver, he had reasonable grounds for believing that danger to it was imminent, and, what is more, it has never been denied, either on his trial or subsequently to it, that the belief was, in fact, well founded. We have no reason to think that even the judge who sentenced him seriously doubts that, if the three ruffians in pursuit of HARGAN had been allowed to overtake him, they would have savagely assaulted him, and as likely as not with fatal results. We certainly cannot afford to encourage the class to whom these scoundrels belonged by inflicting a heavy sentence on any man who may chance to be a little precipitate in taking their precious lives.

THE ROMANCE OF CHINESE.

TALLEYRAND'S celebrated saying that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts has, after all, a very partial application, and has reference only to the "Words! words! words!" with which civilized man baffles and belabours his antagonists. When the world was young the framers of speech adopted quite another policy. Their object was to enlighten and not to mystify, and in their simplicity they laid bare in their language their modes of thought and manners of life with the greatest freedom. They proclaimed to the world through their words their systems of government, their social customs, their principal callings, their domestic relationships, and the texture of their minds. Years ago Professor Max Müller taught us to recognize the agricultural habits of the Aryans in such words as that for "daughter" (duhitar), and to trace in their tongue references to the arts of ploughing, of making roads, of building ships, to the existence of the bonds of blood, the bonds of marriage, and of other social relationships. Again, it has even been pointed out that we might discover from their speech the kind of trees under which they rested and from the bark of which they made their frail canoes.

These are some of the grains of knowledge which are to be gathered from the words of primitive man; but certain nations, not content with allowing us these glimpses into their ancient history, have been at the pains of so expressing their words on paper as to add pictorial illustration to inductive information. The Egyptians, the Babylonians, and the Chinese have all adopted writings which more than half reveal the meanings which their scripts represent. For purposes of illustration the last of these is the most easily available, since the hieroglyphic nature of their written characters is well preserved and plainly discernible. At first the writing was *only* hieroglyphic, and the Chinese wrote as the North American Indians still write, in a series of pictures. The drawing of a man walking away from the sun rising above the horizon, in the direction of a wigwam or house, served the Chinese, as it now serves "Brown Bear" and his comrades to express "I will call upon you to-morrow." But, though this kind of picture-writing might be sufficient for people such as the Douglases of old, who "loved better to hear the lark sing than a mouse cheep," it was plainly inadequate for the wants of a settled people endowed with a literary instinct and of peaceful and thoughtful natures.

It is the custom to laugh at Chinamen for their intense conservatism and their stolid opposition to all change; but at least a deep debt of gratitude is due to them for preserving their writing intact for our enlightenment and instruction. It is true that the inspection of the dictionary of their language has carried dismay, and will continue to carry dismay, to the minds of beginners, but many of its pages furnish the scholar with an interesting insight into the lines on which the ideas of Chinamen run, and the estimate which they have formed of themselves and their surroundings. Around a majority of these quaint-looking characters rests a halo of romance which took shape at their conception. No more fanciful picture can be imagined than the Chinese account of the invention of their writing. Compared with Ts'angkieh, Cadmus was an everyday individual. Even in outward appearances the Chinese sage transcended all other human shapes. With almost Buddha-like powers of perception, he was gifted with four eyes, and the countenance of a dragon, and there can be no doubt that, if he really saw all that he is said to have seen, his four eyes can hardly have been sufficient for his purpose. In the marks on the back of a tortoise, the footprints of birds, and the stars of heaven he saw the models on which he elaborated the written characters of the language. The instantaneous effect of this invention was as remarkable as the invention itself. "Heaven caused showers of grain to descend from on high; the disembodied spirits wept in the darkness; and the dragons withdrew themselves from sight."

A more prosaic account might be found of the origin of Chinese writing, but our concern at present is with the ideographic characters, as they now appear in common use, and not with the manner in which they were hatched from the dark shell of man's ignorance. Naturally, the objects of nature first exercised the ingenuity of the Chinese depictors of ideas. The heavenly bodies were always before them, and the hieroglyphics representing them were among their first efforts. But the time came when they were called upon to express on paper, by means of compound characters, the various phases of the sun and moon, for example. The drawing of "the sun above a straight line" was sufficient to indicate the early dawn, and as it rose higher above the horizon and shone through the trees, it suggested an ideogram reproducing the scene (the sun shining through a tree) to represent the East. The "sun" and "to reign" compounded together was considered sufficiently descriptive of "the sun brightening into full day." The darkness before dawn was "the sun + not yet." As it sank towards the west it was a "shielded sun," and evening was an "escaped sun." For a description of "brightness" in the abstract the services of the moon were called into play, and the two luminaries, placed side by side, represented very effectively the idea. But what about the stars? Their relative size supported the notion of their being the offspring of the sun, and so they were named "Born of the Sun."

Descending to earth, we find that man and his concerns largely exercised the inventive powers of the elaborators of ideograms. "A man" and "two" stood for humanity and regard for one another. "A man's words" were truthful, sincere, and "half a man" was a companion, an idea of fellowship which seems to indicate that, according to Chinese ideas, a perfect man, like happiness, was born a twin. Etiquette or decorum was "the righteousness of man." "A white man" was a nobleman or chief, probably referring to a time when the Chinese were brought into contact with the darker-skinned aboriginal tribes of China, and "a valley man" was one of the common herd. "A man's fault" was dissipation, as it often is here as well as in China, and a woman's hesitation and uncertainty; while extravagance was represented by a symbol signifying "a man's excess," and wantonness "a woman's." It has to be admitted that the characters drawn of women in the ideograms is by no means always complimentary, which, of course, must be attributed to a complete ignorance of the sex on the part of inventors of writing. How else can we explain the facts that a compound of "two women" represents strife, and of "three" intrigues? Or, again, that to suspect, to dislike, should find expression in a character composed of "a woman," plus "together with"; or that saucy, pert, should be represented by a

"moreover woman." It is curious to note that an ideogram formed of "a wave" and "a woman" stands for a virago, just as a wave-man, or Ronin, in Japanese, means a lawless adventurer.

That men who can for an instant find it necessary to associate the idea of women with such malicious meanings should ever admit the existence in China of matriarchy is not to be expected. But in the ancient history of the people we find not a few references to this Old World system, and in one of the common characters now in use a perpetual memory is unconsciously kept up of its existence. A tribe is still expressed by an ideogram composed of the parts "woman," "born," evidently referring to a time before the institution of marriage, when the mothers were the heads of families and tribes. This is an older idea than that associating rest and peace with "a woman at home," or like, according to, with a "woman's mouth." But the experience of the inventors was evidently not uniform on the complacent nature of women's utterances and conduct, for they describe to hinder, to oppose, by the compound "an angular woman," and crafty, plotting, treacherous, by "an offending woman." The character composed of "a woman under two trees," and meaning to desire, to covet, has quite a Garden-of-Eden air about it, and the idea of to love being represented by an ideogram formed of a "woman and her son" shows that even such contemners of women as the Chinese can recognize the purity and devotion of a mother's affection for her child. Two distinct words are used to express the marriage of a man and the marriage of a woman. A character compounded of "to take" and "woman" expresses the act on the man's part, and one formed of "a woman" and "a household" (to woman a household) denotes the transference of a bride to her new home.

The ideal of beauty among the Chinese differs as widely from ours as do their written characters from our A B C. Not long since a member of the Chinese Legation was looking at a photographic group of decidedly pretty young English ladies, and being asked whether he admired them, replied, "No, they are difficult to look at, difficult to look at." As to figure, a willow-like waist, and a bending, yielding form are the objects of highest admiration in China, and so a character formed of parts signifying "a woman" and "curved" is used to denote beautiful, lovely, comely. Many meanings connected with women are associated with characters which *primâ facie* bear no relation to them whatever. One of the most curious of these is *Hüen*, which means a kind of day lily, but which has attached to itself the meaning of a mother from the current belief that the root of this plant when carried about by married women is conducive to that state in which ladies like to be who love their lords.

At the present time, and, for the matter of that, from the beginning of their regular history, the Chinese are and have been a purely agricultural people; but if we are to accept the evidence of their characters, there must have been a time when they followed the calling of shepherds. A people who describe their idea of the beautiful by a character composed of "a great sheep"; right, equity, by one made up of "my sheep"; and to discourse, or reason upon, by one formed of "to speak of sheep," cannot have been exclusively agricultural in their habits. On the other hand, their claim to be considered tillers of the soil finds support in the character used to signify profit, advantage. This is one compounded of "grain" and "a knife," pointing to the idea that the produce of the field was the source of all profit. In the same way harmony, agreement, are expressed by an ideogram made up of "grain" and a "man's mouth," which will seem an especially appropriate symbol to all those who have watched the harmonious expression of a Chinaman's face as he shovels a bowlful of rice into his capacious mouth.

It has been asserted by a modern comparative philologist that all words originally bore both a meaning and its opposite. If, so argues this scholar, we can imagine that there was such a word in Egyptian as H I G H, meaning "high," we may be quite sure that it also meant "low." It is fortunate that the author of this quaint fancy had not turned over the pages of a Chinese dictionary, or he may have found fuel to preserve a flame which has no existence but as an *ignis fatuus*. If, for example, he had discovered that the same Chinese character stands for "to lend" and "to borrow"; that "a guest" and "to act the host" find the same expression on paper as in the Latin *hospes*; that "work" and "leisure" are represented by the same ideogram; and that one symbol signifies both "to ask for alms" and "to give," a most dangerous support would have been given to his hitherto harmless theory. And we shudder to think what a fertile imagination might be able to coin out of such fact as that the word *yen* means both "a swallow" (the bird) and the verb "to swallow." But we will abstain from further Chinese curiosities, lest we should open the floodgates of linguistic faddism.

SIR EDGAR BOEHM.

THE sudden death of Sir Edgar Boehm, and the announcement that Mr. Calder Marshall has retired from membership of the Royal Academy, have made the art of English sculpture prominent this week in public comment. The section of sculptors in the Royal Academy has been completely transformed within a very short space of time. Of the seven members who represented the art in 1880, only two remain, Mr. Woolner and Mr. Armstead. Before we record our impressions of Sir Edgar Boehm, taken from us so untimely, we may refer briefly to the career of Mr. Calder Marshall, who retires upon his laurels at the ripe age of seventy-seven. Mr. Marshall carries with him the esteem and the affection of all his younger colleagues. Born into a world and trained in theories very different from theirs, and never really convinced by modern taste, Mr. Marshall, on the many occasions when it has been in his power to make or mar the exhibition of the works of young men, has never failed to do elaborate justice to them, has maintained a loyal attitude towards them in relation to the outer world, and has scrupulously avoided pressing his own views to the front. He was a pupil in the studio of Baily when the tradition of Flaxman was at its height of prestige, and he has always held that sculpture is not safe unless it walks obediently in the steps of Greek convention. He was an exhibitor so long ago as 1835, when sculpture was represented in the Academy by the elder Westmacott, by Rossi, and by Wyon, and when Gibson was but a recently-elected associate. He must feel the contrast between the field he then entered and the field he leaves. May he long survive to enjoy his amply-earned repose.

Sir Edgar Boehm filled, it must be confessed, a much larger place in popular estimation. It may be said, without much exaggeration, that to the bulk of ordinary folk the work of this Hungarian artist represented English sculpture. He was less of a foreigner than people imagined; three years of his boyhood, and nearly thirty years of his comparatively brief later life, were spent in this country. But for a little touch of the Viennese burr which stuck to his tongue, he would have passed, without question, for an English gentleman of a fashionable type, fond of sport, of games, of horses. The daily papers have recounted the incidents of his life, which were not numerous nor very remarkable. He was a man of great persistence and ceaseless energy, and he was aided in rising by a peculiarly courtly tact. When he was thirty, at the Exhibition of 1864, he achieved his first definite success in England, and it is curious to note that he showed from this initial step wherein his skill would lie—namely, in the three departments of busts, portrait statuettes, and equestrian statues. Eleven years later the great achievement of his "Carlyle," on the Chelsea Embankment, set the seal to Sir Edgar (then Mr.) Boehm's popularity. In the higher class of portraiture he never surpassed this masterly statue, with its fine combination of learned modelling and chastened realism. It is much to be regretted that, led aside by we know not what caprice or instability, Sir Edgar Boehm at this turning point of his career chose rather to be popular than to be great, surrendered his genius in some sensible measure to a courtier's desire of pleasing, and sacrificed humanity to buttons. Undoubtedly, he allowed himself to be hampered with excess of commissions, and permitted work to leave his studio which bore signs of haste and fatigue. At length it was only in his smaller works, in his sketches and in certain of his busts, that we could look for the Boehm whom we knew, the modeller of unsurpassed skill, the animal-sculptor of unquestionable genius. His dislike of the primitive forms of the Parthenon friezes, a dislike which was ludicrously patent, and which he never sought to conceal in conversation, was in great part a revolt against that smooth and "tongue-licked" surface which Baily and Gibson had patronized in his youth. But behind it there lay a perilous want of sensitiveness to beauty of form. The Hungarian sculptor was primarily a seeker after picturesqueness. His few ideal statues were failures.

In his amusing contempt for the horses of Attic art he had more to say for himself. Sir Edgar Boehm's racehorses were decidedly remarkable, and will become historical documents. From the "Johnnie Armstrong" of 1864 to his recent "Cremorne" prancing along in charge of an old groom, the series of bronze winners of the Derby and the Oaks which left the studio of Sir Edgar Boehm form a durable, and will one day be thought a very curious, monument to the taste of our time. Most of these were admirably designed and executed, like the best of his portrait-busts of men. It cannot be said that Sir Edgar Boehm was often happy in his large public monuments. He had little power of composition, and a realistic note, effective enough in the small, proved ugly or absurd when translated on a large scale. With great cleverness he lacked style, and his work at best appealed to the world more than to artists. But, when all has been said in reserve, it remains true that his early and affecting death leaves a very serious blank in the art of our time.

The removal of Sir Edgar Boehm very sensibly widens the chasm between the old and the new schools of English sculpture, over which his modified realism and prosaic picturesqueness made a kind of bridge. We suppose that his place and that of Mr. Calder Marshall will, as seems natural, be filled by Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Brock, who are the most prominent associate-sculptors. This will make room, in the lower grade, for the election of two among the rising outsiders, and the new school will find itself absolutely dominant among the Academicians. To those who, like ourselves, have been foremost for the last ten years in pressing the claims of that school, such a result, though we deplore the cause of it, cannot but be encouraging.

THE NEVV WORLD OF WORDS.

EVEN for those who neither know nor care much about etymology, there is often more fun to be got out of an old dictionary than a new novel. It is proverbial that Johnson's Dictionary is an entertaining book; but Johnson's is not as other dictionaries, and in recommending any other for light reading one feels a certain amount of hesitation. Nevertheless, we venture to call the attention of the unlearned to a dictionary about a hundred years older, which, although familiar enough to literary men, is not so well known as it deserves to be among lovers of the curious. It is called *The Nevv World of Words*, and it describes itself as a "Generall English Dictionary containing ye proper significations Etimologies of all words not vulgarly known deriued from other languages and usd for the adornment of our English toungue." At the beginning is a list of "Persons of this Age Eminent in, or contributory to, any of those Arts Sciences or Faculties contained in the following work." These include "Antiquities, William Dugdale Esq."; "Husbandry, John Evelin Esq."; "Musick, Mr. Matthew Lock"; "Painting, Peter Lilly Esq."; "Fishing, Mr. Isaac Walton"; and it may be worth noticing that the book was published only about fifty years after the death of Shakspeare.

In taking a rapid glance at this dictionary of two hundred and twenty years ago, we will avoid the legal, heraldic, nautical, and other technical terms with which it abounds, and, with some few exceptions, we do not propose to notice any of the curious words in it which are also to be found in Johnson, such as ablaqueation, awhaped, lutulent, fetidical, horary, impignoration, sternutation, temulency, gibbosity, supervacaneous, and nitidity. Nor do we intend to dwell upon any "old words," as the author calls them, such as abarstick, bedoheer, bytrent, bywopen, and so on.

Our first specimen of this world of words shall be pantagruelist, which is from the "French," be it observed, and means "a merry drunkard or good fellow." From the French, again, comes "Blankmanger," "a kind of delicious meat made of Rice, Almond milk, Capon's brains" (imagine chicken in one's sweets!), "and other things." Turning from the French, we come upon two pretty words from the Latin signifying "a greedy devouring" and "excessive eating." They are helluation and popination. People who have insatiable appetites are inexsaturated. Gallimafry is "a kind of meat made up of several sorts of meats minced together. It was so called, either because it was allotted to the gally-slaves, or else because it was invented by the gaules." We give this word on account of the curious choice of derivations assigned to it, although it is to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, where it is spelt "Gallimaufry, *n.f.* [*galimafrée*, French]." Another word connected with things to be eaten, or, more strictly, with things not to be eaten, is omphacy, or unripe. This is "(Greek)." We may add to this category "*Pistrine* (Lat.), a grinding house, or mill; also a bakehouse." It will be remembered that when lawn-tennis was first invented it was called Spharistiky or Sphairistike, there being spirited correspondences as to the correct spelling of the name. All that trouble might have been saved had it been generally known that there was already in the English language a word for tennis adapted from the Greek in the euphonious sphæromachy. Members of Parliament who wish to abuse each other without using unparliamentary language would find *The Nevv World of Words* a useful handbook. They might gracefully call gentlemen on the other side of the House either blesiloquent or superbiloquent, and they might accuse an opponent of morology with impunity, whereas if they were to say that he was "talking like a fool," they might be called to order by the Speaker, who would consider them immorigerous (rude), and describe their behaviour as propudious (shameful). They would, in that case, feel their position to be one of inhonestation or disgrace; and they would undoubtedly think the Speaker iracundious; but, after all, in these days, who expects eutrapely (courtesy) in the House of Commons? All its members floccify (think little of) each other.

Faust is not only the name of a play and an opera, but an adjective signifying lucky; stank is not only the preterite of a certain ugly Anglo-Saxon verb, but also a word derived "from the Italian *stanco*, signifying weary, weak or faint." Here, however, we have wandered beyond our limits, for this word also appears in Johnson's Dictionary. Charientism "(Greek)" is "gracefulness: also a Rhetorical figure wherein a taunting expression is softned with a jest or pleasant peice of rallerick expression." We wonder what proportion of educated people know what minchings are. Minchings are "those consecrated Virgins whom we call Nuns." "Black buried" has nothing to do with the fruit growing on a certain bramble—it means "gone to hell." He who is remarkable for his procerity and macritude is tall and thin; he who is illecebrous is charming; he who is illepid is dull; he who is furibund is mad. Here are a couple of interesting zoological definitions:—"*Camelepardal*, a kind of beast, half camel, half pardal, or panther." "*Giraffe*, a certain beast in some parts of *Asia* so high, that a man on horseback may ride under its belly, having the hindmost leggs shorter than the formost, so that not being able to stoop down to grass, it feeds on the leaves of trees." They are evidently regarded as two very different animals. Irrogation is no misprint for irrigation, it means "an imposing upon." Effrœnation is rashness; denunciation is weeding, or the taking away of "anything that molesteth," and to be ephippiated is to be saddled. It is well known that Covent Garden means Convent Garden; but it is not usual to find "*Convent* or *Covent*" given in a dictionary as convertible terms with the same meaning, as they are in *The Nevv World of Words*. The common word cadger is defined by Johnson as a huckster who brings butter and poultry from the country to sell. From this older dictionary it seems that the word formerly referred exclusively to the selling of hawks, as "cadge" was "a term in Faulconry, being that upon which Faulconers carry their Hawkes when they bring them to sell." Swilpough is not a very familiar word. It is said to signify a dilling, and a dilling, it appears, is "a child born when the parents are old." What upper servants now speak of as "the juniors" were once called sufferaneous servants, and what we term military cadets used to be described as youths undergoing tyrociny. But, if we go on multiplying instances of obsolete words, we shall be accused of vecordity (stupidity), and we shall dispose our readers to sopition (going to sleep). We would rather advise them, in the words of the author, to "run through the whole Oeconomy of our forraign words" for themselves in this dictionary, which is commended to "the ingenuity of those that are enclined to learning, and the fortune of that entertainment which the World shall think fit to give it."

MONEY MATTERS.

THE American Congress seems bent upon pursuing the silver legislation which has already done so much injury to the country, and in the end must prove disastrous. It is now admitted by every one that the Silver Act of last Session is a failure; but the Silver party, instead of learning by experience, insists that the Act shall be supplemented by other measures to make it successful. The more thoroughgoing ask for free coinage; but to that the President and the Secretary of the Treasury are opposed, and they have arranged a compromise with the Republican members of the Senate, which, it is hoped, will satisfy the party generally. In the first place, the silver accumulated by mine-owners and speculators, estimated to be of the value of 12 millions of dollars, is to be bought at once by the Treasury. Secondly, the trade dollars, which were struck some years ago in the hope of helping American trade in the East, are to be recoined as standard dollars; and, in the third place, the Treasury is to buy from time to time silver bullion equivalent in value to the national banknotes withdrawn from circulation. As the Bill has not yet been introduced, it is not quite clear whether it is to be a substitute for the Act of last year, or to be supplemental to it. We presume, however, it is to be the latter; for it is not to be supposed that the Silver party would allow a merely temporary measure to take the place of a permanent one. Besides, all parties in the United States are under the delusion that there is not enough of currency in the country. But the proposed Bill would not increase the currency; it would only compensate for the banknotes withdrawn. We conclude, therefore, that the intended measure is to be a supplement to the Act of last Session, and if so, what will be its probable effect?

Assuming that it is passed, the first result undoubtedly will be a sharp rise in the price of silver. The price has recently fallen, because many speculators in New York were disabled by the stringency in the money market from holding any longer the stocks that had accumulated on their hands. The new Bill will relieve those who bought from them of those stocks, and since in this way the United States Treasury comes to the relief of speculators, the latter will be encouraged to buy largely once more in Europe and in Mexico, for the purpose of selling at a profit to the Treasury. In the second place, if the Bill is supplemental to the Act of last Session, the purchases of silver in the New Year will be at least twice as large as those provided for by the Act. It will be recollected that that measure required the Secretary of the Treasury to buy monthly 4½ million ounces of silver, while the new Bill proposes that silver shall be bought and notes issued in purchase, equivalent in amount to the banknotes withdrawn from circulation. But next year 61 million dollars of Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds fall due, and, of course, all will be paid off, while it is probable that the redemption will be very much larger. Assuming, however, that the purchases of bonds only amount to the redemption of the Four and a Halfs, and that those Four and a Halfs are held by banks as security for their circulation, then the Treasury will have to buy 61 million dollars' worth of silver to replace the notes cancelled, and also 54 million ounces under the Act of last session. It may safely be concluded, therefore, that the purchases next year will be twice what was required by the recent Act. As a matter of course, silver will be bought up all over the world, and sent to the United States for sale to the Treasury, and the price accordingly may be expected to rise possibly to 59*d.* per ounce. But, large as the Treasury purchases will be, it may safely be assumed that those of speculators will be larger still; and after a while, therefore, there will be a new accumulation of silver, which will weigh upon the market, and, if money becomes stringent and discredit continues, there will sooner or later be another fall, not improbably a heavy one, attended by serious consequences.

According to estimates carefully framed by the Treasury, the present circulation of the United States—coin and notes of all kinds—amounts to the enormous sum of 300 millions sterling, not far short of 5*l.* for every man, woman, and child in the Union. And the proposal now is not only to prevent this

circulation from decreasing, in consequence of the withdrawal of banknotes, but to increase it largely by the issue of silver notes, of silver coin and gold coin, and of gold certificates. Assuming that the proposed Bill passes, the silver notes issued under the Act of last Session will increase the circulation by about eleven millions sterling. Then there will be the recoined trade dollars, and in addition there will be all the gold raised from the mines represented either by coins or by certificates. It is incredible that so great an increase of circulation as this can go on for very long. Even now silver notes and silver certificates constitute about one-third of the total paper circulation of the country, and if this new Bill passes, it will before long be more than half the paper circulation. In a very short time, therefore, silver and silver notes will so largely predominate in the circulation that everybody will see that it must drive out gold. There are signs at present that gold is being hoarded. On any other hypothesis it is difficult to understand the present stringency in money, and the fact that gold coin and gold certificates enter into commercial transactions to a smaller extent now than they did nine years ago, when the gold in the country was 40 or 50 millions sterling less than it is at present. But as the silver issues go on the fear that gold will be driven out will grow stronger and stronger, and the desire to hoard it will become more general. Once hoarding begins on a large scale, it will be difficult to obtain gold on any terms, and very soon after it will rise to a premium. But if it does, credit will be shaken even worse than it has been up to the present, and very serious consequences must ensue. Whether public opinion will then insist upon the Government retracing its steps, or whether it will accept the inevitable, and take the consequence, cannot as yet be foreseen. If the public becomes alarmed, and stops the purchases of silver, the fall in the price will be greater even than the rise has been. There will be a general fear that the American Government may begin to sell, and there is no saying how low quotations may go. On the other hand, if the people will recognize that having gone so far the best course is to go farther, to allow gold to be exported, and to accept silver as practically the single standard of value, no very great harm will be done. To a large extent the preference for gold is sentimental. No doubt being so much more valuable than silver, it is a more convenient standard in wealthy countries. But except for that silver money is quite as good as gold. Nor would the United States suffer in their international transactions. They would always be rich enough to get gold for whatever purposes they required it, and their credit would remain as high as it is at present. But if the American people will not see this, and will insist on retaining both gold and silver in the circulation, it is perfectly clear that the course upon which they have embarked must lead to disaster. Wealthy as the country is, and fast as its wealth is growing, there is yet a limit to the quantity of notes which can remain in circulation. There must be some point, therefore, at which either the silver notes will be refused, or gold must be hoarded and exported. In either case there will be alarm and disturbance, with all the evils that follow.

In consequence of the proposed legislation in the United States, speculation both in America and in this country and India has revived, and the price of silver has sharply risen. At the end of last week it was 48¼*d.* per ounce; and early this week it rose to 49½*d.*, an advance in a couple of days of 1¼*d.* per ounce, or over 2½ per cent. And there has also been a considerable recovery in silver securities.

As was to have been expected, considering the suicidal competition of bankers, bill-brokers, and discount-houses, and the stringency that exists in so many foreign countries, gold continues to be withdrawn from the Bank in very large amounts. Last week nearly a million was taken for New York, and this week nearly 1,200,000*l.* has been withdrawn for Germany. It is true that last week the receipts from South America and Australia off-set the withdrawals for New York, but this week the shipments largely overbalanced the receipts. The German money market is very stringent. The Imperial Bank of Germany has been losing gold for a long time, and naturally, therefore, it has taken advantage of the first opportunity to replenish its coffers at the expense of the Bank of England. The Paris exchange upon London is also declining ominously, and unless there is a change here gold will probably be sent to Paris. At the mid-monthly settlement on the Paris Bourse this week money was found to be in strong demand, and at the settlement at the end of the month it will probably be still scarcer and dearer. Besides early in the new year the funding loan is to come out. In the meantime bankers and bill-brokers continue to compete with one another. Even on Wednesday, when nearly 700,000*l.* were withdrawn from the Bank for export, money was lent from day to day at from 2 to 2½ per cent., loans to New Year's Day were made at 3¼ per cent., and though the discount quotation was nominally 4 per cent., business was being done at 3⅞ and even 3¾ per cent. On Thursday the rate advanced to about 4⅛ per cent., but the supply of loanable capital in the market is so large that competition is sure to increase again and force down the value of money.

The stock markets have become quite inactive as Christmas approaches. The public is holding aloof, the large operators are lessening their accounts, and the members of the Stock Exchange themselves are following the general example. Naturally, therefore, prices have declined, though they are in many departments very much higher than under the circumstances could have been expected. Last week American railroad securities were run up in the belief that the money stringency was at an end, that an arrangement between the Western Railroad Companies would be brought about, and that Congress would inflate the currency. This week it is recognized that the Western Railroad arrangement is not likely to be carried through soon, that it will not be easy to carry further silver legislation, and that the commercial difficulties which are so general and so widespread are still very serious. There has, however, not been a very sharp fall, but prices generally have declined. Home railway stocks have likewise given way. Every careful observer is now convinced that trade must fall off as a consequence of the shock to credit, and the difficulties that are so great, not only at home, but in both North and South America and South Africa. Money is likely to become dear once more; for, as pointed out above, there is a drain of gold in many directions, and the Bank of England owes three millions sterling to the Bank of France, while Russia also may take 1½ million, if it pleases. In Berlin there is decided weakness, and it looks as if the crisis, so often apprehended and so often postponed, was about to come. At all events, it seems clear that the Liquidation which has been going on for fully a year now must be continued for a considerable time further. Even in Paris the operators are losing some of their courage. As usual at the end of the year bankers have been calling in loans from the Bourse, and, besides, German capitalists have suddenly resolved to deliver the large amount of Italian Rentes which they had sold in Paris some time ago, but had not delivered until now. The result is a sharp rise in the value of money, and heavy carrying-over rates. At the coming Liquidation rates will probably be stiffer still; and it looks, therefore, as if there must be a considerable decline in the foreign department.

It is announced that a Paris Syndicate has agreed to advance three millions sterling to the Portuguese Government to enable it to pay the January interest on its debt, and also to pay the 800,000*l.* due by it to Messrs. Baring Brothers.

No reply has yet been received from the Argentine Government to the proposals of the English members of the Committee, and it is probable that the Government will not give an answer until it has negotiated with the French and German bankers who are protesting against the recommendations of the English Committee. It is hardly probable, indeed, that either France or Germany or both combined will lend fresh money to the Argentine Republic. Germany is not in a position to do so, and France will hardly do so when a French loan of nearly 37 millions sterling is about to be brought out, and other large operations are in contemplation, and when besides the Argentine Republic is in the midst of a crisis. But if neither France nor Germany, nor both together, will lend money to the Argentine Republic, it must either accept the English proposals or put forward proposals of its own for a compromise with its creditors. It is quite clear that it cannot go on paying the interest on its debt, and that some sort of compromise with its creditors will have to be arrived at.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PIG.

THE development of the pig is a triumph of art over nature. Nature's pig, the wild boar, is not a very gainly animal; nature's pig, again, simply domesticated and fattened, in the form of a common farm pig, is little better than a necessary evil; but nature's pigs from different quarters of the world, mixed together, remixed, and judiciously blended by the scientific breeder, eventually produce a creature which is a joy, if not exactly a thing of beauty, for ever—or, at least, until it is made into bacon. It is absolutely painful to a man who knows what a pig ought to be, may be, and often is, to hear people who should know better say that they "hate pigs." Such people can have no eyes for form, or they would not speak thus of animals which can show the graceful curves of the best breeds of Berkshires, Chinese, and Yorkshires; and there are enthusiasts who would even go so far as to say that they must be colour-blind if they can so far forget the rich tones and tints of the butchered and "hung up" pig, in which certain celebrated Dutch artists have taken a keen delight.

Undoubtedly the British pig of the end of last century must have been an ugly, ill-favoured-looking brute—indeed, many of his modern representatives are little better—but by degrees there came importations of Chinese, Siamese, Maltese, and Neapolitan pigs, which, if not altogether satisfactory in themselves, brought "corrective influences" to bear upon our native monstrosity. The native monstrosity, again, acted as a corrective upon the alien, and so we went on, breeding, crossing, selecting, effecting the survival of the fittest and the curing of the less fit, until we obtained those glorious pigs which are only so far short of perfection as to make us zealous in the hope of some day attaining to it.

It is mortifying to the Englishman to know that, while he was still content with a great, leggy pig, the South Sea Islands, on their discovery, were found to be well stocked with a small, black, short-legged pig. As to the Chinese, they have been far ahead of us for centuries, and in most of the provinces of China pork is, at present, much more abundant than mutton. It is some consolation to reflect that America has been behind us, and that the pig is not indigenous to North America, although his first cousin, the peccary, is a native of South America. The Americans, however, have made up for lost time, and we have nothing in this country

that can vie with the great pig-meat factories of Chicago. In respect to the treatment of pigs in other parts of the world, it is sad, when we look at our own refined and well-cared-for favourites, to remember that in some parts of India semi-wild pigs are allowed to work their own sweet will in the streets as scavengers. In short, they take the place of drains, and they go where they please in perfect safety, for nobody has the least desire to eat such evil-livers. Yet it is of faith among pig-fanciers that their pet is naturally a clean animal; that he only rolls in mud for hygienic purposes; that he hates a dirty sty, and that, if left to himself, he would feed almost exclusively on chestnuts, acorns, and truffles. Why, then, should we not piously believe that he even does this Indian scavenging business from motives of the purest unselfishness and self-sacrifice, to render the dwellings of filthy man habitable and healthy for him?

A change of fashion has taken place of late in the modern British pig, not through the taste of the fancier, but through the more practical, if less artistic, demands of the bacon-curer. The fact is that curing has been revolutionized. Formerly the lean of bacon and ham used to be hard, unpalatable, and fearfully and wonderfully salt, while the fat, as fat, was good enough; now, under the system known as "mild-curing," the lean is excellent. It may easily be understood, therefore, that during the dark ages of bacon-curing, the chief object of the pig-fattener was to produce the largest possible amount of fat to lean, whereas at present it is to produce the greatest possible proportion of lean to fat. There have been changes, again, in the ideal shape of the pig, and these have been brought about by the alterations in the prices given per pound in the market for certain portions of the pig's carcase. For instance, the shoulder and neck are now about the least valuable parts of his body, consequently the immensely developed crests and shoulders, which used to excite so much admiration, are now odious in the eyes of the practical breeder. Without entering into the details of "sides of bacon," such as "prime streaky," "thin streaky," "middle of gammon," "fore-end," &c., we may remark that there are about seven distinct prices for the seventeen different parts of the "sides," to say nothing of the head and trotters.

If we were asked which modern breed was probably the most direct descendant of the aboriginal pig of this country, we should be inclined to say the Tamworth. This breed has been steadily increasing in favour during the last few years. The common idea of a Tamworth's colour is dull red with black spots; but it varies from a deep, rich red to a brick-dust tint, and in some cases it is of a dark slate colour. The uncultivated Tamworth is hardy, ugly, leggy, long-nosed, and slow in growth; the improved Tamworth is also hardy and long in the nose, but he puts on lean quickly and fat slowly, which makes him the pig of the period for curing on the modern system. The black Berkshire is still a very popular pig, and for many years he was generally liked better than any other, although he had had to make a hard struggle to overcome a strong prejudice which existed in certain localities against his colour. This pig, as well as the Essex, was improved many years ago by a cross of Neapolitan blood. The probability that the Berkshire breed has been black for a very long period has been questioned. Black pigs with white points can be traced back for seventy years in Berkshire; yet it has been confidently asserted that the pig of the district used to be tawny with black spots. At any rate, crosses of Berkshire with white pigs frequently produce offspring with a certain amount of red, which shows that this breed, like the Tamworth, originally sprang from the old red pig of the country. The produce of a Berkshire sow by a white boar is almost always white, but, curiously enough, dark colours often appear in later crosses. The chief faults to be guarded against in buying Berkshires are light flanks, short, drooping quarters, some approach to legginess, unduly coarse hair, and deeply furrowed skin. They should not be marked with white except on the nose, forehead, tip of the tail, and feet; but if they have no white upon them at all, it is probable that they have a cross of Essex blood in them. The Essex is quite black and is something between the Berkshire and small Yorkshire in shape. If not very well known, he is a very good pig and shows considerable breeding. It has often been contended that the large Yorkshire is the truest living representative of the aboriginal pig of the country. So far as his drooping quarters, large head, long nose, strength of bone, flat sides, and tendency to narrowness are concerned, we willingly admit it; but we cannot truthfully say that this enormous, white, farmyardy looking pig is exactly our idea of a wild boar. A few years ago, pigs of this breed used to be fattened until they weighed, in some cases, as much as bullocks—one which was a winner at the Royal Agricultural Society's shows at Carlisle and Derby weighed nearly half a ton—but they are killed much younger now, and, being rather lean pigs until they reach a certain age, they are well suited to the present demands of bacon-curers. The Small Yorkshire is a breed formed by crossing the Large Yorkshire with the Chinese. He represents the highest pinnacle to which art can attain in the production of fat, and for this very reason he does not meet with the approval of the modern curer. His breed, too, has been very much in-bred, with the usual results of delicacy and unproductiveness. It may be observed here that all breeds much crossed with the Chinese are less in favour than they were a few years ago. The Middle White Yorkshire is a variety of the Small White, and it may be that this breed has a great future before it. Thus far it is somewhat undefined in its form and uncertain in its produce. The Lincolnshire pig is, like the pike, "a voracious feeder," and it is large, lop-eared, and ugly. The common white pig of Scotland is a long-snouted, leggy animal something of the Large Yorkshire type, and a slow fattener. Nevertheless he makes an admirable cross with the Berkshire. "Gallant little Wales" also has its pig, and from its red and black hue—plum-pudding colour, as it is profanely called—it may claim to be descended from the aboriginal wild-boar which used to be hunted by those Welsh kings from whom nearly every Welshman claims to be descended. Both the Welshman and the Welsh pig have become a little mixed in the course of their long descent, and the pig is an exceedingly vulgar-looking beast, whose only value consists in his making a hardy out-cross with other breeds.

Whether Dr. Koch's cure will be applied to pigs remains to be seen; but it is certain that they are subject to consumption, especially when much in-bred. Swine-fever is sometimes not inaptly called Hog-cholera, and measles is another disease very common among pigs. Like cattle, they sometimes have foot-and-mouth disease, and they are often troubled with rheumatism. Altogether pigs can scarcely be called very hardy animals, and the provoking part of the matter is that the higher bred they are, the more delicate, as a rule, they become. The coarser bred sows, again, are usually the most prolific.

If the pig is an animal of unblemished reputation, the same thing cannot invariably be said of his master. The records of the Royal Agricultural Society contain a series of indictments against pig-exhibitors which represent them as addicted to sinful tricks worthy of the lowest class of horse-dealers or the most dishonest of picture-dealers, and a year ago a hope was pathetically expressed in the journal of the Society for "a higher tone of morality" among them.

One great drawback to pig-breeding—and observe that this is not the fault of the pigs—is the violent fluctuation which is constantly taking place in their prices. When your bailiff urges you to sell because you have got "sadly too many," you get wretched prices, and the only consolation offered to you is that "pigs is very low." When pigs are "up," and you want to sell, you either find that you have none to spare, or else your bailiff declares that it would be "a thousand pities" to part with them now that "there's such a lot o' keep." An average pig fattens most quickly from the time he weighs 9 stone to the time he weighs 12 stone, and, in the present condition of taste in bacon, it pays best to kill him when he weighs about 12 stone. Sows should be fattened after they have produced a second or third litter, however great the temptation to have "just one more." "Oh that we were all as fit to die as that pig!" said the pious farmer; but it is not so easy to say exactly when a pig is fit to die as some people suppose. In dismissing the subject, let it be said, to his credit, that the pig is the most economical meat-producer on a farm, and that he is about the only living creature about a gentleman's establishment that pays at all.

EXHIBITIONS.

IN the Arcade, Old Bond Street, an exhibition of works in sculpture and painting is now open for the benefit of the wife and children of the late Mr. R. A. Ledward, a young sculptor of some promise, who recently died. He had struggled against great difficulties, and was creating a fair position for himself. Our readers may possibly recollect that in our summary of the sculpture of past years we have drawn attention to the excellence of his busts. He was not a genius; but, with the characteristic generosity of the class, his fellow-artists have contributed of their best to attract purchasers, and so benefit those whom he has left behind him. Mr. Burne-Jones has sent some of his accomplished studies, several of the Impressionist painters have given pictures, and there is a considerable show of paintings of minor value. But the sculptors have been very generous. Here is an exquisite little bronze sketch of his "Mower," from Mr. Thornycroft; an elegant "Torso" and a picturesque head of an "Old Woman" from Mr. Onslow Ford; a charming relief of "Psyche" in Mr. Bates's most accomplished manner; a frame in repoussé-work from Mr. W. Reynolds Stephens; figures from the hand of Mr. Toft. We note, in addition, some of the latest productions of Ledward himself, and, in particular, a refined little relief of "Sleep" nodding among her poppies.

At the close of last week, too late for us to notice it, the year's work of the students of the Royal Academy was on view at Burlington House. Although this is the alternate "silver" year and not the "gold," the exhibition was, as usual, an interesting one. In one very important branch, the painting of the nude from the life, the general level could not be said to be high. This medal was taken by a very clever student, Mr. Ralph Peacock, who also received that for the set of six drawings of a figure from the life. This branch of Academy study is not neglected; but we should be glad to see more signs of fire, in addition to mere proficiency, in the results. The display of canvases competing for the Creswick prize in landscape-painting was larger than has ever been seen at the Royal Academy before, and the level of merit was fairly high. There is something depressing in a whole gallery full of large oil-paintings of "A Country Churchyard"; the eye did not fail to be aware of this, and perhaps unjustly. The aforesaid, and certainly remarkable, Mr. Ralph

Peacock won this prize also. We should ourselves, we confess, have unhesitatingly preferred the interesting landscape on the opposite wall, in which the vast arm of a yew-tree was seen relieved against a luminous golden sky. Mr. Weatherstone, on the other hand, must have won with absolute unanimity of votes the prize for the design for the decoration of part of a public building, a very delicate and beautiful drawing, suggesting a reverent study of the Tuscan masters, seen a little through the eyes of Mr. F. Dicksee. This design, we are glad to learn, is to be executed at the expense of the Royal Academy. Mr. Hugh Riviere, a son of the distinguished *animalier*, won the medal for a cartoon of drapery. The sculpture was a little less interesting than usual; but Mr. Charles J. Allen—whose model of a group on the subject of "Rescue," and his set of three models from the life, each won a first prize—is a sculptor of great promise, to whose work in this year's Royal Academy we drew attention last summer. Mr. Allen treated the former theme by placing a male and female figure closely side by side, as if in flight, the general outline being charmingly combined. On the whole, as it seemed to us, the work of the students this year, without being particularly brilliant, has been of an encouraging character.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's there is now on view a collection of pastels by Mr. James Guthrie, the Glasgow painter whose work has lately come into prominence. A notice in the Gallery quaintly says that "Mr. Guthrie thinks it superfluous to give titles to these pastels," but deigns to observe "that the material for them has chiefly been found at Helensburgh, on the Clyde." This half-century of drawings are executed in what used to be called the Dutch way, on rough, tinted paper, the crayons heavily applied. They are most of them dim and mysterious effects of deep night or of twilight, not at all dirty or smudged, as they would be in less skilful hands. The most charming are seaside effects at night-time, and particularly those which represent semicircular bays in complete obscurity, save for the pin-point lights of a town. There are also quarry-fronts, ends of fields, studies of rocks, all treated in the same way, with a sense of colour which is often very lovely. Six or seven of the pastels are heads of dreamy girls. In No. 30, which represents a young woman in a scarlet cloak, an eccentric effect is produced by the circumstance that, while one cheek is bright red, the other, through an infelicitously strong reflected light, seems deadly pale. The young girl's head, No. 31, is an instance of a fault into which Mr. Guthrie very rarely falls—the obtaining of a dirty effect through excessive heaviness in the pigments.

At Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co.'s (the Goupil Galleries) is to be seen a set of water-colour drawings by M. Boutet de Monvel, a young painter who began with somewhat overweighted allegorical paintings, mostly of a religious cast, and has since achieved a securer reputation by his portraits of children and his highly ingenious decorative designs. He has had the good fortune to be called in to illustrate a novel of unusual merit, the *Xavière* of M. Ferdinand Fabre, and the show at the Goupil Galleries consists of the thirty-six original paintings to be reproduced in "goupilgravure" in the *édition de luxe* of the novel, which will be a volume of exceptional beauty, especially on Japanese paper.

The story is very well told in this gallery of scenes and figures. The general tone is light and the colour fresh, with but little shadow; the painting clear and exact, almost like miniature-work. The greatest merit in the artist as an illustrator is his successful emphasis of character. The faces are excellent—the priest, lean and enthusiastic; the old, shrunken peasant-women, with their shrewd expression; the scraggy boy in a blouse, who gradually develops into the curly and sentimental Landry; the slim, blonde heroine. Perhaps the brightest of the whole series represents Landry sitting up in an apple-tree (8), playing on a flute to a circle of brown-eyed children, with oval faces, who dance round him on the greensward. In "Looking for the Text" (19) there is a black cat delightfully painted. Very pretty is the group of Xavière out in the orchard (21), giving the coy Landry a smacking kiss on the cheek against his will. In "St. François d'Assise" (13), the saint, with a tense expression of face, is holding forth to a devout congregation of the most charming birds. In particular, we note among the earnest ring of worshippers a sentimental bullfinch, with the sweetest little wren on his arm. They have evidently strolled to the service quite accidentally.

At Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Son's Gallery Mr. Burne-Jones's noble series of "The Briar Rose" is once more being exhibited. Here is also to be seen a new and important picture by Mr. Briton Riviere, "Daniel's Answer to the King." It is perhaps not unkind to conjecture that Mr. Riviere is attracted to this favourite subject of his more by love for lions than by partiality for prophets. There are plenty of solid lions here, sauntering about with stiff tails, their eyes fixed on Daniel. These are painted with Mr. Riviere's accustomed skill and learning. The prophet, in a deep blue robe, has his back to the beasts, and lifts his striking profile in prayer. Mr. Pratt proposes to engrave this work, which will doubtless enjoy a lengthy popularity.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE satisfaction occasioned by the improved attendance at Sir Charles Hallé's third orchestral concert, which took place last Friday week, has been entirely done away with by the subsequent announcement that the support accorded to these admirable performances by the public has not been sufficient to warrant their continuance, and that the heavy losses on the first three concerts have obliged the abandonment of the undertaking. Sir Charles Hallé will have the sympathy of every musician, and it is to be hoped that the announcement will cause some feeling of shame to those who claim to represent the musical public of London. In spite of the unanimous and cordial support of the press, the section of London society which arrogates to itself the decision of what is to be considered fashionable has stayed away from these concerts; once more proving that London audiences, in matters musical, are absolutely ignorant and wanting in true appreciation for art, and only to be attracted by either fashion or sensationalism.

The programme of Friday's concert comprised Cherubini's Overture to *Medea*, the charming Romance from Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*, Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." The rendering of each one of these works, all of which are written in such different styles, was simply perfect. The Romance was played as if the orchestra had been but a single performer; it was so much appreciated by the audience that a repetition was insisted upon. Mme. Neruda gave a fine and broad reading of the solo part of the Concerto, but it is doing her no dishonour to say that the most remarkable feature of the performance was the manner in which the accompaniments were played by the band. The delicacy of the pizzicato passages on the strings and the exquisite refinements of light and shade are things to be remembered with pleasure. Sir Charles Hallé has made the performance of Berlioz's works his special study, and certainly no conductor in this country understands so thoroughly how to produce every possible effect from the French composer's marvellous orchestration. The "Symphonie Fantastique," though in the last movement it may be said to overstep the boundary of pure music, contains some of Berlioz's finest writing, and the rendering of it by the Manchester band is fortunately familiar to musicians. On Friday's concert, as on previous occasions, the Ball scene and the March to the Scaffold—which take the places of second and fourth movements of the Symphony—made most effect. The playing of the former, especially, was remarkable for the manner in which the *tempi* were alternately accelerated and kept back with the utmost precision and unanimity. The scene in the Fields was possibly less satisfactory, and hardly so poetical as the composer intended. The last movement, on the other hand, could not have been better played.

The last Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace was remarkable for the production of a new Symphony by Mr. Edward German, the young composer whose music to *Richard III.*, written for the revival of the play by Mr. Mansfield at the Globe Theatre, created so favourable an impression. The new Symphony is founded upon an early work of the composer's, which was written and performed some few years ago when he was a student at the Royal Academy of Music. The impression it created last Saturday was distinctly favourable. In form the work is quite orthodox, and the hearer is not distracted by any mottoes or programmes such have become so fashionable of late. It is a vigorous and attractive piece of work, and is scored throughout effectively. The best movement is the concluding Allegro, the spirit of which is admirably sustained from beginning to end, while the composer also displays in it much cleverness by making use of themes of other parts of the work, a device for which he apparently has a predilection. Praise is also due to the melodious Andante and to a graceful Minuet, in which latter traces may be observed of the traditions of the Academy where the composer received his musical education. The first movement, though full of good points, is defective in the working out, which, according to rule, opens the second section of the movement. Possibly Mr. German might revise this portion of the work before it is performed again. The performance was in all respects very good, and was conducted excellently by the composer, who is thoroughly to be congratulated on its success. The rest of the concert, in the absence of Mr. Manns, was conducted by Herr Carl Jung. The programme comprised the Overtures to Schubert's *Rosamunde* and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*; Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Op. 73, an admirable performance of which was given by Miss Fanny Davies; the same composer's scena, "Ah! Perfido," sung with much power by Miss Fillunger; three rather uninteresting pianoforte solos from Rubinstein's recently published *Akrostyschon* (Op. 114); Schumann's Romance, Op. 28, No. 1, for pianoforte solo; and the 14th number of Brahms's "Magelone" songs, in which Miss Fillunger had the advantage of being accompanied by Miss Fanny Davies.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 12th inst., Mr. Frederick Boscovitz gave at Steinway Hall what was announced as a "Chat with the Spinet, Harpsichord, and Modern Grand Pianoforte." The lecturer, having borrowed the instruments named, with the help of a copy of Grove's *Dictionary of Music* (though the latter was not mentioned in the programme), apparently considered himself well fitted to figure as an authority on the subject of his discourse. Unfortunately, some of Mr. Boscovitz's facts were open to question; to name but two, the dates given on his programme as those of the births and deaths of Byrd and Bull were both incorrect; the former was put down as living from 1543 to 1612, whereas the date of his birth is unknown, and he did not die until 1623, while the dates of the latter were given as 1563 to 1626, the earlier date being conjectural, and that of his death

being 1628. Equally unsatisfactory were Mr. Boscovitz's musical illustrations, in which he not only continually omitted the elaborate "graces" which were so distinguishing a feature of harpsichord and spinet music, but also introduced numerous alterations of his own, which gave an entirely different effect to the music performed. Indeed, the wrong dates and the modern alterations may be said to have been the only original things in the lecture, the rest of which consisted for the most part of scraps from different authorities, put together in the loosest manner. The most satisfactory feature of the performance was the very beautiful harpsichord upon which the lecturer performed.

While choral and orchestral concerts get yearly rarer in central London, the Bach Choir continues with praiseworthy zeal to give performances in which a constant endeavour to keep before the public what is best in ancient and modern art is always the first consideration. This excellent spirit—a spirit which, unfortunately, can only be indulged in by a society mainly relying upon private subscriptions—was well exemplified by the programme of the concert given at St. James's Hall last Tuesday, on which occasion Brahms's masterly "Requiem" and Dr. Hubert Parry's fine "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" were performed. The former work is one which the Bach Choir has made peculiarly its own, and it is satisfactory to learn that the success attending its performance last May induced the Committee to bring it forward again this season. The more often the "Requiem" is performed the more will the opinion be strengthened that it is not only Brahms's masterpiece, but one of the few great works which have appeared during the last thirty years. The performance last Tuesday, under Professor Stanford's able conductorship, was extremely good. The choir distinguished itself by excellence of intonation and correctness. Brahms's vocal writing is very exacting, and makes great demands upon the voice; but these difficulties were bravely met, and, on the whole, successfully overcome, though a little more certainty of attack—especially in the case of the soprani—and greater attention to the *pianissimos* and *fortissimos* would have occasionally been advisable. The *tempi* at which some of the movements were taken seemed slower than those indicated in the English version of the pianoforte score; but, on the whole, the performance was very fine, and did great credit to both choir and conductor. Dr. Hubert Parry's work (which he conducted in person) was produced originally at Leeds last year, and was subsequently heard at the Albert Hall. Its performance by the Bach Choir was very welcome, for it is a delightful example of the composer's best workmanship. It was sung by the choir with evident enjoyment, and received with enthusiastic applause. The solos in both works were sung by Miss Liza Lehmann and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies. In Brahms's "Requiem" Miss Lehmann was obviously nervous. The music is very different from that with which her name is usually associated; but she nevertheless sang it most artistically and with much success. In the Ode she must have surprised those who are only accustomed to hear her in eighteenth-century ballads and modern *Lieder*. Her singing of the beautiful but difficult scene in which the poet relates the loss of Eurydice was not only vocally excellent, but full of dramatic feeling. In both works, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies's fine voice and good style were heard to great advantage.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

FOR this year's performance of the *Adelphi* the Westminster acting edition of the play has been revised; the longer speeches have been considerably shortened, and many scenes have been a good deal cut. The result is excellent; the piece plays closer, from a dramatic point of view there is little to regret in what has gone, and the most ardent admirers of the Westminster Play, among whom we venture to rank ourselves, will hardly lament that the time occupied in the representation is nearly or quite half an hour shorter than it was. The only scene which at all suffers from the recent revision is that between Æschinus, Sannio, and the slave Parmeno. The Psaltria, who is the cause of the disturbance, is now not brought on the stage at all, and the mute but effective part of Parmeno is of course omitted too. The scene is not of a very high order of comedy, it is true, but it contains some vigorous action, and is well suited to young players. We are, therefore, rather inclined to regret its mutilation. It is a happy coincidence which has placed the *Adelphi* on the Westminster stage just when *A Pair of Spectacles* is running at the Garrick Theatre. The motive of the two plays is the same, and in one important respect the English comedy comes nearer to the Latin than almost any modern play that could be named. The female interest is quite subordinate, and the whole point of Mr. Grundy's adaptation, as of Terence's, lies in the contrasted characters of the two brothers. There could, therefore, be no better opportunity of comparing the aims and methods of Latin and of modern English comedy. The most striking point of difference is, no doubt, the narrower range of the Latin play. The opposite natures of Micio and Demea are shown only by their different treatment of their son and nephew. Mr. Grundy shows us the brothers Goldfinch in almost every relation of life. Their domestic affairs, their business, their pleasure, are laid before us, till we have a complete set of examples of the way in which each behaves in the varied events of everyday life. But this wideness of range has its disadvantages, as compared with the method of Terence. The examples of conduct are so varied and so amusing that we do not realize, until the *dénoûment*, that there is really nothing *à dénouer*. They are, in fact, the play. In the *Adelphi* Micio's genial tolerance of youthful extravagance and Demea's miserly thrift and churlish temper are artfully employed to work out the love affairs of the young men, which form the main plot. Their characters are only set forth so far as they serve the purpose of the story. Yet even as studies of character these two old men are scarcely less complete than their modern counterparts. The spectator feels that he could predict with confidence how either would act in almost any given circumstances; and when character is revealed on the stage to this extent, what more is required?

Those who know their Terence will, of course, understand that, in claiming such knowledge of the characters of Demea and Micio, we leave out of account the topsy-turvydom of the fifth act, which has puzzled critics of all degrees of importance from Diderot downwards. It is a lame conclusion, and, as Diderot says, "après avoir été pour Micion contre Déméa, on finit sans savoir pour qui l'on est." But, after many readings, and, better still, more than one hearing, we hold that any investigation of the mystery based on the principles of dramatic art is out of place. The sudden change of Demea from sulkiness to amiability is a change of conduct, not of character. It is obviously assumed for the sole purpose of turning the tables on Micio, and is due to the dramatist's necessity of winding up with a bit of uproarious farce. Such passages are not uncommon with Terence. A good example occurs towards the end of the *Andria*, when, all being about to end happily, the slave Davus is suddenly carried off to be flogged. The best of dramatists must first please his audience; and we know, from Terence's prologues, that he did not always satisfy what we call the "pit," and that he was nervously anxious to succeed in doing so.

The acting at Westminster this year is good all round. The *Adelphi* never seems to us to go quite so well as the *Andria*, which comes immediately before it in the cycle; the reason being, perhaps, that the slave's part is not so good. Mr. Phillimore was an excellent Syrus, and played his best two scenes—the one in which Syrus parodies Demea's educational maxims, and that in which he sends him on a wild-goose chase all over the town—exceedingly well. He was less happy in the drunken scene, not having quite made up his mind how drunk Syrus was to be. He is certainly the best slave we have seen at Westminster since the *Adelphi* was played in 1881. Mr. Balfour as Æschinus was one of the best young men we can remember. His outburst of passion when Æschinus is suspected by Sostrata of an intrigue, and cannot tell the truth for fear of compromising his brother, was excellently done. Micio was rather tame, and the whole of the last scene fell somewhat flat; but the performance, as a whole, was excellent, not the least mirth-moving part of it being due to the representative of Canthara, who had been wisely chosen on the ground of vocal fitness for the part.

No frequenter of the Westminster play ever asks whether the epilogue was amusing. It is always that. The only question is whether it was as good as last year's, and on this occasion we can hardly say that it was. But last year's was one of the best we ever heard, and, moreover, just now the proceedings in Committee-room No. 15, with their prologue and yet unfinished epilogue, are so absorbing that other topics of the year seem distant and insignificant in comparison. Whether the recent occurrence of these great events, or a desire to keep clear of party politics, prevented the authors of the epilogue from introducing them, we do not know. In their stead we had the banishment of the Guards to Bermuda—by the way, we like not *Bermŭda*—and Mr. Stanley's expedition:—

> Sed relevabo aliquem qui se non vult relevatum,
> In comites cunctos jurgia saeva geram.

Ctesipho is dragged before Syrus, who is made up as a judge, and receives

> Septem cum duro deinde labore dies

for photographing the Court. He explains that he has been arrested and brought before a *magistratus removabilis* for a similar offence, and when asked how he comes to be at liberty, he replies—

> Ecce, datis vadibus per marmora nocte cucurri,
> Immemor heu velox quam foret umbra sequi.

After some jokes about lunch and aerated bread the Court rises, and after the luncheon interval Sannio, a matrimonial agent, is brought up by Sostrata on a charge which may be best stated in her own words:—

> O scelerate,
> Tu mihi promisti conciliare virum,
> Argentumque dedi: sed nondum apparuit ille
> Vir mihi; nunc igitur damna, virumque, peto.

She is appeased by an order of the Court that Micio shall marry her. Sannio offers to find a wife for the judge, and describes her charms:—

> Aurea caesaries, series nitidissima dentum,
> (*Aside*) Falsa quidem: blanda est moribus, alma, placens,
> Et locuples.

But Syrus replies:—"Sed palea veteres non capiuntur aves," and, after a fling at the Salvation Army, he passes to the graver topics which always conclude the Westminster epilogue.

"WHEN FOX MEETS FOX."

[Mr. McCarthy, accompanied by Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. Deasy, and Mr. Fox, left Euston Square last night for Ireland.—*Daily Papers.*]

HOW will he take it? Hitherto
No sign of weakness he has shown,
The hootings of his rebel crew
Have moved him to contempt alone.
At brandished blackthorn, flying stone,
With measureless disdain he mocks;
But will he—can he hold his own
Confronted with the injured Fox?

Davitt may storm, and Healy sneer,
And Tanner fling the polished jape,
Unmoved as ever he can hear
All jokes about the fire-escape;
But will not that ignoble scrape,
As memory at his conscience knocks,
Assume a more abhorrent shape
When he stands face to face with Fox?

Courage all dangers may defy,
And yet be found to yield at last,
To waver, hesitate, and fly
Before some spectre of the past;
And though *his* courage stick as fast
As limpet clinging to the rocks,
It yet may loosen, should he cast
An eye on the accusing Fox.

He has no other follower wronged
Like him, nor other so betrayed;
Nothing to Healy that belonged
He took when he Lothario played;
He did not basely masquerade
As Sexton, Dillon, Deasy, Knox,
And can foregather unafraid
With these, we doubt not—but with Fox?

For what if Fox in wrath exclaim,
"My Pat-ronymic hawked about!
You've taken houses in my name,
Swarmed in it down a waterspout;
You've put morality to rout—
Still in my name—and given shocks
To thousands of Gladstonians stout,
All in the character of Fox.

"Stewart, we know, belongs to you,
And every one with Smith may share,
While borrowing Campbell's name, 'tis true,
Might well be an arranged affair;
But mine and Preston's are no pair
To be drawn on and off like socks,
And even if Preston doesn't care,
That, sir, is not the case with Fox."

Yes, hard though his effrontery's shell,
I do not think he can endure
A meeting with "the real"—well,
With—h'm—the *only* "Simon Pure."
For though he may defy, secure,
The anathemas of priests and flocks,
He'll blench and cower, I'm pretty sure,
Before the virtuous, furious Fox.

REVIEWS.

HOWARD THE HALT.*

THERE are people—not many, but some—who will think that the best novel of the season is a novel some six or seven hundred years old. Mr. William Morris and Mr. Magnússon have chosen it as the first Saga in their "Saga Library." This is, some think, its first appearance in English. We are, perhaps, justified in calling it a novel rather than a saga; for, though it is based on ancient and once accurate traditions, Mr. Morris admits that it has been greatly modified in process of time. The hero, Howard the Halt, after his victory over his enemies, moved, for the sake of peace and quietness, from Western Iceland northwards. The oral legend of his adventures, current in his new home, was told and re-told by men neither well versed in the facts nor in the geography of the scenes in which Howard bore himself so manfully. Mr. Morris publishes a version, or a fragment of a version, in an "older and purer state," from the *Landnámabók*. The Saga, as it stands, has attributed deeds to the wrong people. In especial, the slaying of Holmgang-Liot is done in the Saga by two boys of ten and twelve. It was not Holmgang-Liot, a personage like Fighting Fitzgerald, who was slain at all, but a much better man, Liot of Ingialdsand, and though his murderers were men of no great growth, there is no reason to suppose that they were boys. All this has some critical interest, but we hasten on to the story, in which the events date, roughly, about 1001–1005 A.D.

This Saga is full, as usual, of manslaying, as was unavoidable in an age of vendetta and blood revenge. The tale need not be ventured on by readers who object to fights, stratagems, and spoils. But, though these are narrated with the usual vigour, the merit of the Saga lies in its terse and admirable pictures of character, in its fresh account of a lost mode of life, a lost form of society, and, above all, in the unexpected originality of its plot. We often meet in the Sagas with old heroes in the position of Laertes, the father of Odysseus, in the Odyssey. Their good days are over, their strength is gone, they are oppressed by the arrogance of younger men, and, if they are to be aided and upraised at all, their sons must do the deed. When the sons fall the fathers are helpless. Njal would not leave his burning house because he could not hope to avenge his family. But in *Howard the Halt* the hero is an old man, "sunk unto his later days," and weakened, not only by age, but by wounds. Howard had a violent and unjust neighbour, Thorbiorn, and another neighbour, Thormod, of ill repute. "It was said of him that he had more shapes than one." This is the first note of the supernatural element, rather prominent in this Saga, and a sign, we presume, that it was of some antiquity before it was finally fixed in writing. Even a superstitious race could hardly credit a man who lived among them with such feats as those of Howard's son, Olaf. Olaf is a youth of great promise and of kindly character, who wins all hearts, except that of the malignant Thorbiorn, by discovering men's lost sheep in the remotest pastures, and by driving back to every man his own. The lad goes out thinly clad in the coldest weather, and is, therefore, said to have "bear's warmth." He is fond of a girl named Sigrid, a kind of ward of Thorbiorn's, and this is the beginning of Thorbiorn's enmity to Olaf. The young man wins more fame by laying the ghost of Thormod, the sorcerer, who has died, and whose ghost, like the ghosts of all medicine-men, is particularly vigorous and obnoxious. In fact, he insisted on going to his late owner's bed every night, to the discomfort of his late owner's widow. Thormod's widow, therefore, asked for Olaf's help against Thormod's ghost, and got it. The struggle between Olaf and the *revenant* appears to us to be another sign of rather late date, and of alien elements in the Saga. We quote the passage:—

> But at night folk went to bed and Olaf lay in a gable-end bed out by the door. In such wise burnt light in the hall, that it was bright aloft and dim below. Olaf lay down in his shirt and breeches (for he never wore other clothes) and cast a fell over him. Now at nightfall Thormod walked into the hall wagging his bald head, and saw that there was a man a-bed where none was wont to lie; and forsooth he was not over hospitable, so he turned thither, and caught hold of the fell; Olaf would not let it go, but held on till they tore it atwain betwixt them; so when Thormod saw there was might in him that lay there, he leapt up into the settle by the bed. Olaf sprang up and laid hold on his axe to smite him, but things went quicker than he looked for, and Thormod ran in under his hand, and Olaf had to grapple with him. The struggle was of the fiercest; Thormod was so hard a gripper that the flesh gave way before him wheresoever he took hold: and most things flew about that were before them. Even in that nick of time the light died out, and Olaf deemed matters nowise amended thereby. Thormod fell on furiously, and it came to pass in the end that they drave out of doors. In the home-mead lay a great drift-log, and as hap would have it Thormod tripped both his heels against the log and fell aback: Olaf let his knee follow the belly of him and served Thormod in such wise that he did with him as he would. All folk were silent when Olaf came back into the hall; but when he let himself be heard, folk were afoot and the light kindled at one and the same time, and they fell to stroking of him up and down, for he was all bruised by Thormod's handling; every child of man that could speak gave thanks to him, and he said he deemed that they would have no more hurt of Thormod.

The least experienced reader of the Sagas will recognize this as an incident plagiarized from the Grettir Saga. It is merely the battle of Grettir with Glam over again, and not nearly so powerfully told. Olaf was not done with Thormod; he had another and more eerie encounter with the ghost. His fame grew greatly; but, as his father, Howard the Halt, had still much trouble with Thorbiorn, the family sought new lands out of his reach. Olaf was with Sigrid, his love, one day, when Thorbiorn and a bully of his, named Valer, set on the young man and slew him, after a stout resistance. Sigrid passed away, no man knows whither.

The old Howard was now in an ill plight, with his son slain and with no help in avenging him. This is the answer he got from the outrageous Thorbiorn, when he asked for his son's weregild, or blood-price:—

> Thorbiorn answered: "It is well known, Howard, that I have slain many men, and though folk called them sackless, yet have I paid weregild for none: but whereas thou hast lost a brave son, and the matter touches thee so closely, meseemeth it were better to remember thee somewhat, were it never so little: now here above the garth goeth a horse that the lads call Dodderer: grey is he, sorebacked, and hath lain cast a long while until now; for he is exceeding old: but now he hath been fed on chaff these days past, and belike is somewhat amended; come, take him home, and keep him if thou wilt."
>
> Howard reddened, and might not answer aught: he gat him gone straightway, wondrous wroth, and Vakr whooped after him as he walked all bent down to his boat, where Thorhall had awaited him meanwhile.

There cannot be a more energetic picture of supreme and lawless cruelty and insolence.

Howard would have abandoned hope and died of grief, but his wife sent him to demand reparation at the Thing, or General Assembly. Here, by aid of a stout patron, he got an award of

* *The Saga Library.* Vol. I. Done into English out of the Icelandic by William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon. London: Quaritch. 1890.

three men's price against Thorbiorn, who took out a napkin containing the dead Olaf's teeth, and smote Howard in the face with it; and still Biargey did not despair. She gathered aid from her nephews, young men, her brothers' sons, and with them, and Howard at their head, she laid an ambush for Thorbiorn, near his own house. So cunningly was this managed, that Thorbiorn was taken weaponless. He sprang into the sea, swam to a reef, and there was slain with his own sword, by old Howard, who had boldly swum after him. It is added that, as he swam, Howard vowed to take Christian baptism, if he proved victorious. He and his partisans now seek and find shelter and maintenance with Steinthor of Ere, and this is assuredly unhistorical. They are reinforced by the bloodthirsty small boys of ten and twelve, who have killed the duellist, Holmgang-Liot, as Tom Brown and Harry East overthrew Flashman. Liot deserved punishment; but we cannot pretend to like this pair of wolf-cubs, with their "hand-axes little but sharp." They speak of their peaceful father as "an old devil," where, perhaps, "troll" would have been a more appropriate word. When Steinthor rides to the Thing, Howard and his company take refuge with little Atli, a bald, ugly, miserly man, but second-sighted, and a fierce fighter when his back is against the wall. Here the avengers of blood pursued Howard. They, too, have a "telepathic" leader, a "trance-medium," but his trance on the night of the attack on Atli's house is confused. "I have been up to the house and all about it," he says, "but all was so dim to me that I wot not what shall befall me." The assailants are routed with much slaughter; peace is made at the Thing; Howard emigrates to the North, and dies full of years and honour.

Where is the interest, an admirer of the modern realistic novel may say, in all this tale of ghosts, bloodshed, and second sight? One merit is, that the story is real. Thus did men live and die, and thus did they conceive of their relations to the world. The Saga is full of vitality, the narrative is unusually rapid, the characters—the detestable Thorbiorn; the impudent Vakr; Howard's indomitable wife; Howard himself, all young and strong again, when his hopes are raised; the chivalrous Steinthor; the brave, ugly, troll-like Atli—are all drawn with the unerring hand and broad touch of a master. There is no waste in the story; all is essential, as Mr. Morris says; it is never rhetorical, and never didactic. It is animated by love of courage, justice, and kindness. Except for the needless repetition of an incident from the story of Grettir, the Saga is a masterpiece. The scenes come before your eyes as you read; hill and fell, the frozen-sea strand, the wave-beaten reef, where Thorbiorn died, the booths in the Thing. The Saga has the epic vigour and veracity; but we need not be carried away by enthusiasm so far as to pretend that it has a touch of the charm, the poetry, the magic, or the grace of Homer. These are not the gifts, or are seldom the gifts, of the North.

The two other short Sagas are less interesting as narratives. The "Banded Men" is full of valuable legal lore, and the crabbed and subtle Ufeig is an excellently drawn character. The death of Uspak, too, mortally wounded after slaying a man asleep in his house, has a touch of terror. The story of Hen Thorir is a tale of a burning. The generous and hospitable, but far from law-abiding, Blundketil ends in the same manner as Njal. In this Saga we have a kind of medicine-man; "he was not always all utterly there where he was seen," and, we presume, he was seen when he was "not there." Here we have the custom of men binding themselves by oaths, as "before the peacock and the ladies," to deeds and adventures. The story, however, has not much more than historical and archæological interest.

The prefaces, on legal matters and other points of learning, are full of valuable study. The style of the translation is capital, much less archaistic, we think, than the style which Mr. Morris uses in his prose romances. If men and women do not care for the Sagas, there is no doubt about the favourable verdict of boys, to whom—and to as many older people as possible—we heartily recommend these legends of the youth of our race.

NOVELS.*

MR. BOLDREWOOD certainly put his best foot foremost when he wrote *Robbery under Arms*, the only one of his books which may be said to have a story. His later works are merely a series of disconnected observations of various aspects of Australian life, observations often valuable and interesting in themselves, but no more resulting in a novel than Rousseau's scheme of education in *Emile* can be said to result in a romance. For the mere form of the thing Mr. Boldrewood makes his hero young, and throws in a suitable damsel for him to fall in love with; but the lady, though invariably refined, has a slender personality, and the love-making is of the most shadowy sort. The gentleman who gives the title to the *Colonial Reformer* is a young man, Ernest Neuchamp by name, desirous not only of making a fortune in Australia, but of benefiting the benighted inhabitants of that distant land, even against their wills, and in spite of themselves. He is a prig of so portentous a nature that we cannot help occasionally wondering if his creation is not after all deliberate, and the result of malice; but then, again, some involuntary touch leads us, on the whole, to imagine that in Ernest Neuchamp Mr. Boldrewood intends to realize his idea of a high-minded and cultivated English gentleman. Mr. Neuchamp gives utterance to his thoughts in such long words and rounded sentences that the patience of his rough Bush hearers must have been sorely taxed, though at the same time his language is not always grammatical, or even intelligible. What, for instance, is the meaning of his remark to his brother on page 5, "You have enough which you require"? and conceive a man, consorting in a wayside inn with the landlord and a fierce old drunken stockman, inquiring of the latter the name "of the pronounced weakness to which this sub-variety of the human race" was subject (vol. i. p. 76). This stockman's yarn, by the way, is the very best thing in the book. It tells in a perfectly natural manner how a man was sewn up in a bullock's hide and deliberately roasted for threatening to betray the hiding-place of some cattle-stealers, the fact gradually and artistically appearing, as the stockman gets more and more drunk, that the narrator had the chief hand in the crime, while it is very cleverly left in doubt how much of the story is true, and how much is the "horrors." As long as he sticks to his coach robberies and his bushrangers, his miners, and even his natural phenomena, Mr. Boldrewood is thrilling and admirable; but he is not at home with foreign tongues or "English as she is spoke" in society. His elegant heroine discourses of "*la fontain de jouvences*" (vol. i. p. 245). Mr. Neuchamp soliloquizes in false quantities, as when he makes Horace remark, "*Si fractus illabitur orbis*," instead of *illabatur* (vol. iii. p. 102). Mr. Boldrewood is not free from reproach on this score in what he writes in his own person. He has fallen into the common mistake of *à l'outrance* (vol. iii. p. 177); he pathetically asks in vol. ii. p. 160, *quoi faire?* He describes the "*risque* curves" of a road (vol. i. p. 242), and alludes to a hole as a hiatus (vol. i. p. 185). He is also absolutely lacking in the simplicity of language that is the charm of the best writers, and invariably uses the word "commenced" when he means "began"; "*Ernest commenced to be remarked*" (vol. i. p. 184); the rain (the real hero of the book) "commenced to show determination" (vol. iii. p. 118), and so on. To give a general idea of his style it may not be amiss to quote one or two passages at length, and in them the construction will be found remarkable. The first is taken from vol. i. p. 53:—"To his great contentment the hostelry was inhabited and still offered entertainment to man and that fellow-creature, whose good example had the more highly-organized vertebrate followed what romances of crime had remained unwritten; what occupations, literary and sensational, had been gone; what reputations, even of 'Ouida,' Miss Braddon, and that 'bright particular star' of the firmament of fiction, the great George Eliot herself, had been faint and prosaically mediocre." The second is from vol. ii. p. 6:—"The floor was perfection; the music, that of a military band, which had but the year before played in the great square at Pera, which had been at the front during the terrible Northern campaign, yet fresh in men's minds, well coached by a music-loving colonel, was pealing out the 'Schöner blauer Donau' (*sic*) with wondrous time and spirit." The third is from vol. i. p. 196, Neuchamp is speaking:—"The characteristics of the 'gentle life' in my estimation are occasional, strenuous, useful, and dignified exertion, seconded by unquestioned leisure, more or less embellished by letters, with the aid of the arts and sciences." The last volume almost entirely consists of padding and matter wholly irrelevant to the purpose of the book, which is to show how a man, ignorant but single-minded and willing to learn the lessons of experience, may surmount his prejudices and repair his mistakes, in the end becoming a power in the land. Mr. Boldrewood can tell what he knows with great point and vigour, and there is no better reading than the adventurous parts of his books; but he lacks invention where he lacks experience.

No more vivid contrast could be found to life in an Australian cattle station than the pleasure-seeking existence of Homburg in the season, which is the subject of Mrs. Kennard's last work. It cannot be said that the scene, as she sketches it, is an attractive one. Every one is pushing, vulgar, a toady, and ill-mannered. No one amuses himself (or rather herself) *pour le bon motif*, but always with a view to gaining somebody's attention, or securing an introduction to somebody else. The gentlemen pay the ladies the broadest compliments on the shortest acquaintance, and sometimes the ladies object, and sometimes they do not. Even the fortunate beings born in the purple (or, at any rate, clothed in it) address each other as "my Lord" and "your Lordship," in a mode that carries us back to the last century (vol. i. p. 255, and vol. ii. p. 10), and generally behave in a way that would astonish quiet people, did it not seem that they change their customs with the air. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, the rich cotton broker and his wife, whose daughter Hetty becomes the "fashion" at Homburg for one short month of her short life, are not a whit more vulgar than their neighbours. Hetty herself is prettily drawn; but she falls in love too readily with the handsome and mercenary Herr von Kessner, and not only shows her feelings in a way that would have been impossible to any modest girl, but deceives her parents by a secret marriage, without the shadow of an excuse. Her friend, Amelia Dawkins, is a dreadful young person—loud, noisy, irrepressible, making a science of

* *A Colonial Reformer.* By Rolf Boldrewood. 3 vols. London: Macmillan.

A Homburg Beauty. By Mrs. E. Kennard. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

Love's Legacy. By Richard Ashe King ("Basil"). London: Ward & Downey.

"getting on in the world" at the age of nineteen—but she is good-hearted, and shelters Hetty when she is cast off by her parents. The story is taken up by ignoble scheming of all sorts. First, Mrs. Davidson tries her utmost to get herself and her daughter noticed by a Royal Princess who is disguised somewhat thinly under the name of Princess Fustian. When this fails, she turns her attention to a certain Prince Friskovitch, who frequents Homburg in the society of dubious ladies. As far as she is concerned, this little game is no more successful than the other; but, thanks to Hetty's own good looks, the girl speedily becomes on friendly terms with the Prince. Mr. Davidson's great object in life is to make Hetty accept Lord Charles Montgard—the youngest son of a duke, a young man who is always hanging about her; and his secondary aim to secure a quiet opportunity for flirtation with the fascinating Miss Dawkins, who is almost young enough to be his great-granddaughter. Every one is baulked of his ambition, and the story ends miserably for all except Miss Dawkins, who is made happy in the usual way. There is not much to be said in favour of it, except as far as Hetty is concerned. She is better than her surroundings, whether high or low, and the reader is sorry for her. For the rest, the story is devoted to a series of balls, picnics, tennis parties, dinners, and races, and if anyone thirsts to recall his joys in these directions he will find ample opportunities of doing so in Mrs. Kennard's book.

Mr. King has long ago made a name for himself and gained a special circle of admirers; but it was by writing better books than *Love's Legacy*. He has considerable power of character-drawing, and, likewise (which is not always the same thing), of drawing agreeable and sympathetic people; his conversations, too, are natural, and often interesting. But he has no gift for construction, no eye for situations, and no sense of proportion to teach him what part his personages should relatively play. The plot of *Love's Legacy* is briefly this. George Gwynn, a rich and philanthropic (but not priggish) student of Trinity College, Dublin, has been brought up in Galway by his uncle and trustee, Major Morris, and as a brother to the Major's daughter Nellie. At the opening of the story Gwynn has discovered two things; one, that the Major has embezzled all the money he could lay hands on, the other, that the racking headaches to which he himself is subject probably have their origin in a deep-seated tumour of the brain. At the moment when these two unpleasant truths dawn upon him he is expecting a visit from his uncle and cousin, and on their arrival is obliged to turn over most of their entertainment to his friend Rollo Massey. Massey promptly falls in love with Nellie, who is not indisposed to return his affection; and Gwynn, seeing the state of affairs, confides to his friend—after he has retired to an hospital, so as to secure better attendance—that he intends to leave Massey his money in trust for Nellie, in the hope of their marriage. He informs Nellie that he has sent for the lawyer to make his will, and means her to have nothing, which fact is elicited from her by the Major. That night the Major steals back to his nephew's room, puts an extra supply of laudanum into the sick man's narcotic, and departs. As he is walking down the street, the curious fancy seizes him to see the extent of the dose he had given, and he holds the bottle up to the gaslight. As he does so, a hand is stretched out for it, and he turns to find that the contents have been drunk by a woman, who supposes it is spirits. The Major, with a want of self-control quite culpable under the circumstances, shrieks "Poison!" and makes off. Massey is apprehended and condemned when his friend is found dead; but, though he speedily satisfies himself that the Major is the real murderer, he prefers to suffer in his place, in order to spare Nellie's feelings. As the young people are by this time engaged, it might be thought that Nellie would prefer the real culprit to be hanged, even though her father, instead of her lover, whom she knows to be innocent; but Massey thinks differently. However, the Major is finally arrested, through the medium of the unconscious Nellie, and everything seems at a dead lock, when a letter turns up, written by George Gwynn in view of this emergency, after he had taken the extra allowance of laudanum, and found he must die. This letter is merely, of course, to say he had poisoned himself to avoid suffering. So everything comes right after all. In general, when a man takes an overdose of narcotic poison strong enough to kill him, he just sleeps away; but the laws of Nature are not the only ones broken in *Love's Legacy*. Everybody, even the remarkably thick-headed lawyer, conspires to defeat the ends of justice, by acceding to Massey's wish that Nellie's father should escape. It might be expected that they would all land themselves in prison, but they do not. The whole story bristles with poetry and with lengthy newspaper paragraphs—we counted fourteen in vol. iii. alone. There is also a most irritating old "retainer," who is perpetually soliloquizing aloud. As this man is continually to the fore, his remarks would become wearisome, even were they amusing, but this they never are. He plays no real part in the book, and could have been omitted altogether without detriment. Indeed, notwithstanding the good points which it undoubtedly has, *Love's Legacy* is a failure. It wants arrangement, concentration, and point; the incidents are too scattered, and the whole movement too leisurely. Till Mr. King overcomes these defects, he will never be a first-rate novelist.

ENGLISH PROSE.*

THIS is an unexpectedly amusing book—one which cannot, indeed, be recommended to those who read nothing but novels, but in which almost anybody who takes the slightest interest in English literature will find something to divert him. Its title—at least, its full title—is wide enough to cover anything; but in those preciser ages which supply Professor Earle's special subject we think it would have been entitled *Quæstiones quodlibetales de literis Anglicanis*. It is not, indeed, absolutely clear what single object Mr. Earle had in writing it. He seems to have grieved to find that "persons of culture" generally date the birth of English prose rather late, and for his part has discovered that it dates from the tenth century. *Respondemus esse distinguendum*, if we may again revert to the language appropriate to the book. That the prose written in the tenth century was very interesting prose, and is not to be omitted from his studies by any one who really desires to know the English language, we grant in the fullest manner; that it was English prose in any proper and literary sense we deny. In the first place, it was not written in anything that can be called English by a reasonable person. "ðа ætdemdon him Myrcna witan land buton he his wer agulde ðam cynge swa he oðrum ær sceolde" is a "devilish interesting" proposition; not very much study is required to read it currently, and a clever person without study at all can, no doubt, make some sense of it by dint of his general knowledge. But so he could with Old High German, so with classical Latin, so (and much more easily) with Old French. Moreover, even if the vocabulary were less remote, scholars of English know (and Mr. Earle only disguises his knowledge) that the post-fourteenth-century structure of English prose was a new building, not a restoration. The bricks were in many cases old; the styles of architecture, the models, the teaching, were all new. But on this point we must bear much with Professor Earle. He has been witness of a bold assault on the "teaching of English" altogether, and not only is he more especially bound, but he genuinely and rightfully wishes, to resist this. On the other hand, his notice of modern English is generously modern, and, indeed, appears to be drawn much more from the *Times* and the *Standard* and the *Spectator* and our humble selves, from Mr. Arnold and Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman and Dr. Salmon of Dublin, than from literature between Mandeville and Macaulay. So he (apparently) recommends that you should stick to your Alfred and your Wulfstan when you want something craggy, and read your newspapers and your books of to-day to complete your education. Bother that noun and that verb and those other Latin and Greek things not to be tolerated of Christians! (though, by the way, "Evoluta" and "Composita," favourite terms with Mr. Earle, are terms to which Alfred gives no great help); let us make nice lists—*ake, oke; bake, beuk; belge, bealh; blinn, blan*, and so forth—and these shall see us through.

Let it not seem to any one that we are seeking pribbles and prabbles with Mr. Earle. He cannot better please us than by promoting the study of Old English in itself; his studies of the most modern English are fresh and interesting. Many of his detached criticisms are decidedly valuable, and his theory of the paragraph, if not exactly original, is useful for this generation, though as a matter of fact you will never make good paragraphs without good sentences. His extracts, which cover a great range, are also useful, and though we are rather sceptical of the value of that part of his book which coincides with the "composition" manuals of the schools, it can hardly be pronounced decidedly out of place. We are very glad to welcome him as a fighter on the right side in the curious modern quarrel about the separation of prose and poetry. We do not think, to use a *litotes*, that it was Burke who "confined himself to the vocabulary of Dryden," and we are quite sure that Dryden's ascription of his own style to imitation of Tillotson was mere politeness. What Professor Earle means by saying that the flag-bearers of the new English Prose are, first, L'Estrange and Defoe, and then Bunyan and Dryden, Heaven only knows. Defoe never wrote a line till Dryden was nearing his grave. But these things do not matter much. The important things are, first that Mr. Earle has written a really interesting book, and has shown more particularly how you can get valuable samples of illustrative English from the current periodicals of the day; secondly, that he has shown that a philologer need not be merely a pedant or an antiquary. The "rage of the specialist," as some one says, is on him now and then; and though he does not think so, we can assure him that he himself would not be half what he is if he had been brought up on Ælfric and Wulfstan, instead of Tacitus and Thucydides. But it is generous of him to think the contrary, inasmuch as he is a sworn and retained liegeman of Wulfstan and Ælfric, and as in their proper place they are very excellent people, and most assuredly not to be neglected by wise English students. They gave us the scaffolding and the mortar, and some of the bricks: they did not give us the rest of the materials, and still less did they give us the architecture. Which things are not opinion, they are very simple fact; and a man shall but break his shins, and fall overthwart and endlong, if he stumble against them.

* *English Prose: its History, Elements, and Usage.* By Professor John Earle. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE ADVENTURES OF COUNT GEORGE ALBERT OF ERBACH.*

IT is marvellous, and somewhat melancholy, to think of the vast amount of rich materials that may be hidden away in family archives. Had the ancient House of the Erbachs not intermarried with the Battenbergs, and connected itself with the Royal Family of England, probably Herr Emil Kraus would never have compiled this volume which has been so admirably translated by the Princess Beatrice. A more romantic piece of history we have seldom read, nor one that throws such striking and searching lights on the manners and customs of a most interesting period. As for Count George and the subordinate personages who figure in his adventures, they have all the realism of photographs in which the likenesses have been happily caught. We follow the fortunes of Count George with thrilling interest, but even had he never emerged from the troubles which threatened to overwhelm him, we could hardly in conscience have regretted his fate, if the journals of his travel had been left behind him. His experiences concern themselves with all that was most picturesquely dramatic in Europe, before its relative repose was broken by the devastating Thirty Years' War. The power of the Sultans and the terror of the Janissaries were lowering like black thunder clouds over Eastern Christendom. No one knew when a storm might burst; the plains of Hungary had been overrun, and the Viennese were trembling behind their battlements; the swift cruisers of the Corsairs, sent out from Constantinople to Salee to sweep the Mediterranean and the Portuguese waters, were raising merchant freights to fancy prices, and making life assurances too speculative to be possible. Rumour could hardly exaggerate the horrors endured by the Christian captives, who, if they were not speedily ransomed, too often turned renegades in sheer despair. Alone in the Mediterranean stood the Rock of Malta, to which the Knights of St. John had retreated from Rhodes. Taking their lives in their hands, neither asking nor giving quarter, they not only stood on the defensive in their perilous outpost, but carried the holy war into the enemies' seas. If Count George had accepted a roving mission as the hero of a sensational novel, he could scarcely have arranged matters better. He flew in the face of friendly and maternal warnings, and, insisting upon running the gauntlet of the Mediterranean dangers and visiting Malta, rashly provoked his fate. At Malta, with his chivalrous and piously sympathetic temperament, he was received into the intimacy of the warrior monks, and initiated into all the mysteries of the order. He leaves them, full of hope and high spirits, to be suddenly reminded of the lingering Nemesis that has been following him for his faults. His ship is carried by a Tunisian pirate, just when he might have reasonably deemed himself in safety, and his sad experiences when in the hands of the Bey are altogether exceptional. Circumstances making it almost impossible to obtain his release, he is broken down by privations and brutal treatment. He suffers mental agonies still more acute, while enduring the torments of a modern Tantalus; the cup of hope is continually being dashed from his lips, and disappointment succeeds to disappointment. On the threshold of the gates of death he is saved by something approaching a miracle. Moreover, he is the hero, not only of a sensational romance, but of a novel curiously illustrative of character; for, as we said, the many personages with whom he was brought in contact have been drawn—or rather photographed—from the life.

It was in 1614 that Count George left the Castle of Breuberg, in the Bergstrasse, to set out on the Grand Tour. Being a younger son among several brothers, he was by no means overburdened with money; yet his purse was tolerably well filled by his family, and he was fairly attended. A well-born Baron was supposed to have the rather headstrong pupil in charge, and there was a "Principal" of humbler degree to pay the charges, and a couple of menial servants. Crossing the Rhine, he travelled to Paris, where, although a Protestant and very staunch to his principles, he participated in all the gaieties of the Court. His cousin was a spendthrift; the Count was inclined to lavish his money rather freely; and his mother wrote him a letter of warning, hinting that it might be prudent to come home. So, perhaps, he might have done: but in Paris he had made a dangerous acquaintance in a certain Baron Quadt. Quadt is very excellently sketched, and his whole conduct was consistent with the inconsistencies of a strangely contradictory character. In his old age he had gone out to see the world, though he grudged every florin he spent. He meant to go to Naples; he hoped to go to Malta; and he had resolved that this high-spirited and free-handed young Count should bear the better part of his charges. So with insidious cunning and consummate knowledge of mankind, he went systematically to work, and succeeded. There was a hitch at Naples, which was their first long-halting place. The Count had been most hospitably received by another and a more respectable old German noble, the Baron Wetzenhausen. Wetzenhausen, who seems to have felt a sort of responsibility for the youth, was set upon dissuading him from the dangers of the Maltese voyage, even declaring that he knew he was predestined to come to grief. Old Quadt kept mocking at those superstitious fancies; he stimulated the longings and piqued the adventurous courage of the Count. Naturally he had his way in the end, though the Count, who had been deaf to his mother's prayers, and neglected the warnings of his German host, sailed with some grave searchings of heart.

In the exhilaration of a successful voyage and the splendour of his reception by the Knights, he soon forgot them. At Malta he found himself among friends and countrymen, and took up his quarters in the German Auberge. The Grand Master, though of another race, was all that was cordial; nor did he stint in his courtesy, even when the Protestant guest had boldly advocated the Lutheran doctrines. The broad-minded chief of the Order, which was vowed to eternal war with the Infidel, did not apparently stand upon scruples like some of his Spanish and Italian acolytes, when it merely was a question of minor differences between Christian creeds. He placed high officials at the disposal of the Count and his companions, with instructions to show them everything that was worth seeing. They were taken round the heavily-armed fortifications, into the well-stored arsenal, and down to the port, where, among the other war-ships, they visited the "great galleon," of phenomenal capacity and tonnage, and which carried the flag of the Master on great expeditions. Their heretical opinions were no obstacle to their being admitted frequently to the services in the churches, and even to the solemn ceremony of an initiation. The Grand Master entertained them at princely banquets, and got up hunting parties in his miniature deer-park. They fared sumptuously every day in the various auberges, when their hosts were permitted to infringe the standing rule of silence. Far from being silent, they talked volubly, and told many a tale of brilliant deeds of arms, of the hardships they had endured, and the perils they had escaped. In short, we have never met with a more vivid narrative of the military organization of the Knights, or of the devout aspirations by which they professed themselves actuated. These chivalrous men of the world could hardly have been in a conspiracy of hypocrites, and there was no mistaking the deeply religious tone of their conversation. The eight-pointed Maltese cross, which was borne on their mailed chests and on the flags of their galleys, must have been much more than a mere symbol to the confraternity at that time.

The Count and his companions set out to sail homewards in high spirits, little foreseeing what the morrow had in store for them. The captain of the vessel, who had treacherously delayed the start, had been making a bargain in the meantime to sell them to a Tunisian pirate. The corsair was lying in wait under the Sicilian coast; the attack was sudden and the surprise complete. They could not, of course, count on the slaves who pulled the oars, and not a few of the crew were traitors like the captain. Nevertheless, with the rest, the gallant Germans made a desperate resistance. Several of them were killed or dangerously wounded by the scimitars or poisoned arrows of the Moors, and the survivors were finally overpowered by numbers. Then, and subsequently, when he had been landed at Tunis, Count George was in a singularly false position. The treacherous captain, who, by the way, was drowned, had doubtless given a hint of the great honours paid the Count at Malta; and his good looks and noble demeanour told terribly against him. The captain of the corsair was not only courteous but kind; yet he declared that, as his prisoner was evidently of royal blood and of the highest rank, he would expect a proportionate ransom. It was in vain the Count protested that he was only a poor gentleman. At Tunis, where he was sent to the Bagnio, the reports of his exalted rank accompanied him. He won favour at once in the eyes of the Bey; but the Bey was but a puppet in the hands of the Divan and his captains. Even had he been in a position to act for himself, and inclined to be generous, he might well have been puzzled. The Count was a fair prize of war and bound in honour to pay an adequate ransom. Deceit in such a man was doubly dishonourable. When the Count solemnly protested what he really was, the Bey was almost convinced by his air of truth and honesty. On the other hand, the magnificent reception given him at Malta was a fact; monks of the Redemption and Maltese merchants came with weighty money bags and commissioned to release him; and, latterly, not only the Master of the Knights had interfered, but all the potentates of Europe had been set in motion. Meantime, there was a strangely sentimental episode. The beautiful daughter of the Bey sent for the noble Christian, whose fame had reached her ears, and she liked him even better than her father did. She stole languishing glances at him over games at chess, and lavished seductions and flowers of speech, to which he was not insensible. Had he chosen to turn renegade for her *beaux yeux*, he might have made a great match and taken rank as the second man in the Principality. He stood firm to his faith; he resisted her fascinations; nor does it appear that she malevolently resented the slight. But business is business; and the Bey not unnaturally grew impatient. If the mysterious stranger could not be made to confess or to pay by fair means, recourse must be had to severity. Gradually indulgences were withdrawn, and privations imposed. The Count's health had given way under successive disappointments, and the knowledge that, thanks to his own firm constancy and fine sense of honour, successive negotiations had proved fruitless. For he would neither consent to embarrass the family estates by paying an extravagant ransom, nor would he leave any of his unfortunate companions behind. Ill as he was, both in body and in mind, he was beaten and tortured, and kept to hard labour on scanty fare. Finally, things seemed to be coming literally to a deadlock, when he had been struck down upon a wretched pallet in the bagnio by a virulent attack of smallpox. Then the pious captive had reason to recognize with gratitude that man's extremity is God's opportunity.

* *The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach.* Translated from the German of Emil Kraus by H.R.H. Beatrice, Princess of Battenberg. London: John Murray. 1890.

New envoys had come to treat for his release. It was clear that if he died any bargain must go off, so the Moors, with reluctant promptitude, made the best of a very unpromising business. They consented to lower their terms, and the prisoner, already senseless and delirious, who had been given over by the doctors, was handed over to his friends. There was a long-doubtful struggle between Life and Death, but in the end the former had the best of it. The convalescent was transferred from Tunis to the hospitals at Malta, and lived to distinguish himself in the Thirty Years' War, and die peacefully in his ancestral castle as the head of the House of Erbach.

THREE CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

NO book is more widely read or more deeply studied at Oxford than the *Nicomachean Ethics*; for Pass and Class alike it is the mainstay of strong men and the stumbling-block of weak ones; and on each difficult or suspected passage every college lecturer or common-room oracle has his own tentative version or pet conjecture. But the hopeless fastidiousness, or the yearning for absolute perfection, which long prevented the best Oxford men from showing how good they really were, has permitted Grant's *Ethics* to hold an uncontested field, though we are doing no injustice to that noble work when we say that it has been long out of date. But the traditions of sterility have been broken at Oxford, not only by the elder men, and we have recently welcomed in these columns several publications which any University in any country would be proud to claim. Of all the silent and patient workers in Oxford none has been more silent or more patient than Mr. Bywater; none more timid of criticism or perhaps more disdainful of a public reputation. It had long been enough for him that he was placed in the first rank of living scholars by all who could claim to be judges of scholarship. It was to them that he appealed, and for them that he worked. But he has now deigned to perform a public service. By editing and revising the text of the *Nicomachean Ethics* he has carried out a task for which pass-men would be grateful, if they could only appreciate it, and which must smooth the way for every student who wishes to become a real Aristotelian. Nobody expects, least of all the editor himself, that his decisions on the text will be taken as final just because they are his; but it is a great advance to embody, in a text which carries a quasi-official authority, some of these corrections which we used to pencil on our margins. For the changes which Mr. Bywater has introduced into Bekker's text he does not here give us his reasons; these will be found in a treatise shortly to be published, in which his purpose is, he tells us, *de universa condicione Laurentiani codicis curatius disserere*; in the meantime we are to suspend our judgment if he seems to have departed too freely or too frequently from an excellent MS. But it must be remembered by those who use Mr. Bywater's work that he has not given himself quite a free hand; he has not undertaken to find out or to guess what Aristotle wrote or caused to be written. His object was less audacious and more useful, *quia velut lex hujus editionis erat ut liber ipse qualis fere jam antiquitus in codicibus extat vel extitisse videtur, quoad fieri possit, integer intactusque servaretur.* His guiding principle has been to treat the Laurentian (K^b) as *locupletissimus veri testis*, but to give due weight to L^b and to the *versio antiqua* (Γ) *quæ hodie nobis instar Græci codicis habenda est.* Both the latter authorities he treats as evidently ancient, and not to be put down to the Byzantine ingenuity. Of the other authorities, he drily tells us that he has been *pæne incuriosus*, except that he has given occasional mention to Marcianus 213 (M^b), not so much on account of its intrinsic merits as *utpote patronos non ignobiles nactus.* As for the readings of inferior MSS., he has only noticed them when they have been adopted by Bekker. We have stated the plan of this edition in the editor's language because we find that the one is exactly described by the other and because the profession is fully borne out in the performance. For the criticism of details we must wait until we are presented with the editor's arguments in each case. In the meantime may we hope that Mr. Bywater will have the will and energy, stimulated by his success in the *Nicomachean Ethics*, to extend his textual labours to other treatises of Aristotle, less familiar, but not less important? The task is herculean, but where are we to find a more competent Hercules?

In noticing and (we may add) welcoming Mr. Purton's translation of Dr. Blass's well-known treatise we are by no means invited or inclined to discuss the theory which it puts forward as to the pronunciation of Ancient Greek, either as to its accuracy in details or its general usefulness. That would be a big undertaking and an unprofitable one. But whether we believe or disbelieve in Dr. Blass as a constructive theorist, we all admit that he is a learned and not an unskilful advocate, and that it is an advantage for Englishmen that his views should be made accessible to those who shun the labour of reading them in the original. And we may at once say that Mr. Purton has done his work well; here and there we catch an un-English cadence or stumble over a sentence too faithfully rendered. But these occasional blemishes may, perhaps, be due to the "advice and help of the author who kindly undertook to read all the proof sheets." An initial difficulty which confronted the translator was that of transliteration. It was plain sailing with the consonants; he had only to put y for j, *ch* for *tcsch*, j for *dzh*, and so on, "according to the different values of the letters in German and English." But it was more perplexing to deal with the vowels, since, as Mr. Purton tells us, no artificial system of phonetic representation has been so generally accepted as to have become familiar to English readers—in spite of the labours of Mr. Sweet and Mr. Ellis. The translator has, therefore, been obliged to retain "what may be roughly called the continental values." That is to say—

ā	as	in	*father*	ĕ	as	in	*ebb*
ă	„	„	*man*	ō	„	„	*note*
ī	„	„	*quinine* (2nd syl.)	ŏ	„	„	*not*
ĭ	„	„	*quinine* (1st syl.)	ū	„	„	*lute*
ē	„	„	*fête*	ŭ	„	„	*put*

The most generally interesting part of Dr. Blass's treatise is, perhaps, his historical survey of a controversy which he now believes to be substantially decided, from Erasmus to Curtius. It is unkind of Dr. Blass to dismiss the treatise of the former "as clothed in the facetious or, more correctly, the rather insipid dress of a dialogue between a lion and a bear," though he hastens to add that the treatment is comprehensive and the scientific seriousness quite unimpeachable. We are reminded also that the reforming zeal of certain Cambridge Grecians had to be checked by Bishop Gardiner, then Chancellor of the University and a zealous foe of heresy in all its forms. In 1542 he issued an edict which made it a punishable offence to distinguish between αι and ε, or between ει or οι and ι: students were to be rusticated and boys to receive domestic chastisement. What an ardour of study there must have been in those days at Cambridge, what conscientiousness in heresy! To those who take a properly serious view of the right way of pronouncing ancient Greek, it is somewhat disheartening to find, in Dr. Blass's words, that "the hottest and most persistent combatants are the Greeks themselves, who, now that the German pronunciation has been adopted even in Russia, are the only people who still cherish itacism." On this point let us quote the text, since it serves the double purpose of exhibiting the translator in one of his few awkward passages and the author in his least philosophical mood:—

> I am perfectly convinced that, if an ancient Athenian were to rise from his grave and hear one of us [the Germans] speak Greek, on the basis of the best scientific enquiry, and with the most delicate and practised organs, he would think the pronunciation horribly barbarous. But if he heard a modern Greek he would not indeed be so loud in his censure, simply because he failed to observe that this is supposed to be his own language.

But if the best which can ever be done by the most laborious disciple of Dr. Blass is to be something "horribly barbarous," the question will suggest itself whether the attempt is worth making. We do not answer the question; we merely state it. But in justice to Dr. Blass's indignation against these perverse modern Greeks we must give one of his reasons for vituperating them. An ancient Athenian, he says, would agree with Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Hermogenes, who declare *ι* to be of all vowels the least agreeable to the eyes and the most wanting in dignity. Yet in ancient Greek, spoken after the fashion of modern Greek, this mean and ugly vowel has "an unnatural preponderance." Therefore an ancient Greek would not find his language agreeable as pronounced in modern Greek! Therefore it was not so pronounced! That is one of the arguments; but, of course, there are better ones. Otherwise this treatise would not have been worth translating. But there is, we hear, one more infliction which might be visited on our revived Athenian. If a German came with his Reuchlinian pronunciation, observing quantities with pedantic care, his Periclean victim would probably stop his ears, we are told, at such disfigurement of his language (if indeed he recognized it as such) and at such discordant sounds. Who would put up, we are asked, with tīs alithiīs (τῆς ἀληθῆς), or tīs iyiīs (τῆς ὑγιείης), and other monstrosities such as "never appeared in any real language"? The ancient Greeks, we are told, as soon as ει became simple *ί*, no longer said ὑγιεία but ὑγεία—a comfort which Dr. Richardson may lay to heart. He was following the true classical instinct when he shortened the name of his goddess.

We may hesitate about some of the views put forward by Mr. Bury in his commentary on the *Nemean Odes of Pindar*; on some as being unproved we may suspend our judgment; others we may condemn as ingeniously fantastic: but as to the general merit of the work as a whole we can entertain no kind of doubt. Having come, it is a book that will stay; not merely because Pindar is of all Greek poets the one who has received least attention from recent English scholarship (no complete commentary having appeared since Donaldson's, except Dr. Fennell's), but because Mr. Bury is a scholar at once learned and subtle, and because he has put into this book all that is most characteristic of himself. He has adopted but considerably amplified the theory of an echo-system, or verbal responsions, first expounded by F. Mezger in his *Pindars Siegeslieder*, published ten years ago, and in it he finds a key to unlock many passages and phrases which had seemed obscure and to justify not a few which had been held corrupt. It is notorious that, if you have once hit upon a theory, you can find examples to support it. Your eyes are opened to

* *Aristotelis Ethica Nicomachea.* Recognovit brevique adnotatione critica instruxit I. Bywater, Collegii Exoniensis socius. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Pronunciation of Ancient Greek. Translated from the Third German Edition of Dr. Blass, with the Author's sanction, by W. J. Purton, B.A., Pembroke College. Cambridge: University Press.

The Nemean Odes of Pindar. Edited, with Introductions and Commentary, by J. B. Bury, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

detect what you would have passed without observation. And with this theory of an echo-system in his mind Mr. Bury finds that he can apply it to every one of the extant poems of his author; there is, he says, in the words repeated or suggested a distinct bearing on the connection of thoughts, and the phenomenon is too frequent to be dismissed as accidental in the poet or as a vain fancy in the over-subtle commentator. We admit, then, that Pindar is an eminently artificial artist, self-conscious sometimes to a fault, and that, even when his utterances seem spontaneous, every word has been carefully picked and weighed, and that if we care to understand our Pindar we must look not only to the meaning of his words, but must keep our ears alive to their sounds and our minds to their associations. We admit, again, that the theory which Mr. Bury has developed has in it nothing inherently improbable. It remains to be seen whether he can support it by *à posteriori* instances enough to be convincing. Frankly, we think that he has neither quite succeeded nor quite failed. But he has made out a strong case and, no doubt, will render it yet stronger when he has been stimulated by the controversy which he is certain to provoke. But it would be idle here to begin a discussion which we have not space to carry on. It may be more useful if we direct attention to Mr. Bury's cautious yet acute treatment of the text. His guiding principle is never to offer or accept an emendation which does not explain the corruption in the MS. That is a counsel of perfection, but Mr. Bury stands by it. He states it by means of an English example, which we may summarize as below:—

Given two MSS. of *Locksley Hall*:—

(A) In the spring a livelier rainbow changes on the burnished dove.
(B) In the spring a livelier is changes on the burnished dove.

Now the reading of (A) scans and gives sense, but is condemned because it does not explain the reading of (B). An acute emendator hits upon *iris* and sees at once that *rainbow* was a gloss upon it. That is one step; but the second is to explain (B). Here you have it:—*livel*$^{e}_{i}$*riris*.

But Mr. Bury gave this illustration partly to bring out another point, on which he insists strongly and, we think, reasonably. He argues that an emendator should not be confined to those Greek words which are recognized in a Greek dictionary. First, because the uncommon words, especially the ἅπαξ εἰρημένα, are just the words which the depraved ingenuity of a scribe would be likely to replace with others more familiar to his intelligence—an intelligence which is naturally concentrated upon words, and must to some extent ignore the context, a tendency in the much-abused copyist which is at once understood by those who have spent much time in the reading of printers' proofs. You may write a tolerable hand, but if you venture on an uncouth phrase it is 5:4 that your compositor will correct you. Mr. Bury contends that the emendator should be permitted to insert words preserved by Alexandrine writers (Lycophron especially), and compilers of glossaries like Hesychius. So far he will take many with him. But he goes a step further. He suggests that in a desperate case we should have recourse to words which do not happen to have been preserved but which easily might have existed. These suggested words must, of course, be unimpeachable in form and correct in analogy. They fall under two heads: (1) words whose past existence is presupposed by surviving forms, and (2) those whose existence is not so presupposed but which, being formed in correct analogy, might have been in use. As an instance of (1) we may refer to the above emendation in *Locksley Hall*, where Mr. Bury supposes that *iridescent* had been preserved in some lexicon but that *iris* had been altogether lost. He argues that the conjectured *iris* would be justified by the existent *iridescent*. In case (2) he quotes from the First Nemean, line 48:

ἐκ δ' ἄτλατον δέος †
πλᾶζε γυναῖκας.

The MSS. vary between δέος and βέλος, Mr. Bury argues that neither can be correct, and suggests πέλος, which is of course a word of unexceptionable formation. As a matter of fact, it is recognized by Hesychius; but, that apart, Mr. Bury says that it was the mere conditions of the problem before him, not his own knowledge of Hesychius, which suggested this quite convincing emendation. But it would require many more instances of success (we are bound to add that many more are provided in this book) to make a cautious critic assent to the latitude of emendation claimed by Mr. Bury. It is plausible; there is nothing necessarily wrong in it; but in rash hands it would be terribly abused. We have dwelt so long on the interesting points raised in these Introductions that we can only spare a few words for what is really the most important part of the book, the admirably clear and acute notes. We have read through the greater part of the *Nemean Odes* with Mr. Bury's help, and are glad to admit that we had previously missed many points which he has brought to light and had only half understood nuances of expression which he has rendered significant. We do not like all the translations; more than once or twice the smooth artifice of the Greek becomes very like English affectation. But to translate Pindar so as to give a fair notion of his power it is necessary to be a poet and not to be a scholar. If you see all that the Greek means you fail because you attempt more than can be accomplished. Not because the English language is a less delicate instrument of thought than the Greek, but because you ask too much from coincidence when you expect that the same train of associated sounds and ideas shall be suggested by the English word or phrase as by the Greek one of which it is a rendering. Of Mr. Bury's work as a whole we are saying no more than the truth when we say that every Greek scholar is bound to study it and treat it respectfully. It may not all of it be quite sound; but the parts which seem merely plausible must be seriously encountered.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND PAST AND PRESENT.*

WE have already noticed the first volume of this work, the second of which has recently appeared, covering the period from the reign of Malcolm Canmore to the Revolution of 1688. We cannot say that in literary quality it is quite on the level of the first volume. The author is the Rev. Dr. Rankin, who is well known in Scotland as a robust champion of the Kirk, and a somewhat rough-and-ready controversialist; but his style of writing is marked rather by raciness than by grace or perfect good taste. But he has brought together and arranged, in very lucid order, a mass of highly interesting detail bearing on the inner life of the Church during the period of the Roman ascendency, and on its episcopal, monastic, and parochial organization. His sketch of the history of the Church during the transition from Celticism to Romanism, and again during the War of Independence and the Reformation period, is spirited and full of effective light and shade.

It is rare to find a Presbyterian author exposing so candidly the shortcomings of the Lords of the Congregation and the excesses of Knox's "rascal multitude," and doing such justice to the high statesmanlike qualities of Cardinal Beatoun, and the intellectual ability, as well as the personal fascinations, of Queen Mary. The events of the Covenanting period are also touched with a firm and skilful hand, which does not hesitate to draw in sufficiently dark colours the unpleasing picture of the wrong-headed protesters, and of the worldly-minded prelates who wrought so much mischief in that distracted era of the Kirk. Upon the whole, although lacking, as we have said, in the quality of its style, this volume is in its essential character a remarkably thorough and impartial history of a period which has suffered more than most periods from the bitterness of partisan narrative and the unscrupulousness of sectarian misrepresentation.

OSSIP SCHUBIN'S NOVELS.†

LIGHTNESS of touch and a bright animated style are the two last things we look for in a German novel; all the more gratefully, therefore, do we recognize these qualities as among the leading characteristics of Ossip Schubin's works. This author (Ossip Schubin is the *nom de guerre* of an Austrian lady, Miss Lola Kirschner) discards the precedent that has led German novelists to conduct us by slow and laborious stages down the centuries, among the ancestry of their characters, and, dispensing with an introduction, plunges at once into her story. We are only too glad to be spared the preliminary "take-off," a process which we have known to lead us back as far as the great-great grand-parents of the hero and heroine, and through some hundred pages of elaborate character-drawing. In Ossip Schubin's novels we are brought face to face in the first pages with the men and women whose fortunes we are to follow through a volume of average size, and of invariably excellent type. Our attention is arrested at once, and except in a few cases is well sustained through the admirably drawn episodes of cosmopolitan life, the subject-matter from which these stories are generally taken.

Probably most grown-up people share the child's feeling in Mr. Louis Stevenson's poem "Foreign Children:"—

Such a life is very fine,
But it 's not so nice as mine;
You must often as you trod
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

But, as we read these bright lively tales of Austrian country-house life, of the meeting and making of friends at German watering-places, or in some Styrian *villeggiatura*, of the entertaining society met together in Rome or Paris, during the winter months, we conclude that to have been born *Unter Uns* in Austria would have been no bad fate. This, the title of one of her novels (which we think would have found a better English equivalent in *In Our Set* than in its translated form of *One of Us*), is the society which Ossip Schubin depicts, with an ease and felicity of treatment which give life and reality to her characters, and an air of *vraisemblance* to the setting in which we find them. There is nothing elaborate in the workmanship, no studied effort after effect, and no minute analysis of character, and yet we know these charming, well-bred, well-dressed men and women, and feel familiar with them. We recognize their

* *The Church of Scotland Past and Present.* Vol. II. Edited by the Rev. R. H. Story, D.D.

† *Unter Uns.* By Ossip Schubin. Berlin: Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel.

Bravo Rechts. By Ossip Schubin. Jena: Hermann Costenoble.

Ehre. By Ossip Schubin. Dresden und Leipzig: Verlag von Heinrich Minden.

idiosyncrasies, think of them by their nicknames, distinguish their individuality, and mark their family resemblance. Even the minor characters are so sharply and finely drawn that we hail them with effusion when we come across them unexpectedly in a new novel; for Ossip Schubin seems to think with Thackeray that a character is too valuable a property to be easily parted with. Thus, it constantly happens that, in beginning a new story, we greet as a familiar friend the casual acquaintance whom we thought we had parted with for ever in closing the last novel. "*Glissez mortels n'appuyez pas*" is the motto which characterizes our novelist's treatment of her subjects; and we gladly glide with her through the gilded saloons of the Parisian and Viennese aristocracy, or amid the dimmer splendours of Roman and Venetian palaces, on intimate terms with that society of which Motley wrote that "You must be intimate with the Pharaohs or stay at home." For it is among the fortunes and fashions, the loves, hates, and humours, of one class that Ossip Schubin seeks her themes, and a very pleasant society it is, if somewhat superficial. The introduction of an alien element into this august assemblage, and the harassing vexations and disappointments consequent on this bold intrusion, is the leading motive of several of the novels.

In *Unter Uns*, which we are inclined to think the author's best and most complete work, these elements of sordid tragedy attain to the dignity of real pathos. Between Sterzl, the straightforward, downright *bourgeois*, who never could understand "that the boundary lines between sincerity and rudeness, between hypocrisy and a sense of the fitness of things, have not been clearly defined as yet; that it is just as inadmissible to say the whole truth in a drawing-room as it is to appear there in one's shirt sleeves"—between such a man, and the brilliant, artificial, diplomatic circle which he has entered without "the passport of a pedigree," there is bound to be a collision sooner or later. The direct cause of this collision is the love affair between his sister and Count Sempaly, an admirably drawn character, liberal in his convictions, aristocratic and exclusive in all his instincts—a man "with whom class feeling was not an affair of pride of birth or party, but simply a question of nerves." The picture of Roman society, the lightness and sparkle of the conversation, the humorous contrast of the Sterzl relations with the society in which they find themselves, are all admirably done. A deeper note is struck in the development of Zinka's love, a note at once simple, true, and pathetic. The conditions which lead to the *dénouement* of the story should be read with their context in the original, as they are foreign to English ideas and to English life. This criticism naturally applies to many of Schubin's novels. In some instances it is a decided recommendation to the English reader, as it at once satisfies his international curiosity and gratifies his national pride.

In *Bravo Rechts* we have a charming picture of life in an Austrian country-house, yet here, too, the sensitive thermometer of social feeling indicates grades and shades which we should find it irksome to observe, though it is interesting and amusing to read about. This novel ends happily, love proving itself stronger than caste prejudice. The mystery which is interwoven with the story is so cleverly introduced and played upon in various keys that perhaps we have no right to be disappointed in the solution, which certainly does fall rather flat. Indeed, the plot is not so much the strong point of the story as the character sketches, notably Prince Zino Capito, the worthless, good-for-nothing, lovable Italian, capable of magnanimous impulses, incapable of sustained effort in any direction, and Dita Nikoltschjani, the charming Servian heroine, with her cosmopolitan bringing up, frank, independent nature, and light, mocking manner, beneath which is hidden a great capacity for love and grief. "Twenty-two" (she exclaims on the first page), "and with a heart like a calling-card, nothing to read on it but my own name." Fortunately for those who have to address her in the future, the book closes with her consent to change that name for a high-sounding, but pronounceable, Austrian one.

Ehre is characterized by the author's happy knack of touching off an individual in a phrase and of "chronicling the small beer" of society in a way that is always interesting and never tedious. Here, too, we have a mystery, connected with one of the leading characters, recurring like a Wagner *motif*, and giving a real interest to the story, which at some points has a tendency to become melodramatic and sensational—faults which are too conspicuous in *Asbein* and *Gloria Victis*.

One word about Ossip Schubin's style. We are struck by the number of foreign words imported into the language. Thus words like "flirtation," "dandy," "snob," "fashionable," "gentlemanlike," appear constantly printed in German character, and in the case of the adjectives taking the inflexions of the adopted tongue—no great gain from either a philological or an æsthetic point of view. French is treated in the same way, and Viennese *argot* appears not infrequently. In short, the style is far from being classical, or true to the traditions of German literature. Even the "parenthesis distemper," as Mark Twain calls it, is here found in its most undeveloped form, the adjective preceding the noun and the verb following the subject with unexpected directness. We understand that contemporary German writers object to these innovations; but English readers at least will be grateful to Ossip Schubin for not holding them in bondage to the beggarly elements of grammar and construction.

PICTURESQUE AUSTRALASIA.*

WHETHER from exigencies of publication, or under some occult influence of Antipodean topsy-turvydom, the preface of *Picturesque Australasia* appears where it might indeed have been looked for in a Japanese or other Boreal-Asian book—at the end. To know this will save the time of the reader, naturally anxious, as we were, to obtain a key to the mass of heterogeneous matter disclosed by cursorily turning over the pages. From the epilogistic "Editor's Note," which serves for a preface, the reader will learn, perhaps with a feeling of relief, that no key exists, the absence of arrangement being of design, so that he may read what he lists, where and how his fancy leads him, and that with a conscience void of offence—for he is expressly told, in a wise word, that he is "hardly expected to read steadily on from beginning to end." The design of the work is avowedly cyclopædic: and the volumes make good their claim to present to the reader a full and popular account of the Australasian Colonies, together with a faithful pictorial representation "of the same" (as the editor puts it). Of the faithfulness of the illustrations, which, in the language of literary advertisement, can only be described as "profuse," and of the choice in them of characteristic scenes and scenery, let it be said at once that, with a fairly extensive acquaintance with most of the subjects portrayed, we find them altogether truthful and satisfactory. A comprehensive and, at the same time, thoroughly popular, work of this kind is probably better calculated than any other means that could be devised for fulfilling the object aimed at in its preparation—of making Australasia better known to those who live at a distance, and enabling each colony to know its neighbours better. Besides being a book of light and entertaining reading to pick up and dip into at random, it may almost be described at the same time as being, in its odd, disjointed way, a kind of illustrated history of the Australasian Colonies. Any one who makes himself acquainted with the facts of history and geography, with the character of the country and the scenery, the natural products, the industries, the social condition of the people, and the daily life of town and country, as all these are brought before his eyes, in letterpress and illustration, in these volumes, will know (unless he be a student of politics or, for that matter, a scientific student of any sort) all he wants to know or that is generally worth knowing about the great countries under that unredeemed fraud, the much-vaunted constellation of the Southern Cross. In saying this we by no means intend to belittle the interest that is to be found in these new lands. The story of the early navigators of Antipodean waters—of the voyages and discoveries of Tasman and Cook, of Flinders and Bass, of La Pérouse and D'Entrecasteaux—has still the sunny charm, the breezy freshness of a southern sea. And later on are the records of the daring and doing, the perseverance and the suffering, too often the suffering that is unto death, of the intrepid explorers and discoverers of the inhospitable interior of the great island continent of Australia—of Oxley, Sturt, Leichhardt, Stuart, Burke, and Wills. The sad, dark tales of convictism—the rush and the wonders of the gold fields—even now the marvels of such "mountains of ore" as Bischoff, Broken Hill, and Mount Morgan, with their tin, their silver, and their gold—the wild days of bushranging that but lately found their true *sacer vates* in the writer of that best of all Australian books, *Robbery under Arms*—the story of the "Eureka Stockade," the "Boston harbour" in little of Britain's second colonial empire—these are chapters of the history that has been making in the time of many of us, full of stirring life and romantic incident. Even now the very growth and development of these young communities, their subjugation of nature, their flocks and herds, their wool, their gold, their great cities that have sprung up like fairy palaces; their social and economic developments and their peculiar problems—the Maori in New Zealand, the Chinaman in Little Bourke Street, the "coloured labourer" in Northern Queensland; the present political position of all the Colonies, and the all-important question, for them and for us, of their future relationship with England and the rest of the Empire—on this side, too, there is plenty to know and plenty that we may be the better for knowing. Or if we turn to the physical characteristics of Australasia, we find no less to excite our interest and wonder, and not seldom our admiration. In natural scenery, though the aspect of nature in Australia proper is, for the most part, monotonous and devoid of beauty, yet the Southern Ocean can show scenery and wonders of nature to match any in the world. New Zealand can boast at once of alpine glories on a scale of great magnificence, of Sounds more lovely than all Norwegian fjords, and, in her North Island, of a volcanic wonderland even now unrivalled, unless it be by that epitome of all that is alike beautiful and wonderful in the Yellowstone country of Western America. New South Wales has a region of great beauty in her Blue Mountains; and the coasts and inlets, the rivers, lakes, and mountains of Tasmania present pictures of surpassing loveliness. The beauty of Sydney harbour is world-famous, and it does not stand alone. Though less talked about and not the equal of Sydney in picturesque "prettiness," the estuary of the Derwent, which forms a land-locked harbour for Hobart, is in many respects quite as fine, and has the advantage of Sydney in the outline and the height of the hills that fringe its shores, and in having mountain backgrounds both near and distant. Neither, it must

* *Cassell's Picturesque Australasia.* Edited by E. E. Morris, M.A. 4 vols. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1890.

be confessed, can really compare with the combined picturesqueness and grandeur of the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. For ourselves we should almost be inclined to compare Sydney harbour not, as is usual, with that, but rather with the dainty completeness that satisfies the eye in the narrow harbour of Nagasaki in Japan. Rio stands alone, if for nothing else, for the unique outlines of its surrounding mountains, displaying that quaint curving declivity, something more than perpendicular, peculiar to South America. Scenery apart, too, there is so much that is strange and new in the natural features of Australasia. The very geology is a thing apart; and, in the same field, those cosmoplastic agents of these latter days, the coral insects, have built up that great barrier reef that makes the sea a lake along hundreds of miles of Australian coast. Add to these things a division of the animal kingdom, the marsupial mammals, existing in no other portion of the globe—the tiger-wolves, "devils," and that strange beast that fits into all and yet none of the divisions of naturalists, the ornithorhynchus; add the eucalypti and all the aromatic natives of the bush—and who shall say that, without including the tropical splendours of Fiji and New Guinea, there is not in Australasia a sufficient extent and variety of interests for every taste?

Among a *farrago* of such multifarious subjects as make up this book, from bushranging, stockdriving, and the habits of the "brumby," to majestic mountain scenery and the system of public education (on which, be it said, the editor writes as an expert), the way to select any particular one for special notice was obviously to follow the editor's own lead and take something at haphazard. So doing, we opened the leaves at a chapter dealing with what the historian, we fear, will always have to dwell on as the leading mark and dominant influence in the settlement and early days of Australia—convictism. Deeply as this poison contaminated the springs of life in perhaps all but the newer colony of South Australia—New Zealand, it must be remembered, was absolutely free from it—the memories of its latter days have been unhappily associated with one of the fairest spots in a fair island, Port Arthur in Tasmania. Here, amid natural surroundings breathing a serene spirit of peace and rest, were carried out the rigours of a system of prison discipline that made the life of those who suffered it an earthly hell from which many a one sought escape by voluntary death, ready to face the terrors of that other hell unseen. The horrors depicted in *His Natural Life* have been doubted; but those who know admit that the reality justified the picture. Escape from the chain-gang and the silent horrors of the "model prison"—a monument of ingenuity, standing, for the inspection of the curious, but the other day, and quite recently, we believe, demolished to make way by a strange and happy vicissitude for a recreation ground—to escape from these with life was all but impossible. Port Arthur was well chosen in that respect, situated as it was (we do not say "is," for with its uses its very name has now been wiped out as of ill omen) on a peninsula joined by the narrowest of necks to yet another peninsula similarly united to the mainland of the island; so that an escaping prisoner had to run the gauntlet of two lines of sentries. Nor were their firearms and bayonets the only guardians of the passage. A cordon of fierce mastiffs chained across the isthmus added another terror; while on either side the water teemed with sharks, kept in numbers close round, so it was said, by systematic feeding. The peculiar configuration of the land in the south-east corner of Tasmania terminating in these two, Forestier's and Tasman's, peninsulas, is connected also with some exceedingly comical as well as with these grim reminiscences. Back in the "twenties" of this century the settlers were troubled, or professed to be, by the lawlessness of the aborigines, even then a mere handful, and now long since extinct. So Governor Arthur organised an elaborate scheme for capturing all the remnants of the tribes together. The whole island was to be swept by a cordon of troops and volunteers, drawing gradually in and converging upon the south-east corner, so that all the natives should be driven at last into Tasman's peninsula. Preparations were made as for an actual campaign; depôts were established; for several weeks all business was suspended throughout the colony, while no less than three thousand men were engaged on this portentous undertaking. How people who knew the rugged mountain ranges and dense bush that cover the island in unbroken continuity ever thought the success of the scheme possible, surpasses understanding. But they did; and the line moved systematically onward, fondly supposing no blacks could pass between their ranks, but that the whole native population was in full retreat in front of them. The first isthmus was reached at length, and then the second; and then, when these three thousand men spread themselves out over Tasman's peninsula to capture their game, they found—not a solitary native of them all!

LORIMER'S STUDIES.*

THE late Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh had a custom to use the first meeting of his session, when the students could not be supposed to have settled down to serious work, for the review of some current topic connected with public law. In these voluntary occasional discourses, which had a literary rather than a technical character, one may perceive a certain undesigned resemblance to the "Public Lectures" which are required or expected of many of the Oxford Professors under the new statutes. The present volume is a collection of Lorimer's discourses of this kind, substantially though not finally revised by the author. Its range extends over the quarter of a century between 1864 and 1889, the date of Professor Lorimer's lamented death. Students of politics, diplomacy, and the law of nations will find in it much matter of interest, although some of the topics already seem of an old-world fashion, so swift and masterful have been the movements of European affairs in the past generation. Of one thing the reader may feel certain; he will not have reason to complain of being fed with commonplaces. Lorimer's thought was sometimes flighty, sometimes eccentric, sometimes almost exasperating by its contempt of practical conditions, but it could not be common. It was always highminded and philosophical, though one might disagree with the philosophy or with its application, and there was an individual ingenuity and freedom about it which made his arguments as little acceptable, at times, to systematic followers of one or another form of *Naturrecht* as to benighted Southrons like the present writer, who are unable to accept *Naturrecht* in any form. Let us protest at once, however, that if *Naturrecht* there must be, we would rather suffer Lorimer's than Austin's. The Germans were challenged long ago, by no less a champion than Maine, concerning their omission to account for Austin. A year or two ago, Brunner took up the glove, and this was the effect of his answer:—"Yes, I have looked at your Austin; just as unhistorical and unprofitable as any dogmatist of them all. It is only a newish variety of *Naturrecht*, and a bad one." Lorimer's *Naturrecht* came at any rate of a generous stock, and did not consume whole chapters in a clatter of clumsy definitions. It was often enough in the air—at least, to us it seemed so—but never in the mud.

We spoke just now of Lorimer's contempt of practical conditions, and we used the word advisedly, for there was something more than disregard. Philosophers are not expected to be always thinking of what is practicable; they would spoil their work if they did. But Lorimer, with wilful or innocent audacity, was given to talk of humanly impossible projects as if they were the most simple and practical things in the world. In 1876 he was much exercised, as were most thinking people, about the Eastern Question. He was of opinion, with nearly everybody, that Turkish rule at Constantinople was bad, and also, with nearly everybody except the Russians, that Russian rule would not be good enough to put in its place, besides being objectionable on other grounds. Accordingly, he proposed with a light heart to disestablish the Grand Turk by a process in which "the very first proceeding, of course, must be a joint occupation of Constantinople by the European Powers." Excellent indeed, if the European Powers would and could have agreed on the terms and conditions of such occupation. The preliminary difficulties of arriving at that agreement, whether before the Grand Turk's face or behind his back, were quietly left aside. Yet the whole world knows that, if the Great Powers had been able to agree upon any definite way of superseding Turkish government, the Turkish empire in Europe would have ceased to exist long before 1876. There are times when the only answer that can be made to speculative champions of the Law of Nature is in the words of the Roman lawyer:—*Quid enim si ignorat quod tota civitas scit?* In the height of the Franco-German war, again, Lorimer put forth a scheme for a standing international congress which should meet regularly in the territory of a permanently neutral State, Belgium or Switzerland, with power to discuss and vote on European affairs, to decide for itself what questions were merely national and what international, and to enforce its decrees by a kind of federal execution. Now we are not of those who regard all such plans as merely chimerical. It seems to us fairly probable that, if some such scheme were once established, it might be made to work. At the lowest estimate, the obstacles to fraud and surprise in international relations, and to the abuse of superior force on the one hand and the privileges of weakness on the other, would be sensibly increased. But Lorimer saw and said, quite rightly, that such a congress would be of no use unless it were a permanent body, created and authorized by treaties expressly declared not to be dissoluble by war (for which of course the Conventions of Geneva and St. Petersburg afford modern precedent), and unless it were entrusted with a great deal of effective and irrevocable authority, including the power of the sword. The reflection is obvious that, whenever the States of Europe have attained such a degree of reasonableness and mutual trust as to be able to agree on so large a delegation of their sovereign powers to a mixed body, there will already be very little left of the evils intended to be remedied. Lorimer himself was not unaware that the great wars of the world have been due to causes beyond the control of quasi-judicial congresses. Neither was he a man of peace at any price. On the very same page with his scheme for a parliament of nations he wrote—"Bad as war is, we must never forget that it is a secondary evil to injustice." Meanwhile the French were struggling in their winter campaign, with a case all but hopeless, to wrest from fate some amendment of the verdict of Sedan on the ancient issue "uter esset induperator," which no one has yet succeeded in reducing to rules of law nor even of popular justice. Lorimer had his way with that question too. Stripped of its philosophic trappings, it came to much the same thing as what we heard

* *Studies National and International.* By James Lorimer. With Biographical Notices by Robert Flint and Gustave Rolin-Jaequemyns. Edinburgh: William Green & Sons. 1890.

Carlyle say not long after that same war of 1870:—"The Hohenzollerns have got their way because it was God Almighty's way." Whether this be philosophic or not, it is no new thing, at any rate. Did not the prophets in the last days of the Hebrew monarchy recognize in the terrible Nebuchadnezzar the manifest servant of Jehovah, whom it was not only folly but wickedness to stand against? However, Lorimer's philosophy of the ultimate harmony of might with right is not fully set forth in this volume, and it would not be fair to discuss it here.

On one subject, the academic teaching of law, whatever Lorimer said must deserve special attention by reason of his eminent position and his long experience. It must not be assumed that what is applicable to Edinburgh will always be applicable to Oxford or Cambridge; but there is much general good sense in Lorimer's remarks. We quite agree with him, for example, that it is not the business of a University to impart the working details of law. These can and must be better dealt with elsewhere. "As a practical art the profession of the law must be learned practically." What the Universities can do is to lay a foundation of rational and historical principles, whereby the student when he is turned loose in offices, chambers, and courts, may find the maze not wholly without a plan. "The Faculty of Law in the University is the scientific side of the profession of the law." We might not precisely agree with Lorimer as to its extent. He wished to annex to the legal Faculty the whole of political and social science. In fact, his ideal Faculty of Law would have covered about as wide a field as the Ecole libre des Sciences Politiques founded by M. Boutmy in Paris. English conditions and habits point to this kind of work being done by the History rather than by the Law Schools; and both Oxford and Cambridge show of late years some movement in this direction. Under whatever name, there is plenty of room for more of it. Rational distinction and effective co-operation between academical and professional study of law may come some day in this country, but not until the Inns of Court have established a real school of law instead of the present wholly inadequate scheme of lectures and examinations, and have also substituted the frank desire of a good understanding with the Universities for their traditional temper of exclusiveness. We have said before, and we say it again, that the Oxford B.C.L. degree is notoriously at least as good evidence of legal competence as having passed the Bar examination, and the fact ought to be recognized by the Inns of Court if they recognize University examinations at all. But these things are remote from Edinburgh and Lorimer.

Domestic politics came into Lorimer's lectures only by the way. So far as he expressed his opinions, however, they were always vigorous and independent, and mainly sound. He set his face against all schemes of confiscation under any of its disguises. "No political necessity can ever carry us beyond the ten commandments." He pointed out that, if the political privileges of our peerage were abolished, the most likely effect of this supposed democratic reform would be to create, as in France, a hereditary social caste outside the world of politics, and overshadowing it. Writers on the English Constitution have shown before now that we were saved from a Continental nobility by the position of the House of Lords in Parliament; but there is something fresh and striking in Lorimer's way of putting it. The lecture on the Land Question is another example of Lorimer's fundamental good sense. It should be mentioned that Lorimer was a zealous advocate of proportional representation, a pious opinion which has many merits, and the one fatal misfortune that no leading statesman has yet been persuaded to take it seriously.

A volume of this kind gives little occasion for personal remembrances. We can testify that ten years ago Professor Lorimer was a dignified and charming host at Edinburgh; and the frontispiece, engraved from a painting by his son, testifies that he was a good lover of dogs. His life was uneventful, and, we believe, happy. Those who wish for dates and particulars of his work will find prefixed to these lectures a biographical notice contributed by Dr. Flint in the excellent English of a learned Scot, and another by M. Rolin-Jaequemyns in the French of a learned Belgian.

MR. BLAIKIE'S POEMS.*

MR. BLAIKIE'S *Love's Victory* is a collection of about fifty poems, all carefully finished, more or less personal, if not exclusively objective, and all composed with but little relation to contemporary fashions of writing. Very rarely we are conscious that Mr. Swinburne has crossed this younger poet's path; but Tennyson, Browning, and Rossetti—potent influences all three on the best poetic writing of our time—might never have written for any sign which he shows of their existence. Even Mr. Swinburne has not affected Mr. Blaikie in the ordinary direction, but at those points at which both are subjugated by Shelley. The poet of the *Ode to the West Wind* is Mr. Blaikie's sole master, and those who delight in tracing the shadow of a great imagination cast on subsequent talent will be interested in recognizing on the work of Mr. Blaikie the reflection of unfamiliar facets of the genius of Shelley.

These delicate and often somewhat obscure lyrics are largely inspired by the combination of music, odour, and a twilight which suggests the obscurity of a tropical forest. Such are "Hylas," many of the sonnets, the subtle parable which bears the title of "Love's Victory," and the song of "Love's Secret Name." Such is "The Invitation," with its fine exotic landscape:—

> Arouse thee, sweet, and come away
> To the forest dim,
> Leave the rude all-seeing day
> And the garden trim;
> Safely mantled, and all wild,
> By moon and music be beguiled.
>
> Here, among magnolia trees,
> Tulips gray and vast,
> Old Romance, enthroned at peace,
> Vivifies the past,
> Thee to soothe on fairest pinions
> In the heart of sleep's dominions.

Some of the most attractive numbers in this volume, however, are those which record impressions of foreign travel. In particular, we have found ourselves noting, as we went through Mr. Blaikie's book, those poems which deal with Algeria. We would, in particular, point to "Sunrise upon Atlas," dated from Blidah; to "The Tricolour on the Dey's Palace"; and to "Rudel in the East," the latter being an irregular ode, in the form with which Mr. Patmore has familiarized us. A truly English study of nature is found in other poems, as in the affecting seaside study, called "The Combe," and "In the Wood at S——," where a kind of Copley Fielding landscape is filled with an atmosphere of delicate sentiment. It is perhaps as a lyrist pure and simple, however, that Mr. Blaikie will charm the largest number of readers. His songs are full of refined melody. Here are the two opening stanzas of "To Fiammetta":—

> A rose with petals pale,
> Where never a wind might sail,
> Deep in a gloomy glen, unsmitten of the sun,
> With all its tender, deep
> Warm loveliness asleep,
> Unopened, uncaressed, and of no zephyr known.
>
> Madonna! lo, my heart
> Like any rose, apart
> From all the world around, deep hidden in its leaves,
> Lone in a dusky waste,
> By no soft wind embraced,
> Lay dreaming sweeter dreams than summer night e'er weaves.

That Mr. Blaikie's verse when it ceases to sing in these bird-like numbers is sometimes difficult to comprehend can hardly be denied. "Bella Donna," which owes something in conception to *Alastor* and in form to *Epipsychidion*, is rich and sonorous, but not lucid. "Love's Victory" itself contains nuts in its rocky sweetness which might have clustered on the filbert bushes of Donne or Lord Brooke himself. Probably, as time goes on, we shall see our less militant poets indulging more and more in these purely personal utterances, the whispers of a nature to itself in a tongue which only it fully comprehends. The art of prosody invites these spirits to a partial confession; they tell as much as they will, and how they will, and the result is poetry which he cannot expect to read who runs:—

> Here the pale nympholept o'er flowers and shells
> Pores long and oft to solve that secret deep,
> And on that lake's sad shore for ever dwells
> 'Twixt contemplation and a haunted sleep.

A more serious charge than the relative one of obscurity—that of a dislocating inversion of sentences—may occasionally be brought against Mr. Blaikie, whose volume, nevertheless, we welcome as a genuine contribution to the pensive and introspective poetry of our time. In closing we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting one of Mr. Blaikie's sonnets:—

> Pass not, O happy Year, ah! linger yet!
> For still the winter ways with balmy airs
> Are sweet, and in the sun thy forehead wears
> No touch of time, nor are thine eyelids wet;
> Thou shalt not die; upon thee there is set
> Deep-'during immortality that dares
> The envious future and the veil down-tears
> Where new with old, and old with new are met.
> Ah, linger yet, most happy, happy Year!
> With flower-fed eyes, with wine upon thy lips,
> The new spring playing at thy rosy feet;—
> Ah me! upon thy bosom faint with fear
> I fall, I whirl in deadly cold eclipse,
> And 'tis thy corpse thus fondly I entreat.

* *Love's Victory: Lyrical Poems.* By John Arthur Blaikie. Percival & Co. 1890.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THE sixth volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* is as useful as its predecessors. The editing has, we think, on the whole improved. On going through the volume we have been struck by only one manifest eccentricity—the disproportionate length of the article on Robert Leighton. It is nearly half as long as the Knox or the Luther, and half as long again as "Laud." Now Leighton, though a meek and amiable man—a saint of God, indeed—is a very small figure when compared with these three. For the rest, we desire to be understood to speak well of Mr. Thomas Davidson's article. He has written with admiration of his man, and yet has made it quite clear that the good Leighton

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.* New edition. Vol. VI. Humber to Malta. London and Edinburgh: William & Robert Chambers. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1890.

was a somewhat exasperating person. A Presbyterian who, after twenty years of service in the ministry, submitted to ordination by a bishop because he thought this "was a detail of no great moment," an Episcopalian who would cheerfully have dispensed with bishops, may have been a lovable man of delicate, quietist piety, but he had no cause to complain if he was called Erastian. Burnet loved him, and we can understand why; but Swift thought him a "canting puppy"—which is Swiftian and brutal, but likewise intelligible. The article on Laud is not worthy of the *Encyclopædia*. It is pure and simple stupidity to say that Laud was only "a typical college don, fussy, restless, high-handed, concerned about trifles, cold and unsympathetic, as little in mind as in person." Vulgar nonsense of this kind is not the less vulgar because it is made up by combining Lord Macaulay's exaggeration with a phrase from Mr. Carlyle.

Biographical articles are rather numerous and interesting in this volume. Chambers's deals with the living as well as the dead, and so it can give articles on Mr. Lang and on Ibsen. Mr. Lang, "the St. Thomas of popular mythology," as Arvede Barine calls him, is much praised for the light humour which enables him to adorn all he touches; but is likewise gently rebuked for his deplorable levity. In the article on Ibsen, Mr. Bealby explains that the Norwegian's mission, like that of Socrates of old, "is to awaken men to a real comprehension of themselves," which he does by going in for individual liberty, and the general right of everybody to do as he pleases. Mr. W. Wallace explains in the article "Macaulay" how that historian is as "a thinker deficient in balance, repose, inwardness, and modesty." It would be pleasing to hear what Macaulay thinks of the modesty of Mr. Wallace. We rather think he would justify the next criticism, which is that "occasionally when he plays the censor he almost sinks into insolent brutality." Truly the historian is punished for making slap-dash popular. Mr. Ormsby's article on Le Sage is written in the quiet old style of men who wished to judge fairly, and not merely to be brilliant. Mr. Ormsby's estimate of the originality of Le Sage is thoroughly sound, and is particularly worth listening to from a writer who knows Spanish literature so well. Mr. Ormsby also contributes a well-balanced paper on Llorente, the much-criticized historian of the Inquisition. Geographical and historical articles also abound. Sir Richard Temple contributes a really very well compacted paper on India, illustrated by a map which is as satisfactory as a small map of so big a country can well be. The historical portion of the article on Ireland is by Mr. Justin McCarthy. From the Life of Mr. McCarthy, also in this volume, we learn that he is in his *History of Our Own Times* "unexpectedly sane" on the Irish question. Mr. McCarthy's sanity is proved in his sketch of the history of Ireland by the way in which he calmly burkes the crimes of the rebels of '98, while denouncing the atrocities of the soldiery, who generally behaved very well, and the yeomanry, who had many provocations. The *Encyclopædia* is wonderfully well up to date, but the last development of the Irish question has been too late for it. Mr. McCarthy ends with the now antiquated (and always dubious) piece of information that since Mr. Gladstone's right-about-face "the history of Ireland may be briefly summed up as an unceasing struggle for Home Rule." Ireland has begun to make some more history for itself since Mr. McCarthy corrected his proofs. The article on Italy is divided between Mr. M. Dundas Walker (geography and history) and Signora Cantagalli (literature). The division of the papers is sometimes a trifle curious. Thus, for instance, Hydrophobia is partly by M. Pasteur, who gives his view, and partly by Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, who quietly sets limits to M. Pasteur. The *Encyclopædia* has always been good in miscellaneous articles. In this volume there is a short one on the Knout, containing an account of that formidable instrument, and the information, which may be useful to writers of "shilling shockers" about Russia, that the use of it was abolished by Nicholas. Mr. W. A. Clouston contributes two papers on Jest-books and Jesters. We cannot agree with him that all the stories which "exhibit women in no very favourable light" are necessarily the work of "misogynist churchmen." From Adam downwards unworthy man has said jeering things about sister woman. The article on Jesters is not an adequate treatment of a curious subject. It was, for one thing, not an instance of petty-mindedness in Laud to resent the insolence of Archie Armstrong, who was the mere mouthpiece of a really formidable opposition. Archie had every reason to tkink himself lucky in escaping the porter's lodge. It will be seen that the *Encyclopædia* contains some confused reading. We have again to complain that it does not quote its authorities as fully as it should.

SEVEN ESSAYS ON CHRISTIAN GREECE.*

THESE essays, which were originally written some as lectures and others as contributions to French periodicals, were translated by the Marquess of Bute for the *Scottish Review*, where they have already appeared. Their chief interest consists in their exposition of the hopes which the Greeks entertain of the enlargement of their territory, and in the sketch of how these hopes have from time to time been baffled, and have only partially been fulfilled after the lapse of sixty years from the foundation of the Greek kingdom. In his first essay, containing a general view of the character of the Byzantine Empire, M. Bikelas points out that the special work of the Empire was the preservation of "the intellectual splendour of Greece," and finds an opportunity for expressing his contempt for the theory that the Greek of to-day is simply a Slav, declaring that the physical and intellectual features of his fellow-countrymen are distinctly Hellenic. His remarks on Byzantinism and Hellenism are prefaced by an indictment of Gibbon's work as affected by prejudice and an overweening admiration for mere strength, "only too characteristic of the English mind," and the cause, the author thinks, of much of the injustice which the Greeks have, as he believes, met with at the hands of the English nation. Although he contends, on the whole successfully, that the faults of the Byzantine Empire did not arise from its Hellenic elements, he seems to admit that the excessive importance attached to religious questions, which was undoubtedly a source of constant political disturbance in the empire, was the result of the Greek love of philosophizing. In one point his defence of Byzantinism seems open to objection. No one denies that there was a people in New Rome, and that the popular will sometimes made itself felt in the decision of dynastic and religious disputes; yet no one can, we think, assert that either in the city or the Empire there was any constitutional means by which the popular will could influence the course of affairs. The crowd assembled in the Hippodrome to make or unmake emperors was a mob, not a people acting in a recognized political capacity. M. Bikelas complains that his countrymen were harshly treated in 1830, and we do not deny that the Powers gave the new kingdom a bad start by withholding from it the region of Northern Ætolia. As, however, Capodistrias had chosen to offend Great Britain by taking part with Russia in the Dardanelles and elsewhere, it was scarcely to be expected that our influence should be used otherwise than to hinder the enlargement of a State which seemed likely, as far as it was able, to thwart our wishes, while Nicholas, content with his own gains, was not eager about securing advantages for others. The aspirations of the Greeks were disappointed by the suppression of the rebellion in Crete in 1840, and in Epirus and Thessaly in 1854, when they again served, or rather attempted to serve, the interests of Russia. When there seemed a reasonable hope that they would act in accordance with the wishes of the British Government they were rewarded beforehand by our resignation of the protectorate of the Ionian Islands. M. Bikelas gives a sketch of the policy of the Great Powers with reference to the Greek claims down to the enlargement of the kingdom by the Treaty of Berlin. In his concluding essay on the "Greek Question" he notes the abandonment of the "Great Idea" of a restored Byzantine Empire, which filled the minds of many Greeks down to the outbreak of the War of Independence, and animated the conspiracy of the Hetærists. The dream disappeared before the new spirit of nationalism, and the hopes of the Greeks are now directed towards the annexation of the "rest of Epirus, the Greek portion of Macedonia, and the island of Crete." Meanwhile they are disturbed by the hopes of the Bulgarians, and their assertion that "Macedonia is a Bulgar province which the Greeks are wickedly attempting to Hellenize." This audacious proposition is, we are told, the fruit of the fostering care of a certain Great Power. Not that M. Bikelas would for a moment deny that it is the first and highest duty of Great Powers to foster little ones, and give them what they cry for, only they must take care to discriminate; Greece is to be fostered and receive gifts, and the Bulgarians may have whatever the Greeks do not happen to want. Unless Eastern Europe is ordered on this principle, gross injustice will be done, and the witness of history will be set at nought. In speaking of the policy of the Great Powers, he seems to us continually to forget that, even supposing the use of a common language and the assertion of a common descent to confer on a State a right to territories belonging to others, they certainly do not make it the duty of a third party to take these territories from their present possessors to satisfy the claimants. For a man to claim a thing as his right is a wholly different matter from his claiming that one or more of his neighbours should obtain it for him. Moreover, we would remind M. Bikelas that to condemn the policy of a State on the ground that it is dictated by motives of self-interest is unreasonable; for the first duty of a statesman is to advance and secure the interests of his own country, and if it is likely to suffer loss of any kind by a breach of the peace of Europe, or by a disturbance of territorial arrangements, he is bound to take every means in his power to uphold the existing condition of affairs, even though by so doing he may prevent the fulfilment of the hopes of a foreign people. The Marquess of Bute has translated these essays into easy and idiomatic English.

* *Seven Essays on Christian Greece.* By Demetrios Bikelas. Translated by John Marquess of Bute, K.T. Reprinted from the "Scottish Review." Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1890.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VI.

THE PRISONER OF CHILOANE (Trischler & Co.) is Mr. Wallis Mackay's account of his recent sojourning on the South-East coast of Africa, in Delagoa Bay, at Lourenço Marques, and at the island of Chiloane, Aruanguae, and other Portuguese settlements in the Mozambique channel. A cheerfuller record was never penned by a prisoner. The liveliness of it is peculiar. It is like nothing we can recall, unless it be the voyage of "the

Earl" and "the Doctor" set forth in *South Sea Bubbles*. Chiloane may possibly be a paradise of some sort, a kind of ruined paradise, yet it is about the last place in the world where an Englishman of active habits and enterprising mind would be expected to endure an enforced residence and come forth smiling. But Mr. Mackay is gifted with the saving grace of humour. He had also great allies in the ridiculous Portuguese and the diverting "nigger" of the Mozambique coast. The "Portugee," as he is depicted by Mr. Mackay, might suffice to entertain a prisoner confined to the island of Chiloane through the mere recollection of his "airs," national and international, as illustrated by the famous Delagoa Bay Railway War. Then Mr. Mackay is as good with pencil as with pen. His amusing chronicle is very amusingly illustrated. It is hard to decide, for instance, whether his sketch of the black babies sprawling in a "sand-hole" sucking a sugar-cane is funnier than the delightful description of their nursing and their nursery. *Chivalry*, from the French of M. Léon Gautier, by Mr. Henry Frith (Routledge), treats of the whole theory and practice of chivalry, as illustrated in the "Chansons de Geste" and other sources of information. This is a capital presentation volume for English boys who desire to learn concerning the training, the duties, and deeds of the "parfite gentle knight" of the middle ages. The original illustrations are perhaps too Gallic in sentiment to charm all readers. Many of these representations of substantial angels intervening in battle strife are too suggestive of the stage apotheosis of Marguerite in Gounod's opera to be altogether pleasing. But of romances, from the "Song of Roland," and the like, there is enough to delight the romantic. The new edition of the late Rev. J. G. Wood's *Natural History* (Routledge), with six hundred woodcuts and chromos, is an attractive re-issue of a delightful and popular work.

Miss Everett-Green's *Loyal Hearts* (Nelson & Sons) is a specimen of historical fiction for young people that shows the author's customary careful attention to the historical framework on which the story is woven. It is a story of "the days of good Queen Bess," the days of the struggle in the Netherlands, and introduces personages of conspicuous renown, such as Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Willoughby. The worst that can be said of such stories is that it is generally assumed that young readers require, in the course of the narrative, a certain amount of explanatory help, relative to the historical characters of the tale and the political elements of the period treated. Thus the story-telling is somewhat interrupted, and, indeed, impeded. A pretty, though somewhat fantastic, story for children, also by Miss Everett-Green, is *The Secret of the Old House* (Blackie). The boy Gerald, who lives sequestered in the wing of an ancient manor-house, is not inaptly described "a strange boy." He is a boy with a "history," and, so odd is his manner and speech, it is but natural to suppose that solitude has affected his brain. After he has passed as the ghost of the neighbourhood, he is restored to his family—a remarkable grandfather—and to civilized life through healthy intercourse with two children who live hard by his hermitage. Then he tells his history, and surprising that history is. There is a good deal of love-making of a courtly, old-fashioned kind in *An Old Chronicle of Leighton*, by Sarah Selina Hamer (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier), a story that is at once pleasantly told and thoroughly interesting. But it is surely a remarkable circumstance that there should be two brothers in the story, both of whom appear to possess a "glory" in their eyes at a certain critical moment in their courtship. When Bernard Leighton "proposed" to a quaint little Quaker Miss, the daughter of a manufacturer, "her eyes fell before the 'glory' of his, in its zenith, as he gazed"; and something of the kind is experienced by the Rector's niece when the elder brother asks her to be his wife, in the village church, to the encouraging strains of a fugue of Bach's. From Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier we have also a new edition of *The Luck of the House*, by Adeline Serjeant. *Noah's Ark*, by Darley Dale (Warne & Co.), is a story of the Norfolk "Broads," with something of a bracing quality in its freshness of style and conception. The characters are sketched with decided power, and the story, though simple enough, is interestingly developed and set forth. Noah's Ark is not a boat-house, but a curious amphibian dwelling much like the familiar child's toy. It is owned by Noah Oldman, a patriarchal fisherman, who is something of a "character," as is his wife. Their daughter Eve is the heroine, however, and it is in the recital of the perils she is involved in by her beauty and simplicity that the interest of the tale centres.

The Adventures of Alfan, by the late John Holme Burrow (Roper & Drowley), we have read as a story that is re-read, though there is nothing on the title to show it is a reprint. But, new or old, it is a delightful book, with capital illustrations by J. D. Watson, who was associated with Pinwell, Houghton, Morten, Mr. John Tenniel, and other eminent artists in illustrating Dalziel's *Arabian Nights*. Alfan is a Cairene boy who befriends a magician and is rewarded by an amulet that never fails to yield good advice in emergencies. Unfortunately, after the boy runs away from home and abandons his mother, the advice proves so unpalatable that he neglects to consult it as he should. It is always urging the beauty of "home, sweet home" upon Alfan, and he is bent on seeing the world. The perils and disasters he undergoes are wonderful. He becomes a King and is overthrown. In the end he is the prodigal son and returns to Cairo and his happy mother. Hector Malot's *Roland Kalbris*, illustrated by Emile Bayard (Hutchinson & Co.), is another book that all healthy boys will delight in. The adventures of Roland, after his escape from the tyranny of his horrible uncle, are as exciting as could be desired by English boys. The sea-stories of Dr. Gordon Stables are always marked by abundant incident and brisk action; these excellent qualities are certainly not lacking in *Rocked on the Cradle of the Deep* (S. P. C. K.).

The Napoleonic aspects of the eminent Tartarin of Tarascon, as presented in Mr. Henry James's translation, *Port Tarascon* (Sampson Low & Co.), are certainly not less amusing than the exploits of the hero on the Alps and in Algeria. The account of the surrender of the island to the English by the deluded Tartarin and his fellow-settlers is as delightful as any episode in the two former volumes of M. Daudet's history, while the illustrations of MM. Rossi, Myrbach, Montégut, and the rest, are as crisp, bright, and expressive as heretofore. The two half-yearly volumes of *Scribner's Magazine* (Warne & Co.), full of charming illustrations and a variety of interesting stories, essays, poems, &c., are gift-books that rank among the best of the season. Everybody who remembers Mr. Palmer Cox's original book of the Brownies will rejoice in *Another Brownie Book* (Fisher & Unwin), and one that is as diverting and instructive in pictures and verse as the first volume. *The Armies of Europe*, translated from the German of Fedor von Köppen, by Count Gleichen (Clowes & Son), is a book that will interest many boys who are curious about military matters. The illustrations in colour by Richard Knötel are very well executed. Colonel Spalding's *Epochs of the British Army* (Allen & Co.) deals with the chief epochs in English military history since the Commonwealth, and is illustrated by some capital chromos after drawings by Mr. R. Simkin.

The Ladies' Treasury, edited by Mrs. Warren (Bemrose & Sons), is a miscellany of useful information with regard to needlework, dress, millinery, cookery, housekeeping, and many other subjects. This periodical is well named a "household magazine," for it is full of excellent advice on matters connected with the management of a house and a family, and contains withal much interesting reading of a lighter kind. It is profusely illustrated with fashion plates, needlework designs, and the like. The *Little Ones' Own Friend* (Dean & Son) is one of the prettiest of pictorial annuals for children. The pictures are wonderfully diversified and well coloured. We have also received the seventh annual volume of *Our Own Gazette*, edited by Mrs. Stephen Menzies (Partridge & Co.), an illustrated journal for young girls, with readable short stories by Mrs. Marshall and other writers.

M. Jules Verne's story of the rising of French Canadians in 1839, *A Family without a Name* (Sampson Low & Co.), must be classed among his most daring and adventurous attempts in fiction, though it purports to deal with historical events, and is inspired by patriotic sentiment. The leading member of the nameless family is one of the sons of Simon Morgaz, who had betrayed his fellow-conspirators to the Government in 1825. Jean Morgaz prefers to be known as Jean Sans-Nom when he joins the disaffected French of Quebec and Montreal, and seeks to expiate his father's treachery by his reckless bravery and fortitude. The story is very cleverly illustrated by a French artist, and abounds in thrilling incidents. The final catastrophe is one of the finest inventions of M. Jules Verne. *'Twixt School and College* (Blackie & Sons), by Dr. Gordon Stables, is an excellent story for boys who like country life and the various wild birds and animals, and the rearing of tame pets. Henry Kingsley's *Tales of Old Travel* (Macmillan & Co.) is a very welcome reprint of a collection of episodes in the lives of famous travellers, with excellent illustrations. From Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. we have *Fifty-two More Stories for Boys* and *Fifty-two More Stories for Girls*, edited by Mr. A. H. Mills. Both are amusing and instructive miscellanies, with contributions by authors of repute. *Stories of Strange Adventure* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a more sensational budget than the preceding volumes. It is made up of short stories "by Captain Mayne Reid and others," though who "the others" are does not appear. Some of the contents are reprints from magazines.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MUCH thanks is due to M. Mugnier for the relief of not being obliged, as some recent writers on Mme. de Warens would have obliged us, to call her Mme. de *Vuarrens* (1). For the rest, his book is, it may be, a little superfluous, but by no means interesting. Although Rousseau's ingratitude to his mistress in every sense remains the same, it has long been impossible to take the charitable view of believing that he has maligned her morals. There is something a little repulsive even to the most indulgent judges, the most careful of the historic estimate, in the idea of a woman, young, beautiful, and decidedly gifted, who changes her religion chiefly, as it appears, in order to obtain a pension which she may spend upon a succession of peasants and footmen (even if one of them did happen to be a man of genius), retained for the purpose of being her lovers. Also "Maman" was a woman of business, which is not a very nice thing, and a most unbusinesslike woman of business, which exposes her to some more polite version of Lord Westbury's famous insolence to the herald. Still, despite these blots, Mme. de Warens must always be fascinating, not only because of the

(1) *Madame de Warens et J.-J. Rousseau.* Par F. Mugnier. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

genius and passion which Rousseau devoted to her, but because she was at once very good-looking, very good-natured, and though exceedingly reckless and thriftless, not at all silly. M. Mugnier has told us a great deal about her, and in that part of the history which touches him, about Rousseau. Great part of the book is devoted to Mme. de Warens's later life, when she speculated in coal-mines, and was reduced to trying to make marriages for Rousseau's successor. There is, of course, plenty of correction of the *Confessions*. A perhaps not ill-informed, and certainly not ill-willing, student of Jean-Jacques was once mildly upbraided by a student still more competent for excessive scepticism on the subject of that famous book. But every investigation of the subject seems to increase the need for such scepticism, and it would be very odd if it were otherwise, considering, not merely Rousseau's nature and temperament, and especially the state of mind and fortune in which he was at the time of writing, but that that time was very remote from the dates of his earlier life, and that his way of living had been such that it was physically impossible he should preserve written memorials of any extent.

We doubt, or rather we do not doubt at all, whether the Eagle of Meaux would have relished the patronage of M. Lanson (2), who says graciously "Nous ne croyons pas; mais nous respectons la croyance." Indeed we think that Bossuet would have administered to M. Lanson those "sensations" which Veuillot somewhat rashly promised to Voltaire. Further, we think that M. Lanson, in saying modestly that he does not propose to write a complete criticism of Bossuet because half a dozen such volumes as his own stout one of 500 pages would be required, is falling into a mistake which we have noted recently in more writers than one. Even 500 pages, unless a great amount of extract is given, are rather too much for such a purpose, and the criticism which cannot in such space give a complete critical view of any writer (save a very few who have written on an exceptional number of subjects with exceptional authority) does not know its trade. Yet, again, M. Lanson should not depreciate Fénelon in order to exalt Bossuet; that is not criticism, but the reverse. Setting these defects aside, the book is an interesting and valuable one, well written, acute, and doing, almost for the first time, justice to that wonderful historical sense, both of past and future, which, almost more than his eloquence, was Bossuet's great merit.

The *Croquis italiens* (3) of M. René Bazin, who has shown himself a very good writer in other fields of literature, may rank among the best pieces of work of the kind that we have recently seen. Although charmingly written (there is among the sketches something like the story of Mr. Browning's "Youth and Art" told in a page of very dainty prose), it is rather a grave book, as befits the handling of so delicate a subject as the relations of France and Italy nowadays. Not that M. Bazin goes clumsily out of his way to shove olive branches in unwilling Italian faces or to make that deprecation of French insult which is perhaps the worst insult of all. His treatment of the Abyssinian matter from the French point of view is remarkably good taste and of remarkable ability, while some of his descriptive passages are as good as, if not better than, anything since the unapproached sketches of Gautier's *Voyage en Italie*. But perhaps what strikes us most in the book is its very un-French sobriety and veracity of rendering. In reading some famous Frenchmen on Oxford, for instance, even some readers who have the misfortune not to know the place must feel a misgiving that what they see is not Oxford; in reading M. Bazin about Bologna, there is no possible mistake—you see Bologna.

The "last fruit off an old tree" is not to be scanned by generous eyes for spots or wrinkles, and M. Karr's *Hélène* (4) shall pass no severe muster from ours. Indeed it does not demand very much allowance, being a medley very much like others of M. Karr's recent volumes, except that the whole *cadre* is rather loosely narrative. The fortunes of the village called the *Hameau Sans Nom* and its inhabitants serve M. Karr almost directly for a series of "pegs" on which to hang his well-known views on modern politics and society; but there is also a good deal of interest of character, if that of story proper is rather lax. *Jacques d'Assol* (5) (M. Paul Danie's name is not known to us) is a French sentimental novel, and we have frequently remarked on the fatality which makes French sentimental novels rather trying to English tastes. It is a most estimable book in intention. But do people in France really send a *lettre de faire part* to the ex-husband when they marry the divorced wife? M. de Fleury declares war against decadents and pessimists, which is well; but he should have been more careful not to make his reader's gorge rise. There is, however, some promise in *Amours de savants* (6), and the author may settle down to something better. *Insurgée* (7) belongs to the Belgian school, of which M. Lemonnier is the cleverest and the most reckless example. Mlle. van de Wiele, as befits her sex, is a long way behind that perverse writer in perversity, and her study of the Jewess, Myrrha Naphtali, if not exactly edifying reading, is original, vigorous, and in a certain rather out of the way sense true enough to nature. *Un naïf* (8) is a much more ordinary book, though M. de Saint-Aulaire does not write badly, and though his Anglophobe Marquis, in particular, is amusing. But the catastrophe is conventionally disagreeable, and the "naïf" hero, who dies in or on the way to Tonquin (French novelists at least ought to bless M. Ferry), is but hardly saved from contempt.

(2) *Bossuet.* Par G. Lanson. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(3) *À l'aventure—Croquis italiens.* Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Hélène.* Par A. Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Jacques d'Assol.* Par Paul Danie. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Amour de savants.* Par Maurice de Fleury. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Insurgée.* Par Marguerite van de Wiele. Paris: Charpentier.

(8) *Un naïf.* Par le Comte A. de Saint-Aulaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE could not be a more substantial plea for translation than that prefixed by Mr. A. F. Davidson to the two volumes of *Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas* (Allen & Co.), which comprise an abstract of the first five of the ten volumes of the *Mémoires* of Dumas the elder. It is curious, indeed, that this fascinating record of the career of the great Dumas should have not already been translated, and that the only English biography of the author of *Monte Cristo* should be nothing less than a distortion of the *Mémoires*. But in other ways, as Mr. Davidson points out—in the anonymous wisdom of the *Quarterly*, and in the "condensed wisdom of the Cyclopædia"—Dumas has been treated with an injustice so ludicrously overweighted with prejudice as to suggest nothing more respectable than the tirades of Mr. Wilful-Won't-See. Against depreciation of this kind Mr. Davidson finds refreshment in citing certain critical articles, contributed to English periodicals since 1870—the year Dumas died—which are decidedly not lacking in discernment or appreciation of the genius and influence of Alexander the Great. There should have been more of such testimony, the translator thinks; and perhaps he is right, if the prodigious popularity of Dumas's best romances, in good, bad, or indifferent translations, is taken into account. However, Mr. Davidson has done well by these two well-printed volumes. His version is close, fluent, and done into good English. The extracts selected are so contrived that they make a coherent narrative, and they include some of the most animated and dramatic episodes of the original work. Nor must we omit to add that the notes are all that is needful, and the portrait entirely admirable.

A popular account of the life and teaching of Confucius can in no circumstances prove a light undertaking. Such is the task to which Major-General G. G. Alexander addressed himself in the composition of *Confucius, the Great Teacher* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) The aim might well be taken to imply a survey of the history of the Chinese people. It is satisfactory, therefore, to note that General Alexander has kept strictly within those limitations of the subject that are suggested by the requirements of the general reader. Even so, the scheme is sufficiently comprehensive. It embodies in the compass of a single volume a summary of all that concerns the life, times, and teaching of the Chinese philosopher, such as should interest the general reader who cannot command the various English and foreign translations of Confucian literature. The book comprises a biographical section, in which tradition, naturally, holds no mean place, and a section devoted to the discussion of the "Five Classics" and the ethical writings in the "Four Books," with illustrative translations. The arrangement of the author's material is excellent. On the whole, the general reader must be of a more captious temper, or better equipped in Confucian literature than he is commonly supposed to be, if he should fail to be interested in General Alexander's book.

Most people will agree with Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the editor of *Lord Chesterfield's Worldly Wisdom* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), that a selection from the Chesterfield Letters makes a "very pretty book." At the same time, few will be disposed to dissent from Dr. Hill's opinion that "there is a charm in the epistolary style that is lost in extracts." You lose the charm by the process, though the wisdom is retained. The result, indeed, owing to the alphabetical headings of the extracts, is a kind of Chesterfieldian dictionary of aphorisms and reflexions, followed by specimens of the "Characters."

The sixth volume of Professor Henry Morley's *English Writers* (Cassell & Co.) deals with the Scottish contemporaries of Chaucer, his immediate successors Lydgate and Occleve, and continues the historical survey to the close of the fifteenth century and the era of printed books. In this instalment Mr. Morley gives, we believe, somewhat less illustration from texts than in the previous volume or two. For example, in treating of Barbour, the vigorous and often picturesque verse of "The Bruce" might, we think, have been more freely quoted, even if it had been at the expense of the descriptive narrative that sets forth the scope of the poem.

Adeline's Art Dictionary (Virtue & Co.), an "enlarged" translation of the admirable *Lexique des Termes d'Art* of M. Jules Adeline, with additional matter incorporated from Mr. Fairholt's well-known Dictionary, is a handy, well-printed, and comprehensive lexicon of terms employed in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Heraldry, and Archæology. With clear, brief, and accurate definition, one other form of definition is of equal importance in works of this nature, and that is, clear and explicit pictorial cuts of the objects defined. Of these there are close upon two thousand in the book before us, and judging from inspection of those that relate to architecture and art, they appear on the whole to be excellent illustrations.

The Autobiography of the Earth, by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson (Stanford), differs from most "popular" geological books with

which we are acquainted both in respect to its plan and its style of exposition. It is hardly conceivable that the rich results of the science of geology can be so treated as to prove uninteresting to thinking people, be they young or old. When, therefore, we say that Mr. Hutchinson's book is extremely interesting, no more might be implied than that the author has skilfully used the vast materials at his hand. But Mr. Hutchinson has successfully carried out a difficult design on an admirable plan, and has adhered to that plan throughout. His sketch of historical geology has a genuine continuity. It is so written as to be understanded of plain people, and is illustrated by some very good woodcuts and diagrams.

A handy guide to an obscure and much discussed subject is provided by Messrs. Edward Cutler, T. Eustace Smith, and F. E. Weatherley, *The Law of Musical and Dramatic Copyright* (Cassell & Co.), which aims at sufficient precision to satisfy lawyers, on the one hand, and supplying valuable assistance to persons who are, or may become, litigants.

Otho; or, Clasped by a Pearl and a Topaz (Digby & Long), is a novel, by Mrs. Jannata Letitia Brown, that recalls the wild imaginings and the fearless grammar of the Minerva Press. The hero is described as "Lord Otho, Earl of Mount Otho Castle, Earl of Aumby, &c." Fascinating, witty, cultivated, was he, and to these gifts "were added thorough Protestant principles." One night he receives a blow while at Constantinople, from which he awakens to consciousness in Rome—"just three months" after. And this is not the greatest marvel in the thrilling story of *Otho*.

Sun Artists (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), the new periodical devoted to exemplifying modern artistic photography, comprises well-written essays on eminent photographers and some extremely beautiful reproductions of their work. The October part, for instance, contains admirable plates illustrative of the wonderful skill of the late Mrs. Cameron, of whose gifts and work Mr. P. H. Emerson writes with due appreciation.

Well deserving of association with Mr. C. M. Tidy's delightful *Story of a Tinder Box* (S.P.C.K.) are the new volumes of the "Romance of Science" Series; Professor John Perry's *Spinning Tops* (S.P.C.K.), and *Soap Bubbles*, by Mr. C. V. Boys (S.P.C.K.) These books are models of scientific lectures for young people. They are as good to read as, it is obvious, they were profitable and entertaining to hear and to witness. The experiments are illustrated by excellent cuts.

Among recent additions to the series of neat booklets issued by Messrs. Cope Brothers & Co. we have a third instalment of *The Smoker's Garland*, a capital selection of verse; *Charles Lamb in Pipefuls*, being extracts from the essays and letters of "Elia"; and *Thomas Carlyle*, a kind of "Table Talk" selection of pithy passages collected by Mr. Walter Lewin. In all three there is good matter for everybody, whatever be his "sober, average, *noon* opinion" of tobacco.

That useful and compact work the *Modern Cyclopedia* (Blackie & Sons) is brought to a close by the appearance of the eighth volume.

Under the title *Lay Sermons for Practical People* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) we have an interesting and varied collection of Sunday Addresses delivered at the Lambeth Polytechnic by the Rev. Freeman Wills, Canon Barker, Mr. H. A. Jones, Sir John Lubbock, and others.

Hazell's Annual for 1891 (Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited), the sixth annual issue, is one of those books for reference that are in every sense "handy" and ought always to be at hand. To use it well is to have it in constant use. So useful is it, and in so many ways, it would tax ingenuity, even the ingenuity of the captious, to suggest any material improvement.

Among new editions we have to record Mr. J. M. Baldwin's *Handbook of Psychology* (Macmillan & Co.); Vol. II. of the new edition, in six volumes, of *The Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini* (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *Literary Essays III.*, by J. R. Lowell, printed in America by Houghton & Co., "Riverside Press" (Macmillan & Co.); *The Law of Copyright*, by Thomas E. Scrutton, M.A. (Clowes & Sons, Limited); *Private International Jurisprudence*, by John Alderson Foote (Stevens & Haynes); *The Gospel of the Pentateuch*, and other Sermons, by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan & Co.); *Greiffenstein*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan & Co.); *Bench and Bar*, by Serjeant Robinson (Hurst & Blackett); *The Rajah's Heir* (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *The Light of Asia*, by Sir Edwin Arnold, a very pretty reprint (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), and *Foods for the Fat*, by N. E. Yorke Davies (Chatto & Windus).

We have also received *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*, by the late Dean Stanley (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Foundations of the Bible*, being Studies in Old Testament Criticism, by Canon Girdlestone (Eyre & Spottiswoode); *The Darwinian Theory of the Origin of Species*, by F. P. Pascoe, F.L.S. (Gurney & Jackson); *Travel*, a voluminous collection of descriptive papers on travel in Europe (Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold); *Holiday Papers*, by the Rev. Harry Jones, cheap edition, Part I. (Allen & Co.); *The Philosopher in Slippers*, a volume of essays (Spencer Blackett); *Oak and Maple*, Poems, by Mrs. H. Coghill (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); No. XI. of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, from *Maga* (Blackwood); *Guy Mannering*, "copyright" sixpenny edition (A. & C. Black), and *The Missing Member*, by Edwin Lee (Eden Remington & Co.

NOTICE.

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CHRONICLE.

The Kilkenny Election.

FRIDAY week, though Mr. PARNELL stuck to his work, and there was much talking, was, comparatively speaking, a blank day in the Kilkenny contest, save perhaps for a very ingenuous telegram from Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY to Mr. DILLON, in which the amiable leader of the patriots asserted that Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY's return was quite secured, and that, *therefore*, a telegram from Mr. DILLON would be a great assistance. Nor is there much to say about Saturday, except that Mr. PARNELL drew a pleasing picture of his rival as "an amiable old gentleman sitting with his feet "in mustard and water, a tumbler of punch in his "hand, and not an ounce of steel in his body, or "soul either"; that the anti-Parnellite paper, variously called the *Irrepressible* and the *Insuppressible*, took up the wondrous tale of Billingsgate rather prettily; and that there were a great many meetings. Fortune, however (corrected by the priests), favoured the lime-throwers, and Mr. SCULLY was beaten by the large majority of 1,171, to the almost hysterical relief of the English Separatists, who, in the chastened and religious mood begotten of anxiety, had the day before been admitting that "the eternal truths by which Mr. GLADSTONE is guided "stand higher [yes, actually higher !] than Mr. GLADSTONE "himself." Mr. PARNELL made a stout enough speech after his defeat, which he probably anticipated, and which would have been very pleasing to Unionists if the other side could have been defeated also. Had he minded his book better when he was what the penny-a-liner calls a student at Magdalene College, Cambridge, he might have adapted with great effect an epigram from a brother Cantab of some talent :—

> And for my foes, may this their blessing be
> To have to work with J-hn P-pe H-nn-ssee!

Since the election there have been musters of anti-Parnellites and Parnellites both at Boulogne to meet Mr. O'BRIEN. Both sides seem to forget that excellent advice of BARNES NEWCOME, that when wine-glasses are broken you had better sweep them up quietly; for you can't mend them.

Other Home Politics.

Mr. BRYCE spoke at Aberdeen on Monday, and the comfort which he gave his constituents may be said to have harmonized very happily with the general temperature of the Granite City at this time of year.——Some most important and salutary sentences were passed at the winter Sligo Assizes on Moonlighters by the CHIEF JUSTICE, varying from penal servitude for life through twenty years to twelve months' imprisonment. All the cases, which were of the worst terrorizing type, had been heard, and verdicts obtained, before juries.

Foreign Affairs.

The text of Queen NATALIE's Manifesto or Memorandum was published on Saturday morning with an appendix of documents later. It is a curious composition, and deserving of comment elsewhere.——On the same day it was announced that a good effect had been produced in Portugal by the withdrawal of the South Africa Company's forces from Manica Land, though there appeared to be some danger of the Portuguese presuming on this.——Another very interesting piece of African intelligence on the same day was that EMIN Pasha had been recalled for disobedience, extravagance, and general impracticability by the German Commissioner.——The GOUFFÉ murder trial—a scandal to French procedure and French society, no doubt, but one which some experiences of our own should make us rather shy of too volubly denouncing—came to an end by the condemnation of EYRAUD to death, and of GABRIELLE BOMPARD to twenty years' imprisonment, the "extenuating circumstances" in her case being beyond all doubt the fact that she was pretty, which, indeed, "is something, nay, 'tis "much."——If rumour does not lie, the Behring Straits matter will give Lord SALISBURY some trouble, President HARRISON being disposed to refuse arbitration except on a reference and with terms quite inadmissible, and generally to play against the recent decision of the electors the card of "tail-twisting." In that case there will be only one counter game to play, that of unhesitating, though quite polite and guarded, maintenance of Canadian rights.——The ardent friendship of Germany for Russia is to be demonstrated by a very elaborate fortification of Breslau.——A German naturalist has been murdered in Crete, but there seems to be no reason for attributing the crime to any motive but cupidity, whether it was committed by a Mussulman or —as the authorities hold—by a Christian.——The persons concerned in the escape of PADLEWSKY were sentenced on Wednesday to different terms of imprisonment, M. LABRUYÈRE, that enterprising exponent of the New Journalism, receiving as much as thirteen months. So may they all !——The Powers are said to have replied, as might be expected, with a soothing vagueness to the rather undignified Note sent to them by Portugal on the subject of the Manica Land dispute. As redress had not then been even asked from, and had certainly not been refused by, England, the Note may be said to have been something more than premature.

The new Dean of St. Paul's.

The appointment of Canon GREGORY to the Deanery of St. Paul's ought to please most people who are worth pleasing. If the Canon hardly continues the extraordinary literary tradition of MILMAN, MANSEL, and CHURCH, that was not to be expected; and as a Churchman, a preacher, an organizer, and, in relation at once to public business and private deserts generally, he leaves nothing to desire, except the prospect of a longer tenure of office than his age can allow.

Correspondence.

On Saturday last the Archbishop of CANTERBURY addressed to the clergy of his diocese a letter-commentary on his recent judgment. ——Mr. STEAD, of the *Review of Reviews*, published under threat a curious letter of apology to Messrs. MUDIE in reference to "General" BOOTH's book, and Mr. HUXLEY fired another heavy broadside into the "General." Meanwhile that worthy tours about England securing considerable contributions for his scheme from the class of persons so admirably characterized by the excellent Sir ROGER in a great aphorism, and, as might be expected, proportionately robbing sound local charities.——A long and extremely incoherent letter appeared from Mr. WILLIAM BONNY on the subject of the Rearguard charges, as well as a serious attack on Mr. LABOUCHERE for certain imputations of his (which were animadverted upon here at the time), both in Parliament and in the press, as to the employment of Inspector JARVIS to procure an American Fenian to give evidence for the *Times* in the PARNELL Commission.——Several other letters of interest were published on the *Serpent* disaster by Admiral DE HORSEY; on "General" BOOTH's scheme by the "General" and others; on the Birmingham dispute by Sir JAMES SAWYER; on the American Copyright Bill by Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER; and on the Bishop of LINCOLN's case by an anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, who turned the tables very neatly on a complaint of the Church Association as to interviews between the ARCHBISHOP and the defendant's representatives.——Letters always thicken as ordinary news diminishes towards Christmas, and Tuesday yielded a considerable crop. Professor DICEY, Professor BUTCHER, and Mr. (COOKSON) CRACKANTHORP urged usefully certain points in connexion with anti-Parnellism, and its bearing on the Gladstonian connexion with Home Rule; Mr. HOWARTH in similar

manner emphasized for the benefit of the public which likes its nails knocked well home the exceedingly anomalous position of the Irish priesthood at this moment; Mr. LABOUCHERE endeavoured, in answer to the letter cited above, to show that he really is an "honourable member"; and "General" BOOTH received the highly-strung support of Mr. BENJAMIN TILLETT, Democrat, who had been arranging at Edinburgh for an exhibition of Christmas peace and goodwill as per strike elsewhere noted. And still the battle raged on Wednesday morning between Professor HUXLEY and the Salvationists.——Christmas morning again provided some contributions of interest—one from the reverend person of the name of HUGH PRICE HUGHES, who observed (only less frankly) that he turns his seeing eye to proofs of breaches of the Seventh Commandment, and his blind one to proofs of breaches of the Sixth and Eighth; one from Mr. CHANNING, in so-called reply to Mr. DICEY, which was very much what we might expect of Mr. CHANNING; and an ingenious plea for entrance fees to railway stations when great persons speak there, by Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD. But surely it would be juster to put the tax on the great persons, who usually do it for their own ends?

The Head-Masters' Conference.

The Head-masters' Conference sitting at Oxford was busy on Tuesday with propositions for the abolition of Greek (for that is what it comes to), which were started, we regret to say, by the Head-master of Harrow. The motion was defeated by a narrow majority, the numerous variants and amendments to it more decidedly. It is quite comprehensible that Head-masters should sometimes feel at their wits' ends amid the welter of the modern curriculum; but it is certainly disappointing that they should advocate the disappearance (for this, we repeat, is what Greek "ceasing to be a compulsory "subject in the Universities" means) of the one subject which will have nothing to do with modern *banausia* and modern "bread-studies."——On Wednesday the chief business concerned preparatory schools, and here again Mr. WELLDON took the lead. We cannot agree with him much better in his apparent wish to regiment the whole of secondary education into a system. The greatest merit of our public school and University scheme in England has been the great elasticity and diversity of the training given, and we at least do not wish to see these exchanged for a cast-iron discipline from hornbook to bachelor's gown, especially with the sort of *livret* of moral reports and the like from successive inquisitors which Mr. WELLDON sighs for.

Miscellaneous.

On Saturday last Mr. CHARLES LYDDON, concerned in the very strange case of the death of his stepbrother, Dr. LYDDON, was committed for trial.——A memorial, well drawn up and numerously signed, has been presented to Lord SALISBURY in the matter of ancient Egyptian monuments, and it is to be hoped that it will have prompt attention.——Some four thousand men—a number increased later—went out on strike on the Scotch railways last Monday. Considering the time of year, the need of coal, and the fact that the goods traffic was chiefly affected, the sentiment with which the public ought to regard these persons hardly needs estimation here. The strike spread yet further on Tuesday, and the greater part of Scotch passenger as well as goods traffic was stopped.——ELEANOR WHEELER was hanged for the murder of Mrs. HOGG and her child on Tuesday.——As for the weather, which has been even more a matter of suffering than of talk, it is enough to say that on Monday last the thermometer at Cambridge dropped to within four degrees of zero, while that in London, though higher, still marked all but twenty degrees below freezing.

Obituary.

The death of the Archbishop of YORK was not unexpected, for his constitution, a very strong one, had been known for some years to be breaking up. Of Dr. THOMSON much good might be said, and some things not so good. His standard of churchmanship was not ours; his learning (though he wrote a sound, hard-headed book enough on logic) was not very great; and he was accused of obtaining a promotion unusually rapid and not distinctly traceable to any known merits, by methods which, though implying no positive discredit, are less openly practised by the clergy of the present day than—if we are to believe satirists—they were by their predecessors. But he was a man of great practical ability, undoubtedly conscientious, and untiring in work. The Archbishopric of York is, in some respects, even a more difficult post to fill than that of Canterbury, for its purely episcopal duties are greater, and the Northcountryman generally is a difficult animal to shepherd. Dr. THOMSON bore not the crozier in vain, and that is always something.——Canon MOLESWORTH, of Rochdale, was the author of some poetical and ecclesiastical works, which had vogue, if no extraordinary merit.——M. LAMI was almost the *doyen* of French painters, having exhibited as far back as 1824, and an expert in water-colour at a time when that medium was very little affected in France.——Sir FRANK TURNER, who had served creditably in the first Afghan war and in the Mutiny; NILS GADE, the well-known Danish composer; M. OTTIN, a French sculptor rather of yesterday, and others, swelled the list on Tuesday morning. M. DANILEFSKY was, not only by official position, the chief of Russian journalists and—what journalists too often are not—a man of letters as well.——We regret to have to record the suicide of Mr. LANT-CARPENTER, a scientific engineer of no small mark.

Books, &c.

The lull in the publishing trade, which usually sets in a little before Christmas and continues till a little after the New Year, has been broken by one or two books of interest, notably Mr. R. L. STEVENSON'S *Ballads* (CHATTO & WINDUS), and an exceedingly remarkable volume of illustrations to DANTE (not published, but privately printed by Messrs. CONSTABLE), which is due to Mrs. TRAQUAIR for the plates, and to Mr. J. SUTHERLAND BLACK for the notes. The long-expected Diaries of Mr. JAMESON (PORTER) have also appeared; but, as far as we have yet been able to discover, they do little more than corroborate the good faith of his own version of the cannibal story without introducing much new matter.——The Crystal Palace, taking time by the forelock, gave its pantomime for the first time on Christmas Eve, instead of Boxing Day, and a lively farce, which we notice elsewhere, has been produced at the Comedy Theatre.

NORTH KILKENNY.

MR. PARNELL'S adversaries have taken the first trick. That is a victory which is not commonly regarded at the whist-table as justifying either triumphant jubilation on one side or profound despondency on the other. To judge, however, from the behaviour of that easily depressed and still more easily elated party who are at present backing—whom shall we say? Mr. HEALY and "dumby"—it is the next thing to winning the rubber, or is, at any rate, a certain forecast thereof, whatever may be the distribution of trumps and honours, or whatever the disparities of play. There is, however, no reason to believe that this absurd view of the game is shared by the players. It is hardly to be supposed that the anti-Parnellites look upon their recent success in North Kilkenny, signal though it was, as an assurance that they are going to "sweep the "country," while as to Mr. PARNELL himself, he will strangely belie the inferences deducible from his whole conduct since the first outbreak of revolt if he shows an inclination to surrender to a single defeat. No doubt his opponents will affect to regard their victory as representatively decisive. It would be only "good busi-"ness" on their part to do so, not only for the purpose of reassuring their uneasy Gladstonian allies, but of impressing and influencing their Irish fellow-countrymen. But in their hearts they are undoubtedly as well aware as Mr. PARNELL himself that the battle which they have won has been fought on a field of their own choosing. They regarded North Kilkenny from the outset, and, as the event proves, rightly, as a specially favourable constituency in which to try conclusions with their late leader—a belief significantly attested by the circumstance that the first official act of their new-fledged Whip, Mr. DEASY, was to move for the issue of the writ for filling up the vacant seat. Mr. PARNELL, of course, had no choice but to accept the challenge, and at once flung himself with characteristic vigour into the contest. He was bound, as a mere necessity of tactics, to display a confidence at least equal to that of his adversaries; but no one can reasonably believe, upon the now ascertained facts of the case, that he would have fought his first fight in North Kilkenny if he could have helped it. Its late representative, Mr. MARUM, was a Nationalist of the most moderate type; unknown in the House of Commons as an Obstructionist, or even as an interrogator; and report stated what history has more than confirmed, that the constituency was one in which priestly influence was likely to be particularly strong.

How abundant the above-mentioned historical confirmation has been, we may judge from the confessions of the writers themselves. It has been admitted, with engaging frankness, by a newspaper correspondent in thorough sympathy with them, that Sir JOHN HENNESSY's return was "a victory for the priests," and he certainly gives chapter and verse for the statement. "One of the most "interesting electioneering reminiscences of his life," he tells, "is the sight of Canon CODY, the parish priest of "Castlecomer, standing at the door of the principal polling-"booth taking voters in hand as they came up to record "votes, and impressing upon each the last word of paternal "instruction." At Ballyragget a priest marched to the poll at the head of his whole flock of voters from Ballaskin. Other voters, as they came up to this station, were taken into the priest's house for the last word of good counsel. At Johnstown the priest was in the booth; and all over the division priests acted as personation agents. At Gowran each of these personation agents was in a black frock. "Only "in Kilkenny town," adds the amusingly confidential chronicler from whom we have quoted, "did the priests "receive a check." Here it appears that "quite a flock" of these black-plumaged birds took up their position in a balcony outside the old Court-house, which was used as a polling-station, and stood there to "have a last word with "the voters as they passed up the flight of steps at either "end of the balcony on their way into the building." In this case it seems that Mr. PARNELL complained of the priests being allowed to go where the public were not admitted, and they were upon this requested to retire; but they carried with them the benediction of the reporter as "reputable, reverend, highly respected men." No doubt they are all that, but whether their reputable, and reverend, and highly respected tactics are in entire conformity with the spirit of the Ballot Act admits of a doubt. It was stated that at every polling station Sir JOHN HENNESSY had appointed a priest as his agent, and it would be interesting to know—and perhaps Sir JOHN's opponent may take the necessary steps to ascertain—what was the number of conveniently "illiterate" voters whose sudden inability to read made it necessary for them to request the priestly agent to mark their ballot-papers for them as supporters of the priests' candidate. It would be agreeable to Unionists to see the questions of undue influence, and the infraction of the Ballot Act, determined on an election petition brought by one of these two factions against the representative of the other; but we suppose that that is too much good fortune to hope for. We shall have to be content with the service they conjointly render us in reducing the great Anglo-Irish Separatist combination to complete and permanent political impotence. We can hardly expect them to do us the further and comparatively irrelevant favour of making interesting additions to the existing body of judge-made electoral law.

The innocently effusive welcome which the feebler-minded sort of Gladstonians have given to the alliance of the Irish priesthood would be amusing if it were possible for the frenzied political gymnastics of a desperately involved party to amuse any longer. Broadly ludicrous, indeed, is the spectacle of the decorous English Nonconformists wishing success to that sinister clerical army, as they would once have called it, whose leaders have caught so eagerly at the chance of avenging themselves on the one Irish demagogue who has ever thoroughly defeated them, and whom they fear, and of bringing the Nationalist movement once for all under their control. But even this gross inconsistency dwindles into insignificance beside the central paradox of their main position. They are inept enough sometimes to taunt the Unionists with desiring the victory of Mr. PARNELL, the fact being that, though individual Unionists may here and there desire that event, for most part on grounds into which the "sporting" element largely enters, the overwhelming majority of the party are in the happy position of the man who stands to win upon either that event or its opposite. Whether Mr. PARNELL beats Mr. HEALY, or Mr. HEALY beats Mr. PARNELL, the Unionists will be clearly gainers. Opinions may differ as to which contingency is the best for their book, but that they will win either way is certain. Even if Mr. HEALY "swept the country," to take the hypothesis least desired by the Unionists, it is absurd to cherish the belief—into which, however, some of our opponents would appear to have drugged themselves—that the victory would bring about a general "As you were" in the relations of the English and Irish Separatists. The *status quo ante decretum* can never be restored; not so much, we quite admit, by reason of the legal or moral effects of that decree, as of the political incidents to which it has given rise. Mr. GLADSTONE's quarrel with Mr. PARNELL, followed by Mr. PARNELL's rupture with the party, has exposed very much more than the dangerous and "impossible" character of a particular Irish ally of the Gladstonian enemies of the Union. It has revealed the impossibility of the Irish alliance, or at least the hopelessness of keeping the uneasy, and but half-satisfied, English parties to that alliance from breaking away from it. For it has been made abundantly clear that if Mr. PARNELL cannot be trusted to accept a so-called "moderate" Home Rule scheme, and work it with a loyal regard for the limitations imposed in the Imperial interest, so neither can Mr. HEALY nor Mr. MCCARTHY, nor any of that body of Nationalists who have been so chary of admitting throughout the whole struggle that Nationalism, as they understand it, means one whit less than Parnellism, or, in other words, that they will abate one jot of those demands which Mr. GLADSTONE told Mr. PARNELL he could not concede, and to which he knows well that the bulk of his followers all over the country would never listen.

Hence it appears that the English politicians who are accusing the Unionist of the quite gratuitous act of backing one of the rival Irish factions, when he must gain by the success of either, are themselves ridiculously eager for the victory of the other party, when, as a matter of fact, whichever wins, they must lose. It is an absurd position, and it seems singular that intelligent men can remain so utterly unconscious of it. Surely in their hearts they must be aware that the HUMPTY-DUMPTY of Home Rule is for ever fallen, and that neither the Uncrowned King's horses ("Governor" and "Dictator"), nor the Uncrowned King's revolted men, will ever set it up again on the political wall.

THE BENEVOLENT BOOKMAKER.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND'S opinion on turf matters would at all times command attention; for, if he does not understand the business in all its branches, who can be said to do so? But his recent article in the *New Review* has attracted special notice, from the fact that he—hitherto somewhat of an optimist about racing—has recanted his faith in the Panglossian theory, and has grave misgivings whether just at present all is for the best in a world where excellence is, to say the least of it, doubtful. Sir GEORGE has been deeply impressed by a recent utterance of a "prominent and highly respectable bookmaker," who was heard to exclaim, "I can't understand why you gentlemen "bet. *You've no chance.* All the money goes into the "pockets of a few jockeys and their friends," and, adds Sir GEORGE, "this announcement is certainly disquieting, "coming, as it did, from a man accustomed to make large "books on every race, and whose knowledge, therefore, is "entitled to respect." For ourselves, the gifts of the Greeks are always, if not disquieting, at least open to suspicion, and one would like to be informed for what reason this benevolent bookmaker should give gratuitous caution and advice to the only class of men from whose purses, according to his own showing, he expects to recoup himself for absolutely necessary losses to jockeys' friends, and to draw in addition the not inconsiderable sum on which he annually reckons as the reward of his labours. And why "no "chance"? Surely the backer has, at any rate, the chance of blundering by accident upon the horse who represents the interest of the jockeys with few friends; or are we to understand that the odds against (or on) that favoured animal are reserved by the benevolent one for the special benefit of the *corps d'élite* who, to use a phrase employed by Mr. JAMES LOWTHER at the dinner of the Gimcrack Club, have the means to a certain extent of "securing the fulfil-"ment of their prophecies"? Quite right, too, was Mr. LOWTHER when he observed that formerly the bookmakers were supposed to be the moving spirits in those arrangements which cause the fulfilment of prophecy. That allegorical pencil against which a favourite who went badly in the market was so often alleged to have struck his foot was certainly, according to popular belief, the property of the professional *layer* of odds. It seems, however, that we were all wrong. The cloud of suspicion which so long hung over the Ring has been dispersed, and the members of that body, so far from bearing malice for bygone injustice, are ready and willing to come forward and point out to

their whilom aspersers where it is that the shoe really pinches, and why the noble army of ordinary backers has to be so freely and frequently recruited. The truth of the matter is, that the Ring are bound to have a grievance; like farmers, they are almost obliged by virtue of their profession to grumble; profits must be concealed, even if payments are not to be evaded, which, in the case of the former it must be admitted, seldom if ever happens; there is moreover a necessity that from time to time some explanation should be forthcoming of the uncomfortable fact that the vast majority of the footsteps trend only into the cave, the *vestigia retrorsum*, though not absolutely wanting, being so few as to escape notice. Thus it comes to pass that sometimes a jockeys' ring, sometimes, as at present, a combination of jockeys and professional backers, have to bear the blame of public grief (which very possibly *is* aggravated by these causes), but never, oh! never, let us for a moment impute the fault to that dead mathematical "pull of the "tables," under the intelligent, but not too generous, administration of the Bookmakers' Guild. It is more than probable that they do sometimes "*wonder why gentlemen* "*bet when they have no chance*," less than likely that the chance will ever be given by a more liberal quotation of odds.

Nor, indeed, could the Ring well afford to do so; for, as matters now stand, they not only ruin their customers (which from their point of view is the customers' natural destiny), but, by their incredible folly, have contrived to render their own position so shaky, that it is believed, by those well informed on such subjects, that a very considerable number of old-established layers are at this moment on the brink of insolvency, notwithstanding the immense advantages of their calling, and for this state of affairs they have themselves only to blame, since it has arisen entirely from the ridiculous system of settlement, or rather of non-settlement, and of credit, which they have allowed and even encouraged to grow up. Formerly accounts were adjusted every Monday during the racing season with what practically amounted to clockwork regularity, and the men who formed the exception to the rule had at any rate the grace to be heartily ashamed of themselves. Now the exact contrary prevails; it is a notorious fact that any man who holds what is called "a position on the Turf" may for a long time pay or not, pretty much as he pleases, that very many men do please to avail themselves largely of this privilege, and that some of the heaviest bettors, celebrated for the scale of their operations, plunge, default, pay a composition, privately arranged, of ten shillings in the pound, or thereabouts, reappear the next week and recommence the business, with the same result, without any attempt on the part of their creditors to put in motion the machinery always ready to hand, whereby non-settlers can be obliged to pay in full, or cease from making an appearance on racecourses. Nobody likes to bell a big cat, but there is, besides, an advantage for a short period to bookmakers in thus dealing which may not at once suggest itself to the uninitiated. The creditors hold these clients in arrear thoroughly in their power, and force them to take even less than the current odds—if such figures are imaginable. So that by no possibility can the defaulter, once entangled in the net, ever get clear again, unless he can raise the money to pay twenty shillings in the pound, which, being where he is, he is almost always unable to do. So the bookmaker keeps rolling up paper profits, getting perhaps a little on account (a clear gain) from time to time, losing back perhaps a trifle occasionally, but meanwhile having to meet his own engagements with unfailing promptitude week after week. The crash comes at last. The plunger makes a desperate rally, goes finally under water, and disappears, the Ring are left once more lamenting with a magnificent addition to their array of bad debts, and the pitiful cry again arises that everybody but themselves is to blame and the Stewards must really do something. Let the bookmakers set their own house in order, let them insist on being paid, or decline to bet with those who do not pay, so shall *they* at least have nothing to fear from outside combinations—for which, be it remarked, they have the *flair* of a sleuth-hound—but, pending these trifling and not oppressive reforms, let them not be surprised or aggrieved if we laugh at their ingenuous wonder and benevolent advice, and regard their "precious balms" as likely to break the pockets, if not the heads, of their customers.

QUEEN NATALIE'S MEMORANDUM.

THE long and curious document which Queen NATALIE of Servia submitted to the Skuptschina, and which that body refused to consider, has much more than a mere personal interest. It is typical of a kind of thought which is largely expressed in conduct nowadays, and which has a great number of very noisy adherents and exponents in England. Indeed, it is quite possible that He-Whose-Name-Is-Much-Taken-In-Vain, the historian of the future, will select it as one of the chief documents for the illustration of a craze which will certainly be a passing one, but which may not even yet have come to its full height. That craze is the theory of women's rights—on the one hand, to the attaining of political, social, and other franchises fully equal to those of men; on the other, to the retention of the old sentimental and chivalrous immunities and privileges which, whether expressly or only by implication, they formerly enjoyed as a consideration for the non-enjoyment of those franchises.

It requires very little examination of the document to discover that the excellent, though termagant, lady's statement of claim carefully omits what she really lays claim to, and as carefully omits the reasons which make it unadvisable to grant it. It is scarcely denied by any one that King MILAN was very far from a model husband; that he was, if not exactly an incapable, a very ineffective, ruler in Council Chamber and field; that his abdication at last was as much dictated by mere selfish love of irresponsible pleasure as by any political considerations; and that his conduct in the divorce proceedings against his wife surpassed HENRY VIII.'s in high-handedness. On the other hand, it is just as notorious that Queen NATALIE was utterly wanting in wifely obedience and forbearance; that in the crisis of the Bulgarian war she was, to say the least, not exactly a ministering angel to her husband; and that from first to last she was violently and indecently partisan and intriguing in her support of the Russian interest in Servia. These things—which are simply beyond denial, however she may deny them—made it obviously undesirable that, in the event of an abdication, she should, except with great precautions, be allowed access to and influence over the boy-KING, whom she had as notoriously attempted to abstract from the lawful authority of his father and his country. It is as certain as anything can be that, if King MILAN was not exactly likely to be a model of moral virtue to his son, Queen NATALIE, irreproachable in that respect, was extremely likely to be a model to him of political vice. She might, if she would have promised not to attempt influencing him in this way, have had as free access to her child as she liked, and she has not chosen to do so. But to all these things there is hardly more than an allusion in the Memorandum. The QUEEN barely refers to her "alleged political intrigues," saying "Prove it," and then proving it herself in true feminine manner by observing that she had "a truer re-"gard to the welfare of the Servian people" than her husband. All her long document harps merely on motherhood and wifehood and womanhood, and the other hoods that gushers love to play on, forgetting that the prerogatives of mothers and wives and women rest entirely on the conjoint abdication of certain other privileges. Whatever Queen NATALIE may say, she has notoriously not fulfilled this condition. She was (is, if any one pleases, for even a Servian Mr. FROUDE would have some difficulty with her divorce) a faithful wife to an unfaithful spouse; but she was also a scold, a rebel, and a termagant. She was faithful, no doubt, to her own ideas of the welfare of the Servian people. But queens not in their own right are not required to have any very definite ideas on such points, and are very distinctly required to refrain from attempting to carry them out in defiance of their husbands' wishes, of the requirements of international courtesy and policy, and of the constitution of the realm. Queen NATALIE, in short, true to the traditions of her own people, tried to be at once Queen of Servia and a sort of much more influential and *remuante* O. K. It would not do. She has next tried to be at once a tender mother, despairing that her infant should be torn from her, and a governess in a certain school of politics, and that would not do. Finally, she has tried to be at once an injured, innocent wife and a vixen of the first water, and that would not do either. All these incongruities she has tried to combine once more in her Manifesto, and we do not think that it will do any better with reasonable people, though it may cause trouble with the unreasoning.

THE SCOTCH STRIKE.

IT is an obvious, but also well founded, remark that the strike—or three strikes rolled into one—which is now threatening to put a temporary stop to all railway communication with Scotland, and in it, is a very appropriate event for the end of this year of strikes. We can even go further, and say that it in a way collects and reproduces the features of the numerous conflicts of the same nature. It is on a very large scale, for it affects, though as yet not in an equal degree, the North British, the Caledonian, and the Glasgow and South Western. It promises to be very obstinate and ruinous. It has been deliberately prepared. It has been forced on by the Unions against the first wishes of many, if not of a majority, of the men. It has been marked by an insolent disregard of legal obligations. It is supported by ostentatious picketing, and at least implied threats of violence. It has been conducted with a quite brutal disregard to the interest of the community. One single detail in the Scotch reports will show how extensive the damage done by the strike will be. It is said that, in consequence of the stoppage of the goods traffic on the South-Western lines, the herring fishery on the coast of Ayrshire, which has lately been most successful, will have to be suspended. In other words, a large part of the population will be threatened with starvation in the midst of a very bitter winter by the action of the railway men.

It is, in fact, this consequence of the strike which gives it its exceptional character. This is not a common trade dispute, but a matter of public concern. Everybody is interested when the means of communication are destroyed. In this case, as in the smaller strike in South Wales, the men are avowedly calculating on the loss and suffering they will cause throughout the country, to put pressure on the Directors of the Companies. Now, it is not necessary to go at present into the questions in dispute between the Companies and their men. We may allow that to some extent the complaint of unduly long hours of work is well founded. Possibly enough, the Directors have been obstinate, and have by punishing the spokesmen of the men on former occasions given some colour to the assertion that they have left their servants no resource but a refusal to work. But if all the men allege on these two points were true, it would not affect what is the real interest of the country in the dispute—namely, whether it is to be left at the mercy of railway servants, who conceive that they have cause of complaint, and act on the modern Liberal principle that their grievances absolve them from all obligation to observe contracts. The Scotch railway servants are bound to give a month's notice before leaving a place. They have none the less struck without a day's warning, and have, as their leaders avow, done so because they can in this way put the greatest possible amount of pressure on the Directors, by disorganizing the whole business of the country. Now, whatever the merits of the case may be as between master and man, this is simply outrageously illegal conduct. There are no doubt means of punishing it, and they will be used. The Directors of the North British have already taken steps against some thirty or forty of the most conspicuous offenders, who will probably be made to smart. It is to be hoped that the companies will not be content with punishing only a few of their servants who have broken contracts. The men have acted under incitement from ringleaders, among whom are agents of the London Unions. The notorious TILLETT has been orating at Dundee, urging the railway servants to act in the illegal way in which they have acted. There are means of punishing these firebrands; and we hope that the Railway Directors will remember the wholesome motto of the Thistle. In any case it will be a great misfortune if there is any weak yielding. If "public opinion" in Scotland is in favour of the men, as they assert, public opinion will of course be prepared to dispense with coal, gas-light, and its New Year's holiday. If it is not, then the Directors have nothing to fear but their own weakness. In any case it is time that we settled once for all whether railway servants are to be free to inflict on the country one of the worst evils of a foreign invasion. When we hear of English railway hands threatening to strike, out of sympathy with their Scotch brethren—in other words, to disorganize business in England as it has been upset in Scotland, in the purely selfish interest of a class, it really seems to be time that railway servants generally were put on another footing.

EMIN PASHA AND THE GERMANS.

FEW things have recently been more interesting in a small way than the intelligence which reached England at the end of last week concerning EMIN Pasha. It would be a mistake to make sure that we have heard the last of it; but the two acts of the drama then known were sufficiently curious by themselves. First, there came unofficial tidings, evidently from an Eminite source, of the most glowing character as to the success of EMIN's expedition into the interior of the German sphere. He had laid the foundations of a German State on the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, which was to do more than balance Uganda on the northern. He was about to render the stipulation for an English right of way between the Lakes null by monopolizing that district for Germany (as this would rather facilitate than bar the right of way which Germany is to grant, it seemed odd); he had done, or was about to do, this, that, or the other. Those who remembered how his expedition began with wholesale desertion of porters, how it had had awkward fighting experience, and how skilled African travellers, not Stanleyites by any means, had shaken the head and smiled over the probability of EMIN's doing his new masters much good, marvelled a little over these things, and their marvel was justified. On the heels of the first post came another, official this time, announcing that EMIN had been deprived and recalled by the Imperial Commissioner, and giving the reasons with that sweet indifference to the feelings of discarded servants which is characteristic of Prussian administration. EMIN, it seems, had been an "expensive Herr" and an ineffective, and an impracticable. He would not obey; he would not cooperate with others; he even impeded those others in the execution of their duty to Major VON WISSMANN. So he was recalled.

It is, we repeat, not to be forgotten that there are Wissmannites and anti-Wissmannites in Berlin; that there is a strong feeling in many Germans that EMIN ought to be backed up, both as a German and as a quasi-deserter from the English; and that revolution may be followed by counter-revolution. For the present, however, the news is certainly authentic, and it is not at all unexpected. The two things in respect to which German administration never varies are strict economy and iron discipline. In both these respects EMIN, both by temperament and past experience, was very ill prepared to suit his new masters. He has never been accused, even by Mr. STANLEY, of personal extravagance; but Khedivial officers have always been accustomed to lavish expenditure, and ever since the supplies from Cairo were stopped, EMIN has had great accumulated stores, and the resources of a by no means poor province, to draw upon as he pleased. Nothing is more conceivable than that the supply of marks frugally doled out to him seemed to him grossly insufficient. On the other hand, it is not necessary to know anything about his personal character to understand that a man who has been the Viceroy, and practically the sovereign (even if a rather Janissaried sovereign), of a province for years is likely to find the yoke of a German Commissary-Major rather galling. Personally, too, EMIN appears to be ill disposed to be dictated to. The still not wholly explained quarrel with Mr. STANLEY would seem to have been in part prompted by that person's rough, imperious ways, and by EMIN's dislike to find himself obliged, if not exactly to obey orders, at least to do what others did and move as others moved. In his new service the yoke is not disguised at all, and EMIN is simply a subordinate, on the same footing with a trader, like Mr. STOKES. We need know no more than we do to understand the situation. It has less practical importance, though it is more interesting, than the new German Customs duty which is frightening the merchants of Zanzibar. The statement seems to conflict with a subsequent one to the effect that on the completion of the German payment to the Sultan of Zanzibar there will be no increase in the Customs. But even if it be true there would be no great wisdom in making a fuss, and it is folly to say, as has been said, that it ought to have been provided against in the Convention. We can retaliate if we choose; and if we do not choose, we cannot expect Germany or any other country to accept Free-trade by a side wind, and as a mere consequence of a delimitation of territory. The Germans would be as well entitled to complain of us for trying Free-trade as we of them for trying Protection. If Free-trade is so clearly the right thing, as it is the English custom to pretend, they must do us

benefit and not harm by clapping five per cent. on imported merchandise, in hopes of aggrandizing Bagamoyo at the expense of Mombasa and Zanzibar.

NAVIGATION IN THE NAVY.

WE are always glad to hear the praise of an old institution, and so have read with pleasure what Admiral DE HORSEY had to say in the *Times* of Monday about the old naval sailing-masters. He spoke highly of them, and he did well. But as, when similar observations were made by other authorities immediately after the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, we had also pointed out that even the sailing-masters were not infallible, we are equally pleased to be confirmed in that opinion by Admiral MAYNE. His letter may be commended to the attention of those who think that any organization will secure us from individual inefficiency. Admiral MAYNE records that when he took command of H.M.S. *Eclipse*, in 1861, he had first to get rid of one incompetent master, and then to endure an equally incompetent, though amiable, successor. This officer had hitherto been a subordinate in the navigating line, and had consequently been employed "in charge of the orlops and holds." He never came on deck except for a walk, and had forgotten his navigation, as he candidly told Captain MAYNE. The Captain did the work himself, and has never regretted it, because the sailing-master, a very good sort of man, "was of great use in looking after the ward-room mess, and in setting a very good example to the younger officers." There were, we can quite believe, inefficient and lazy sailing-masters. The types are seldom wanting where they are men of any trade.

As for the complaint made by Admiral DE HORSEY, that we leave the navigation of ships too much to a particular officer, it is a very old one. MARRYAT says that, in his time, most men had forgotten long before they became captains what navigation they had learnt as midshipmen. They were good seamen and good fighters, but they left the master to take the observations. Admiral DE HORSEY thinks there is too much of this now, and argues that all the officers should take a more active share than they do in the navigation. In his opinion, they should all combine to assist the navigating lieutenant. On the face of it, this seems more than plausible. The safe navigation of a vessel is so much the interest of all on board of her and of the navy, that it would seem too much care cannot be taken. And yet we are not sure that much, if anything, would be gained if Admiral DE HORSEY's wish were carried out. Navigation is, of course, of vital importance; but it is not the only work to be done on board. Now when we have cut the staff of the navy down as low as we well can, and lower than we should, there are not commonly more cats on board than can kill the mice. If the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants are all to be employed checking the work and going over the calculations of the navigating lieutenant, it is highly probable that other work would suffer. Again, is Admiral DE HORSEY sure that this checking would be really done? Is it not much more probable that the officers who had not gone through a special course of navigation would defer to the officer who had, on the very reasonable ground that he was the more likely to be in the right? In case they differed, the captain, we take it, would be more likely to rely on the qualified officer. Indeed, Admiral DE HORSEY gives very good reasons for believing that this is exactly what would happen. As it is, one officer is always told off to work with the navigating lieutenant. In practice he defers to the special man; and what that one officer does all would do. Moreover, if Admiral DE HORSEY's rule were applied all round, it would lead to the doing of work by committee. It is necessary that a ship's armament and engines should be in proper order. Ought all the officers, then, to be engaged to check the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants and the chief engineer? We are afraid that the result of so much checking would be that officers would begin to shrink from responsibility, and that no man's individual work would be thoroughly done. On the whole, we think the present practice is the better. It is right that all officers should learn navigation, gunnery, and the nature of a steam-engine; but that the navigating and gunnery lieutenants, and the chief engineer, should be responsible in their own line, subject always to the control of the captain. After all, as Admiral MAYNE points out, our system works very fairly well. The manœuvres have shown that our officers can handle their ships of all sizes in all weathers. The stranding of the *Sultan* and the loss of the *Serpent* were due to individual errors which no system ever will or ever can avoid.

THE ONE-MAN SCHEME.

THE intervention of Mr. BEN TILLETT, like that of Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, affords no glimmer of light to lighten the dark and devious intricacies of the BOOTH scheme. Mr. TILLETT's lengthy communication on the subject practically amounts to nothing more than the not inestimable confession that he does not believe in Professor HUXLEY, and that he does believe in "General" BOOTH. But for the faith that is in him he offers no firm ground whatever. His letter, in fact, is very much in the style of the manifesto of the hour. It is as if the mere announcement of his approval were weighty enough to be placed in the scale against any amount of unfavourable criticism. He does not appear to conceive that something more substantial than the patronage of Mr. TILLETT is required by those who do not possess his unquestioning faith in Salvationist methods. Of Mr. LOCH's examination of Mr. BOOTH's book he has not a word to say. All that we can discover in this direction is a possible reference to the manipulation of the BOOTH scheme by a Committee by which the scheme is "damned hopelessly." And, if this is the correct interpretation of Mr. TILLETT's obscurity, all we can say of it is that, for once, we entirely agree with Mr. TILLETT. Possibly, however, he refers merely to the incredible supposition that Mr. BOOTH should be deposed from absolute control of the scheme and its funds, and a Committee of independent philanthropists be appointed in his place. Let that Committee once get to work and manipulate the scheme, then is that scheme hopelessly damned. Such is Mr. TILLETT's conclusion, with which, once again, we find ourselves in perfect accord. It is, therefore, absolutely certain that Mr. TILLETT has the unreasoning belief in the "General" that all followers of the Salvation Army must hold. He is against committees, inquiries, examinations, criticisms, and altogether in favour of the One-Man rule. Emulous of Professor HUXLEY's striking historical parallels, Mr. TILLETT falls back on history, and gravely delivers himself of the discovery that "NAPOLEON and FREDERICK the Great were epoch-makers." This is, indeed, a handsome recognition of leaders of men by a leader of men, though what possible bearing it has upon the merits of Mr. BOOTH's scheme passes comprehension.

Mr. TILLETT's anxiety concerning the "One-Man rule" is altogether superfluous. He need not fear the intrusion of that Committee and the inevitable fate that would follow its manipulation of the BOOTH scheme. There is not the slightest chance that Mr. BOOTH will permit any innovation on the customs of the Army, either in the ordering of its work or the control and investment of its funds. As we have already said, and as Professor HUXLEY repeats, in his last letter on the subject, the "General" is the Salvation Army. To argue as "A Salvationist" does, that Mr. BOOTH is not an autocrat because he does not treat his followers with harshness, is merely begging the question. No one ever supposed that Mr. BOOTH played the part of the historical autocrat or Oriental despot. It would not pay to play the One-Man ruler in that fashion. But that he is literally an autocrat, the discipline, rules, methods, and customs of the Salvation Army supply the most convincing evidence. If implicit obedience to the command of the chief was not exacted, the Army would not hold together a single day. And the same childlike confidence he requires in his followers he demands of the public, whom he invites to subscribe the million of money and the thirty thousand a year for which he is now begging. He will give no guarantee for the security of the Trust fund. He will brook no interference or collaboration on the part of other disinterested and experienced workers in charitable enterprise. He appoints himself to be his own trustee, with the absolute control of administering the fund that may be at his disposal, responsible to none but himself, and enforcing his will on a multitude of adoring adherents. The objections we have urged against the methods and customs of Salvationism would be not less weighty were the BOOTH scheme far less cumbrous, chaotic, and mischievous than it is. There is no reason whatever to suppose that a scheme which some of its supporters declare must neces-

sarily fail if worked under the co-operation of a representative Committee would be triumphantly vindicated under the One-Man rule of the Salvation Army. Like other peculiar institutions, the financing of the Army cannot but inspire reasonable persons with distrust. The pregnant questions put by Professor HUXLEY to Mr. BOOTH demand more explicit answers than the airy reference to the fact that the "General" issues an annual balance-sheet.

The reported resignation of Mr. FRANK SMITH, who has been in charge of what is known as the "Social Reform" wing of the Salvation Army, would appear to confirm the view of Mr. BOOTH's autocratic rule. Mr. SMITH, or Commissioner SMITH, is one of the few officers of the Army, not actually members of the BOOTH family, whose name is known to the public. He is credited with the development of certain practical results of Salvationist enterprise that have succeeded, in some measure, and are yet in working order in the East End. He is, in fact, Mr. BOOTH's right-hand man. If it should prove to be correct that Mr. SMITH has parted from the "General," the faith of those who believe in the "One-Man rule," and in Mr. BOOTH as the One Man, must be robust, indeed, if it remain unshaken. Mr. SMITH's energy and capacity in administrative matters are qualities that should be very valuable to Mr. BOOTH at the present moment. With its wild, impracticable proposals, its purely visionary ideas of theory and practice, the *Darkest England* scheme is in sore need of all the ballast that shrewd, businesslike men—such as Mr. SMITH is supposed to be—can supply. If the man of ideas is abandoned in the critical hour by the man of action and practice, the big bubble is likely to collapse through the inordinate pressure of the gas within it. That Mr. BOOTH will bear no brother near the throne is very certain.

LORD BRAMWELL ON HARGAN'S CASE.

LORD BRAMWELL'S criticisms on the commutation of WALTER HARGAN'S sentence are, like all his remarks on questions of that sort, well worth studying; but their force in the present instance is weakened by what appears to be an insufficient acquaintance with the particular facts of the case. We readily concede to him that the act of a man who fires upon others without being actually attacked by them, but only with the view of averting a threatened attack, is, as a general rule, an act which should expose its author to a certain measure of judicial punishment. What that measure should be is a question which admits of an infinite variety of answers—answers, indeed, as many and as various as the shades of culpability through which the act of homicide may pass, from the morally, and almost technically justifiable, to the flagrantly indefensible. People are pretty sure to differ in every case as to the exact position to be assigned in this scale to any given act of homicide; and they do, in fact, thus differ in the case of HARGAN. But we hardly think that many even of those who take the less lenient view of his conduct will agree with Lord BRAMWELL in "doubting whether he would have been too "severely punished by his original sentence" of twenty years' penal servitude, "passed by a kind and considerate "judge." Surely Lord BRAMWELL himself has never and would never have punished the taking of life, as HARGAN is proved to have taken it, by a sentence usually reserved for cases of homicide only just falling short of murder. His zeal in the defence of Mr. Justice CHARLES's discretion outruns his own. Extravagances such as we have quoted can only serve to prejudice the minds of those whom he is addressing against the contention which he is endeavouring to make good.

That contention, as we have remarked already, appears to be founded on an imperfect acquaintance with the facts, or at any rate with one of the most important facts of the case. Lord BRAMWELL seems to us to be under a misapprehension alike as to the nature of the deadly little drama he is discussing, and as to the character of the actors in it. He writes as though the incident in which the two men lost their lives was in itself a mere part of the tavern-brawl out of which it arose, and he speaks of the men themselves as "rowdies," apparently under the belief that they were specimens of the ordinary tavern-brawler. Those assumptions, however, are not in accordance with the proved facts. Both the men and their conduct were far more formidable than Lord BRAMWELL apparently believes. They were ruffians of the worst and most dangerous description, and their manner of following HARGAN—after the original quarrel in the public-house was at an end—revealed a deliberation if not a deadliness of intention quite foreign to that of the drunken roysterers for whom their learned apologist seems to have mistaken them. We venture to think that Lord BRAMWELL has not kept himself abreast with the progress of civilization in the district of Kingsland. Otherwise he would be aware that it is, and has for some time been, infested with a sort of "rowdy"—if we may use that comparatively mild expression at all—with whom the ordinary "ruffler" of the street and the tavern-bar would be as unjustly compared as JERRY HAWTHORN with a garotter. It is not denied that the two men killed belonged to this class; nor is it disputed that HARGAN knew it, at any rate had a well-founded intuition of it, when he fired on them. Nor has it been doubted by any one acquainted with the men, the neighbourhood, and all the other circumstances of the case that if the men had overtaken HARGAN they would have done something much more definite and serious than what Lord BRAMWELL lightly describes as "in some way assaulted him—hustled him, struck "him." Lord BRAMWELL closes his letter by the remark that though "the men were rowdies and in the wrong, "the same thing might happen when men were not row-"dies and not in the wrong, but some one thought they "were." The answer to that is, that in the case thus supposed a heavy sentence would not be publicly disapproved.

The strong public disapproval of HARGAN's sentence was due to the fact, not that he "thought the men were "rowdies"—*i.e.* murderous ruffians from whom his life was in danger—but that he was right.

THE LAST FRENCH TRIAL.

THE trial of MICHEL EYRAUD and GABRIELLE BOMPARD for the murder of the process-server GOUFFÉ was conducted as if there had been a deliberate intention to justify the most severe criticisms directed against the French system of criminal procedure by Englishmen. Some of the faults we find with it are apt to remind the impartial hearer of certain famous strictures on the uniforms of the French army. They amount to no more than this: that their method is not ours. It appears more or less ridiculous to us that the relations of a murdered man should be represented by counsel who solemnly assures the jury that the unfortunate man always behaved excellently to his old mother, or his daughters, as the case may be, and ends by demanding one franc damages. But this is a mere question of method. The kind of personal combat which in a French Court goes on between the judge and the prisoner is a matter of taste. Such a piece of dialogue as this is, for example, revolting to us. M. le Président ROBERT taunts the wretched BOMPARD with her "intrigues amoureuses," and is answered "Je n'étais "pas heureuse chez mon père; mais je me suis bien con-"duite chez lui." M. le Président hereupon displays his wit as follows:—"Oh! ce pouvait être des amoureux "platoniques, je le veux bien; mais enfin, vous avez eu des "intrigues." We suppose the hardest of HER MAJESTY'S justices would as soon think of imitating the style of JEFFREYS, SCROGGS, or BRAXFIELD as of taunting the veriest drab who ever stood before him in this fashion. Still, if the detection and punishment of crime is the main end of justice, it cannot be denied that the French system is admirably efficient when ably worked. Its worst sins are that it allows of indecent theatrical display, and permits of a great deal of loose talk in the witness-box.

In both respects the trial of EYRAUD and BOMPARD has been a scandal. It has, indeed, been so bad as to have shocked the French themselves. The crime for which these two were tried was a particularly bad specimen of the sordid and deliberate brutalities in which French criminals excel. Things as bad are done elsewhere, but not so often, or with quite the same devilish joy in the doing. It was a very plain case, however. Both parties had confessed, and had mutually accused one another. The preliminary inquiry had been exhaustive, and a day would have been enough to dispose of it. The judge allowed it to drag on for seven, and was zealously helped by the Public Prosecutor. The behaviour of all concerned leaves no reasonable doubt that all this waste of time was due to mere wish to make a show and provide a spectacle for the pretty women and the

personnalités politiques who crowded into court. For their benefit, and in order that M. QUESNAI DE BEAUREPAIRE, the Procureur-Général, might have an opportunity of making a philosophical and moral harangue, the imbecility which is called hypnotism, and was at different times called witchcraft, the casting of spells, or mesmerism, and which always has been and is *la bêtise humaine*, was dragged into the proceedings. GABRIELLE BOMPARD's counsel, using the fashionable pseudo-scientific cant of the day, argued that his "unfortunate client" had been hypnotized by EYRAUD. Maître HENRI ROBERT was, of course, bound to do the best he could for the woman; and, if he had contrived to save her by availing himself of a popular idiocy, he would have gained a legitimate victory. But it was quite another thing that the Court should have allowed half a dozen doctors to troop in and hold a debate on the vague speculation and sham experiments compendiously called the hypnotic theory, or some such thing. The scandal passed all bounds when Dr. LIÉGEOIS, of Nancy, was allowed to hold forth for hours on his egregious doctrine that when A suggests to B, who is wide awake, that he or she should do twenty consecutive acts, all leading up to the murder of C, and B does them, it is because A has cast a spell on him or her. The PROCUREUR-GÉNÉRAL was eloquent about this precious nonsense, and talked excellently about free will, and necessity, responsibility, social order, floodgates, bases, final perseverance, and reprobation. But, after all, the best criticism on the trash was given by EYRAUD himself, when he sensibly said that, if he could suggest so much to GABRIELLE, he could also suggest to the Governor of the gaol that he should be let out. As compared with Dr. LIÉGEOIS's old wife's tales, the stories of sorcery over which the *malleus maleficarum* shook what MICHELET called his solemn ass's ears, were intelligent and credible. If you only start from the hypothesis that the Devil is busy in the lower world, and has power given him, it is not so very absurd to suppose that he can enable an old woman to put pins in a child's stomach. It is, at least, not so abjectly silly as to account for very commonplace human wickedness by the power of A unhelped by a personal devil to bewitch B. Whereby it appears that the *gobemouche* of to-day is an even greater fool than he of old, and it becomes even more likely that the world is in its dotage. For the rest, let it not be forgotten that there are people here in England who would be glad of Dr. LIÉGEOIS's chance if the Courts would give it, and also that OLIVER, Serjeant, and ROLAND, Q.C., will sometimes turn the place of justice into a cockpit and heckle one another for a show. We see what the end of it all is in France.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

NOT very many perhaps of those who learnt yesterday of the lamented death of the Archbishop of York will be able to recall the criticisms which attended his successive preferments to Episcopal and Archepiscopal dignity; and those who do will probably be the first to admit that time has convicted the critics of haste. It was Dr. THOMSON's misfortune to have been singled out for advancement at a time when far higher clerical and academical distinction than his was overshadowed by a single great ecclesiastical reputation; and it is probable enough that any divine, or certainly any Oxford divine, who had passed, and with the same rapidity, through the various stages of episcopal promotion, up to almost the very highest, would have been exposed to much the same kind of remark. If to not quite the same, that would have been due to personal reasons, and not to the mere fact that he was, academically speaking, undistinguished. Still, there is no doubt that the late ARCHBISHOP's lack of early academical distinction did tell against the popularity of his appointment to a much greater extent, no doubt, than would have been the case in these days; and the fact that, curiously enough, he also owed his advancement in some measure to the semi-academical distinction which he earned as the author of a popular, but not profound, philosophical text-book, contributed rather to accentuate the adverse effect of the often-quoted "third class." The general disposition, in fact, was to look upon Dr. THOMSON as a man of inferior parts, who, by ingeniously popularizing the teachings of other men, had contrived to pass them in the race for ecclesiastical preferment.

This opinion, as we have already said, was hasty, and, if it had been final, it would have been wanting in relevance to the contention in aid of which it was cited. There is really no reason in the nature of things why an acute and profound metaphysician should make a better bishop, or should better deserve a bishopric, than the compiler of an unoriginal, but handy, text-book on a branch of metaphysical science. We may well doubt, indeed, whether Dean MANSEL would have filled an episcopal see with the same success as Dr. THOMSON, and there is little reason to suppose that Bishop WILBERFORCE himself would have made a better, if so good an, Archbishop of York. If Dr. THOMSON was undistinguished, he has a long line of archiepiscopal predecessors—unlike his reverend brethren of the southern province—to keep him in countenance. And, so far as his practical performances of the duties of his office are concerned, the objections urged against the late ARCHBISHOP, in what may be called his ornamental capacity, have here no counterpart. He is admitted to have ruled his See with great discretion, and with an unsparing energy and self-sacrifice—by which his life, indeed, is said to have been shortened—for nearly thirty years, which is a good record, and such a one as may well relieve us from any obligation of retrospective criticism.

THE YEAR.

THE end of 1890 has been made so intensely interesting by events of such immense immediate and future importance that the comparatively tame incidents of the beginning seem to have been cast back into a quite distant past. While we are looking to see how long it will take its members to destroy the "United" Irish party, now that the removal of a galling restraint has left the unchanging Irish character free to display itself, it is easy to forget that last January we were speculating on the probability that the folly or obstinacy of Portugal would drive us to the use of force to protect ourselves in Africa. That, however, was the most important question twelve months ago, and it has not been decisively answered even yet. A good deal is involved in the final solution, and a good deal has been connected with the course of the debate hitherto.

At the beginning of the year, then, Major Serpa Pinto was not yet out of the Makololo country, into which he had intruded about the end of 1889. The Portuguese Government, on being asked to recall this "explorer," had endeavoured, in its usual fashion, to answer yes and no, to escape from a difficulty by the use of vague phrases, and to retain its absurd pretension to keep the manger in Africa without taking more trouble than is required to bark from a distance. On the 11th January Her Majesty's Government informed the Portuguese that they had stretched too far the right of a small Power to display an amount of insolence to its superior which no Great Power would permit itself to an equal. The recall of Major Serpa Pinto from the Shiré country was firmly insisted on, and though no direct threats were used, the Portuguese were given to understand that a naval force was collecting in the neighbourhood of Mozambique, under Rear-Admiral Freemantle, and that the Channel Squadron was at hand to blockade the mouth of the Tagus. The answer to this was surrender on the part of the Government, and an explosion of farcical fury on the part of the Portuguese people. Not only the populace, but persons presumably of intelligence and education, screamed like naughty children and scolded like fishwives. Portugal threatened England with a policy of no-intercourse. The windows of the Consulate at Lisbon were smashed, and Her Majesty's Consul at Oporto was challenged to mortal combat by, we believe, a barber. In the meantime, Major Serpa Pinto was recalled, and England waited to see whether, when Portugal had relieved its feelings by upsetting Ministries, contesting elections, and loud, frothy rant, it would accept the inevitable.

While Portugal was still sulking and simmering, the settlement of Africa was being steadily carried on by the Great Powers. Towards the middle of the year rumours began to be common that England and Germany had at last come to a definite understanding as to the terms on which they were to stand to one another in Eastern and Central Africa. In June the terms of this settlement were learnt. Germany had agreed to withdraw from Vitu, at the mouth of and to the east of the Tana river, in favour of the Imperial British East Africa Company, which already held the western bank. Germany also recognized the English protectorate over Zanzibar, and promised England a right of way through her dominions. On the other hand, Germany was recognized as the sovereign of all the coast from Wanga to Cape Delgado, and of all the *hinterland* back to the borders of the Congo Free State—that is to say, her borders run from the coast to the eastern banks of the Lake Victoria Nyanza and Lake Nyassa, and from the head of this lake to the southern end of Tanganyika, and again from the northern end of the lake to the western side of the Victoria Nyanza. England was left in possession of the Stevenson road, which connects Nyassa and Tanganyika. Her right of way from the Southern to the Northern lakes was especially recognized by the treaty. But the arrangement with Germany contained a clause which did a great deal more to arouse public attention than the adjustment of little-known boundaries. England promised to restore to Ger-

many the Island of Heligoland, which she had held since she seized it from the Danes in the heat of the great war. This stipulation aroused a certain amount of protest from persons who honestly believed, or who affected to believe, as the case might be, that the interests and dignity of England were being made subservient to the desire to propitiate Germany at all costs. This outcry attracted little or no attention, and was paralleled rather absurdly by an outcry from the German Colonial party, that the interests and dignity of Germany were being recklessly sacrificed in the blind desire to propitiate England. Mutually destructive criticism of this kind had naturally no effect on the policy of the Governments. The convention was signed on the 1st July; Heligoland was handed over to Germany. Out of this convention there grew another between England and France. The French feel that by the nature of things they are entitled to something whenever a neighbour obtains any kind of advantage. In the present case they had the means of obtaining their equivalent. By the terms of an agreement made during the Second Empire, England and France bound themselves not to establish protectorates over Zanzibar and Madagascar. France had as a matter of fact broken her promise as to Madagascar, but she none the less now insisted on our promise as to Zanzibar, with all that scrupulosity of honour which she seldom fails to show when laying down the law for her neighbours. Fortunately a compromise was easily effected. Each country agreed to recognize and condone the other's action in East Africa. At the same time opportunity was taken to regulate their respective positions on the western side of the continent. England recognized that France was the general protector and prospective owner of all the, as yet, unoccupied territory in North-Western Africa, as far down the Niger as Say, and from there by Socoto to the north of Lake Chad. All the country to the south of this line and north of the German settlement at Camaroon was held to be under the influence of England. This convention recognizes the claim of the French to what they call *le Soudan Français*, and are not the less eager to possess because of the light quality of the soil, of which the Marquess of Salisbury reminded them, to their loudly expressed annoyance.

Having thus far successfully regulated her relations to France and Germany in Africa, England now resumed the attempt to come to an understanding with Portugal. A convention was drawn up by Lord Salisbury and the new Portuguese Ministry by which considerable concessions were made to Portugal on the West coast, and on the East nothing was taken from her which she actually possesses. England, however, secured the recognition of her own position as protector and future possessor of the territories going at the back of the Portuguese coast from our own borders in South Africa up to the German border between Nyassa and Tanganyika. England also insisted on the free navigation of the Zambesi and the possession of the Shiré Valley. The convention granted everything which Portugal could reasonably demand, but no doubt for that very reason it provoked another explosion of patriotic rant at Lisbon. The Ministry which had signed the convention went the road of the Ministry which had saved Portugal from a well-deserved whipping by recalling Major Serpa Pinto. The Major himself had come home and had since been busy in his occupation of firebrand. The new Ministry got out of the difficulty which the Portuguese had created, and will probably continue to create, for their rulers by making a *modus vivendi* with England by which each party was to remain as it stood for six months. Even now the Portuguese contrived to worsen their position by their delays and obstinacy. The *modus vivendi* was only to be binding from the day on which it was signed. While the Portuguese were boggling and dawdling over signing it, the agents of the South Africa Company had pushed into Manicaland, and had there, under what provocation, if any, and in what particular way, are not known, arrested some Portuguese agents. This transaction has come close on the end of the year, and its ultimate consequences cannot be foreseen. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of the Cape, and also the Chief of the South Africa Company, starts shortly for England, where he will have the less temptation and the less power to follow a provocative policy towards the Portuguese, if he has any wish to do so. In the meantime the enormous superiority of the English colonists in energy and resources is bearing its natural fruit. During the year a successful expedition has been carried into Mashonaland, and with the help of the navy armed vessels have been put on the upper waters of the Zambesi and the Shiré. The attempt to establish a convention with Italy in Africa has failed owing to the difficulty of deciding what is to be done with Kassala, which we cannot well allow the Italians to occupy, and which they decline to consider as beyond their reach, unless it is occupied by Egypt, which, again, is an impossibility just at present. In spite of this quite friendly difference of opinion and the childish contumacy of Portugal, one part of the work of the year has been the division of Africa among the European nations. That it is high time that all parts of Africa should be under the control, or at least the responsible guarantee, of civilized European Powers has been made clear—whatever else has been proved—by the miserable quarrel which has arisen among some of the survivors of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Of that we do not propose to say anything here, where we are recording matters of fact, and not discussing matters of opinion. We may add that Emin Pasha himself, who, to the rather foolish indignation of some people in this country, had entered the service of the German East Africa Company, has been found totally unmanageable by his own countrymen, and has been dismissed by Major von Wissmann.

It has not been found equally possible to bring to a satisfactory conclusion some colonial difficulties of even older standing than the South African. The Newfoundland fishing difficulty has not advanced one step beyond where it was at the beginning of the year. Her Majesty's Ministers have not discovered how to reconcile the demand of the Newfoundlanders that the French should either cease to give bounties to their fishermen or resign their rights to the French shore, with the determination of the French not to give up their shore right unless they are supplied with bait to be used by fishermen whom the Government helps with a bounty to compete with the Newfoundlanders. The French, whose rights are amply secured by treaty, can afford to wait in the belief that the embarrassment of Her Majesty's Ministers will finally compel them to offer some very serious price indeed for a surrender of the coast rights. The fishing difficulty of the United States in the Behring Sea is also at a stay. The United States still continue to claim those sovereign rights over Behring Sea which they denounced as monstrous when they were advanced by the Russian Government. It has been not the least amusing incident of the year that the United States Government has refused the English offer to refer the dispute to arbitration, unless the whole matter in dispute—to wit, the question of sovereignty—was first conceded by England. It is at least something to have had the absolute uselessness of arbitration practically demonstrated. One of the few things actually done by Parliament during the first Session of this year was to pass a Bill which gave the handful of inhabitants of the enormous territory known as Western Australia powers of self-government and of control over their whole territory not inferior to those possessed by the greatest and oldest of English colonies. In India the indignation of the Mahomedans against a proposal to establish electoral councils—in other words, to put them entirely under the thumb of a numerical majority of Hindoos—has been expressed with a most useful emphasis. It is no matter for surprise, though it may be for regret, that the Hindoos, for their part, have been protesting with no small vigour against a proposal made by some emancipated natives to restrict the historic custom of infant marriage by law.

The Labour question has been of not less general interest to Europe than the African. In all Central and Western Europe there have been strikes and Socialist demonstrations of more or less violent character. In Germany the personal influence of the Emperor has given all the questions which are classed under this name very extraordinary prominence. We ourselves began with strikes in the London Docks, which have gone on more or less all through the year, and at this moment we are suffering from a Railway strike on a very large scale in Scotland. Australia has been the scene of perhaps the greatest, the most obstinate, and we may add the most gratuitous, strike on record. It is to be noted, in fact, that a large majority of these strikes have been gratuitous, in the sense at least that they have been deliberately provoked at the instigation of Trades-Unions, which do not endeavour to conceal their Socialist aims. The object of the wirepullers has avowedly been to obtain control of the market by at once putting pressure on the employers and excluding from work all men who do not belong to their organization. This of course is something very different from the old-fashioned strike of the whole body of workmen for the purpose of obtaining higher pay or shorter hours. A rise in pay and a diminution of work have indeed been commonly demanded, but they have been essentially subordinate objects. The great aim has always been the control of the trade. The strikes undertaken for this object have been of a varying magnitude, and have had varying fortunes. Where the employers have behaved with spirit and foresight they have commonly been beaten. Thus the South Metropolitan Gas Company, which foresaw and prepared to deal with the attack of the Union, defeated its assailants completely. The struggle between the Company and its men, which began at the end of last year, was terminated early in this by a so-called compromise, which was, in fact, a complete surrender on the part of the strikers. The example set by the South Metropolitan Company was followed by the Gas Light and Coke Company, which lights by far the greater part of London. It prepared for a struggle which seemed not unlikely to be forced on it by erecting lodgings within its works, by accumulating masses of coal, and by entering into conditional contracts for labour in all parts of the country. The effect of these measures was seen in summer, when the Union sought and found an opportunity to assure the directors that it had no intention of promoting a strike. The great strike in South Wales, which occurred in August, had not to deal with employers who were equally resolute and well prepared. This movement was started by the servants of the three South Welsh Railway Companies acting in combination with the labourers in the Cardiff and Swansea Docks. The aim of the men was to secure a fixed week's work rather than a direct rise in pay. The London agitators, who have been to the fore in every trade dispute in the South of England during the last two years, were active on this occasion also. The end of the conflict was a victory for the men; but, on the whole, there was less bitterness than there had been in the London strike the previous year, perhaps because there was rather less interference on the part of outsiders. The employers of labour in South Wales and the local leaders of the men combined to sketch out a species of board of arbitration formed of agents from both sides, which is to avoid similar conflicts in future. But this conflict, and the contemporary strike in Australia, had at last convinced employers

that they must be prepared to combine for mutual support if they wished to avoid defeat in succession at the hands of the so-called labour leaders. A Shipping Federation, which is, in fact, a combination of capitalists, has been formed. Its nature, resources, and powers are not very clearly known, but the mere fact of its existence has already had a sobering effect on the Trades-Unions. This influence has been reinforced by others. The Trades-Union Conference held at Liverpool in August ended in an undisguised quarrel between what are called the old and new Unionism. The old, which is mainly supported by the long-established Weavers' Union of the North, declines to commit itself to a support of the favourite dogma of the new—the compulsory Eight Hours Bill. This nostrum has been very popular with the London Unions, and a portion of the mining population. It has received the qualified adhesion of Mr. Gladstone, and the hearty acceptance of politicians on the hunt for votes. A great meeting in support of it was held in Hyde Park in spring. It has not yet, however, been quite universally accepted even by the advanced Radicals. Another check was given to the Labour leaders by the result of the strike at Southampton, which followed the Trades-Union Congress at Liverpool. This also was a purely gratuitous strike, promoted by the Dockers' Union in London to punish the employers who had transferred their business to Southampton, and to warn others against doing the same thing. It was conducted with brutal violence, which the weakness of the local authorities allowed to remain unchecked for a scandalously long time. At last the troops were called in, and order was restored. Then, as the employers refused to be coerced, and the London Union withdrew all support, the strike collapsed. The example set at Southampton had perhaps something to do with encouraging the London Shippers and Dock Companies to revolt, as they did in the course of October and November, against the insufferable tyranny of the Unions. It would appear that the bulk of the labourers themselves were beginning to get somewhat sick of the perpetual hot water in which they were kept by their leaders under pretence of promoting their interests. There has, in any case, been a pretty general submission to the determination of the Companies to rearrange the method of work in the docks, and the Unions have fallen very much into the background. Their quiescence is also no doubt partly due to the discovery made first in the County Court of Bristol, and then at the Winchester Assizes, that the methods of the new Unionism may lead those who practise them to fine or imprisonment. The most telling blow delivered to the agitators has come from Australia. In that colony the Unions deliberately seized upon a pretext—the refusal of shippers to tolerate the formation of a close union of merchant skippers and mates, which would have taken the control of their ships out of their hands—in order to have a trial of strength with capital. The challenge was accepted, and after a long and tough struggle it has been found that public opinion and the sympathy of the independent workmen were not on the side of the unions. An appeal for help was made to London, but the "executive" at home soon discovered that the Australian strike "had been mismanaged"—a discovery it commonly does make when it is called upon for sacrifices in what looks like a losing cause. The result has illustrated both the weakness and the selfishness of Unions, and has shown employers that they have no cause to fear, unless they help the other side by losing heart or endeavouring to profit by one another's misfortunes.

On the Continent Labour quarrels are more intimately connected with politics or Socialism than in England. In Germany the connexion is particularly close, as has been made very clear in the course of this year. At the very beginning of the year the Reichstag was engaged in discussing a Bill which was to renew and make permanent the special legislation against the Socialists. The fortune of the Bill was curious. After being accepted by a majority of the Reichstag, it was suddenly, not exactly rejected, but divided into halves, of which one only was accepted. The Reichstag agreed to make the legislation permanent, but refused to accept the police clauses, which could alone render it effective. Hereupon the Bill was withdrawn, and the Reichstag was dissolved. In the interval between the dissolution and the election the young Emperor suddenly appeared in the character of friend of the people. He published rescripts in which he presented himself as the Father of his people, who would remove their grievances by humane legislation. This attitude was understood not to be agreeable to Prince Bismarck, who about this time resigned the Ministry of Commerce. The result of the elections has been variously interpreted as justifying the Prince's disapproval, or as condemning the Anti-Socialist legislation of late years. It was found that the extreme parties, the Clericals and Socialists, had increased at the expense of the moderate Liberals between them. It was obvious that the Socialists had not been crushed by the special legislation which has now been allowed to lapse entirely. The Emperor has not been cooled in his zeal for the cause of the people as understood by himself. He has made speeches and held congresses, he has promised all kinds of good things, and has threatened shooting as the reward of disorder. The ultimate result of his activity may be easy to estimate, but for the present he would seem to have convinced the German workmen that he means what he says—particularly when he promises to shoot rioters.

The fillip given to the chronic Labour agitation by the young Emperor's restless activity, not to say loquacity, had much to do with the notable May Day demonstration. It struck some of those whose opinion has weight with the working class throughout Europe that, if all who live by weekly wages were to drop work for a day and march through the streets asserting their right to more money and shorter hours of toil, a great effect might be produced. It may be pretty confidently asserted that the suggestion came from the mainly harmless sentimentalists who think that the nature of things can be modified by appeals to emotion, and partly from the noxious agitators who know that any crowd may breed a riot—a thing which they believe to be in their interest. In the general dulness of politics on the Continent at the time, the proposal was well received. The demonstration, actively puffed beforehand by the press, which had nothing else to talk about, was prepared for by Governments and agitators alike. It turned out to be a very harmless business—harmless, partly because the Governments of the Continent were ready to strike at disorder, and partly because the mass of the working class was not prepared for riot. There were local disturbances in Austria, Spain, and France, but they were of no permanent importance. What seemed at one time capable of becoming a serious agitation has everywhere died down. The German Socialists themselves, in Congress assembled, have decided to work by peaceful means. Some have, like the Scotch Radical, obtained possession of "a coo," and are therefore proprietors; others were sentimentalists from the beginning; the remainder know that violence is useless.

The final rapid maturing of the "Irish Question" has been the dominating fact of our purely domestic politics for the year. Parliament has run through one Session and has begun another. The first was rendered completely barren by obstruction. It is true that this failure was partly due to an extraordinary error of judgment on the part of the Ministry, which, by bringing in a Bill in the middle of the Session, authorizing County Councils to buy out publicans, most unnecessarily started the whole licensing question. It annoyed its followers and gave the fanatics of the temperance party a great opportunity. But even this would not have ruined its work if the Irish party, who are the real fighting force of obstruction, had not been at hand to help the factiousness of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir William Harcourt. The second Session, which began on the 25th November, has been amazingly industrious. Purchase Bills and Tithe Bill, the failures of the first Session, slightly modified, have been carried into Committee with amazing ease. The explanation of this success is again to be looked for in the "Irish Question." Since the 25th November, Irish members have had work to do which is even more congenial to them than obstruction at Westminster.

Immediately after the meeting of Parliament in February, the report of the Special Commission was presented. It acquitted the Parnellite members (Parnellite then meant "patriot") of direct participation in any particular crime, but held them to have been proved guilty of participation in organizations which had a treasonable object, and of "persisting, with knowledge of its effect, in a system which led to crime." The effects of this finding may be divided into the immediate and the ultimate. At first the Separatists loudly professed themselves satisfied. As, however, it began to dawn on them that the judges had found their Irish allies guilty of treasonable views, and the encouragement of criminal methods, the Separatists thought fit to modify their opinion. They endeavoured in the course of many weary days of wrangle, in Parliament and out of it, to discredit the Commission. In the meantime their Irish allies proceeded to act on the rule laid down by English Separatists, that criminal and treasonable methods are becoming to an Irish patriot. They applied the Plan of Campaign to the estate of Mr. Smith Barry at Tipperary to punish him for help given to another and most unjustly-attacked Irish landlord. When their dupes were evicted they lavished resources, mostly received from America, on the formation of a collection of shanties dignified by the name of New Tipperary. They promoted riots in their mushroom town. They abused the Bishop of Limerick, who, speaking in the spirit and the letter of a Papal Rescript, denounced the application of the Plan of Campaign to the Massareene estate, first in Parliament, and then in his own cathedral town. A lively interchange of abuse took place between the Bishop, Dr. O'Dwyer, and Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. These two orators and a few others went about Ireland inciting to violence, in an apparently well-justified reliance on the readiness of the whole Separatist party to condone the use of any methods by an Irish patriot. When the firebrands were arrested and brought to trial in the autumn, another riot was promoted at Tipperary for the benefit of Mr. Morley, who thought fit to be present. Quibbling, disorder in court, insolence to the magistrates, counter-charges against the police, every resource of chicane and mendacity, were freely used to make a sensational case out of the Tipperary trial. When it appeared that Government was not to be frightened, Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon took the heroic course of breaking their bail and flying to America, where they were to go a-begging for the Nationalist cause. During all this time a succession of bye-elections seemed to prove that English Separatists had accepted all the consequences of an alliance with Irishmen.

But it was not so. On the 13th November the Divorce Court gave its verdict on the long-delayed O'Shea case. It then turned out that Mr. Parnell had been the hero of a rather exceptionally base story of adultery. The first effects of the verdict were stupefaction among the English Separatists, and loud asseverations from the Irish party that it did not matter. Next the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and the Purity League began to mutter and to

howl. Treason they could tolerate and encouragement of murder, but not breach of the seventh commandment. But still the Irish party was firm, and Mr. Gladstone was silent. Then Parliament met, and Mr. Parnell was re-elected chairman with absolutely frantic professions of devotion. Then Mr. Gladstone announced that, unless the wicked man denounced by the Rev. Price Hughes retired, his own leadership would become a mere form. Hereupon there took place something which can hardly be told in prose. What a candid "Anti-Parnellite" member (the party sprang up at the word of Mr. Price Hughes, conveyed by his speaking-trumpet, Mr. Gladstone) called the hundred hatreds which had accumulated against the beloved leader burst forth. They found a pretext in Mr. Gladstone's letter. Headed by Mr. Healy, who passed with delightful rapidity from greasy praise to vulgar insult, a majority of the Irish members endeavoured to tear Mr. Parnell from the seat to which they had just elected him. But he would not go. It will be the pleasing duty of the historian of the future to describe the fight he made; how he answered Mr. Gladstone by revealing the compromising confidences made at Hawarden; how he committed his opponents to demanding from the English politician what that politician dare not for the life of him promise; how, when answer came there none, he triumphed; how he rebuked insult by greater insult; how he used and abused his position as chairman; how he drove the majority of his party to slink off before they could formally depose him; how he appealed to the Irish people, and after magnificently burlesquing Mr. Gladstone's railway-carriage oratory, transferred the fight to Kilkenny. In that constituency the death of Mr. Marum had left a vacancy for which Sir John Pope Hennessy was standing, with the approval of Mr. Parnell. He decided to side with the majority of the Irish members, and was at once attacked by the "late leader." By the strenuous efforts of the clergy he has been returned. The details are too fresh to need repeating. It is enough to record the essential fact. Irish patriotism has torn off the beggarly garment of decency of a kind it so uneasily wore to deceive the English Separatist, and is at home again fighting in the old style with blackthorn and blackguard epithet. Wherever the Irish race is, it is divided, and the English Separatist looks on astounded at the revelation.

The one event in Continental politics which has profoundly interested the whole civilized world has been the retirement, or—as he persisted in calling it himself—the dismissal of Prince Bismarck. In spite of the more than effusive affection habitually displayed towards him in words by the young Emperor, it had been doubted from the first whether the great Minister would be able to work for long with a master who was obviously resolved to be master in fact as well as in form. These doubts gained strength when the Prince resigned the Ministry of Commerce in February, and they were fully confirmed when he retired, or was driven from all his offices, in March. As might have been expected, the gossips of Europe were busy for long in explaining the why, and the how, of events of which they could know little. The Prince talked more to the gossips than was quite consistent with his dignity, but he told them nothing, and as his anger cooled down, or his good sense revived, he has returned to the practice of silence. What the world does know is that the old steward could not get on with the new squire. The actual point on which they quarrelled was in all probability a mere test case, and of no importance in itself. As for the young squire, he has been very busy ever since riding about his estate, talking to all conditions of men about all manner of subjects, and visiting his friends from Portsmouth to St. Petersburg. He has surrounded himself with an entirely new body of servants, and has dallied much with Tory Democracy. The world is not quite sure whether he is a feather-headed young man or only an energetic one who is still fermenting. His follies have been as yet confined to words, and in them he is incontinent; but he has done nothing to disturb those relations between the Great Powers which maintain the peace of Europe—such as it is. The Czar is resolutely peaceful, and is, indeed, sufficiently occupied in stamping out the ever-recurring Nihilist plots which are hatched for the most part abroad. In Austria, the Emperor has been occupied restraining the different races of his variegated Empire from carrying their quarrels too far. In the Balkan Peninsula, Servia has continued to be disturbed by the pertinacity with which Queen Natalie revenges her wrongs as a wife and pleads her rights as a mother, making both subserve her patriotism as a Russian. In Bulgaria a conspiracy was discovered in June, which was headed by Major Panitza, and was, or professed to be, encouraged by Russia. The Major was shot, and his resolute opponent, Stambouloff, has since not only obtained a majority at a general election, but, what was more difficult, has induced the Porte to recognize a separate Bulgarian Patriarchate in Macedonia, as a set-off to the refusal to recognise Prince Ferdinand. The unfortunate Porte has been punished for its sins, real and imaginary, and for its very real weakness, by revolts in Crete, disorders in Armenia, Russian intrigues, and foreign bullying. In Italy, Signor Crispi obtained a crushing majority in the autumn elections, and has since been engaged in teaching it to obey orders. In France, Boulangism has apparently withered away to nothing, and the most notable event of the year, at least the most commented on, has been the escapade of the Duc d'Orleans. The young Prince suddenly invaded France in the spring, claiming his right to serve the Republic, which his family wish to replace, in the capacity of common soldier. He was sent to prison, and then let out. All the Boulangists, properly and improperly so called, have been briskly telling discreditable stories of one another. There has been a change of Ministry in Spain, where the Queen Regent, apparently with the general approval of the country, has decided that Señor Sagasta had been Premier long enough, and that Señor Cánovas ought to have a turn. Portugal has been raging against England and relieving its feelings by upsetting Ministries. In Holland, the death of the King has brought the direct male line of the House of Orange Nassau to an end. It is a curious example of the persistence of some families that his death has again supplied the very ancient House of Nassau with a State in Luxemburg, a male fief, which does not pass to the young Queen of Holland.

The internal politics of the United States have been made exceptionally interesting by the passing of the McKinley Bill, which was intended to exclude as much foreign produce as possible from the union. The immediate effect of the Bill has been to raise prices all round, and it has signally failed to serve the Republican party which passed it by the use of coercive measures in Congress more drastic than any habitually employed in the most dependent Legislative Chamber of the Old World. In the elections of the autumn the Republicans were beaten all along the line. Commotions, of which the origin is obscure, have occurred among the remnants of the Red Men in Dakota. Of these the most remarkable incident has been the killing of the famous Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, who had been arrested by the Indian police, and was shot in the course of an attempted rescue. In South America the scandalous financial dishonesty of the Argentine Government led to an outbreak of rabid fighting in Buenos Ayres in July. The President, Dr. Celman, was expelled, and then came back, resigned and revoked his resignation, and was finally prevailed upon to go away. The Argentine street-fighting, or rather the financial folly which supplied a pretext, had consequences in London which were disastrous to the banking house of Baring, and, but for the vigorous action of the Bank of England, might have been disastrous to the whole business community. The Barings had loaded themselves with Argentine securities which they could not place, and in the earlier days of November were compelled to appeal for help to the Bank of England, and other bankers. The help was given, in the form of a guarantee. Bullion was bought from the French, who were unspeakably proud at having it to sell; but the house of Baring, the only one which ranked with the Jews, had to be reconstituted. Its disaster gave a shock to the trading community of the world, which was in its way a triumph for South America. The turbulence of the Republics of that continent is not commonly so important to the universe.

The anarchical tendency which was visible in the actions of so many classes of workmen extended this year to the very servants of the State. The telegraph clerks, the postmen, the police, and even six companies of one battalion of Her Majesty's Guards, were guilty of indiscipline—and all in the one month of June. It really appeared as if a disease of insubordination, which had been latent for some time, came to a crisis at that date. The telegraph clerks announced their intention to cease working. Some of the postmen actually did strike, and even adopted the most approved methods of the union picket. The 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards suddenly refused to appear on parade. The postmen battered one another. Happily the "crisis" shocked not only governing persons, but the community at large, into a sense of the gravity of this disorder. The Guards were sent off to Bermuda, and the oldest soldiers in each of the six misbehaving companies sentenced to longish terms of imprisonment, afterwards prematurely cut down to a few months. The police discontent, to which exceptional importance was given by the theatrical resignation of the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Monro, was based on grievances as to pension and pay. The pension grievance, which was genuine, was removed by Act of Parliament. The pay grievance was alleged only by the younger men, of whom a few actually went to the length of open mutiny. With these the new Commissioner, Sir E. Bradford, dealt resolutely, and the disorder disappeared almost as quickly as it had arisen. Mr. Raikes was equally firm with the postmen. Summary dismissals brought them to their senses, and they, too, have since done their duty quietly. The telegraph clerks were apparently warned by examples, and no more has been heard of their threats. Perhaps all these disorders have done some good, by showing what comes of maudlin encouragement of disorder.

The obituary of 1890 has been extraordinarily long—so long that we shall not do more here than name the more famous of those who have already been named, and judged in our weekly Obituary. The Church of Rome in England has lost Cardinal Newman, the first in fame of the Englishmen who have died in this year. On the Continent Dr. Döllinger died in January. The Church of England has suffered severely by the loss of Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Durham, of the Archbishop of York, Dean Church, and Canon Liddon. Among the Nonconformists the best-known name was that of Dr. Nathan Adler, the religious head of the Jews in England. We do not exactly know how to class Mrs. Booth. Dr. Mackay, the missionary, there is no need to attempt to class. Lady Rosebery, Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker, and Miss Lydia Becker were all three ladies known by their rank or character. Colonel Yule should be named first among those who have been lost to literature, and next to him Sir Richard Burton. Less famous, but

honourable, English names in literature and in journalism were those of Mr. Thorold Rogers, Mr. Duffield, Mr. C. Gibbon, Sir E. Baines, Mr. G. Hooper, and Mr. Waugh, the Lancashire poet. M. Chatrian, M. de Pontmartin, M. Belot, and M. Alphonse Karr have died in France. Lord Carnarvon was the most eminent of English politicians who have died within the year. Messrs. Baxter and Craig Sellar were Scots of note, and Mr. Jas. Biggar and Matthew Harris were well-known persons. Sir Lewis Mallet was rather a Government servant than a politician. Count Andrassy and Count Karolyi, Hungarians of ability, have been lost to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The Duke of Aosta and the Duc de Montpensier had played strange contemporary parts in the confused politics of Spain. The King of Holland and the Sultan of Zanzibar, rulers of the two most opposite types of the human race, have died in the year. The most prominent artist to be named here was Sir E. Boehm. Miss Marianne North had rendered artistic service to science. M. Lami was a veteran French artist. M. Naudin and Señor Gayarré had been singers of fame. Among lawyers we have to mention Mr. Justice Manisty, Baron Huddleston, Sir Barnes Peacock, Mr. Saunders, the police magistrate; and in Ireland, Baron Dowse and Mr. O'Hagan. Among soldiers the only name of the first rank to be mentioned is that of Lord Napier of Magdala; but Sir Howard Elphinstone, who was accidentally drowned, was an officer who had done good service. Among Englishmen of note for their personal qualities who have died in 1890 were Sir George Burns, founder of the Cunard line; Mr. James Nasmyth, of the Hammer; Mr. Mudie; and Lord Tollemache, a model of the great landlords who are the beneficent rulers of a whole countryside. The list may close with the name of the Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, who would certainly have rejoiced to scalp every man or woman named in it.

JANE.

THERE are certain set subjects for farce which may be likened to the keys in which musical compositions are written. When the dominant has been struck we know precisely what chords to expect. One of these subjects is the farcical history of a man who represents some one else's wife as his own; and this is the familiar plot utilized by Mr. Harry Nicholls, the Drury Lane comedian, and Mr. W. Lestocq, in their more or less new piece *Jane*, now being given at the Comedy Theatre. The plot is generally understood by the critics to be taken from the well-exploited little play, *Prête-moi ta femme*, and though the authors deny knowledge of this actual piece, they are evidently very well acquainted with the story; but it goes much further back than the French composition named. We want a theatrical Dunlop to trace the History of Stage Fiction as that industrious student traced the history of fiction in books. This ingenious and entertaining writer showed that a very considerable number of more modern stories were variations from Boccaccio, and, furthermore, that the author of the *Decameron* had borrowed most of his materials from earlier sources which were not original. In the way of fiction it is, in truth, difficult to say who really invented anything. It would not be very reasonable, therefore, whenever a quasi-new play is produced, to complain that something like it has been seen before. All we can hope for is that a piece shall not be so worn as to have ceased to be amusing; we may look for some novelty of treatment in old tales; and in these respects *Jane* passes muster, our complaint against it being the unnecessary coarseness of some of the dialogue. We do not desire that all dramatic work should be composed in a spirit of apprehension lest the young girl in the dress-circle should be shocked, the more so because equivocal lines would probably for the most part convey no meaning to her; but we always regret to hear speeches which provoke a titter or a laugh that cannot be attributed to their intrinsic wit, and it would be well if the Examiner of Plays visited theatres where appeals of the sort are made to audiences, when a piece has been running for a few nights. As a rule, a play is licensed, and there the Examiner's responsibility ends; but it may be that the piece as licensed is not strictly followed; indeed, there are few comic plays, except the very carefully considered books of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and other quite exceptional works, that have not additions made to them in the course of the first few weeks. It very frequently happens, again, that lines which do not strike the reader acquire a new significance when spoken on the stage—nay, more than this, lines which are spoken at rehearsal and passed unnoticed are often accepted by audiences as containing a suggestion that has not occurred to author or actors.

The circumstances which induce Mr. Shakleton's servant William to permit his bride of an hour to pass herself off as Shakleton's wife are natural enough to farce. Shakleton has represented to his guardian, Mr. Kershaw, that the drain upon his purse arises from the demands of an extravagant wife. Mr. Kershaw feels it his duty to visit London and affectionately expostulate with the lady—who has, however, no existence. William is credited by his master with the accomplishment of being "a gifted liar," but his invention quite fails him in this strait. Shakleton does not know that his man and his maid have just been married, or that they were on the way to matrimony. Jane, as she is called, is neat and trim, speaks well enough to disarm suspicion of her actual status, and enters into the fun of the thing the more readily as, not only arrears of wages, but a prospective bribe of 200*l.*, are the rewards she is to have for dressing in fine clothes, living luxuriously, and assuming the airs of a lady. William's inducement to silence is the hope of gain, united to a fear of disobeying his imperious little wife; but all the time the pangs of jealousy are at his heart, and jealousy is one of the chief items of the stock-in-trade of those who write or play farce. The piece is acted by the four characters principally concerned with remarkable adroitness and humour. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is the Shakleton, Mr. Charles Brookfield the William, Mr. Kemble the amiable old guardian Mr. Kershaw, and Miss Lottie Venne the maid; a quartet that could scarcely be improved upon. Mr. Hawtrey's style is peculiarly his own, his strong point being the apparently absolute unconsciousness of the humour he develops. The bland air with which he endeavours to explain away the contradictions and suspicions to which his deception has given rise is really comedy of a high order. The guilelessness of his smile seems to grow as he gets more deeply involved in difficulties; for, besides a wife, he is presently called upon to produce a child, and then a second child, concerning whom it has to be explained how he can have been to school and taken away several prizes at the early age of two. Mr. Hawtrey's quiet method evolves humour out of the slightest materials, the reading of his correspondence—or, rather, the opening of his letters—for instance. We do not hear much of them, and they are all in the same strain. "Sir,—Unless ——," and that is enough; he knows the rest, and puts down the document to open the next, and read, "Sir,—We are very much surprised ——." It is the same thing in other words; and the third runs, "Sir,—We shall be much obliged ——." There is not much variety in the correspondence of creditors, but they manage to express themselves quite clearly. William was apparently designed by the author for the conventional comic servant of farce, but it need scarcely be said that in Mr. Brookfield's hands the part is refined and elevated. He is an extremely well-bred servant, a model valet, whose feelings, however, surge beneath the calm exterior. The little study is full of neat touches, and becomes an example of what artistic method and appreciation can do with inferior material. Miss Venne has, perhaps, never been better suited, for the breadth of style which usually marks her performance is to the point in the character of the provoked chambermaid; and Mr. Kemble is a model of the good-natured genial old gentleman from the country. Master R. Saker plays a boy in Shakleton's service with remarkable intelligence and unexaggerated sense of fun. The lad is the son of a very capable comedian, and inherits capacity from his mother also; before her marriage Mrs. Saker, then Miss O'Berne, played with success in the original cast of Mr. Gilbert's *Wedding March*. *Jane* is a most amusing farce, marred only by the coarse lines which we have reprehended.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON DEFENCE EXPENDITURE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE some days ago read before the Royal Statistical Society a singularly able paper on Defence Expenditure, which must provoke serious thought on the part of all those who cannot, in the excitement of the game of politics, completely forget that more than purely personal stakes are involved in its ultimate issue. Budgets and estimates were not originally invented merely to offer opportunities for clever jugglery of figures, nor is it their sole end and object to hoodwink and puzzle the taxpayer, even though a minute inspection of their details might occasionally seem to point to that conclusion. As regards our navy there is not much the matter. A careful analysis, such as Sir Charles Dilke has furnished us with, will show that, if we do spend more than other nations in this respect, we get our value pound for pound, and, according to some authorities, even obtain more for our money than our neighbours. But with the army it is very different. There is, we fear, an undefined feeling of unreality about all our efforts even when we seem determined to "make a demonstration," and matters are never pushed to their logical conclusions because everybody secretly flatters himself that the true test of excellence—war—will never have to be faced on a large scale. No doubt it is an extremely difficult matter to compare the expenditure on armies organized on such widely different bases as are ours and those of Continental nations. The "free-born" Briton is not yet prepared to face conscription, and, on the whole, does not object very strongly to pay for his immunity. The exigencies of a vast colonial empire entail expenses on us of which as yet no other nation has any idea, and we cannot escape from some other drains on our purse unless we see our way to altering the whole scale of living which both officers and men in this country have been brought up to. We are all of us prepared for extra expense, and no one we believe would complain if he were satisfied that our army was as efficient as possible as far as it went, and ready for an emergency, even if such a state of preparation were costly. The total expenditure on the army, out of taxes, in the year, in the case of the United Kingdom, was last year, according to Sir Charles Dilke, 16½ millions, and in India the same, or 33 millions sterling (34 millions in the present year), besides the expenditure out of loans, and that of the self-governing colonies, for the armies of the British Empire. The colonies altogether spend for themselves about 1,500,000*l.* a year for army purposes, in addition to the contributions

made by some of them towards the Imperial forces, and towards marine defence.

While the armies of the British Empire cost about 35½ millions sterling a year, the German army costs about 33½ millions sterling, and the French army a little over 28 millions. Our armies cost us, therefore, considerably more than theirs; but while each of these Powers would have in the field on the twenty-first day of mobilization over two millions of men with between 3,000 and 4,000 guns, and behind this vast force a large garrison and territorial army in reserve, we could altogether muster but 850,000 men from all the resources at our command. But the ingenuous Briton will retort that, though our forces are small, they are of exceptional quality; that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen, that one volunteer is as good as two pressed men, and so on—*und so weiter*, &c. &c. Not so. The two million active German or French troops, of whom we have just spoken, are "pretty much the same all through"—that is to say, they are of uniform quality, even if it be granted that their standard be not as high as ours. Our muster-roll, on the contrary, is built up from the most heterogeneous sources, and the quality, when the training and education of the soldier are considered, if in some cases high, is in others deplorable. The total we arrive at is made up of 137,000 regular troops, excellent though deficient in some particulars, which we shall have occasion later on to point out; 50,000 to 55,000 1st class Army Reserve, useful but not periodically drilled, as is the reserve of every Continental army; 2,000 2nd class Army Reserve, hardly worth counting; 113,000 Militia, who may be said to be without half their officers; 3,000 Channel Islands Militia; about 1,000 Malta and St. Helena Militia; 11,000 Yeomanry; 224,000 Volunteers; 74,000 regulars in India (undoubtedly a splendid force); 68,000 good native troops in India; 56,000 bad native troops; and 21,000 of what Sir Charles Dilke terms "odds and ends." In other words, the figures we can produce include everything we can possibly term a soldier, from a guardsman to a native policeman. They include some regiments of Indian infantry which are recognized even by ourselves as worthless, and whom we from time to time disband as such. They include the St. Helena Militia, and the Royal Irish Constabulary, who, however efficient in their own sphere, would, probably, be so occupied in it that they can hardly be considered available to fight a foreigner. But, more than this, not only is our force thus variable and sometimes unsatisfactory as regards the quality of its component parts, but it is singularly badly proportioned as regards the arms of which it is composed. If there is one thing which recent experiments have established more than another, and upon which there is complete unanimity of opinion amongst military men, it is this—that modern armies should in future campaigns be remarkably well furnished with both cavalry and artillery. Infantry will be unable to face modern musketry unless they are well supported by guns, and have the way of their attack prepared for them by artillery fire. A thick veil of horsemen will shroud the movements of a modern army from its opponent, and an army which has not a strong force of cavalry, both to gain information for it, and to ward off its opponents' scouts, will be at the mercy of a better-informed antagonist. It will neither be able to see nor remain unseen. Yet how do we find that our attenuated levies are furnished with these necessary adjuncts? Contemptibly so, it seems, as regards artillery. We have but a nominal 600 guns all told, against from 2,000 to 4,000 belonging to the Powers that may oppose us; and of these we could not place above 320 in the field! Not only have we an absurdly small number of batteries; but we propose on an outbreak of hostilities to reduce them by fourteen in order to make up ammunition columns! That is to say, we organize, equip, and educate a scientific body of men in order that they may, on an outbreak of hostilities, be equal to the duties which Pickford's or Carter Paterson's draymen daily perform in our streets! The Germans on the 1st of October last *added* to their artillery almost as many guns as we have in the whole world, and Roumania and Switzerland can each of them put into the field about as many guns as can the British Empire. Nor when we come to analyse our cavalry returns are matters more reassuring. We have only 12,000 horses to mount 19,000 troopers both in India and at home together! It is apparent, even if it were not so from the experiences of last autumn, from these figures that our cavalry cannot be so highly trained as they should be, nor, in fact, have our cavalry ever been as well drilled as some of the squadrons they have been opposed to. Individually good horsemen, taken together they were inferior to the French, and we cannot therefore lay the "flattering unction to our souls" that their quality will make up for their quantity. In exposing our weakness as he has done, Sir Charles Dilke is no mere pessimist without a suggestion as to how matters may be remedied. If he has told us our fallings-off with brutal frankness, he has done so with an unerring precision and ability that is suggestive of power to remedy our defects, and he is able to quote the experiences of 1870 to point his moral. It was complete organization and readiness for war that then won the day for the Germans, and ruined armies of "splendid courage and perfect training." With our comparatively small forces we should, under a more judicious system, have less difficulty in being ready than our neighbours. It is easier to equip a company than a battalion, and a regiment than an army corps. As it is, however, we cannot make one battery ready for the field without disintegrating three, and the richest country in the world cannot afford to hold manœuvres at which her future generals might learn to handle the commands they would in war have control of, although every other nation insists on its leaders having adequate training in the art of modern war.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

ON the Christmas Day of 1652, which fell upon a Saturday, the Rump of the Long Parliament was fast nearing its end. The majority of its members, however, thought themselves to be as firmly established as the Royalist wit feared them to be when he nicknamed them "the Perpetual Parliament." Their war against the sister Calvinist Republic of Holland filled all minds. The Dutch had made themselves "masters of the narrow seas," and had plundered the English coasts. The autumnal victories of Sir George Ayscough, Blake, and Penn had been followed by the great winter disaster of the Goodwin Sands, a month before Christmas. Van Tromp kept his Dutch Christmas Day (old style, ten days earlier than the English) in sight of Dover, as master of the Channel, with his defiant besom at his masthead, spending the 500*l.* sent to him by the grateful Dutch States as a Christmas gift, according to the *Moderate Intelligencer* for December 29, upon "all the varieties which could possibly be had." "The Dutch fleet," said a Dover letter of December 20, "consisting of 160 sayle, ply up and down between Dover and Callice." Disheartening reports came to London three days before Christmas that the Dutch had entered Portsmouth Harbour and fired two ships, and that Hull and other Northern ports were blocked. The coal ships could not get up the Thames; there was a terror of a dearth of coals in London; and the price rose alarmingly, and there were fierce attacks upon the greedy "ingrossers of coal," the "rings" of that age.

At so desperate a crisis the Rump Parliament was tempted to be careless about its former cherished functions as Summus Episcopus and supreme head of English religion. The Independent preacher of Westminster Abbey, William Strong, complained of the growing laxity, under which, he said, "Popery is lifting up its head," and "swarms of priests are in every corner." The main anxiety of the Council of State and the Parliament was how to find money and seamen to carry on their difficult contest for the naval supremacy of England, in which, through their great generals-at-sea—Ayscough, Blake, Dean, Monk, and others—they in the next year so splendidly succeeded.

The fanatics were resolved, however, that the spiritual war against the popish and prelatical Antichrist, which they fancied to be the chief business of the Parliament, should not be neglected on account of the carnal war against the Protestant Hollander. On Christmas Eve a Remonstrance and Petition against Christmas was presented to Parliament. It had been the great glory of this Parliament, said the petitioners, that it had "put down the Mass by the Supreme Authority," and it was its present duty not to backslide, but to see that no one in England should "keep Christ's-mass, falsely so-called, for it is Antichrist's Masse." They forewarned the legislators that "to-morrow (Christmas Day) it will appear that there are many Antichrists," and that the nation still has in it many "more Papists besides Roman Catholiques." The petitioners therefore added two comical new reasons, inspired by the anti-Dutch *Zeitgeist*, to the old stock puritanical reasons against the keeping of Christmas. First, although the Hollanders seem to be good Calvinists and Protestants, there is still one point in which they are Popish and anti-Christian; "they keep their Christmas Day more solemnly than the Lord's Day." It was no slight comfort to the casuistical Puritan mind to be assured that the new Dutch foes of England, like her old Spanish foes, were a kind of Papists, or, as the petitioners expressed it, "mass-mongers." The only difference between the Dutch and the English malignants is "the difference between the Old Style and the New, the Hollanders observing their Christmas Day ten days before the English." The second new argument against keeping Christmas Day in England is that it is not only as anti-Christian as it always was, but is now also anti-national. It is a Dutch practice, and surely no true English patriot will imitate "our enemies the Hollanders." The remonstrants humbly begged, "That the honourable House would not adjourne, but sit to-morrow and all the idol-days called Christmas," and that they would "decree that no Christmas Day be allowed for the future to be set in Almanacks or observed, that the names of Idols (or Saints' days) may be no more in remembrance throughout the dominions of the Commonwealth of England."

Men of undoubted puritanical piety, amongst others the eminent State chaplain, Hugh Peters, had been taunted with having eaten "minced pies" on the last Christmas Day. The petitioners to Parliament seem to have recollected this accusation, for they ended their petition by conceding a sort of licence to the legislators to enjoy an old-fashioned dinner on Christmas Day. "It is within your Honours' liberty," said they, "that if any one bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go, you may eat that which is set before you (though it should be roast beef, plum pottage, or mince pies) asking no questions for conscience sake." Nevertheless, they thought it would be much safer for a member of Parliament to abstain from any of these meats offered to idols, since it is a matter of "experience" that "whilst mass-mongers

feed their bodies with Antichrist mass-pies, they famish their souls, and perish eternally."

The House did not need any such reminder. On the previous day, December 23, the Rump had already anticipated the "humble desires" of its petitioners by ordering, "That all markets in London and Westminster be kept on Saturday next, vulgarly called Christmas Day." Orders were also sent to the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the justices of the peace, and other officers, "to see that there be no wrong done to those that shall open their shops on that day," and "to see also that there be no observance of Christmas Day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in the churches." The House spent the remainder of the day in debates upon the state of the Navy, and continued at the same urgent business through the greater part of the next day, Christmas Eve. After receiving the humble remonstrance of "the well-affected," however, they sent out a second notice to the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, requiring them "to see that the order be duly observed within the late Lines of Communication and Weekly Bills of Mortality." They also ordered the Committee of Whitehall to take care "that the shops in Westminster Hall be kept open to-morrow." They may have heard that these few shopkeepers were plotting to take a holiday, an indulgence which their masters would not allow themselves, for before closing their day's work on Christmas Eve, they passed a resolution, "That the House do sit to-morrow, notwithstanding the former order."

The Council of State and the House both sat on Christmas Day. The business of the former seems to have been slight. There are only two entries in the Calendar of the "day's proceedings," both concerning the navy. First, the Council received Robert Blackborne's account of the moneys assigned by Parliament out of the excise, customs, prize goods, the seizure of delinquents' estates, and monthly assessments, towards navy expenses. Next, they were troubled over a letter from the Mayor of Poole, which was a specimen of many like letters from other mayors of seaport towns at this crisis. He complained of his difficulties in carrying out the Council's order for the impressment of seamen; he had been ordered to press sixty-six, but had only succeeded in pressing thirty, whom he had sent to Portsmouth, and he promised to do his best to raise the remainder. "But they absent themselves," he wrote, "and many do not appear after having received the State's money."

The first business in Parliament on Christmas Day was the grant of a sum of 500*l.* to "Sir George Ascue" (Ayscough) in "reparation for his losses," and "300*l.* per annum of lands in Ireland to him and his heirs, as a token of remembrance to him for his faithful service to the Commonwealth." Many will remember Carlyle's picture of this fine old English admiral, who made the home in Surrey, to which he retired after Cromwell set himself up as Protector, as far as he could, "like a ship at sea." He had gained his great victory over the Hollanders in the preceding August. In the summer of the following year, after Cromwell's dissolution of the Rump, when Blake was too ill to go to sea, and Dean was dead, all men's thoughts turned to Ayscough. "But Sir G. Ascu," as one of Clarendon's newsmen wrote from London, "has extraordinary power with the seamen," who were notably loyal at heart to the exiled national King, "and Cromwell cannot trust him."

The next Parliamentary concern on the Christmas Day of 1652 was the completion of its excellent "Articles of War for the Sea Service," on which it had already spent two days in debate, and now ordered to be printed and published. "Article I." required that "all commanders shall endeavour that Almighty God be solemnly and reverently served in their respective ships; all prophaneness and irreligiousness avoided; preaching and praying, and other religious duties, be exercised and duly frequented, and the Lord's Day religiously observed." "Article II." dealt with the morals of the seamen. It was proposed that the wages of able seamen, "fit for the helm and lead top and yard," should be raised from 19*s.* to 24*s.* a month, "whereof one shilling to be paid to the minister and surgeon as formerly." Although the members of the Rump were "voting estates to themselves," as John Lilburn told them, out of the lands of the ejected bishops and deans and chapters, and were in this very year selling the very lead of the cathedrals to procure money for their navy expenses, they proposed this queer economical way of endowing religion and surgery in the fleet. The last business in the House on Christmas Day must have seemed appropriate to the Cavalier joker who said that by their orders on Christmas Eve they had encouraged the service of Mammon and prohibited the service of God. "On December 25, commonly called Christmas Day," says the *Flying Eagle*, a new Republican paper which had been started during the month, "the Parliament took into their serious consideration the business of Trade, and referred it to the Council of State to consider of some rules for the more secure managing of Trade."

The oppressed English commons paid as little regard as in former years to the orders of the oligarchy which called itself "the Supreme Authority of the Commonwealth of England." They merely yielded a sullen obedience to the tyrannical force which the conscience of the nation looked upon as illegal. The "reptile press" of the Rump complained bitterly of the rebellious temper which had been exhibited by the common people on Christmas Day. The *Flying Eagle* had "expected that all honest-minded and harmless Christians, who desire peace, would ubmit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." "One would have thought to have seen a new change," said the same paper on January 1, 1653. "But it was as rare a thing to see a shop open as to see a phœnix." It was a cause of gratitude to see that, although the Parliament had been disobeyed as to the shops, it had been obeyed as to the London churches. "Paul's, the mother-church, and all her daughters, languished without the old and usuall mirth of bels, bellows, and bagpipes." Sir Thomas Gower, in a letter from London on December 28, says that only two shopkeepers had the courage to obey the State and affront the people, by "endeavouring to take away the esteem held of Christmas Day, and one of them had better have given 50*l.*, his wares were so dirtyed." The State's order for the closing of the churches was more readily obeyed, for they were in the hands of the Nonconformist and Separatist preachers intruded upon the parishes by the Parliamentary "Summus Episcopus," who were only too glad to keep them shut. The Chapel of Lincoln's Inn was the sole place in London in which service was held and a sermon preached on Christmas Day 1652. The solitary exemption was partly due to the great place and power held by the lawyers in the Rump Republic, and partly to the eminence of the preacher of Lincoln's Inn. The post had been held by Archbishop Usher since 1647, who still signed himself "Jo. Armachanus." The letters of Johann Buxtorf of Basel to the deprived Primate of Ireland in the winter of 1652–1653 show that he was then living at the Countess of Peterborough's house in Long Acre. The renown of the prelate as a scholar in every University and Court of Christendom was so great that the anti-prelatical State dared not disgrace itself in the eyes of Europe by expelling the aged archbishop from his preachership.

Outside the churches, in the families of the nation, as the *Flying Eagle* complained, the day was "as highly kept as any Christmas Day this seven years." The pious Evelyn says in his Diary, "No church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home. The next day we went to Lewisham, where an honest divine (Abraham Colfe, the founder of the Free Grammar School) preached." Meanwhile, although other places of business were closed, the inns and aleshops were open. "Taverns and tapsters," said the Parliamentary newspaper, "had all the custome; Bacchus bearing the bell amongst the people, as if neither Customes nor Excise were any burthen to them, nor the Monethly Assessments of 720,000*l.* which began this 25 of December, vulgarly called Christmas." The apostolical counsel was reversed. As the Rump Parliament would not allow the Londoners to sing and make melody in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, they made themselves drunk with wine wherein is excess. The *Punch* of the day, the *Mercurius Democritus*, in its number for Christmas week, exhorted the despondent English folk to "welcome Christmas with more spiced ale." Its weekly poet sang:—

> A little mirth will re-create
> Our dull and leaden souls,
> In spite of crosse disastrous Fate,
> Give us more cheer in bowls.

At their celebration of Christmas Day in the taverns they predicted with glee the coming downfall of the Long Parliament, and drank healths to the nation's King in exile in Paris, whose return for the liberation of his people they sanguinely expected as the result of the fall of the Rump, and not a few then believed that Cromwell, as the known enemy of the Rump, would bring home their King. They sang in 1652:—

> Old Christmas now is come to town,
> He laughs to see them going down
> That have put down his Lord.
>
> Cheer up, sad hearts; crown Christmas bowls;
> Banish dull grief and sorrow.
> Though you want cloaths, you have rich souls,
> The *SUN* may shine to-morrow.

The proofs of the popular hatred to the so-called "Commonwealth," which had been so evident on Christmas Day all over London, moved the suspicious rulers to a fresh attack upon the Christian liberty of the people. Three days after Christmas the extraordinary caucus of fanatics and Church plunderers by which the Rump Parliament exercised its supreme episcopate, and which was its organ for examining, instituting, and depriving its "public preachers"—the so-called "Honourable Committee for Plundered Ministers"—was "instructed (1) to put into execution the Ordinance for Abolishing the Observance of Holydays; (2) to give protection and due encouragement unto all persons that shall follow the lawful callings on the several days commonly called Christmas; (3) to proceed to the punishment of all disturbers; and (4) to take and suppress the reading of the late Book of Common Prayer abolished by Parliament." Order was also sent to the Lord Mayor on Innocents' Day to suppress the offending national liturgy, and "to certify his doings in these premises to the Committee."

That the feast was observed in remote parts of the country, as in other years, is evident from the testimony of the anonymous author of *A Vindication of Christmas*, published in 1653. He represents "Old Christmas" as going about the land, "in love to them that hate him," begging them with a double meaning "to reverence and yield obedience to that bright Star of Majesty who sacrificed His life as a martyr for the freedom of His people." He said that he found his "best and freest welcome in Devonshire, with some country farmers," and describes the feasting, the "drinking warm lambs-wool," dancing, and games of "the poor labouring hinds, and maid-servants, with the plow-boys, who had

little or no sport at all till I came amongst them." He mentions, in his list of Christmas games, "Hot Cockles" and "Shooting the Wild Mare," but complains that the "high and mighty Christmas ale, that would formerly knock down Hercules," had been miserably "thinned" by "a blow received from Westminster, a tetter and ringworm called Excise."

THE BUSINESS YEAR.

THE year 1890 will long be memorable for the collapse of the greatest English financial and merchant banking house that has ever existed. All over the continent of America the prestige of Messrs. Baring Brothers was hardly second to that of the Bank of England, and in Europe bankers thought they never could hold enough of Messrs. Baring's bills. Although it was notorious that for some time past they had been doing a risky business, even to the very end the most pessimist did not fear a complete breakdown; yet the firm is at present being wound up. The difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers originated in their giving too much credit to the Argentine Republic and to Uruguay. For some years previously they brought out too many loans and Companies for those States. And they had not contented themselves with doing business for a commission; often they bought outright the loans and the Companies, trusting to their own influence with investors to sell for higher prices. At last investors refused to buy, and Messrs. Baring were left with a vast mass of securities, which were utterly unsaleable, and which were constantly depreciating. For the two Republics had not contented themselves with borrowing overmuch in Europe. They had also issued too much paper money, and they had lent too freely upon the security of land. More especially was this the case with the Argentine Republic. Even in 1889 the crisis had begun there, and the paper had greatly depreciated. The crisis became worse and worse as the present year advanced, and the depreciation more utter. Credit soon disappeared, failures in immense numbers occurred, and prices fell ruinously. Then political disturbance aggravated the crisis, and of course increased the depreciation. The new Government very soon after its installation was obliged to admit publicly in Congress that the provinces and municipalities were insolvent, and that it would itself have to assume their liabilities. It had also to acknowledge that the National Bank and the two mortgage banks were in the same plight. And, finally, it had to confess that it would be unable to pay the interest on its own debt, unless it obtained a new loan in Europe. Seeing all this, Messrs. Baring Brothers endeavoured to prepare for what was coming by selling everything they held for which there was a market, thereby driving down prices, involving speculators in terrible losses, and very nearly bringing on panic. In spite of all, however, they were at last compelled to apply to the Bank of England for help. As a first precaution the Bank obtained a loan of three millions sterling in gold from the Bank of France, and a further sum of 1½ millions from the Imperial Bank of Russia. Then the Bank on looking into Messrs. Baring's affairs found them such that it asked for a guarantee against loss from the other banks. They responded readily and liberally, and a guarantee fund of 15 or 16 millions was soon formed. The announcement of this was made officially on a Saturday morning. And instantly the banks and discount-houses began to call in loans both from the Discount Market and the Stock Exchange. On the following Wednesday the result was such universal alarm that it looked as if a panic almost unprecedented in intensity was inevitable. The Governor of the Bank of England, however, averted it by calling together the managers of the joint-stock and private banks, and inducing them to give accommodation to their customers. Extreme alarm then subsided, and for a few days there was a wild speculation upon the Stock Exchange. But it was speedily checked by a crisis in New York.

In the United States there had for some years been too much railway building, and too much wild speculation. This year importers, under the influence of the McKinley Tariff, bought European goods far in excess of the demand, and speculators likewise, under the influence of the Silver Act, bought silver beyond their means. There was thus a very dangerous state of things, and a crisis was precipitated by the discredit of bills drawn upon London resulting from the Baring catastrophe. Panic was averted as it had been in London by a combination of the banks in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In each of the three cities, the banks which could not pay cash were relieved by the issue of Clearing-house certificates, which were accepted by the solvent banks in settlement of differences. And about a million sterling in gold was also obtained from London. It seemed only too likely that Germany would suffer from the crisis here and in America, as there also there was a large lock-up of capital and a very wild speculation, and as besides German banks were largely interested in Argentine securities, and still more largely in American. But, though there is discredit and uneasiness, the slow crisis through which the country has been passing all the year has not become acute. The bankers, however, whose capital is largely locked up, have of late been selling Italian Rentes in very considerable quantities in Paris to relieve themselves, and there are other signs of increasing difficulties. One of these is the heavy fall in Russian rouble notes, which seems to show that Russian trade is suffering seriously from two bad harvests in succession, and there may, therefore, be difficulties in Russia. France, on the other hand, has so far not been much affected. Money has remained cheap and the Bourse confident. But France has her own difficulties, especially those connected with Spanish and Portuguese finance. The Portuguese Government owed to Messrs. Baring 800,000*l.*, and, when pressed for repayment, was unable to find the funds in London. And, of course, it has not the means either of paying the January interest on the debt. But it has just been announced that a Paris Syndicate will advance three millions sterling to tide it over for the present. Spanish finance is equally embarrassed, and in Italy there is a fresh crisis.

Trade has borne these adverse influences wonderfully well. Employment is still abundant, wages are high, and the volume of business is large; but there is no room for doubt that a check has been given. In the money market the consequences were felt more immediately. Indeed money in London has been dearer and scarcer throughout the year than for a long time past. On the second last day of 1889 the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from 5 to 6 per cent., and kept it so till the 20th of February, when it was put down to 5 per cent. By gradual steps it fell to 3 per cent. on the 17th of April. But it was again raised to 4 per cent. on the 26th of June, and to 5 per cent. on the last day of July. It was once more put down to 4 per cent. on the 21st of August, but only to be raised again to 5 per cent. on the 25th of September. And it was advanced to 6 per cent. on the 7th of November, going down once again to 5 per cent. on December 4. Thus the rate has been 6 per cent. twice, the two periods comprising about ten weeks, 5 per cent. four times, 4 per cent. three times, and 3 per cent. only once. At times, however, when the rate was nominally 6 per cent., the Bank of England was charging all but its regular customers 6½ and 7 per cent., and was charging as much as 8 per cent. for loans. Really, then, we have had for a while a 7 per cent. rate, though not avowedly, and the rate would have been even higher still, were it not for the extraordinary measures taken to obtain gold from the State banks of France and Russia. In New York the rate of discount has frequently ranged from 6 to 10 per cent. In the interior it has been still higher, and often accommodation could not be got on any conditions, while in New York, again, the interest rate on one occasion has been as high as 180 per cent. In Berlin the Imperial Bank rate of discount has for over two months been 5½ per cent., and its rate of interest 6½ per cent. But in Paris the Bank of France has kept its rate at 3 per cent. all through the year. In silver there has been a great rise, a sharp fall, and another advance in consequence of the passing of the Silver Act by the American Congress, and the prospect of further legislation. The lowest price of the year was in February, 43⅝*d.* per ounce, and the highest in the beginning of September, 54⅝*d.* per ounce, a rise of over 25 per cent. Since September the price has been as low as 45*d.*, and as high as 49½*d.*

Except for about six weeks in April and May the course of prices on the Stock Exchange has been generally downwards, and for several months together there was a continuous and ruinous fall. In January and February markets were quiet and uninteresting. Then preparations for the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Loan led to a general advance in the foreign departments. The introduction of the Silver Bill in the American Congress in April caused a mad speculation in American railroad securities, and in silver securities, which lasted till nearly the end of May. After that the increasing gravity of the Argentine crisis led to a sharp fall in most departments. There was a slight recovery in August, and a ruinous fall from September till November. The heaviest fall was, of course, in Argentine Cedulas, and in a few Argentine industrial securities; but there is nearly as heavy a fall in American railroad securities. And Consols, which were as high as 98¾ in May, fell to 93⅜ in November, a fall of about 5½ per cent. The losses to capitalists interested in Argentine finance, to speculators, and to members of the Stock Exchange, were enormous. At one settlement no fewer than eight members of the Stock Exchange were declared defaulters, and a larger number still had to be helped. Three or four outside houses had to make arrangements with their creditors, and a very large number of houses of high standing were much talked about. At one time, indeed, rumours were so plentiful that few houses escaped being talked of. And during the first three or four days after it became known that Messrs. Baring had to apply to the Bank of England there were serious fears of a run on some of the banks. Home railway stocks, in spite of all this, were not nearly as much affected as beforehand might have been expected, and owing to the extraordinary confidence of the great operators in Paris, there was but a very slight decline in inter-Bourse securities.

The new issues during the year were few. The business had been entirely overdone during the preceding four or five years, the greater issuing houses were not in a position to increase their commitments, and investors did not care to take more new and unproved securities. Perhaps the most interesting issue of the year was the conversion, first, of the Egyptian Preference Debt and, secondly, of the Daira Loan. The latter was somewhat mismanaged. It was brought out at an unfavourable time, and the old holders did not generally convert. But the Preference Conversion was successful. It was carried through before the shadow of the Baring catastrophe fell upon the market. The old Five per Cent. Bonds were converted into new Three and a Half at a price which yielded the holder a little under 4 per cent. In other words, if this conversion is a test, the credit of Egypt is now good enough to borrow at 4 per cent.

TRUANT DOGS.

IT is curious that during the course of the controversy which has raged with greater or less persistency round the muzzling order ever since it came into force, but little sympathy has been expressed for those unfortunate dog-owners who, through no fault of their own, and indeed in spite of all their endeavours to abide by the law, have found themselves treated as law-breakers. Yet surely never were men in harder case. We refer to the owners of those wayward and wandering dogs which, in spite of all precautions, persist in escaping from their homes on every opportunity to exercise themselves in the streets and parks, alone, and of course unmuzzled; for we can feel no sympathy with the misguided people who wilfully break the law, however bad in their opinion that law may be. The system by which the muzzling orders are enforced in the case of the owners of truant dogs is most needlessly offensive, especially when we consider that offenders of this class invariably inform against themselves, either by having their names and addresses engraved on their dogs' collars, or by applying at the nearest police-station when they find that their animals are missing. The authorities, however, are not slow to act on the information thus gratuitously provided, and a summons to appear at the police-court of the district is sure to follow; which summons, at all events from the layman's point of view, can only be considered as a ponderous official practical joke; for, in the first place, it purports to be the result of an information laid by one John Trenchard Tennant, who by no possibility can have any personal knowledge of the matter in hand; and, secondly—and herein lies the main point of the joke—it calls upon the offender "to answer to the said information," when, as will be seen hereafter, no answer is allowed. On attending, in obedience to the summons, the unlucky defendant, after waiting probably for half an hour, at the least, in the very unsavoury surroundings of a metropolitan police-court, is called to answer the charge that he "did permit a dog to be at large in a public place, the same not being muzzled," &c., when he begins to appreciate the heinousness of his offence as he finds himself standing in front of the dock, and, apparently, in charge of a policeman, who tells him to "listen to the magistrate." The "constable in charge of the case" is then called, and proves the finding and capture of the dog "at large and unmuzzled"—a fact which the defendant, having, as we have said, practically informed against himself, has not the least intention of denying. The defendant probably thinks that he will now be allowed to answer the charge and explain that the offence was committed against his will, and was the act of a refractory, though irresponsible, being which had defied all his efforts at restraint. But this is not in the programme, and any attempt at eloquence on his part is cut short with the remark "Do you admit the dog was at large?" or words to that effect, and on his replying in the affirmative a fine, plus 2*s.*, the cost of the summons, is promptly imposed, and—the most offensive part of the whole unpleasant performance—with a rough "This way" from the officer of the court, he is marched out to pay his fine to the gaoler, exactly as if he had been convicted as a "drunk and disorderly" person. The process is practically the same in all the police-courts of the metropolis, the only variation being in the amount of the fine imposed, which appears to be governed by no rule, each magistrate acting according to his own sweet will—a fact which is rather hard on the prosecuted dog-owner, as he is thus unable to prepare himself with the exact amount required for fine and costs. This being so, any system, however foolish and illogical it may appear to men of common understanding, should be welcomed as a relief; and we are therefore pleased to announce that Mr. Hannay, who disposes of numberless "dog cases" at Marlborough Street Police-Court, has evolved a system. This, like so much else in this world of ours, is by no means perfect, and may even be considered as slightly illogical; still, it is a system, and therefore we feel bound to give it, at all events, a qualified approval. It consists in imposing a fine according to the size of the dog; 5*s.* for a little dog, and 10*s.* for a large one. So far so good, and the respective owners of, for example, a pug and a retriever may know their fate and prepare their fines before they go to the court; but the owners of dogs of middle size are still left in doubt, and so do not benefit by the system. We would therefore suggest that the principle should be carried to its logical end, if, indeed, it can be said to possess one; and that a table of weights be prepared according to which fines should be imposed.

Surely, however, a fixed sum might be imposed as a fine to be paid by the owners of truant dogs at the police-station before their property is returned to them. This would avoid the present offensive and irritating system of prosecution, and would relieve police magistrates of a vast amount of additional and, doubtless, very unpleasant work.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

THE dramatic version of that nursery classic *The Rose and the Ring*, last Saturday, was certainly a very entertaining spectacle, and ought to be one of the most attractive of the Christmas shows. Mr. Savile Clarke, whose delightful rendering of *Alice* is still fresh in our minds, is certainly to be congratulated on his share of the performance. It was natural that Mr. Savile Clarke should have wished to incorporate as much of the original text as possible; but the piece might have been more effective if the dialogue had been cast in couplets. Most of the songs and lyrics were quite in the spirit of the story, where the author had nothing to guide him; indeed, he was more Thackerayan when he was compelled to depart from Thackeray. Of mounting and stage management—for which the brothers Harris are responsible—much might be said, with some pertinent remarks on the decline of pantomime generally. Nevertheless the scenery was fine; the ballets were well arranged, though none of the dancing was remarkable. The pictorial effect was somewhat marred by the unfortunate association of children and adults on so small a stage. Except in the case of Hogginarmo or Hedzoff, where the grotesque element was properly present, the spectacle seemed out of proportion. Capable as Miss Violet Cameron always is, she was not at her ease as Prince Giglio. Miss Attalie Claire and Miss Maud Holland did very well as Betsinda and Angelica respectively. Mr. Harry Monkhouse played Valoroso. His make-up was not very comic, and he did not seem to appreciate the delightful humour of his soliloquy in the first act. A comic king is a time-honoured convention of pantomime, and not a very difficult part. The best piece of acting came from Mr. Le Hay as Prince Bulbo. He was made up exactly like the well-known sketches of Thackeray, and he seemed the only player who interpreted the spirit of the original. His excellence made the deficiencies of the others more glaring. Jenkins Gruffanuff, whose transformation into a knocker is very ingenious, was a faithful representation of his portrait as we know it. The introduction into the first act of the beggar child was superfluous, though it gave the clever little Miss Empsie Bowman a good opportunity. In the original the child is Betsinda, and there is no authority for making her afterwards become a general in King Padella's army. The music of Mr. Walter Slaughter was tuneful and appropriate; the fact that it sounded in places rather familiar is not a serious objection. The solo, "Take off the ring," well rendered by Miss Violet Cameron, was especially pretty. The mounting was marked by the elaboration which is characteristic of Mr. Augustus Harris's productions of whatever kind.

FIGURE-SKATING.

MR. MONIER WILLIAMS, who is the accepted English authority on figure-skating because nobody else has essayed to write such a serious book about it, is a well-meaning and industrious man; but it is not within his power to excel the talents of finite intellect. He penned his monograph at a time when England had not had a continuous fortnight on the ice for two or three years. He travailed, that is to say, from memory and in the abstract. The consequences are that *Combined Figure-Skating* convinces you that there is an entertaining art to be learned, and that in seeking to learn it from Mr. Williams you feel bewildered. His instructions perplex you as the acrobatic performance of a Canadian skater perplexes the man who never witnessed "the poetry of motion" on the ice before. Varying the figure, we might say that they leave you in a vacuous prostration akin to that of the seeker after egotism who has for two mortal hours been assisting at the Positivist devotions. Now, we neither blame Mr. Willia ms nor deride him. Where is the intuitive genius who could adequately expound the versatility of conscience which is the glory of modern Liberalism if Mr. Gladstone had made no pronouncement for a year? If Mr. Williams took pen in hand now, he would, we vouch, write a quite satisfactory exposition of the pastime. England has had ice for a fortnight; and if the subject were assailed by Mr. Williams hot from the Round Pond, we might have figure-skating clearly spread out before us, not in a tangle resembling that of the brave youth who performs the Vine before he comprehends the Outside Edge.

The Outside Edge is the beginning and the end of figure-skating. Unhappily, only one in a hundred acrobats of the English ice understand how the Outside Edge is to be properly administered. Every man and mother's son among the ninety-nine rush at it like the Bull of Bashan. The bovine energy is speedily degraded. (We speak in the calm language of physical science.) It upsets the system, especially in the region of the thighs; it sends a sawing through the ice, which is poor treatment of the gifts of nature; and it fills the poetry of motion with false quantities. The Outside Edge should be begun without violence. Figure-skating is a matter of balance, not of force. It is not easier for Herr Sandow to skate figures well than it is for a slender girl of seventeen. The impetus should be from pose of the body, not from the effort of the muscles. What the mathematician calls the "elements" being equal, a fairy or a jockey should skate as gracefully as a giant. There are two other principles to be remembered by him who would make the English figure attractive when on the outside edge. They are in flat contradiction to principles of ordinary calisthenics. One of them is that the figure-skater must be hen-toed. He must remember that he is not at the bidding of a drill-sergeant or of a dancing-master. Both the drill-sergeant and the dancing-master command him to point his toes outwards. The skating-master whom the County Council will be appointing soon will tell him to turn his toes, one at a time, as he uses his

limbs, inwards. That is for the reasons, which are not obvious only because the ninety-nine figure-skaters reck not what they are about, that the circular curve is to be outward, and that the laws of dynamics will coerce him on to the inside edge if, as naturally happens when he strikes off with his foot prepared for the goose step, the point of application of the force is on the inside. Let it be clearly understood that the force of which we speak is derived from a continual and imperceptible righting of destroyed equilibrium. Force derived from dabbing the toe of the other skate into the ice is in figure-skating not less incongruous than moral suasion at the inspiration of a Kilkenny blackthorn. Then, before the drill-sergeant and before the dancing-master you are erect, with a tendency towards having an acute angle in the rear. On the ice, excepting in the movements on the Outside Edge backwards, you should be constantly leaning forward.

Whosoever doubts our doctrine of inertia in figure-skating is invited to observe the Cross Cut. It is not probable that there are ten men in London who can "do" that figure; but it can be done, and even made into a startling variety of the Dutch Roll. The Cross Cut is quarter of a circle on the outside edge forwards, a sudden stop, a straight stroke backwards, a sudden stop, and quarter of a circle as at the beginning, all without the other skate touching the ice. It must be obvious that, there being no external impetus after the start, that figure is altogether a matter of equilibrium. Apart from the first stroke, it involves four destructions of equilibrium and four rightings, all of which are mainly the work of the leg which seems to be unemployed. We say "mainly the work" advisedly. Although the swaying of the left leg when the right skate is making the Cross Cut seems to do the deed unaided, all the other parts of the body are severally and jointly engaged in producing the figure. In proper skating the arms and the head are constantly contributing to the destruction and the righting of equilibrium. Indeed, the whole body has to act in such mechanical harmony that a lady with a muff, or with a hat eccentric in its gravity, is irritatingly handicapped in her effort to rival the graceful nymph from Canada. Equably attired, she has only to remember our simple principles of No Violence and of Hen Toe in order to make the Outside Edge really the poetry of motion. Having attained that excellence, she will be perfect in our eyes; for the only positively graceful thing in skating is the Outside Edge in tranquillity. If, to be perfect in her own eyes, she must needs make Vines, Roses, Flying Mercuries, and Cross Cuts, she will be surprised to find that they all quite easily, without exertion, spring from the Outside Edge thoroughly controlled.

REVIEWS.

OVER THE TEACUPS.*

"THE readers who take up this volume may recollect a series of conversations held many years ago over the breakfast-table, and reported for their more or less profitable entertainment." They may, and most of them will; and therefore this volume will hardly find a strictly just reviewer. For the only way to arrive at the measure of its absolute merit as literature would be to criticize it as if the Autocrat, the Professor, and the Poet had not preceded the moderator of the tea-table who now appears, by a sort of reversion to his earlier habit, as the Dictator. That is the one thing which we, whom those predecessors delighted in our youth, can never do. We are driven back upon the commonplaces which a veteran writer's late-born continuation of himself inevitably suggests, and which lead to nothing but irrelevant objections and barren rejoinder. Since we cannot forget them or banish them, let us have them out forthwith and clear our mind of them, or rather the two minds which must be in every reader afflicted with a fairly long memory. What have we here? cries Mr. Captious.—More pleasant talk from an old friend, says Mr. Likewell.—So, so! says Mr. Captious; yes, an old friend certainly; Dr. Holmes of Boston; yes, yes, a very good friend, a very well-known friend. At a table? yes, I thought so. Talking to a circle? and they answer to make him talk? and say now and then the things he does not choose to take on himself? quite so. A tea-table this time? tea-cups, afternoon tea? moralizing on the difference between tea-cups and breakfast-cups? and an eccentric personage, a tea-cup with a crack in him? Yes, I see. Poems thrown in at intervals; poems like the old ones, very like; talk very like.—And pray why not, protests Mr. Likewell, if the old talk and the old poems were good?—Mighty well, persists Mr. Captious, it may be pretty enough, but when all is done 'tis nothing in the world but variations on the old tune.—Variations, indeed! rejoins Mr. Likewell (something warmly by this time), and who should have a good right to make variations if not the first inventor of the tune? And as for your smart young men who must be trying new instruments, what would any of them give if they could play variations half so good on the Professor's old fiddle, or on any other instrument?—That is not criticism, grumbles Mr. Captious, silenced, but not convinced. And, since it is a matter of temper and not of reason, there is no doing judgment between them.

But Dr. Holmes is a cunning man. He began this series of papers, indeed, by deprecating comparison of himself with himself; which we venture to think was a mistake. For it was asking of his older readers a thing beyond their power; and as for the younger ones, there was no occasion to put it into their heads. A little way on, however, Dr. Holmes thinks better of it, and discounts Mr. Captious once for all. "Tea-cups are not coffee-cups"; but that does not prevent them from being good things in their way. Let Mr. Likewell enjoy his second cup in peace, and his third if he will. The British reader may need to be reminded that large coffee-cups are essential to a New England breakfast. Two cups of coffee at breakfast were the nearest approach to a vice that Emerson allowed himself; for the eating of pie, again in the sense of New England, not of Old England, counts among the minor points of social virtue. Certainly there is pretty gossip over Dr. Holmes's tea-cups, and some of it on topics which few have touched with success. Imaginary voyages to the planets, for example, have been done and overdone in late years, and it might safely be said that this earth does not want any more of them. And yet one of these tea-table folk has found something new and quaint in a flight to Saturn. The Saturnians are a mortally dull people, their atmosphere being nitrogen, and lead their only metal. They are rigorous Socialists, and of course have no trade or currency. Twenty per cent. of them, or thereabouts, suffer from chronic dislocation of the lower jaw, brought on by excessive yawning. Suicide is one of their amusements; the other is to get drunk at the scanty springs of oxygen which occur in some parts of the planet. This dream will fail to amuse some well-meaning people, as also will a little story later in the book in which a native New Englander administers first a knocking down, and then a homily, to a German and an Irish Knight of Labour. "I tell you what it is, I'm a free and independent American citizen, and I an't a-goin' to hev no man tyrannize over me, if he doos call himself by one o' them noblemen's titles. Ef I can't work jes' as I choose, fur folks that wants me to work fur 'em and that I want to work fur, I might jes' as well go to Sibery and done with it." Whereby it appears that, if Dr. O. W. Holmes is a lesser poet than Mr. William Morris, he is a wiser citizen.

In the matter of poetry and modern letters there are some critical pages up and down this volume to set a reader thinking, or perhaps contradicting. We need hardly pause to say that Dr. Holmes would doubtless take it much amiss if any one offered to treat him as exempt from contradiction on the ground of his venerable years. Nothing, we suspect, would please him better than a rattling controversy. He smiles as a benevolent man, but he must inwardly sigh as an author, when he thinks of the increased tolerance, or what is called large-mindedness, of these latter days. It was so easy to shock the good neighbours when the Autocrat held the chair at the breakfast-table, and now they take everything as a matter of course. We will not risk offending the Dictator by too much submissiveness, and therefore we will dispute his opinion concerning rhyme. According to Dr. Holmes, "rhymes are iron fetters," and "the inexorable demands of our scanty English rhyming vocabulary" make it all but impossible to write verse naturally. Now Dr. Holmes is paradoxical in good company, in no less a poet than Milton's. But the opinion is a paradox notwithstanding. First, rhyme was mercifully ordained as a check on reckless versification. It is true that there is a great deal of bad verse in spite of the fetters of rhyme; but it is nothing to what there would be without them. And, if the constraint of English verse seems a hard thing to Dr. Holmes, we wonder what he says to the French rules? Secondly, the necessities of rhyme may prevent a man from saying a thing in the natural way; but they also may and often do force him to develop his ideas better than he would have done otherwise. The so-called fetters are in such cases rather guides, and would be more fitly likened to the embankments which, by confining a wandering and insignificant stream within certain limits, make it both useful and comely. Well-turned rhymes impart a certain distinction of manner which will carry off matter in itself slender. We may put the defence in the form of a dilemma. No great poet was ever seriously hampered by rhyme, and a good many minor poets have been saved by it. As a matter of fact, there has been nothing to prevent English poets from finding a substitute for rhyme if they could, and they have not done so. Such experiments as have been made in English hexameters and the like have commanded but moderate success at best, and our regular blank verse remains, by the consent of all competent persons, one of the most difficult metres in any language to handle with real effect.

Dr. Holmes is, however, the best witness against himself. He mentions in another place the one serious attempt to throw off the fetters that has been made in his own land, that of Walt Whitman, or Mr. Whitman, as Dr. Holmes punctiliously calls him. With a splendid inconsistency worthy of the heyday of youth, Dr. Holmes will have nothing whatever to say to Walt Whitman's *numeri lege soluti*. "Lawless independence" is the mildest of his terms. Evidently he thinks, not only that Walt Whitman has not achieved his quest, but that it is all in the wrong direction. In short, you may grumble at the fetters, but it is a crime if you try to dance without them. Apparently Dr. Holmes will not concede any real poetical faculty at all to Walt Whitman. Doubtless Whitman has written a great deal of bad prose cut into lengths, as Wordsworth did. And doubtless he

* *Over the Teacups.* By the Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." London: Sampson Low & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

has written many things carelessly, in bad taste, in defiance of elementary rules of language—as Byron did with far less excuse. But there is poetry, and great poetry, in the "Memories of President Lincoln," or we do not know what poetry is. The truth is that Dr. Holmes is an Academician at heart. It comes out still more in his discourse about French writers. He speaks of "Flaubert and Zola" as if they were exactly alike, and finds—of all things in the world to find in *Madame Bovary*—reprehensible excess of "the honey of sensuous description." We may remark, by the way, that *Madame Bovary* is not the whole of Flaubert, nor, to our mind, the best. Perhaps Dr. Holmes's judgment would be modified (no, Mr. Captious, he is not so young and headstrong as to be ashamed of changing his mind on good cause) if he read and considered Flaubert's letters.

Another point in which Dr. Holmes may be thought more or less than human is that he likes writing verses with a stylographic pen. For our part we have always thought the proper function of a stylographic pen was to make notes and correct proofs in a train, provided that one does not mind losing it now and then. Dr. Holmes does not take this last contingency into account. But as to Dr. Holmes's newest verses themselves, with whatever sort of instrument written, we protest we think some of them as pretty as any of his earlier ones. Let the reader look out the lines "To the eleven Ladies who presented me with a silver lovingcup," and see if he does not agree with us.

NOVELS.*

A NOVEL by Mr. W. E. Norris is pretty certain to be clever and amusing, and whoso takes up *Marcia* in expectation of finding a story as good in its way as its forerunners from the same hand will assuredly not be disappointed. The story is long, and moreover is not free from the *longueurs* which even a short story may have. Besides this, the author makes the experiment, seldom successful, of transferring the interest from one generation to the following. We begin with a girl heroine, Marcia, and we end with a boy hero, her son. There is a total absence of sensational incident, and not the least touch of emotional extravagance. What we have in *Marcia* is a bit of domestic history as it really exists, brief biographies of life-like persons, a little drama narrated as well as acted, with the author as the witty chorus, who tells us what cannot be represented on the scene. It has the charm of actuality, which is what most people mean when they say they like realism. Marcia is a brilliant young beauty who makes a mistake in her marriage, perhaps the least probable event in Mr. Norris's novel, though the commonest of occurrences in the world. That Mr. Brett should want to marry Marcia is quite likely. That Marcia, young, handsome, well off, and with a heart which no sensations but her own can touch, should consent to marry Mr. Brett is less explicable. But herein, also, lies the author's knowledge of the world. Who can explain marriages? Not the people themselves who make them. Marcia's gradual deterioration in the unfostering atmosphere of her home, the way in which her selfism enlarges itself to take in her boy and her lover Archdale without diminishing its quality of narrow egotism, and her final degradation into utter meanness, are admirably portrayed. Then, just when the amusement to be got out of Mr. and Mrs. Archdale is beginning to finish, we are presented with the fresh figures of Lady Evelyn and Willie Brett. These are the children of the two girls we have seen in the first chapter in all the delight of their first ball. Evelyn is not exactly a girl *fin de siècle*, but she is *enfant du siècle*. Willie is one of the most difficult characters to present on paper with success. He is simple, unselfish, and noble, without a trace of the prig. He is shy, and not a cub; frank, and not a boor. He is a most amusing contrast and complement to Evelyn, and of course they fall in love. All this is a long story to tell; but it does not seem long to read. The buoyancy of style and freshness of tone carry the reader unfatigued to the end. No moral is forced on the reader, and perhaps none is intended; but there is a wholesome lesson in the lives of Marcia and her friend Laura. Or would be, perhaps, if selfish people had it in their power to make themselves unselfish.

Mr. Val Prinsep undertook a difficult task when he proposed to himself to write yet another story on the much-handled theme of the French Revolution. *Virginie* is, indeed, "a tale of one hundred years ago," for it begins in 1789 and leaves off about the close of the century, when Bonaparte was First Consul. The author has, it will be seen, taken a canvas of heroic size, for he paints no particular phase of the years of Terror, nor selects any minor chain of events, but gives a long panoramic view of the revolutionary movement, from the distracted scenes in the States-General at Versailles till the spasm of calm which greeted the earliest days of the Republic under the First Consulship. Of course the number of figures which pass and repass before the view in a novel with this range can be little more than names; but they are names, almost all of them, which recall identities. When we are looking at Mr. Prinsep's page we can recollect Carlyle's. Then there is interwoven with public events a charming love-story, which holds them together and preserves its interest to the end. Virginie, the sweet and serene, is the daughter of an innkeeper, who is also an excellent and artistic cook. Jacques le Blanc is by no means the least pleasant of Mr. Prinsep's creations, and the honest fellow's pride in his profession, which sustains him in his distractions, domestic as well as political, is quite touching. Virginie marries the Count de la Beauce, who is, as his title demands he should be, more of an agricultural landlord than a politician. The Count and his wife, who wish for nothing better than to live at home in peace, are forced to Paris, and there are made to pass through the terrors of the next four years, which sadden their whole future lives, and destroy the reason of the honest Jacques le Blanc. Mr. Prinsep can paint character with his pen as well as with his brush. Jean Durand, the ruffianly poacher, is a powerful and picturesque study. The relations between the desperate outlaw Jean and Virginie, when she has tamed the tiger in him by her gentle courage and patience, are beautifully told.

Of the two neat uniform volumes, *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* and *A Diplomat's Diary*, there is not much to be said. Of the literary merits of the first there is, indeed, nothing to say, for the most diligent search has not succeeded in finding any. Diligent search is the right expression, for *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* is not a story for tranquil perusal. It is a confused jumble of wild and extravagant incident through which painful progress is made, lightened towards the close by frequent skipping, as it becomes evident nothing can be gained by conscientious attention. Some people might say the style was vulgar, and others that it was thoroughly American. At any rate, it is true that the scene passes in the States, East and West, and that the author has not studied in the school of Mr. Henry James.

A Diplomat's Diary is quite a different thing. The hero of this egotistic and sentimental "gurnal," as Sir Walter called his daily record, is a noble, almost princely individual of German nationality, who flies from Berlin and the too pronounced attentions of one of the Princesses of the Imperial House. Such things have been heard of. At St. Petersburg he falls in with an American lady of great loveliness and a disposition only faintly indicated by the expression "coming on." The outer characteristics of Russian Court life are sufficiently familiar to the diarist to enable him to spin out a volume with descriptions of balls, reviews, receptions, and so on, while the inner sentiments of himself and the ineffable Daphne furnish the emotional interest. A witty epigram is quoted here and there, and visible efforts have been made to reproduce effects of M. Paul Bourget, Miss Amelia Rives, and the late Mlle. Marie Bashkirtseff. Even when attended with only moderate success, imitation is flattering.

The title, and the sporting emblazonment on the cover, proclaim *A Line of her Own* to be a hunting novel. It is a long way from being the worst hunting novel to be found. It is neither slangy nor horsey, there are no betting transactions, and while there is plenty of description of runs, there is no stable-cant. As for the story itself, it is not much. The well-worn plot of the dissipated brother who visits his pretty sister by stealth, and is believed to be her lover, is too hackneyed to excite the faintest interest, and in this case it is besides disagreeable. That a girl like Kate Darby should be suspected by her admirer, Captain Graham, of carrying on an intrigue with a drunken private soldier at the very time that she is receiving his own honourable attentions as a modest maiden should, is insupportable. Captain Graham should have disbelieved the evidence of his senses which told him such a tale. Then Mrs. Verner, the flirting Indian widow and Captain Manville, the scheming villain, are figures as venerable and fictitious as any in Madame Tussaud's collection. Nevertheless, the story can be read with amusement. If the author's invention is weak, her style is fresh, and she can draw girls prettily.

Beta is a tale of mysteries; mysterious marriages, mysterious deaths, extraordinary burials, murders which are no murders, and killings which are no crimes. It is not withal very exciting, nor even particularly lively, which is a disappointment; for when on the second page we found two gentlemen in an apartment in Piccadilly "shivering over fires that won't burn with a wind as biting as the *Saturday*" we were encouraged to hope for something entertaining. The hope was illusory. There is, however, originality in *Beta*. Mysteries are common enough in novels, but they are generally more or less explained at the end. The author of this romance acknowledges no such literary bondage. The mysterious marriage of which we hear in the first chapter, and which hangs round the neck of Sir Geoffrey Wolferston like a millstone during nearly the whole process of the story, is never explained. How, or why, or when, or where the young baronet married the lovely Elsie; why, having married her, he abandoned her, and what was the dreadful past that made the mother-in-law in his case so much more than usually unpleasant, can never be known unless the author writes another book to reveal the nature of the transactions. All through the story, in fact, there is a feeling that it is a sequel to some unknown previous work, and that the threads have been

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* *Marcia.* By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1890.

Virginie: a Tale of One Hundred Years Ago. By Val Prinsep. 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Miss Nobody of Nowhere. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. London: Routledge & Sons. 1890.

A Diplomat's Diary. By Julien Gordon. London: Routledge & Sons. 1890.

A Line of her Own. By Mrs. Conney. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

Beta. By Mrs. Bourne. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

carelessly gathered up. We do not get to the bottom of things. Elsie, the deserted wife, goes mad, dies from an over-dose of an opiate administered by Mrs. Harley, her uncomfortable mother, and is thrown into the sea at night by Mrs. Harley and a vague kind of uncle, who hovers around at intervals committing murders and stealing money. Yet Elsie is always spoken of afterwards as having been murdered, though Mrs. Harley had no more intention of taking her life than poor Mary Lamb had of taking her mother's. All this would not have mattered very much had the story been interesting or amusing. It is not much of either; yet it is not without indications that if the author chose a less intricate subject and treated it with more directness and simplicity, and abstained from psychological speculation, she might write a bright book.

CHINESISCHE STUDIEN.*

IT is told of Confucius that on one occasion, having remarked to the driver of his carriage on the density of the population, the charioteer inquired, "Since the people are thus numerous, what must be done for them?" "Enrich them," replied the Master. In these two words Confucius expressed the leading desire of ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen. With a parental regard for the well-being of their subjects, and a keen desire for their own security, the sovereigns of China have always striven to keep the people contented by enriching them. And in this amiable ambition they have been most cordially seconded by the people themselves, who have through all their history shown a craving for wealth which they have been by no means unsuccessful in satisfying. No one of their many deities has ever received such undeviating attention as the god of wealth, who, with round cheeks and ample proportions, smiles in every temple on his worshippers; and certainly none of their deities has been so propitious to its votaries.

The wealth of the cities of China was a marvel to mediæval travellers. Marco Polo was never tired of expatiating on the "noble cities," "the rich marts," and the crowded water-ways of the Empire; and even at the present day the traveller accustomed to the riches displayed in the streets of London or of Paris is struck with amazement at the evidences of luxury and profusion to be met with in the thoroughfares and private residences of such cities as Hangchow, Canton, and other great trading centres. To a people imbued with so great a desire to accumulate wealth, their own frontiers must have necessarily seemed too narrow for their enterprise, and thus we find that even at an early period of their history they exchanged goods and bartered products with every nation in Asia which had anything to give in return for the silk stuffs and porcelain of Cathay. In his present volume Dr. Hirth, among the various treatises of which it is composed, describes the extent and nature of the foreign commerce of ancient and mediæval China, and points out with truth that the object of the expeditions undertaken by the Chinese into Central and Western Asia during the first centuries of our era was not conquest, but to find the best markets for their goods. We know also that their merchandise was sold in the shops of ancient Rome, and that the products of the looms of Soochow were paid for by the Roman ladies with an equal weight of gold. Their porcelain seems to have found its chief admirers in Persia, where it was eagerly secured and carefully prized in the houses of the rich and great. With the sincerest flattery the Persians tried to imitate the ware, and partially succeeded, though they never were quite able so far to denationalize their ideas of art as to reproduce faithfully Chinese designs.

Professor Stanislas Julien, in his work on Chinese porcelain, states his belief that the manufacture was first introduced between the years 185 B.C. and 87 A.D., and bases his opinion on the mention which occurs in works of that period of the word which is now used to express "porcelain." Dr. Hirth, however, points out that the word was then applied to "earthenware," and shows, by reference to later medical authorities, that, though certain medicinal properties were supposed to be possessed by the earth now used for making porcelain, no hint is given of a knowledge of the ceramic art. This is, after all, however, only a negative proof, and does not finally dispose of the matter. But the presumption is certainly in favour of Dr. Hirth's supposition, and if we are to accept it, we must believe that porcelain was not manufactured in China until the seventh century. Like many arts, this one has had its vicissitudes, and on the several occasions when, during political tumults, the factories have been destroyed, and the workpeople dispersed, the methods of mixing the colours and moulding the shapes have been to some extent lost. To this fact are to be attributed the high prices which prevail for all pieces of porcelain which bear evidences of genuine age. To a native collector an unquestionable piece of Sung Dynasty crackled porcelain is much what a Mazarine Bible is to a book collector among ourselves, and the best specimens of the products of the Ming Dynasty (1368–1644) are scarcely less valued. Vases within which are painted lions rolling balls, or dragons with phœnixes, fetch prices which would astonish even the eager buyers at the sale-rooms in King Street; and when genuine pieces of blue and white of this period are offered for sale, they find a constantly rising market. It is recorded that about a hundred years ago a pair of cups of this last kind was valued by native collectors at 300*l.*

Dr. Hirth treats many subjects besides those we have referred to, and in all cases he writes with knowledge, and in some cases from personal experience. His description of the province of Kwangtung and of its products is particularly detailed, and at this time acquires a more than usual interest from the fact that the opening to foreign trade of the West River which traverses the province is now under discussion.

* *Chinesische Studien.* Von Friedrich Hirth. München und Leipzig: G. Hirth's Verlag. 1890.

GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH HOMES.*

GLIMPSES of Old English Homes, by Elizabeth Balch, is a very daintily got up "Christmas" book of the modern type. The illustrations are admirably done, and consist of a series of views of the "stately homes" selected for description, and also of reproductions of some of the most interesting of the family portraits contained in them. The places described are Penshurst, Arundel Castle, Hinchinbrooke, Eridge Castle, Chiswick House, Berkeley Castle, Highclere Castle, and Osterley Park; and, moreover, in nearly every case the descriptive article has been read and approved by the present owner. The title "Glimpses" anticipates any objection which might be raised as to the exceeding brevity and flimsiness of texture of these articles, though we are glad to say that they do not lack reverence for antiquity and enthusiastic appreciation of the charm of these historic dwellings. Perhaps, as the book seems mainly intended for American readers, these qualities will be especially valued by them, and also the writer's sense of the ingenuity with which modern comforts, flowers, books, and games can be made to fit into Norman and Perpendicular surroundings, and how enjoyable modern life may be in houses where Elizabeth flirted with Leicester, or Charles lay hidden after Worcester fight. "The portraits on the walls, massed together as they are, read like a painted page of history," and indeed history, in such an environment, is learned with scarcely an effort; yet, as Miss Balch remarks of Arundel Castle, "With all its magnificence and grandeur, Arundel, to a peculiar degree, possesses this air of home-like comfort, without which any dwelling-place is spoiled, be it college or castle; the crackling wood fires, cosy corners shut off by screens, and tables laden with books—for books are everywhere, the latest and newest, as well as the oldest and rarest—all join in adding comfort to splendour."

It seems a pity that in the enumeration of the worthies of Penshurst Miss Balch should have omitted the great Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, during the minority of Henry VI., whom Rapin describes as "the most accomplished prince in Europe; wise, judicious, of great valour, solidity, and penetration, master of his passions, and of a genius superior to all employed by him; he seemed born for a throne, though Providence had ranked him among subjects." Of him might have been told a delightful story by the same author concerning his tomb in France, where he died of mortification and anxiety on account of the treaty between Charles VII. and the Duke of Burgundy, a treaty fatal to the English interests on the Continent:—"Louis XI., son of Charles VII., being one day in the church at Rouen, and looking at the Duke of Bedford's tomb, a certain lord of his retinue advised him to demolish that standing monument of the dishonour of the French. 'No,' replied the King, 'let the ashes of a prince rest in peace, who, if he were alive, would make the boldest of us tremble. I rather wish that a more stately monument were raised in his honour.' Then, again, after Bedford's death, Penshurst belonged to his brother, the "good Duke Humphrey" of Shakspeare, and the great literary patron of his day. Perhaps the author was right in omitting to quote Ben Jonson's poetry on his visits to Penshurst, which appears to us to have been worthier of Taylor the 'water poet' than of so famous a wit; but we cannot forgive her for misquoting his famous epitaph on "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and we think she might have spared a line for the Titians and Giorgiones which form one of the many glories of Penshurst, though chief of all is that "air of antiquity which has been fully preserved, no one part of the building clashing with another in its effect on the eye. As the afternoon shadows of to-day fall across the quadrangle, so have they fallen, day after day, uninterruptedly since before the Black Prince won his spurs at Crecy, or took captive the French King at Poitiers, and before the chief of English orders of knighthood was founded."

Much pleasant, if not very profound, gossip will be found about "Proud Cis," "the Rose of Raby," from whom, the historian Roland tells us, "are descended all the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of Spaine, the House of Austria, and most of the princes throughout Christendom now living; the like whereof cannot be said of any other English family"; about Oliver Cromwell's boyhood at Hinchinbrooke; about the old oak mentioned in *Domesday*, which stands near Berkeley Castle; about Napoleon's chair and writing-table at Highclere; about the peer's robes worn by Lord Abergavenny at the execution of Mary Stuart; about the banners borne at Culloden by the regiment which fought at Culloden under the command of the twenty-second Baron of Berkeley, and the like. There is a curious misprint on page 2, which turns a long sentence

* *Glimpses of Old English Homes.* By Elizabeth Balch. With Fifty-one Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

into complete nonsense, and we fear that the printer is not to be blamed for "Charlemagne the great Duke of Brabant, King of France, and Emperor of the Romans" (p. 198). We think, too, that the sad story of poor Margaret Ray were best left untold, though perhaps in an account of the great house at Hinchinbrooke it could hardly be left out. The following passage gives an idea of Miss Balch's style of writing:—

The windows reaching down to the floor (in the library at Eridge Castle) open out on the terrace, and lovely glimpses of velvety lawns, and spreading trees, the still water of the lake, and the varied beauties of the park beyond, encircled by the misty Sussex Hills, can be seen from them. The room is not grand and lofty, as in the hall just left, but has a low white ceiling ornamented with the portcullis and rose: the walls are lined with books, and the impression given by the whole is best expressed by the German word *Greundlich*. It is a homelike, liveable room, not silent with pale dead memories, but echoing cheery words and rippling laughter; a room breathing from every corner warm living hopes and fancies, not haunted by buried lives which have naught to do with the present time. Books and photographs, papers and magazines of to-day, lie upon the different tables, and near the comfortable sofas and arm-chairs, while flowers, sweet scented living flowers, are in every available spot. In the winter time crackling logs send out a cheerful blaze, and the flames seem to leap and dance in sympathetic pleasure as the exciting chase of the day is discussed. The doings of even Warwick the King-maker have then but scant interest for those who have taken part in the hunt. Surely no room in all England can be pleasanter than the library at Eridge after a good day's run with the hounds; sons and daughters of the house of Nevill are equally keen about sport, and the doughtiest of their ancestors in the gilded frames may well be proud of the younger generation's prowess in the hunting-field.

ADVENTURES OF THOMAS PELLOW OF PENRYN.*

THIS is a good book well edited. Pellow's narrative of his captivity in Morocco is, so Dr. Robert Brown, who speaks as one who has exhausted that branch of literature, says, the best of all the tales of captives among the Moors, once so common, and so popular. It is also, in the editor's opinion, trustworthy—at least in so far as a story can be trusted which was made up by the help of some unknown literary gentleman out of the recollections of an uneducated man. We do not mean to imply that an uneducated man is necessarily a liar, still less that his memory will be the worse for the want of book-learning. This last would, indeed, be a contention quite unsupported by facts. No man who starts with any memory at all remembers so tenaciously as he who has never relied on notes. Pellow could no doubt recollect his sufferings, his fights, his drinking bouts, and his efforts to escape as accurately as the Thug approvers, who used to tell our police officers in India exactly where to find the skeletons of victims killed thirty years before, could remember their pious murders. The doubt in this case is whether an ignorant man would not misstate from want of understanding of what he saw. Dr. Brown is of opinion that there is not much inaccuracy of this kind in Pellow, who simply recounts what came in his way as it looked to him, without pretending to go below the surface. Such a man is a good witness as far as he goes. Moreover, when he can be checked by independent evidence, Pellow is commonly found to be telling the truth. His Arabic is, of course, wild; but Dr. Brown puts that right in the notes. The text is not altered, except by the removal of superfluous passages which Pellow's literary friend had conveyed bodily from other writers on Morocco.

The style of the book is, for the rest, capital. If we have to thank Pellow's literary friend for it, he must be complimented on having got the hang of the proper English remarkably well. From not a few touches in the book here and there, we conclude that the buckwasher had the excellent sense to keep as near to Pellow's own words as might be, whereby the book is not the less racy. The captive was distinctly a clever fellow, with some sense of humour and a good eye, who made the best of his remarkable adventures. He was, according to his own story, taken by a Sallee rover when he was only eleven, and marched up country with many other prisoners. At Mequinez he was given to Muley Spha, a son of the Emperor Muley Ismail, by whom he was converted to Islam at the cost of much drubbing. Pellow describes his courageous resistance to perversion, and attributes it to loyalty to the Christian religion. As a matter of fact he held out, in all probability, because he knew that a renegade could not be redeemed. He seems on his own showing to have reconciled himself to his life in Morocco pretty thoroughly. After some years' service with Muley Spha he was transferred to the Emperor's own guard, and employed on very dangerous work, indeed—namely, to keep watch over the harem. He had a narrow escape of the fate of Joseph, he says, and was glad when Muley Ismail made him alcaide of a castle, with the command of a detachment of troops. There were Englishmen among them, even in some numbers. It is, by the way, somewhat consoling in these days, when our poorness of spirit is compared to the courage of our fathers, to think of what those fathers did endure. How long would it be in these degenerate days before a punitive expedition would be out after any barbarian who captured Englishmen by the hundred to make slaves of them? Our fathers were content to go hat in hand to the ruffian with bribes. Muley Ismail was good to his renegade captain, and gave him, not only a command, but a wife—the gipsy, as Pellow calls her, who seems to have been a rather nice young woman. They had a little girl. The mother and daughter died in the midst of the anarchy which followed on the death of Muley Ismail, and Pellow rather pathetically says he was glad to know they were out of such a hell broke loose as Morocco had now become. We are afraid he took the loss of his wife philosophically; but he confesses to a good deal of heartache when he thought of the little one who used to cling round his neck when he returned from his many wars. These campaigns were incessant, and, as long as Muley Ismail lived, victorious. Pellow describes them with a quite oriental magnificence of numbers. He thinks nothing of killing you off ten thousand Moors in a casual battle. That the fighting was desperate is certain. After the death of the ferocious Muley Ismail his sons began to fight for the throne. Pellow found very soon that, whereas the hard blows went on as before, the "caduacs" had ceased, and he began to cast about for means of escape. He had many disappointments, one of which was due to treason on the part of a fellow-English renegade. He turned the tables on that rascal by dint of intrepid lying. At last he got off disguised as a doctor—that is to say, in rags. His medicine-chest consisted of a searing-iron for rheumatism, pepper for ophthalmic eyes, and a few purgative powders. The last part of the book is the most vividly coloured. It is, in fact, so superior to the first in precision, that we are haunted by a suspicion Pellow had really been vagabondizing all the time, and only added his stories of battles and military commands for the look of the thing. This is but a suspicion, and we must confess has no support from Dr. Brown. That Pellow had seen a great deal of the country, in one capacity or another, is very evident. His account of a march across the desert with a caravan to the Niger would prove as much. Unless he had seen the country he could not describe it, and he would hardly have called the river the Nile unless he had lived among a people who call it the Nile of the Negroes.

* *Adventure Series—The Adventures of Thomas Pellow of Penryn, Mariner, Three-and-twenty years in Captivity among the Moors.* Written by Himself, and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Dr. Robert Brown. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.*

NO better choice could possibly have been made for the subject of an early volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series than Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. The union which his career presents of loftiness of character with supreme skill in martial affairs marks him out as the grandest figure of his age. For a few years he may be regarded as the centre of European politics, and the position which he attained was due to himself alone. He found his nation shut out from the opportunities of expansion necessary to its development, and, we may almost say, to the continuance of its very existence, and he raised it to a place in the front rank of European Powers; he found German Protestantism prostrate before the force of the Catholic reaction, helpless and disunited, and he conquered and died in an attempt to give it unity and a strength which should render it safe from attack. Familiar as is the theme on which Mr. Fletcher writes, it can never become tedious, and his treatment of it deserves a welcome as at least careful and fairly adequate. We miss indeed an account of the King's domestic policy, his generous though firm dealings with the Swedish nobles, his plan for Church government, and one or two other matters. But the main interest of his life lies apart from these things—in his wars, his relations with foreign States, and his German schemes. In order to give his readers a correct and sufficient knowledge of his hero's place in history, Mr. Fletcher explains the aims of the different States with which Gustavus came in contact. This he does with clearness and accuracy, though we have found some of his explanations a little tedious; not, indeed, on account of their length—for he is not addicted to wordiness—but because his style smacks of the college lecture-room. As he gets more to the later period of his work he writes with life. He should make up his mind to abjure italics. "Again," he says in one place, "I am compelled to use italics." Now an author ought not to find himself compelled to get a printer to make his points for him. More space should have been given to the Polish war, which is treated far too perfunctorily. Our chief complaint against the book, however, is that, owing probably to the influence of Professor Droysen's works, it takes a somewhat one-sided view of German affairs, and fails to point out what may be said on the Imperial or Catholic side. The chapter on the army which Gustavus carried over into Germany is full of good matter. The Swedes were, as Mr. Fletcher maintains, superior to their foes in the character of their leader, in their arms, and specially in artillery, and, above all, in equipment and tactics. In the changes which Gustavus introduced in the use of both cavalry and infantry he made rapidity of movement his first object; his innovations "gave a new complexion to war"; the old-fashioned plan of trusting to the weight of large masses of horse or foot disappeared before his new system of sacrificing weight to mobility. The subject is well and thoroughly illustrated here. While the King's conduct towards Magdeburg is defended so far as his will was concerned, he is accused of a "blunder" in having

* *Heroes of the Nations—Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence.* By C. R. L. Fletcher, M.A., late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

excited expectations which he should have known it was by no means certain that he could fulfil. The reasons that must have led him after his victory at Breitenfeld to march to the south-west rather than, as the Elector of Saxony urged, on Vienna are satisfactorily stated; his decision did not please Richelieu, who "looked on the south-west of Germany as peculiarly the province of French diplomacy," and considered that the King was throwing away the opportunities gained by his victory by not at once advancing against Austria. But Gustavus intended that France should serve the cause of German Protestantism, and had no mind to subordinate the interests of that cause to the Cardinal's policy. During the early weeks of 1632 he was busily engaged at Mainz in negotiations of which we have an intelligible account. Although Mr. Fletcher writes as if he was bent on taking the most favourable view possible of the behaviour of the Elector of Saxony, who, he declares, "was not perhaps quite as black as he has been painted," he describes him as "a man of passing influences," willing one day "to sell his soul to Gustavus, the next to Wallenstein." While we do not propose to charge ourselves with the hopeless task of defending John George, we confess that the words we have quoted appear to us ill-chosen. The Elector was vacillating, but his vacillations were not those of a mere feather-brained fool. If he was anxious to uphold the Protestant cause, he was at the same time strongly attached to the Empire, and was unwilling to see the old order in Germany broken up, as it would have been, if Gustavus had been able to establish his Corpus Evangelicorum, to make himself its director, and to take possession of sufficient German territory to indemnify himself for his services. The Elector's indecision was not without a basis of principle; his mistake lay in imagining that it was a time for halting between two opinions. He had to decide between the old union of Germany under the Imperial system, and the overthrow of that system in favour of a new bond of union offered by Gustavus to the Protestants; the third course after which he hankered could only have entailed utter disintegration and confusion. This may indeed be gathered from different parts of the book before us, but it might have been stated more distinctly. The struggle between Gustavus and Wallenstein at Nuremberg is told with animation, and in depicting the last scenes of all, the death of the King and the furious conflict in which Duke Bernard and the Swedes avenged his fall, Mr. Fletcher almost rises to the level of his subject. The volume has a useful map, and a large number of excellent engravings of portraits, places, and medals, while illustrations of the weapons and armour of the time are given as head-pieces to the chapters. It would be well if in future volumes of the series the list of engravings contained some information as to the originals from which they were taken.

MR. SMALLEY'S LETTERS.*

MANY persons who have come to be acquainted with the name, or person, or both, of Mr. G. W. Smalley, must have frequently wondered what the letters were like which it is understood to be his occupation in life to dispatch from time to time to the *New York Tribune* for the purpose of acquainting such of his countrymen as read that journal with what is going on in England generally and in London particularly. They have now the opportunity of perusing a copious selection from them, published in two substantial volumes under the title of *London Letters*. In date they extend over nearly twenty years, and, as Mr. Smalley has all that time been engaged in assiduously seeing, hearing, and reporting as much as he could of interesting things, events, and people, he is naturally able to cover a wide range of subjects. The first volume consists of short descriptive essays, often obituary, concerning some two-score public men of importance, all English, or resident in England, except Prince Bismarck and his son, Gambetta, Louis Blanc, M. Renan, and the German Emperor, and a series of papers concerning Midlothian "campaigns" and Mr. Gladstone's policy generally. The second volume consists of articles concerning scenes in Parliament or in the streets, English habits and customs, public events, and miscellaneous topics generally.

The first thing that will strike a casual English reader is that they are not at all what is generally associated with the phrase "American journalism." No doubt they are selected, but there are a great many of them; and, as far as sobriety of style and discreet expression go, they might have appeared in any Leeds or Manchester daily paper. The American Correspondent, as represented by Mr. Smalley, does not wear a sombrero, a red shirt, or a belt full of knives and pistols; but is arrayed in a frock coat, a tall hat, kid gloves, and a white shirt, or, at any rate, a "dicky," collar, and cuffs of the ordinary material. He is such a man as you would not look at twice if you met him in church, or in a superior place of Nonconformist worship. On a more minute perusal of Mr. Smalley's lucubrations, this impression is entirely confirmed. He is correct, conventional, commonplace, almost beyond belief. He has caught and reproduced with amazing fidelity the tone of the average thoughtful, educated, prudent, moderate, and entirely unoriginal British subject. He tolerates all creeds and parties, because his beliefs are adopted wholesale and sit lightly upon him. He draws the line only at Socialism, and sternly reprobates the wild ideas of Messrs. Hyndman, Burns, Morris, and Henry George. He is a good deal afraid—or was until 1886—of Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Hartington is his ideal of a politician. He has a profound personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and gushes about him on occasion in a style worthy of the *Daily News*. As a thoughtful Liberal, he admires the dash and the intellectual abilities of Lord Randolph Churchill. He acknowledges, as years go by, though, it seems, just a little grudgingly, the administrative abilities of Mr. Balfour, and praises his courage. The greatness of Mr. Watts, the cleverness of Mr. Pellegrini, the singularity of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and the virtues of the late Lord Shaftesbury alike command his respectful attention. He lifts up his hands in horror at the West-End riots of February 1886, and decorously raises his well-brushed hat at Her Majesty's Jubilee. He contemplates with awe the large number of ships collected at the Naval Review, and he protests that the Queen's garden-party at Buckingham Palace was a truly delightful fête.

In two respects Mr. Smalley frequently, and probably on purpose, displays, so to speak, the cloven hoof of the American citizen. He never mentions Her Majesty save with friendly patronage, and rarely without the use of such phrases as "old woman," or "elderly person." It is unquestionably true that Queen Victoria, like other Queens, is a woman, and there is no doubt whatever that she was born in 1819; but these two facts may be referred to when necessary either in good taste or in bad. Mr. Smalley cannot let them alone, and the taste of his references is uniformly bad. The other hall-mark of American citizenship is a constant, and almost nervous, insistence upon the aspect of Americans who happened to be somewhere or do something in England, and the consideration that they enjoyed. If Mr. Smalley describes a function, he is careful to explain that some most beautiful American ladies were in some of the best places, and were immensely admired by everybody; and if the American Minister for the time being was not exalted with any peculiar reverence, several sentences are devoted to explaining why not, and that no offence need be taken. It has not, as a rule, been observed that those of Mr. Patrick Ford's colleagues who have been from time to time accredited to the Court of St. James's have been particularly aggressive in their general demeanour or openly solicitous about being regarded with sufficient awe. It is not for want of having had the eyes of attentive readers of the *New York Tribune* continually upon them. About the mysterious personage described as the "American Girl" Mr. Smalley is also continually on the *qui vive*, and he holds her to be agitating British society to its heights—for Mr. Smalley rarely condescends to say anything about the middle classes. For "the masses," he is moved to admiration or alarm according to whether or not he happens to be engaged in eulogizing Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Smalley is evidently a person of keen and rather rapid perceptions, but in respect of one of his beloved Ministers he writes in a singular fashion. In concluding his account of the departure of Mr. Phelps from London, he observes, "Lord Salisbury and the official world may take what view they will of the Sackville incident; the people of Great Britain have not abated one jot of their friendliness for their American kin beyond sea." Did Mr. Smalley think it advisable to mislead his countrymen, or was he really unaware that Mr. Phelps at that time was deliberately treated with marked courtesy in order to show that the childish impertinence of an American Government was not worth being angry with?

Mr. Smalley is, we think, at his best in his biographical and personal notices, which are quite up to the level of superior daily journalism, and sometimes decidedly happy in observation. For instance, his sketch of Mr. Balfour, written when Mr. Balfour had been only a week Chief Secretary, showed great quickness to detect a personage of importance. He is at his worst—when not simply penny-a-lining—in two papers about the Bishops in the House of Lords, and about the death of President Garfield. He is excessively scornful about the Bishops because, if they had not voted against the third reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, it would have been passed. He calls them "paid partisans of a Church which does not number a majority of Englishmen as members"; and he declares that they have incurred their just doom as legislators at the hands of an indignant people, merely "in order to postpone the inevitable another twelvemonth." This was written in 1883. Is not this, indeed, the commonplace commentator who gravely uses, on a question with morals in it, the argument "inevitable sooner or later"? Only a month ago, it was the only argument for Home Rule. Which recalls to mind that the closing chapter of Mr. Smalley's book contains thrilling accounts of the imposing scene before the Special Commission, the unparalleled forensic and dramatic abilities of Sir Charles Russell, and the heroic constancy, kingly demeanour, and nobly vindicated virtues of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell!

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* *London Letters, and some Others.* By George W. Smalley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

MR. HUTTON'S study on Cardinal Newman is a delicate and interesting piece of criticism; but it labours under the disadvantage of having been anticipated, and anticipated by Newman himself. The drift of the book is to show the essential honesty of Newman's course. "No life known to me," says Mr. Hutton in summing up, "in the last century of our national history can for a moment compare with it, so far as we can judge of such deep matters, in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose. It has been carved, as it were, out of one block of spiritual substance." This is perfectly true; but since the publication of the *Apologia* it has been a truism. Canon Kingsley was absolutely indefensible if he cast, or allowed himself to be driven into casting, a doubt on Newman's personal loyalty. There is, however, this to be said, that, in charging the Roman Church with the patronage of mendacity, Kingsley was only doing what Newman himself had done more than once with downright ferocity (see, for one instance, p. 153 of this very book); and, yet further, that the exigencies of Newman's position drove him to attempts at reconciling the irreconcilable, in Tract 90 and the *Lectures on Justification*, in which subtlety can hardly be distinguished from sophistry. But it was that kind of sophistry which marks the crisis of spiritual tragedy, just as the temptation to crime forms the crisis of tragedy of a lower kind. At the time men thought it dishonest; looking back, we can see and pity the perplexity that occasioned it. Mr. Hutton defends the Cardinal also from the suspicion of that subtler form of dishonesty which takes refuge in positive assertions in order to stifle doubt—the suspicion, in fact, that he became a Romanist in order to avoid becoming an infidel. The defence takes the shape of an answer to Mr. Huxley's animadversions on Newman's theory of evidence; and, though sufficient for its immediate purpose, hardly rebuts the real charge with sufficient plainness and directness. The fact seems to be that, as regards the doctrines of the Creed, Newman never felt any doubt. Difficulties he saw with perfect distinctness; but, as he tells us himself, "ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt." His "wish to believe" applied not to the cardinal facts of the Gospel, but to a host of precepts and doctrines for which there is no warrant either in Scripture or in sound tradition—such precepts as the use of Exorcism in Baptism, such doctrines as the cultus of the Saints and of the Virgin. His desire for a final authority and his painful investigations into the logic of assent all aimed at points like these. He wanted a living Church, and the sign of life was to his mind an increasing fulness of legislation. This is why to Newman the *Via Media* was, as Mr. Hutton says, "a road over mountains and rivers which hitherto had never been cut." To Mr. Rose and others it expressed the real mind of the Church of England; to Newman it was always a forlorn hope, because the mind that he wanted to express was really not that of the Church of England. It is at this point that the inadequacy of Mr. Hutton's method, which is that of merely literary criticism, becomes evident. Apart from the question of truthfulness, as to which there is no real difference of opinion, the interest of Newman's struggles is theological, and the theology involved is of a very technical kind. Yet it is a curious thing that the conclusion drawn from them by most people is that theology does not really matter very much. This is, perhaps, the most tragic aspect of Newman's life. He was a martyr for things which many who profess to admire him most warmly regard as trivialities hardly worth discussion. A subordinate but highly attractive feature of Mr. Hutton's book is the estimate of Newman's literary merits. Numerous well-selected extracts are given, both of prose and verse, among the latter the admirable lines on the Elements. Mr. Hutton remarks that some of the finer qualities of Newman's style seem to have attained their perfect bloom only after he had found peace in Rome. "Though the later writings have not to me quite the delicate charm of the reserve, and I might almost say the shy passion, of his Oxford sermons, they represent the full-blown blossom of his genius, while the former show it only in the bud." Singularly enough the power in which Mr. Hutton descries the most marked development is that of "scornful irony." Pathos, the most magical of Newman's endowments, could hardly attain a higher pitch than in the Anglican sermon on the Parting of Friends. One of the extracts given by Mr. Hutton from a sermon on the Assumption of Mary will be read by most English people with feelings of profound regret. Every war must be judged by the treaty of peace which concludes it. This was the peace, this abjuration, as it will seem to many, not only of the right, but of the power to think, in which the great Newman found repose and expansion. He compared himself at the outset of his struggles to Achilles quitting his tent; he ends as Achilles bewitched and bound with cobwebs. There must be something wrong about the logic that ended thus. Newman's name stands high, and no man may speak of his many noble qualities without respect. Nevertheless, we must not forget what he did. He turned against the mother that bore him, and after his desertion had the cruelty to reproach her with the "confusion" of which he was himself the prime author.

Miss Wilson's translation of *Selected Sermons of Schleiermacher* will enable the English reader to make some acquaintance with a man as unlike Newman as one professing Christian can be unlike another. Newman held that religious feeling rests upon facts, and that the facts must be approached in the temper of obedience; Schleiermacher, that feeling needs no facts at all, and that the right temper is one of intellectual independence. When he began his work Germany was in the agony of the Napoleonic war, revolutionary ideas were paramount, and in particular Rationalism was thought to have made belief in the supernatural impossible, and thereby to have destroyed Christianity. Schleiermacher set himself the task of reconstructing the religious life from its foundations, and fancied that this could be effected by the short and easy method of combining the facts of Rationalism with the feelings of Lutheranism. His teaching was received by Goethe with "serene repulsion," and by plain Christian folk with repulsion that was not serene, but was welcomed with enthusiasm by many cultivated people of the Romantic school, to whom the intense was the same thing as the true. Yet Schleiermacher did something more than merely enable a certain number of vague enthusiasts to fancy that they were what they were not. He dealt a heavy blow at Rationalism of the old brutal matter-of-fact eighteenth-century type, and he gave a very quickening impulse to sound theology by once more enforcing the necessity of "heart-religion." Neander was one of his pupils. A casual reader of these Sermons might regard them as the outpourings of an ordinary, though very able, Lutheran preacher; only an expression here and there (for instance, in the sermon on "God's Love magnified in Christ's Death") will indicate that these orthodox raptures are galvanism, and not life. The style is too abstract and sentimental, and too little relieved by contrast, to suit English taste, yet it will serve to explain Schleiermacher's fame as a preacher. Also, it makes it somewhat difficult to understand Carlyle's fling at "Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken, with his wiredrawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly malicious ways," unless this gushing creature was one thing in the pulpit and another out of it. The best of the sermons in this volume is that preached on the calling out of the Landwehr in 1813. It is a fine patriotic effusion; the occasion was well calculated to call forth exalted sentiments, and here, at least, the sentiments rest upon a solid foundation.

An annotated translation of the historical works of Eusebius, by Drs. McGiffert and Richardson, forms the first volume of the new series of the "Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers," published under the supervision of Dr. Wace and Dr. Schaff. It contains the Church History, the Life of Constantine, and Oration in Praise of Constantine, with very full notes, indices, and elaborate prolegomena. A special feature of the book

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* *Cardinal Newman.* By Richard H. Hutton. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

Selected Sermons of Schleiermacher. Translated by Mary F. Wilson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

Eusebius—Church History, Life of Constantine the Great, and Oration in Praise of Constantine. Translated, with Prolegomena and Notes, by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D., and E. C. Richardson, Ph.D. "Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers." New Series, Vol. I. Oxford: Parker & Co. 1890.

Ordination Addresses and Counsels to Clergy. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., &c., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Leaders in the Northern Church. Sermons preached in the Diocese of Durham. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., &c., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Sermons by Bishop Lightfoot. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

Some Central Points of Our Lord's Ministry. By Henry Wace, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, &c. &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

The Living Christ and the Four Gospels. By R. W. Dale, LL.D., Birmingham. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas. Edited by Father Pius Cavanagh, O.P. London: Burns & Oates (Lim.)

The Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bampton Lectures for 1866. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., &c. Fourteenth edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Bishop Rawle: a Memoir. By his Executors, G. Mather, M.A., Rector of Longford, Salop, and C. J. Blagg. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

Valentine Riant. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert, by W. J. Amherst, S.J. London: Burns & Oates (Lim.) 1890.

Gideon and the Judges. By the Rev. J. M. Lang, D.D., Minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow. "Men of the Bible Series." London: James Nisbet & Co.

By the Mystery of Thy Holy Incarnation. By the Author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family." London: S. P. C. K.

Mors et Vita: Thoughts for Solemn Seasons. By L. C. Skey. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

Daily Strength for Daily Needs. Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1890.

Tests of Holy Living. Preached by the Rev. F. A. Ormsby, at Hanover Church, Regent Street. London: Roper & Drowley. 1890.

Holy Seasons. By T. Tylecote, B.D., Rector of Marston Morteyne, Hon. Canon of Ely, and Elizabeth M. B. Tylecote. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Hymns for School Worship. Compiled by M. A. Woods, Head Mistress of the Clifton High School for Girls. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Plain Sermons. By T. A. Fuller-Maitland, M.A., late Vicar of Bilton, Harrogate. London: Skeffington & Son. 1890.

Where is Christ? By the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

The Rise of Christendom. By Edwin Johnson, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

A Handbook of Scientific and Literary Bible Difficulties. Edited by R. Tuck, B.A. (Lond.) London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

The Expository Times. Edited by the Rev. J. Hastings, M.A. Vol. I. Oct. 1889–Sept. 1890. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

is the care that has been bestowed on bibliography; the account of the sources and literature relating to Constantine fills eleven large pages. The translation, wherever we have tested it, is careful and scholarly. The only passage we have noted as certainly calling for alteration is in ii. 17. 8, where the words, "the best men from every quarter emigrate as if to a colony of the Therapeutæ's fatherland," should unquestionably run, "set out to a colony of Therapeutæ as to their native home." Here Dr. McGiffert appears to have been misled by an unintelligible remark of Professor Schürer's. The notes are very full, especially on all points touching the history of the canon, and put the reader in possession of the very latest speculations and discoveries. Dr. McGiffert hardly does justice to the laborious and praiseworthy edition of Heinichen, which in many places he follows very closely. Nor is he altogether free from the fault which besets commentators on Eusebius—that of handing on notes without testing their accuracy. Thus, Havercamp's error in quoting Cicero's *Separatim nemo habessit deos* as an actual law is repeated (p. 106), and the statement of Valesius that the Senate was not a judicial court under the Emperors (p. 240) might have been corrected by a reference to Mr. Furneaux's edition of the *Annals* of Tacitus, where we are told that "in practice the Senate becomes under Tiberius by far the most important criminal tribunal of the State." Another question which Dr. McGiffert does not treat with a firm hand is that of the Hebrew Matthew. In one place or another he demolishes all the positive evidence that St. Matthew's Gospel had a Hebrew progenitor, yet he appears, in company with the "majority of critics," to regard the Hebrew *Ur-Matthäus* as something more than a mere working hypothesis. However, it is difficult to give such a mass of information as is provided in these notes without affording loopholes to criticism. The editors have accomplished their task with admirable industry and fair judgment, and are so scrupulous in giving their authorities, that no careful reader can go far astray. The book is one that every student of early Church history will do well to have within his reach.

Bishop Lightfoot by his will created a trust to which was transferred the copyright of certain of his works. The profits of publication were to be devoted to church purposes within the diocese of Durham. Two volumes of sermons have been issued by the trustees—*Ordination Addresses and Counsels to Clergy* and *Leaders in the Northern Church*. The first contains the Bishop's charges to ordination candidates and two sets of addresses—one delivered at annual gatherings of Auckland College, the other at meetings of Oxford and Cambridge tutors in Ely Cathedral and Cuddesdon College. The second treats of the great heroes of church history in the North, Aidan, Oswald, Hilda, Cuthbert, Bede, Richard de Bury, Gilpin, Cosin, and Butler. In each case the Bishop gives not a full biography, but the leading traits of character. Both volumes, it is hardly necessary to say, are admirable. Few can speak like Bishop Lightfoot, whether he is pointing the lessons of ecclesiastical history, or whether he is pressing upon his clergy the manifold duties of their office. Both volumes give incidentally a clear view of Bishop Lightfoot's own position—a position marked out for him neither by habit, prejudice, nor emotion, but by calm, reverent, and scientific inquiry. We have received also a third volume, entitled *Sermons by Bishop Lightfoot*. It is not published by the trustees, yet it contains the apparently copyright sermon on Butler. This sermon is incorrectly given from a shorthand report, and the paper and printing are such as would have inflicted a real shock upon Bishop Lightfoot, who happened to be extremely fastidious in such matters.

In *Some Central Points of Our Lord's Ministry* Dr. Wace takes a number of the chief events, miracles, or sayings in the Gospel, and asks what light they throw on the character or mission of our Lord. The volume is, in fact, a collection of Lincoln's Inn sermons, and practical reflections, always apt and well chosen, are not wanting; but the main object of the writer is "to enter into the actual meaning of the Saviour's words and deeds." Readers whose taste is not spoiled by over-indulgence in views will find these grave and simple papers full of instruction. Dr. Wace dwells by preference on familiar topics—the importance of Scripture to the Saviour and to us, the Temptation, the Gospel of Suffering, and so on—and on each finds something to say, which, if not exactly novel, is so put as to be well worth hearing again. Is he quite right in finding in the Sermon on the Mount an assurance that God "will bestow upon us, not only all that is requisite for the necessities of life, but all that is desirable for its comfort, its grace, and even its splendour"? Doubtless art, science, and glory are good things for humanity, and will continue to be objects of legitimate endeavour. And in the Old Testament they are promised to the nation that seeks after righteousness. Doubtless, also, Christianity has fostered them all. But Dr. Wace goes so far as to say that they are actually promised to Christians in the sentence about "Solomon in all his glory."

The story of the great battle about the date and authenticity of the Four Gospels cannot be too often repeated. Everybody knows that there was a great battle, and that the "Apologists" did not get the worst of it; but few appreciate clearly the peculiar tactics of the assault or the skill and decisiveness of the defence. In *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels* Dr. Dale goes once more over the ground that has of late been so often trodden, and shows how clear and full is the recognition of the canonical Evangelists by the Fathers of the second century. There is nothing that is strictly new in the volume; but the conclusions of Lightfoot, Westcott, Salmon, Sanday, and Wace are adapted with great skill to the requirements of an intelligent town congregation. Dr. Dale is undoubtedly right in insisting that the evidences—that is to say, the book evidences—of religion ought to be approached in the proper spirit. What Aristotle required in the student of moral philosophy is essential also in the student of religion. He must have a real love of the subject or all argument is vain. The chapters in which Dr. Dale develops this truth are written in his best style and are very stirring. The critical and historical portion of the work is full and accurate, and brings into relief just those points where the untrained reader is apt to get puzzled. For instance, nothing is more disappointing at first sight than the meagreness of the evidences of the use of our Gospels in the earlier part of the second century. Yet if we look a little deeper the very indirectness and slenderness of the testimony adds enormously to its weight. If new Gospels had been substituted for old ones, or if there had been any change in the fundamental teaching of the Church, the whole Empire from Gaul to Asia would have rung with protests, and the world would not have contained the pamphlets that would have been written. This is admirably brought out by Dr. Dale in his paper on Polycarp.

The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, edited by Father Cavanagh, appears to be a translation or adaptation—the preface does not clearly state which—of the "eloquent and popular Life of the saint by the Dominican Père Joyau." Father Cavanagh's work is too eloquent and popular; written for good young ladies from the point of view of the hagiologist. Aquinas is so striking a figure, and the times in which he lived—the times of the mendicant friars, of the rise of the Paris University, and of the desperate struggle between the Church and the newly-imported Pantheistic Aristotelianism—are so interesting, that a really good and yet popular Life of the great Dominican would be well worth writing. Father Cavanagh addresses himself to the wrong audience, and misses his chance accordingly.

The famous Bampton Lectures of Dr. Liddon, on *The Divinity of Our Lord*, have reached the fourteenth edition. The special feature of the new issue is a preface, containing a very fine criticism of Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*. Dr. Liddon points out that the modern Socinian "chemistry" involves the rejection of the words "Come unto me all ye weary," "since it is truly felt that the unspeakable tenderness of this invitation is associated with an attitude on the part of the speaker which places Him by implication outside and above the circle of our common humanity."

Those who delight in religious biography should read the *Life of Bishop Rawle*, of Trinidad. It is the record of a singularly modest, amiable, and devoted man, who began life by taking a brilliant double-first at Cambridge, and ended it ministering to coolies, negroes, and lepers in a West Indian island. Bishop Rawle gave up everything, and would not let the world think that he had given up anything. The book is one of many answers to those who imagine that the "great renunciation" is rare in the English Church.

The Roman Catholic ideal of the saintly life is sketched in a brief memoir of *Valentine Riant*, a young French lady, an only daughter, who "entered religion" and died at the age of nineteen of consumption, quickened by "discipline."

In "Men of the Bible" series, Dr. Lang of the Barony Church, Glasgow, narrates the history of *Gideon and the Judges*. The history is written clearly, sensibly, and picturesquely, and the permanent religious aspect of the story is brought out with sincerity and moderation.

By the Mystery of Thy Holy Incarnation is the title of a refined and thoughtful handbook of meditation on Christmas topics, by the author of the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. To the same class belong *Mors et Vita*, by Mrs. Skey, which dwells on the lessons of bereavement; *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, an anthology of texts, verses, and wise thoughts, for every day of the year; *Tests of Holy Living*, six short practical sermons, with too many capitals and italics, by the Rev. F. A. Ormsby; and *Holy Seasons*, a volume of not untuneful verse, chiefly on the Christian Year, by the late Canon Tylecote and his daughter.

We have received also *Hymns for School Worship*, intended for use in girls' schools, and selected by Miss Woods, mistress of the Clifton High School; *Plain Sermons*, by the Rev. T. A Fuller-Maitland; *Where is Christ?* by the Rev. H. B. Chapman; *The Rise of Christendom*, by Edwin Johnson, M.A.; *A Handbook of Scientific and Literary Bible Difficulties*, by Robert Tuck, B.A.; and a volume containing the first year's issue of *The Expository Times*.

OPERA PLOTS.*

IT is related of Signor Bagagiolo, whose big bass voice used to sound sonorously at Covent Garden a few years ago, that once when he was supposed to be representing the King in *Hamlet* he was urged by an intelligent stage-manager to exhibit some signs of terror. He declined on the ground that it would be undignified in a king to be afraid of anything, and continued to

* *The Standard Opera Glass; containing the Selected Plots of Ninety-five Celebrated Operas.* By Charles Annesley. Fourth edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

comport himself with a wooden stolidity which, as his explanation seemed to show, was intended for a regal bearing. On the operatic stage there are not a few vocalists with no more idea of interpreting character than was possessed by the good-humoured bass, and there is reason to believe that for this cause a good many regular visitors to the opera-houses have but a very faint idea of the plots of many well-known works. To such persons this little book will be useful, for it must surely enhance the pleasure of listening to an opera to know what it is all about. The work is not well done. Mr. Annesley does not write in a graphic or effective style, and from the criticism he passes on most of the compositions he describes we often differ. He expresses himself in a way which suggests that at times he does not convey the meaning he desires to put forward, and obviously he cannot have seen and heard, or at any rate seen and heard with understanding, some of the operas of which he writes; but nevertheless his recitals of plots do give a general notion of the stories.

When a writer tells us that the *Barbiere* is Rossini's "best work," we desire to know wherein it is superior to *Guillaume Tell*. Turning to our critic for information on this point, we read that "the last opera of Rossini's is his most perfect work"; so that the most perfect is not the best, and the best is not the most perfect. Both, in fact, are masterpieces in different styles; but it will be seen that Mr. Annesley uses words loosely, as a critic should not use them. The failure of Berlioz to achieve more than a *succès d'estime* with his *Benvenuto Cellini* is attributed to the fact that he was "too scientific"; but this does not describe the truth. Berlioz was no more scientific than Beethoven or Mozart; but their science covered inspiration and feeling for melody, in which the laborious score of Berlioz's work is sometimes lacking. The author is too much given to blunt assertion; as, for instance, when he says of Boïeldieu's *La Dame Blanche* that it "is the *chef d'œuvre* of all comic operas in French, as Mozart's *Figaro* is in German." The *Noze* is what Mr. Annesley describes; but if asked to name the *chef d'œuvre* of French comic opera, we should begin to think of Auber, and should probably find no good cause to assign a secondary place to *Fra Diavolo*. M. Gounod's *Faust* is for some reason placed under the head of *Marguerite*, and of the four works of Donizetti admitted among the ninety-five, *Don Pasquale* is included and *La Favorita* omitted, though the latter is certainly by far the better known of the two. Mr. Annesley is not a safe guide as regards the music of Wagner, and informs his readers, in speaking of the *Fliegende Holländer*, that "the songs which well imitate the hurricane and the howling of the ocean he himself heard during an awful storm at sea." There is an orchestral description of a tempest in the overture, but the songs which imitate hurricanes and howls exist—happily for hearers—in Mr. Annesley's imagination.

Fra Diavolo is set down as only "a nice little opera," and not equal in beauty and perfection to the *Muette de Portici*. Perfection is perfection, and does not differ in degree; but *Masaniello*, which has the plot of a grand opera, cannot be compared with the delightful comedy of *Fra Diavolo* for the reason that they appeal to different sentiments. We are not ready to accept *Les Huguenots* as distinctly the best of Meyerbeer's operas, and on looking to see what is said of *Dinorah*, we find that this charming work is not mentioned. We have Chabrier's *A King against his Will*, Förster's *Maidens of Schilda*, Kienzl's *Urvasi*, Kretzschner's *Folkungs* and *Henry the Lion*, Lindner's *Master Thief*, three works by Marschner, Perfall's *Junker Heinz*, Reinecke's *Auf hohen Befehl*, four by Lortzing, in addition to *Czar und Zimmermann*, which deserves its place; but no *Dinorah*, and no *L'Etoile du Nord*; nor is there a word about Verdi's *Ernani*, Rossini's *Cenerentola*, *Tancredi* or *Otello*, Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, Gounod's *Médecin malgré lui*. The name of Cherubini is not mentioned, and of modern composers, Massenet, Ponchielli, and Boïto are ignored, while Herr Brüll is allowed a place. *The Golden Cross* is not a good or successful work, and Boïto's *Mefistofele* is one of the most striking of modern compositions, the absence of which during Signor Lago's late series of performances we much regret; for it will bring its own reward to the impresario who seeks to popularize it. In fact, it is impossible to trace any plan of selection in the construction of Mr. Annesley's inadequate book.

THE JEYPORE PORTFOLIO.*

SIX goodly volumes or, rather, portfolios of architectural details, bear the same relation to the temples and palaces of which they are portions, as the thigh-bone of some antediluvian animal does to the complete skeleton restored by Professor Owen. They are due entirely to the munificence of the Maharaja Siwai Madhu Sing, the present chief of the Rajput Principality of Jaipur. In the beginning of the last century the head of this State was a scholar and a profound mathematician, who founded an observatory at Ajmir, and whose fame was such that he was given by his countrymen the appellation of "Siwai," the native term for one and a quarter; as we should rather put it, he was "a man and a half." The Maharaja at whose expense these costly drawings have been executed deserves to bear the title bestowed on his ancestor. The marble palaces, the ancient forts, the lovely gardens and the clear lakes of Rajputana, have been often visited in these days, by the aid of railways, by ten tourists for one who explored the country in the days of Bishop Heber. They have been sketched and photographed by professionals and amateurs. But no one seems to have thought of taking the structures to pieces, as it were, and treating each portion artistically on a regular plan. As Quinctilian said of the department of Satire in Roman literature, that it owed nothing to Grecian writers, the Maharaja is fairly entitled to claim this production as all his own, and owing nothing to British example. The sketches have been made by native workmen trained in the School of Art and in the office of the executive engineer. It is acknowledged that aid and countenance have been freely and judiciously given by Sir E. Buck, the Secretary to the Government of India in the Agricultural Department, by Colonel Jacob the Political Agent, by Mr. Cousens and Mr. Purdon Clarke, and by Dr. Burgess, Director-General of the Archæological Department. But a native gentleman might fairly boast that the gods who dwell on high have given such cunning to the Hindu; to Sohun Lall and to Bhora Mull, to Bhairāb Baksh and to Ram Pratāp. We note, too, that the Minister of the Maharaja is a Brahman from Lower Bengal, who is far better employed in developing art than in talking nonsense at Congresses like several of his countrymen; that the head draftsman is a native gentleman; and that the workmanship is a genuine indigenous product.

There are six divisions of the subject:—(1) Copings and plinths; (2) Pillars, caps and bases; (3) Carved doors; (4) Brackets; (5) Arches; (6) Balustrades. The plates number in all 374, being an average of sixty for each division. There is naturally a certain similitude apparent at first sight; but a closer inspection reveals the individuality of each part, and justifies the separate classification of the whole. It is scarcely possible to speak too highly of the accuracy, precision, and beauty of almost every plate. Whatever may have been the errors or vices of Rajas and Nawabs in the exercise of despotic power, restrained only by fears of assassination, they were no Philistines in accurate perceptions of the beauty of art. Every style is here to be seen, from that of classic severity to profuse ornament. There are pillars which a Greek architect might have designed; solid structures such as a Roman Emperor might have erected to commemorate an imperial triumph; marble tracery, pure or inlaid, of which an Italian craftsman working under the patronage of the house of Medici would not have been ashamed. The history of centuries of independent rule and of Muhammadan conquest may be read in temples, palaces, mosques, and shrines. The red sandstone shows only occasional signs of decay. The network of marble seems to defy heat and damp, and looks as pure and chaste as when it was designed some three centuries ago. The student of archæology can follow every development of the Mussulman style, and can put his finger on the first building to which some daring innovator gave the narrow-necked dome or the four towers attached to the four angles of the main building. We have the severe and simple decorations of the houses of Ghori and Lodi, the splendid fabrics due to the memories of Humayun and the lofty genius of Akbar, and the highly finished but less imposing Mahals of the reign of Shah Jahan, which fill the tourist with delight, though they may be depreciated by the stern critic. The Maharaja has nowhere more shown his enlightenment than by his allotment of a considerable space to the architecture of these ruthless invaders, who never scrupled to incorporate the materials of a temple in one of their mosques, and who occasionally condescended to admit a high-born Rajputni princess to the imperial Zenana. But many of the plates illustrate portions of Hindu palaces, gateways, and temples. Here, of course, are introduced the figures of gods and animals which excited the anger and contempt of the followers of Islam. Deities sit with long pendant arms; elephants' heads support brackets; and two of these animals are models of the originals with distinct names. Trumpeters are blowing their horns, peacocks display their gorgeous plumage, and pillars and brackets are cut, carved, and ornamented with a richness and profusion which bewilder the eye.

It is now a pleasure rather than a duty to specify some of the buildings to which particular attention is directed by the short descriptive notes in each portfolio. All Oriental sovereigns have been in the habit of abandoning their capital cities and building new palaces elsewhere, regardless of expense. The old spots had ceased to attract, or some untoward event had occurred there, or a vow had to be redeemed, or the caprice of a reigning favourite had to be gratified. This is especially remarkable in the case of Jaipur. The old capital of this State was at Amber, five miles from the modern town. Amber is situated at the mouth of a rocky gorge, on the margin of a lake, and in the centre of a range of low hills. It had been the residence of the Chiefs from the beginning of the eleventh century. Early in the eighteenth the Chief the famous Siwai Sing, the first bearer of that title, laid out a new capital at Jaipur. This "is in many respects the finest of modern Hindu cities," and it is, perhaps, the "the only one built on a regular plan." The main street or Chouk is superior, some think, to the Chandni Chouk at Delhi. A crenelated wall of masonry, twenty feet high, surrounds the town, which is well paved, supplied with good water, and lighted by gas. Unfortunately in architecture there

* *Jeypore Portfolio of Architectural Details.* In Six Parts. Prepared under the supervision of Colonel S. S. Jacob, Bombay Staff Corps, Engineer to the Jeypore State, and Lala Ram Baksh, Draftsman, Jeypore; and photo-lithographed by W. Griggs, Hanover Street, Peckham, London. Under the patronage of H.H. Maharaja Siwai Madhu Sing, G.C.S.I. of Jeypore.

is a falling off. Here stucco replaces the pure marble and the red sandstone of Amber. Here we have the Dewan-i-Khass, a private hall of audience, with some pillars of yellowish-white marble and additions of red sandstone; the Jas Mandir or Temple of Fame, in reality a palace; the Bhat's Mandir or Temple of the Bard; the Temple of Jagat Sarwanji, and the Temple of Kalyanji—which we take to be the Temple of Fortune—and other buildings of the Hindu type, occasionally varied by the introduction of Muhammadan patterns. At Jaipur we have the Pitham Nibās, or Palace; and the Sukh Nibās, or "Abode of Pleasure"; the Ganesh Pol, or Elephant Gate, and the cenotaph of the great mathematical and astronomical Sovereign and founder of the city. At Udaipur, Kotah, Harsha in Jaipur, and Sanjaner are other remains well worthy of the elaborate care bestowed on them in Portfolios I. and II. Ajmir, a small isolated British Province in Rajputana, has a mosque made out of a Jain temple, which is known by the name of *Arhai-din-ka-Jhompra*, or "shed of two days and a half," from a tradition that about the year 1200 A.D. it was finished by the orders of the Conqueror in the above short space of time.

Turning to purely Muhammadan specimens, we find a great variety of designs from the tomb of Nizam-Ud-din near Delhi; the tomb of Ihtimad-Ud-Doulah at Agra; and, of course, from Fatehpur Sikhri, some twenty-two miles from the latter place. Nizam-Ud-din was a Mussulman saint, who died in 1324 and who reposes in a tomb of white marble, to which have been added arches and a colonnade of a later date. This tomb, in fact, is one of a whole collection of tombs and mosques. Pilgrims from all parts of India, we are told, still flock to it. Ihtimad-Ud-Doulah was by birth a Tartar, who came to India in the reign of Akbar, and was the father of the celebrated Nur Jahan Begum. She became the wife of Jahangir, Akbar's successor, and is often confounded with Mumtaza Begum and the Taj Mahal. This Tartar founded a Madrassa or college at Delhi, and lies in a mausoleum at Agra, on the left bank of the Jumna, in a garden which he made in his lifetime. The editor notes correctly that it was the habit of Muhammadan dignitaries to convert places intended for their own sepulture into places of pleasure and recreation during their lives, and there to receive their friends, who were expected to regard such spots as sacred after death. It is said that the English habit of giving picnics and garden-parties at the Taj and similar places has been a stumbling-block and a scandal to devout Mussulmans. Fatehpur Sikri should be studied for weeks together, and not for a day or two, as is generally the case. Here, with the exception of the tomb of Sheik Selim Chisti, the edifices are mostly of red sandstone. There is the inevitable Hall of Private Audience, the Panch Mahal or Pavilion with five storeys, on the topmost of which the Emperor Akbar used to sit in the evening and enjoy the breeze that, for a portion of the year, must have had much more of fiery heat than of coolness; the separate apartments of a favourite Sultana; the quarters assigned to Jodh Bhai, a princess of the ancient house of Udaipur, married to the Emperor; and the building allotted to Bir Bal, a Hindu general who attracted the notice of Akbar from his polished manners and elegant wit, and who eventually fell in an expedition against some tribes on the North-West frontier, the grave of many a gallant soldier then and since. Not many years ago the tomb of Sheikh Selim was in charge of a respectable white-bearded Muhammadan, who claimed to be the ninth in descent from a favourite servant of the Sheikh himself. That several of the plates should represent portions of Humayun's tomb and of the Taj was to be expected. The omission of these structures—solid, splendid, and ornate—would indeed have surprised us. But we find fully as much to interest from a purely antiquarian point of view, in places of less note, which the ordinary tourist and perhaps the district officer would not notice. Plate 60, in Portfolio No. IV., is a Bracket from the house of Ram Lall Darzi at Agra. It is solid and substantial. On one side there is an elephant with the mahout and his assistant. We should have wished for some information about this fashionable tailor. It may remind some readers of the tomb of the baker Eurysaces at Rome, just outside one of the gates. The monument survives, like the house of the tailor of Agra, when those of heroes and kings have crumbled away. A village near Delhi known as Arab Sarai or Caravanserai, takes its name from a colony of some three hundred Arabs, who were brought from Mecca by Hadji Begum in 1560, after the death of her husband, the Emperor Humayun. These foreigners were comfortably established in a walled village. The specimen of the bracket—the edifice is not named—is of the severe and strict type, in red sandstone, which distinguished the period of Muhammadan supremacy. The Purana Kila or old fort at Delhi itself is pronounced to be in the best style of Pathan architecture at a date prior to the great Akbar and his son. If out of the artistic wealth to be found in this collection we were asked to make a selection, we should point to Nos. 54 and 55 in Portfolio No. IV. They are illustrations of the luxuriant fancy of the artist; but it is quite possible that connoisseurs might prefer other samples of a less decorative and more chastened style. Occasionally the collection takes us away from Imperial Delhi and the chivalry of the Rajputs to more distant scenes. In Part VI. we have three plates, one of the balustrades at the tomb of Rani Sipara or Sipri, at Ahmedabad, and two from the mosque of Mahafiz Khan at the same place. We hope that no sentimental or quasi-religious feelings will be shocked by the announcement that several of these magnificent monuments have been repaired by the orders of Viceroys of our own time. Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook gave directions for the repairs of the Saman Burj or Jasmine Tower at Delhi; and it is well known that a sudden rising of the river Jumna has more than once made administrators to indent on the Agra Treasury for the safety of the Taj. *Ire dejectum monumenta regis* was a threat which stirred magistrates and engineers to liberal exertions for the preservation of a structure unique in the whole world. We note a few discrepancies between the letterpress and the plates which were, perhaps, unavoidable. In one the buildings are said to be at Agra, and in another they are at Delhi; or they are at Fatehpur Sikri in one, and at Agra in the other. We apprehend that the letterpress gives the correct spot. Whether the publication of this valuable work will persuade the various Departments of Public Works to study elegance of design in their estimates, we cannot tell. We do not look for artistic sentry-boxes, for *kacheris* of Pathan type, and for Dawk Bungalows or Rest-houses which shall gratify the æsthetic as well as the jaded and dusty traveller. But as to the liberality and taste with which this splendid collection has been prepared there cannot be a question. And a good deal of the credit must be assigned to Mr. Griggs, who, in this country, has faithfully reproduced the drawings made by the native artists on the spot. It has appropriately been presented to Sir G. Birdwood at the India Office, whose discriminating patronage of the subject is well known.

IBSENIANA.*

IT is a pity that the book which Mrs. Bell (for the bulk and the prose of it) and Mr. Gosse (for the poetical extracts) have translated with unusual skill and care is not a better book. An "authoritative" biography of a living man is rarely good; for it is too obviously and necessarily written under respect of persons. But Herr Henrik Jaeger is feeble even among the feeble folk of during-life biographers, ludicrous even as a member of that funny Molehill Alpine Club which laboriously ascends the twopenny-halfpenny heights of small literatures, and thinks that it has scaled Shakspeare or Aconcagua. He has all the silly modern tricks of pottering about a man's grandfathers and great-aunts—as if the heredity explanation were more than a hit-or-miss hypothesis, a rule to which exceptions are the most important part. His book is confused in arrangement; childish in criticism. At the same time he is, though irritating, very harmless and not unamiable, and he gives a good deal of fugitive information about his idol, diluted with the chronicling of not a little small beer, such as that Ibsen rarely or never works in the winter (lucky they who can pick and choose their hours and seasons of work!), that he drinks coffee and smokes short pipes, but eats only bread when he is, as the scoffer says, "took ill with a poem," and so forth. Perhaps we have been harsh to Herr Jaeger, but his is a most provoking kind.

Meanwhile two more volumes of the dramatist's works, as edited by Mr. William Archer, have appeared. The third deals hardly at all with the Ibsen who has captivated the lovers of some new thing. *Fru Inger* ("*Lady* Inger" seems to us exceedingly awkward), *At ostrat*, *The Vikings at Helgeland*, and *The Pretenders*, attempt no problems of modern life. They are, it is true, even more difficult to conceive of as stage plays than the modern series; but there is nothing startlingly novel in their kind except that even in them a certain deliberate eccentricity of character-drawing—a style of personal motive which is rather like that common in the plays of Mr. Browning—may be discerned. Otherwise they are long dramatized *romans d'aventures*, much more mediæval in style than some avowedly or would-be mediæval modernities. Sometimes they are fairly close to history, sometimes fairly close to legend, sometimes they take liberties with both. But always they have the panoramic and passing character which is specially mediæval. *The Pretenders*, with the striking figure of Jarl Skule, is probably the most remarkable of them; but they seem to us to have lost by translation much more than the more debateable series.

The fourth volume, containing the two parts of *Emperor and Galilean* (the translation is revised or re-written by Mr. Archer, from an earlier one), affords work of very different character and merits very different treatment. There are those, we believe, who hold this vast and, to tell the truth, somewhat overgrown drama, or pair of dramas, to be the author's masterpiece, and we are not far from being of their opinion. It has, indeed, many of his defects, of those defects which it is not too much to say, from the point of view of cool and catholic criticism, will always prevent Ibsen from being accorded by such criticism a place among the greatest writers. His terrible lack of proportion, and what we have above called the mediæval weakness of carrying on the action panorama-fashion, rather than as one carries it who deliberately com-

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* *The Life of Henrik Ibsen.* Translated from Henrik Jaeger by Clara Bell and Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1890.
Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by W. Archer. London: Walter Scott. Vols. III. & IV. 1890.
Ghosts. Translated by H. Frances Lord. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1890.
Nora. Translated by H. Frances Lord. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1890.

poses a well-ordered picture, are observable, indeed glaring. That example of *Faust* which seems to have impressed itself so deeply on all the Northern nations is here perhaps more corruptly followed than in any other instance known to us. We have not a beginning, middle, and end of a dramatic presentation of Julian, but a series of dissolving views of Julian's soul, its atmosphere, and its companions at different periods; an interesting thing enough, no doubt, but as art (because as difficulty surmounted) a thousand miles below the great dramatic models, not merely in execution, but in conception. We have, too, that "obsession" by a passing study, fancy, fad, or whatever it is to be called, which is another mark of inferior art. At one time or other during the many years in which *Emperor and Galilean* was a-composing, Ibsen, as any student of Schopenhauer can see, evidently came much under the influence of that amiable philosopher. And accordingly we are pestered in parts, if not throughout, with a pother of words about "willing," "freedmen under necessity," and the like. Yet, again, in parts, or rather throughout, the action is exceedingly confused, and the passion by no means extremely clear. Whether from pudibundity (which is not a usual fault of his), or from sheer inability to rise to and express the occasion, the dramatist has, at least as presented by his translator, made a complete mess of the central situation, the horrible death of Helena, and its effect of revulsion on Julian's religious and political loyalty. Not only is there a good deal of obscurity in the actual description of what happened, but the infinite talking about it and about it, the watering down of incident with dialogue which is the fault of the whole double play, is nowhere more conspicuous than here. One is perpetually struck with the thought "Here is a man who has got a mass of the most excellent material together, but who, partly because he really does not know how to build, and partly because he has not resolution enough to discard what is not strictly necessary, has hardly achieved a building at all."

These are grievous faults, and by no means the only ones in *Emperor and Galilean*. And yet it remains an exceedingly remarkable work. That a translated "world-historic drama" (the tell-tale and rather damning compound adjective is in the title filling three hundred and fifty pages, and suffering from all the defects above noted, should be yet of such interest as to make the reader read it through without any but forced pauses, must count for a good deal. The interest which secures this result is of two kinds. First, there is—as in all Ibsen's better work, and especially in his work before he became a social reformer, and when he lets social reform alone—plenty of force and vigour now and then in detached characters, scenes, and even, through the disadvantages of translation, passages. To separate a few of these for notice is not easy, considering that not only the pages but the personages of the drama or dramas count by hundreds. But the figures of Gregory Nazianzen and Basil of Cæsarea, of Basil's sister Macrina, of Libanius, of the minor sophists and parasites who crowd round Julian, are very well drawn. Helena misses, but only just misses, equal success. The Athenian student passage is lively, the incantation scene with Maximus fair, that between Julian and the envoy of Constantius, when had the Cæsar hesitated he was lost, excellent. So also are some of the Antioch scenes, and notably that famous one with the priest of Cybele and his goose. The end suffers from Ibsen's besetting sin, and is distinctly confused; but even in its confusion it has pathos.

These merits, however, would probably not be sufficient to carry even the well-girt reader, strong to push his way through thickets, and perhaps agile to make a little jump here and there where a jump is obviously desirable, through three hundred and fifty pages of prolix and often verbose dramatic romance. There must be some central interest to do that, and this central interest could in the circumstances only be the presentation of the hero. If Ibsen had not succeeded in getting some grasp of that singular character, in explaining its contradictions, and in rendering it in some way credible to the reader, his cake must have been dough. A man at once exceptionally able and exceptionally childish; an apostle of tolerance and a persecutor; an apostate, while possessing what looks like the very temperament for Christianity, in more ways than one; a skilful general and a kind of Greek-Roman Braddock—Julian is at once an attraction and a puzzle. The presentation of him here, as we have said, has nothing like the final artistic touch even in itself, and after doing the author the rather excessive service of clearing away the surplus matter, the chips, the thrums, the waste pieces with which he has wantonly left it covered. It lacks unity as much as it lacks completeness and finish. But it is there. Although he is nowhere so summed up, Julian is presented to us in effect as one who is always wanting better bread than is made of wheat, and always awaking to the fact that he has filled his mouth with chaff and ashes. He tries Christianity and stumbles at the weaknesses of Christians; he flings himself into study, and finds that study is words, and students too often men of double language and double face; he tries love with the peculiar ardour of *les cérébraux*, and loses his beloved in circumstances which make even the past possession of her a subject for gnashing of teeth. He undertakes to regenerate the world and restore the gods, only to find that the world laughs or yawns at him, and the gods apparently take no heed; he tries theurgy, and, in sure confidence of a private revelation, is juggled to death by a play of words. Whether Ibsen would himself acknowledge this Flaubertian motive as his, we do not know. Mr. Archer attempts no criticism, and Herr Jaeger, who seems rather afraid of the play, is more than usually inefficient; but we think it is the true explanation, and it certainly has given interest to our own reading.

Miss Lord's translations of *Gengangere* and *The Doll's House* (which it is rather a contravention of the author's scheme to call *Nora*) are not new books, and do not require much notice, especially as we have discussed the two plays very fully in previous articles. We sympathize with Miss Lord's mild resignation to her own belief that she in effect fished up this murex, with which others have since been playing such azure feats; but that is the way of the world. We wish, too, that we could take Miss Lord's prefaces a little more seriously; for she is evidently a good simple soul, who takes both them and things in general very seriously indeed herself. But she is really almost too perfect an example of the stuff Ibsenites are made of. "The key to real life," says Miss Lord very gravely, "is the sex-cleavage of the soul for its course of evolution, and the harvest it makes meanwhile through successive lives." May the devil admire us if we have more than the ghost of an idea of her dear meaning! And "Karma," she says, and "heredity," and "Ibsen himself is a woman soul who has taken man's form for his work's sake." Regina, too, we learn, "took woman's form to mitigate the impact of blows in life," a course which as the records of London police-courts tell, alas! is very insufficient for the purpose. "The travesty of sex," we learn further, "always entails a dulling of intentions." And Miss Lord is sadly distressed at Mr. Besant; and she thinks Nora "has sterling worth," and she is sure that "certain restrictions on human knowledge have come to a natural end," and she is altogether a delightful person from the humorous side; though, like most things delightful from the humorous side, she may be rather a subject for rueful contemplation when one quits the humorous point of view.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.*

THERE can be no room for doubt that the true Burnandian holds this, the fourth volume of the uniform illustrated edition of Mr. Burnand's writings, as first in his affection. The book contains *Happy Thoughts* and *More Happy Thoughts*, and most happy thoughts, also; of which, by the way, the elective disposition is sufficiently developed in us to decide the order of precedence. Our precedence does not involve the hard and invidious task of preference. Naturally, as of old, we start once more with the introduction of that delightful creation Boodels. But no sooner does Boodels hold us than that exquisite creation Milburd reappears and we capitulate to both. There is really no choice in the matter. And for him who would revive a joyous time, the days when he read *Happy Thoughts* week by week in *Punch*, there is no diversion that may be more confidently recommended than the re-reading of this volume. Time has not withered, nor can any amount of re-printing stale, the ease, the gaiety, the freshness, of these humorous scenes at the home of Boodels (of Boodels); or in the halls of Bovor Castle; or in the field, hunting with the fair Fridoline. We fondly conceive we have our most happy thoughts at the start, when so enamoured of Boodels and Milburd are we that we fall into an amorous paradox, distracted by the diverse yet equal claims of these rivals. We could love our Boodels less, loved we our Milburd more. And in this pleasant mood we are entertained by the reading of "Typical Developments" to Boodels, the appeals for the "exact time," the evolution—through Milburd—of "Typical Developments" into "Biblical Elephants," and the dread visit to the bedchamber by Boodels, with his recitations from that periodical of promising title, "The Piccadillitanty Magazine." Surely here are the most happy thoughts of our election. But it is not so. We progress, scene after scene enchanting us, only to find more most happy thoughts, and yet more, to the very end. The serious student of English country life and society will not have laughed in vain should he not fail to note how valuable a record of a yet recent, but wholly irrecoverable, past is comprised in these amusing pages. The "Happy Thought" prime of Boodels, Childers, Milburd, and Fridoline was the age of croquet. That fascinating and revived pastime is unveiled by a past master of the craft. And the whist-playing and the pianoforte-playing are not of our day. And so with the fashion of speech, of manner, of drawing-room small talk—all, all would have gone, but for this impartial chronicler. The historian will surely take heed of all this. And to this end the clever illustrations of Mr. Harry Furniss and Mr. Linley Sambourne are often extremely helpful. These drawings need but to be named to stir mirth at the instant. There is Boodels awakening the "Happy Thoughter," with the cheerful blast of the horn and the yelping of four small dogs, and there is "Miss Pellingle with Rousseau's Dream," an air we never hear without recalling the gentle agitation of this performance as depicted by Mr. Harry Furniss. There never were silhouettes like unto them, silhouettes with such power of line and so much "body."

THE CRUISE OF THE *ALERTE*.†

"PIECES of Eight," as Mr. Joseph Esquemeling, the buccaneer, says, "do not grow on every tree." After so many fictitious and successful treasure hunts, young readers may wisely

* *Happy Thoughts.* By F. C. Burnand. With Illustrations from "Punch." London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co. 1890.

† *The Cruise of the "Alerte."* By E. F. Knight. London: Longmans. 1890.

read of a treasure hunt which was real and unsuccessful. Pieces of Eight and church plate do not grow on the desert isle of Trinidad, or, if they do grow, Mr. Knight did not uproot them. Nobody else is likely to succeed where he failed, and he has demonstrated the unwisdom of putting enterprise and capital into the chase for fairy gold.

Mr. Knight's expedition was perfectly orthodox, chart and all. First, there was a sea-captain, Captain P., who had employed a quartermaster, believed to be a Russian Finn. We know not how much of charm there is in this nationality. A Russian Finn who had been a pirate, and who knew where the church plate of Lima was buried, how good he is! Nature, in her eternal plagiarism of art, produced this masterpiece of living romance. The Russian Finn pirate died, and left Captain P. a piece of old tarpaulin, with a plan of the *cache* in Trinidad thereon delineated. The treasure was "under the Sugar-loaf." From constant study of the best authorities, that is just where we might have expected it to be. But the treasure is hopelessly "bunkered"; young men may "mash with mashies," but they will never play it out. Mr. Knight was not unaware how romantic this evidence was; but there were corroborating circumstances. Other mariners had tried for the hoard; one thought that the plan on the old tarpaulin was correct. But a landslip had fallen over it, and a new expedition, that of the *Aurea*, only made a tiny hole in the landslip. So Mr. Knight, with other gentlemen adventurers, fitted out the *Alerte*, a cutter yacht, and went to sea, not, however, before converting the vessel into a yawl.

> With hydraulic jacks and taxidermic
> Gear, and shovels, they victualled she,
> And eke with boring apparatus
> And fishing tackle, they went to sea.

They had a double-barrelled whaling gun, in case of pirates; they had revolvers, and repeating rifles; and we only regret that Mr. Knight set his face against piracy, and the members of the crew who thought it a pity that the gun should be idle. They did not forget the pickled pork, and captain's biscuits, and had everything handsome about them. In fact, they deserved to find the treasure, and a number of beautiful dusky maidens on the island, which, unhappily, is waste and desert, except for land-crabs, which do all that this animal has ever been called upon to perform in fiction, and a great deal more than is desirable in fact. The first mate, unluckily, turned out very badly; he was not courageous, and he was a croaker, and he deserted at Bahia, with another mariner of his own kidney. Another was a good swimmer, and a good judge of blue china, and he caused "disagreements" of which he has since "complained in print."

We learn not whether he was a good judge of land-crabs. An amateur in *Blackwood's Magazine* seems to have been discontented with their size and accomplishments. The rest of the gentlemen adventurers were resolute and loyal. The taxidermist and the photographer never reached Trinidad; in fact, the photographer never started at all. In brief, anybody's heart might have been broken by some of the gentlemen adventurers, of whom Mr. Knight speaks with remarkable good-humour and forbearance. Among the most interesting parts of Mr. Knight's interesting book is the abridgment of other treasure-stories which were told him. In one the captain, murdered by mutineers, is buried above the treasure with pleasing circumstances of good taste. This prompted doubts in Captain Robinson, who heard the legend. The Captain found the island, and the place where the treasure should have been; the millions of dollars he did not find. Perhaps, after all, he looked in the wrong island. Mr. Knight tried the Salvage Islands for this hoard, but he only found "volcanic hornblende—commercial value, nil." However, he and his crew had the excitement of the hunt, and the natives, or visitors of the island whom he met, had heard of the treasure. It has been *in situ* since 1804, and there may have been landslips or other changes of the surface here, as well as in Trinidad. This isle was reached at last, and a most spikey and inhospitable isle it looks, black, metallic, red, and yellow. "It bears all the appearance of being an accursed place"; but there are waterfalls, grass, and trees. Yet Trinidad may be recommended to the Alpine Club as a rare place for dangerous clambering over volcanic rocks. The shells of the land-crabs are of a bright saffron colour, and the crab himself has "a most cynical and diabolical expression." Mr. Knight, with the doctor, had much perilous clambering before he discovered the ravine which he had marked when he visited the place before, in the *Falcon*. But all was changed. Millions of tons of rocks had fallen in, and rendered difficult the way to Treasure Bay. Here they found remains of other diggings and of an old Portuguese penal settlement. Meanwhile, the yacht had weighed anchor and was nearly lost. The dangers of landing through the surf were immense, though made up for by the discovery of old Blue Dragon china. How it came there nobody knows. The digging now began; digging through a landslip, to find the cave marked on the old tarpaulin. Turtles were easily caught, till men wearied of calapash and calipee. At length, after much excavation, a cavern was discovered without a trace of treasure in it. In brief, the remaining adventures were chiefly nautical. Treasure Bay was turned upside down, but never a dollar was found in it. The adventurers worked hard, took their disappointment well, and are, perhaps, as happy as if they were wealthier. They have enjoyed a robust experience of life and labour, and probably are in all ways the better for it. We remain uncertain as to whether there ever was a treasure, whether it existed and has been removed, or whether it is irrecoverably buried. The only result of the hunt is an entertaining and manly book, which leaves the impression that, as in life at large, the quest after is better than the discovery of precious things.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

IT is long since we had a better collection of Christmas books from France than those which have made their appearance this year, though one or two of them—for instance, M. Borelli's handsome volume, describing his travels in the Galla country (Quantin)—have already been accounted for in our weekly French Literature article. Of the absolute novelties, two may be said to have the pre-eminence for magnificent appearance, and it hardly matters which of these we take first. M. F. A. Gruyer's *Voyage autour du Salon Carré au Musée du Louvre*, from the famous house of Firmin-Didot, is worthy of the best days of that establishment. A royal quarto of mighty margin, and splendidly printed with letterpress at once full and critical, and a great apparatus of historical information in the notes—its chief attraction lies, of course, in its forty *hors-texte* heliogravures of some of the most famous pictures in the world, guarded, as the modern French fashion is, with tissue-paper imprinted with the name of artist and date of each plate, and consummately executed by M. Braun. Here may the reader peruse successively, with every advantage save that of colour, Ghirlandajo's Visitation, "La belle Féronnière," the Virgin of the Rocks, Lionardo's Saint Anne, the eternal enigma of Monna Lisa, Andrea del Sarto's Holy Family, that of Perugino, the Apollo and Marsyas, which may be Raphael's; the St. George, which is certainly so; the "Belle Jardinière," the Crowned Virgin (perhaps, as far as beauty goes, the most beautiful of all the "dear Madonnas"), the portrait of Castiglione, the "Great" Holy Family, the fierce unknown of Antonello da Messina, and Mantegna's Parnassus, where Venus has dethroned the lawful prince and reigns supreme—as, indeed, she has a way of doing. But the list is getting too long, and the examples are too well known. We can only further mention as wonderfully effective in reproduction the Salome of Luini (where it may be questioned whether the maiden, the severed head, or the hand of the unseen *carnifex* is the most serenely beautiful), the Infanta Margarita of Velasquez, Holbein's gorgeous Anne of Cleves, and Memling's Marriage of St. Catherine. Rubens loses more than any one; but that is no new experience. The book is bound—or rather wrapped *en attendant* binding—in that not uncomely leather paper which has recently become fashionable in France, and is a most desirable possession.

Even larger and more splendid, habited in solid boards and with gilt tops, is M. Louis Gonse's *L'art gothique*, published by the Ancienne Maison Quantin. If polemic were not rather out of place in noticing so splendid a book as this, we should have a good deal to say, not to the comparatively innocent *outrecuidance* by implication, which makes M. Gonse take all his examples from French Gothic art, but to the less pardonable explicitness of his assertion that Gothic art is "l'art française," is "radicalement et uniquement française dans son essence, dans ses origines, et dans ses développements." It shall be sufficient for us to observe—what certainly no impartial scholar in architecture will gainsay—that such a statement will not stand a moment's examination by any one who unites knowledge of the facts with critical power. And so let us pass on to the consideration of M. Gonse's examples, which, as persons not less patriotic but more critical than himself will promptly acknowledge, could not have been taken from any country more rich in glorious examples of a glorious period of art. To attempt to select specimens from a book of five hundred mighty pages, of which few do not bear or face a woodcut, a chromolithograph, a heliogravure, or something else illustrative, would be futile. We can only remark upon the singular beauty of the chromolithographs, and of the toned heliogravures which are employed to represent ivories and the like. For M. Gonse attacks every branch of Gothic art, and does not by any means confine himself to architecture. Ivories, enamels, goldsmiths' work, wood-work, glass-work, even embroidery—he takes toll of all, and all combine to make a truly magnificent collection.

From the same firm, or firms, we have two lighter, but very pretty and amusing, volumes intended for children. The large album, called *Imagerie artistique*, contains on each page a separate story told in brightly coloured cuts, with legends. The improving ones, which tell how Léon was a naughty boy till he became good and got prizes, and went to St. Cyr and thence to Tonquin, and killed several Black Flags with a revolver, do not greatly arride us. But some of the more fantastic histories are decidedly agreeable. The fate of a Christmas goose which, to stop dissension in the family, was rashly promised to "the Black man," and which a real "Black man" got, to the great comfort of his own hungry infants, is interesting, but less so than the parallel histories telling of French sailors attacked on the coast of Afrikee by a most rampagious tiger and a lion of imposing dimensions. The simple heroes succeeded by the aid of an equally simple tub in vanquishing the animals very

delectably. The expedients by which, having turned the tub over the beast, they, in the one case, tied a knot in the tail, which he had incautiously thrust through the bunghole, and in the other, by puffing navy plug through the said bunghole, asphyxiated him into harmlessness, are so natural, convincing, and seductive, that they cannot fail to please. The other volume, *La chanson des joujoux*, with verse by M. Jouy, music by MM. Blanc and Dauphin, and gorgeous illustration by that friend of childhood, M. Adrien Marie, has more complicated attractions. The large plates, which are numerous, will, perhaps, please the infantry best, and some of them—such as an enormous kite and a most exciting steeplechase on wooden horses—are very good. But, perhaps, withered age will prefer M. Marie's very pretty and inventive *encadrements* and vignettes.

In the fine *Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art*, which is conducted by M. Eugène Müntz, and published at the Librairie de l'Art, two volumes have been issued this Christmas—one by M. Müntz himself, on *Tapisseries, broderies, et dentelles*; the other by Doctor A. le Pilleur, devoted to Sebastian del Piombo, and the first, it seems, of a series of *Les correspondants de Michel Ange*. We have often praised the mechanical presentment, as well as the scholarly letterpress, of these handsome quartos. The letters of Sebastian are published for the first time in Italian, with a translation into French, and, the text being the chief object of interest, the illustrations are not in this volume numerous. It is far otherwise with M. Müntz's book, where the second page gives us a cut of Egyptians weaving, and the sequel is prodigal of cuts in the text and plates out of it. Among the earliest of interest is the Munich "Card-players" tapestry; then we may note some exquisite Renaissance borders; next some wonderful fourteenth-century examples from Angers Cathedral. There is a very large and interesting collection of the regular "picture" tapestries—Flemish, Italian, German, and Gobelins—and we may mention in passing some illustrating the Apocalypse, from the Madrid Museum, a noteworthy history of Vulcan, from a private collection, and a Psyche series of great interest from Pau. Even more interesting, perhaps, than these are the purely decorative examples of embroidery, lace, &c., which follow; note, in particular, a Genoese crimson velvet frontal, a Venetian carpet of cream-coloured satin, a magnificent Oriental one of crimson velvet and gold thread, together with some point de Venise amongst the laces.

The twelfth year of M. Lafenestre's *Livre d'or du salon*, which we have so often noticed and as often praised (Librairie des Bibliophiles), contains some excellent work, and is equally free from M. Rochegrosse's butchers' shops and from other persons' hardly more agreeable exhibitions of live meat. We do not greatly care for the frontispiece after Charpentier's *La chanson*, but sculpture does not, in some cases at any rate, lend itself well to reproduction of this kind. The version of M. Français's "Matinée brumeuse," on the other hand, is charming, the medium being exactly suited to the work—expressions which we can hardly use of the next plate, M. de Richemont's illustration of "Le Rêve." Of the others we may notice M. le Liepvre's "La Loire," and two very nice naked babies warming themselves at the fire, by M. Paul Peel. M. Jules Breton's "Les dernières fleurs" is certain of admirers, and the background and arms of M. Collin's "Adolescence" (remarkably well rendered by M. Champollion) deserve them. M. Wencker's "Portrait de M. Boulanger" (*not* "le brav'") is really fine.

Among the batch of choice editions of real literature which M. Jouaust always times so as to coincide, or nearly so, with Christmas, and to provide people of taste with presents for themselves and others, which, if not showy, are admirable as books, the third volume of Musset's *Théâtre* deserves the first place, both for costliness and for combined merits of all sorts. We have heard the vulgarian grumble at the twenty-five or thirty francs which, as a rule, are charged for each volume of the *Bibliothèque artistique*, but better execution is not possible, and for good execution, as for other good things, you must in this world pay in coin or otherwise. As for M. Delort's illustrations, it is among Musset's Shakspearian qualities that his illustrators never wholly please his readers. But the frontispiece to *Un caprice* is characteristic and good; that to *Il ne faut jurer de rien* perhaps better still, and that to *Le chandelier* almost worthy of a piece which contains "Si vous croyez que je vais dire." Some people may like the first of all, the frontispiece, not only to *Barberine*, but to the book, best—to us the face at the window seems charming, but the figure of the distaff-holder somewhat out of drawing. Of other issues from the same house we may notice an edition of the ever-welcome *Memoirs* of Mme. de Staal-Delaunay (a much nicer person than the more famous Staël with an *e* with whom the sciolist is always confounding her), edited in the "Petite Bibliothèque Artistique," with exceedingly pretty vignettes in the text by M. Lalauze, as well as separate plates by the same fertile and accomplished illustrator. The vignette style is, we think, new in this series, and it is a very agreeable innovation. A seventh volume of M. Bengesco's *Œuvres choisies de Voltaire* contains the beginning of "Charles the Twelfth"; M. Gréard, in the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Classique," edits Fénelon's *Education des filles* with a long, careful, and unusually authoritative introduction; and in yet another collection, "Les Petits Chefs-d'œuvre," an editor as competent in his own line, M. Eugène Asse, produces Rulhière's *Anecdotes sur le Maréchal de Richelieu*.

MM. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. send us a right stately volume in M. André Theuriet's *Reine des bois*, illustrated by M. Laurent-Desrousseaux. No one has a better grasp of silvan and rural life in France than M. Theuriet; and though, perhaps, English readers do not fully share the taste of French for fiction in armful-volumes, the illustrations here should serve as more than sufficient bait. If we like M. Laurent-Desrousseaux better in landscapes or parcel-landscapes than in purely figure-pieces, it is chiefly because plates of this size filled with modern coats and trousers are not always amusing. Far better, for instance, is the girl with a bundle on her head opposite p. 20, the chimney-corner tail-piece at p. 43, and the bare trees of the snow landscape at the head of chapter iv., than some other plates where the execution seems too good for the triviality of the subject. An old motive is treated, not exactly in a new manner, but well, in the plate of bird-feeding at p. 78, and the priest consoling the weeping girl a little later is excellent. The head- and tail-pieces throughout may be praised almost without exception; and in them, we think, M. Laurent-Desrousseaux's strength lies.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOLLOWING Mr. Froude's volume on Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Henry W. Dunckley's *Lord Melbourne* (Sampson Low & Co.) deals with the career of a statesman who, in strict chronological sequence, should hold the first place in "The Queen's Prime Ministers," the new series of biographies edited by Mr. Stuart J. Reid. Mr. Dunckley's sketch of Lord Melbourne's life and character shows a true appreciation of the Minister's finer qualities—his tact, conciliation, and firmness, qualities that were almost as instinctive and natural with Melbourne as were his hatred of fuss and fads, and the specious theories of doctrinaire politicians. Mr. Dunckley is not more than just in his review of Melbourne's administration of the Home Office, where the easy-going statesman certainly did not fail to show "adequate energy where energy was required." Then, again, the writer is certainly just in his excellent comments on the letter addressed to Brougham by Melbourne when he undertook to form his Cabinet. Perhaps no Prime Minister had ever before him a more difficult task than Melbourne when he undertook to inform Brougham of his exclusion from the Cabinet, and decidedly a delicate and disagreeable business was never discharged with greater firmness or more admirable temper. The letter, indeed, is a masterpiece. On the whole, Mr. Dunckley's work is executed with judgment and good taste; though it is a pity that the book shows no infrequent signs that the important labour of revision has been imperfectly carried out. More than once we have been arrested by deplorable misprints, and the omission of right punctuation here and there renders the narrative somewhat cryptic. Mr. Dunckley's style, to be frank, is not invariably lucid. For example, his account of the generations of the Cokes and the Lambs might, without further amplitude, have been a good deal clearer than it is. At p. 19 there is a reference to the *Memoirs* by Mr. Torrens, followed by a quotation of the *Greville Memoirs*, so awkwardly constructed that it defies intelligible solution; unless, as we suspect, some necessary punctuation has been omitted.

Mr. Donald Nicoll's *Man's Revenge* (King, Sell, & Railton, Ltd.) is issued in aid of the funds of the Association for Promoting Courts of Appeal and Uniformity of Sentences in Criminal Cases. It is a "book with a purpose," and, like most of its kind, its advocacy of reform is singularly unfortunate, both in method and in reasoning. Indeed a more inchoate and vapid volume it has never been our lot to read. Courts of Appeal, such as Mr. Nicoll finds desirable, might possibly be beneficial to the commonweal. But Mr. Nicoll's book is extremely likely to persuade thinking persons that they are not at all necessary. And it is the same with regard to the plea for the abolition of capital punishment. Because some condemned criminals have declared that they feared capital punishment less than long sentences of penal servitude, Mr. Nicoll argues that the death penalty for murder is not a deterrent punishment. But he does not take into account what the unrecorded opinion of the majority upon this interesting point may have been. For the rest, Mr. Nicoll fortifies his case with woodcuts illustrating ancient methods of torture and executions in the past of what he calls, to use his misleading and inaccurate term, "Man's Revenge." By the way, all wars are stigmatized by Mr. Nicoll as "Man's Revenge," which is historically false and demonstrably absurd. Finally, the writer has collected some proved and some suspected cases of "miscarriages of justice," to confirm his plea for Courts of Appeal, yet we cannot find that his argument is strengthened thereby.

Souvenirs of the Second Empire (Dean & Son) is a volume of reminiscences by the Comte de Maugny, of the Court at the Tuileries during the last three years of the Third Napoleon's reign. The book comprises some lively descriptions of the Imperial fêtes, the soirées at Compiègne, the balls and receptions of the leaders of Parisian society, and other brilliant gatherings of the years 1868 and 1869, in which the author participated previous to his honourable exile to the Court of Persia.

In "The Great Musicians" series *Cherubini* (Sampson Low & Co.) has, of necessity, a place, though Mr. F. J. Crowest, in the course of a brief review of Cherubini's work in sacred and dramatic music; is not inclined to rank the composer of *Médée* and the grand Mass in D minor with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, "or the last of the Titans of music—Mendelssohn." The classification of the

"Great," in the art and science of music, is a hard matter to compass, and one that the wise do refrain from attempting. Mr. Crowest's estimate of Cherubini as a composer of sacred music, or for the stage, or as a teacher at the Conservatoire, and so on, appears to be somewhat vague and inconsistent. After all, Cherubini is the musicians' musician; just as Spenser is the poets' poet.

Vulgar Verses, by Brown Jones (Reeves & Turner), is a volume that celebrates the poetical aspects of honest drudgery, the rough labours of servant girls, and the like. The Muse is profuse in her praise of rough hands and willing, kind hearts, and tall athletic handmaids, who become sentimental on accepting *douceurs* from commercial gents, like Mary in the ballad, "Bonne à tout faire," or who work with a Yorkshire love of cleaning, like "Boomping Nell." The operations of Nell are most feelingly painted:—

> Eh, what a pleasure, to kneel wi' your two bare arms kep' tight,
> Stiff from the shoulders down, both hands wi' all your might
> Grippin' the big floor-brush, an' pressin' it down with a shove
> Into the grain o' the boards, till the dirt begins to move.

Vigorous and picturesque, not in the least vulgar, are the ballads of *Vulgar Verses*.

The last volume of the very useful series of handy commentaries, "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges," comprises *The Revelation of St. John the Divine*, with notes, and an admirable introduction by the late Rev. W. H. Simcox (Cambridge: at the University Press).

Under the title *The World's Religions* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) Mr. G. T. Bettany has compiled a volume of formidable bulk and "popular" design. Regarded as a whole, the book may certainly be said to reveal that "disposition towards toleration" which the author hopes will be detected in his treatment of a prodigious theme. The most unlovely superstitions are recorded with the most spiritual conceptions in this descriptive summary of the religious opinions, rites, rituals, and institutions of savage and civilized man, in the past and in the present. The book is profusely illustrated.

Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches, issued under the auspices of the National Liberal Union of Birmingham, *Speeches on the Irish Question* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), form a notable and instructive volume, arranged with useful headings, and accompanied by a full index. The collection opens with the admirable address at Ayr in April, 1887, and closes with the Oxford speech on the Land Bill and Land Purchase, delivered last May. The interval indicated embraced some of Mr. Chamberlain's most vigorous and telling speeches.

We have received *Discipline; and other Sermons*, by Charles Kingsley, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Janet's Home* (by Annie Keary, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Isaac Pitman*, a Biography by Thomas Allan Reed (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *John Bull and his other Island*, by Arthur Bennett (Simpkin & Co.); and *The Encore Reciter*, third series (Warne & Co.)

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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TURKEY and ANATOLIAN STAIR CARPETS. The Largest Collection in Europe. ANATOLIAN CARPETS in every size from 8 ft. by 6 ft. up to the exceptional dimensions of 40 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, as well as an unusually ample variety for Stairs and Corridors, in widths ranging from 27 to 54 inches.

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Further particulars can be obtained from

Cardiff, December 22, 1890. IVOR JAMES, *Registrar.*

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Cardiff, December 22, 1890. IVOR JAMES, *Registrar.*

DOVER COLLEGE.—A high-class Public School on moderate terms. The Successes of 1889-90 include Open Scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, the 5th, 7th, 17th, and 25th places (direct) for Woolwich. Entries for Sandhurst, &c. Junior School. Excellent Music, chapel, library, laboratory, workshop, gymnasium, fives-courts, sea bathing.

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PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-Mistress of the Norwich High School, and her sister, Mme. v. WORMS, have a very comfortable EDUCATIONAL HOME for ELDER GIRLS. Garden and full-sized Tennis-court. Numbers limited.—Address, Mme. v. WORMS, 100 Upper Tulse Hill, S.W., from December 19 till January 10, 1891.

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Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.
7 ROYAL EXCHANGE AND 43A PALL MALL, S.W.

Marine, Fire, and Life Assurances have been granted by the Corporation for more than a century and a half.

Funds in hand exceed £3,600,000.

All Participating Life Policies effected before December 31, 1890, will share in the Bonus to be declared in 1891.

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Incorporated A.D. 1720.

FUNDS £4,000,000
CLAIMS PAID EXCEED 35,000,000

LIFE, FIRE, ANNUITIES.

BONUS YEAR 1890.

To secure the Maximum Benefits, Life Policies should be effected before December 31 next.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,

50 REGENT STREET, W.

FOUNDED 1806.

FINANCIAL POSITION.

Existing Assurances	£7,470,866
Invested Funds	£2,623,456
Annual Income	£315,952
Claims and Surrenders paid	£8,891,990
Bonuses declared	£2,971,852

ENDOWMENT.—Policies payable during lifetime or at death are now granted with Participation in Profits.

SURRENDER VALUES are allowed after the payment of One Full Year's Premium, or Paid-up Policies are granted upon liberal terms in lieu of the surrender value in cash.

Prospectuses may be obtained on application to

CHARLES STEVENS,
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81 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
ASSURANCE FUND over £4,000,000.
CLAIMS PAID over £9,000,000.
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General Assembly, July 29, 1861.—Bankers to the New Zealand Government.
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Capital..... £900,000
Reserve liability..... £1,500,000

This Bank grants drafts on all its branches and agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji, on the most favourable terms.
The London Office receives fixed deposits of £50, and upwards, rates, and particulars of which can be ascertained on application.
H. B. MACNAB, for *Manager*.

THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE BANK, LIMITED.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL, £1,000,000 (with power to increase).
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £500 000. PAID-UP, £250,000.
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Bankers.
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THE ENGLISH BANK of the RIVER PLATE, Limited.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-Up, £750,000. Reserve Fund, £425,000.
Branches: Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rosario.
Deposits received at the Head Office for fixed periods at rates of interest to be ascertained on application.
Letters of Credit, Bills of Exchange, and Cable Transfers issued on the Branches and Agencies.
Bills payable in Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rosario, and other cities of the Argentine and Uruguay Republics negotiated or sent for collection.
The Bank effects Purchases and Sales of Stock, Shares, Coupons, and other Securities, collects Dividends, and undertakes every description of banking business.
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Issued, 200,000 Shares—
PAID-UP £500,000
UNCALLED..... 500,000—1,000,000
RESERVE FUND..... 400,000
LONDON OFFICE, 117 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN.
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ESTABLISHED 1851.

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THE VIRGINIA DEBT SETTLEMENT.

NOTICE.

The Bondholders' Committee has formulated a Plan of Settlement for the Debt of Virginia, and the same has been unanimously approved and recommended by the Advisory Board, consisting of—

Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND. | Hon. THOMAS F. BAYARD.
Hon. EDWARD J. PHELPS. | Mr. GEORGE S. COE.
Mr. GEORGE G. WILLIAMS.

Notice is Hereby Given to parties in interest that copies of such proposed settlement can be obtained without cost at the Central Trust Company of New York, 54 Wall Street, New York City; the Banking House of Brown, Shipley, & Company, Founders' Court, London, E.C., England; the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company of Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland; the Planters' National Bank of Richmond, Richmond, Virginia.

FREDERIC P. OLCOTT,
CHARLES D. DICKEY, jun.
WILLIAM L. BULL,
HUGH R. GARDEN,
HENRY BUDGE,
JOHN GILL,
} Bondholders' Committee.

Notice is Hereby Given that on and after January 1, 1891, the depositaries acting under the Agreement for the Settlement of the Virginia Debt, dated May 12, 1890, will not receive any further deposit of Virginia Bonds and Coupons except under special contract with this Committee.

FREDERIC P. OLCOTT,
CHARLES D. DICKEY, jun,
WILLIAM L. BULL,
HUGH R. GARDEN,
HENRY BUDGE,
JOHN GILL,
} Bondholders' Committee.

In accordance with the above Notice the deposit of Bonds and Coupons, under present conditions, will cease to be received in London, after December 31, 1890.
BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO.

Founders' Court, London, E.C.
December 23, 1890.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS AND MORTGAGES.

THE LAND LOAN and ENFRANCHISEMENT COMPANY (Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament), having various Sums of Trust and other Moneys on its register, invites particulars of FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS for disposal, and Securities offered for Mortgage. Moneys awaiting investment can be entered in the Company's register free of charge.

LAND LOAN AND ENFRANCHISEMENT COMPANY,
22 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.
EDWIN GARROD, *Secretary*.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20 BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
FIVE PER CENT. paid on Shares (£30 each), and on Deposits of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms.
DEPOSITS OF £5 AND UPWARDS AT ONE MONTH'S NOTICE, FOUR PER CENT.
Reserve Fund ..... £85,000.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, HERBERT TEMPLE.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.
OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.
Patrons.
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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

The object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, *Chairman*.
E. EVANS CRONK, *Secretary*.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

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